

# CONTRAILS

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RETIRED NORTHWEST AIRLINES PILOTS' ASSOCIATION

# RNPA CONTRAILS



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*Each Member!*

The RNPA newsletter Contrails is published quarterly in February, May, August and November by the Retired Northwest Airlines Pilots' Association, a non-profit organization whose purpose is to maintain the friendships and associations of the members, to promote their general welfare, and assist those active pilots who are approaching retirement with the problems relating thereto. Membership is \$40 annually for Regular Members (NWA pilots, active or retired) and \$30 for Affiliate Members.

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# STUFF THAT MAY INTEREST YOU

**I still have a full deck; I just shuffle slower now.**

**- Author Unknown**

## **EVENT REGISTRATION FORMS**

**P 14 SEA Summer Picnic**

**P 18 SEA Christmas Party**

**P 19 MSP Christmas Party**



**READ THIS**

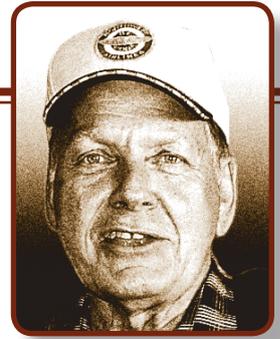
**Pen, pencil or Crayons. Email or snail mail.**  
However you'd like to deliver it, your Editor always welcomes stories and articles for Contrails. What other group has ever had as an enjoyable career as we have? Tell us all about it.

*"Age is an issue of mind over matter, if you don't mind it doesn't matter."*

*- Mark Twain*



## President's Report: Gary PISEL



Members of RNPA;

### IS IT TIME TO END REUNIONS?

I am writing this as an update after the June Board of Directors meeting. The main subject is the future of our conventions/reunions. It is the opinion of several of the Board Members that the desire of our members to attend an annual reunion does not warrant the work that has to take place to run it. At the last couple of reunions we have undersold our room request considerably. A year ago we voted to limit the number that could attend to 120—or 60 rooms. At SAC we barely filled that many. If we block rooms and then do not fill them we face the possibility of having to pay for those unused rooms, thus dipping into our reserves. Our By-Laws state that all functions will be self-supporting. Therein lies our dilemma.

We are considering holding only regional functions, such as the summer cruise, the Christmas dinners and the summer picnics. We are committed to two more reunions: Long Beach (2015) and Albuquerque (2016). Contracts have been signed for all events at these forthcoming events.

After 2016 WHAT DO WE DO? Please voice your opinion, send me (gpisel@aol.com) or any Board Member an email, snail mail or phone call and let us know your commitment to RNPA.

And by the way, you still have time to sign up for the Sacramento Reunion. Walt Mills has done an outstanding job lining up our tour day and the great hotel.

Talk your non-member friends into joining RNPA. It is a bargain!

Gary Pisel



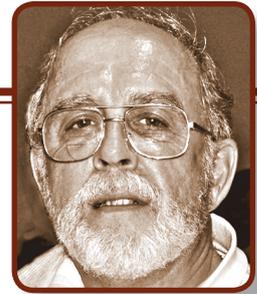
## Treasurer's Report: Dino OLIVA

Just received an email from our editor requesting my Treasurers Report for the August newsletter. Got it just in time, as I am leaving tomorrow to attend my 60th College reunion. Boy I must be getting old, which reminds me.

RNPA's membership is also ageing. At the June RNPA board meeting, I reported that our present membership age breakdown is as follows: 85 under 70, 300 between 71 and 75, 336 between 76 and 80, 89 between 81 and 85, 48 between 86 and 90 and 32 over 90. Each year we lose between 45 and 55 due to resignations and from those that have flown west. We have a finite number of former NWA pilots from which to recruit new members, and they are difficult to make contact with.

At the June board meeting we discussed possible options to continue in existence as our membership dwindles. They are; 1) cut expenses [3 newsletters instead of 4] or, 2) raise dues. We will revisit these options at the board meeting and general membership meeting at our reunion in Sacramento.

Your thoughts and input would be appreciated.



### ABOUT THE COVER

You probably recognized that beautifully restored Stearman of Chuck Doyle, Jr.'s from the May, 2013 issue. The photography of the talented Adam Glowaski is really quite special and I wanted to have a chance to display this photo that I didn't have room for in the original article.

### ABOUT THOSE NUMBERS DINO PRESENTED

I thought it might be interesting to represent them graphically. It should be noted that these numbers are the "Regular" members, the 890 NWA pilot members of RNPA. (Roughly 65% of total membership.)

It would probably be interesting to compare our actuarial table to a similar group of mostly "grumpy old white men," if there is such a thing anymore. I bring this up not in any way to discuss race (it is what it is), but because of much conjecture years ago that hours and hours of exposure to high altitude radiation might shorten our life spans.

It's impossible, of course, to come to any conclusions without a lot more information. However, that

precipitous drop in the middle of the chart is not all that encouraging. You would be forgiven in thinking, as I do, that it's a little depressing.

But it is reality.

It tells us that continuing RNPA, or at least Contrails as it now exists, for another 10 years will be impossible. We can infer that even another 5 years will be unlikely unless the 70 and under group grows by at least 150%. We, meaning the Board, considering all of our past recruiting efforts, know that is not going to happen.

All of which means that we face some important decisions in the very near term:

As President Pisel asks, do we just stop doing Reunions and just rely on regional events?

What about the newsletter? This is the most important decision because it's really all most of you get for your dues money. Here are the options we have discussed plus one that has not been discussed.

1. Publish Contrails only three (3) times a year.
2. Raise dues. How much and how often?
3. Eliminate the Membership Directory. This is the one which has not been discussed. This comprises something just under 20% of our budget. This would only be a stopgap until we eventually would have to come back to options 1 or 2.

Just before going to press we had a suggestion about going to electronic delivery for those who wished, providing that the dues for them would remain the same. Many details to investigate, but that may be a possibility. If that's something you would like please let us know.

So we MUST hear from you before our Sacramento meeting next month if any of this is important to you. Contact any Board member.

### I HAVE ALWAYS LIKED THIS WORD

**dearth** | dəɹTH |

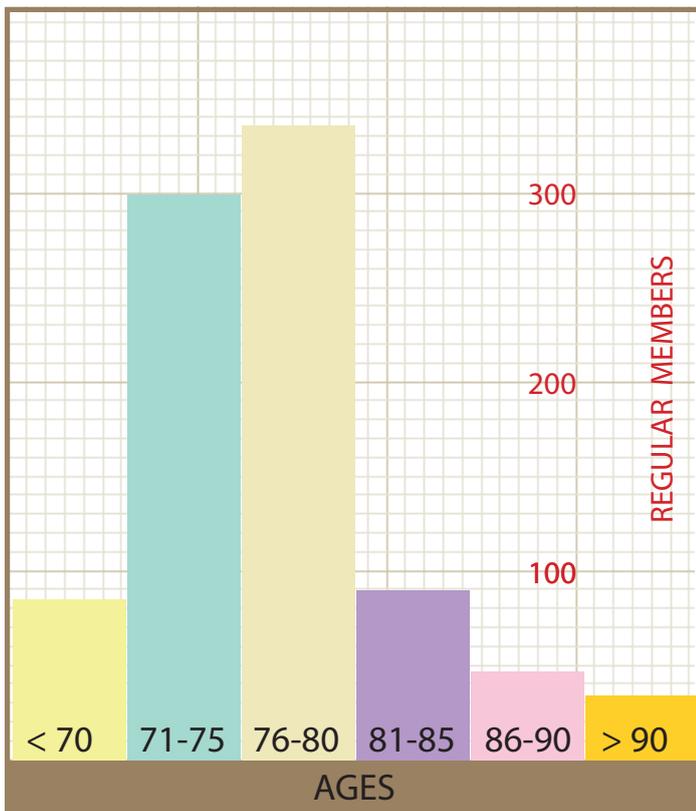
noun [in sing.]

a scarcity or lack of something: *there is a dearth of evidence.*

There is a dearth of letters—empty mailbag again.

And there is a dearth of article submissions that, until recently, seemed to be improving. I could use your help.

Whatchabeenupto?





# Obituaries, Termites and Other Unrelated Nouns

**A**s I begin this, I know where I am going—I just don't know how I'll get there. We'll see.

I did have a plan for this. Since most of us are of an age where we can't remember when we could remember, a review might be in order. When last we met, I was laying the ground work for this issue's input. I bragged of all the things at which I became expert as a second officer instructor; i.e. showing new hires all the parts and pieces of a 727, how to change reading lights in the cabin, how to make coffee and how to grovel to younger captains. My intention was to expand upon these talents in this issue by reporting a few experiences I encountered during months I was flying the line rather than slaving away in the Training Department.

For example, there was the flight from Milwaukee to Miami with a stop in Atlanta. After takeoff from MKE, the lead came into the cockpit and reported that Anita Bryant was in seat 1A working on a needlepoint project and her reading light was not cooperating. As in quit. I thought about responding with: "Didn't you say she wasn't reading?" but decided not to smart off and instead suggested, as we were not full of passengers, that she move to a different seat.

"I've tried that. She refuses."

I graciously offered to change her light since I was now an expert light changer. I went to the cabin, lowered the PSU (an acronym for which I remember only the word "unit") and began the change. Twenty minutes later I had failed to remove the inoperative bulb, let alone complete the task. I had begun to fear that the two pilots up front might make a serious mistake without me present, so I gave up. Anita was not impressed. The mechanic in ATL changed said bulb in 12 seconds. I was somewhat embarrassed.

During the continuation of the flight to MIA, we received a radio call reporting that a bomb scare had been telephoned to the company. After we landed in MIA and were directed to park far away, (like in the Atlantic Ocean) guess who was elected to look for the bomb since he was an expert on all the parts in a 727? Had there been such a thing at the time, I would have taken a "selfie" of my eyes when I opened the forward cargo compartment and saw a cardboard box in the back which I had never before seen! Turned out, it was there to hold the gear pins and a bomb was never found. I was somewhat chagrined, but pleased that we had survived.

Yes, it was my intention to relate a few stories like those above, but things have changed.

**I**t has been a tough month at our house (er—houses):

✓ Phone call from Minnesota son. "Someone broke into your house. Your big TV is gone and probably some jewelry."

✓ The snail mail. "Your termite warranty has expired." Since moving to Arizona I have noticed the streets and highways crowded with trucks advertising termite protection and/or removal. "There are termites in your neighborhood," they shout! One of these companies is Amera—our guys. I have never seen a termite, but I called and

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made an appointment for someone to come and re-new our warranty. Somehow, I was a bit worried that I was not purchasing a warranty against having the little creatures visit our home. I'm not sure what constitutes a termite warranty, but I felt I absolutely must have one!

✓Miss Birdie flew West. Notice is hereby given of the passing of Birdie-the-Cat, longtime beloved pet of Olde Bob and Lee. Miss Birdie was born in Shakopee, Minnesota, on some date in 1990 (or so). Her exact date of birth is unknown, as are the names of her parents. She was found by Olde Bob and a good friend on the 16th tee of Stonebrooke Golf Course in Shakopee. "That kitty is starving," said my friend. A rescue took place and she was adopted. (Olde Bob has always regretted that someone with a video camera wasn't there to record the antics of two adult men playing three holes of golf with an uncooperative kitten.) She was given the name Birdie. By barking, Bogie-the-Dog taught her to fuss at the mailman and that ever-present UPS guy. She enjoyed a very long and mostly happy life, an ocean of water from household faucets and an abundance of supposedly very nutritional food. She had no children. She is survived by Mulligan-the-do-over-dog and Ace, the other rescued cat in her family.

✓Mayo Clinic Emergency Room in Phoenix had a visit from us at 4 AM with Mrs. Lee in extreme pain from the flare up of a neck and shoulder injury sustained in the 70s when the captain of Northwest Flight Four slammed on the brakes (under orders) at O'Hare. The use of the word "extreme" might be an understatement. She received a shot in the shoulder from Rocky, the pony-tailed ERMD and instructions to visit specialists to determine the cause and fix. This is in progress as I write.

**S**o yeah, it has been a tough month, but:

The termite guy did show up as scheduled. He was almost flying as he entered our home—obviously buoyed by some recent event. We didn't know him. Really, we didn't know him and were surprised when he entered, ran around the house singing, jumping up and down and jamming his right fist as if he had just scored the winning goal—in overtime—in the Stanley Cup finals. "You have to watch Channel Five news tonight. I'm going to be on TV!"

We weren't too impressed.

"So, what happened," one of us asked?

The story went like this:

He and a coworker were at a nearby gasoline station filling their wheels. Once a week, Channel Five sends two young women and a camera person to a gas outlet with credit cards. As a promotional gimmick they offer to top off vehicles being gassed at the pump



as the camera records their benevolence. Their activity was taking place at a pump island away from Termite Guy. As he watched, a car pulled up to his area. A young lady stepped out carrying a hand-made sign which read: "Please help us. We need fuel. Have no money."

Termite Guy spoke with her, informing her about the free gasoline being distributed at the other island.

"If they won't fill you, come back and I will," he said.

The lady went to the other pumps. He saw her talking to the Channel Five ladies and pointing in his direction. Sensing a good story, ladies and camera approached his location. With the camera running, they discussed his charitable offer to top off the lady's tank. During said discussion, she commented that her husband (the driver of her vehicle) was a veteran of the Iraq and Afghanistan wars.

"Hold on a minute," said Termite Guy. "Our company hires veterans."

He pulled out his handy dandy cell phone and called his boss. The boss told him to send the man "down." He closed the call and explained to the couple that his boss was interested in talking to them and told them how to find the company offices. The lady began to cry. Big tears down her cheeks. She gave him a hug, reentered the car, and off they went with a full tank of gas.

Channel Five completed the filming and Termite Guy drove to his next assignment. When that was finished, he headed for our house. On the way he got a call from the boss:

"I just hired that guy."

As I said, Termite Guy was flying when he arrived. Channel Five forgot to air the story at five, six or ten. *The Root Cellar* presents it with joy.

Some days are better than others. ✈



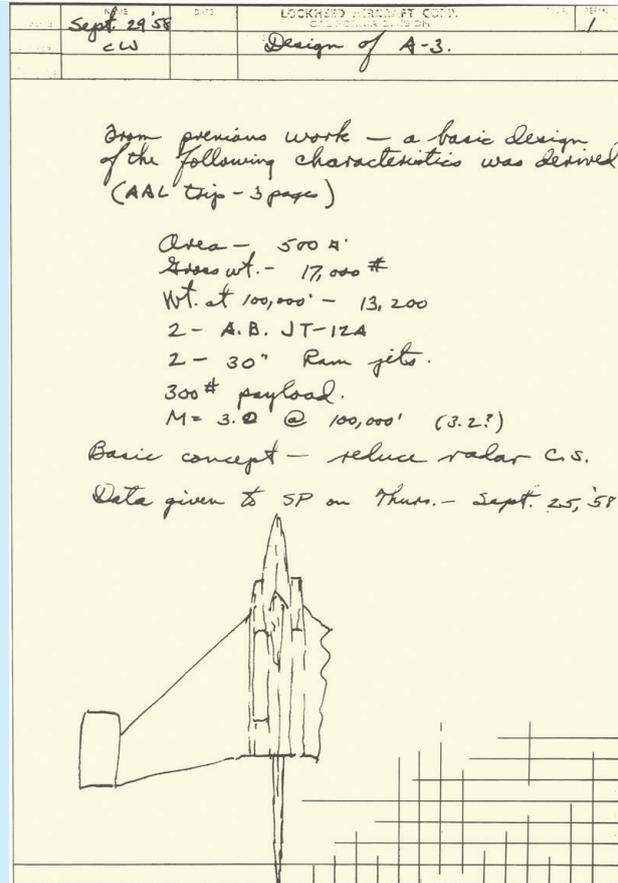
# A STABILIZED approach



Contributing Columnist **James Baldwin**

## Life at Mach 3:

## Part Two



Kelly Johnson sketch

... an introduction that wouldn't end until the as yet unknown functional soul of the Blackbird was explored, defined and understood. And there weren't all that many pilots who could not only fly this new contraption but also be able to relate to the designers and engineers exactly what was needed to be changed or redesigned. The trick was to be able to stay alive while expanding the envelope into flight regimes never before seen. This wasn't about autopilots and automation—even though the airplane would depend heavily on both—this was about achieving the unreasonable and nearly impossible performance goals the assignment required while having to conform to and respect the basic laws of physics and nature. They would be right up against those inalterable laws in every direction they looked.

