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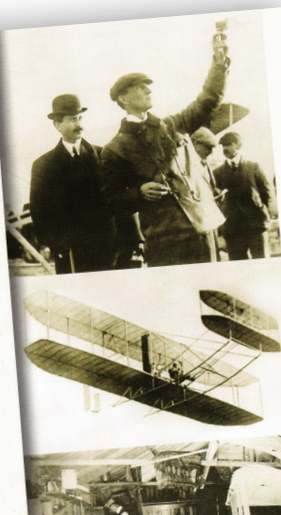
Air Travel in the Twenties and Thirties

RETIRED NORTHWEST AIRLINES PILOTS' ASSOCIATION



A Nostalgic Look Back at 100 Years of Flight

On December 17, 1903, Orville and Wilbur Wright introduced us to the world of aviation when they placed a 12 hp engine and propellers on their No. 3 glider and took to the skies. These innovative first steps opened the doors to the dynamic - and sometimes unpredictable - aviation industry we take for granted today. In the next four pages we take a look back at the beginning of flight.



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RNPA CONTRAILS



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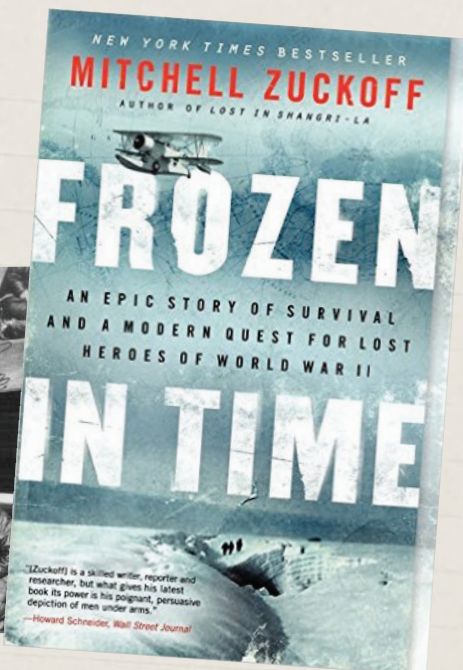
The RNPA newsletter Contrails is published quarterly in February, May, August and November by the Retired Northwest Airlines Pilots' Association, a non-profit organization whose purpose is to maintain the friendships and associations of the members, to promote their general welfare, and assist those active pilots who are approaching retirement with the problems relating thereto. Membership is \$45 annually for Regular Members (NWA pilots, active or retired) and \$35 for Affiliate Members.

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Notices to Airmen

Nothing much in the way of NOTAMS, so I'll use the space to pass on a book recommendation from Dick Cherba. He liked it and so do several hundred others on Amazon.



PHX
PICNIC



TUESDAY MARCH 1ST

FALCON FIELD, MESA

Coffee at 10:00

Eat at 12:00

Bring:

- Meat to cook,
- Dish to pass (no dessert),
- Your own drink and utensils

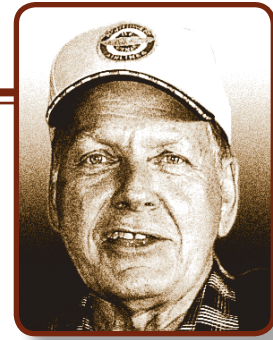
Contributions to the NWA History Centre will be accepted.

Send email changes to rnpanews@bhi.com

HINT: Hang onto the 2014 Membership Directory!
New Directory coming this summer.



President's Report: Gary PISEL



A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU ALL !

RNPA set a new record for the upcoming ABQ/STF Reunion venue. We actually filled to capacity before the end of 2015. This has never happened in the past. We were usually lucky to get 20+ sign ups. THANKS for signing up. We are planning to have a very good time.

Don't forget to get your TEDDY BEARS or STUFFED ANIMALS for the ABQ Fire Department. The DOLLAR TREE has the perfect bear. It is 9 inches, comes in several colors, is well made and the perfect size for the EMT's to carry with them. Best of all they are a perfect price—only \$1.00. You can order a case of 24 (\$24.00) from dollartree.com (sku 222194). They will ship to you or a store nearby you. There is no need to get the largest ones available. Lets set a record in the number donated this year.

RNPA will be holding elections this year at our general meeting in ABQ. All of the Executive Board will be up for election; Pres, Exec VP, 3 VPs, Treas and Sec. If you are interested in holding one of these positions please let me know. As of this writing I do not know if any of the present members are not running.

The awesome turnout for the Reunion has caused the Board to reconsider future venues. If you have ideas on locations OR would like to head up a Reunion just let a Board Member know. Myself and others can help you in the process.

The Board asks that you contact any retiree or active pilot that has not joined RNPA. To be a viable organization we need members, OR we need to raise the dues in order to keep our Contrails quarterly.



Treasurer's Report: Dino OLIVA

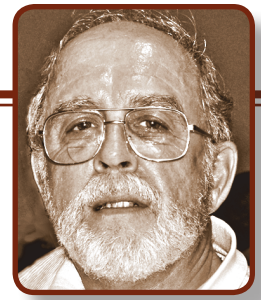
Our mailing server had scheduled a holiday vacation the last week in December which left us a choice of mailing our dues notices just before Christmas or waiting until after the New Year to send them out. We chose to wait until after the New Year.

The choice must have been OK with the membership, as the payments have been coming in at a brisk pace.

I hope that you all have sent in your payments before the end of January so as to save me all the effort of mailing out the late dues notices with the additional charge to you to cover the cost of the late payment notice.

Am looking forward to the Florida Spring Luncheon in Sarasota on March 8th and the Minneapolis St. Croix River Cruise in June.

Hope to see a lot of you at both events.



THE COVER STORY

I'm just guessing that the Brits may have chosen something other than "Imperial Airways" for their airline name if they had known the negative connotation of "Imperialism" in later decades. But it was in great measure just that—a government airline to help foster their colonial empire. And, of course, the name did get changed as the world changed.

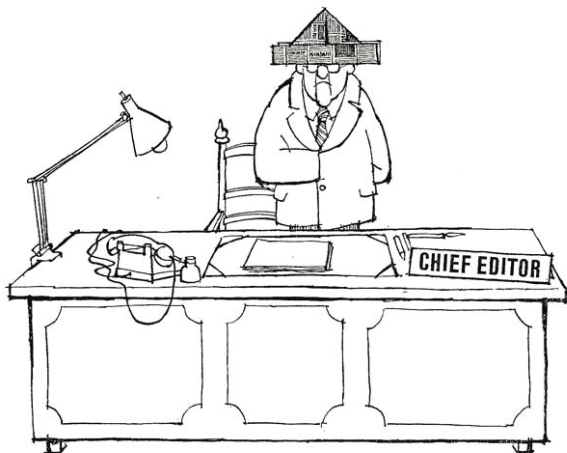
I'm sorry to admit that I have forgotten who turned me on to the article about Imperial Airways. I had never heard of them and assume that many of you haven't either.

Let me be clear that none of this article is based on my original research, but is simply cobbled together from several online sources. Which means it may or may not be entirely accurate. Consider that my disclaimer, please, because I found it interesting.

This may be a good time to mention the issue of intellectual property rights and how that relates to what I use in *Contrails*. Photographs in particular, but other uses as well. Here's the basis: If one uses another's intellectual property for profit the other can claim damages. That's my layman's explanation.

Since RNPA is a bona fide non-profit (believe me, nobody makes anything around here!), I am probably free to use whatever I find. However, I feel a moral obligation to give full attribution whenever I can, and I'd hope that others would do the same if they used one of my photos. If I use a complete news or magazine story I always get prior permission.

Many *Contrails* photos over the years have been purchased from a stock photograph online site with earnings (credits) from the sale of my own photos on the same site. (Yes, I get reimbursed.)



DO YOU REMEMBER "ON COURSE?"

It was produced by Flight Ops as a method of keeping the line pilots up to date on what the department was up to. By the time I retired near the end of the 20th century it had grown into a magazine. I usually found it interesting and useful—one of the better in-house products NW produced.

More than four years after I retired I came across the Winter, 2003 edition of *On Course*, by then a much more sophisticated magazine. Always having been a graphics geek wannabe, I was fascinated to find the same four pages of full-color that you will find beginning on page 31.

Recently, though, I could not find my copy—it was just a memory. Dottie Bassett was the editor of *On Course* at the time. While talking with her on the St. Croix Cruise I mentioned how impressed I was with that article and layout. She recently sent me a copy and gave me permission to reprint it here.

Presenting so much historic information in so little space, while remaining legible, is quite impressive. I thought that since many of us have been retired well before the winter of '03 you may like to see it.

Technically, this version is scanned from a printed page, which never works well—but it remains quite legible.

THANKS TO ALL WHO MAKE THIS WORK

- Contributing columnists, without whom I would not have much. It's not easy coming up with something every 90 days.
- Our obituary editor, Bill Day. Possibly the least appreciated, with a tough job and many difficult surprises each quarter. I particularly appreciate his organizational skills.
- Frequent contributors; most recently Darrel Smith, in this issue; and Jay Sakas again in the next issue.

Please make an effort to thank them.

PLUS

Vic Britt recalls some of the difficulties of the first merger, in which I learn a few things. Page 40.

Whatchabeenupto?

We've Got Mail



CHUCK
HAGEN

MN

GAYLA
BREDAHL

WA

Hi Gary:

My daughter's tell-all book, "A Chick In The Cockpit," is in book stores and elsewhere now. As a dad, it was a hard read having never imagined the hardships she would encounter in her journey.

After recovering from the book's harsh reality check, I realized Erika's hope. In telling her story, in necessary explicit and colorful terms, she hopes to help other women, similarly situated, cope, empower and vigorously pursue elevating themselves to a better place.

To me, this took a lot of courage, coupled with a high sense of purpose, to write and publish such an intimate life experience.

Thank you Gary and the rest of the NWA family for your warm acceptance of Erika's efforts. For me it's quite a sight to watch her soar to high altitudes at full throttle.

My daughter, my inspiration, my hope, my hero!

Semper Fi,
Chuck Hagen



Gary, this was just to let you know what you missed... Ha!

It was quite an adventure:

Three days before the luncheon a windstorm took out all the power to Emerald Downs.

They went on generator for partial power.

Arriving guests had to be led to the freight elevator by flashlight, which took them through the kitchen into the banquet room. Elevator lighting was a flashlight or a candle. Those with claustrophobia took stairs up three floors.

The ladies bathroom had 5 candles appropriately placed while the mens bathroom had power.

All food was transferred from Emerald Downs to Muckleshoot casino, approximately 5 miles away and came back HOT and DELICIOUS.

The people serving us went above and beyond and made the whole adventure pleasurable.

So it was a little different Christmas party, but a very memorable one.

Kathee Nelick deserves lots of Kudos. She did a fabulous job putting the party and the wonderful gifts together.

Gayla Bredahl

See page 18 for the photos Gayla sent.



A BRAIN GAME

This is one of those images that show when you are using the right or left side of your brain. If you see the picture exactly as it is, you are using the left side. When you stare you should see the figure shift and you will be using your right brain. Then it's relatively easy to switch back and forth. (An abridged version of one submitted by Walt Mills)

I guess we'll have to take their word for it being a brain function, but if nothing else it's an interesting optical exercise. You be the judge. – Ed.

Dear Contrails Editor,
Mr. Gary,

Sorry to have missed the Long Beach Convention, Martha and I celebrated our 50th Wedding Anniversary with a 2 week trip to Italy in September. We traveled from Rome to Umbria, Tuscany visiting cities; Assisi, Siena, Spoleto and others.

We went back to Rome then a train to Naples on to Sorrento [for] three days touring Capri and Anna-Capri. All in all a very intensive trip. We missed the RNPA Convention due to our returning to Florida for the all Birddog, O-1, L-19 Reunion at Dothan, Alabama Oct. 8-11th with dedication of the Birddog Memorial at Fort Rucker, home of the U.S. Army Aviation, on Oct the 9th.

To my knowledge I was the only NWA pilot attending the Reunion although there were other airline pilots. The memorial dedication was quite moving in that many Birddog pilots did not return from Viet Nam alive.

It brought to mind what former NWA pilot Mark Kolb wrote in the ALPA magazine many years ago in which he wrote about his "Big Three" while being a pilot at NWA. His article is framed and hangs on a wall in my exercise-study room. My "Big Three" at the Birddog Memorial Dedication was "Duty, Honor, Country."

Sincerely,
K.C.Kohlbrand
"Charlie Charlie,"
Captain Casey

Commentary, Air Line Pilot, June/July 1999, page 5

By Capt. Mark R. Kolb (Northwest)

When you work for the fourth-largest carrier, you tend to think about the "Big Three" quite a bit. Those of us on the "second tier" look at our friends at United, Delta, and American with a certain envy. Big Three pilots seem to have the best working conditions, the best contracts, the best pay, and the best job security.

I recently told my cousin that Northwest was trying to make the "Big Three" into the "Big Four."

He replied, "Well, that strategy sure worked for Studebaker!"

Like Rodney Dangerfield, the second-tier airlines get no respect. To keep myself centered on all the things I love about my job, I have come up with my own "Big Three": The three passengers who have affected me the most profoundly.

In the mid 1980s, I was a B-757 first officer finishing a long day. Our crew was tired and anxious to get to the hotel. We had one passenger remaining after everyone deplaned—a young girl who needed a wheelchair. We had a chair by the door, but she was unable to walk the aisle, and we had no aisle chair. I volunteered to carry her out, mostly to expedite our own departure. When I got to her seat, she looked up at me and smiled—a beautiful young girl with golden hair and very white teeth. She had been in a car accident a few weeks previously that had left her paralyzed below the waist. Her beautiful tanned legs, which had not yet begun to atrophy, shook as I picked her up and carried her to her wheelchair. She rewarded me with a radiant smile and a kiss on the cheek.

I don't know if she had any hope of walking again, but I prayed for a lovely young girl who deserved a happy life.

In the early spring of 1990, I was a new B-727 captain leaving La Guardia at "o-dark-thirty." As I greeted our few passengers, a young couple came up to me. The man asked if I would be sure their son was on board. In response to my quizzical look, the man said, "He's in a casket." As the color ran out of my face, I promised the man that I would personally check.

I scampered below and rode the belt loader into the forward cargo hold. I got to the doorway and saw a small white box—less than 3 feet long. Crouched by the box, I was struck by the finality of a small life lost, and I fought to stay focused. I returned to assure the parents that the child was secure, and I moved them up to first class.

Weeks later, I received a copy of a letter they sent the company thanking me. The letter described the joy their son, an only child who did not live to see a second birthday, brought to them.

I love Orlando flights, full of kids off to see Mickey. Last winter we had visiting us on the flight deck a little boy who was different. He had a form of the disease that causes children to age very quickly. He was no larger than my 4-year-old, but his skin was wrinkled and his hair was falling out. His speech was hard to understand, but he was a bright, sweet-natured little boy. My fellow aviator asked what Santa had brought him for Christmas. He said something that sounded like "coffee." I asked him to repeat it three times, until finally I got it. "A coffin," he said, "so I'll have a comfortable place to sleep when I die." A lady who I assumed was his mom stood in the doorway. She held my gaze and gave me a barely perceptible nod. A single tear rolled down her cheek.

Those are my "Big Three." When I think of them, I appreciate all the good things in my life, and where I work doesn't really matter.

Hi Mr. Editor:

Here is a narrative about our son-in-law. Sure not aviation related but we think worthy of print.

Dr. Jon remains an always UP personality and is so admired by his family and friends and colleagues.

Big Big Thanks for all you do for us old has-beens. Such a wonderful periodical you produce.

Your long-time admirer,
Gerald "Jerry" Krueger

Hi you old Zoomies:

This is not about aviation. It is about a remarkable young man who is worthy of mentioning in print.

Dr. Jon Wilsdorf of Rolla, Missouri is our son-in-law, the husband of our daughter Merilee Ann and father of our two grandsons, Nicholas (20) and Samuel(16).

Dr. Jon was a hugely successful Dentist in Rolla, Missouri owning his own dental practice there for 16 years. During the night of this old Zoomie's 70th birthday Dr. Jon suffered a major stroke at the age of 42. It was caused by a weak aneurism in his brain.

He was rushed 100 miles away to St. John's hospital in St. Louis, Missouri. The neurologist there said this was far too complicated for him but he knew of a learned specialist who could help save Dr. Jon's life. So

he was transferred to Barne's Jewish Hospital in St. Louis under the care of a world renowned neurologist named Doctor Ralph Dacey.

Dr. Dacey saved Dr. Jon's life by harvesting a 14 inch vein from his right arm, opening up his skull to expose the damage causing aneurism, opened up his carotid artery on his left side, grafted the harvested vein onto the carotid artery and bypassed the pesky aneurism. It was too late to prevent Dr. Jon from becoming paralyzed on his right side, but his life was saved.

Over the next 10 years, Dr. Jon underwent two more open-brain surgeries, for repair of weak aneurisms which were followed by three installations of stents installed on the weak aneurisms in his brain.

Throughout all of this he maintained his awareness and well-being except that he has to wear a brace on his right leg and his right arm cannot be used. Consequently he had to sell his Dental practice, and underwent years and years of therapy. A few years after his stroke he slipped and fell on ice and broke his hip and had to have an artificial hip installed.

As recent as May of 2015, 10 years later, he had to undergo another insertion of a stent in another dangerous area of his brain.

The reason for putting this ordeal into an informative print is Dr. Jon's unbelievable attitude and

outlook on life. He is always joking about his permanent infirmities. He is always UP and he has persevered and his success is noteworthy. He has his cars outfitted for left hand driving. Once again he is being called "Doctor" by teaching dental hygienist students at the local vocational school in Rolla, Missouri. Since he is disabled with his right arm and hand he is asked constantly to hold positions on various board of directors for various organizations in and around Rolla. Dr. Jon is a born leader and really does add continuity to any organization he is associated with.

As you have already guessed we are extremely proud of this young man who has overcome extreme adversity and refuses to let it affect his life style or his role as husband and father to his family!!!

Warmest Greetings from the prairies of sodak to all of my old fellow Zoomy friends and co-workers who I certainly do miss very much.

Been out now for 20+ years and still on this side of the grass, and still living in the same house we built on the prairie 43 years ago. Still married to the same lovely Mary Ann now for "57" + years?

Most Respectfully
Gerald "Jerry" Krueger
Captain NWA 1968 to 1995
and just turned "80"?



They got old too!

BILL
EMMER

FL

The article by Darrel Smith in the August edition of Contrails inspired me to contribute this anecdote [following page]. By the way, I flew with Darrel when I was a B757 FO in DTW; he was still a line pilot. We were negotiating a contract, and he forced me to read between the lines when it came to the rhetoric on that subject, whether put out by the union or by management. After the merger with Republic he was one of the early Red Book management weenies to demonstrate that it's possible to be an effective chief pilot without being Attila the Hun!

Gary and Gary,

First let me say that as I put down this wonderful magazine, I can't believe how well it is done, and how much effort must go into producing it.

