CONTRAILS

ISSUE NO. 199 AUGUST 2016

BOEING WAS 100 ON JULY 15TH!

March 3, 1919: William E. Boeing (r) and Eddie Hubbard complete the first international mail flight from Vancouver, B.C. to Seattle in Boeing's first airplane, the B & W Seaplane—later named the Model 1.

RETIRED NORTHWEST AIRLINES PILOTS' ASSOCIATION

CONTENTS

RNPA CONTRAILS

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Each Member!

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

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Notices to Airmen

DON'T DELAY!

Seattle Summer Picnic registration deadline is approaching – August 11th. Page 55.

Sign up for the Minneapolis Christmas Party on page 56. NEW TIME! Everyone seems to approve of the luncheon format.

Seattle's having their Christmas Party on Dec. 8th this year.
Before you forget, sign up on page 20.

GOT A NEW EMAIL ADDRESS?
Only one place to fix the connection:
Send email changes to **rnpanews@bhi.com**

I'll bet YOU have one to tell!

President's Report: *Gary **PISEL***

Greetings to All,

Thank you for your responses concerning our situation of either raising dues or cutting back the number of issues of Contrails. Nearly all of you DO NOT want to see a decrease of the publication.

The 2016 Membership Directory that you received recently no longer includes the Survivors' Checklist as it once did. Instead, we created a much more comprehensive checklist consisting of eight pages. That was included as a removable insert in the 2014 Directory. If you have never seen this checklist, or need to update what you have, I urge you to download a copy that can be printed by going here:

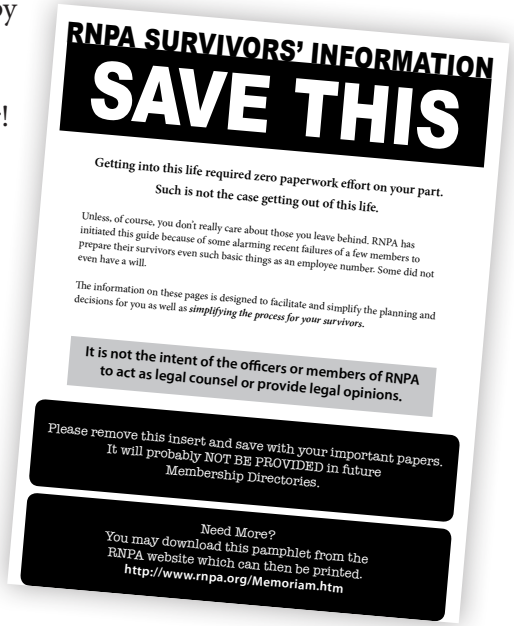
www.rnpa.org/Memoriam.htm

This may be the most important thing you can do for your loved ones all year!

The Albuquerque Reunion is about to happen and the plans are being finalized for the Dearborn Reunion in 2017. We are looking ahead to 2018 and 2019. If you have suggestions or ideas please contact me.

This year at ABQ elections will be held for the Officers of RNPA. This includes President, Executive VP, three VPs, Secretary and Treasurer. If you are interested in holding a position please let me know. These elections are held every two years. We have known openings in two positions, Executive VP and one VP.

At RNPA we strive to keep the dues as low as possible and provide support to as many venues as possible for gatherings. Spread the word to your many NWA friends to attend and become involved.



RNPA SURVIVORS' INFORMATION

SAVE THIS

Getting into this life required zero paperwork effort on your part.
Such is not the case getting out of this life.

Unless, of course, you don't really care about those you leave behind. RNPA has initiated this guide because of some alarming recent failures of a few members to Prepare their survivors even such basic things as an employee number. Some did not even have a will.

The information on these pages is designed to facilitate and simplify the planning and decisions for you as well as *simplifying the process for your survivors.*

It is not the intent of the officers or members of RNPA to act as legal counsel or provide legal opinions.

Please remove this insert and save with your important papers. It will probably NOT BE PROVIDED in future Membership Directories.

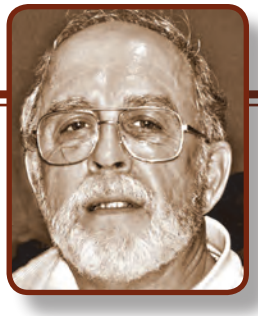
Need More?
You may download this pamphlet from the RNPA website which can then be printed.
http://www.rnpa.org/Memoriam.htm

Trea$urer'$ Report: *Dino **OLIVA***

June is an enjoyable month for me. The weather in Florida has not reached its high summer average temperatures. The RNPA Board had its meeting in Minneapolis along with the St Croix river cruise, and then Karen and I got to spend a week in Minnesota visiting friends and relatives. The RNPA meeting went well, but there remains one troubling issue; "the continued existence of RNPA." As you know, we have a limited number of prospective new members, and our membership is declining each year. The board has scheduled conventions for 2016 and 2017. We will be planning beyond that on a year by year basis. We are investigating various options available in order to continue in operation. The Board is committed to do all within its power to remain in existence as long as possible.

RNPA is not the only NWA organization with a long term survival problem. The NWA history center is struggling. When Wings financial closed the 34th Ave building, the History Centre lost its rent free location and had to move. Due to the cost of rent, their continued existence is in question without financial support from individual members' donations. I've sent in my annual membership renewal. I encourage you to consider aiding the History Centre by becoming a member. Call them at 952 697-4478 and become a member.

Editor's Notes: *Gary* ***FERGUSON***



IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS THAT CAN GET YA

I'm sure you noticed how heavy the last issue was. Having not yet seen the actual magazine, my first indication that something was amiss was the invoice from the mailing house of almost $800 more than usual. Doubting that postage had gone up that much, I called and learned that each magazine was much heavier than usual due to much heavier paper.

The next call was to Jack Sweeney at the printing house. He was surprised, too. Within a couple of hours I learned that when he called the paper supplier he was told that his was their third call that day: someone there had simply mislabeled the paper. Jack immediately credited us for the difference in postage, which they would recover from the paper supplier.

"Whaddaya mean we weren't cleared to land?"

It's the little things!

DECISION MADE!

The feedback was almost unanimous: keep Contrails as is and raise dues as necessary.

At our Board Meeting in June we decided that there are no better options and that we can stop kicking that "what should we do" can down the road.

Thanks to all of you who took the time to give us your thoughts.

A REAL SEA STORY

Since we live less than two miles from each other here in Portland, Vic Britt and I get together for a couple of beers on many Thursday afternoons. So far we've not quite run out of stories to tell. One problem is that we have more than a little difficulty remembering names.

A few weeks ago he told me a story about Jake Jacobson's survival in the Pacific Ocean for a *really* long time. It was, and is, a humdinger:

humdinger | ˌhəmˈdiNGgər | noun
a remarkable or outstanding person or thing of its kind: *a humdinger of a story*

Knowing that the two of them are good friends, I asked Vic if he thought he could talk Jake into writing the story for Contrails. Turns out Jake is a pretty good writer and a great story teller.

I will be surprised if you don't remember his story for a long time.

ANOTHER STORY OF SURVIVAL

After receiving Jake's story I had the idea of maybe using the sea story thing as a "theme" for this issue. John Doherty's submission this time is well outside what he normally writes about, but his taking my suggestion is responsible for that.

His is very much about survival, just as Jake's is.

SOME MORE STORIES FROM THE REGULARS

One from Darrel Smith and two from Bill Emmer. Of particular note is Bill's account of how the Travelpro luggage empire came to be, and its founder, Bob Plath, became rich.