Clarence "Kelly" Johnson, like a proud father, was introducing his newest and latest dark project to this

new suitor with a smile on his face. He knew they were a match made in, well, in his very own version of heaven: Lockheed Advanced Development Projects, or as it is still known, "The Skunk Works." The birth of the airplane that was the then answer to America's need to keep an eye on the recalcitrant regimes of the world was an important event and he had the man who would be able to make it happen once the hangar doors rolled open.

Robert "Bob" Gilliland, call sign "Dutch 51," was no stranger to the variety of ways airplanes behaved—good and bad; he had flown nearly everything the U.S. Air Force could supply. He was certainly no stranger to the supersonic ability of the F-104; he had coached and helped several nations' pilots understand the Starfighter's capabilities while respecting the limits of the missile like airplane with the stubby wings attached.

Through a skeptical engineering eye, he scanned the expansive and strange shape before him, and instinctively knew this was something entirely different. And it surely was. This really was something fast and a quick survey of the vast assembly bay was all he needed to understand his boss was as deadly serious about this airplane as were the opposing forces in the world bent on imposing their perverted will and governance. It might have been called a “cold war,” but it was still a war and America was in desperate need of the right equipment to maintain a reasonable level of surveillance. It was not a requirement that our nation would be able to satisfy overnight.

Dwight D. Eisenhower sat pensively at his desk in the Oval Office, occasionally tapping his pen while staring at the flickering light from the fireplace embedded in the wall opposite. It was early May, 1960 and the popular president was nearing the end of his second term. He was faced with one of the most challenging calls during his time in office: How to deal with the loss of an American U-2 spyplane over Russia. He knew the airplane had been lost but didn't know the fate of the pilot, and the politics in this case were international and, for the time, critical.

He had consistently demonstrated his risk averse attitude toward the use of the U-2 in overflights of the Soviet Union. The need to evaluate Soviet intercontinental ballistic missile capability was constantly weighed against the probability of one of these flights being intercepted and shot down by the Russians. He was sure this would be interpreted as an act of aggression and as the date for the Paris Peace Summit approached, he evaluated the choice between admitting to the world that the U.S. had been making “illegal” surveillance flights over the Russia or just plain lying through his teeth.

Eisenhower and his advisors chose to fabricate a fairly implausible story and released it to the press four days later. Claiming their pilot, on a routine weather mission, lost his oxygen supply and unknowingly ventured into Russian airspace was the best they could come up with. Khrushchev must have smiled when he heard the story as it was all he needed to fabricate his own trap to expose the Americans. On May 7th, the Soviet Premier announced to the world that the pilot was indeed alive and that he had revealed the true nature of the mission. It didn't help that sophisticated aerial photographic equipment was recovered from the crash site. America was a liar. Eisenhower was embarrassed but despite being given an opportunity to apologize, refused to do so. The Soviets left the Summit before it really began, tensions were raised, the arms race accelerated and the cold war continued unabated. This single event

would have considerable consequence for many years in Soviet-U.S. relations and, although unknown at the time, would ensure that the new replacement airplane being considered would never be used for its intended purpose to overfly either the Soviet Union or China.

It is important to note that Eisenhower had made it a requirement to personally approve each flight. In 1957 he had requested and gained permission from Pakistan to surreptitiously base the U-2 spyplane there in order to more easily access the country representing the biggest threat. It had been a decade of demonstration by the Soviets of their belligerent attitude and determination in expanding their socialistic view of how the world should be run.

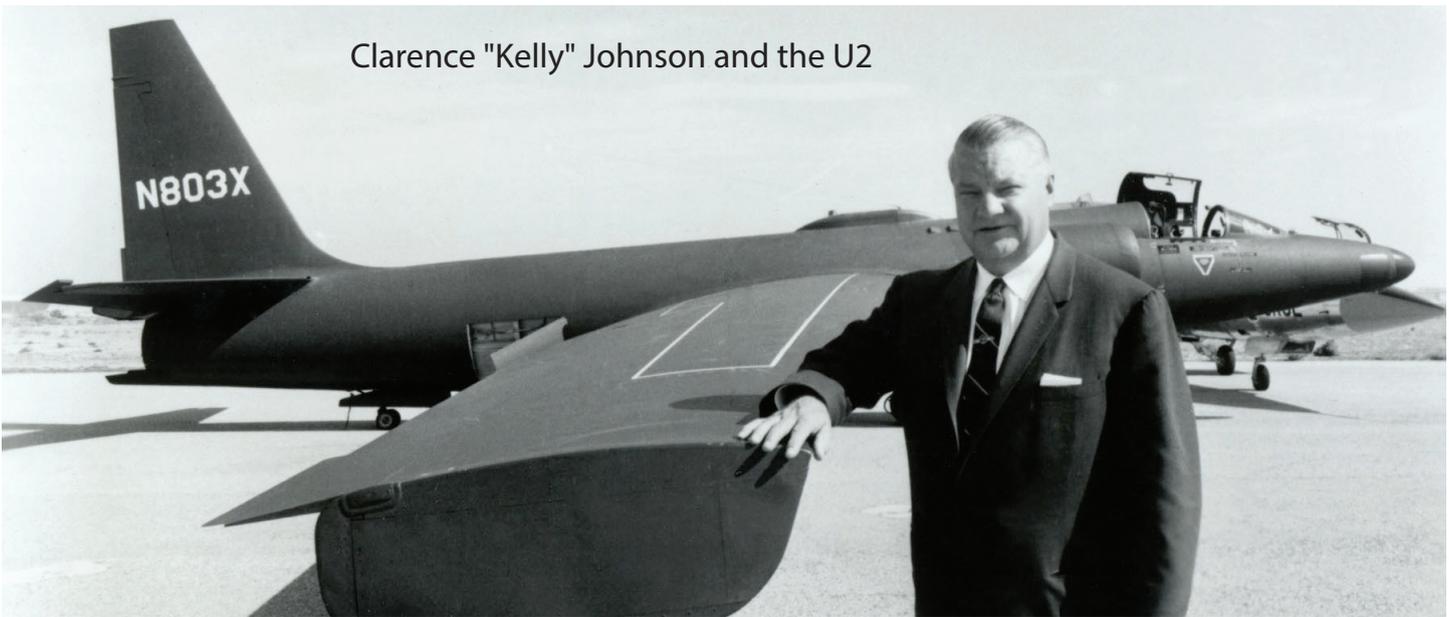
It is impossible to know what the former World War II Supreme Allied Commander was thinking at that very moment, but amusing to wonder if he had reflected on General George Patton's highly arguable and obviously ignored advice at war's end. In the moment of a frustrating daydream could he have possibly wondered, as others surely have, if the world would be facing the same threat if he had been in favor of allowing Patton to rearm the Nazi Wehrmacht and push the Soviets back to their own border? We will never know, and there is no way in the world Eisenhower could have known, sixty nine years later, that Europe and America would again face the same kind of ideologically based aggression from the same nation. More poignant yet is that the site of the 21st century aggression we are now experiencing is exactly the same place where the leaders of the mid 20th century gathered to negotiate world peace in the second summit of the war. Some things never change, except perhaps, how soon we forget.

Regardless, he was now faced with, a decade and a half later, the result of their presence in Eastern Europe and their continued intransigence. Stalin had made good on his promise to Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov when confronted with the concern that the language of the Yalta agreement was at odds with their intention. Stalin told him: “We'll do it our own way later,” and they were doing just that. Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Bulgaria, Albania and Romania would now be Soviet states and the Allies were forced to forget the promises made at the Yalta Conference to Poland for free and democratic elections.

Daydreamer or prescient futurist, Eisenhower wasn't the only one who agonized in the realization for needing a continued airborne capability to survey the Soviets. Kelly Johnson was hard at work on a solution to the same problem long before the well known prediction by his engineers and others of the vulnerability of the U-2 came true.

It is fitting though not surprising that it was he

Clarence "Kelly" Johnson and the U2



who had already gathered a group of electronic and other engineering experts together as early as 1958 to consider the possibility of producing an aircraft with a radar cross-section (RCS) small enough to be undetectable by enemy radar. That was typical Skunk Works and that was typical Kelly Johnson. This was the first time the “stealth” concept had been incorporated into or even considered for an aircraft at the design stage. The several models that Lockheed constructed and tested in their anechoic chamber met with encouraging results. In the end, applying standards extrapolated from their understanding of how fast future radar systems were progressing, it was determined that the only way to guarantee mission success was simple: they needed a barely detectable airplane to fly extremely high and fly extremely fast.

The significance of the perceived Russian threat at that time is illustrated by the concurrent pursuit by the CIA for a U-2 replacement. It was the summer of 1957 when Richard Bissell, Director of Central Intelligence and Allan Dulles, Special Assistant, initiated their own research study of “radar camouflage.” They chose to employ their own, darkest of the dark in-house CIA consultancy group, the Scientific Engineering Institute, rather than just talking to the aeronautical genius who had designed and built what they were already using. Hard to argue with wanting two opinions but what the SEI said was basically the same as Lockheed: they needed to fly really high and fly really fast in something that had a reduced RCS. Additionally, the SEI estimated the “Corona” satellite space vehicle was not yet ready for surveillance; they would need another vehicle flown by man to gather information. No time was lost in initiating the project named “Gusto,” and both the Convair Division of General Dynamics and Lockheed were

asked to render design proposals without charge!

For the next 12 months, both companies refined designs for the high flier, each company having a different name for airplanes ending up to be very similar in design. Lockheed designated their final iteration the “A-12” while the General Dynamics version was called “The Kingfisher.” It doesn’t take much of a guess to know who won the competition and in January of 1960 Johnson was awarded \$4.5 million to further the design.

Flying high and flying fast in 1957, when slide rules and drafting boards were the tools of aeronautical engineers, might have been a bigger design challenge than present day with the use of digital computers, but the rules laid out by Mother Nature were still the same. The design requirement aiming point was a Mach 3.2 cruise speed at stratospheric flight levels approaching 85,000 feet. Or at least that’s the information that was released to the public. Anything more detailed than that solicited the “I could tell you but I’d have to kill you” response.

Since Lockheed had completed and flown the F-104 Starfighter in 1947, the first to attain a speed of over Mach 2 in level flight, they were no strangers to the new challenges higher altitude and higher speed would present. The Starfighter used a fixed geometry or stationary inlet cone optimized for supersonic speed. The designers realized the rising temperature gradient in the stratosphere, the opposite of what is encountered in the troposphere, would affect the limit temperature of the compressor intake unfavorably for the new airplane. And this new airplane was definitely going to have to operate in the stratosphere if for no other reason than to have the ability to escape from the advancing capability of enemy missiles. The single parameter of air temperature at the compressor inlet, more than any other factor, would define the speed potential and fuel

burn for a given atmospheric condition. Ben Rich, Kelly Johnson's number two man and a thermodynamics expert, called the SR-71 inlet the biggest challenge of his engineering career. He was also the man who took the reins of the Skunk Works when Kelly finally retired in 1975, his signature project being the F-117 stealth fighter.

For the airframe itself, the conventional construction medium of aluminum would not be able to maintain the strength required at the temperatures the planned speed would inflict. Some other material would have to comprise the majority of the airframe. The question was: "What material?" Once again, from their Starfighter design and development experience, engineers knew some things would have to be radically different for the new Mach 3 airplane.

After a mission or need for a particular aircraft is defined, the usual progression in design identifies which engine will be used or, at a minimum, the engine requirements and characteristics would be specified. Although originally designed and developed for the U.S. Navy for use in the Martin P6M jet flying boat, the Skunk Works engineers thought at first the new, albeit untested engine might be exactly what was needed for the mission they had been assigned. It was the Pratt and Whitney J-58 afterburning turbojet, which produced 34,000 pounds of thrust. Trouble was, the engine as originally designed was not only unsuitable for sustained operation at Mach 3.2, but was also not ready on time. The chosen workaround meant the underpowered P&W J-75 engines would have to be used until the J-58 was really ready.

This wasn't the first time Kelly Johnson had begun an airplane design and fabrication without the actual proper engine. After working with a wooden engine mock-up while building the XP-80, the real engine finally arrived seven days before the airplane was presented to the Air Force. Typical for Johnson, he still delivered the prototype in 143 days. The contract had called for it to be done in 180!

Some of the atmospheric characteristics that are encountered at high Mach speeds and stratospheric altitudes challenge our basic understanding of how air works. Compressibility would play a huge part in powering the aircraft at altitudes where the density of air was only two to three percent of that at sea level and would also be the limiting factor for speed. At Mach 3.2, with the static temperature of the stratospheric outside air at around minus 60 degrees Fahrenheit, the temperature of the compressed air due to ram effect at the entrance to the engine approaches 800 degrees F!

The solution for a continuously operating, fully modulating afterburner running through a wide range

of flight speeds and altitudes required several variable components. The inlet spike would be a variable position cone, translating 26 inches aft as speeds increased. The purpose of the movable spike was not only to slow the oncoming airstream from Mach speeds to subsonic at the engine inlet, but also to position the internal shock wave for maximum pressure recovery and thrust. When the inlet duct had too much air entering some beneficial way to use it had to be found. Part of the solution was to use computer controlled inlet and outlet doors and to bleed fourth stage compressed air directly to the afterburner through six large diameter evenly spaced tubes running front to rear on the exterior of the engine. At high Mach speeds, the ramjet effect (it was never a pure "ramjet" because the core engine always continued to operate) of natural compression and expansion contributed as much as 80 percent to the total thrust output.

Trying to describe the amount of work done to invent all of the new methods and technology required by this airplane by the many people in various private and government organizations in a condensed fashion is not possible. Lockheed used all of the resources our nation had available including at the time state of the art research being done at the various NASA laboratories. We were at war and the war we perceived we were fighting was as new to those of that era as our current war on terror is today. The presentation of the "proof" flight of the A-12 was time critical. There were intelligence needs for our leadership that were critical with respect to the real time decisions being made for this new type of war and overflight capability was an important component.

Unable to wait for the engines specified in the design, the A-12 "official" first flight was done by Louis Schalk on April 30, 1962 despite a near tragic actual but unintended liftoff days earlier. With the J-75 engines the maximum altitude limit was 50,000 feet, with the airplane only being capable of Mach 2.0. It wasn't until October of that year that the J-58 engine was finally installed in one nacelle and test flown. Kelly Johnson was taking no chances that one of his precious airplanes would be lost with an engine not fully proven. By January of the following year, six airframes had been delivered to Area 51 and the A-12 was finally fully powered by the new J-58 engine and flown successfully.

Area 51 was obviously a busy place when Bob Gililand arrived in January to join the first three pilots and the man at the Skunk Works wasn't sitting idle either. Kelly Johnson was already at work on an interceptor version for the air force and had already signed the contract to build six examples of a new two seat version that had not been announced: the SR-71 Blackbird. There was a lot of work left to do and... ✈



WAY



it

WAS



CONTRIBUTING COLUMNIST JOHN DOHERTY



## FUNNY STUFF

My previous column has me on a reminiscing roll of “funny stuff,” so here’s some more.