I sadly missed the LGB reunion, electing instead to attend the pre-retirement party of Tim Tobin in SLC. We were new-hire sim partners, and both of us literally taught Electrics and APU to our classmates as the instructor was nice but not very worthy of the title. Tim was recently the International Chief Pilot in SLC, although the whale drivers might remember him as Director of Flying in ANC for NWA.

I enjoyed seeing the LGB photos of Bob Henderson with his wife Julie—one of my favorite NWA pilots. I wrenched for him on the 3-holer in March of 1985 as a new-hire. I always remembered what an excellent pilot he was, as well as being an outstanding captain and a wonderful human being.

My son Michael (currently in OTS with a UPT class date in January) loves reading Contrails as much as I do, and seldom knows anything about the pilots who are the subjects or authors of the articles. The making of this magazine is a back story we'd all be interested in.

Back stories are what add interest and dimension to otherwise lifeless "things" that no longer serve their intended functions in museums, and for that matter in life. I've spent hundreds of hours in the Smithsonian Air and Space Museum, owing to the many years giving OE on the A320 (we tried to take all new captains into DCA and SNA due to the challenging environment as well as the short runways).

My most interesting visits still come alive in my memory because one of the docents giving a tour enlightened his charges with the "back stories" that were as interesting as the wonderful airplanes on display, restored to their original beauty (though perhaps freakin' ugly to an experienced pilot or aero engineer).

The date is a bit fuzzy for me, but I think it was in late 2000, or perhaps early 2001. I was about to eat lunch at one of the many fine dining establishments at the MSP Terminal prior to flying Flight 19 MSP-NRT when a well-dressed lady approached me and said, "Excuse me sir, are you a Northwest pilot?" After answering in the affirmative, she asked me if I knew anything about the B747s NWA flew. I explained that I was a B747 instructor pilot, and she handed me her card. She then asked if I knew that NWA was giving a B747 to the Smithsonian. Again affirming her question, she explained that she was a volunteer docent at the Air and Space Museum. She told me how much she loved working there, but she most

definitely did NOT want to lose her job for disclosing what she was about to tell me. I promised that whatever she was about to tell me would not come back to haunt her. She said that the plan at the Smithsonian was to take our last B-747-100 (although the very first delivered to us by Boeing in 1970), ship #6601, and put it in Pan Am livery because they were the launch customer for the aircraft and the impetus for convincing Boeing to design and manufacture it in the first place. She didn't think that was fair, and she wanted us to have the chance to do something about it before it was too late.

After thanking her profusely, I decided to skip lunch and immediately start making some phone calls. First call was to Jeff Carlson, but he wasn't available and I didn't want to leave messages. I decided to track down Noel Duncan, who had recently been appointed VP Safety, having recently retired as the fleet captain of the A-320 as well as a pilot for NWA because he had turned 60—before the age 65 rule change had taken place. Noel answered the phone, and after a short conversation he assured me that he would keep the circumstances of this information confidential.

I managed to have another pilot deliver the sealed COMAIL envelope to him that day, and Richard Anderson immediately got in touch with the Smithsonian. The rest is history.

I was possibly the last captain to fly 6601 in revenue service, although it may have actually flown one more flight, but would have required an FAA waiver to do so. I scratched my initials on the instrument panel just below the glare shield for posterity. Unfortunately, if you've visited the Smithsonian (on the mall), plexiglass will prevent you from actually entering the cockpit.

The airplane was configured in what was known as a "beach configuration," intended to fly about 450 passengers primarily between NRT and HNL. It was archaic—it had no overhead bins, just the racks that harked back to the early '70s when NWA took delivery of it. My recollection is that it had at any given time three JT9DFs and one JT9DA, or sometimes two and two. It was a nightmare for the S/O because of the necessity to manually calculate performance. The throttle stagger was always annoying to me, having been blessed with small hands. However, it always brought a big grin to my face each time I parked it at a gate someplace, usually in the domestic US, because it was so majestic, so very big, and so amazingly docile. I've always told my son that if someone made two bad landings in a row in a whale that perhaps he or she should find a different line of work. Once you got the hang of it, it was a very easy airplane to "grease" on, especially in a crosswind or on a wet runway.

As the late Paul Harvey used to say, "Now you know the rest of the story."

PETE
DODGE

AZ
MN

Hi Dino etal,

I still find it hard to believe I have been retired 16 years. I know the past 16 years have passed faster and with much less stress than my first 16 at NWA (1968-1984). Preparing for, surviving and recovering from 5 or 6 strikes or near strikes with some layoff time in between was a challenge so many of our families had to endure. But it was worth it, for sure. We had a great company with wonderful people to work with. (Did I end that sentence with a preposition?)

Stephanie and I are enjoying splitting our time between Phoenix and Minneapolis (more than six months in Arizona, for sure Ms. K).

Our life is filled with travel, golf, tennis and lots of time with the grandkids. Other than the cancer issues nine years ago, our health is good and looking forward to many more fun years with friends and family. Thanks to you and all the RNPA volunteers for keeping the memory alive.

Regards,
Pete Dodge

STEVE
SMITH

NC
FL

Hi Gary,

Gretchen and I finally took the plunge and bought a summer cottage up in Boone, NC in the same area we have rented for years! We are half way between Boone & Blowing Rock above the Blue Ridge Parkway at 4,000+ feet—very nice in the summer—don't even need air conditioning!

We have taken up golf and now realize running is easier. Even easier is sitting out on our deck from which we can see Tennessee and Virginia. Come on by!

Steve Smith

BOB
BRENTNALL

CA

Dino,

Still on the green side of the grass. I tried retirement and failed. I have been involved with a communication company I started when I thought we would have no retirement. I must admit having good help makes it fairly easy.

Just got back from the third trip to Alaska for the summer. I pulled a 5th wheel behind my new truck. Its hard to imagine how far it is through Canada to get to Alaska. My wife and I enjoyed it very much, lots of bears and fish, however I have had my fill of summer rain.

We are off to Quartzite Arizona in a week to grovel in the dust with the rest of the old folks then on to Lake Havasu City for the building and shooting off of fireworks.

All the best to you and the rest of the RNPA folks.

Have a great year.
Bob Brentnall

B. J.
MOLÉ

WA

Hi Dino!

Got the dues check on 2 day turnaround! It's on its way. There was no THC so it didn't pay to hold onto it any longer.

Thanks for the CONTRAILS, a very fine mag by anyone's standard. I'm fortunate to belong to such an outstanding group as RNPA.

No changes here, SOS, but that's a good thing these days. My wife, Gerri, and I are celebrating our 50th this month so we have lots for which to be thankful.

Keep up the good work and pray for our country. November 2016 will tell the tale.

B.J. Molé



Faye Caroline Brown, age 80, the wife of NWA Captain Billy Brown, died November 23, 2015 at Le Center, Minnesota. She had suffered for some time from dementia and stroke related illnesses.

Faye was born February 2, 1935 to Irvin and Ellis Pettit in Jewell County, Kansas. She graduated from Burr Oak, Kansas High School in 1952 as class valedictorian. November 3, 1956 she married Naval Aviator Billy Brown in Yuma, AZ. After being hired by NWA, the Browns established residency in Bloomington, Minnesota.

In 1973 Billy and Faye moved to an 80 acre farm near Montgomery, MN. Faye was a dedicated mother and wife; in addition to parenting she was a talented seamstress. She also enjoyed working with the livestock on the farm and traveling to various places around the world.

Faye is survived by her husband Billy, daughters Renee and Marlene, and two grandchildren.

BILL
DAY

WA

Good Morning Gary,

The following came from the daughter of Robert Younggren regarding the shipment of her father's ashes to Minnesota for burial. Pretty decent of the Alaska pilot.

Bill Day

Bill,

I posted on Facebook, and you likely wouldn't see....

Going home. Final flight. The captain generously welcomed my Dad's wooden urn to travel in the cockpit on the jumpseat for his return to Minneapolis, accompanied by

family, to his final resting place at Ft. Snelling National Cemetery.

He announced to the cabin the special passenger we had on board, that he was a decorated WWII veteran, and a retired pilot, and that they were honored to have him in the cockpit. Dad would be thrilled beyond words.

Thank you, Alaska Airlines. Dad was with Northwest, but we in aviation are all family.

A Post Script:

Yet another tear-jerker—as I retrieved Dad's box from the cockpit, the captain removed his wings from his uniform, and gave them to us, to keep forever, for the honor of flying with this special man.



ALBUQUERQUE
SANTA FE

Reunion 2016

SOLD OUT





A STABILIZED approach



Contributing Columnist **James Baldwin**



Closer Than We'd Like to Think

It was well past midnight. The discordant sounds of the night were plainly evident even in the semi-enclosed car where we had been sitting, watching, waiting. The sound of barking dogs punctuated with shouts of argument and sporadic laughter were incessant, masked only by nearby trucks accelerating, car doors slamming and tires screeching. It might be late, but commerce was occurring and none of it, in this neighborhood, was most likely either legal or declared. We were in southern California and like Sheryl Crow described in her classic '90s song, "All I Wanna Do:"

*"This ain't no disco;
It ain't no country club either.
This is L.A."*

We were right in the middle of the vast metropolis, and had been tipped off that the well known reprobate identified in the evening briefing might appear at this, his last known address. It was really his mother's house, but like most "bangers," real estate ownership of his own wasn't at the top of his priority list. Territory, for the drug guys, it was all about territory.

The door to the ground floor apartment was dimly lit, the shrubs on the left side of the walkway hampering the view further. Our vehicle's lights were off, the faint glow of a few LED indicators the only hint it was occupied. The position of our mostly white police car was

hidden from anyone not specifically looking. The radio cracked with low volume chatter; Officer Wilson had the sound turned down. This was a single car operation until backup was required and I was "riding along" to see how law enforcement in this southern Los Angeles suburb really operated. This was not a tour or nighttime shift staged or modeled to fit a visitor. I was watching the real deal in real time and I knew there wouldn't be any punches pulled this evening to influence my view or opinion.

One open-minded, "both sides of the aisle" assumption might be that "ride along" visits were allowed and even encouraged by law enforcement management as the best way to get the story out. The real story, their story, not the one various media decided might bolster their own ideological belief popular at the time. It would be hard to argue with the reality of being there and not the version seen through some dash cam with the effects of the periphery omitted.

We were three hours into the graveyard shift that had begun at ten o'clock, and already I was feeling the fatigue. It reminded of how I used to feel at 180 East, headed for Detroit or JFK on one of the sempiternal transpacs we all endured. In this case there wouldn't be a bunk to retreat to and if I hadn't been purposely on edge, my chin would have been doing the archetypical postprandial bounce off my chest just like we all watched the other guy—"the pilot monitoring"—do a thousand times. No, this was

different. These guys had no autopilot to rely on and unlike pilots in peacetime, there was actually the possibility someone might be shooting at them. They had to be alert throughout the entire shift and that included when they took their coffee breaks in public places. It would have been easy to lose concentration as this shift would not end until late the next morning and I knew from the earlier briefing by the shift lieutenant it could be full of questionable nocturnal activity. I remained wary and as alert as I could.

I had shown up at the station a little early at 9:15 pm to get fitted for my bullet proof vest, get introduced to the other cops, watch them check their weapons and listen to the briefing. Anyone riding with these guys had to at least wear the same protection as the regular patrol officer I would be riding with.

Our car was assigned to respond to ordinary calls or follow up on situations where something simply didn't "look right," and I was assigned to remain in an "uninvolved" position. The vest, somewhat uncomfortable and restrictive to my breathing, was good to have, but I couldn't imagine being able to function in a physical altercation while wearing it. In the end I found the potential protection it afforded made it an unquestionable item to wear.

One hundred twenty eight officers, including detectives, formed this police department. Each twelve hour shift had an on-duty lieutenant at the station monitoring the overall situation with eight on-duty, in-the-car, field officers. In a city of this size it was apparent even to me more officers were needed; it had been proven to be inadequate by at least a third. I wondered if there would be much time for coffee and donuts. Well known to the captain, who reported directly to the Chief of Police, who sat in an advisory position on the city council, was the need for more. Officer Wilson told me there wasn't a cop in the station that wasn't forced to look the other way at petty infractions of one sort or another. There would be no danger of testing the "broken window" theory used, arguably successfully in New York City; there just weren't enough personnel.

The watched door opened slightly as a man approached. The hooded figure quickly ducked inside without hesitation. I braced and readied for action but Wilson was calm. After listening in the briefing to the pages-long crime history of the person we were after I was a little confused.

"Probable cause," he answered after I asked.

"Or a positive I.D."

"Otherwise," he cautioned, "You go to interviews with people you'd rather not."

It would be the first of many descriptions that evening of the legal handcuffs they all knowingly wore

and accepted. Wilson said he knew it was likely the guy we were supposed to retrieve but wasn't in a position to push the rules.

"And not only that," he added, "I wouldn't mess, I'd call the SRT guys if we had to go into that house."

I was getting the message. There was a palpable caution in every decision he was making and obvious in the radio and cell phone calls they all made.

The lights went out in the apartment and, somewhat coincidentally not long after, the radio dispatcher advised we were done with that assignment. Our help was needed elsewhere. Apprehending that particular offender would have to wait, but Wilson didn't budge.

"We have a few minutes," was all he said. We sat there. It wasn't long after that the door opened and the same hooded figure emerged from the same door and strode to a car that had stopped adjacent to the complex.

"Bingo," Wilson said. "Right where we want 'em."

He started the car and notified the dispatcher that contact had been made and backup was requested. Following at a distance, it was cautiously exciting to watch it happen in real life rather than on one of the episodes of the "COPS" TV show. The red and blue lights came on and the subject car continued to progress down the four lane. Another marked white police car appeared from the cross street ahead, lights flashing. The mostly shiny black four door Mercedes we were following turned into the driveway of a recently defunct restaurant. The other police car moved to face the Merc directly, blocking any possibility of further motion. The back-up officer opened his door with his handgun drawn.

Wilson exited our car with his own gun drawn, shouting, "Put your hands where we can see them."

He repeated, "Driver, open the door and exit the vehicle." Nothing happened. The command was repeated again and the door slowly opened and two hands appeared. The driver had obviously been through this drill before and prostrated himself immediately with hands behind his head. The passenger was given the same command. With guns still drawn the hands of both were secured behind their heads and handcuffs locked. As the passenger stood his hood was pulled off and I could see he was the same individual shown on the printed poster of the wanted man in the drug related murder. We had our man and it was clearly the experience of Officer Wilson and his decision to delay slightly that had made this apprehension possible. I stayed put as a van appeared and a police dog jumped out. As the details of the arrest were recorded the dog sniffed and immediately sat down abeam the passenger door. A drug scent had been detected and that was all it took for a regular search to begin. The drug cops arrived as Wilson got back in the car and shot a smirk in my direction.



“It doesn’t always go that smoothly.” I knew if guns were un-holstered it had been more than routine. It would be revealed later that the SRT team had immediately been called and the next morning had gone to the house with a warrant and intercepted drugs and drug distribution equipment. This was the final episode of a long running case they had pursued for weeks. They were proud of what they had finally accomplished.

As the late night hours became early morning, the complexion of the calls changed along with the frequency. The bars had closed, the drunk drivers were mostly home or at the precinct jailhouse and most of the wife-beaters had fallen asleep. Surprisingly, there was time for what they called “lunch” even though it was almost four in the morning.

Three officers from the county force joined us and the shop talk morphed into global solutions for domestic law enforcement when they were introduced to the “ride along.” Listening, I was pleasantly surprised these guys seemed like “normal” guys. They were just like pilots in some ways and felt their own version of workplace frustration at times. Similar to remembering when Northwest got rid of the Anchorage 747 freighters, the refrain in the crew buses around the world always centered on how we were told we couldn’t make money with main deck freight. Then we’d pull into NRT or PVG or even JFK and see other main deck carriers being loaded and wonder why. It would be tempting to assume same story, different industry, but looking back, we really hadn’t seen the big picture anymore than these guys. Besides, politics and the need to fulfill the majority view of the populace are different than free market industrial competition. I didn’t offer any version of my understanding; I was there to listen.

Wilson had given this life and career choice a lot of

thought. Perhaps naive at first, there was a certain cynicism that had undoubtedly developed over time and it enveloped his description of the effort made to maintain law and order. It wasn’t aimed at the public in general or even the criminals themselves. It was the system and the frustration of using it, as legislatively designed, when he and other law enforcers knew what was really happening could be adjudicated, in their opinion, more efficiently. It was a view shared by the other cops if heads nodded in agreement were any indication.

“Basically,” the other officer explained, “the drug problem, like a lot of crime, is a basic part of our economy.”

“It makes jobs—cops, lawyers, the D.E.A., judges.” If we wanted to eliminate the drug issue we could. We could still use those people in other places but that’s not what people choose. We just don’t want to make the hard choices to do it.”

There was an argument to what he was positing and I wanted to hear more but break time was up with a call of a domestic disturbance that the county cops were going to take. I figured I hadn’t heard the end of his theory and wanted to understand more but it was time to go.

Turning out of the lot of the all night restaurant, the car immediately ahead and over to the left on the four lane thoroughfare was moving at quite a bit less than the speed limit. The driver slumped slightly towards the center of the vehicle as his head turned looking to each side. The right taillight was not lit nor was the license plate quite right. Wilson called in quickly with our position and the license number of the car. It was easily obvious the driver had not seen us; our white car wore only low profile lights and the new reinforced bumpers blended with modern auto aesthetics easily. The report on the in-car computer screen showed open unrepaired vehicle violations outstanding. After following the car for quite awhile awaiting the report, the lights on top of the patrol car were illuminated without the siren. The car moved to the curb as one of the heads ducked out of sight for a brief moment. Wilson sneered, shook his head and at that moment radioed for another car to assist.

“Ten to one there’s something under the right seat,” he knowingly frowned.

We stopped behind the car with the spotlight centered on the front seat passengers. Wilson exited the car and approached the driver’s door. I couldn’t hear the verbal exchange but clearly something wasn’t going well—I didn’t see a license or registration being exchanged. Another officer appeared to the rear of the passenger door from a backup police car I never saw coming. If the door opened and the occupants were evicted I knew it wouldn’t be normal. The verbal exchange continued as...

(stay tuned)



WAY



it

WAS



CONTRIBUTING COLUMNIST JOHN DOHERTY

FAs



Flight attendants have gone through quite an evolution as a profession. “Air hostess,” “stewardess,” (more colloquially “stew”), “flight attendant,” from the early days when they had to be attractive young women who were nurses. Looking back, strange to think that a woman who wanted to be a stewardess couldn’t be married, and if she did marry, she got the sack. (Ironically stewardesses could take maternity leave, they just couldn’t be married.) If weight got above a certain level, the sack. And once past 32 or 33, the sack. And males needn’t apply. All that is changed due to political and legal efforts flight attendants have undertaken over the years.

As pilots we had a daily working relationship with the cabin crew, so as part of my “The Way It Was” reminiscence, some memories.