If you have a computer browser with Adobe Flash look up Travelpro.com and click the video link beginning "It was 1987." I thought to myself, "I know that narrator's voice." I bet you will recognize it too.

Bill has another one you'll find interesting, too.

Darrel's submission explains how one flies a single seat, single engine jet airplane across the entire Pacific.

WOULDN'T IT BE NICE . . .

. . . if you would write a story for the upcoming 200th issue of Contrails. As I've said before, what we publish here ain't literature. We are just telling stories.

I'll bet YOU have one to tell!

Whatchabeenupto?

As Boeing celebrates their centennial I got to wondering how old Airbus is. So I looked it up: 18 December 1970. Less than half Boeing's age.

. . . I'm just sayin'.

We've Got M@il

RUSS BORN **MT**

Hi Gary!

First off, I am the son of Captain Hal Born and had the good fortune of knowing many of the late, great NWA pilots of that Greatest Generation! One of those was Neil Potts!

I was thoroughly enjoying reading the article about Neil, but was taken aback when Becky talked about her family's trip to Hawaii in 1956! My folks and I were there at the same time at the Edgewater Hotel on Waikiki and our two families ended up hanging around together!

I was hoping I could get Becky's contact info so I could remind her of our mutual memory all those years ago! I'd be most appreciative if you could point me in the right direction so I can connect with Becky.

Thanks so much for the amazing publication you bunch of old pilots put out! Contrails, and the terrific articles within are by far the magazine I look most forward to receiving, and reading from cover to cover, every [quarter]! Also, I am fortunate enough to be surrounded by several of your fellow NWA Captains out here in Big Sky Country—Art Daniel, Doug Parrot, Steve Smith (retired 747-400 Chief Pilot) and until recently, Barry James!

Take care and thanks!

Russ Born
Red Lodge, MT

SHARON GAYLE **MN**

Dear Garys, Dino and RNPA members,

Of course you should raise the dues! What we are paying now for your services and the magazine is paltry. When I compare our dues to season tickets to concerts, ball games, etc., country club dues, ski lift tickets, sports and health club dues, a nice dinner at a good restaurant, or any other enjoyable event or purchase, we are getting a bargain. And I'm pretty sure none of us are too poor to pay an extra $5-$10 a year. (Thank heaven we didn't switch our retirement fund to the Teamsters!)

The magazine is a good read, the events are well-organized and great fun, and staying in touch IS important, even if it's long distance (so I believe, anyway). So raise away. If you have to reduce the annual issues from 4 to 3, so be it. I just hope you don't stop publishing altogether.

Sharon Gayle
Retired flight attendant

SERIOUS STUFF

Gary Pisel sent pictures of some creative public bathroom door identifiers. These are just a sampling. A hundred and some more at:

boredpanda.com/funny-bathroom-signs-5/

RUTHIE DUMAS — WA

45 years ago, we moved…

I didn't send you an email address change then for the silly reason that I had no idea you or any of my adorable "Peeps" existed. We built a nice home overlooking the White River with an incredible view of Mount Rainier about ½ mile from the Auburn ATC… where Dan happened to work. Great town, kids grew up there, but being young and foolish we made one slight mistake. We put STAIRS in the house!

How dumb was that? Didn't we know we would get old and decrepit and say unladylike comments climbing up those things after 3 knee replacements? (OK, I also had a cat with 7 toes on each front foot, so you can go ahead and make fun of my 3 knees.) Anyway, in March, we got the hare-brained idea to rectify the stair issue and put our house up for sale just to see if it would sell. Woops. After the 3rd couple came in at noon on the day we put it up for sale, it was sold. (Should have asked more?)

So for the last month or so we became homeless and got revenge with both daughters and their families. We moved in with each for about a week. By then we found a baby home that's what people do when they "downsize" with NO STAIRS!!!!

The problem is, after 45 years I was a bit inexperienced in downsizing properly and for the most part did what Danny called "side sizing." Just moved everything into boxes and put them in a storage shed. So now we have our daily fun games of "Find the box cutter knife." I'm going to invent a Knife-on-a-Rope and put it on As Seen on TV! It's kind of like Christmas—we open a box and say, "Oh, I really wanted this!" We got rid of all our furniture except for our bed, so we have new stuff and it seems like we're on vacation in someone's home and really like what they've done with it!

So, to make a long story longer, we have moved and are LOVING living at our new digs at 2610 East Section Street, #67, Mount Vernon, Washington 98274. Phone number is 360-588-4551 and our cell is 253-334-0889. It's a 55+ retirement community that has a fun clubhouse with an indoor swimming pool (so I don't miss our pool so much and Danny doesn't have to clean it!). The people are fun and friendly and Mount Vernon is so beautiful with no horrible traffic! Life is great! Our door is always open if anyone's in the area and wants to stop by. Well, we do close it late at night.

To keep from rusting, we're faithfully rooting for the Mariners (talked to John Decker at the game last night and he says he saw John McKinnon there too), watching grandkids' sports, enjoying super FUA's (Family Unit Activities), and going on cruises… next one in October with Wray and Barbara Featherstone on Scenic Tours River Cruise from Budapest to Nuremberg. So there!

Now you know more about what's going on here than I do!

Thanks so much for all you do and the rest of the RNPA gang! Hugs to everyone, I miss my Peeps.

Ruthie Dumas

STEVE TOWLE — MN

Dear Gary,

I will have been retired for twenty four years this coming June. Shocking, that is all I can think of when I now realize that the Contrails magazine is in peril. If at all possible this volume must continue.

Whatever is necessary to perpetuate Contrails I will support willingly both financially and emotionally. I have received numerous comments by others of the quality of this publication and it's professionalism.

Press on Oh Mighty Warrior.

Steve Towle

BILL EMMER — FL

Gary,

You do an incredible job. I invite you to always be the editor who uses a liberal red pencil. You've set a standard that I'd like to think will continue for years to come. I've really come to look forward to this magazine like nothing else I get in the mail.

That's especially true when I know the author. I loved both articles by Darrel Smith. I had no idea he was such a gifted writer. I've been amazed by the writing in this rag—it truly is a wonderful accomplishment for you and your staff. Please keep up the good work.

All the best,
Bill [Emmer]

DARREL SMITH — SD

Gary

I have read the latest "Contrails" cover to cover, and looked at every photo—I know a lot of these people and enjoyed every article. It is evident by looking in the mirror and seeing the pictures that as a group we are becoming a bit "long of tooth."

It is comforting to know, without a doubt, that at one time these pilots "carried" Northwest Airlines on their broad shoulders. Even though I don't associate with them on a regular basis, I feel a special bond. I love these guys! If only I could have lived up to near their caliber!

It is a special treat to see my little stories included in this great magazine. Thank you so much.

I stand in amazement! Your contribution to our dwindling group is beyond comprehension. A big kiss would be in order but looking at your picture I somehow shy away.

Darrel Smith

Bill and Darrel are both much-appreciated frequent contributors. – Ed.

GREG
NOVOTNY

WA
HI

Ladies and Gentlemen:

Below are links to a updated PhotoBucket archive of our building progress on the Van's RV-14a and other related sites:

Greg's RV-14a PhotoBucket:
http://s1341.photobucket.com/user/gnovotny/library/
click on "Recent uploads" at the left, to view our most recent progress.