✓ I once flew with an outstanding young copilot named Kim Frizzell (at least he was young then). He’d been injured in a hockey match and while he was recuperating the company put him to work screening pilot applications. I asked him what instructions the company had given him and they’d only told him, “No more characters.” We had characters aplenty, and they provided us with some of the best laughs.

✓ Take the character who said this. While on approach to 25L at MKE, ATC had called traffic “12 o’clock, slow, could be a train.” (You may recall that there was a railroad track running north-south about half a mile east of the 25L threshold.) Our character replied, “I have the traffic in sight, it’s a train, and he’s low.”

✓ I never met this man, and for all I know the stories concerning him are mythology—and with that caveat some more.

He’d shown up for a flight one day apparently and obviously just come from the barnyard. The chief pilot in disgust had told him, “You can’t go to work looking like that.” Some time later they couldn’t find him for his trip—a call to his home found him and his explanation: “The chief pilot told me I couldn’t go work.”

This pilot was one of those who did the transition from straight-wing props to swept wing jets—different critters. A number of pilots came to grief from using habit patterns that worked in the props but not in the jets. There was a training push of the concept that thrust determined altitude and pitch determined speed. The

sim instructor at the time emphasized the point by shaking the yoke and saying, “This is speed,” and pointing to the thrust levers and saying, “This is altitude.” Our hero was skeptical.

After getting such a lecture he was cleared for takeoff, and he started pumping the yoke back and forth. In consternation the instructor inquired as to just what the hell he was doing? He replied, “I’m getting airspeed with this (the yoke), and when I get up to speed you bring these in and give me some altitude.”

My recollection is that this pilot eventually left the airline for “other opportunities,” but while he was with us he brought not only humor (which was much needed at the time), but he brought a human element to our job, and he showed us how to insist on being understood as the unique individuals that we all are.

✓ Another character (who I quoted in the previous column) was flying from NRT to TPE in the classic whale, the first officer at the controls flying his first leg with this captain. As they got close to TPE without any evidence that the first officer was going to leave altitude, the captain inquired, “Joe, do you have a plan to get this thing down?” Joe (not his name) replied in the affirmative. Without missing a beat this captain pointed to the thrust levers and asked, “Does your plan include these?”

✓ One of my buddies was flying second officer on the 707 for another of the characters. We had figured out the value of taking en route naps well before NASA said it was a good idea. My friend was sound asleep at the panel when his captain shook him awake saying “I don’t want more than one person sleeping at a time,” and the captain promptly went to sleep himself.

✓ We had also figured out the value of a discrete beer or two on layover long before it became “legal.” I had a 30-some hour layover in GTF with us getting in too late to take out the early launch the next morning, and thus the long layover. I was looking forward to the time off in that beautiful part of the world—but was disgusted to learn that everything was closed at the time of our arrival.

In the course of getting ready for bed I flushed the toilet—to find that it was malfunctioning. I took off the cistern lid to investigate and found a cold six-pack. Those who had come before had figured out a system. I drank what I wanted and the next day replenished the supply for the next guy—a practice that worked flawlessly for my month of GTF layovers.

✓ Some of the humor was dark—with its roots in the unhappy relationship between employees and management that prevailed back then. “Pass privileges” were dangled over our heads as a means of corporate control. One apocryphal tale had then CEO Steven Rothmeier settling into his first class seat and noting the boarding pass on the armrest of his seat mate was an F5, an employee pass. This particular passenger became upset about some issue and created a stink with the flight attendant.

According to the tale, Rothmeier was outraged at the behavior and fired the “employee” on the spot. Thing was, the F5 boarding pass was left over from a previous segment and the “employee” was in fact a paying passenger. The event was from then on recalled as “the time Rothmeier fired a passenger.”

✓ Then there was the SEA based flight attendant who didn’t show for her trip. Worse yet she didn’t respond to calls from schedules. Finally her frustrated manager left a message that if she didn’t contact the company within three days she would be terminated. She didn’t, and she was terminated.

Sometime not long later the company learned that the single lady had died at home alone and that was the reason she hadn’t shown up for her trip. And that particular event was remembered as the time “‘Sally’ got fired for calling in dead.”

✓ Sometimes the funny stuff was about passengers. I was travelling in first class one day when two very fat women boarded. I took them to be mother and daughter. “This oughta be good,” I thought to myself as they squirmed and wriggled into a row across from me. They tugged on the ends of the seatbelts and it was clear that the belts were a foot or more too short. One of them took the expedient of tucking the loose ends out of sight in the folds of her belly and the other followed suit. When the flight attendant came around checking

seatbelts, she paused and asked tentatively, “Are we all fastened in here.” The women looked up with innocent smiles and nodded affirmatively. “Well, if you say so,” replied the flight attendant, walking on to the rest of her pre-takeoff duties.

✓ Passengers could be funny in their non-understanding of things too. One 727 captain told me he’d been holding at BIL with the visibility below minimums with fog. As is sometimes the case, they could see the runway from their holding altitude but on final looking through the fog horizontally the visibility wasn’t there.

A passenger in the back who apparently was anxious to get on the ground sent a message up to the cockpit with a flight attendant. “Tell the captain I can see the runway from here and he should get some balls and land this thing.”

✓ Which brings to mind a 727 approach I made into MEM—the first officer was flying, a low ceiling and  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile in rain. We picked up the lights as we approached minimums—just a fuzzy glow through the rain covered windscreen. I reached up and turned on the wipers. You may recall how noisy those 727 wipers were. Apparently the first officer had never heard them before because he called, “Jesus, turn those things off.”

Internally shrugging to myself (and about 150 above the runway at this point) I turned them off—immediately followed by his panicked cry, “TURN THEM BACK ON!”

✓ I was taxiing a 727 toward the gate—it had been an early early getup on the east coast and truth be known I was in a growly not-up-for-this-day mood. I was taxiing slowly because the ramp wasn’t ready for us. The second officer opened the door and told me, “They are standing up.” This despite the flight attendants perennial instructions to wait for the seat belt sign to get up.

Something snapped in me that moment, and I locked the brakes—we went from 5mph to zero in about half an inch. There was silence for 10 seconds and the second officer said, “They aren’t standing up any more.” A really dumb thing for me to do, but oh so satisfying. And the second officer’s deadpan humor was just right.

✓ I walked into crew scheds way back when (when you could still walk into crew scheds) and one of my friends said, “I hear you are getting divorced.” I nodded assent, and he replied, “Don’t worry; you’ll be able to smile again in a year.”

His forecast was about right, and I did learn to smile again. And that’s the way it was with all the personal and professional challenges of my career.

And looking back, didn’t our ability to smile, to laugh, make all the difference? ✨

SEA SUMMER PICNIC

# 21 August

## 11:00 AM – 3:00 PM

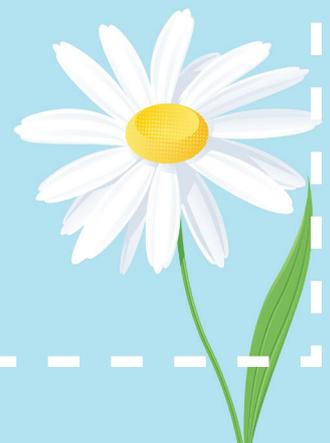
Genesis Farms and Gardens  
41925 236th Ave S.E.  
Enumclaw, WA 98022



NAME(S) \_\_\_\_\_

**Registration deadline August 14th**

**\$25** per person  
Checks payable to **"Sunshine Club"** and mail to:  
**Charlie Welsh**  
**15713 138th Ave E.**  
**Puyallup WA 98374**





# Got Mail?

No? Well here's some filler to take its place.  
You want mail, you gotta write.



## RNPA SURVIVORS' INFORMATION

In the Membership Directory you received in July was an insert that we feel is something that each member should keep in a safe place. Perhaps even more important than just filing it away would be to insure that every member of your family be aware of it's existence.

It will not be available in printed form again. Electronic copies are available at [www.rnpa.org/Memoriam.htm](http://www.rnpa.org/Memoriam.htm)

Here's another hint: I would hang onto the July 2014 Membership Directory. There's an outside chance that it may be the last printed version.



Perhaps one of the best "selfies" ever!



## CDR Robert J. Flynn

by Stephen Coonts,  
author of  
“Flight of the Intruder”



The Vietnam War is ancient history. It ended for America in 1973 when the POWs came home. One of the POWs was an A-6 bombardier-navigator, Robert J. Flynn, shot down over North Vietnam on August 21, 1967, and marched north into China, where he was held in solitary confinement for five and a half years, 2,032 days, in a prison in Beijing. He was released in Hong Kong, walked across a bridge into the British colony under his own steam, on March 15, 1973. Shot down as a Lieutenant (junior grade), Bob came out a Lieutenant Commander and stayed in the Navy, ultimately retiring as a Commander. Bob died Thursday, May 15th, [2014] in Pensacola, Florida, at the age of 76.

It is doubtful if any American survivor of that war paid as heavy a price as did Bob Flynn. It is also doubtful that anyone was more deserving of the Medal of Honor than Bob Flynn, recognition he didn't receive.

August 21, 1967, was a bad day for Bob's A-6 Intruder squadron, VA-196, The Main Battery, which launched four bombers on a daylight strike into the heart of North Vietnam. The lead Intruder, flown by the squadron skipper, Leo Profillet, was hit and exploded in the dive on the target. The other three planes managed to drop their bombs, but on egress flew north of Haiphong into heavy build-ups. One plane broke away from the formation and proceeded out to sea alone. The remaining two were attacked by MiGs, and both were shot down. Of the six airmen shot down, only Bob Flynn survived.

He was quickly captured and marched for days through the jungle into China. Once there, the Chinese Communists claimed that the two A-6s shot down by MiGs were over Chinese airspace, a claim that Flynn denied all his life. Propaganda photos were taken and released to the world's press.

Flynn was taken to Beijing and imprisoned. There he was kept in solitary confinement and repeatedly tortured for propaganda purposes for five and a half years! The Chinese never broke him, but the physical and psychological price Flynn paid was higher than any human should ever have to endure. Any lesser man would have died or lost his grip on sanity.

I met Bob that fall of 1973 when he was finally released from the hospital and came to NAS Whidbey, the home of the west coast A-6s, for the Intruder Ball as the guest of honor. I had the honor of flying him back to Colorado Springs, where his wife was living, in the right seat of an A-6. At 36,000 feet over the Rockies, I gave him the POW bracelet with his name upon it that I had worn for my two Vietnam cruises. That flight was one of the great moments of my life. Probably not so memorable for Bob, who was inundated with bracelets bearing his name as the months passed, almost two bushels of them.

Bob returned to Whidbey that fall as a staff officer and instructor at VA-128, the west coast fleet replacement squadron that trained new A-6 pilots and BNs. At the commanding officer's request on several Friday all-officer's meetings Bob took the podium and tried to tell the staff and students what it had been like being in solitary in China for five and half years. What it was like to be handcuffed for up to sixty days at a time and have to eat off a plate like a dog. What it was like to be unable to drop your trousers and have to live in your own filth. What it was like to have only God and your loyalty to your country and your shipmates to sustain you. What it was like to be without hope and tortured beyond your ability to resist. And yet, and yet, with no resources except his inner strength, he never gave in.

These sessions reduced Bob and most of his listeners to tears. Someone thought to videotape his lectures, but years later, when Bob tried to find the tapes, they had been lost. Another tragedy.



In 1973, the Chinese released Lcdr. Robert J. Flynn, second from left, a captive for five and a half years, and Maj. Philip E. Smith.

Bob Flynn was always a rebel. He carried a trumpet in the cockpit and broadcast the notes of Charge over the radio before he crossed the beach into North Vietnam. Not once, but every time. He was his own man, then and always.

After he returned from China, Bob had psychological problems. He was in therapy for years. The wounds finally scarred over.

In the early 1990s, after Bob retired from the Navy and at his request, I asked a friend of mine, former Washington Post military correspondent George C. Wilson, author of six terrific books, including *Supercarrier* and *Mud Soldiers*, to interview Bob and see if perhaps they could collaborate upon a book that would tell Bob's story.

George went to visit Bob, and came away discouraged. He told me, "Bob hasn't even talked to his kids about his experiences. He has put that part of his life away in a place he refuses to visit. I could rip the scars off, but I couldn't bandage them afterwards." The book never got written.

Of all the rare and honorable men I have met through the years, none impressed me as did Robert Flynn. America just lost a true son.

We who knew him will miss him deeply. Farewell, shipmate.

Stephen Coonts

# CRISTMAS

## SEA Dec. 11th

### 10:30-3:00

Emerald Downs Racetrack  
2300 Emerald Downs Drive  
Auburn, Washington

**\$35/PERSON**

Meal Choices:  
Sesame Orange Chicken  
or  
Peppered Honey  
Steelhead Salmon

**SEA**

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

Checks payable to "Sunshine Club"

**Registration DEADLINE: December 4th**

Chicken ↑

Salmon ↑

Mail to:

**Kathee Nelick**

**6101 Nahane West N. E.**

**Tacoma WA 98422**

253.927.9136

knelick60@comcast.net

# PARTIES

## MSP Dec. 7th

### Social hour

### 5:00

### Dinner

### 6:30

Chart House Restaurant  
11287 Klamath Trail  
Lakeville, MN 55044  
952-435-7156

**\$39/PERSON**

Entrée Choices:  
Champaign Chicken  
or  
Walleye  
or  
Prime Rib

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

Checks payable to "Doug Wenborg"

**RSVP by: Saturday, November 29th**

↑ Chicken  
↑ Walleye  
↑ Prime Rib

Mail to:  
**Doug Wenborg**  
4300 Hickory Hills Trail  
Prior Lake MN 55372

**MSP**



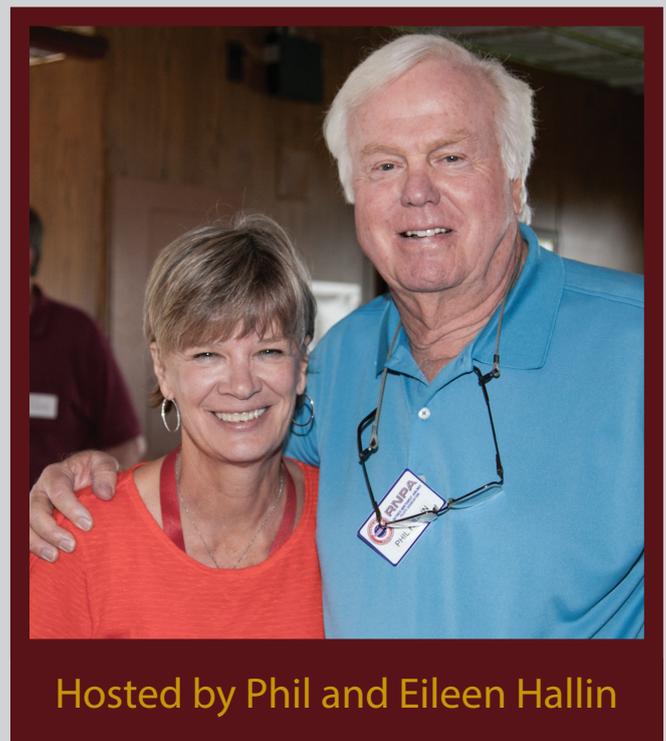
## *2014 Minneapolis Summer Cruise*

The annual Summer Cruise on the St. Croix river has become the largest of all the RNPA gatherings year after year. This was no exception, with 240 members and guests.

As can be seen above, the skies were threatening and it was cool, but no rain. Keeping to the main deck allowed for plenty of conversation and catching up with all those remembrances—the real reason that RNPA continues to thrive.