For whatever reason, Northwest Airlines had always prohibited pilots from using empty jump seats for personal travel. Who knows why? Perhaps a bargaining chip for some future time? Saying “no” just because they could? Whatever the case, the Republic pilots had had jump seat privileges for some time, and after the merger with Republic, jump seat privileges were extended to the former Northwest pilots. This privilege extended to the flight attendant jump seats provided those seats were not otherwise occupied by flight attendants. Since Northwest liked to keep as few flight attendants as possible in the cabin, there was usually at least one flight attendant jump seat empty. This allowed commuting pilots an additional means to get back and forth to work.

I took advantage of this perk a number of times. The flight attendants took having a pilot in one of their jump

seats in good humor—especially admirable since they were prohibited from “our” cockpit jump seat. It wasn’t unusual for the flight attendants to ask the jump seating pilots for help with their duties. They were chronically understaffed, and I suspect they took some satisfaction in watching pilots bumble around in the galley and cabin.

On one such occasion another jumpseating pilot and I were asked to pull trays in the galley. (This was before food service carts came on the scene.) In the tray system the “galley slave” would pull the meals out of their carriers and set them up for the flight attendants running the aisles. During this era there was a cheesecake dessert (a really good dessert I might add). The problem was that from time to time one of the desserts would stick to the bottom of the tray above it. Being unskilled in regard to this situation, the other pilot and I spilled several of the desserts on the galley floor.

This flight was a full DC-10 from Spokane to Minneapolis, and even with us pulling trays it was a scramble to get it all done in that short flight time. Things got wild in the galley as we struggled to get the trays out and properly set up for the runners, and then just as we finished that, the dirty trays started coming back. We jammed the trays into the carriers as best we could in

the time remaining. When all the carriers were “full” there were still trays left which we stuffed in a corner.

In all the scrambling we had stepped on and otherwise smeared spilled cheesecake on the galley floor and three feet up the walls. The flight attendants thought the mess was hilarious. I think part of the hilarity was their satisfaction in giving us a lesson that their job wasn’t as straightforward as we might have thought. The lead flight attendant was so delighted that on arrival she sought out a supervisor to inspect the carnage. The supervisor also thought it was hilarious.

On another occasion I was on the flight attendant jump seat from Spokane to Seattle. It was a hot summer’s day with a full stretch 727, and once again I was working the galley. Due to the shortness of the flight this was drinks only.

As we started, the flight attendant who was “supervising” me advised me that we were low on ice and to take it easy on how much ice I put in the drinks. Despite her caution, we ran out of ice with 20 or so passengers left to be served. This particular flight attendant had an aura of “free spirit” about her, and that free spirit showed up in her solution. She brought consumed drinks that had leftover ice in them back to the galley and instructed me to wash off the leftover ice cubes and put them in the new drinks which I did. Everyone got an iced drink on that hot afternoon.

We were dependent on the flight attendants for food and drink. I experienced a variety of opinions amongst the flight attendants regarding food and drink for the cockpit. One flight attendant that I flew with frequently on the 707 from Anchorage to Haneda would bring us a complete first-class seafood hors d’oeuvres tray right after takeoff. On the other end of the spectrum a flight attendant friend who was working under the supervision of the lead flight attendant told me she had suggested taking some left over food up to the cockpit. This particular lead grabbed the leftover food and dumped it in the trash with the comment, “I don’t feed the cockpit.”

The longer the flight the more dependent we were on the flight attendants to feed us. Flight attendants working business or first class on transpacific flights had a complex service, and most would do something to coordinate cockpit meals with their duties in the cabin. But not all. There was one flight attendant in particular who would wait to serve the cockpit until absolutely everything that could be done in the cabin had been done. On one of my trans-Pac’s we were within 20 minutes of top of descent, when he called up and asked, “Do you guys need anything?” I took to picking up a box of sushi on my way through the airport on flights where I saw he was the lead.

Not that pilots couldn’t be weird about food too. On

one of my domestic flights, a short segment and full passenger load with meal service had to have made things hectic in the cabin. The lead flight attendant being a good sort stuck her head in the cockpit after her service and asked tersely, “I have some leftover meals back here, you guys wanna eat?” The captain I was flying with (who I took to be somewhat of a “little old lady”) twisted around in his seat and asked in his nasally whiny way, “What are the choices?” The flight attendant’s brusque reply was, “Eat or don’t eat!”

Beverages were also a deal, with pilot preferences from a simple “black coffee” to more complicated, sometimes much more complicated. At one time there was a coffee vending machine in the crew area (I shrink from calling it a lounge) next to operations at O’Hare. The machine had buttons for simple choices: “coffee black,” “coffee cream,” “coffee cream and sugar.” For whatever reason the coffee machine was removed from the crew area. Enterprising flight attendants drew out the shape of a coffee machine on the wall with “dispenser” and choices no doubt picked up from their experiences bringing drinks to the cockpit. “Coffee with Sweet and Low, I want to put in the Sweet and Low,” “black coffee with a little hot water,” “coffee with milk, not cream” “tea, lemon wedge, half a sugar,” “coffee half regular, half decaf.” You get the idea.

My experience working with flight attendants in terms of just “getting along” varied greatly. At one extreme I went back to the cabin to brief the flight attendants. I put my hand on the shoulder of one of the flight attendants in what in retrospect seemed like an innocent gesture, perhaps even fatherly. Not how she took it. She glared at me and said “take your hand off me you pig.”

At the other extreme while flying wrench on the three-holer I was walking through the cabin headed to the aft stairs. The three flight attendants on that trip, none of whom I’d met before, were chatting in first class. One of the flight attendants was sitting on an armrest with her leg across the aisle and resting on the opposite armrest. I sort of paused, waiting for her to move her leg so I could get by. She said “You can’t pass until you give us all a kiss,” which of course I proceeded to do.

As the years passed and issues of sexual harassment came on the scene, I learned to be circumspect in language and working relationship with the flight attendants. I got on a 757, the flight attendants chatting in first class. I went to introduce myself. One of the flight attendants who I recall as being tall, sophisticated, and stately looking responded to my introduction with, “Tell us a joke.”

Putting on my discretion hat, I replied, “Tell you what, why don’t you tell me a joke first.” This stately and sophisticated flight attendant proceeded to tell me one of

the filthiest jokes I have heard in my life. I knew at least for that flight I needn't be worried about being discreet in my conversations with them.

Most but not all captains I flew with fostered a collegial relationship with the FAs. On one occasion, the lead came asking the captain for help with a problem—she had a slip of paper with the details written on it. The captain perused the slip, said, “We’ll do all we can about that,” crumpled up the slip and threw it in the trash.

Another captain I flew with liked to fly freighters to avoid the complications that sometimes came with passenger flights. On the occasions when he flew passenger trips and a flight attendant came to the cockpit with a problem, he’d listen attentively then respond, “I don’t know, we never have this problem on the freighter,” and he’d turn to stare at the ADI.

I learned a lot about life in general and the airline business in particular from my working relationship with the flight attendants. Not long after I checked out as captain, I was in LaGuardia and was advised by the lead flight attendant that there was a problem passenger at the gate that she felt shouldn’t be boarded. I went out to see for myself. The passenger was a young woman who seemed on the unstable side, crying, fussing that she didn’t want to go, with family members saying that she had to. Turned out she was on her way to Minneapolis to receive some mental health treatment.

I talked with this young woman and got her agreement that she would go and that it would be all right. I was also getting pressure from the agent who wanted this person off her hands too. So overriding the lead I said she could board. Big mistake.

We had a long taxi delay, and this passenger was problematic even before we took off. I was regretting my decision, but now getting closer and closer to a takeoff clearance I was reluctant to go back to the ramp to have her taken off, and then having to start all over again. So off we went. By the time we were in cruise the passenger was a basket case. She was crying, shouting, threatening

to open a door and jump out of the airplane. (Opening the door not a concern for me of course, but a concern for the passengers who could hear her rantings.) Then she started burning money. When the flight attendants took all of her possessions away she took her clothes off and walked up and down the aisle naked.

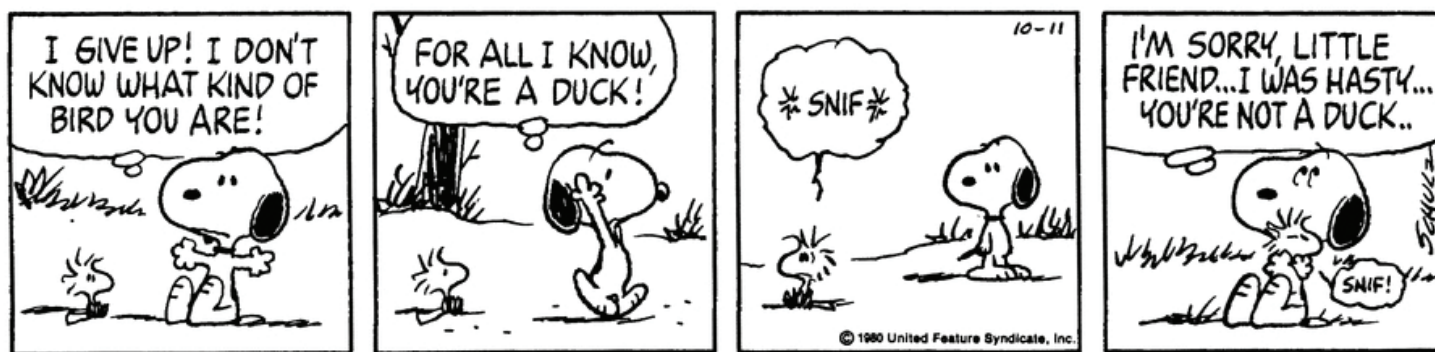
By this time I was ready to divert. I learned that there was an off-duty flight attendant commuting to work in Minneapolis in the back. She had her own reasons for not wanting to divert, and she said that she could settle this passenger down so we could continue to Minneapolis. Thankfully she succeeded in stabilizing the situation, and we made it to MSP. That was the last time I overrode a flight attendant about passenger issues.

I learned other things from my working relationship with flight attendants. I got on an airplane early one dark and icy Christmas morning. The lead flight attendant was already busy in the galley. As a way of greeting I said to her, “How did you get so lucky to be working Christmas morning?” She replied with frost in her voice, “What makes you think everyone celebrates Christmas?” That was when I started saying, “happy holidays.”

On one particular occasion when I was flying side-saddle on the 727 we had some time on the Butte ramp. By coincidence there was a Western 737 there also. It was a classic Montana day, and all of us flight attendants and pilots in both crews had gotten off our airplanes to stretch and enjoy the balmy weather. (The Western flight attendants seemed to take delight in their pilots referring to them as “our heaters.”) As we visited, somebody suggested a photograph. We lined up linking arms, laughing, joking and striking poses, the whole scene lightly misted with sexual tension. (Hey, we were single 20 somethings, and it was springtime.)

In those few minutes beneath that cobalt Big Sky everything was just right. And we all knew it. ✈

*Bumper sticker seen in the NWA parking lot circa 1985



It's just a joke. Don't get all PC on us! -Ed.



A Chick in the Cockpit



Contributing Columnist Erika Armstrong

ZEN and the ART of being a Pilot

Being a pilot is not just about flying airplanes. Being a pilot is about living a philosophy that prepares you for moments in the air when your reaction is the difference between life and death. There will always be those pilots that simply survive yet never thrive, but there are also those pilots that continually absorb the world around them that strive to become Zen Pilots. The Zen Pilot will flourish and find their happy place even when the worst happens. This concept of insight has been practiced for almost two thousand years and is the original “situational awareness.”

Every emergency, both simulated and real, have better outcomes if pilots are able to open up their field of input to receive all the information coming in—which is contrary to natural human instinct. In stressful situations, human beings narrow their focus and often block out other important information which gives them a tunnel vision of the situation—much like sticking your head up where the sun doesn’t shine. It’s dark and focused, but you are only seeing one beam of light. The Zen Pilot learns to take a deep breath before reacting which allows the tunnel to open, letting in more light, which triggers the proper sequence to begin: Fly the airplane. Silence the alarm. Let the information in, understand, and then react. It can be done in the time it takes to cycle a deep breath. Breathe in as you take in the information; breathe out as you start your reaction. This is your pilot Zen sequence. You should do this for all aspects of your flight, not just in an emergency. Before you ever walk out to your airplane, start your preflight or hit the starter, consciously take a deep breath, and then begin.

If you are in aviation long enough, you will have moments of terror where all of your training instinctually guides your brain to do the right thing, even if you could never imagine the situation. A culmination of input and training make the safe choice reaction for you. In the moment, Zen Pilots do not shutdown their thought process in the reaction to fear. This doesn’t mean they are not afraid, it means they don’t have time at that moment because they are internally trained to draw in all the information then react. Fear is not in their sequence. When they are on the ground or when the emergency is over, that’s when they allow the adrenaline to course through their body as their mind reviews how close they came to not being a pilot any more. Having this ability to absorb and process information isn’t just for the cockpit and it can’t stop once you drive away from the airport. A Zen Pilot has to achieve situational awareness in all aspects of their lives.

Simply living a life where you consciously absorb the environment around you will reflexively make you a better pilot. Being present in the moment takes effort. You have to step your mind up one level from seeing to observing. Notice the nuances. After a while, it becomes reflexive so as you read the METAR that says visibility less than a mile with blowing snow, you breathe in the information and then breathe out the pressure to be at the meeting on time. Zen Pilots know it’s not as important as being alive. They notice the little things like the vibration in the throttle quadrant that wasn’t there yesterday. They notice that their copilot didn’t get enough sleep last night so maybe a little more diligence with CRM is on the agenda today. Zen Pilots will

Editor's Comments:

I asked Erika for a short column this time that I might have space to review her new book that just came out this last October. She didn't ask me to read it. In fact she was surprised to learn that I had.

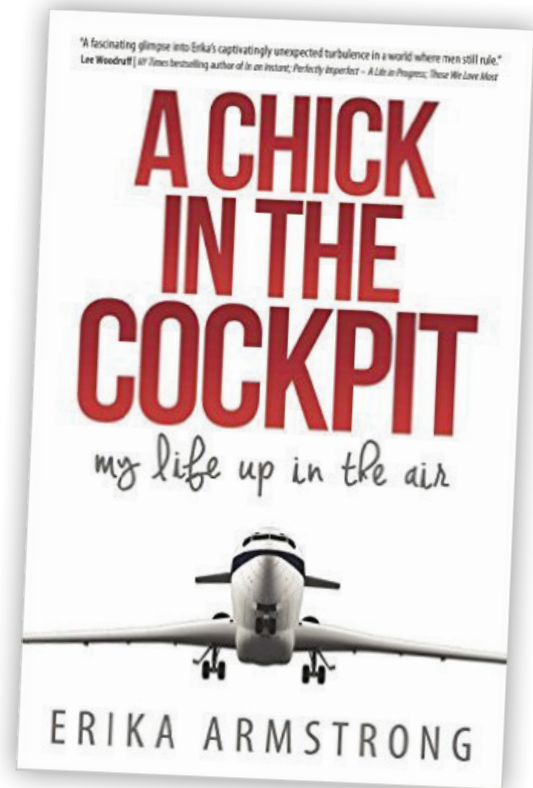
I am writing this at the end of Thanksgiving weekend. Her book arrived midday Wednesday. I couldn't put it down, except to sleep, and finished it Thanksgiving morning. There are very few books that grab me like that.

If you decide to skip it because you "already know about all of that flying stuff" from those decades of flying, you will be missing a remarkable book. It's not entirely about flying. Take note of the subtitle "My life up in the air." She also means that her personal life was "up in the air!" In some pretty rough turbulence at times! It was for awhile, anyway—until her life crashed.

You will learn why someone who loves flying and everything about it, and attained the left seat of a 727, is no longer flying after all that effort to get there.

This is not just for pilots, either male or female, believe me. It is for anyone who likes to read and who understands how different a flight (life) plan and the actual flight (life) can be—but particularly for women and more especially for mothers.

This is a well crafted story, passionately written by one who we already know is a talented writer, in a style that is sometimes in your face. I promise that it will stir some emotions.



Wow! On November 30th after only 30 days on Amazon the book had been reviewed 8 times:

★★★★★ 100% 5-Stars!

One of them is mine—the first time I have reviewed anything for anybody. – Ed.

acknowledge their spouse is having a bad day—and they'll also know there is nothing they can do about it except listen. Absorb, understand and not react is a learned talent. They know they don't have all the right answers so they don't attempt to make one up. Most importantly, the Zen Pilot will know how to look their boss in the eye, smile, and say "no" if it's not good enough to go.

This lifestyle of situational awareness will give you internal confidence which brings professionalism and calm to the cockpit. Others will enjoy flying with you and there will be no battle over who has the bigger joystick. Zen Pilots don't bother with these distractions. They're too busy noticing that they have the best view of the world and they don't want to let that moment pass them by. ✈



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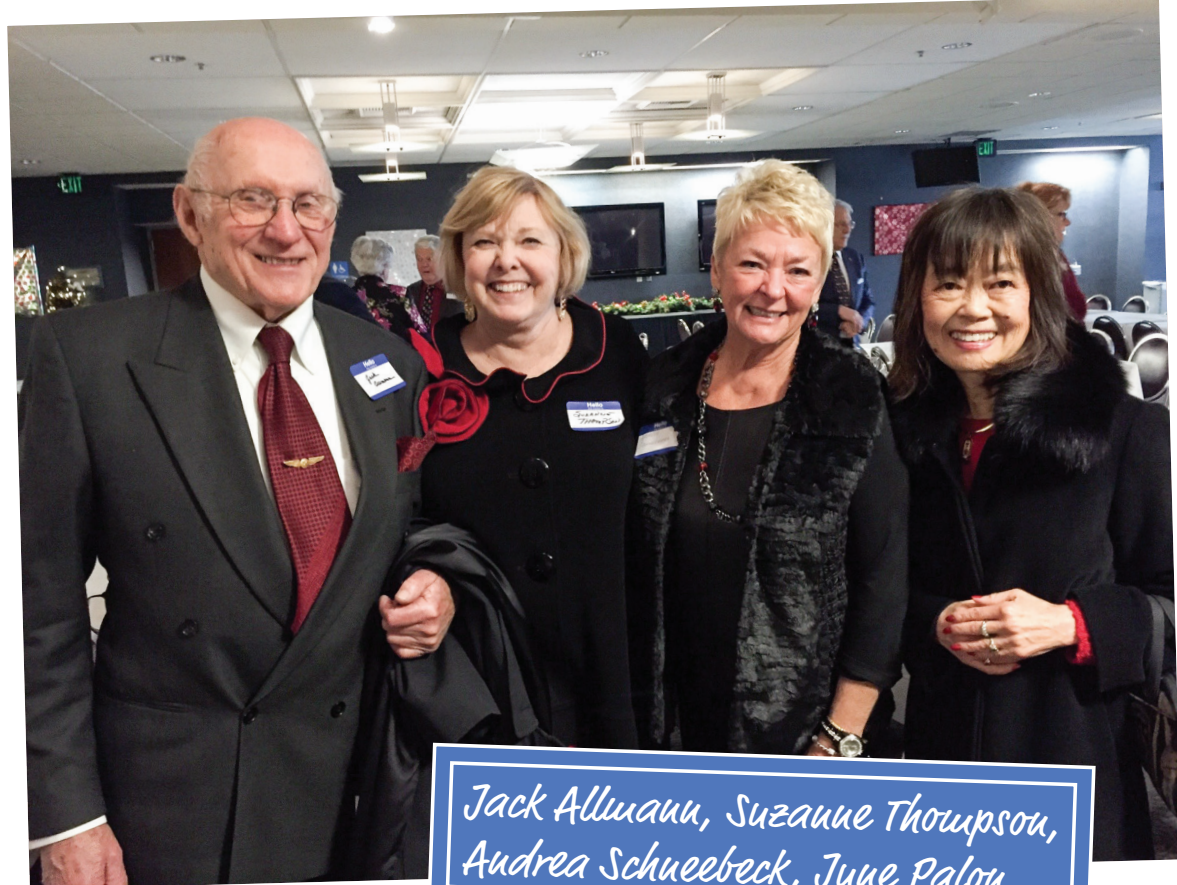
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REMEMBERING FLIGHT 6231



Family members of John Lagorio, Walt Zadra, and Jim Cox gathered at St Johns in the Wilderness, a quaint Christian Church in Stony Point, New York, for a service, including communion and shared memories at 9:00AM on November 7, 2015.