Or slideshow:
http://s1341.photobucket.com/user/gnovotny/slideshow/

Vans Aircraft:
www.vansaircraft.com

Van's Air Force:
www.vansairforce.net

Milestone in construction. We recently finished all the structural details of the fuselage kit. Collectively we have 13 months and 1800 hours of actual construction time in the shop, untold additional hours of research and ordering parts etc. It has been an exhilarating experience, seeing a collection of aluminum parts come to life. We estimate we have 18,000 of the 20,500 rivets installed, at this point. The empennage, wings and fuselage structures are done. However, there will be 100s of hours ahead, doing paint prep, installing servos, avionics and associated wiring.

We still have a lot to do…

What is next? The most challenging part of building one of these Van's RV aircraft is fitting the plexiglass canopy. A perfectly shaped hinged frame has to be constructed to hold the canopy, then the canopy has to be custom fitted to the frame. It is arduous to say the least. Weeks of work. Next we will install the gear legs and wheels. Then the engine mount and engine, prior to fitting the engine cowling.

On the Horizon. I hired a professional aircraft paint scheme designer, who is finalizing the custom paint scheme. It is a real challenge to decide, "What is it going to look like?" when it is done. We have a local expert painter, with a sterling portfolio, lined up to do the actual paint. The engine and prop are both ordered and should arrive in May.

This is a huge challenge and commitment in terms of time and money. When I heard of other builders, taking 5-7 years to build one of these beautiful aircraft, I said "No way!" We are working full time on this project. This "is" what I do now and I am having an absolute blast!

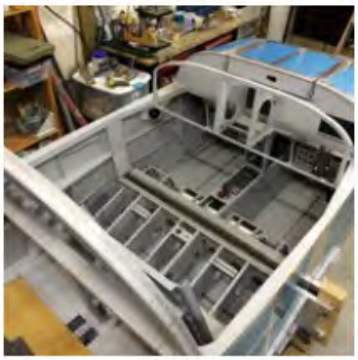
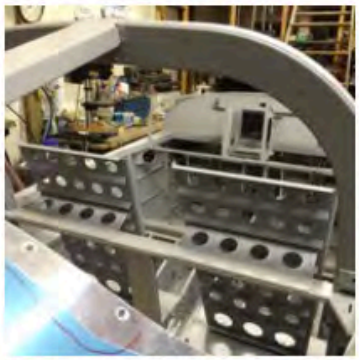
The Photobucket journal is for personal sharing and FAA documentation. I have many friends asking for progress reports and this was the simplest way to do it. I will add to it periodically, so bookmark the link, if you want to follow our progress. This is NOT a "How to build a Van's RV-14a Blog". There are much better, more technically detailed sites available, see links above.

Thank you for your interest and support. You can reach me via Facebook, email at gnovotny@earthlink.net, phone or text @ 808-937-0380.

All the Best,
Greg Novotny
Gig Harbor, WA
Kailua Kona, HI

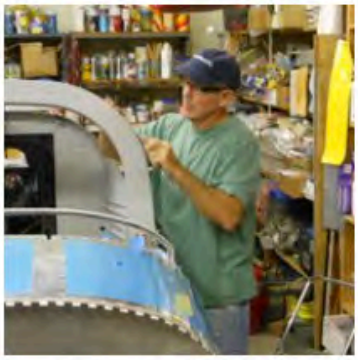
The photos are just screenshots from Greg's Photobucket archive—there are lots more! – Ed.









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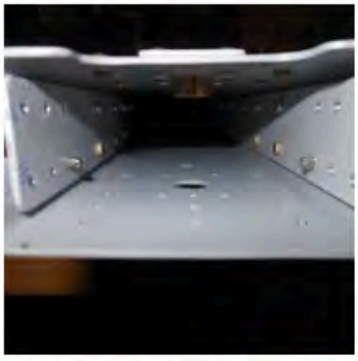




JOHN FOY

TX

Gary,

I never have contributed much to the Contrails but I have read every issue! A lot of faces at the various functions are unknown but there are still a few that I recognize! I follow the obits religiously and am amazed at how well the NWA gang is holding up. There are more than one in the 90 category which make me feel that I might make it myself!

It would be a shame to stop Contrails but I suppose that financial issues might do it. I'm all for increasing the dues as how many original NWA pilots (those who were on the seniority list before all the mergers) are still watching Contrails? I really think that the dues are a small amount to enable us to at least see who's left.

Every time I open Contrails it brings back some memories of events I had forgotten about and, of course, a lot I never heard of. Taken in it's entirety, I consider it a very important publication and I would hate to see its demise.

Your whole staff has made a most worthwhile publication of which I am very grateful and wish to thank you all!

Very Truly Yours
John P. Foy

The Way It Was 12 September 1982

A beautiful day in Taipei! Blue skies and light winds. Trip #4 TPE-OSA-NRT. On time departure from Taipei, green flag at the stop point, Ship 611 with a mostly full load. Pretty much Japanese cabin crew, all well experienced.

Departure weather briefing was that there would be a typhoon, Judy, in the vicinity of Osaka for our landing but it may have moved inland by the time we arrived. Hmmmm. OK, we'll take a look with NRT as the alternate and TPE as the backup alternate.

Smooth flight until just before OSA as we turned inbound for the ILS approach to OSA. Nice band of very black clouds ahead. Osaka approach assured us that prior flights were having no problems and so far no missed approaches in spite of very heavy rain and gusty winds, mostly straight down the runway. Moderate turbulence on the glide path so I have my hands full keeping everything upright. 35 degree flaps, gear down, lights on (black as pitch with HEAVY rain), second officer ready on the Boeing rain repellent button, pretty much on glide path and localizer.

Break out of clouds at 500 ft and tower immediately calls out, "NWA 4 go around!" Two YS-11s we can see ahead of us on the runway were having great difficulty staying on the runway, much less getting off on their landing roll. I add full power and call for "Gear up!"

At that point the copilot starts screaming, "No, No, we have to land, we can't go around!" I reach over and slam the gear handle in the up position and get both hands on the control yoke and holler for 1degree of flaps. The copilot is still screaming, "No, No, mumble, mumble." I reach over and get the flaps to 1 degrees so that I had all spoiler control and both inboard and outboard flaps for roll control. Believe me I had my hands full going from full lock to full lock on roll control just to keep the aircraft near level. By that time the second officer leans over and say, "Do you want me to hit him (copilot) with the fire extinguisher?" I holler, "Good gosh, NO! He'll be all right in a couple of minutes." Approach control is back on the radio and says we are to enter a holding pattern and wait for further instructions.

Trying to read the approach plates for the holding pattern while keeping the aircraft from tipping over proves to be a real challenge while twisting the control column, to which the approach plate is attached, but I figured I had it pretty well in my mind anyway, beside who else would be holding in this place in the middle of a typhoon? Just as I enter the holding the copilot comes to life and starts to holler that I'm entering the pattern all wrong mumble, mumble. At that point the second officer asks, "Should I hit him with the fire extinguisher?" All this time we have moderate to occasionally severe turbulence and I am tempted to say yes but common sense prevails so I say, "No, no. We'll need him to get to NRT."

Finally Osaka approach control gives us a radar vector to start getting us lined up for an approach and we finally get on the ground after a turbulent ILS approach. This time the runway is clear so a fair landing is accomplished. At this point I was willing to stay overnight at Osaka and wait until the typhoon passed Tokyo. So I'm on the phone to Tokyo dispatch and tell them my thoughts and the dispatcher comes unglued.