Join us next summer. You'll be glad you did!

Photography: Gary Ferguson



Hosted by Phil and Eileen Hallin



Dino Oliva, Dottie Hanson, Bill Rataczak, Karen Oliva, Bill Cameron



Bob Wangerin, Joe Sutilla, Sheila Wangerin, Sara Modders, Susan Marsh, Marilyn Olson, Ann & Pete Brown



Gary Thompson, Al Teasley, Milt Eitrem, Gary Roelofs, Bill Waterbury, Fred Joseph



This is just the port side crowd. There were just as many on the starboard side as well.



Virgil Sagness, Ginny Roth, Judy Mample, Jan Ankeny, Phil Hallin, Claudia Waters



Nancy & Jim Bestul



Barbara Korngable, Polly Viertell



Kathie Zielie & Keith Maxwell



Bill & Nancy Waterbury



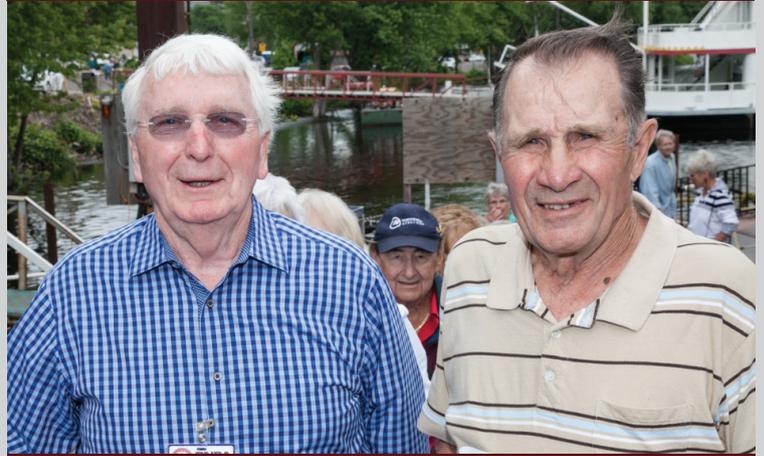
Joe Sutilla, Wayne Segulia



Tom Irwin, Sharon Gayle, Donna Miller



Susan & Terry Marsh



Carl Simmons, Dale Hinkle



Anne Kerr, Bob & Penny White, Joan Lee



Kathy & Skip Foster



Tom Schellinger, Don Bulger, Judy Schellinger



Vikki Hancock, Gary & Sandy Roelofs, Jim Hancock



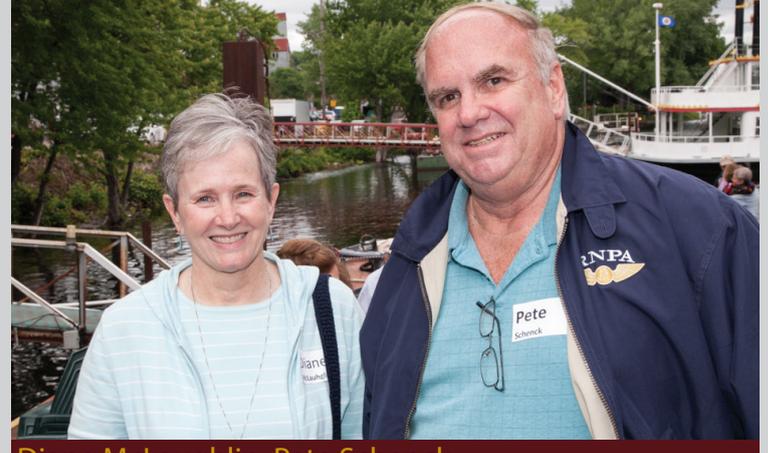
Karen Benson, Dottie Bassett, ??sorry, Bonnie Wolfe



Angie & Dave Lundin



Jim & Norma Driver



Diane McLaughlin, Pete Schenck



Tom & Mary Linda White



Marilyn & Tim Olson



Charles Moore & Connie Thompson



Judy & Bob Royer



Al Teasley, ??sorry, Virgil Sagness



Jeff Johnson, Dennis Johnson



Fred Joseph, Marty Ginzi



Carol Hall



Tom & Sue Ebner



Lee Bradshaw, Kay Ruff, Jim Borenscheer



Jim Borenscheer, Kathy Nelson



Roger & Rosie Grotbo



Don & Evy Hunt



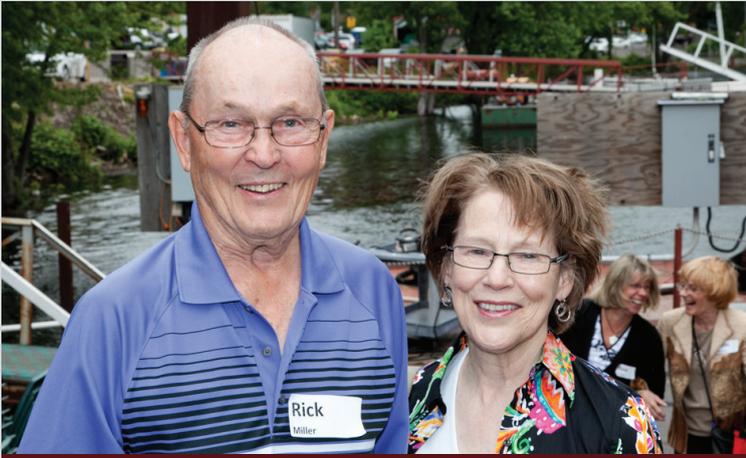
Gary & Joan Thompson



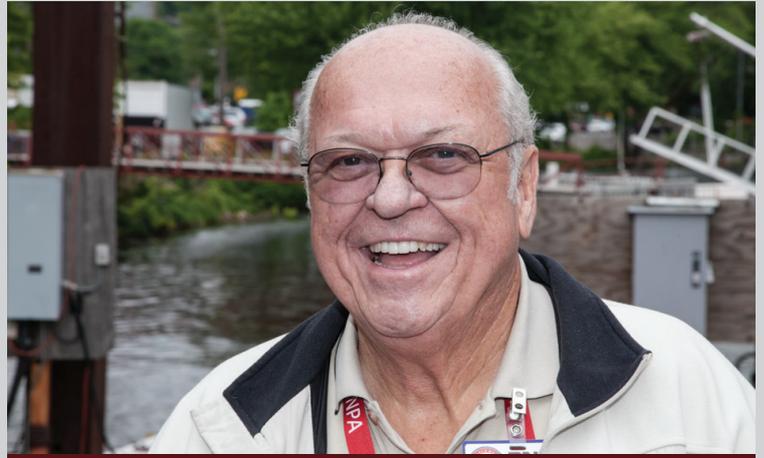
Kathy Palmen



Milt Eitrem, Hal Hockett



Rick Miller & Carol Senty



Ken Finney



Judy Huff, Gary & Joan Downes



Don & Jeanne Wiedner



Dave Griffiths, Rose Ernster, Kathi & Tim Mannion



Rita & Wayne Ward, Paul Sippert



K. C. & Martha Kohlbrand



John Owens, Claire Davis



Deb Ryan-Huber & Frank Huber



J. D. & Holly Leland



John & Renee Robertson



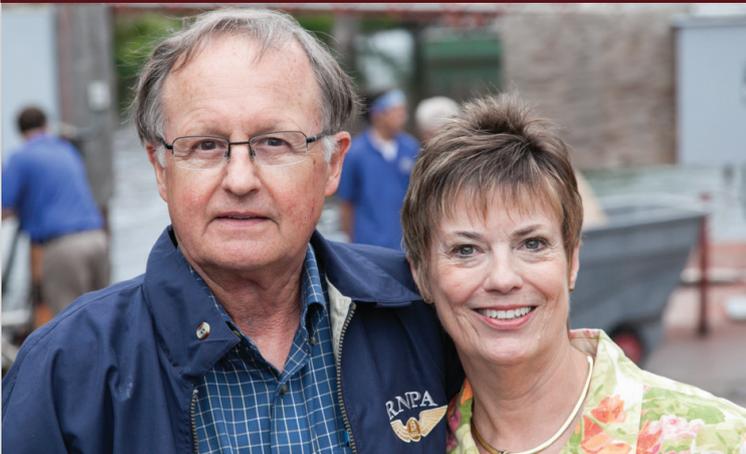
Sara & Nick Modders



Duane & Bev Chirhart



Howie & Marilyn Leland



Steve Lillyblad and his cousin Patty Dills



Terry & Lynn Confer



Jean & Norm Midthun



Richard & Mary Render Orr



Hans Waldenstrom & Sue Kostka



Ginny Roth, Sandy Brownlee



Mary Jane Dittberner, Marcy & Larry Dorau



Connie & Bill Cameron



George & Bobbi Lachinski



Ra Nae Wolle



Janine Ross & Cap Olson



Sherry & Doug Wenborg



Edith & Don Schrope, Dave & Jane Sanderson



Don & Jane Chadwick



Nancy & K. P. Harem



Gary & Barb Pisel



Lois & Dick Haglund



Jeanne Dachtera, Dottie Hanson



Judy Summers, Steve Rafshol



Dee & Rod Hald



Claudia Waters & Pete Johnson



Connie Blad, Sam McGlone

**"I HAVE NOW EARNED MORE MONEY BEING RETIRED AND DOING NOTHING THAN I DID WHILE WORKING AND DOING VERY LITTLE!"**



Rick Miller



Stephanie & Pete Dodge



Betty Cornforth



The air transportation industry generally and Northwest Airlines in particular are undergoing a steady expansion that started in the latter part of 1962. This expansion and increased business is expected to continue with the increasing high economic activity, rapidly growing population and the increasing acceptance of commercial flying as a primary means of transportation.

Expansion of this nature has many facets, one of prime importance being the problem of finding well-qualified individuals to fill all of the newly created positions. The expansion of our business has created a tremendous demand for additional personnel such as stewardesses, transportation agents, mechanics and, most critically, pilots.

Northwest Airlines domestic and international expansion provides more immediate and future opportunities and stability than ever before. As a result of Northwest Airlines' unprecedented growth, we have increased our service to many cities and have extended it to others. In this connection the Company has undertaken an orderly conversion to an all-jet fleet. We presently have 16 jet props and 41 fan jets (Boeing 707--320's, 720B's and 727's), with 27 more fan jets on order for delivery in the next two years.

Northwest Airlines has recently undertaken a program that is designed to encourage young men to consider a career in the rapidly growing field of commercial aviation. It is to these young men in

their 20's that Northwest Airlines offers an opportunity for a very rewarding career. The investment in their training will bring a high rate of return.

As a flight crew member with Northwest Airlines, you will be part of a team that is responsible for the operation of a \$7 million aircraft. For this great responsibility, you may earn in excess of \$19,000 per year as a second officer, \$27,000 as a copilot and \$42,000 as a captain. In addition, you will receive liberal fringe benefits such as vacation, sick leave, group hospitalization and life insurance, and pass privileges. Under the retirement program, a newly hired pilot who has flown with the Company for 35 years can expect to receive a retirement income in excess of \$1200.00 per month at age 60.

For this reason Northwest Airlines has developed a unique program designed to encourage young men to work toward a pilot career. This program, as developed, guarantees the qualified applicant with no previous flight training employment with Northwest Airlines as a copilot trainee after he completes the necessary training. Thus the qualified individual is assured of acceptance as a copilot trainee with us before investing the time and money necessary to acquire the commercial pilot license with an instrument rating.

Men meeting the basic requirements listed below will be considered for this program:

1. Age - 20 to 27
2. Height - 5' 10" to 6' 4"

3. Weight - in proportion to height
4. Vision - 20/20 uncorrected vision with no color deficiency
5. Education - 2 years of college
6. Excellent health
7. Mature in judgment, good appearance, eager to assume responsibility
8. An active interest in aviation

If you meet these requirements, we invite you to visit our representative when he is in your area and discuss the program with him. If, after a review of your application, you seem to be well qualified, you will be flown to Minneapolis for further interviews, testing and physical examination. Those satisfactorily completing the procedure will be offered a contract assuring them of acceptance as "copilot trainee" by Northwest Airlines when they have the FAA commercial license and instrument rating.

There are many excellent flight training schools in this area that provide the instruction necessary for attaining a commercial license with instrument rating.

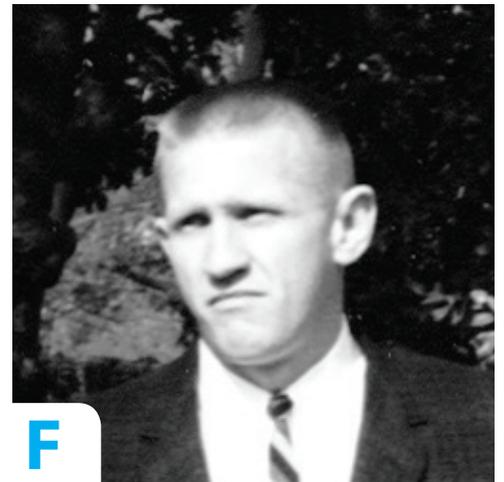
The cost of training varies, of course, with the type of aircraft used, location of flight school and other factors. The cost of ground school and flight training required for the commercial license with instrument rating (private license included) would, in most cases, approximate \$3000. If you were interested in securing additional ratings such as the various instructor ratings, the total cost would approximate

\$5500. Although these additional ratings are not absolutely necessary, the training that you would receive to secure them would, no doubt, be helpful in your future copilot training.

Attached is a list of flight training schools approved by the Federal Aviation Agency. Some of these schools are licensed to give instruction for only the private pilot license, others the commercial license; still others are authorized to give private, commercial and instrument training. When contacting any flight school, be certain to ascertain what type of training they are authorized to give. You may contact the FAA office most convenient to you for further detailed information.

Personnel Department  
November 22, 1965

# HOW'S YOUR MEMORY ?

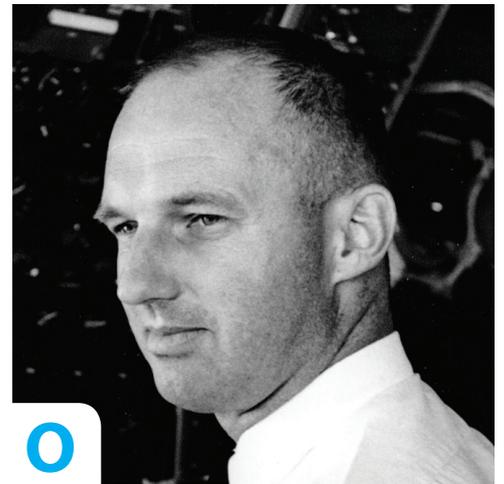
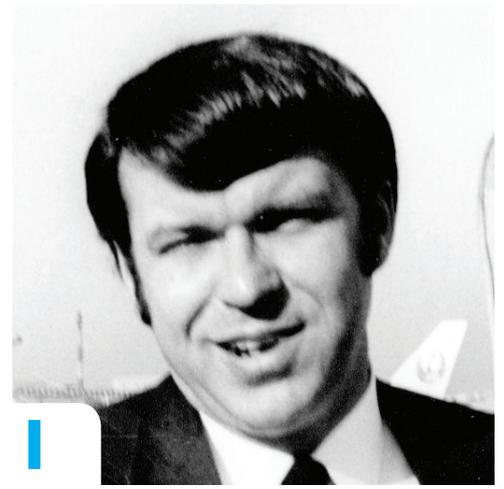


The black and white photos are from just a small portion of several donated to RNPA by **Harry Detwiler's** widow, **Nancy**.

Similarly, the color head shots have been edited from some early convention photos given to me at the recent Summer Cruise by **Al Teasley**.