After services, all the families and friends gathered at the trail entrance to trek 1.2 miles into the park to view the monument erected deep in the forest of tall maple trees. Once at the site, the men who began the memorial, more than three years ago officiated.

At the crash site, the tall trees were no longer there and only small brush growth was evident. There was a table with small pieces of the aircraft which had been unearthed during the preparation of the site. Pictures of the crew members and the aircraft were on display.

About 200 people were in attendance for the celebration. Most were from the local area and had a part in the commemoration of the site. Some twenty five to thirty friends and family also were in attendance. Former NWA pilots, wives and flight attendants numbered in the 20s.

Scott Solotto, Gordon Wren, and Gary Scarano, from the memorial committee, explained the effort expended to place the monument on the spot of the crash.

Cathy Christianson, formerly Lagorio, and Terry Hermes, the senior flight attendant on the flight prior to the rescheduling of the cockpit crew, recounted the tragedy of that day in 1974. Jill LaRosa, daughter of James Cox read the Pilots Prayer. It was a somber moment as Taps were heard in the distance and the current rescue squad helicopter did the salute with a flyby just above the treetops. We then took the walk back to the church for coffee and cookies.

An Italian style dinner was provided in the town of Nanuet for all friends and family.

Northwest friends in attendance were Don and Jeanie Weidner, Larry and Lenice Daudt, James Mancini, Dave and Connie Williams, Terry Browne and his friend, Terry Hermes and her daughter, Lynn Way, and Craig Lagorio, now a pilot for Delta.

– Larry Daudt



sometimes IT'S A GREEK TO ME



By Darrel Smith

The FAA (Federal Aviation Administration) creates the rules and regulations that govern the operation of Commercial Airlines. Even though this organization oversees the big picture, the individual airlines are responsible for the major part of the required training and checks.

The pilot seniority system, FAA rules and negotiated complicated pay formulas made it a necessity for all Airlines to maintain large training departments that operate for long hours nearly every day.

Our Contract, agreed upon by Northwest Airlines and the Pilots Union (ALPA), stated that all instructors in the training department had to be active line pilots. My last duty assignment as a Marine was as a flight instructor in the Navy/Marine Corp advanced training command at Beeville, Texas. I had enjoyed this experience and elected to try my hand at becoming an instructor for Northwest Airlines.

I was accepted into the training department and initially worked as a Second Officer (flight engineer) instructor on the Boeing 727. After a year or so I transitioned (due to Northwest hiring more pilots) into the Boeing 707 and soon became an instructor on that aircraft. In those days flight training was more and more being conducted in simulators rather than in the actual aircraft. During the months we served as instructors we got very little actual time on the aircraft. In order to

maintain our personal proficiency, the instructors would rotate back to line flying every third month or so.

I was enjoying a month on the line and was airborne on a flight from Miami to Minneapolis when I received a radio message, asking me to contact my training supervisor upon arrival. A message worded like this always made me wonder, "How have I screwed up, now?"

After completing my shutdown procedures, I called my supervisor and his words left me speechless. He said, "We need a 707 second officer instructor to be transferred to Athens, Greece with dependents for a year. Do you want the job?" Holy Cow, my head was spinning. After sputtering and stuttering, I told him I would give him an answer the next day.

Olympic Airlines (the Greek National Airline) had purchased six Boeing 707 aircraft from Northwest Airlines. As part of the purchase agreement, Northwest was to furnish pilots to initially fly the aircraft and also instructors to train the Greek pilots.

Glenda and I had always tried to take advantage of any opportunity for a new adventure. We considered this trip to be a "once in a lifetime" opportunity. What would we do about school for the kids, the house and the car? There would be some tough decisions but we wanted to take this assignment. The details would just have to be worked out. I told the company that I would be happy to accept this challenge.

I was informed that my services were needed in short order. I do not remember how much time I had before departure but Glenda was left (as has happened so many times) to do all the work. Even though there have been times when she became completely stressed out—she always came through like a champ.

Bill Pitsovits (the local Pizza Restaurant owner in Northfield, Minnesota our hometown) heard that I would be traveling to his Motherland. He called one night and asked if he could stop by our house. He arrived with a suitcase nearly full of electrical parts—resistors, capacitors, etc. He asked me to deliver it to his friend in Greece, telling me there was nothing illegal about this act. He claimed the parts were just in short supply back home. I was dumb enough to agree!

Here I was, going to a new country to report for a new job with all this stuff that could possibly be illegal. The flight from New York to Athens was the most miserable of my life. I dreamed up many unpleasant scenarios that could befall me upon my arrival. All my worry was for naught—I passed through customs and immigration with no trouble. I will never again agree to be a courier!

Bob Cavill, the acting chief pilot, picked me up at the airport and took me to a small hotel that would serve as my temporary home. There were a number of Northwest people housed there, making my transition comfortable. I was excited to be Athens.

Anxious to get rid of my electrical stash, I contacted a local Greek man as instructed. He did not seem to be very interested but agreed to meet me at my hotel. He unceremoniously took the suitcase and departed, didn't even say thanks. Never again!

According to Greek law, a foreigner could not work in the country without a work permit. The day after my arrival, I was taken to the proper office to start the process of obtaining mine. After laboring through many forms I was told to return in one week with two photos.

Within a few days I started flying (without the work permit) but returned a week later with the requested photos. Again, I was told to return in one week. Weekly visits were made to this office but the permit never came. I worked with no permit the entire time I was in the country. This was my first brush with Greek inefficiency—at times it could be maddening!

One of my first chores was to get fitted for my Olympic Airlines Pilot uniform. This uniform had a definite European flair, whatever that means. Somehow, it looked different from Airline uniforms in the United States. Many times I was mistaken for a Greek pilot due to my mustache and that uniform. Passengers would approach and start speaking in their native language--it was difficult for me to communicate since I knew only about four or five Greek words.

My job as a second officer (flight engineer) instructor consisted of riding along on regular passenger flights and watching the trainee operate the aircraft systems. They were far from perfect, therefore, extreme vigilance was required to prevent any damaging mistakes. These flights shuttled back and forth from Athens to the Greek Islands and sometimes to London or Rome.

Glenda had wrapped up the details back home and we had decided on a day for her and our kids to make their appearance in Athens. We needed a place to live! I can't remember how it was located, but I found a two-bedroom apartment in a three-story home in a community not too far from the airport. It turns out Glafada was one of the nicer communities in the Athens metropolitan area.

Our landlord (a retired Greek Army General) and his wife, Sofia, lived on the top floor. He had a picture of two very attractive topless women on his desk. One of our kids (about 6 or 7 years old) asked him who they were. With a big belly laugh he said they were his "sisters". Even at their young age both of them rolled their eyes in disbelief. In this country the lower floor of a multistory building is the least desirable unit—this is where we lived.

This apartment was unfurnished. In Greece unfurnished means just that. There was no furniture, kitchen appliances or even light fixtures. My airline friends suggested the "bargain" part of town and that is where I purchased everything to furnish our new little home. This stuff was cheap but functional—we would have to make do!

We settled into some sort of rhythm. I flew often but was home nearly every night. During the day, while I was away, Glenda and her pilot wife friends started going to the beach. Most days they would pack up the kids and possibly a lunch for some fun in the sun at the beach. I somehow got the impression that a glass or two of wine may have been consumed. It was a good life!

Greek customs were different and at times required that we make some minor adjustment. When we ate out we usually had the entire restaurant to ourselves. The locals dined much later. If we relaxed and stayed longer than normal a few folks would begin to arrive. It was normal for them to go out to eat at 9 pm or later. It was common to hear music and partying well past midnight.

There were no lines in Greece! Lines had long been replaced with wedges. At the post office, grocery store, bus stop and any other place where a line could be expected there was a wedge. One person would be at the wedge point getting service and the rest would be jockeying for position. There was a lot of body contact.

I remember Glenda exiting the post office, after attempting a simple transaction, crying. She had finally

worked her way to the window and placed her letter and money on the counter. A larger woman shouldered her forcefully out of the way. The clerk calmly waited on the bully.

I was with a trainee on his first trip to London. Our layover was long enough for him to do some exploring. The next day he was excited to tell me about what he had experienced. He and several other people were waiting at a bus stop for a city bus. When it arrived and stopped the door opened, a lady stepped aside and told him to please board ahead of her. This simple act amazed him—he had never in his life seen anything like it.

In Greece inefficiency was the way of life. During our stay we purchased a new Mercedes and picked it up at the factory in Germany. The tale of this sad auto is a story within itself and will be told later. Initially we truly loved our new little car. We drove it from Germany back to Greece.

Upon crossing the border from Yugoslavia into Greece we had some money that we wanted to exchange for Greek money. We asked the border agent where this could be accomplished. He pointed to a building nearby but volunteered that any bank in Athens would do the job.

A few days after arriving back in Athens the money was taken to a small bank located near our rental house. I was told that they could not make the exchange but the bank at the airport would be happy to accommodate. The airport bank directed me to a bank downtown. The downtown bank sent me to a bank around the corner. A clerk at that bank sent me upstairs. A clerk pointed toward a man seated at a desk three rows from the front of the room. The man actually stood up and motioned for me to approach and said, “I can help you”! He took my bills turned them over several times, handed them back and said “too small”. I never was able to get the money changed. I finally just gave them to someone who planned to drive north into Yugoslavia.

In Greece, when a foreign family that owned an automobile chose to leave the country, even for a few days, the car was required to be locked up in an official im-



pound lot. The country collected a large tax on any auto purchased by a citizen. The impound procedure was in place to keep the foreigner from selling their vehicle to a local (without the tax being collected) and then departing the country permanently.

Planning to go to London for a few days, Glenda and I needed to go through this procedure. We were directed to an office where officials supposedly could handle this type transaction. A man took our passports, looked them over carefully and handed them back to us. He said he was unable to do the job but directed us to an office down and across the hallway. The occupant of this office did almost the same thing. He sent us to another office. This third official sent us back to the first official who completed the procedure in only a few seconds.

After living with the Greek way of doing business for several months, Glenda and I flew to Germany. Upon arrival I approached a moneychanger to exchange some US Dollars for German Marks. Without saying a word, she quickly made the exchange and said “Thank you”. This efficient transaction surprised me. I asked, “Is that it”? She replied “Of course”.

I have been somewhat negative about our stay in Greece. This is misleading in that we had so many great experiences and met so many really nice people. More than 40 years later we still consider these people to be our friends. Sophia and Consta, our landlords, were exceptionally nice. Decades later we stopped by their house (Consta had passed away), Sophia invited us in for tea and a great visit. I think we woke her up from an afternoon siesta.

This wonderful adventure came to a dramatic end! The pilot group and Northwest airlines were in contentious discussions as to the terms of our next contract. The proceedings did not go well! It came down to the wire but ended in ALPA (Airline Pilots Association) calling a strike, which shut down the entire flight operations.

We were caught in the middle! Our little group was initially considered separate from normal flight operations and we continued to do our job—and get paid. The Union did not think it was fair for us to remain on the pay roll when our fellow pilots were on the street. We were instructed to stop working and return home.

Glenda and the kids departed. A week or so later I drove our Mercedes across Europe to Antrep, for shipment and then made my way back to the States.

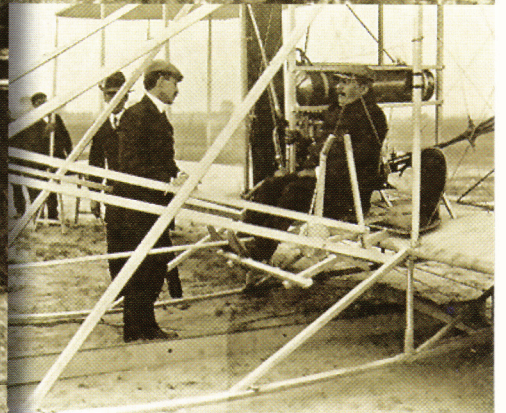
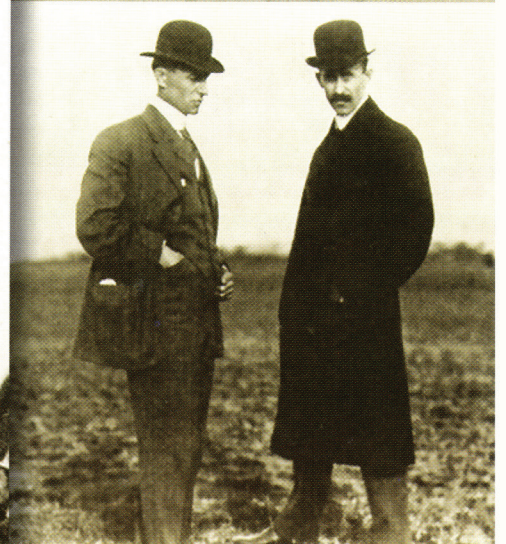
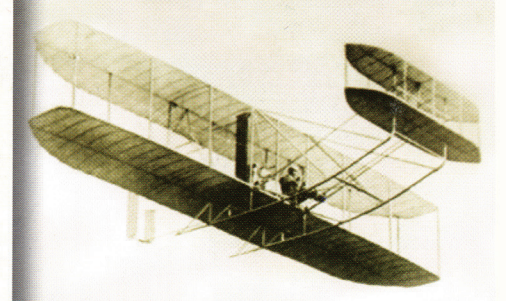
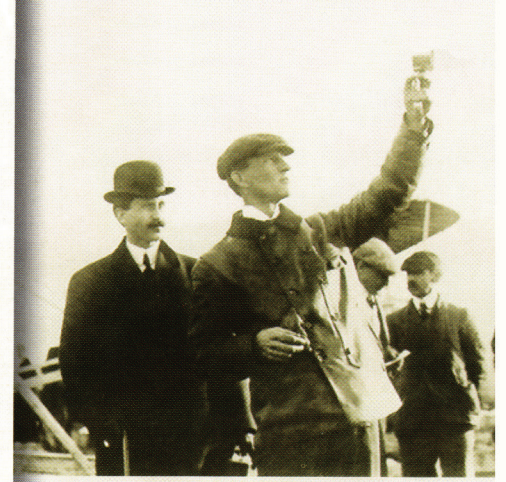
The early end of our stay in Greece was a sad occasion for the entire family. We had learned and seen so much but all good things come to an end. Looking back we consider this adventure one of the greatest of our lives. If offered the opportunity to repeat this adventure, we would eagerly accept. ✈



A Nostalgic Look Back at 100 Years of Flight

On December 17, 1903, Orville and Wilbur Wright introduced us to the world of aviation when they placed a 12 hp engine and propellers on their No. 3 glider and took to the skies. These innovative first steps opened the doors to the dynamic - and sometimes unpredictable - aviation industry we know today. In the next four pages we take "A Nostalgic Look Back at 100 Years of Flight" - specifically as it relates to Northwest Airlines.

*Dottie Bassett,
Editor*



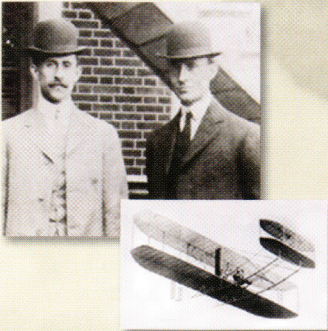
The Quest for Flight Becomes a Reality



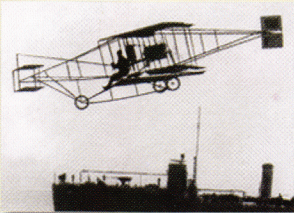
The Montgolfier Brothers startled the world with their balloon flying success in 1783.



Otto Lilienthal's attempt was perhaps the most successful to solve the mystery of flight before the Wright Brothers.



December 17, 1903 Orville and Wilbur Wright achieved powered controlled flight at Kitty Hawk.



Lt. Eugene Ely proved aircraft could operate from ships.



The de Havilland D.H. was the first U.S. combat aircraft used in World War I.

The Early Years 1926 - 1941



The birth of Northwest in 1926.

1926 Logo



Charles "Speed" Holman came to NWA as it's first pilot after winning the National Pulitzer Air Race two years earlier.



The first NWA passenger was Byron G. Webster of Chicago on July 5, 1927, pictured at the 20 Year Anniversary of NWA passenger service.



NWA operated the first night Air Mail in 1929.



Amelia Earhart observed NWA's 1933 "proof of the pudding" flight to convince officials that routes via the northern tier states were feasible in wintertime.

1934 Logo



Wartime (World War II) 1941 - 1945

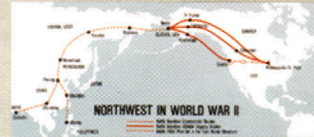


Nearly half of NWA's fleet was appropriated by the U.S. Army for war duty.

The oxygen mask that was jointly developed by NWA and the Mayo Clinic...



was adapted by the Military and played an important roll in winning World War II.



NWA's route schedule during World War II.



A 1942 NWA flight schedule explained how NWA and it's passengers could pitch in together on wartime efforts.



NWA's "Flying Boxcar" was used to bring in wartime supplies.

An Era of Expansion 1945 - 1954



NWA's First Transcontinental Flight was from Seattle to New York on June 1, 1945.



1945 Logo



NWA's first scheduled service to Alaska via Seattle began on September 1, 1946.



NWA's first Orient flights began on July 15, 1947.

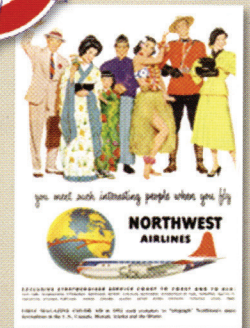


The solid red tail was introduced in 1948 and has remained NWA's permanent identifying mark.



1948 Logo

NWA's first magazine color ad in 1952 advertised NWA's exclusive Stratocruiser service.



Nyrop and the Jet Age 1954 - 1976

Donald W. Nyrop was elected President of NWA in 1954 and served in this capacity until 1976.