He tells me that all the hotels in Osaka are booked up because of a national something or other and that if we shut down in Osaka all the passengers and crew will have to sleep overnight on the airplane and we have a full aircraft! So I ask to get Charlie the metro forecaster on the phone and he tells me that the typhoon is losing most of it's intensity and by the time we get to Tokyo it will be mostly heavy rain. Now Charlie is the one metro forecaster that really was aware of weather and I trusted him. He was the one who kept me out of a really nasty typhoon at Hong Kong. But that's another story.

So it's back on the airplane and all locked up for the last leg to Tokyo. Just ahead of us is an Air India flight with a British crew so I said we will follow him out and

see what his takeoff is like. If it looks uneventful we will be right behind him.

His takeoff is fine, no problem, so I turn to the copilot and tell him, "This is your leg so lets go." The second officer says, "Oh boy," but I say, "He needs to be kept busy so he won't be worrying about the rest of us." Well off we go into the wild blue yonder and the copilot is so busy that he only calls for the check lists and we break out into broken clouds with high buildups that are easy to vector around all the way to final letdown into Narita.

On descent into NRT we enter a heavy cloud layer with moderate rain. Again the old Boeing rain repellent did a good job and we were lined up very good at the outer marker in landing configuration, but the copilot was getting nervous again as he noticed that we were carrying a 20 degree offset to the ILS heading to stay on course and, at that, we broke out at 800ft and I told him that the offset would die off somewhat the closer we got to the ground and besides the runway was so wet that we would hydroplane for at least 1000 ft and that would be plenty of time for me to get the aircraft straight and begin braking. Easy taxi to the ramp.

And That's The Way it Was 12 Sept 1982.

John Foy

Minnesota's worst air disaster occurred earlier today when a Cessna 152, a small two-seater plane, crashed into a Norwegian cemetery here early this morning.

Ole and Sven, working as search and rescue workers, have recovered 826 bodies so far, and expect that number to climb as digging continues into the night.

Ole and Lena were out walking, when Lena clutched her heart and fell to the sidewalk. Ole got out his cell phone and called 9-1-1. The Operator asked, "Where are you?"

Ole said, "We were walking and Lena is on the sidewalk on Eucalyptus Street."

The operator said, "How do you spell that?" and the phone seemed to go dead. The operator kept shouting for Ole. She could hear him panting.

Then he came back on and said, "I dragged her over to Oak St., that's. . . O-A-K."

Ole and Lena got married. On their honeymoon trip they were nearing Minneapolis when Ole gave a short peck on Lena's hand. Giggling, Lena said, "Ole, you can go a little farther now if ya vant to."

So Ole drove to Duluth.

Ole was getting ready to go to work one day when Lena stopped him and complained, "Ole, the vashing machine is broke down don't ya know, I vant ya to fix it!".

Ole walked out the door yelling, "Lena, vat do I look like, da Maytag repairman?"

That evening when Ole got home Lena was standing in the yard and said to Ole, "Ole, da car it von't start! Please Ole, fix da car."

Ole kept walking into the house yelling, "Lena, Lena, vat do I look like, Mr. Goodwrench?"

The next day when Ole came home from work Lena said, "Look Ole, da car, it is fixed and the vashing machine, it is vorking too! Lars down da road come by and I asked him if he would fix it for me."

"And vat did he charge ya for doin' it?", Ole asked. Lena replied, "Vell Ole, he said he would do it for some romance (Vell ya know) or if I baked him a cake."

"Vell, vut kind of a cake did you make him?", asked Ole.

Lena replied, "Vat do I look like, Betty Crocker?"

An airline captain was helping Lena, a new flight attendant prepare for her first overnight trip. Upon their arrival, the captain showed the Lena the best place for airline personnel to eat, shop and stay overnight.

The next morning as the pilot was preparing the crew for the day's route, he noticed Lena was missing. He knew which room she was in at the hotel and called her up to ask what happened to her.

Lena answered the phone, crying, and said, "I can't get outta da room!"

"You can't get out of your room?" the captain asked. "Why not?"

She replied, "Dere's only tree doors in here," she sobbed, "one is da bathroom, one is da closet, and one has a sign on it dat says 'Do Not Disturb'!"

Ole and Sven go moose hunting every winter without any success. Finally, they come up with a foolproof plan. They get a very authentic female moose costume and learn the mating call of a female moose. The plan is to hide in the costume, lure the bull, then come out of the costume and shoot it. They set themselves up on the edge of a clearing, don their costume, and begin to give the moose love call.

Before long, their call is answered when a bull comes crashing out of the forest and into the clearing. When the bull is close enough, Ole shouts, "Okay, let's get out and get him."

After a moment that seemed like an eternity, Sven in the back shouts, "Da zipper is stuck! Da zipper is stuck! Ole, vat are ve gonna do?"

Ole says, "Vell Sven, I'm going ta start nibbling grass, but you'd better brace yourself."

Lena is taking a shower when the doorbell rings. Ole, in the bathroom upstairs, yells for her to get the door. Lena throws a towel on and runs down to open the door. Sven, their neighbor, is there. Sven looks at Lena with only her towel on and says, "Lena if you drop da towel, I vill give you five-hunnerd dollars."

So Lena drops her towel. Keeping his promise, Sven gives her the money and leaves. Lena closes the door and goes back to the bathroom. Ole asks her, "Who vas dat?

Lena replies, "Oh, dat vas Sven from next door." Lena thinks fast. "I don't know vat he vanted doh."

Ole then asks, "Did he say anyting about da five-hunnerd dollars he owes me?"

A Norwegian appeared with five other men in a rape case police line-up. As the victim entered the room, the Norwegian blurted, "Yep, dat's her!"

Ole was on his deathbed and implored his wife Lena, "Lena, ven I'm gone, I vant you to marry Sven Svenson". "Vy Sven Svenson?" his wife asked. "You've hated him all of your life!"

"Still do," gasped Ole.

Ole and Sven die and wake up in hell. The next day the devil stops in to check on them and sees them dressed in parkas, mittens and bomber hats warming themselves around a fire. The devil asks them "What are you doing? Isn't it hot enough for you?

Ole and Sven reply, "Vell ya know, ve're from Nordern Minnesoda, the land of ice and snow and cold. Ve're yust happy for da chance ta varm up a bit, don 't ya know."

The devil decides that these two aren't miserable enough and turns up the heat. The next morning he stops by again and there they are, still dressed in parkas, hats and mittens. The devil asks them again, "It's awfully hot down here, can't you two feel that?"

Again Ole and Sven reply, "Vell, like ve told you yesterday, ve're from Nordern Minnesoda, the land of ice and snow and cold. Ve're yust happy for da chance ta warm up a bit ya know."

This gets the devil a bit steamed and he decides to show these two just who is in charge down here. He cranks up the heat as high as it can go. The rest of the people are screaming and miserable. He stops by to see if his two Minnesota tenants are the same, and is astonished to find them in light jackets and baseball caps, grilling walleye and drinking beer.

The devil says, "Everyone down here is in absolute misery, and you two seem to be enjoying yourselves! Why?"

Ole and Sven reply, "Vell, ya know ve don't get too many varm days up dere in International Falls, ve just got to have a fish fry vhen da vedder is dis nice."

This absolutely incenses the devil, he can barely see straight. He finally comes up with a plan to set these two straight. These two guys love the heat because they have been cold all their lives, so he decides to turn off all the heat. The next morning, the temperature in hell is below zero, icicles are hanging off the ceilings, people are shivering so much that they don't even have the strength to complain. The devil smiles and heads over to check on Ole & Sven. He arrives and finds the two back in their parkas, hats, and mittens. They are jumping up and down, cheering, and giving each other hi-fives. The devil is now quite dumbfounded, "I just don't understand, I turn up the heat and you're happy. Now I turn off the heat, it's freezing and you're still happy. Why?"