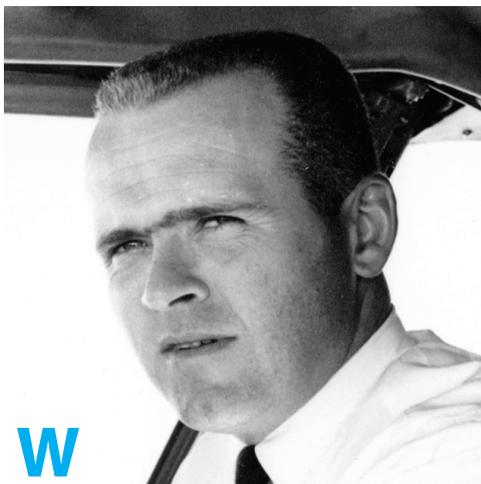
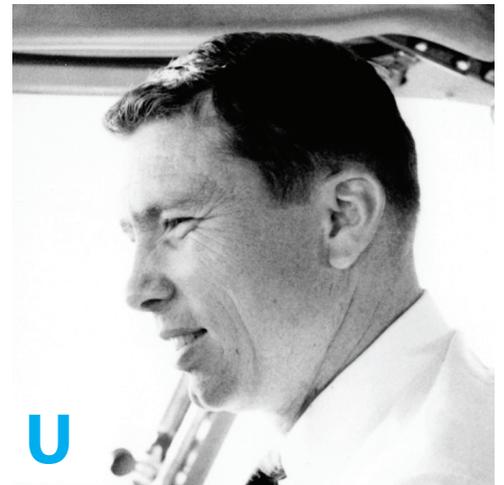
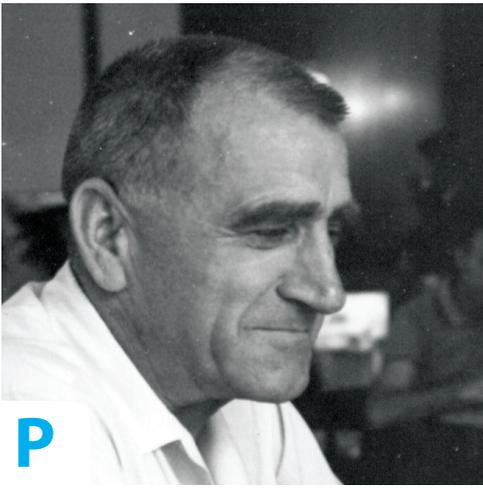
You remember every one of these faces, right?  
Answers in a few pages. - Ed.

- Erling Madsen
- By Otten
- Don Carlson
- Skip Eglet
- Bob Scott



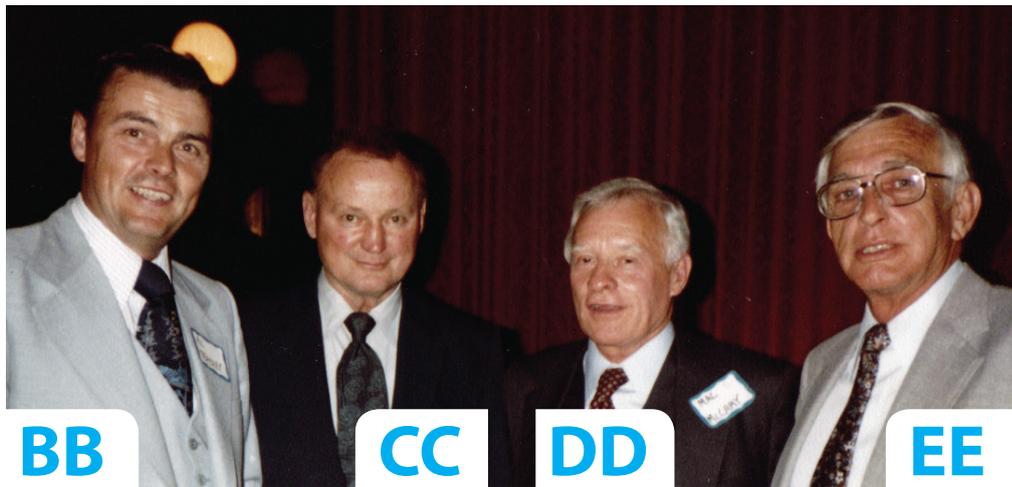
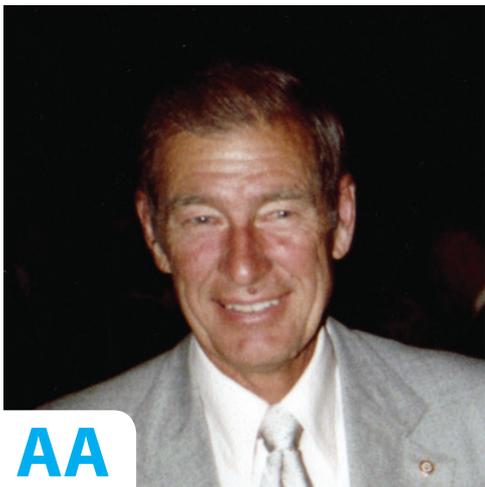
- Andy Anderson
- Bill Kullman
- T. K. Roe
- Doug Millar
- Cy Cole

- Bill Hendrick
- Tom Bantle
- Ty Beason
- Chuck Michel
- Don Paulston



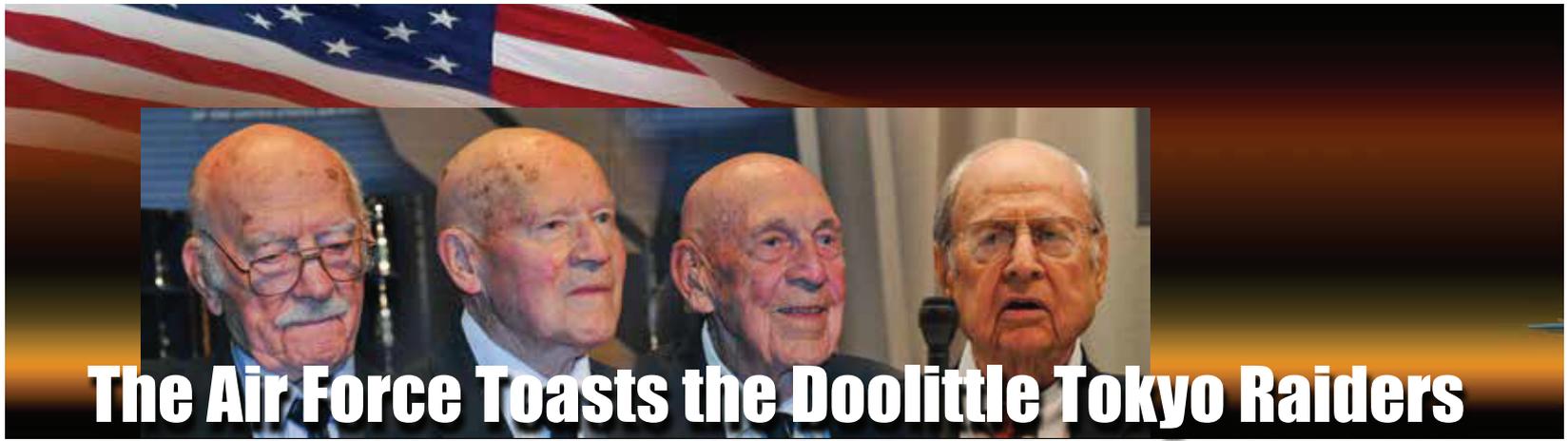
- John Pennington
- George Stone
- Elwood McCary
- John McKinnon
- Woody Herman

- Earl Danielson
- Mel Suggett
- Fred Zimdars
- Harry Detwiler
- John Carr



- Al Teasley
- Norm DeShon
- Howie Parks
- Ed Adamek
- Ralph Christ

- Earl Hohag
- Jack Herbst
- Joe Koskovich
- Neil Potts
- Chuck Stamp



# The Air Force Toasts the Doolittle Tokyo Raiders

The Air Force hosted the famed Doolittle Tokyo Raiders on November 9, 2013 at the National Museum of the U.S. Air Force with events that included a wreath-laying ceremony, a B-25 flyover, and an invitation-only ceremony in which three of the four living crewmembers made their final toast to their fallen comrades.

The three Doolittle Tokyo Raiders who were able to participate in the event were retired Lt Col Richard “Dick” E. Cole, copilot of Aircraft No. 1; Lt Col Edward J. Saylor, engineer-gunner of Aircraft No. 15; and Staff Sgt David J. Thatcher, engineer-gunner of Aircraft No. 7. The fourth living Doolittle Raider, retired Lt Col Robert L. Hite, copilot of Aircraft No. 16, could not attend the ceremony due to health issues.

Acting Secretary of the Air Force Eric Fanning spoke at the day’s events, giving tribute to the “innovative spirit of Airmanship” exemplified by the Doolittle Tokyo Raid. Also attending was Chief of Staff of the Air Force Gen Mark A. Welsh III, who observed that “Jimmy Doolittle and his Raiders...pioneered the concept of global strike...the idea that no target on earth is safe from American air power.”

Speaking at the wreath-laying ceremony, Lt Col Dick Cole, Jimmy Doolittle’s copilot, thanked the audience for joining them that day, saying “We are grateful we had the opportunity to serve...”

The culmination of the day was the final toast ceremony. After the invited guests had given a standing ovation for the Doolittle Raiders, but before closing the ceremony, Col C.V. Glines, distinguished author and official Doolittle Raiders historian said “This concludes the ceremony and also completes a mission.”



Chief of Staff of the Air Force Gen Mark A. Welsh III took the podium before the final toast. In his remarks he said “... Jimmy Doolittle and his Raiders are truly lasting American heroes, but they are also Air Force heroes. They pioneered the concept of global strike ... the idea that no target on earth is safe from American air power.”



Veterans and the public line the streets of the National Museum of the U.S. Air Force with American flags and signs of support during the Doolittle Tokyo Raiders Memorial tribute in Dayton, Ohio Nov. 9, 2013.



Air Force Academy cadets lay a wreath at the Doolittle Tokyo Raiders memorial in Memorial Park at the National Museum of the U.S. Air Force.

Reprinted by permission of the Air Force Museum Foundation. Contributed by Skip Foster.

*This article possibly arrived in your email inbox sometime during the last 14 months, but it did so without giving credit to the author—a practice all too common these days. The photo came from the Government, but the article is by Mr. Greene. Contributed to my inbox by Colie Smith. – Ed.*

# A final toast for the Doolittle Raiders



Retired Master Sgt. Ed Horton honors the memory of retired Lt. Col. Horace Crouch by turning his goblet upside down at the goblet ceremony during the Doolittle Raider reunion on the raid's 64th anniversary, in Dayton, Ohio. Photo: U. S. Dept. of Defense.

It's the cup of brandy no one wants to drink.

By Bob Greene

April 14, 2013

On Tuesday [April 16, 2013], in Fort Walton Beach, Florida, the surviving Doolittle Raiders gathered publicly for the last time.

They once were among the most universally admired and revered men in the United States. There were 80 of the Raiders in April 1942, when they carried out one of the most courageous and heart-stirring military operations in this nation's history. The mere mention of their unit's name, in those years, would bring tears to the eyes of grateful Americans.

Now only four survive.

After Japan's attack on Pearl Harbor, with the United States reeling and wounded, something dramatic was needed to turn the war effort around.

Even though there were no friendly airfields close enough to Japan for the United States to launch a retaliation, a daring plan was devised. Sixteen B-25s were modified so that they could take off from the deck of an aircraft carrier. This had never been tried before -- sending big, heavy bombers from a carrier.

The 16 five-man crews, under the command of Lt. Col. James Doolittle, who himself flew the lead plane off the USS Hornet, knew that they would not be able to return to the carrier. They would have to hit Japan and then hope to make it to China for a safe landing.

But on the day of the raid, the Japanese navy caught sight of the carrier. The Raiders were told that they would have to take off from much farther out in the Pacific than they had counted on. They were told that because of this they would not have enough fuel to make it to safety.

And those men went anyway.

They bombed Tokyo, and then flew as far as they could. Four planes crash-landed; 11 more crews bailed out, and three of the Raiders died. Eight more were captured; three were executed. Another died of starvation in a Japanese prison camp. One crew made it to Russia.

The Doolittle Raid sent a message from the United States to its enemies, and to the rest of the world:

We will fight.

And, no matter what it takes, we will win.

Of the 80 Raiders, 62 survived the war. They were celebrated as national heroes, models of bravery. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer produced a motion picture based on the raid; "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," starring Spencer Tracy and Van Johnson, was a patriotic and emotional box-office hit, and the phrase became part of the national lexicon. In the movie-theater previews for the film, MGM proclaimed that it was presenting the story "with supreme pride."

Beginning in 1946, the surviving Raiders have held a reunion each April, to commemorate the mission. The reunion is in a different city each year. In 1959, the city of Tucson, Arizona, as a gesture of respect and gratitude, presented the Doolittle Raiders with a set of 80 silver goblets. Each goblet was engraved with the name of a Raider.

Every year, a wooden display case bearing all 80 goblets is transported to the reunion city. Each time a Raider passes away, his goblet is turned upside down in the case at the next reunion, as his old friends bear solemn witness.

Also in the wooden case is a bottle of 1896 Hennessy Very Special cognac. The year is not happenstance: 1896 was when Jimmy Doolittle was born.

There has always been a plan: When there are only two surviving Raiders, they would open the bottle, at last drink from it, and toast their comrades who preceded them in death.

As 2013 began, there were five living Raiders; then, in February, Tom Griffin passed away at age 96.

What a man he was. After bailing out of his plane over a mountainous Chinese forest after the Tokyo raid, he

became ill with malaria, and almost died. When he recovered, he was sent to Europe to fly more combat missions. He was shot down, captured, and spent 22 months in a German prisoner of war camp.

The selflessness of these men ... there was a passage in the Cincinnati Enquirer obituary for Mr. Griffin that, on the surface, had nothing to do with the war, but that captures the depth of his sense of duty and devotion: "When his wife became ill and needed to go into a nursing home, he visited her every day. He walked from his house to the nursing home, fed his wife and at the end of the day brought home her clothes. At night, he washed and ironed her clothes. Then he walked them up to her room the next morning. He did that for three years until her death in 2005."

So now, out of the original 80, only four Raiders remain: Dick Cole (Doolittle's co-pilot on the Tokyo raid), Robert Hite, Edward Saylor and David Thatcher. All are in their 90s. They have decided that there are too few of them for the public reunions to continue.

The events in Fort Walton Beach this week will mark the end. It has come full circle; Florida's nearby Eglin Field was where the Raiders trained in secrecy for the Tokyo mission.

The town is planning to do all it can to honor the men: a six-day celebration of their valor, including luncheons, a dinner and a parade.

Do the men ever wonder if those of us for whom they helped save the country have tended to it in a way that is worthy of their sacrifice? They don't talk about that, at least not around other people. But if you find yourself near Fort Walton Beach this week, and if you should encounter any of the Raiders, you might want to offer them a word of thanks. I can tell you from firsthand observation that they appreciate hearing that they are remembered.

The men have decided that after this final public reunion they will wait until a later date—some time this year—to get together once more, informally and in absolute privacy. That is when they will open the bottle of brandy. The years are flowing by too swiftly now; they are not going to wait until there are only two of them.

They will fill the four remaining upturned goblets.

And raise them in a toast to those who are gone. ✪

June  
14th,  
2014



## Montana Gothic aka Bonnie & Art Daniel

Art sez: "The group playing (next page) is called 'Alte Kameraden' which translates to 'old friends.' We play German, Finnish, Italian and American traditional music as well as the beer garden variety. The band has its roots in Red Lodge, Montana with strong Finnish heritage. We traveled to Minneapolis several years ago to play for the international Finnfest. Also in our repertoire is the Buffalo Bill wild west show music as well American classic tunes from the early 1900s.