1958 Logo

The 76 passenger DC-6Bs became the prime "work horse" in Nyrop's early moves to improve NWA's severe shortage of up-to-date equipment.



In 1963 NWA took delivery of the 707-320's, making NWA the nation's first all fan jet operator.



1963 Logo



Dan Sowa, Chief Meteorologist for NWA, was honored by the FAA for his development of the cockpit turbulence plot (TP) charts which led to smoother, safer flying.

The B727 entered the NWA fleet in 1964.



In 1969 the B747-200 entered the fleet and became #1 in NWA's international service.



1969 Logo



The DC-10 entered the NWA fleet in 1972.

Deregulation, Europe and Merger 1977 - 1986

The airline deregulation act became law in October of 1978.



In 1979, NWA commenced service across the Atlantic to Europe.



In 1985, NWA took delivery of its first new-technology/glass cockpit, the Boeing 757.



On July 29, 1986, the government approved NWA's acquisition of Republic Airlines, creating the nation's fourth largest airline.



NWA moved into its new World Headquarters facility in Eagan in 1986, the year NWA celebrated its 60th anniversary.

Financial Crisis and Recovery 1987 - 2000



1987 Logo



In 1989, NWA took delivery on two new glass cockpit aircraft - the B747-400 and A320.

In 1991 NWA opened its pilot base in Guam with the B727 aircraft.



NWA and KLM launched their first joint service in 1991. This was the first airline alliance in the world.



Financial crisis hit NWA in 1992 which resulted in employees taking concessions from 1993 - 1996 in order to avert a bankruptcy filing.



In 1997, NWA introduced its B747-400 World Plane which was painted with artwork from children around the world.

NWA's first all female widebody international flight was operated from HNL to KIX on April 21, 1997.



The A319 aircraft was added to the NWA fleet in 1998.



Towards the end of the millenium, NWA began experiencing rapid growth and a healthier market.



Sept. 11, 2001 and the Road Back 2001 - 2003



On Sept. 11, 2001, terrorists attacked the U.S., changing the airline industry forever.



As a result of 9-11, the next two years saw many reductions in the NWA work force.

NWA's new technologies have had a positive impact on the passenger's ease of travel.



In 2003, NWA took delivery of its first wide-body Airbus - the A330, which introduced new state-of-the-art passenger amenities. It was the first aircraft to unveil NWA's new logo and paint scheme, which provided a fresh new look and reduced painting expenses.



2003 Logo

In 2003, NWA launched a new advertising campaign highlighting technological advances.



Then and Now

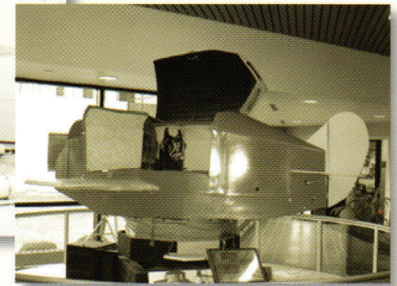
A Photographic Depiction of NWA Progress



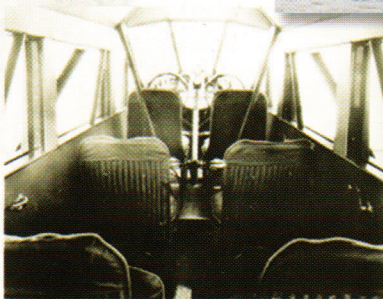
NWA winter operations have come a long way since the early days of northern tier flying.



Simulator technology has advanced to the state-of-the-art equipment of today.



Aircraft traffic and locations, weather and manifests used to be handled by radio operators. Today's dispatcher handles all cockpit communications.



The Travelaire 6000 featured wicker seats, and a light airy atmosphere - literally. Passengers had their own window handles and could enjoy the breeze. Today's new A330 boasts many new cabin amenities.



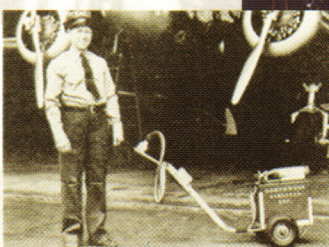
In the early years, pilots were required to load and unload all of the air mail. Today's pilots need only their flight bags.



Ground operations used to be a huge undertaking. Today, it is a quick, efficient operation.



The Hamilton Metalplane was NWA's first 7 passenger aircraft. NWA's largest passenger aircraft today is the B747 -400, carrying 403 passengers.



This Line Chief displays the external power supply that was used to start the Electras.





Northwest Airlines had for years served the not-so-big towns across the northwestern tier of the United States from Minneapolis to Seattle. Most of this service consisted of a single aircraft (Boeing 727 during my initial years) leaving Minneapolis well before daylight and making its way through the mountain stations to Seattle. These flights would call at Fargo, Jamestown, Billings, Bozeman, Butte, Missoula, Spokane and finally Seattle.

Over the years this “Mountain” flying was modified on occasion with attempts at being more efficient and to offer our customers the best service. One of these experimental flight routings had a flight arriving fairly late in the evening in Missoula, Montana. The rules regarding crew rest made it illegal for the incoming crew to fly that aircraft out the next morning. This crew would therefore have the next full day free of duty.

Since Glenda and I always tried to take advantage of any opportunity for an adventure we decided that she would accompany me on one of these flights into Missoula. The next day we would be able to explore that part of Montana. This particular flight arrived on schedule, we made our way to the hotel and soon hit the hay.

The next day dawned clear with the high temperature forecast to be in the low 90s, a bit warm for the mountains. We were up early, had a nice breakfast and rented a car. Another small adventure was underway.

We studied the maps and decided to visit the National Buffalo Range that is located only a few miles to the north of Missoula. We saw numerous buffalo in the distance and the scenery was very agreeable.

Heading to the south we drove through the narrow pass along the river to the east of town. The name Missoula had been derived from the Indian word that called this area “the valley of ambush” due to the many conflicts between the local Indian tribes and the Plains tribes.

We gradually made our way back through town in a southwesterly direction. At the small village of Lolo we happened to find Highway 12 that led up and over the Lolo Pass. The famous Lewis and Clark expedition had traveled this route on their historic journey to the Pacific Ocean.

The temperature was well above normal as we followed the Locksa River, a very active mountain stream, through the mountains. After driving over the pass we came to an unpaved parking area near the stream and just off the main road. We parked the car and waded, with pant legs rolled up, to a fairly large (maybe the size of a couch) rock in the stream. The sun was warm and we relaxed on our watery perch soaking up the beauty of the day and the surroundings.

We were young and full of mischief. Somehow, I came up with the idea that it would be fun for Glenda to go for a swim. I tried to convince her to remove her clothing and take a refreshing “skinny dip” near our rock even though the cars were passing on a regular basis along the highway only about 50 yards away. She was very reluctant!

My pleadings were getting nowhere. Back home her car was a wreck and definitely needed to be replaced. I told her that if she would do this daring deed I would buy her another car. She finally slipped out of her clothing and carefully, keeping our rock and me between her and the highway, submerged her naked body into the deeper part of the stream.

I, hereby, would like to state that this event was not for my benefit alone. I had already observed her in the nude! I just felt that her being “naked” in this stream just off the highway could be considered a worthwhile event.

As the cool clear water came up to her chin there was a tremendous roar from the road. As mentioned earlier it was a warm day. A group of 10 or 12 “Hells Angel” type guys brought their “Iron Horses” to a dusty stop in “our” parking area. They shut down their loud engines and fully clothed, charged into the water. Glenda, totally naked, was suddenly surrounded by these bearded, boisterous bikers.

I quickly took off my shirt and passed it to her. She put it on, fastened all available buttons and quietly sneaked back onto “our” rock. I remember that she aggressively “tucked” my shirt to ensure that no part of her body would be exposed to this wild group.

Early the next morning our trusty 727 dutifully carried the crew, passengers and Glenda into the clear blue skies. A bit of ground fog made our departure interesting.

We drove along this route a few years later and looked for the exact spot where this event took place. The entire road had been rebuilt and therefore we were unsuccessful. I am sure that she (except for embarrassment) was never in danger. This event is just a simple example of some of the adventures that we have experienced in our wonderfully eventful life. Here’s a question for you ladies who happen to read this little story. Have you ever gone swimming nude with a motorcycle gang? Glenda has!

Well of course I bought her another car, a used Honda Accord. She seemed to be pleased.

– Darrel Smith

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS

Air Travel in the Twenties and Thirties

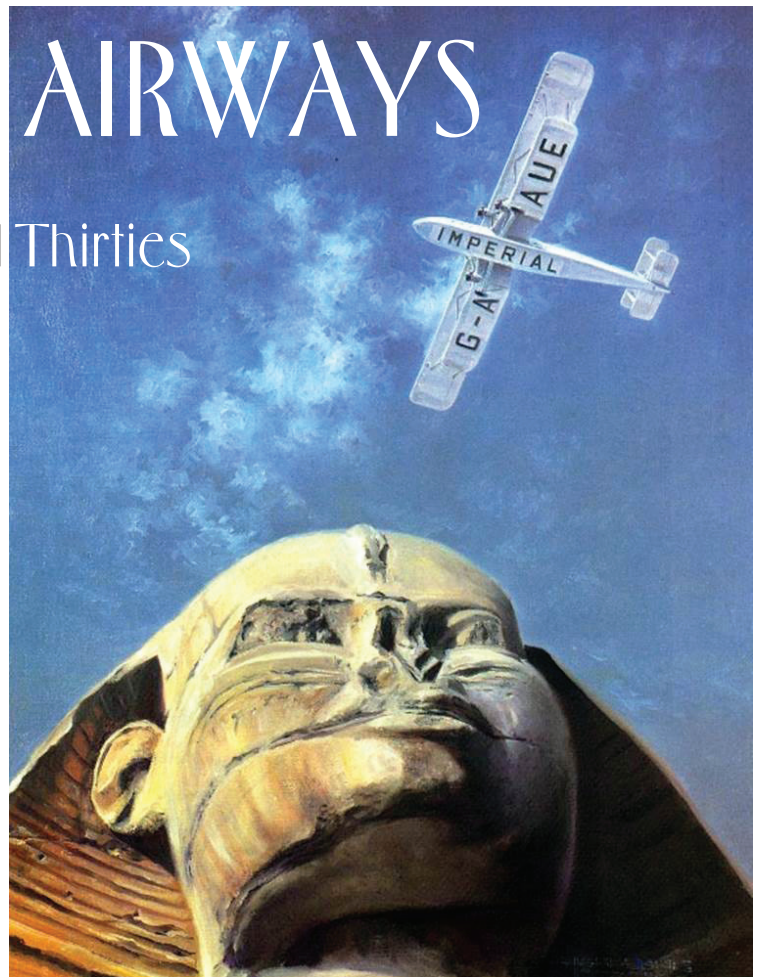
Flying the airlines in the twenties and thirties was a lot more fun than it is now. It was more leisurely and had more class.

If people had serious money in the 1930s and travelled internationally, they may well have flown on one of these large (130 foot wingspan) Handley Page bi-plane aircraft, which were the mainstay of British Imperial Airways at the time. They carried 26 passengers in first class only, in three different compartments. The first class saloon, the bar and cocktail area, and the smoking section.

These machines were ubiquitous, extremely safe (no passenger in a HP-42 was ever killed in 10 years of international and domestic operations from 1930 until 1940), very comfortable in seating, leg room and service, hot meals were served on bone china with silver cutlery, free liquor flowed, overnights were in the very best hotels.

There was no rush, no waiting in lines and everyone was well dressed. Flying along at a few thousand feet, one could see (down to the quality of the washing on the backyard clothes lines), every interesting feature passing below. At 95 to 100 mph one also had time to look at the passing panorama.

It took four days to a week (depending on headwinds and weather) to fly from London to Cape Town, South Africa by only flying about four hours



a day, staying at the best hotels in Europe, Cairo, Khartoum and the Victoria Falls. All stops to India also made for an interesting choice of destinations.

Old fashioned and good mannered ideas and behaviour, like dressing up to have evening drinks on the balcony and certainly not ever being in a hurry—one can only imagine how pleasurable that would have been.



The Handley Page HP-42 "Hanno" at Samakh, Lake Tiberias in Palestine, 1931. Bi-plane aircraft, such as Tiger Moths, could land anywhere; wherever there is a stretch of grass. This airliner was a little more speedy than a DH-82 Tiger Moth, but the landing speed would have been quite similar.

Today we largely take international air travel for granted. Every major city in the world is little more than a hop, skip, and jump away. But what was it actually like to fly halfway around the world in the 1930s, when the very concept was still novel? Pretty incredible, as it turns out—provided you could afford it.

At the dawn of commercial air travel, Imperial Airways was Britain's shuttle to the world. As the British Empire's lone international airline in the 1920s and '30s, Imperial was responsible for showing the rich and famous every corner of the Empire. And in doing so, their mission was to make the Empire (and by extension, the world) feel that much smaller.

They did it in style.

Rough Take-off

During the WWI, airplanes became a vital tool for victory, ushering in a brave new world of battle. Airplanes were the future of war, but they had yet to prove themselves as the future of peace.

After the war, Britain had a surplus of warplanes that would jumpstart its commercial air industry. But the early 1920s was a hard period for British aircraft companies. Unlike their counterparts in France, Belgium, the Netherlands, and the United States, very little government investment in British air travel occurred during peacetime.

Instead, the government cobbled together the few struggling British air companies to form Imperial Airways, which was incorporated in 1924. Imperial was devised as a private, highly subsidized company that would operate with monopoly support from the British government. They shuttled mail and passengers to the farthest reaches of the globe.

Modern Tech

Imperial's planes of the 1920s (made of wood and fabric) would slowly morph into the planes of the 1930s (made of metal). But it wasn't merely because the streamlined aircraft looked sleeker. The newer planes also better suited Imperial Airways' mis-

sion of Empire maintenance.

The Air Ministry encouraged manufacturers to move towards the use of metals in airframe manufacture not because of the advantages that could be gained from streamlining, but because, especially in tropical regions, metal was more durable than wood.

The switch from biplane to monoplane also made the experience feel more spacious and modern. Well-heeled travelers enjoyed feeling like they were a part of the future—a vital part of England's push to tomorrow.

But it was perhaps speed that made the largest difference in the airplane's evolution from the 1920s to the 1930s. For most of the 1920's the average cruising speed was 100 mph, or below, by the beginning of 1934 airliners attaining cruising speeds varying from 140 to 200 mph were available." It was the kind of improvement that made international travel not just possible, but practical.

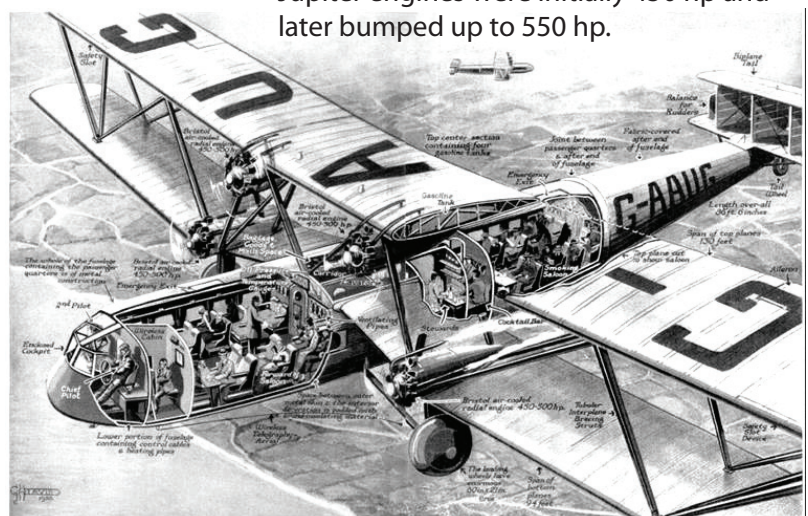
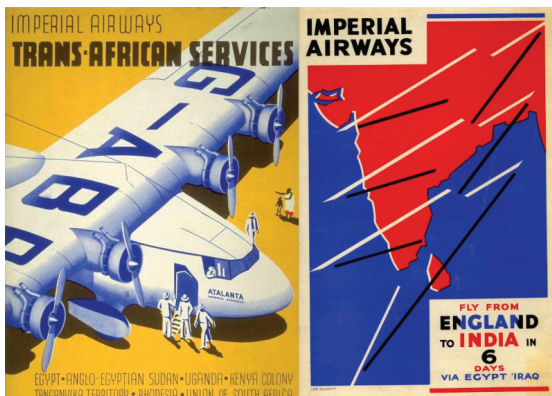
Flying in Style

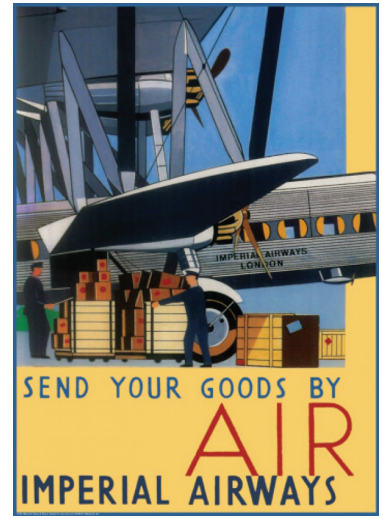
Equal parts harrowing adventure and indulgent luxury, taking an international flight in the 1930s was quite an experience. But it was an experience that people who could afford it signed up for in droves.

Nearly 50,000 people would fly Imperial Airways from 1930 until 1939. But these passengers paid incredibly high prices to hop around the world. The longest flights could span over 12,000 miles and cost as much as \$20,000 when adjusted for inflation.