Ole and Sven stop their celebration and look at the devil with a surprised look and say "Vell, don't ya know, hell froze over... dat must mean da Vikings von da Super Bowl!"

A Stabilized approach

Contributing Columnist **James Baldwin**

Cleared As Filed

The phone call that came early that morning was unexpected. It was Frank Sinatra on the line, and he said there was an emergency and he needed a lift back to Palm Springs. On the other end of the line was Clay Lacy, the Van Nuys charter operator, aircraft sales agent and Hollywood go-to guy for aerial photography. Clay was due that morning at Edwards Air Force Base to film the North American XB-70 Valkyrie supersonic bomber currently under development and was going to use the new Learjet he had just sold to Frank Sinatra. It was a new Learjet Type 23 (sister ship pictured above), registered as N175FS and was the only airplane he had available that could keep up with the bomber. In a pubescent version of "fractional ownership," Sinatra and Lacy would use each others airplanes when scheduling difficulties arose.

Early on, Frank Sinatra had determined that using a personal jet for his musical engagements out of state with trips back to Hollywood for a movie career was a way to become independent for travel. It's a good thing gas was cheap and we apparently hadn't yet caught onto the idea of global warming or the inconvenience of noise, because the General Electric CJ610 turbojet powering the Lear was the worst in each category. It burned twice as much fuel as a modern equivalent sized engine today and was so noisy that decades later the FAA finally outlawed its use without "hush kits."

Lacy re-filed his flight plan and headed for Burbank. Pulling into the fixed base operation (FBO) he shook his head as he was confronted with the disheveled remains of Sinatra accompanied by Dean Martin. The blood-stained shirts with one of them in an arm sling pretty much told the story of Martin's Polo Lounge birthday celebration the night before. The diversion to KPSP was easy and he quickly continued on to his contractual obligation at Edwards.

The General Electric Company was supplying the engines to power the Mach 3 bomber and wanted some publicity photos of it while it was shown with four other airplanes also powered by GE jet engines. This ambitious promotional effort was to be photographed by several different news organizations and of course each wanted to have their own person in place. The very limited space in the small cabin of the Lear was completely filled with men and equipment. The fleet of the other four military airplanes, flown by military or test pilots, would join up on the Valkyrie after a test run was completed by the bomber.

The phalanx of airplanes accompanying the bomber included a civilian registered Lockheed F104 Starfighter, a Navy McDonnell Douglas F4B Phantom, a Northrop YF5A and a T38A Talon by the same manufacturer. The photo opportunity might have been even more spectacular had the also scheduled B-58 Hustler bomber not had a mechanical malfunction the day of the formation flight. And, though not fully seen in the pictures, it didn't hurt the publicity effort that the then new Learjet 23 photo airplane Lacy was using was also powered by GE engines. That would certainly be mentioned in the subsequent releases of pictures to the public.

The coordination required for this effort was complicated and able to be set up only because the best of the best pilots were available—all test pilots or military pilots with extensive experience in high speed formation

flying. After the forty minutes of photography was complete, the formation began to break up and return for landing. Unfortunately, the formation did break up, but not in a way anyone had expected. The Starfighter, apparently caught in the wake turbulence of the much larger XB-70 was immediately flipped inverted as it sliced through the twin vertical stabilizers of the bomber, instantly killing NASA Chief Test Pilot Joe Walker. At that point, despite the aeronautical talent in control of the bomber, it continued ahead only briefly before entering a flat, unrecoverable spin. One of the pilots, Al White, was able to actuate his capsule and escape. Carl Cross, the other pilot, was not. The sequence of the horrific accident and the ensuing fireball as it bore into the desert sand was captured by the photographers. Obviously, GE didn't use the pictures and it was described as the most expensive aviation accident in history.

Frank's Learjet Type 23, N175FS, was there, just like it was in several Hollywood related events. Elvis eloped in it to Las Vegas with Priscilla, Sammy Davis Jr. and Marlon Brando went to Mississippi to meet with Dr. King for a civil rights rally, and Frank travelled on it to his honeymoon with wife number three, the 21 year old daughter of Maureen O'Sullivan, Mia Farrow. Sinatra once insisted Michael Caine come along for a ride just to have an up close and personal meeting to determine how serious he was about dating his daughter Nancy. The rumor of a gentleman's agreement ending the relationship was apparently accurate as Caine later admitted to his Lothario like intentions. Really? In Hollywood?

No one remembers Frank Sinatra as a mama's boy, but boy was he. Natalie "Dolly" Sinatra had been a demanding and controlling mother. She only had the one son and after that experience, one was all she probably could have endured. Delivering a thirteen pound baby from her five foot tall, less than 100 pound frame resulted in near fatal trauma for both mother and child. Summoned at the last moment to the tenement flat where her labor had paused, the doctor had quickly resorted to using the then fashionable mechanical assistance of forceps, and the bluish colored non-breathing baby was literally wrenched from the mother's womb. The unintentionally inflicted damage was significant and initially the baby was left for dead. Almost offhandedly revived by a nearby attending fellow mother, it was only after later and repeated surgical repairs that Frank Sinatra was able to cosmetically hide, assiduously throughout his life, the scars he so abhorred. The psychological damage to mother and child, understandably left as when it occurred, would have a lasting and profound effect that manifested as distinct personalities, and was never forgotten by either.

There was little mention of the husband Marty's involvement in the young rebel wanna be's life. He was a mama's boy, and was alternately adored and then punished in a psychologically deprecating way. It is no wonder he duplicated what he had learned as normal with at least three of his eventual four wives.

But even in his later years of performing, it was important to him for Dolly to be there or at least near. It was early January, 1977 and Sinatra was opening his two week long engagement at Caesars Palace. The leader of The Rat Pack once again depended on his mother's presence and had arranged for her to be flown in from

Natalie "Dolly" Sinatra

Palm Springs that evening. As he waited for her in the lobby of the private jet facility, Blue Eyes paced back and forth. Glancing at his watch more than sporadically, Sinatra could finally wait no longer and with an uneasiness and distinct feeling that something wasn't right, departed through the side door to the waiting car. The performance went on as scheduled as his stage personality and experience overrode his unceasing anxiety over her whereabouts. But throughout the entire performance it didn't prevent him from scanning—radar like—the close-in audience and especially where she was to have been ushered. The seat went empty; she wasn't there and never would be again.

It was just hours before that Don Weier, a pilot for air taxi operator Jet Avia Ltd. of Las Vegas, sat in the FBO at Los Angeles International Airport with his flying partner, Jerry Foley. They had just reported that morning to pick up Learjet Type 24D with tail number N12MK. To be dispatched later that afternoon, they had been advised Frank Sinatra's mother and a friend were to be picked up at Palm Springs and delivered back to Las Vegas. After a brief discussion they agreed if it was topped off with Jet A they wouldn't need more at KPSP, saving time.

Weier had asked for a complete weather briefing by phone from the Las Vegas Flight

Service Station and was familiar with Palm Springs, having flown in there several times over the last couple of years. For this time of year it didn't surprise him to find the ceilings and temperatures were lower than what desert residents usually expected. Reported at 3000 feet was a broken layer followed by a solid overcast at 5000 feet which ran solid to 15,000 feet with layers above that to 25,000 feet. Visibility was good at 8 miles in light rain and 44 degrees F but nightfall was approaching and the departure would be in near darkness. With no precision approach available Weier commented his concerns to Foley about their limited options. Thermal Airport, located 32 miles to the east, had a better approach but was nearly an hour away by car from where their passengers were to be waiting. That clearly wasn't an option—they had to get into KPSP, and out! It's no stretch to assume the charter pilots were anxious about being able to even get to their passengers, let alone complete their mission to Las Vegas. And, it had been clearly elucidated to them there was an important time constraint that had to be met.