About 15 years ago we started a fathers day tradition called 'Live at the Barn,' which is a pot luck with beer, meat and music. No invitations are sent. If you hear about it, you are welcome!"  
Now you've heard about it!



Art & Bonnie's son, Andrew, and "Rowdy" Yates



Denny Guen

About these photos:

While we were at the Summer Cruise I asked Dick Dodge if he would take some photos of the Daniels' "Live at the Barn" for inclusion in this issue. He took all of these, except for the backgrounds, *with his phone!* His is a Samsung Galaxy Note 3. I hope you will agree that these are absolutely stunning images—the equal of most "pro" cameras, at least in these conditions. I am very impressed and appreciative of his help. – Ed.



## Alte Kameraden

Chuck Hinz on drums, Art Daniel second from right



Guentzel



Shirley & Doug Parrott

Cowboy Bar  
Fishtail, MT

**TESTY FEST**  
**Sat. June 28, 2014**

Nut Feed at 6p.m.  
Live Music at 9p.m. by:  
**Nye Express**

  
**5 for 10**





Most of the NWA gang in attendance





Paul Bresher, 747-400 captain, has been helping to make things run smoothly for several years.



"Rowdy" and Art. Dayle Yates and Dick Dodge rode their motorcycles from Georgia and North Carolina respectively.



Dick Dodge (center) and Dave & Sue Welch



# LOSING LARRY

A TRIBUTE TO A FRIEND WHO,  
ALONG WITH MANY OTHER  
PILOTS FROM FAILED AIRLINES,  
HELPED MAKE NWA THE  
SUCCESS THAT IT WAS

By Bill Emmer

Recently Captain Larry Mullaly lost a long struggle with ALS. He was a dear friend, and we spent quite a bit of time together early in our airline careers, beginning at Air Florida (in fact he always claimed an un-official Guinness World Record: Most hours flown in an aircraft with Bill Emmer). We had great layovers together, often as long as 6 days, because we flew with the most senior DC-10 Captain at Air Florida when others would bid away from him. London and Paris were like home away from home, and often we'd catch a train and go to another city such as Salisbury to see Stonehenge, or to Dover and ride the ferry across the channel to spend the day in Calais. For a Squid, Larry was a stand up guy. Actually, he had many traps on carriers in the A-5 Vigilante, and I guess it was quite a piece of iron to wrestle aboard and catch a wire. I'm sure he loved every trap, of course AFTER he got stopped, and occasionally after he changed flight suits.

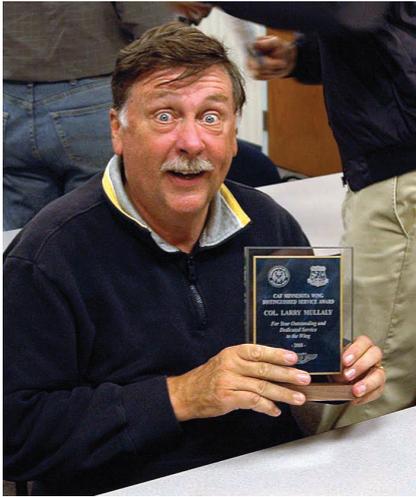
Larry was an excellent and very technical pilot. Right after we got hired by NWA he noticed a DC-10 being fueled at the gate, and could tell by the angle of the center gear that the parking brakes were set. This was a big NO-NO for that "walking" gear design, and true to form, he investigated and discovered that there was no limitation in the NWA AOM restricting this operation, nor was Flight Ops or Maintenance even aware of it. At the time he had never been qualified in the DC-10 for NWA. Most ironic was the fact that NWA developed and OWNED the STC (supplemental type certificate) for that center gear modification on the DC-10!!!

I did his OE when he checked out as a Captain on the A-320. It was not his initial Captain checkout—he'd already done that on the MD-80, which he'd flown

briefly while the Roberts Award procedures were being ironed out. It was like stealing from the company for me because he was so knowledgeable and proficient, and we had a great time while he accrued 25 hours. We had a long SFO layover, and had quite a day on the town, dining that evening at the Tadich Grill. The next day we flew Flight 28 SFO-MEM (recall that the flight originated as a Whale in BKK, I think, flew to NRT and then to SFO where it became an A-320). We held for severe weather West of MEM and eventually were able to work around the convective "cumulo bumpus" and make our way to the gate. Of course he aced the line check.

We both were dis-satisfied with the performance of the Bendix radar—delivered on the first 30 or more aircraft—and because of his perseverance we wrote a fairly detailed critique of that equipment several weeks before our 747-400 ran into a severe band of weather West of DTW, causing major damage. We discovered that NWA had never accomplished any of the service bulletins on any of the Bendix RDR-4A radars in the 320s, 57s and 400s. The money they spent repairing that aircraft and the revenue they lost while it was out of service would have paid to accomplish those bulletins on every aircraft equipped with that radar.

When Larry proposed to Carol, at the time an NWA Flight Attendant, they decided to get married atop the Eiffel Tower in Paris, a city we both loved very much (and shared some great memories there as well—we both flew there often as A-330 Captains, and of course years earlier on the DC-10 with Air Florida). He had a cousin, I think, who was a Magistrate in Texas who had agreed to marry them over the phone. On the day of the wedding they went up the tower at the pre-determined hour



and he whipped out the cell phone that had worked well all over the city only to find out that the Eiffel Tower was the antenna for that part of Paris and they they were on the INSIDE of said antenna with no signal whatever! Not to worry, our boy wonder located a pay phone, changed

Euro bills into a boat load of coins and managed to pull it off, creating a Great War story along the way.

If you're interested, there's a video about him that aired on KARE 11 news a few years ago that is quite moving and still available on line at

[tinyurl.com/larrymullaly](http://tinyurl.com/larrymullaly)

We lost Larry far too early. He had a heart of gold, and was as true a friend as I've ever had. Toward the end of his life he lived in a VA medical center hooked up to a ventilator, and he had great difficulty communicating. Each day was a struggle. While I'm happy to say he's finished that ordeal, I will miss him very much. I'd appreciate it if everyone who knew him would raise a glass and toast his final departure.

God Speed my friend. Blue Skies and Tail Winds wherever you fly...

Not long after I posted the above comment to his RNPA email obit, I got a call from Gary Ferguson, Contrails Editor, asking if I could perhaps expand it into an article commenting on the arrival of pilots from other airlines. He was not aware that perhaps as many as 40 pilots had come to NWA from Air Florida. Unlike most of the legacy US airlines, NWA somehow managed to avoid mergers and acquisitions until after most of us RNPA members were hired. I've wondered for some time whether that was a good thing or not. The internecine warfare that was such a frequent theme over the course of Northwest Orient's history might well have been avoided had the culture taken a new direction earlier. Of course it takes two to tango, and without some changes in management's disposition this likely would have had little impact. Still, looking back on the Republic merger, it's easy to surmise that some positive change might have taken place. Most of us aren't aware that at the time of the great furlough that occurred in 1969 NWA and Delta were about the same size, even though Delta was then strictly a domestic carrier. By the time I was hired

in 1984 Delta was double the size of NWA. Apparently Mr Nyrop wanted to teach ALPA a lesson by keeping the Class of '69 on the streets until after their contractual protection expired. He then began hiring the Class of '79. While that was a good thing for rookies like me who were hired before the merger, the shareholders were likely penalized and would ultimately agree to the leveraged buyout that was the demise of Northwest Orient Airlines in favor of NWA.

The culture of NWA was greatly influenced by the appearance of large numbers of pilots who arrived as a result of failing or ailing airlines throughout the '80s. This may have been a "protective" measure by management, interpreting the labor protective provisions of the Airline Deregulation Act that mandated giving priority to those employees displaced as a result of that legislation.

A large number of Braniff pilots were hired beginning in 1982. By early 1984 many Western pilots began arriving, and shortly after that a large number of Air Florida pilots, including myself, were hired. During some of these years NWA hired over 300 pilots a year. The fleet included B-747-200s, DC-10-40s, and a bastardized mix of B-727-100s, 200s, and 200As—all requiring 3-pilot crews. This relatively massive hiring meant a rookie could actually upgrade to F/O on probation, and older pilots who had expected to retire as wide-body F/Os upgraded, much to their surprise, to narrow-body Captain. We had begun taking delivery of B-757s, and the company placed orders for B-747-400s which would begin arriving in 1986. It was a heady time to be burning kerosene for a living at Northwest Orient Airlines...

The merger with Republic Airlines was a shock to most of us. We all knew that Northwest and Delta had been negotiating such a marriage for months, and while we had mixed feelings about "combining families" with Delta, most of us felt the benefits outweighed the inevitable headaches of such a merger. When the surprise news of the elopement and private ceremony with Republic headlined in February of 1986, no one was more surprised or disappointed than we Northwest pilots; mind you, there were many Republic pilots who were not happy about this either, but at the time Northwest had the strongest balance sheet of any commercial carrier in the world, and Republic's was among the weakest. It would prove to be an excellent merger in the end, although most of us wouldn't have admitted that for many many years.

Few would argue that the actual act of combining employees, fleets and routes was poorly handled. The decision to do so over the busiest airline travel season of the year—Thanksgiving and Christmas was equally disastrous. As this combining of airline "families"



When 30 Braniff pilots, 25 Western pilots, 40 Air Florida pilots, and 30 or more Eastern pilots arrive over a short period of time, they most definitely have a cultural impact.



ensued, Northwest began shedding old Republic routes and equipment at such a pace that many Republic pilots were furloughed. That too surprised us, as the Republic pilot contract had a lower-paying “B” scale for new hires, while the Northwest pilot contract did not. It seems that the Republic union leadership pissed off the CEO, the late Steven Rothmeier, and ever striving to teach those precocious pilots a lesson, management chose to down-size their pilot group and increase the size of ours. It would be three years before we and they became us. As contentious as those years were, we never really achieved a homogenous membership until the Delta merger over 20 years later. “Are you Red, Green or Blue” became a common phrase once the pilots of a crew decided that they wanted to converse socially at all (as many former Republic pilots used to say with a quip stolen from Miss Piggy, “It ain’t easy being Green...”). In the end, the new culture with its new blood, constant jostling for a better contract and better working conditions was superb. While I’m sure many will disagree with me, I give great credit to Vic Britt for stabilizing the situation, and Jeff Carlson for empowering pilots (notice I did not say Captains). I must also credit the Republic pilots who refused to be treated in the often demeaning fashion the Northwest pilots had learned to take for granted. While many consider their major contributions to be jump seats and “easy write” passes, far more important was the Captain’s authority that came back to the line because they refused to give it up.

Management began to dismantle the Republic “Essential Service” or federally subsidized routes to communities that otherwise would have no commercial air service. These were primarily small cities across the Northern tier of the midwest, served with Convair 580s. Soon after the merger these were grounded. Six leased B-757s with Rolls Royce engines were returned to Boeing; they were non-standard because our much larger fleet of them had Pratt and Whitney engines. At the time of the merger Northwest had one of the most standardized fleet of aircraft in the world.

Because of the potential of the Detroit hub, expansion resumed. The furloughed Republic pilots were hired by NWA as “Bridge” pilots, placed at the bottom of the seniority list, but after a year saw considerably increased pay because of the differences in Red vs Green contracts. These differences were the source of much discontent, as they continued until the new or “Bluebook” contract put all of us on the same pay scale. With the advent of this new contract in the fall of 1989, we and they became

us, and the Northwest Orient culture would never be the same.

As the post-merger fleet stabilized, soon we needed more pilots. We began to see an influx of new blood, and many former Eastern pilots joined the mix, along with pilots from Continental, and non-sched airlines such as World, ATA, Capitol, etc. As I can personally attest, it’s not easy starting all over, being on probation yet again, and spending more than a year at starvation wages. The Bluebook contract brought a “B” scale including lower wages for newly-hired pilots, and those wages didn’t align with what the rest of us earned for many years. While eventually we would negotiate yet another contract that would end this second tier of wages, the “Bluebook” blues were sung for years by the most junior among us who were developing their own sub-culture within the ranks of NWA.

Without the help of a detailed history of Northwest during these years it’s not possible to delve into the nuances of each passing year and how they impacted the culture of NWA. Leveraged Buyouts, re-organization outside of bankruptcy, the forming of alliances first with KLM (and our mutual refusal to perform “struck work” while each of us went on strike) and later with SkyTeam all impacted the new culture. Sadly, as we merged with Delta we arguably had the best airline operation in the world. With its emphasis on safety, quality training, honesty, empowerment as well as direct input by line pilots into operational decision making, the final years prior to the Delta merger were certainly the best of my airline career. Had we remained an independent carrier I likely would have continued flying until age 65. What I can say with certainty is that when an airline hires pilots who have never before been airline pilots, they are assimilated into the pilot population and learn the culture of that airline. When 30 Braniff pilots, 25 Western pilots, 40 Air Florida pilots, and 30 or more Eastern pilots arrive over a short period of time, they most definitely have a cultural impact. There’s no doubt in my mind that the contributions of these pilots, from aircraft procedures to union activities enhances the culture of their new airline. Considering the number of former NWA employees at Delta Airlines, one would need to be blind to not see the contribution to the new-found success of the new Delta. As a parting quip, let me say that Not Written Anywhere has given way to One Place Right Place. At least they aren’t canceling vacations or forcing dual or triple qualifications on pilots... yet. ✈

## THIS YEAR'S WINNERS OF THE PAUL SODERLIND MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP FUND ANNOUNCED

Four recipients have been chosen out of 181 applicants and each will receive a \$5,000 scholarship. The recipients, the school they are attending, and their sponsor's former position at Northwest Airlines are:

**Madeleine J. Drees - Bowling Green State University - Mother is a Flight Attendant**

**Hannah L. LaValle - Winona State University - Father is an Aircraft Mechanic**

**Ethan I. Glidden - University of North Dakota - Father is an Equipment Service Employee**

**Mathew D. Merrick - Washington State University - Grandfather is Pilot Dean Sunde**

Each recipient has provided a short bio and a picture for inclusion here. Those of us who support the Soderlind Fund should be very proud of being able to help provide for the education of these most deserving young people.



Madeleine J. Drees

I would like to thank the Retired Pilots of Northwest Airlines for giving me the opportunity to receive the 2014 Paul Soderlind Memorial Scholarship. I am thrilled to have the honor of receiving such a gracious award, and I am so thankful for the generosity

of those who made this possible for me. My mother, Renee Drees, has recently completed her 25th year of flying.

Growing up, I heard many stories, and I hope to someday visit the legendary places like "Camp Narita" and "The Yellow Awning."

In the fall, I will be attending Bowling Green State University in Bowling Green, Ohio. I chose to attend this university because of the excellent program the university offers for dietetics, my intended major. I decided to study dietetics, because I am interested in how food relates to medical complications and how ailments can be drastically made worse or improved just by the food one eats. After I receive my undergraduate degree in dietetics from Bowling Green State University, I would like to get a job as a Registered Dietitian in a hospital or other health facility. I want to help people live the best quality of life possible for them. The Paul Soderlind Memorial Scholarship has made it possible for me to follow these goals.

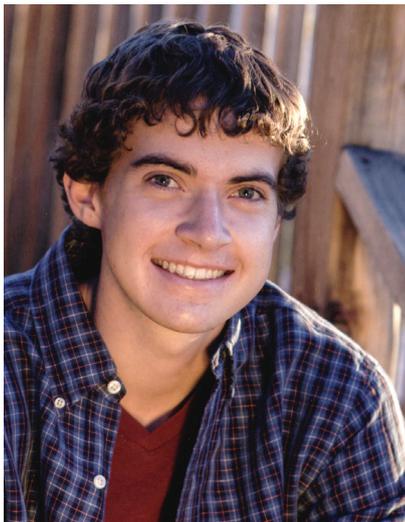
Thank you.