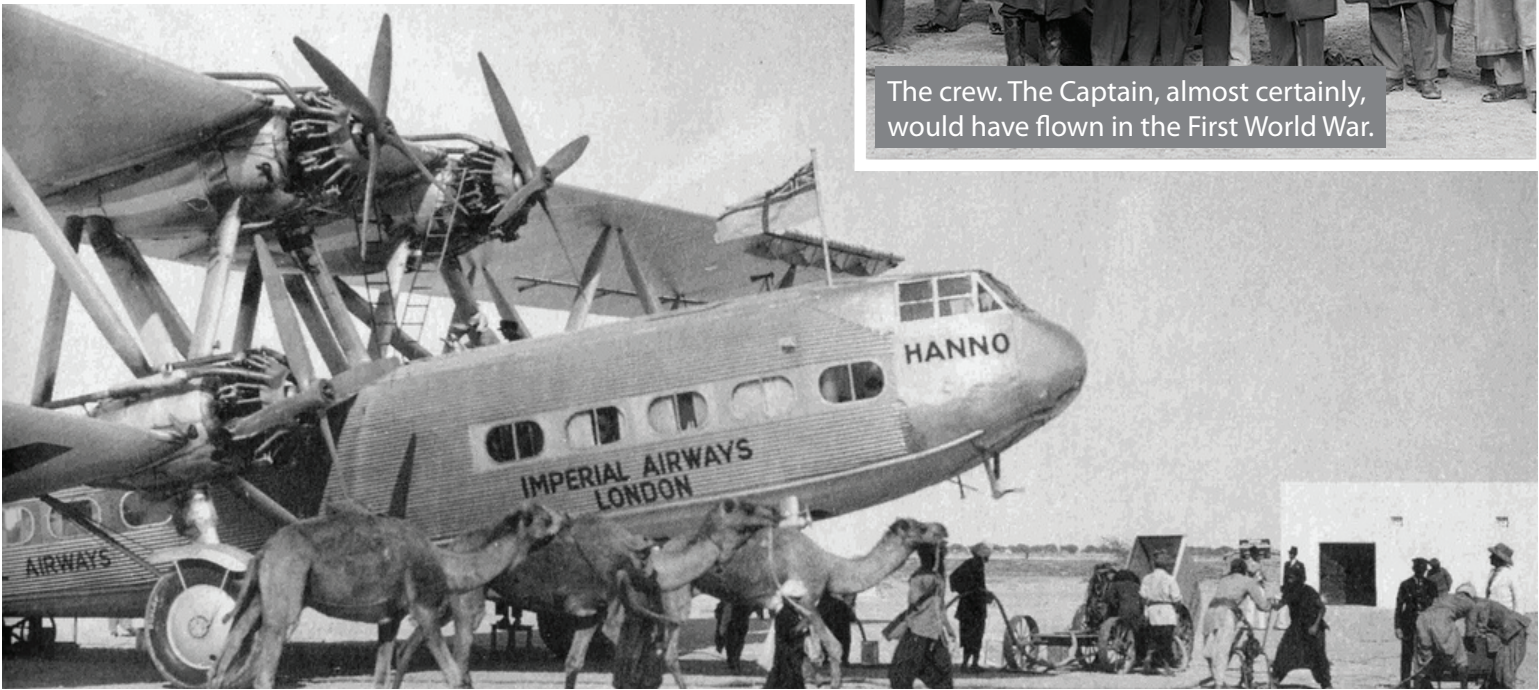
A flight from London to Brisbane, Australia, for instance, (the longest route available in 1938) took 11 days and included over two dozen scheduled stops. Today, people can make that journey in just 22 hours, with a single layover in Hong Kong, and pay less than \$2,000 for a round trip ticket.

A 1930 flying magazine's view of the new Handley Page HP-42 airliner. Note crew member as the radio operator. The Bristol Jupiter engines were initially 450 hp and later bumped up to 550 hp.





The crew. The Captain, almost certainly, would have flown in the First World War.





The cockpit of a Handley Page HP-42 airliner. No powered controls here.



“The switch from biplane to monoplane [the Armstrong Whitworth-27 pictured right] also made the experience feel more spacious and modern. Well heeled travelers enjoyed feeling like they were a part of the future—a vital part of England’s push to tomorrow.”



First RECALLING THE MERGER & ANNUAL RECURRENT TRAINING 1987 – 1991

By Vic Britt

My assignments in Northwest (NWA) Flight Operations (Flt-Ops) included: March 87 to Dec 88 Manager-Flight Standards (Flt-Stds) B-757 and DC10; Jan 89 thru Apr 91 Director-Flight Procedures-Current Aircraft; and May 91 thru Dec 93 Director—Flight Procedures and Flight Training. The primary focus of Flt-Ops/Flt-Stds after the merger was development of standard aircraft operating procedures; normal, abnormal and emergency for all Northwest Airlines aircraft. We developed a common, standardized protocol with which the merged airline would operate its nine (9) different aircraft types. Fifteen (15) different types if 100's, 200's 2A's dash 30's etc. are included in the mix. During ART in 1989 and 1990 I lectured on problems all employees at the "new" combined/merged Northwest Airlines faced, with focus on the pilot group. The former NWA and Republic (RC) pilots were asked to provide feedback, and they were enthusiastic in their response, to wit:

"Very windy, occasional gusts of material."

"Your Fly was Open (ALL DAY!)"

"Too Long, cute but could be 20 Minutes."

"Get a job AooHooo!"

In August 1986 (two months before NWA and RC merged operations) Don Nelson NWA VP Flt-Ops asked that I get typed on Republic's Convair 580 and advise whether we should "Northwestize" the 580 procedures. Gene Frank was typed on the DC-9 for the same reason.

"Dear Vic, Still stroking yourself I see. Get yourself a church. That way you can preach every Sunday and perhaps get it out of your system. Two hours in one day is too much. Facilities in MEM were poor. Couldn't tell what you were saying most of the time anyway."

I completed CV-580 ground school in ATL in August, and flight training in MSP in September. Duane Edelman, RC VP Flt-Ops, had met with Don Nelson, NWA VP Flt-Ops, but had not learned anything about NWA Flt-Ops plans for the merger. Duane asked if I knew what the plans were for the merged airline. I said, "What Plan?" I told Duane that the only plan I was aware of was that in the near future the RC guys will fly the former RC airplanes, and the NWA guys will fly the former NWA airplanes."



"Vic- Thanks for the short 'Sermon.' I enjoyed my lunch only once this year. Is it true that 'Landing Lights' were taken off the check list because the page was too short? Would you consider a page 1/8 inch longer? Superb job this year. Even I was motivated."

The checklist includes only items directly related to safety of flight. Exceptions are made for items which would cause extreme embarrassment to the pilot or to NWA.

NWA Flt-Ops personnel expected Don Nelson to either share his "plan" to merge the two airlines Flt-Ops, or ask that they produce a plan. That never happened. Duane Edelman had the experience of two big mergers, and he knew what was in store for NWA Flt-Ops. I finished the 580 type rating and safety time in September, and observed Republic 580 crews on line flights. I told Don Nelson they were doing a good job with the 580, and in the near future NWA should not change the 580 procedures.

"2 hours of Vic Britt is toooo much. I sometimes get the impression that Flight Standards makes changes for the sake of change, or to be compatible with the Republic procedures. The 747 fleet will soon have new weight pages—it would have been appropo [sic] to delete some of 'Flight Standards' briefing and talk about the 'new' weight info for the 747."

Positions after October 1986 Merger: 1) Don Nelson became NWA VP Flt-Ops. 2) Gene Frank NWA Senior Director-Flt-Ops reported to Don Nelson. 3) Bob Cavill NWA and Duane Edelman RC were equals and Directors-Flt-Stds reporting to Gene Frank. 4) Bob and Duane each had pilots designated as Manager Flt-Stds for each aircraft in their "stable" who were responsible for keeping their assigned Aircraft Operations Manual (AOMs) up to date: SOPA, SMAC, Emergency and abnormal procedures.

"Reverend Vic, Enjoyed your presentation sermon. Before the tape started in SEA there were many catcalls and cries of 'Fast-Forward Britt'... Two minutes into your talk (and until the end) not a word was said—complete attention. You've got the gift to discuss effectively the uncomfortable issues that confront us. Look forward to next year's presentation."

During 1987 the NWA and RC Flt-Stds pilots spent most of the day putting out fires from the day prior, and part of the afternoon addressing issues needing attention the next day, and occasionally taking a look at “bombs” arriving the next week. No serious discussions of how to merge the aircraft flight procedures (SOPA, Checklists—Normal and Emergency) of the two airlines were held until late fall 1987. All changes to flight procedures and checklists for either former NWA or former RC pilots were handled by their respective Director Flt-Stds and Managers Flt-Stds. NWA Flt-Stds pilots made all changes to former Northwest Aircraft, and RC Flt-Stds pilots made all changes to former Republic aircraft throughout 1986/87/88.

“Capt. Britt had some very good ideas and points to ponder during this year’s training, however after 2 hours of his preaching one starts to think he should turn his collar around and pass the plate so we can all be saved!”

DTW Accident: In August 1987 an MD80 accident at DTW led to a rumor circulating that: “Northwest had imposed their procedures on the Republic pilots with little or no training.. ***But it was not true.*** The pre-merger RC MD80 checklist followed closely the checklist in the FAA approved McDonnell Douglas MD80 Aircraft Operating Manual (AOM). McDonnell Douglas made checklist changes to the flaps in the MD80 AOM prior to the NWA/RC merger in October 1986. The revised McDonnell Douglas checklist change was not made to the former Republic MD80’s until spring 1987. The “old” checklist had “Republic Airlines” prominently printed on the checklist, but Republic Airlines no longer existed when the revised checklist was distributed. Thus the name of the airline on the new checklist became “Northwest Airlines” and that was the only thing on the revised MD80 checklist that resembled an NWA checklist. The changes to the MD80 checklist were made by former RC Flt-Stds pilots who now worked in Northwest Airlines Flt-Ops. The changes to the checklist were in compliance with the changes to the FAA approved McDonnell/Douglas MD80 AOM. No NWA Flt-Ops pilot provided any input to the MD80 checklist change made in spring 1987. The DTW NTSB accident report indicated the accident was driven by the failure of the flight crew to follow procedures and checklist protocol. The NTSB had issued a similar finding for an NWA B-727 accident in November 1975.

“Keep up the good work. You present a tough, necessary subject with wit and good humor. Please keep hitting us between the eyes with the 2 X 4. It feels good to know someone cares. If you had any “Perfect Pilot’s” it would have been only because you did not ask the right questions.”

Flt-Ops Reorganized: Duane Edelman was primary contact for the FAA and NTSB on the DTW MD80 accident. The accident investigation was more than a full time job for the next year, and Duane handled it well. In October 1987 after seven years in Flt-Ops Bob Cavill took a well-deserved break and returned to line flying. Don Nelson took that opportunity to reorganize Flt-Ops and appointed Dave Haapala sole Director-Flight Standards reporting to Gene Frank Senior Director-Flt-Stds. Dave Haapala was overloaded the moment he took the job. Flt-Stds-Managers for the B-727, B-747, B-757, DC9, MD80, DC10, and CV-580 all reported to Dave. The 747-400 and A-320 were arriving in 1989, and those alone were a full time job. Dave got some relief in January 1988 when he became Director-Flight Operations: Future Aircraft, and I became Director-Flight Operations: Current Aircraft (all aircraft except 747-400 and A320).

“I hearby [sic] award Vic Britt the honorary degree of Doctor of Bovine Scatology BS/MS/PhD, for 30 min of info crammed into 2 hours.”

“C” Manual and NASIP Inspections: In 1988 and again in 1991, Northwest was advised a team of thirty (30) FAA inspectors would imbed in the Airline for 30 days while conducting a “ground up” NASIP inspection of Flight Operations, Flight Training, and Hanger/Line Maintenance Operations. Gene Frank, Senior Director-Flight Standards and Tom Schellinger, Senior Director-Flying collaborated to build an “Inspection Team” that looked, walked and talked like the “soon to arrive NASIP inspectors.” The team leaders were two junior 727 second officers, one a former MSP FAA Inspector and the other a former Eastern Airlines pilot with the energy of ten and an inability to hear the word NO! The coming NASIP was the impetus for the total revision of the “C” Manual in 1988. The “NASIP” team leaders convinced Gene Frank that if the “C” manual was not updated NWA would not pass the NASIP.

With some effort, Gene convinced Don Nelson that the “C” Manual had to be updated NOW. Two former RC pilots from North Central and Southern did an outstanding rewrite of what we now called the Northwest Flight Operations Manual (FOM). The result in preparing Flt-Ops for the NASIP was so successful that the team was loaned to Flight Training and Maintenance to help in their preparation for the NASIP.

The 1988 and 1991 NASIP inspection results at Northwest were the best that any major airline had ever achieved. Airlines were getting fined between \$1 million and \$9 million per inspection. In 1992 after our second NASIP Northwest Airlines was not fined a single nickel. A first for any large commercial carrier.

“I was going to write a slam on your two hour ‘sermon.’ However, your lecture was: 1) Interesting 2) Informative 3) Food for thought and 4) It will cause change in my habit patterns. Two hours well spent.”

WorldFlight: From late 1988 to summer 1990 Flt-Ops coordinated with dispatch on a new, tailored to NWA needs, flight planning system. The Eastern Airlines flight planning system RC brought with them was deemed not acceptable, and Northwest traded ten slots into O’Hare for WorldFlight, the United Air Lines flight planning system. It took Northwest over two years, and enough man-hours to have designed from scratch their own flight planning system, to get WorldFlight to fill Northwest’s requirements. Two months after the World-flight/O’Hare slot trade was finalized the former RC/NWA employee who proposed and brokered the trade moved into his new United Air Lines office in Chicago. And United began operating ten new flights each day between MSP and ORD.

“Why waste two hours of Recurrent Training with listening to Vic Britt’s drivel? Couldn’t we find topics more beneficial than two hours of watching Vic stroke himself [sic].”

Pressure to Merge Operations: Two forces pressed Flt-Ops/Flt-Stds in 1987/88. The DTW accident and pressure from the “Executive” branch to expedite merger of the two very different pilot groups flying similar aircraft, the B-727 and B-757. The airline needed to gain the efficiency of combining 727/757 line operations to achieve benefits promised by the merger. They wanted the 727 pilots merged first as it was costly to staff and schedule the B-727 fleet separately. Gene Frank met weekly with the group working to update WorldFlight to fit NWA needs, and the “Leader” of the working group kept after Gene to agree to mix the 727 flight crews from the two airlines without common manuals or procedures. Gene told her it was not safe and refused to consider it. Gene said, “She had someone’s ear at the General Office (GO) and was the one who prevented me from getting the people I needed for the manual standardization project. I remember her telling me, “Aircraft accidents make airlines money, and not to worry about it.” This was before the MD80 at Detroit.”

“Vic, I am guilty of several of the ‘Bad Traits’ you brought up. I will change. Thanks.”

B-727 “Orange” Book: The former RC B-727 pilots used their RC checklists and procedures until early 1989 when the new B-727 “Orange Book” was published. Each aircraft’s AOM was assigned a distinctive color to make it easier to identify the 9 different aircraft types flown by NWA. NWA did not change any B-727 manuals or checklists used by former RC pilots until the new B-727 “Orange Book” debuted. Several former RC B-727

Flt-Ops pilots were members of the “Orange Book” team that produced the new B-727 Aircraft Operating Manual, flight procedures and checklists. The B-727 Manager Flt-Stds and his group tried hard to capture the best of both airlines, and came a lot closer to that goal than has Delta in the latest merger. The RC pilots also created a new meaning for NWA, “Not Written Anywhere” because some of the things we thought we had written in SOPA were nowhere to be found. We were standardized and all were trained that way, but it was not in the book. The RC B-727 pilots received ground school and simulator training to practice what were new concepts to them. We tried to get approval for a day of ground school for the NWA pilots as the changes were more intricate than a quick scan revealed. We were not successful and the NWA pilots only got bulletins describing the revised procedures.

B-757 Transition: The former RC B-757 pilots operated their Rolls Royce B-757s with the original RC manuals and checklists until the RC B-757s were returned to the lease company. When the former RC pilots transferred into NWA B-757 P&W’s they received ground school and simulator checkouts on aircraft differences, Checklists, SOPA, SMAC, etc.

“Typical Vic Britt—2 hours of talking, 5 minutes of information! Same rehash of last year’s highlights, only more boring! Reduce Vic Britt’s tired and inefficient road shows by 10% instead of cutting the pay of employees who really work for a living!”

DC9/MD80 Transition: By fall 1989 the former RC DC9s and MD80s were the only aircraft operating with former RC procedures and checklists. The DC9/MD80 Training Managers and Flight Instructors were anxious to introduce the “new” manuals and procedures to the former RC pilots, and became believers in SOPA and well-defined normal procedures and checklists. The instructors and line check airmen received a day of ground school and simulator training in the new procedures. The DC9/MD80 line pilots received ground school training only, as we could not convince “management” to provide simulator training. All RC flight instructors and line check airmen spent the cutover month observing line crews, and made themselves available to answer questions, offer suggestions, and smooth the transition.

“Get some desks or tables for us poor hillbillies down South so we’ll have a place to put our spare ‘chew’ and possibly be able to receive something of value from your sermons (I doubt it!). You need to learn the difference between perception and reality before you lecture on them. I follow SOPA and SMAC!! It appears you conveniently select certain recommendations of Dr. Berlin and NASA and dump the rest, especially regarding checklist format.”

Drs. Berlin, Degani and Wiener, and Captain Paul A. Soderlind: Dr. Jerry Berlin, Dr. Earl Weiner and Dr. Asaf Deganni conducted research on normal procedures and checklist construction at NWA in 1990. They were “imbedded” within Flt-Ops and to my knowledge were not critical of Northwest Airlines’ approach to normal operating procedures, SOPA, and checklist construction. Northwest Airlines’ SOPA, flight procedures and checklist construction was in step with concepts they had “developed” and which NASA and the FAA recommended.

Dr. Berlin did nearly all of his research and writing on flows and checklists at Jet Propulsion Lab in Pasadena, California. Dr. Degani and Dr. Wiener collaborated at NASA Ames Research Center at Moffett field. The three came to the same conclusion that created the underpinnings for what many of the world’s airlines use today as a reference in designing their flight crew normal operating procedures. Namely, that well defined roles for flow pattern execution, checklist validation, and crew interaction are the key to safe and effective cockpit behavior. This was the same conclusion that Captain Paul A Soderlind of Northwest Orient Airlines came to in 1964 when he introduced **Standard Operating Procedures—Amplified (SOPA)** to the NWA pilot group with the arrival of the Boeing 727-100.

From a DC-9 rudder trim cover: “Vic Britt is a Stepford Wife.”

SOPA and Human Factors: The pilots in Flt-Ops during the period that the AOMs were revised and flight procedures standardized for the ten (10) different aircraft types did not invent anything new. We stood on the shoulders of an aviation safety, cockpit procedures, coordination and standardization genius whose name was Captain Paul A Soderlind. Paul designed a system of procedures that enhanced the probability of safely flown aircraft, and had “Human Factors” embedded in it twenty-five (25) years before the aviation behavioral psychologists got into the game and applied it to aviation.

Paul Soderlind called his system STANDARD OPERATION PROCEDURES—AMPLIFIED (SOPA) and it spelled out for each phase of flight: 1) What each crewmember was expected to do; 2) When they were to do it; 3) The command given for implementation of action, and 4) The response of each crewmember to indicate the action was understood and completed. Northwest pilots knew what to expect during each phase of flight from each crewmember, and it eliminated co-pilots carrying a “notebook” on how each captain liked to do things. Deviation from SOPA was not accepted by Northwest line pilots. Only valuable items were allowed on checklists and pilot interaction was simplified and scripted. The wording used in the different phases of flight (e.g., Call-

outs/On Command Items) and Emergency Procedures were standardized across fleets with no room left for ad hoc additions.

Several pilots from another airline riding as extra crew in Northwest cockpits described the ambience therein: “There was a very well established flow, script, and expectation surrounding how a flight deck was to run, who was to do what and when, and what the expectation was. Standardization was very high, and the expectation of each crewmember was predictable. The Northwest pilots tend to do things exactly the way they are written in the book and take the crew duties chart literally. That is their culture.” An examination of past FAA NASIP inspection results reveal that no other U.S. airline put as much emphasis and focus on standardization and standard procedures as did Northwest Airlines.