After an arrival which challenged the published minimums, the Learjet taxied to the FBO and shut down. The crew was hurried as it loaded Dolly and her friend into the jet and taxied to Runway 31L. ATC delays added 25 minutes to the flight and anxiety to the crew. It is impossible in situations like this to exactly define the train of thought at that moment or why a published procedure isn't followed, but Lear 24D, N12MK, didn't make the immediate right turn to the Palm Springs VOR as it was cleared to do. It continued straight ahead until it impacted and disintegrated at the 9,700 foot level of Mt. San Gorgonio. Confusing communication from ATC coupled with what can only be guessed as a lack of situational awareness by the crew led to the loss of the mama's boy's mother, Dolly Sinatra, and all aboard.

I reflected on this as I stood over the three Sinatra Family resting spots in the expectantly quiet cemetery. The sun, right on schedule, had breached the eastern horizon, spilling its energy into the early June morning. What really did look like an orange ball of fire rose steadily into the already warm, slightly hazy shimmering desert air. The needle on the nearby, well worn round thermometer pointed roughly at a faded figure that looked a lot like a nine. I knew it had been there many times before, winding its way to temperatures that took three digits to describe.

It was just past seven in the morning at the Desert Memorial Park, just off Ramon Road. The shadows pointing to the west were long and irregular over the flat stone markers that lay submerged in an open, uneven expanse of grass. The faded green color was quilted into a patchwork of brown, courtesy of the drought the west had suffered interminably. Years old and showing the effects of both Mother Nature and the economic necessities of limited maintenance, the parched, naturally defaced surface was probably of no importance to the residents below. It didn't really matter to them—they were all together again—just like the old days in Hoboken. In so many ways, I imagine the graveyard resembled, in a way, the far distant past where they had all grown up together as a family. The grass was untrimmed, the jagged streets surrounding the turf mosaic varied and cracked—just as I envision the uneven finish of how the rough New Jersey town must have been in the early days of the last century.

To some of his Hollywood friends and fans alike I am sure this non-descript, plain Jane, windblown outskirt of Palm Springs is no place for an icon like Frank Sinatra.

I can only guess, but my bet is they feel right at home.

The WAY it WAS

Contributing Columnist John Doherty

"WHAT WAS THAT?"

In the midst of the gloomy, rainsoaked winter of 1963, disaffected and flirting with flunking out, I left the University of Oregon for the United States Marine Corps. When the recruiter asked me what I'd like to do in the Marines I told him, "I just want a job where I have a chance to kill somebody."

I did the usual things, boot camp in San Diego, some months humping the vertical terrain of Camp Pendleton, then through some freak of fate (which I attribute largely to my uncanny ability to take multiple-choice tests) the Marine Corps sent me to Navy flight school, and from there to an F-8 squadron and from there to Vietnam.

Every Marine, regardless of occupational specialty, is a rifleman. Marine Corps fighter pilots don't particularly like the idea of being riflemen, but that's the reality. When my combat mission count got up into the 140s, my commanding officer called me in to tell me that my days in the squadron were numbered, and that I would either be going to a Group desk job or to the infantry to be a Forward Air Controller. Being 22 and full of desire to send communists to the happy hunting ground, I opted for the FAC position.

A few days later I joined the grunts of Second Battalion Third Marines (in Marine Corps shorthand, 2/3) at a place informally referred to as the Artillery Plateau. It was near the hamlet of Cam Lo five miles south of the DMZ.

A friend once told me, "Any time you can say 'What was that?' you are probably okay." So here are a couple of "what was that?" war stories from my time in Vietnam with the grunts.

There are reconnaissance Marines in most grunt units. Their motto is "Swift, Silent, and Deadly." They would creep around the countryside in teams of 4 or 5 gathering intelligence and "interdicting." By the nature of their profession they would get into jams, and the regular grunts whose job it was to extricate them would rephrase the recon motto as "Swift, Silent, and Surrounded."

I was in the 2/3 command bunker on one such occasion. The bad guys were so close to the recon team that their radioman was whispering over the radio. The Battalion Commander ordered Golf Company along with me out to rescue them. The last words I heard from him as we were going through the wire was, "Go get 'em John."

We humped through jungle and up stream beds towards the last known position of the recon team. Midday we stopped to eat. We didn't know that we had stopped on the outer perimeter of a North Vietnamese Army regiment, the first regular NVA unit of that size to have crossed the DMZ. In a conflict between a company and a regiment, the math doesn't work, and what followed was a slaughter.

I had just brought my C ration can of turkey loaf to a bubble when the shooting started. The NVA small arms fire was so intense that the individual rifle shots couldn't be heard. It was like a wall of uninterrupted sound that went on and on without pause. How many "what was that?" moments did I have? I'll never know, but they must've been many. The fire was so intense that vegetation particles were falling like snow. Within 20 minutes half of our company was either dead or wounded. There were 8 officers including myself, and at the end of the 20 minutes only the executive officer and I were still alive.

There was one specific "what was that?" moment. Seconds after the shooting started, me flat on the ground, a Chinese hand grenade came flying through the air and bounced to a stop 4 or 5 feet from me. I instinctively curled into the fetal position, showing the grenade the top of my helmet, my arms and knees. I waited for a blast that didn't come. Chinese munitions had a reputation amongst the Marines of being shoddy, and this grenade had been one of the shoddy ones.

After we got artillery and air support going, the small arms fire became sporadic, and I went about the tasks of directing air strikes and managing helicopter evacuations. Both operations would once again result in the wall of small arms fire but now directed at the aircraft.

The situation was not without its moments of humor. We had a constant string of H-34s flying in low and fast

over the treetops to our makeshift LZ, each plane leaving heavily loaded with dead and wounded. I made each pilot aware of the close vicinity of the bad guys, and they took me at my word, thus the low and fast.

One of the pilots misjudged and had to pull up sharply as he overshot the zone. There he was momentarily suspended above the North Vietnamese with literally hundreds of rifles shooting at him as fast as they could. Miraculously he got the airplane down into the zone, and we loaded him up with fuel leaking from the bullet holes. As he flew away I could see fuel streaming out. Imagine a sieve with rotor blades.

From then I cautioned pilots to not overshoot the zone along with the comment that one pilot had overshot the zone and that he'd gotten shot up pretty bad. One of the approaching pilots on hearing my caution replied, "Yeah I know, that was me."

We got everyone that needed to be evacuated evacuated, and by nightfall we had pulled back. The next day the entire battalion came out and we were engaged with the NVA for several days. During that time the Battalion Commander was killed and that is why his, "Go get 'em John" was the last thing I ever heard from him.

There was a footnote to the story. After three days of fighting we were relieved, and we began our long march back to the Artillery Plateau. We hadn't been anywhere we could refill our canteens for 24 hours, and we were bone dry. One of the things that kept me going as we humped through the darkness was the anticipation of burying myself in the case of beer I had stashed under my bunk back in my hooch.

The first sign that things had gone awry was that there was a stranger sleeping in my bunk. In panic, I got on my knees to look under the bunk for my beer—which wasn't there. I jerked the interloper in my bed awake and demanded, "Where the fuck is my beer?" The bleary-eyed Lieutenant said, "We heard you got killed, so we drank it."