Hannah L. LaValle

I would like to thank the Paul Soderlind Memorial Scholarship Fund for selecting me to receive a 2014 scholarship. I was so excited to open the letter and find out that I had been chosen for it. This generous contribution to my education allows me to accomplish my long time dream of becoming an elementary school teacher. It was a tough choice between two great colleges, known for their teaching programs, but I finally made my decision to attend Winona State University. I will major in Elementary Education and minor in ESLT (English as a Second Language Teaching).

My parents both worked for many years at Northwest Airlines. My mom worked in the check hangars, Reservations, the Pass Bureau, and Purchasing departments. My dad worked as a mechanic in the hangars and shops. My parents have always provided a great support system by encouraging me to get good grades, continue my education, and pursue my goals. Thank you again for selecting me for this scholarship.



**Mathew D. Merrick**

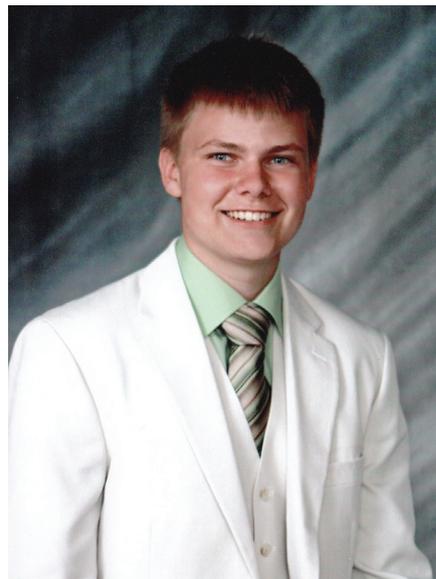
I am honored to be selected as one of four recipients of a 2014 Paul Soderlind Memorial Scholarship Fund serviced through Wings Financial Credit Union. Paul Soderlind was an important part of Northwest Airlines history and the generous contributions to a scholarship named in his honor continues his legacy by inspiring

students to pursue their dreams.

This fall, I plan to attend Washington State University with the intent to earn a Bachelor of Science in Computer Science. Growing up in the technology generation, I have always been fascinated by computers, network design and programming. While in high school, I persevered as an honor student, earned numerous computer certifications, joined Future Business Leaders of America, became a Washington Aerospace Scholar and achieved the rank of Eagle Scout. These experiences combined with my future educational pursuits are opening up opportunities for a career in the technology industry. The Paul Soderlind Memorial Scholarship has brought me one step closer to that goal.

The relative who sponsored my scholarship application is my grandfather, Dean Sunde, a retired NWA captain. During his airline career he spent several years working in Flight Operations-Technical with Paul Soderlind. While researching Northwest Airlines, I discovered a photograph that was taken on May 14, 1968. Dean Sunde, Paul Soderlind and Glen Doan were pictured holding a large 707 sign on the day Northwest took delivery of the 70th Boeing 707 from Boeing. Dean Sunde was a Northwest Airline pilot for 35 years and he continues to fly smaller airplanes after retirement. When I was four years old, Grandpa Sunde took me flying in his Piper Arrow II and a few years later he bought me a computer flight simulator along with my first fixed wing RC model airplane. My favorite hobby is flying RC aircraft, especially 600 class helicopters. I have gradually evolved into an RC instructor: teaching pilots, who have logged countless hours of flight time inside the cockpit, how to fly airplanes from the ground.

I sincerely appreciate all who have generously supported the Paul Soderlind Memorial Scholarship Fund. I hope one day to be able to assist other students in achieving their goals just as this scholarship has helped me.



**Ethan I. Glidden**

I would like to begin by expressing my deep appreciation to the retired pilots of Northwest Airlines, the people who have donated to this scholarship fund for the scholarship award I received. I am honored to accept this award named after Mr. Soderlind for the 2014-2015

academic year. My connection to Northwest Airlines is through my father, who was hired in Minneapolis as an Equipment Service Employee in 1988 (currently on layoff status).

In the fall my plans include attending the University of North Dakota in Grand Forks. At the present time, I am an undecided major, but I will be taking classes in the fields of economics and accounting. I hope to double major in economics and accounting and possibly attend a fifth year of school to complete a law degree. I also plan on playing club tennis and enjoying some of the other campus activities once I begin school.

*The requirements and application for the scholarship are listed on the Wings Financial Credit Union website. Remember, all applicants must be related to a former NW employee (active at Delta or retired, as long as they were former NW employees). The student must be accepted to enter an accredited college or trade school technical training program to be eligible to apply. Any course of study is acceptable and does not need to be aviation related.*

*Once again, I must thank each of you who contribute to the scholarship fund, either through personal contributions or by buying chances on our raffle items. It is only through those donations that we are able to keep the scholarship fund going. Thanks are also due to Wings Financial Credit Union for their help and support in bringing this program to fruition. If you have any questions regarding the program, feel free to give me a call at 952-953-4378.*

*Sincerely,  
Tom Schellinger  
Secretary/Treasurer, PSMSF*

As many of you know, after twelve years of accomplishments the History Centre faces some near future challenges. RNPA invited Mr. Kitt to our recent Board Meeting to explain in detail what those challenges are and what solutions are needed to ensure the survival of this great museum. We were impressed with his presentation and their several plans dependent more or less on who does what to whom as AirSpaceMinnesota takes its final shape.

We think that this museum is worthy of the support of the RNPA membership primarily because of its dedicated leadership and volunteers. We suggest that most of you are capable of \$100 a year donation (Annual Silver Sponsor), but if that's too much how about the same amount you spend on RNPA dues? It's all fully tax deductible, of course. Here's how you do it:

Online: [www.nwahistory.org/membership.htm](http://www.nwahistory.org/membership.htm)

Phone: (952) 698-4478

As we hear at the end of every NPR and PBS pledge pitch, "And thank you!" – Ed.

## Yogiisms and the NWA History Centre



By Bruce Kitt, President  
NWA History Centre Board of Directors

#1: "When you come to the fork in the road, take it." Seemingly goofy advice on the face of it, but I understood Yogi Berra to be saying that decisions need to be made. Standing still is not going to work so you must keep moving forward. The NWA History Centre (NWAHC) is at our fork in the road and we're following Yogi's advice.

Last year saw the most unsettling changes in our 13-year history, arguably more than the sale of Northwest Airlines in 2008 and the death of Pete Patzke, the NWAHC's founder, in 2012. In May 2013, Wings sold the building that is home for the NWAHC and in December, Wings ended its sponsorship of the NWAHC. The NWAHC has always appreciated the relationship it had with Wings and they will be sorely missed. The departure of Wings, originally NWA Employees Federal Credit Union, represents the loss of one more link to Northwest Airlines. The NWAHC—and you—are now the direct links to NWA (and to North Central and Republic Airlines), links who represent the exciting history of Minnesota's 84-year leadership in commercial aviation.

So, which fork does the NWAHC take? The basic plan remains the same: To preserve the history of Northwest Airlines and the 12 airlines that were part of Northwest's corporate family tree. This rich commercial aviation history is too important to lose and is too important to entrust to another airline. We can tell our story better than anyone.

The Board of the NWAHC has determined that the best opportunity for the NWAHC's long-term potential is AirSpaceMinnesota (A/SMN). The Minnesota Air National Guard Historical Foundation (MANGHF) has been leading an effort to build a museum that is focused on all facets of the aviation and aerospace history which Minnesota has been a part of, a rich history that continues today. A/SMN represents the most organized and orchestrated effort. This effort includes many well-known names in these fields, both businesses and individuals, and many more lesser-known entities that have contributed to Minnesota's importance in putting—and keeping—Minnesota air minded. A/SMN's efforts have succeeded in securing land at Fort Snelling adjacent to runway 12L/30R, a site that will offer a great view of the gates at Concourse Charlie and the activity at MSP. The NWAHC will be the commercial aviation component of this new A/SMN museum. In addition to displays there will be an archives center where the documents and artifacts that have been donated will be available to students, researchers and everyone else. A Flight Learning Center and a NASA Space Camp will add to the new museum's appeal.



The NWAHC is excited to grow to meet the future expectations of the public in such a setting as A/SMN. Shrinking is what concerns the NWAHC. The NWAHC welcomes the opportunity to stretch the scope of our collection to include other airlines that have served Minnesota. The challenge is to be around until A/SMN opens its doors. Sharing space with Wings has been beneficial to the NWAHC as we drew many visitors who stopped by after banking upstairs. Absent Wings, we are expecting a drop in visitors—out of sight, out of mind is of grave concern to us. The NWAHC is a nonprofit business; donations, both monetary and of artifacts, has sustained us over the past 13 years. The expense of keeping the doors open and the lights on are new costs that the NWAHC must now pay, consequently a drop in visitors equates to a drop in revenue. The NWAHC will re-

main an admission-free museum, but as with any business, customers equal income, whether you contribute cash or artifacts, or purchase items from the NWAHC gift shop. The NWAHC has received three important grants via the Minnesota State Cultural and Heritage Fund. We are doing very well at getting our collection management in order, but these are back-room improvements—it's the operating end of things that the NWAHC needs to worry about.



#2: "If you don't know where you're going, you might not get there." The NWAHC knows where it's going. It's the how-to that is of concern in our goal to reach A/SMN while fulfilling our basic plan of preserving Northwest's history. There are future forks in the road we will come to as we work towards our goal. We will have other decisions to make, some difficult, but the NWAHC is determined to see our SUX Res Center, Northwest Airlines neon-lighted, exterior sign turned on again at AirSpaceMinnesota. ✈



**WAYNE CAMP**  
1932 ~ 2014

**Wayne L. Camp**, age 82, formerly of Savage, Minnesota a retired Northwest Airlines Captain “Flew West” on January 7, 2014 after a short bout with cancer. Wayne was born in Hot Springs, Montana and grew up in the Canby area of Oregon.

At the age of 17 Wayne enlisted in the Air Force and was stationed in Japan during the Korean War. He served as a flight mechanic on the B-26 with the 6th Tow Target Squadron at Johnson A.F. B. from 1950 to 1954. After completing his military service, Wayne married his high school sweetheart Winona Roth. Enrolling at Spartan School of Aeronautics in Tulsa, Oklahoma, Wayne earned an aircraft & engine mechanics license (A&P) and engineer’s license. Wayne was employed as a line mechanic for Douglas Aircraft Company in Tulsa working on the B-47. The next step in Wayne’s career began in 1956 when Pan American World Airways hired him as a flight engineer based in New York City. In 1959, Wayne and Winona decided to settle down in the Burnsville/Savage area of Minnesota and to accept a position as flight engineer with Northwest Airlines.

Wayne’s long career as a pilot with the company started in 1965 and ended with his mandatory retirement at age 60 in 1991. It was a pleasure to share the cockpit with Wayne. His crew members felt their lives were enriched for having known this man of integrity and professionalism. He will be missed by all. Wayne will always be remembered for his huge smile.



His passion for flying is perhaps best shown in that, while flying for NWA, he owned a Piper aircraft and two Cessna aircraft. The last Cessna he donated to the “Wings of Hope” shortly after his wife Winona passed away in March of 2012. How many pilots do we know who gave away an airplane?

A sampling of guest book comments regarding Wayne’s life are:

“I enjoyed flying with Wayne on the 727. He always had a ready smile, a truly kind and genuine person.”

“Wayne had a smile and an easy, mild manner about himself that gained one’s respect.”

“Please know that I enjoyed knowing your dad during my time at NWA and I always thought he was a real gentleman, very likeable, extremely competent and a joy to fly with.”

“He was a good teacher for those of us with mostly military experience. Always pleasant to the entire crew. I know a man of his caliber must have been a fine father, so take comfort in the good memories.”

“The memories I have of your Dad are all sweet and I’ll remember him always as one who lived out in faith.”

“Of all the pilots I worked with in my career only a few stand out and Wayne was one of those.”

Wayne is survived by two daughters, Debbie Luce of Venice, FL and Jeanne Lewis of Lexington, KY plus three grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

*(- Don Bergman)*



### “RICK” HANSON 1940 ~ 2014

**Richard G. Hanson**, age 74, a retired Northwest Airlines captain ‘flew west’ on April 16, 2014. He suffered a heart attack while watching the sunset at his second home in Palm Desert, CA.

Born March 17, 1940, Rick Hanson spent his early years living in both California and Minnesota. In a bit of irony that may have predicted their futures, Rick and NWA pilot Phil Hallin were in the same elementary school class! Rick grew up on Lake Minnetonka near Excelsior, MN, one of two children of George and Madeline Hanson. He attended Minnetonka high school and earned a BS degree from the University of Minnesota. After college, Rick was convinced by NWA pilot Bill Caruthers that an airline pilot career was worth pursuing. With Bill’s encouragement, Rick set about acquiring his FAA licenses and flight time through the general aviation community in Minnesota.

Rick was hired by Northwest Airlines on October 24, 1966. He started his career on the 727-100 and ended it flying the 747-400. Very few NWA pilots had longer tenures on the 727 than Rick Hanson. Other aircraft he flew at NWA include the 707(320-720), DC-10 and 747-200.

There have been a handful of NWA pilots who managed to juggle dual careers, but probably no one to the extent of Rick Hanson. The Hanson family owned Old Home Foods, an iconic Twin Cities dairy products business founded in 1925. Rick had a lifetime of work history with the business, both before, during, and after his airline career. He worked in various areas of the company including marketing, production, sales (including running his own sales route), and was Old Home’s President for 10 years while flying the 747-400 out of DTW. When his CEO father—George Hanson passed away Rick was 58 years old and still flying for NWA. Rick then retired from NWA to follow in his father’s footsteps as CEO of Old Home Foods. Rick served as Old Home’s CEO until 2002, when he assumed the position of Chairman of the Board.

While it might appear that Rick was solely focused on his airline career and the family business, he did allow time to pursue his many other interests, including a grand two year motorcycle tour of the USA. He and his wife explored backcountry USA riding a Honda Gold Wing. They would bike for a week, put the bike into storage, and then return to MSP to fly their scheduled line trips. After the airline trip was over they flew back to where they left their bike and resumed their tour. Rick also owned a Cessna 206 in which they enjoyed trips to the Bahamas, Arizona, and remote parts of Canada. In the summer floats were installed to fly into the many Minnesota lakes.

In semi-retirement Rick remained an avid reader. He also enjoyed sailing, motorcycling, traveling, music, and spending quality time on Big Island, Lake Minnetonka. His private charity and generosity were qualities little known to his airline peers.

Rick is survived by his sister June Nuttelman; daughters, Sandra Kadisak, Leslee McGraw, and Shelly Krafve; grandchildren: Justin, Adam, Molly, Johanna, Natalie, Carter, Max and Owen; and great-grandchildren Alexandra, Caleb, and Sean. ✈

(– Bill Day)



## LOREN KIRSCH 1936 ~ 2014

**Loren H. Kirsch**, age 77, 'Flew West' on February 28, 2014 succumbing to congestive heart failure. Loren was born New Year's Eve, 1936 in Spokane, WA, attended Lewis & Clark High School, Gonzaga Preparatory School and studied electrical engineering at Gonzaga University. It was at a dance at Gonzaga University that Loren met Pat Taylor whom he married in 1959. They would have been married 55 years this August 14th.