“I first heard of Vic Britt through osmosis on the line before recurrent last year. The consensus from those who had already attended, was recurrent was pretty much the same except this Britt character was a new wrinkle. ‘A Gen. Patton-like speech without the charisma—same ego though.’ I didn’t think I was going to like you—and I wasn’t disappointed... Vic- I’m not exactly sure how you did it, but I think you are getting people’s attention. For my own part—I will be making some changes in my operation.”

My Apologies to those who did the hard work: I have not recognized by name any of the Flt-Ops/Flt-Training pilots and their staff whose talents and hard work “above and beyond” helped put the “new” Northwest Airlines flight operations procedures and checklists together. That was intentional. All of this occurred some 25 to 30 years ago and I would have left out, or would have forgotten, too many of those whose efforts were vital to what we accomplished. If you worked in Flt-Ops or in Flight Training during that time, I appreciate your efforts and thank you. I also thank the chief pilots who responded to requests that I made for their help. We could not have achieved the positive results we had implementing the new procedures and checklists without the chief pilots and their line check pilots support.

From an email about four years ago: *“Good Morning Vic, I’ve done some work for (several airlines) around pilot training, flight ops, etc., so I have seen the workings of flight ops from a number of perspectives in my post-NWA days. I just want you to know that the products we created were unparalleled in the industry (and this is not just my personal bias, I have heard the same thing from independent sources)—and more than likely, no airline will ever again see the quality of flight operations procedures that we all created back then. The good old days.” ✈*



MSP CHRISTMAS PARTY



The party committee

Photography thanks to Ray Alexander



Kathleen Palmen, Steve Lillyblad, Sherry Wenborg,
Sharon Kreutzmann



Kathy Williams, Jody Bartlett, Penny White



Ray & Kittie Alexander



Doug & Sherry Wenborg



Gary & Joan Thompson



Kathy Hogan, Margo Bertness



Art & Beverly Bein



Dennis & Margo Bertness



Roger & Rosie Grotbo



David Miley



Ned & Ellen Stephens



Dick & Barb Erlandson



Gene & Helen Frank



Vikki & Jim Hancock



Bob & Georgeia Johnson



Lloyd & Sharon Melvie



George & Connie Morrison



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Anne Kerr, Carol Hall, Gail Diercks



K. P. & Nancy Haram



Dean & Marian Mittelstaedt



Dick Brown, Steve & Stevie Towle



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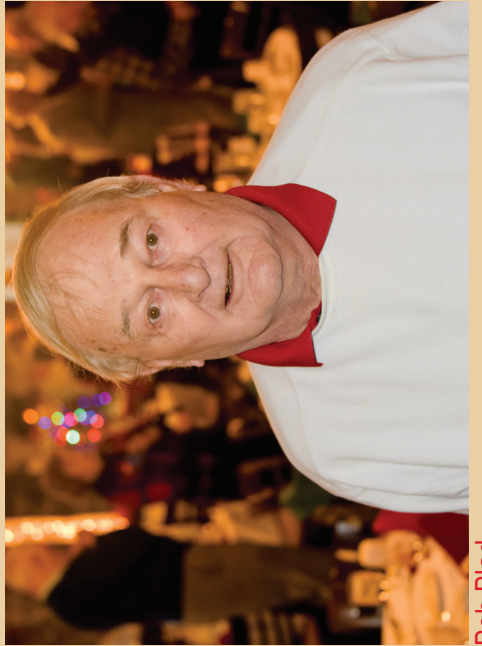
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Keith Maxwell & Kathy Zielie



Lois Abbott, Howie & Midge Glenna



Bob Blad



Susan Koska, Hal Hockett



Bob & Penny White



Tom Dummer



Don & Jane Chadwick



Ray & Dee Dolny



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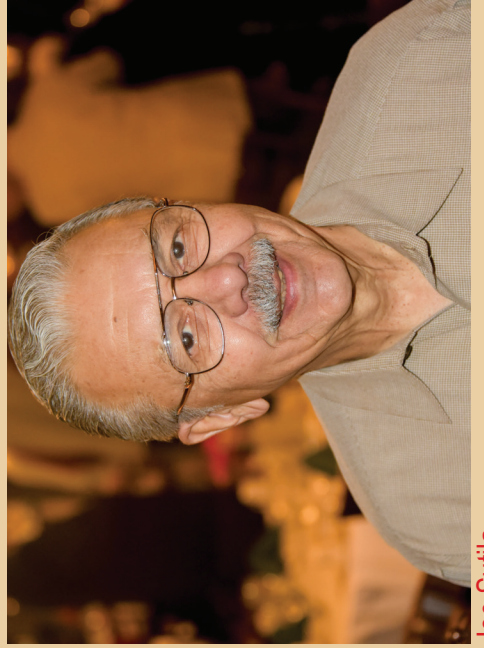
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Kathy Murphy, Gary Thompson



Tim & Marilyn Olson



Pete Johnson & Claudia Waters



Rod & Dee Hald



Joel Long, Tuud Long



Dick & Sue Duxbury



Jim & Norma Driver



Tom & Judy Schellinger



Terry & Susan Marsh



Elaine Mielke, Helen Frank



Lee Bradshaw



Lynn & Steve Filipas



Chuck & Jody Bartlett



Dave & Jane Sanderson,



Dianne & Gene Tveit



Lowell & Joi Kegley



Mike & Michelle Garrison



John & Barbara Vivian



Jim & Patty Jo Halverson



Bob & Ann Turner



Dan & Joyce Farkas



John & Evangeline Peikert



Kathleen Palmen, Les McNamee



Sherry Johnson, Kathy Murphy



Dale & Diane Ebben



Dick & Stephanie Wing



Tom & Sue Ebner



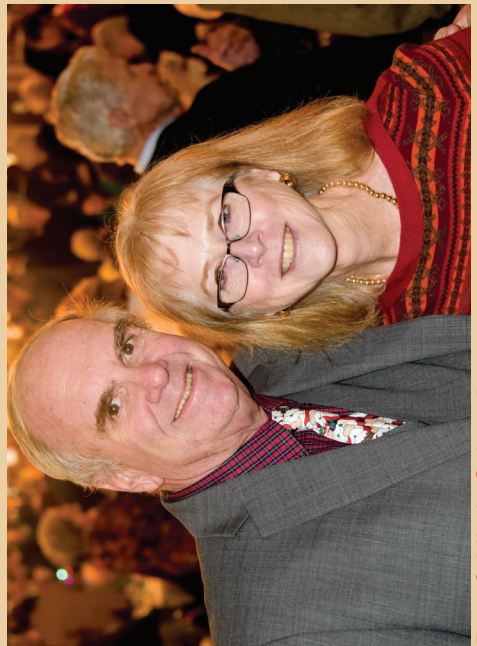
Lowell Williams



John & Vikki Van Eendenburg



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Steve Lillyblad, Kathleen Palmen



Bill Cameron



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Kathy Bell, Jack Cornforth



Pete & Ann Brown



Tom Erickson, Pete Johnson



Joyce Farkas, John Vivian



Don Wiedner, Kick Wing



Kittie Alexander, Joyce Farkas



NOEL L. SMITH
1931 ~ 2015

Captain Noel L. Smith, age 84, passed on October 17, 2015. He is gone to be with his beloved wife “Petie” after a 15 year battle with prostate cancer. Noel was born July 19, 1931 in Madison, Wisconsin to Genevieve and Charles “Les” Smith, of the renowned NWA Smith twins. Noel’s father Les, his twin brother Lee, and older brother Chad were among the first 12 pilots hired by Northwest Airlines.

Growing up in Minneapolis, Noel was an acclaimed junior horseman. Brothers Les and Lee Smith purchased a farm near Rosemount, MN for their horses. Noel grew up on that farm and during those years developed an interest in farming. He went on to earn a degree in animal husbandry and agriculture from the University of Minnesota.

Noel was commissioned an Ensign in the U.S. Navy through the ROTC program at the University of Minnesota. Immediately thereafter he entered USN flight training at NAS Pensacola, Florida. Noel became a Navy carrier qualified AD-5 Skyraider pilot, cruising the Mediterranean with the U.S. Sixth Fleet. He served aboard the USS Coral Sea as a pilot assigned to VC-33; in this capacity he logged 128

carrier landings in the very challenging AD-5.

In 1955, while returning home to Minnesota on leave, Noel met Phyllis Joan “Petie” Peters, a NWA stewardess on the flight. They married in 1956 and were together for 55 years until her death in 2012. (Her obituary is in Passages, issue 182, May 2012).

Noel joined NWA in 1957, but also remained affiliated with the U.S. Naval Reserve until November 20, 1962. During his 30 years with Northwest, Noel flew the 707, 727, the DC-10 and the 747-100. He early retired from NWA on July 31, 1987.

During his active career years, Noel and Petie raised five children on the Sky Acres farm in Rosemount that was formerly owned by his father and uncle. On these 160 acres Noel and Petie raised corn, alfalfa, and pigs. The family relocated to Honolulu when NWA opened a crew base there. NWA closed the Honolulu base in 1973 and the family resettled in Clyde Hill, Washington.

Many NWA pilots’ life milestones are dated with reference to strikes or layoffs. Such was Noel’s “great wall episode.” When the family moved to Honolulu, Noel and Petie purchased a brand new “spec” house located on the slopes of Koko Head. The house was on a steep slope, located just above the Kaiser Estate with spectacular views of Diamond Head across the bay (they used to film shots for Hawaii 5-0 from the vacant lot next door). Shortly after purchasing their home NWA pilots went on strike. Noel took advantage of the moment to build a large retaining wall out of lava rocks around the downslope perimeter of the property, backfilling the yard, and installing a swimming pool. There evolved a quasi-assembly line with Petie and the five children manning the cement mixer and carrying the rocks over to Noel one by one.

Noel was an avid lifelong golfer who participated in numerous Pro-Am and ALPA gold tournaments. He was a member of Overlake Golf and Country club in Bellevue for 40 years. The couple had an active social life and maintained a broad circle of friends through correspondence, getting together on various trips, enjoying cocktails and playing bridge. Part of the reason Noel retired early was to spend more time traveling with Petie. They traveled to Africa, South America and Australia, and throughout Europe as well as Tokyo, Hong Kong, Manila, and throughout most of the U.S.

Noel and Petie were active and generous in supporting numerous charities throughout their lives, attending various charity functions, and serving on committees. The groups they supported included the Seattle Children’s Hospital, Overlake Hospital and Marquette University

Their middle child, Cathy, died in 2007. Noel is survived by their other four children (Angie, Mike, Patty and Stone), 10 grandchildren, two great-grandchildren; and his younger brother Robert Smith.

(– Bill Day)



I ALWAYS SAID THAT A GOOD DAY WAS WHEN I WAS STILL ABLE TO LOOK DOWN AT A GOLF BALL. NOW A GOOD DAY IS LOOKING DOWN FROM HIGH ABOVE AT MY LOVELY BRIDE, TOOTZ, MY KIDS AND GRAND KIDS, MY GOOD FRIENDS AND BUDDIES AND THE REST OF YOU BUMS CHARACTERS...



THOMAS EDWARD KELLEY, JR.
1933 ~ 2015

Captain Thomas E. Kelley, Jr., age 82, passed away November 10, 2015 succumbing to cancer. A Marine to the end, he fittingly passed away on the Marine Corps 240th birthday.

Tom Kelley was born in Stoneham, Massachusetts under the most stressful of circumstances—his mother died during Tom's childbirth. Tom and his older sister were raised by his father and grandmother who imbued the children with strong Catholic roots. He attended Malden Catholic High School where he participated in football and baseball. After high school he spent two years studying engineering at Tufts University before entering the military.

Tom entered USN flight training at NAS Pensacola as a Naval Aviation Cadet. He was assigned to NAVCAD class 20-54 along with the likes of Harry Bedrossian and Rex Nelick. Since he had some previous ROTC training, Tom was designated section leader. He received his preflight and basic flight training at NAS Pensacola's Corry, Saufley, and Barin Fields. Advanced flight training was at NAS Kingsville.

In 1954 Tom received his USMC commission and US Navy pilot wings. Now 2/Lt. Kelley, Tom was first assigned to VMF-122 at MCAS Cherry Point. VMF-122 flew the



... SO, THIS IS YOUR CAPTAIN, THOMAS KELLEY! SIGHING OFF FOR THE VERY LAST TIME ON A FLIGHT WITH ONLY CLEAR BLUE SKIES AND NO POSSIBILITY OF TURBULENCE AND WHEN YOU HEAR SOMEONE SAY, "THIS IS YOUR CAPTAIN SPEAKING," THINK OF ME, SINCE WE'LL PROBABLY BE ABOUT 30,000 FEET CLOSER I LOVE YOU ALL.—EVERY LAST DAMN ONE OF YOU. GOD BLESS!
—TOM

FJ-2/-3, a USN version of the Air Force's North American F-86 Sabre. Plagued with problems when operating aboard ship, the FJ-2/-3 was flown exclusively by Marine Corps squadrons while in front line service

Tom's next assignment was as a cryptography officer at NAF Atsugi, Japan. An interesting side note to that assignment was that the infamous Corporal Lee Harvey Oswald worked in the same office. Tom later served as an operations officer assigned to the Headquarters and Maintenance squadrons there.

Released from active duty after his Japan tour, Tom entered civilian life in Massachusetts and found a slot with a USMC Reserve unit. In early 1958 Harry Bedrossian contacted Tom about airline flying. At the time Tom was selling gasoline pumps. Tom took Harry's advice and joined NWA on April 04, 1959. That was to be a banner year for Tom; for in 1959 Tom also met Irma "Tootz" Hansen, a NWA flight attendant, who became his wife of 55 years. The couple married September 17, 1960 at Cold Springs, Minnesota—Tootz's hometown.

The USMC Reserve affiliation continued until 1964. It is an understatement to say that Tom had a spirited career at NWA. He enjoyed the work and loved the airplanes he flew during his 34 year career; the Douglas DC-4, 6, 7, the Lockheed Electra (L-188), the Boeing 707 series, followed by the 727 and ending with the 747/100-200. Those of us who flew with Tom remember the famous twinkle in his eye along with his broad Irish smile.

The Kelley family laid down roots in Bloomington, MN where they raised three girls and a son. Tom had an enduring affection for the game of golf and when his seniority permitted he bid Glasgow layovers to avail himself of the famous Scottish golf courses. Toward the end of his career Tom bid the CRAF 747 contract flying to the Persian Gulf during Gulf War 1. On February 12, 1993 he turned age sixty and his airline career ended.

The Kelley couple quickly adapted to retirement. Tom



and Tootz moved to Big Fish Lake at Cold Springs, MN and concurrently purchased a seasonal condo at St. Pete Beach, Florida. When “back north in Minnesota” Tom would get lost in his

shop working on car restoration projects and tending to his beloved Farmall tractor. He and Tootz remained devoted lifetime Roman Catholics. Friends were also important in Tom’s life. A buddy summed it up when he said, simply, “Tom was as good a friend as you could have.”

At the end Tom was under hospice care at home where he wanted to be. He remained keenly aware of his friends and family. Tom is survived by his wife Irma, “Tootz;” daughters Kim, Jill, Peggy, son Patrick and two grandsons, Owen and Griffin.
(– Bill Day)



DEAN E. SUNDE
1934 ~ 2015

Captain Dean E. Sunde, age 81, took his final check ride on November 8, 2015. He courageously coped with the physically debilitation effects of Chronic Inflammatory Demyelinating Polyneuropathy (CIDP) for over a year. Dean was born April 18, 1934 in Montrose, South Dakota and graduated from high school in Minneapolis. In 1954, after attending the University of Minnesota, he was accepted into the USAF Cadet Pilot Training Program. He received his Air Force wings in the summer of 1955. While in the active Air Force Dean flew the Douglas B-26, C-47, B-66 and B-57. After active duty he affiliated with the Washington Air National Guard 116th Fighter Interceptor Squadron at Geiger Field, Spokane, WA.



Dean was hired by Northwest Airlines in May 08, 1959. During his 34 year career at NWA he flew the DC-4, 6, 7, L-188, B-727, B707-720, DC-10, and 747. He primarily worked in the Flight Technical Division as a test, acceptance and ferry pilot and was considered by nationally acclaimed Paul Soderlind as his best pilot and right hand man. Paul and Dean were noted in a 1969 book by Robert J. Serling, Loud and Clear.....The Full Answer to Aviation’s Vital Question: Are the Jets Really Safe?

Mr Serling witnessed a NWA acceptance flight on May 1967 for Boeing 727, registration N499US, the last 727 on a 30 NWA plane order. An excerpt from the book follows: *In charge of the acceptance flight is Captain Paul Soderlind, whose official title is Northwest’s Director of flight Operations-Technical. He ranks among the world’s finest pilots. The co-pilot is a younger man, Dean Sunde. He is slim, dark and handsome and he has a wry, rather puckish sense of humor. Sunde is already sitting in the right seat armed with a twenty-page document which carries the simple title, “NWA Acceptance Test-Boeing 727-51.”*

Captain Howard Glenna worked often with Dean and says he was the most knowledgeable, patient, professional and extremely thorough pilot—a great personality and pilot’s pilot. Captain Sunde devoted much of his life to building projects, woodworking and hobby farming. In the ’70s he designed, planned and built an elegant hobby farm on 15 acres of land at Prior Lake, MN. He also owned a Piper Arrow for 28 years named Romeo and last flew it at age 80. Dean did some RC float plane flying and was a member of the Academy of Model Aeronautics (AMA).

Dean and his wife of 55 years spent the last 20 winters in Green Valley, AZ and summers in Coeur d’ Alene, ID and Spokane, WA. They enjoyed reminiscing with fellow pilots at numerous RNPA events.

Dean is survived by his loving wife Meredith, daughters Susan (Eric) Merrick Julie (Todd) Ullrich , Tami (Jeffrey) Duty, son David (Susan) Sunde, and five grandchildren. Dean was loved by all who knew him and will be greatly missed.
(– Dan Farkas)



**JOHN
"RED"
KENNEDY
1923 ~ 2015**

John "Red" Kennedy, age 92, a retired NWA pilot passed away on November 28, 2015. Born March 01, 1923 to John and Carrie on a homestead in Almont, North Dakota.

John's parents struggled with homesteading poor farm land, crop failures, and a hostile environment until he was four years old. The family thereafter moved to St. Paul, MN where he attended school, graduating from Johnson High School at mid-year in January of 1941. He was hired by NWA the following May as an aircraft groomer and soon thereafter began a mechanic apprenticeship. By time NWA began their WWII "Northern Region" military contract operations Red was a licensed mechanic. After having depleted his NWA employee draft deferments, Red enlisted in the Navy.

The Navy overlooked Red's valuable and certifiable aircraft mechanic experience and trained him instead to operate aircraft carrier arresting gear. By then Red was already well versed in how to properly time a radial engine, a much needed skill often lacking in the neophyte Navy mechanics. During an off watch break, Red and a friend took it upon themselves to time a number of aircraft awaiting attention. The regular mechanics were so impressed that Red no longer had to stand another arresting gear watch.