Shortly after this operation, the Marine Corps pulled my Battalion out of country and up to Okinawa to regroup. The plan was we'd be there for a month and then back down to the Artillery Plateau. I had no desire to return to Vietnam. Okinawa seemed a garden place at this point, and in Marine Corps style I wangled myself a position as the Air Liaison Officer with the 26th Marines. An outfit that had been comfortably in Okinawa for some time and that hadn't been in Vietnam.

This was an unfortunate move on my part because a week after joining the 26th Marines, we were ordered to Khe Sahn and I beat my Battalion back into country by two weeks.

Amongst the numerous "what was that?" moments I experienced at Khe Sahn, one stands out. One of the things we sorely missed in Vietnam was hearing new popular music from home. Those were days of cassette tapes, and it was common for loved ones to send recorded messages to their Marines, and often those cassette tapes would include music.

One evening a man in my hooch was listening to such a tape, and so that I could listen, I lay down on the unoccupied bunk next to his. This bunk was on the opposite end of the hooch and on the opposite side from mine. A complete reversal in a way from where I usually slept. Listening to the music I fell asleep. A few hours later I was yanked out of dreamless sleep by the onset of a rocket attack.

I jumped out of my rack, turned left out the door and looked to where my bunker should have been. In my groggy state I was unaware that I had gone out the opposite end of my hooch from where my bunker was. I was literally in "the twilight zone," disoriented and unable to fathom why my world was so disturbingly different from what I expected.

About then the next rocket came in hitting a truck 50 feet away. The truck burst into a conflagration of billowing diesel flames and white-hot metal fire. Even in my disoriented state I knew that standing there was not an option, so I started to run. This was rainy season and the compound was sticky slippery mud. As I started to run I slipped and fell.

For that brief moment, the universe moved in ultra slow motion. My body twisted as I fell, and I saw the next rocket coming towards me, a bluish trail of fire propelling it downwards, sounding like a thousand freight trains. It hit next to me at the same time I hit the ground.

We knew about these Chinese rockets, and one of the things we knew was that their fusing was not good. When hitting the ground, the rockets tended to partially bury and explode late, limiting the damage they could do. And rain softened earth exacerbated that problem. (Of course they worked just fine when hitting vehicles or buildings.) And that fusing characteristic is what saved me. The rocket buried well into the mud before exploding just 5 feet from me, but the blast sent up a narrow V-shaped geyser of mud and I was untouched.

I had several similar such "what was that?" moments during my grunt tour. Too many others were not so lucky, some who I knew only briefly, others who were dear friends. Looking back is especially painful to me knowing it was all a waste. An ill begotten war based on a misreading of reality and conceived of and directed by arrogant men who didn't go. And we know this because we lost the war and it didn't make any difference—except to those who were disabled or killed, and to their loved ones.

But that's the way it was.

A Chick in the Cockpit

Contributing Columnist **Erika Armstrong**

Magnificent Memories: The Boeing 727

After 48,060 landings, 64,495 hours and 3 million passengers, the first Boeing 727 (-100) to ever fly, recently flew its last trip to Seattle's Museum of Flight. Thousands of pilots mourn its retirement, but the event also revives fond memories for those that flew one. It's those pilot that will always remember protecting essential, dropping the aft air stairs, and the sound of that really loud trim wheel. So, let's wipe away the cobwebs and see what you can remember about the old "trisaurus."

The T-tailed, trio rear-mounted engines on the 727 was the first of its kind in many categories. It was the first airliner to have an auxiliary power unit (APU), completely powered flight controls, triple-slotted Krueger flaps, the first Boeing jetliner to undergo rigorous fatigue testing, and the first commercial airplane to break the 1,000-sales mark. Of these firsts, it was the APU which gave this aircraft its freedom to fly to airports that didn't have ground power or starting equipment. Add in the fact that this aircraft had extraordinary performance on small runways and aft air stairs for passenger loading/unloading, and you have a commercial transport aircraft that could get in and out of smaller satellite airports that the other airliners couldn't fly into.

I was fortunate enough to fly in all three seats of the Boeing 727-200. Yes, there was an engineer on this aircraft and that side seat was a great place to learn about the airplane and crew resource management. There are some modifications and hush kits flying out there, but the aircraft fleet I flew generally had a max takeoff weight of 197,000 lbs, a range of 2200 miles (+/-), could carry 60,000 lbs of fuel depending on the optional fuel tanks, and could reach Mach .9 in a heartbeat (a great plane to learn about Mach tuck/buffet), but it burned so much fuel the company encouraged .78. The fleet was configured with high density passenger seating so we were able to cram in 173 passengers. Pratt and Whitney powered us with their slightly higher bypass ratio JT8D-17 engines and to say they were loud was an understatement. They made the earth tremble, set off car alarms, and triggered many noise abatement fines at airports that had sensitive areas.

It was because of this aircraft's ability and features that I got to fly into some of the strangest places. Because we didn't have to rely on ground services and could perform out of small and high altitude runways, the company I flew for could accepts Part 121 Supplemental charter contracts for some weird destinations. Just a few of the unusual charters included flying foreign tourists in and out of Angel

Fire airport to tour the Grand Canyon, the WWF wrestlers (when they were the WWF) all over small towns in the Northwest, college and professional sports teams from coast to coast, Hot Shot firefighters from Alaska to airports up and down the west coast, high altitude mountain airports, and we were one of the first flights in the air after 9/11 flying down to Guantanamo Bay, unaware of the importance of our passengers.

The 727 was forgiving and gladly did most anything you demanded of it, but it didn't keep any secrets. It would tell the next pilot if the previous pilot had been naughty, especially on takeoff. This aircraft had a retractable tailskid which was equipped with an energy absorber consisting of a cylinder with a crushable honeycomb core. If the clip was sheared off because of a tail skid strike, it would be retained by the wire and red area beneath the clip would be exposed to indicate that

the core had been crushed. There was also removable paint on the tailskid so you could easily see if paint was missing and this inspection was on the checklist for the walk-around inspection. Tail strikes usually happened if someone over-rotated on takeoff, often when they were heavy with a good crosswind or when the aircraft was empty and wanted to launch into the air like a rocket. There are reports of it happening on landing, but it would have to be a pretty bad landing. This tailskid is retractable and has its own warning light on the flight engineer's panel. If it didn't retract with the gear, there was a high penalty fuel hit if you chose to continue the flight.

The cockpit has three pilot seats and two full size jump seats so this was the choice of many commuters trying to catch a ride. There are four seats on the 727 that sit sideways: three of them are toilets and one is the engineer seat. I still have a dent on my knee from a first officer slamming his seat backwards without warning me when I was a flight engineer, and I earned a few bruises from the trim wheel in the first officer seat when the captain decided to spin it like a power saw.

Put three pilots in a cockpit on a long flight and they're bound to come up with ways to annoy each other. A few underwear changes were the result of another pilot snickering while they activated the stall warning stick shaker test during flight if one of the other pilots was spending too much time checking out the inside of their eyelids. Often, an engineer who felt some disrespect back there could put a touch of aileron trim in while the autopilot was on. When the autopilot was on, the rudder trim worked, but the aileron trim was locked out. When you popped off the autopilot, it would put all that aileron trim back in…immediately.