Loren was commissioned by the Washington Air Guard (ANG) in 1960 and sent to James Connally AFB, Waco, Texas for navigator training. Receiving his navigator wings in 1961, he remained at Waco for radar intercept training (RIO) and an epic moment in his life. The night of October 17, 1961, Loren was in the backseat of a T-33 at 25,000 feet returning from target duty when they collided with an accompanying T-33 target aircraft. The wing of the other T-33 ripped into the canopy of Loren's aircraft, immediately killing the pilot. Just prior to the collision, Loren had leaned down to retrieve a map which saved his life. Still the wing ripped off his helmet, badly tore his shoulder, and shards of canopy material blinded his eyes. Despite these injuries Loren was able to quickly grasp the situation and eject.

After several months recovering from serious injuries and blindness, Loren completed his RIO training

and returned to his Spokane ANG squadron. With a little seasoning he became a skilled F-89 RIO-Navigator. In January, 1964 Loren was assigned to Laredo AFB, Texas for USAF Pilot Training (UPT)—class 65-E.



After serving several years as a fighter interceptor pilot with the ANG, Loren applied for a pilot job with Northwest Airlines. He was hired at NWA on January 09, 1967. During the mid-sixties some NWA Seattle base managers, taking a dim view of commuters, mandated that pilots had to live within an hour of the airport. In order to comply with the mandate, Loren rented an 'apartment' at the Sweep Wing Inn across Pacific Highway from the NWA hanger. The commuter pad was eventually expanded to two rooms and two baths housing 7-8 pilots, including Loren's squadron mates Wes Schierman and Doug Wood. Somehow Loren managed to juggle both the Guard and NWA. He faithfully flew the T-33, F-89, F-101, F-102 and the KC-135 before retiring after twenty-five years as a Lieutenant Colonel.

During his twenty-nine year 'other career' with NWA, Loren flew the Boeing 727, 707-720/320, DC-10, and the Boeing 747. For the last 15 years of his career Loren opted to build his nest in the right seat of the 747, reasoning that his seniority as a First Officer would offer his wife and teenage children a more stable lifestyle than if he were a junior captain. Loren retired from NWA on December 31, 1996 at age 60.

When not flying, Loren spent his summers with the Kirsch family at Hayden Lake, Idaho. Loren was the tow pilot for his water skiing children and provided delightful evenings of family star identification. As a parent Loren insisted there be no shortcuts in school, especially in mathematics. His close supervision paid off and all his children ended up excelling in math. Loren did not shield his children from danger and encouraged their adventures; all the while preaching safety. He insisted they always have a candy bar and a lighter in their pockets when they went snow skiing or snowmobiling, plus an emergency kit in the car in backcountry just in case they became lost. Retirement permitted time for the ham radio club, remote control airplanes and target practice at the range. With skilled hands, Loren fine-tuned the vehicles his children and grandchildren drove to explore backcountry Idaho.

The family remembers Loren as a wonderful husband, great dad and fun grandpa. He was a man of truth and integrity, always the teacher and generous in sharing his time and resources with others in need.

Loren Kirsch is survived by his wife Pat, son Mike, and daughters Debbie and Terri. ✈

(- Bill Day)



**WILLIS KORUM**  
1923 ~ 2014

**Willis T. Korum**, age 91, a retired Northwest Airlines pilot ‘Flew West’ on April 28, 2014 surrounded by his family. Willis was a beloved husband, father and grandfather. He never missed an opportunity to tell his family how proud he was of each one.

Willis was born in Deer Creek, Minnesota on January 30, 1923 and lived there through his high school graduation. He was the oldest of four siblings and the longest survivor. Willis was hired by Northwest Airlines on August 15, 1942, but shortly thereafter entered the Army Air Corps. He served the country as a B-17 Radio Operator with the 99th Bomb Group (15th Air Force). The 99th Bomb Group began operations in North Africa and in time moved to liberated Italian bases at Tortorella on the Foggia Plain. From North Africa and Italy, Willis flew 50 B-17 missions bombing targets in Germany, occupied Italy, Austria, Greece, Bulgaria, France, Rumania, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and Czechoslovakia.

At war’s end, Willis returned to Minnesota and re-established employment with NWA. Willis Korum and Mary Libra married on May 1, 1948; leaving no excuse for forgetting an anniversary date. Together they raised 11 children; this good couple had parenting down to a fine art.

Willis began his 41 year aviation career at NWA as an aircraft groomer. Groomer duty provided him an

entry into aircraft maintenance and in time, and with lots of night school and study, Willis became a Mechanic, Master Mechanic, Crew Chief and finally Inspector. With his maintenance background Willis qualified for cockpit duty as a Flight Engineer on both the Strato-cruiser (Boeing 377) and Lockheed Electra (L-188). Seeing the upcoming demise of the Flight Engineers at NWA, he began acquiring FAA pilot ratings required to upgrade to the pilot seat. Willis would acquire and qualify for First Officer entitlements on the Boeing 377, transitioned to jets on the 707-320/720 and eventually flew the 747. When the first 747/100 (ship 6101) arrived on property at NWA, Willis had already been trained as one of the original cadre of 747 pilots. He completed his NWA career as 747 First Officer on January 29, 1983.

The Korum family lived in Bloomington for their first 26 years, residing in two different homes that Willis constructed himself. However, without a doubt the beloved homestead was the Northfield ‘Sugardale’ farm acquired in 1965, which required nine years of preparation before settling there in 1974. On this land Willis and Mary grew a variety of crops. Farming became Willis’ passion, but he also enjoyed restoring antique cars and tractors, attending antique tractor and air shows.

Willis Korum was preceded in death by his father and mother, Thorwald and Christine Korum; his sisters, Arlene, Joan and Doris; his eldest son, Duane, and his grandson, Steven Crain. He is survived by his wife, Mary; his sons, Doug (Donna); Greg; Jeff (Laurie) and Steve (Kathy); and his daughters, Pat Korum (Tom); Sandra Cunningham; Teresa Erickson (Curt); Sonja Crain; Anita Nelson (Ken) and Deanna Fjelsted; and 20 grandchildren and 5 great-grandchildren.

Willis was an avid reader and will always be remembered for his integrity, humility, curiosity, humor and his love of a good story. ✈  
(- Bill Day)



**Paul R. Keller**, age 73, retired Northwest Captain, "Flew West" on Sunday, January 26, 2014.

Paul was born in Carmel by the Sea, California and grew up not only in the United States in Kentucky and Virginia, but also in Germany and Japan.

Paul attended college at Texas A&M, where he learned to fly and knew that flying was what he wanted to do. He was commissioned a second lieutenant in the US Army upon graduation. After officer basic training he was posted in Germany then to the Vietnam War where he flew UH-1B helicopter gunships and UH-1D troop carriers. He was decorated for his bravery and heroic actions.

Paul met Mary Michelle in March of 1963. They were married in June of the same year, sharing fifty and half years together; the last eighteen were in the mountains of North Georgia.

He was hired by Northwest Airlines and began training on December 4, 1967. At Northwest Paul flew the B-727 from the MSP base and the DC-10 from JFK and BOS. Paul also flew the B-747-200. Paul was reported to have made more Atlantic crossings than any other Northwest pilot at the time of his retirement in 2000.

Paul was a man of many interests. He loved to play golf and fish. His greatest pleasure was having all of his grandchildren together come for the summer. Paul had a

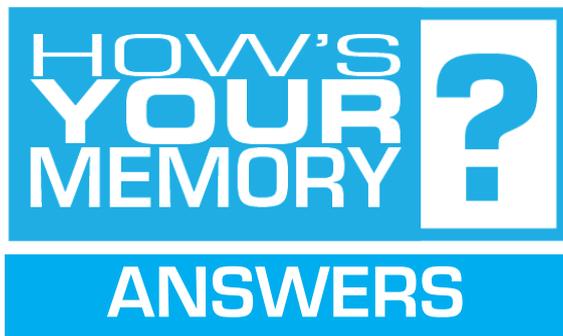


**PAUL KELLER**  
1940 ~ 2014

full life of family and friends. He loved his family; it was the most important thing to him. He is survived by his wife, Mary Michelle Keller of Young Harris, GA, three children: Tina Ferguson of Hiawassee, GA, Penny and Mitchel Chandler of Athens, GA and Chris and Michelle Keller of Pace, FL, four grandchildren: Joshua, Morgan, Austin and Grayson and one sister, Margaret Howells of Silver Springs, MD.

Memorial services were held on Saturday, February 1, 2014 at St. Francis of Assisi Catholic Church with Father Juan Areiza officiating. Interment was at St. Francis of Assisi with Military Honors by the North Georgia Honor Guard. ✨ (- Ray Alexander)

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- |                        |                        |
|------------------------|------------------------|
| <b>O</b> Erling Madsen | <b>B</b> T. K. Roe     |
| <b>I</b> By Otten      | <b>N</b> Doug Millar   |
| <b>L</b> Don Carlson   | <b>K</b> Cy Cole       |
| <b>A</b> Skip Eglet    | <b>G</b> Bill Hendrick |
| <b>E</b> Bob Scott     | <b>C</b> Tom Bantle    |
| <b>F</b> Andy Anderson | <b>D</b> Ty Beason     |
| <b>H</b> Bill Kullman  | <b>J</b> Chuck Michel  |
|                        | <b>M</b> Don Paulston  |



**DONNA CATLIN**  
1926 ~ 2014

**Donna M. Catlin**, a former NWA flight attendant and the widow of NWA Capt. Bruce Catlin, 'Flew West' on March 23, 2014, succumbing to lung cancer. She was born Donna Osterberg on June 25, 1926 raised in Rochester, Minnesota an outdoors girl, athletic and well-coordinated. A skilled ice skater, she spent seven years skating with the Ice Follies and in 1946 was named Rochester Snow Queen. After her career with the Ice Follies, Donna was hired as a flight attendant by Northwest Airlines.

In the course of her five years of flying as a NWA flight attendant, Donna met and eventually married NWA pilot Bruce Catlin. In those days marriage terminated a flight attendant's career. Donna became a homemaker. She and Bruce raised two sons Bruce and Todd. The Catlins purchased an old farm house built in 1857 near Highway 55 in Inver Grove Heights. Bruce went to work remodeling the house, even equipping their quarters with a swimming pool. The Farm remained the Catlin family home until 1997, when it was purchased to become part of Arbor Pointe Golf Club.

The family traveled extensively and not always by air. This was an active and adven-

turous family who acquired a trailerable house boat. The boat was relocated to diverse remote parts of country for exploring new waters and backcountry.

In 1958 a B-52 bomber from Loring AFB, Maine on a training flight crashed near the Catlin home, killing the USAF crew. The co-pilot was the singular survivor. He had landed in a tree on a nearby farm. One engine came to rest on their roads and the farm was littered with aircraft debris. The Catlin boys were put to work walking the 32 acres picking up aircraft parts. Today there is a memorial plaque to the Air Force crew directly west of the Inver Grove Arbor Pointe Golf Club, near Broderick Road and Highway 52.

Ever an athletic woman, Donna was a hands-on Mom, no assignment too difficult. She faithfully attended their son's wrestling matches and many other athletic events. Bruce and Donna allowed the boys free reign of the 32 acres – ripping up the place with their motorbikes.



While giving the boys plenty of freedom, the parents were sticklers for safety, particularly gun safety. Everyone in the family was a marksman, including Donna. Their son Bruce recalls Mom heading to the duck blind at 3AM with Bruce and his brother. After sitting forever in the wet cold blind, Donna asks, "Are we having fun yet?"

Donna is described by her son as a loving, kind, giving, and very personal mother. She also remained a faithful Roman Catholic attending Mass every Sunday.

After Bruce 'Flew West' in 1999, Donna continued to play tennis and traveled extensively staying in touch with her extended family. She remained a loyal RNPA member and is still remembered by many. ✨  
*(- Bill Day)*

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- U** John Pennington
- KK** George Stone
- DD** Elwood McCary
- T** John McKinnon
- LL** Woody Herman
- FF** Earl Danielson
- V** Mel Suggett

- P** Fred Zimdars
- Q** Harry Detwiler
- CC** John Carr
- BB** Al Teasley
- W** Norm DeShon
- R** Howie Parks
- HH** Ed Adamek

- X** Ralph Christ
- GG** Earl Hohag
- S** Jack Herbst
- JJ** Joe Koskovich
- EE** Neil Potts
- AA** Chuck Stamp



**“TOM”  
WONDERGEM  
1940 ~ 2014**

**Thomas M. Wondergem**, 73, of Bradenton, Florida, and a retired Northwest Airlines Captain “Flew West” on March 12, 2014 after battling complex lung disease. Born October 5, 1940 in Battle Creek, Michigan, Tom had one sister and two brothers. He was a good student and a naturally gifted athlete.

After attending two years of community college, Tom fulfilled his infatuation with railroads by becoming a brakeman for Grand Trunk Railroad. With well-paying seasonal employment in hand, he entered Michigan State University (MSU) where he was an acclaimed baseball pitcher, winning many titles and championships. Tom became a lifetime Detroit Tigers fan.

Graduating from MSU 1963, Tom set his eyes on flying and was convinced by a recruiter to enter Officer Candidate School at Newport, Rhode Island (read that as ‘black shoe’ surface Navy). He remained miffed at the recruiter for not shunting him into the Navy AOC program. OCS was followed by flight training at Pensacola. His lifetime friend Mike Herron was a flight training classmate. Tom was ‘winged’ at NAS Kingsville, Texas in June of 1965. A-4 Skyhawk transition and combat training at NAS Lemoore, California followed before being released to the fleet.

In December of 1965, Tom deployed to Yankee Station in the South China Sea aboard the Nuclear Aircraft Carrier, U.S.S. Enterprise, which had the distinction of being the first nuclear ship in any combat situation. He returned to his home base at Lemoore in late July and redeployed again in late December aboard the U.S.S. Hancock.

He flew a combined 193 combat missions from Yankee Station in the Gulf of Tonkin. During two cruises NWA pilot Pete Dodge and Tom were bunkmates, sharing quarters with Bud Stiles and Mac Alsop. Tom’s military awards were extensive; in addition he had the distinction of making over 400 Carrier landings. Returning from his last deployment Tom was sent PCS

to NAS Pensacola as a carrier landing instructor until his separation from the Navy in December of 1968.

Life in the frigid north with Northwest Airlines began January 06, 1969. What a contrast to Pensacola and the South China Sea. The NWA career would last 32 years, ending with age sixty mandatory retirement on October 06, 2000. During those 32 years Tom would fly the variants of the B-707, B-727, DC-10 and the esteemed 747 and was type rated on all but the 707. His total flight time would exceed 22,000 hours.

Most of Tom’s peers will recall breakfast at the Narita, Japan Radisson hotel. The most ordered menu item was ‘oat-a meal.’ Tom would arrive early for the NRT breakfast club and often became so engaged in conversation that he stayed through to lunch. The waiters and waitresses loved serving Tom for they respected his creative wit and his acts of kindness toward them.

Tom was gifted with physical strength and athletic agility. He played football, baseball, and golf well. His friends described Tom as straight forward in everything he said, and behind the tough exterior a heart of gold.

He was a charter and board member of the Skyhawk (A-4) Association. His other military affiliations included the famous Red River Valley Fighter Pilots, (A closed membership now as you had to fly a combat mission in the Red River country which is north of Hanoi up to the Chinese border) and The Tailhook Association. He was a member of the American Legion, Veterans Association and the Elks.

Tom is survived by his wife of 32 years, Kathleen; her three children, Brendan Meeker, Heather, and Farrel Meeker and Tom’s two children, Eric Wondergem, Casey Magnum. Tom was preceded in death by his son, Michael Scott.  
*(- Bill Day)*





# 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)**

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**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**

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Pilots: Retired NWA, post-merger retired Delta, or Active Delta

**AFFILIATE (AF) \$30**  
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**

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**NOTES**

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

**\*EMAIL NOTE:** To protect email addresses they have been removed from the RNPA website (www.rnpa.org). To request a member's email address or to **change your own** please contact Phil Hallin at:  
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