In 1946 Red separated from the Navy and returned to NWA. At a St. Paul church function he encountered Hannah Johnson, a high school acquaintance. The couple started dating and a wedding followed on March 14, 1947. Hannah and Red lost one infant at childbirth, but raised two (healthy) boys and a (healthy) girl.

NWA's records show that John "Red" Kennedy was a Mechanic, Chief Mechanic, Crew Chief, Maintenance Inspector, and Flight Engineer. He flew as flight engineer on the Boeing StratoCruiser, DC-6, DC-7, and Lockheed Electra. When the opportunity arose for flight engineers to transition to the pilot seats, Red started acquiring FAA ratings and building time. He and some of his

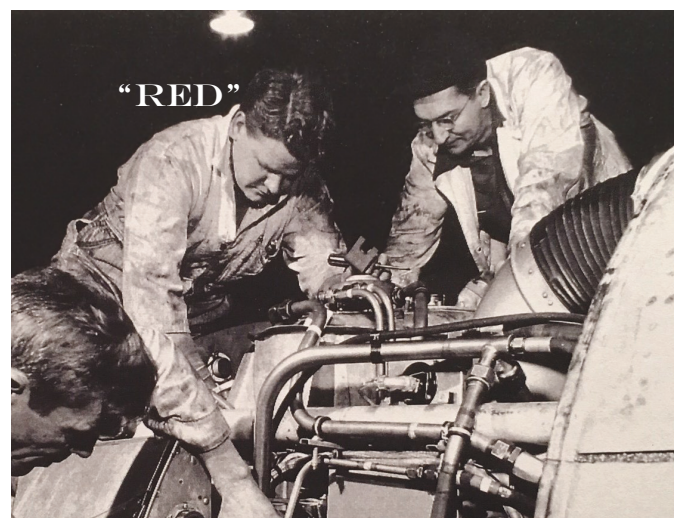
cohorts purchased a Piper TriPacer which they used for building flight time. In 1964 Red checked out as a First Officer (copilot) and thereafter he flew as F/O on the DC-6, DC-7, the Boeing 707 series and the Boeing 747/100-200.

Toward the end of his career Red was flying a 747/200 when it incurred a catastrophic engine failure on #3 engine. After landing back at NRT, a visual inspection of the engine revealed that the engine's fan, compressor and turbine blades were almost totally gutted. They were fortunate the debris from #3 did not take out engine #4, setting up a serious emergency. Red put all this behind him when he retired on February 28, 1983, the senior first officer on the 747.

In 1968 Red and Hannah moved to their long term quarters in Mendota Heights, MN where they remained until 2014. The extended Kennedy family had owned some lake property for 100 years on Smith Lake near Brainard. Red built a seasonal retirement home there in 1975. He was skilled with hand tools and wood working which was applied to the unique skill of chair caning.

In 1976 Red and his son were culling out a tree when he incurred a ladder accident (pilot's disease) and suffered a severe fall. Red broke almost all his ribs, a wrist, and sustained other fractures. In the aftermath he spent 25 days in intensive care before beginning his rehabilitation. Made of hearty stock, Red was back in the cockpit within six months.

In 2014 Red and Hannah left Mendota Heights and moved into assisted living. Red was a lifetime student of the Bible and at the end of his life an active participant in the group Bible study at the home. He is survived by his wife Hannah; children Kurt, Paul, and Heather Solum; six grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren. Red was a great credit to Northwest Airlines and his fellow airmen, he will be greatly missed.
(- Bill Day)





**ROBEERT THOMAS MCCLELLAN
1922 ~ 2015**

Captain Robert Thomas “Bob” McClellan, age 93, flew west on September 17, 2015. Bob was born in Minneapolis on March 25, 1922, the fifth of a family of six children. Bob had three older brothers and two sisters. His parents owned a “classic corner grocery store” that was attached to their home. Bob delivered groceries for his parents and it is likely he first met his future wife delivering groceries to her parents’ house.

As a grade school student he spent his summers on a cousin’s farm helping with farm chores. He graduated from DeLaSalle High School in Minneapolis and went on to attend the University of St. Thomas in St. Paul, MN.

Responding to his country’s call to duty during World War II, he enlisted in the Marine Corps Reserve on July 20, 1942. Bob began naval aviation cadet training at NAS Jacksonville on August 7, 1942. He performed well in flight training, which included fighter specialized training. October 12, 1943 Bob received his Naval Aviator Wings and was commissioned a 2/Lt. in the U.S. Marine Corps Reserve.

He was transferred to San Diego where he learned to fly the Chance-Vought F4-U Corsair. Completing this training Bob was assigned to the famous Marine Air Group-21 (MAG-21) and stationed on the small Pacific island of Efate (Île Vate) in Vanuata. It was there he honed his fighter pilot skills against a Japanese adversary. Bob was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for his heroism and extraordinary achievement fighting the Japanese in the Southwest Pacific War.

Early in 1945 Bob was reassigned to VMF-233 (F4-U). In the Philippine campaign he faced intense hostile anti-aircraft fire for which he was awarded two Air Medals and a Gold Star. He and his squadron later saw additional action on Okinawa. Bob separated from active USMC duty on October 19, 1945 and remained a reservist.

After his service in the Pacific Bob resettled back in Minnesota. On August 28, 1948 he married Betty Brancheau in Minneapolis. Betty and Bob were married sixty-seven years and had eleven children. The couple started housekeeping in Minneapolis and eventually settled in Mound, Minnesota.

In the post war years Bob delivered bakery for Burt McGlynn of McGlynn Bakery (a high school buddy), sold real estate, had a business with his brother Ralph, and drove a city bus. He continued to drill with the USMC Reserves until July 3, 1950 when he retired.

NWA hired Bob on June 05, 1952. He started his career as a Douglas DC-3 copilot and later flew the DC-4, DC-6 & DC-7, the Lockheed Electra, and the Boeing 707 (720/320) series. Bob’s NWA flying career ended December 13, 1979 when he put away his much worn flight bag. At the time of retirement he was based at MSP flying captain on the Boeing 720/320.

In retirement Bob enjoyed golfing, bowling, motorcycle riding, traveling and playing bingo at the VFW and American Legion in Mound. He was the Vice Commander of the his VFW Post and a member of Our Lady of the Lake Church for fifty years.

Bob is survived by his wife Betty McClellan; children: Patrick, Stephen, Mark, Kevin, Phillip, Monica Elessor, Vincent, Mary Lou Johnson, Brian (deceased), Anthony, and Michael. He also left 23 grandchildren; and many great-grandchildren, nieces and nephews. (– Bill Day)





NEIL POTTS 1922 ~ 2015

Captain Neil Potts, age 93, a retired Northwest Airlines captain “Flew West” on October 6, 2015 from emphysema at his home in Eden Prairie, Minnesota in the presence of his family. He was born in Patoka, Illinois in 1922 to two school teachers Homer and Eva Potts, and had one brother, Dick. After graduation from high school Neil joined the Navy as a Naval Aviation Cadet and did so well in flight training that he became a “plow back.” That meant he would stay in the training command for at least a year as an instructor and relieve some other unlucky guy who got “plowed back” into the training command a year earlier. It does not always pay to do well.

Neil first met his future wife Lorraine when they were in high school and later in 1942 when he was home on leave from aviation cadet training. When he returned to flight training he sent Lorraine a letter telling her of his intention to marry her. Neil made good on his promise and after the war he and Lorraine married and moved to Boston where he went to work for TWA. TWA laid Neil off during his first year, and while on lay off status, Northwest Airlines hired him. So Neil and Lorraine packed their bags and headed for Richfield, Minnesota. Neil flew for Northwest the next 41 years.

In 1969 Northwest Airlines became an early customer for the Boeing 747, but Neil Potts was too junior in seniority to even dream of holding a 747 Captain bid for several years or more. Despite his seniority, Neil was “deep selected” to be Northwest Airlines first Boeing 747 Training Director. There were several Northwest pilots senior to Neil qualified to do the job, but there were none more capable. Neil Potts’ stick and rudder skills were to be envied, and his disposition and carriage were also to be admired. It seemed nothing could make Neil appear anxious and absolutely nothing could make him appear harried. He retired as captain on the 747 in 1982 and returned to fly as a 747 second officer until 1990. His second retirement did not stop him from spending time at Minneapolis-St. Paul International Airport. He and Lorraine volunteered for Travelers Assistance for 25 years until he was 91.

Neil’s family keeps memories of him tucked inside a jar. In little stories typed on strips of colored paper live memories of the calm, patient man who adored his wife of 70 years and instilled values of hard work and responsibility in his three children. Neil revisited those memories with his family and before he died, he thanked Lorraine for their life together saying, “We’ve had a wonderful life of 70 years.”

Their life did not come without turbulence, however, as their son Randy suffered a disabling car accident. He spent 15 days in a coma with his dad by his side telling him that he was going to be OK. “You felt so good in his presence,” Lorraine Potts said. “You always felt like he would take care of everything.”

From his peers and fellow workers:

Dayle Yates: *Neil was one of my favorite NWA family members...great to work with, a gentleman, an all-around great man. We have lost a good one. Lorraine was, always, a lady whenever we were in the same company—a wonderful pair.*

Dick Smith: *A great gardener and landscaper, he lived with his serious lung disease for many years and didn’t let it slow him down much. I flew with Neil a few times after he became a second officer. He handled that job very well, as he had his other assignments over the years with NWA. Before Mac retired, we three had breakfast with some regularity at the Lincoln Del. Neil was a strong believer in “actions speak louder than words,” but his opinions and observations were always well worth hearing, whenever we gave him a chance to speak. We could usually solve all of NWA’s and the world’s problems over breakfast.*

Bob Bartholomay: *I am sad to hear of your father’s passing! He will be known as a wonderful person to have known with NWA! He will be very much missed, and we will always understand what he did for NWA! His friend...*

Bill Horne: *Neil was one of the first captains I had the pleasure to fly with, and he did the job of captain proud every time he sat in the left seat. When I checked out as captain my goal was to model my actions around Neil and how he handled that position. Neil put a note in my mail box at work*

soon after and it said: "It's about time you went to work, well done." I treasured that note and still have it. If I flew even half as good as Neil, I would be happy.

Chuck Hagen: Our pilot group have lost so many really good guys lately that one expects it, but are never ready for it. Now he leaves us and it is overwhelming. My last flight was to L.A in 1990, and the next day I boarded a 727 to dead head to MSP. Neil boarded after I was seated, and always the consid-

erate gentleman he asked to take the seat next to me. I said: "I can't think of anyone I would rather have ride home with me from my last flight." It was his last flight also as he was retiring from flying second officer. Some people say, which I would like to believe: "Loved ones never leave us, they just go on ahead".

In addition to his wife Lorraine, son Randy, and daughters Carol and Becky, Neil is survived by two grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.
(- Vic Britt)



THOMAS S. GIEFER
1939 ~ 2015

Captain Thomas S. Giefer, age 76, a retired NWA captain "Flew West" at Bremerton, Washington on August 22, 2015. He passed peacefully with his is family at his side after a battle with cancer

Tom was born to Herbert and Rose Giefer and grew up in Minneapolis, Minnesota. He attended De La Salle High School (class of 57) on Nicollet Island. His high school friends report he was a gentleman always, very generous, and excelled at almost anything he attempted. In November of 1956 he and his high school buddies enlisted as Seamen E-1 in the Naval Air Reserve at NAS MSP. This was a first step toward eventual commissioning and flight training with the Navy. He watched planes take off and land at MSP, and knew he wanted to fly.

Following a stint at the University of Minnesota, Tom entered the Naval Aviation Cadet program at NAS Pensacola, Florida, assigned to class 03-60. Many identified Tom by his deep bass voice, a voice that was surely much appreciated in the Navy Cadet Choir at Pensacola. Singing in this choir became a favorite diversion from flight training. At graduation Tom's wings were pinned on him (now the youngest Naval aviator) by the oldest living Naval aviator Patrick Bellinger, Naval Aviator #8. After flight training Tom flew a number of fixed wing and helicopter aircraft. For much of



his USN active duty he was carrier based aboard the USS Intrepid as a Helicopter Anti-Sub (ASW) pilot with HELASRON 3. His additional duties include: NASA recovery flights, legal assistance officer, and flight instructor. Tom served six years of active duty. He liked to share that his boat, the USS Intrepid, is now a museum on the Hudson River NYC.

Leaving the Navy, Tom began a 28 year career with his hometown airline - NWA. He often remarked he had the best office and job, throughout his career he maintained a passion for flying. In October 1999, when his airline career ended, he was flying the Orient as captain on the 747-400.

Tom retired to Reno, NV to play golf, a favorite form of recreation. Belonging to Lakeridge Golf Club and later Arrow Creek Golf Club. He and his wife, Sherry, travelled the world for several years. When Tom needed to leave the high altitude of the Reno foothills for health reasons, they moved to Poulsbo, Washington where they enjoyed their tranquil Japanese garden and many birds amidst the cedars and firs.

Tom is survived by wife Sherry; son Edward Giefer; daughter Amy Giefer; stepson Stephen Sawyer; stepdaughter Stacey Korkki; brothers Peter, Herbert, and Anthony Giefer. He had six grandchildren to whom he was known as 'Pappy'. A life well lived.
(- Bill Day)



GARY JAY PRICE
1937 ~ 2015

Captain Gary J. Price, age 77, passed away on November 12, 2015. He was long term medically retired from NWA suffering from a malady similar to multiple sclerosis.

Gary was born to Clarence and Nina Price in Modoc County, California and grew up amidst the logging industry of southern Oregon. From his very early years he honed to be a woodsman and even as an early teen his summer employment involved logging. He attended high school in Klamath Falls, Oregon where he performed well as a student and athlete, a serious contender in wrestling. A Naval ROTC scholarship enabled Gary to attend Oregon State University where he majored in engineering. During his college years he met his future wife Joyce Kinkade, whom he married immediately after graduation. Thus began 55 years of marriage and family life.

Following college graduation Gary embarked upon USN active duty by reporting to NAS Pensacola for preflight and primary flight training. He opted for a multi-engine track which entailed further training at NAS New Iberia, LA. Successfully completing his advanced training he was winged on 28 September, 1961.

Gary and Joyce packed up and moved west to San Diego and North Island (Halsey Field) where he joined Anti-Submarine patrol squadron VS-29. He deployed with the fleet three separate cruises aboard the USS Kearsarge (CV-33) flying the S2F/B. Most of his carrier duty was of a peacetime character and the 1963 cruise included duty supporting the (NASA) Project Mercury Recovery Team. Gary yearned for more time with his family and separated from active duty in

the spring of 1965.

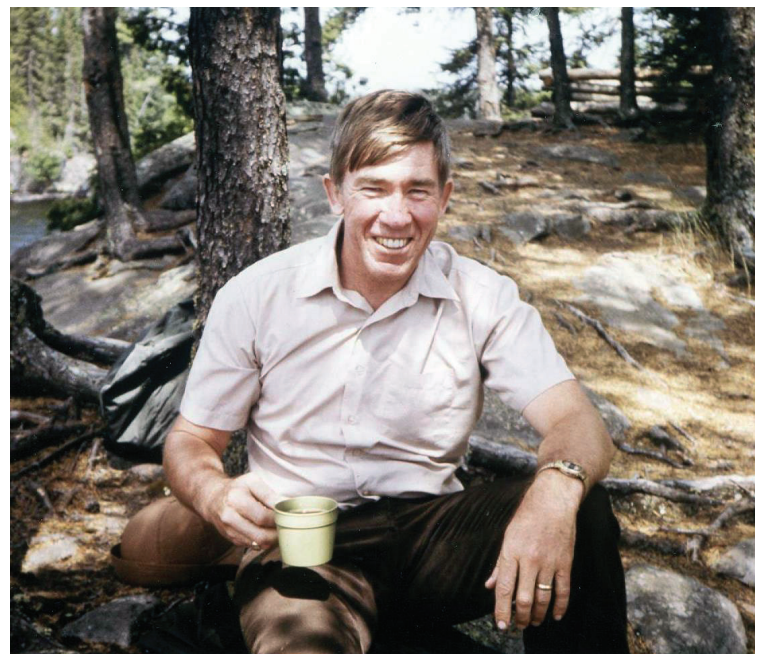
As a civilian Gary taught high school for an academic year in Eugene, Oregon and continued to fly with the USN Reserve at NAS Whidbey. High school teaching was not his niche, he choose instead to apply for pilot employment with NWA. Gary was hired by NWA on May 09, 1966. During his fairly short career at NWA, he flew as 727 S/O, 727 FO, 720/320 FO, DC-10 FO and 727 captain. He was medically retired on August 01, 1975. Medical grounding was tough for Gary to accept, but he took his lumps and moved on. He soon was hired by 3M as a technical writer and evolved later into a technical engineering instructor. In this capacity he trained 3M field staff from many countries, he especially enjoyed his time working in Italy.

Ever the outdoorsman, Gary enjoyed state park camping with his family in Minnesota. Well before his NWA retirement, Gary, Bill Day and Jack Mitzelfelt began annual Montana backpacking trips hosted by a controller at Missoula tower. Reaching the top of a mountain ridge, Gary said to me, "If we combined your legs and my lungs and chest, we could come up with half a good man." He was truly a contented man in the woods.

Gary was often described as the preeminent gentleman. He rarely raised his voice, had a propensity for kindness and loved doing productive work. Gary and Joyce were close with their two children, and supported them in the careers; today both his son and daughter reside in Minnesota. The couple also stayed close to their church and the community of friends they acquired there.

Gary was preceded in death by son-in law, Jesse Smith; and sister, Annalee Jurczewsky. He is survived by his wife of 55 years, Joyce; children, Lynda Smith and Jeff Price; and four grandchildren. I am proud to say that Gary Price was my best friend.

(- 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)		
STREET		
CITY		
STATE	ZIP+4	PHONE

DATE OF BIRTH (Optional for affiliate member)

DATE OF FIRST EMPLOYMENT WITH <input type="checkbox"/> NWA <input type="checkbox"/> DELTA AS:	
AN EMPLOYEE	A PILOT

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

IF CURRENTLY EMPLOYED BY DELTA INDICATE:	
BASE	POSITION

IF RETIRED, WAS IT "NORMAL" (Age 60/65 for pilots)?	YES ___	NO ___
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IF NOT, INDICATE TYPE OF RETIREMENT: MEDICAL ___	EARLY ___	RESIGNED ___
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APPROXIMATE NUMBER OF HOURS LOGGED

AIRLINE AIRCRAFT TYPES FLOWN AS PILOT

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

<input type="checkbox"/> CHANGE: This is a change of address or status only
--

MEMBERSHIP TYPE

<input type="checkbox"/> REGULAR (NR) \$45 Pilots: Retired NWA, post-merger retired Delta, or Active Delta
--

<input type="checkbox"/> AFFILIATE (AF) \$35 Spouse or widow of RNPA member, pre-merger Delta retired pilots, other NWA or Delta employees, a friend, or a pilot from another airline

PAYMENT

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

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