In flight, there were generally three speeds you needed to know: 140 knots, 250 knots and just below the barber pole. If you lost all your performance charts for landing, you couldn't go wrong with 140 knots on short final, 3,000 pounds fuel flow and flaps 30. When the sun was out, the overhead windows would bore burn holes into your skin, so most of these windows were filled with enroute charts. Since there is no sidewall heating in the cockpit, by the end of most flights, you had a sweater on and you could still see your breath. We had one aircraft that had collapsed/blocked heat ducts in the cockpit and they refused to fix it so we'd be up there in our heavy winter coats, scarves and mittens and wishing we could keep the cockpit door open for just a few moments of warmth. We'd call the flight attendants in for hot coffee and keep the door open as long as possible.

One of its quirks was that it required a slightly different touch to get a great landing. Contrary to thousands of previous hours in other airplanes, this aircraft required you to put the nose down just a little right before touchdown. If you'd flatten for just a moment, then the heavy aft fuselage would touchdown and do the landing for you. It would even brake automatically and auto speedbrake if you asked it to. I remember the first time I saw a pilot land with the autobrakes on the medium setting instead of minimum. It put us all forward in our seatbelts as soon as the wheels started spinning. I never saw anyone use the "max" setting except in the sim. The 727 was originally designed to have nose wheel braking as well, but most of these brakes had been removed. There are a few theories as to why, but as far as I could tell, we never needed them.

During simulator training, we got to wring out this airplane in every way possible. We loved putting this aircraft into every variable of dire emergency situations you could think of. The last emergency of my check ride training was always the classic three engine failure. With a glide ratio around 17:1, this meant for every mile above the ground, I could glide 17 miles forward. Wasn't always pretty, but I made it to the airport runway every time. We all cringed when we had to practice procedures like the dreaded manual gear extension, heaving the controls around without hydraulics, and shooting approach on essential or emergency power. In the real world, we always had a long list of MELs (which always seemed to include the autopilot), but this airplane always got the job done.

I only had two events which would be considered emergencies (that weren't pilot induced). Once when we were struck by lightning (but even then, the airplane shook it off and got us home safely) and when we shed a fan blade on the N1 compressor section of the #2 (middle) engine during takeoff. The engine shroud contained the shrapnel and we got to spend an extra day in Mazatlán.

Overall, this airplane established a relationship with the pilots who flew her. She didn't have computers making decisions for you (for better or worse) and the controls felt like you were actually maneuvering an airplane. She was stubborn, but once you learned to work with her and not against her, she'd do anything you asked. The 727 was simply trustworthy and solid. This refined, pure relationship created a connection between (wo)man and machine and we all learned to respect her. So, as the last 727s make their last landings over the next few years, let's lift a glass (or two) to the friendships she created, the lasting memories of the pilots who flew her, and the enormous number of hearing aids she will require us to buy in the future.

(First published online in Disciples of Flight *magazine.)*

Seattle Christmas Party

DEC. 8TH

10:30 TIL 3:00

GIFT BASKETS 065002

& OTHER PRIZES 065002

Luncheon Menu

Seared **Chicken Breast** w/ pecans and pomegranate molasses

OR

Seared **Salmon** w/ horseradish marmalade

both choices served with a green salad, starch and veggie

Christmas Chocolate Torte for dessert!

$35 per person

Emerald Downs Racetrack

NAME _____ ☐ Chicken ☐ Salmon

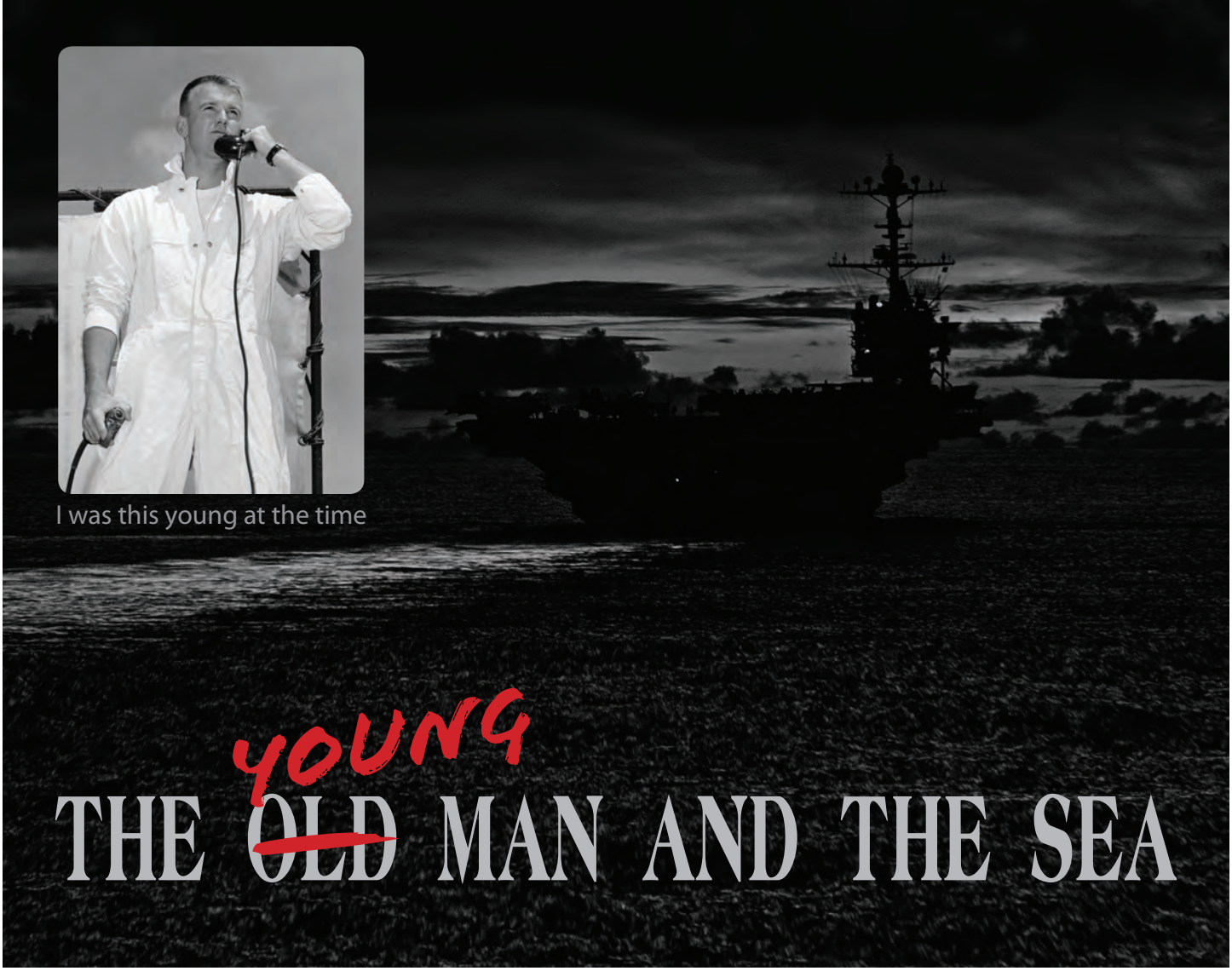
NAME _____

Amount enclosed: $35 x ____ = _____

Checks payable to **"Sunshine Club"**

Registration DEADLINE: December 1st

Mail to:
Kathee Nelick
6101 Nahane West N E
Tacoma WA 98422
253.927.9136
knelick60@comcast.net



I was this young at the time

THE ~~OLD~~ YOUNG MAN AND THE SEA

A story about the sea but definitely not a "Sea Story"

By "Jake" Jacobson

This saga began for me one Wednesday morning at 0600 getting on a helicopter at NAS Ream Field south of San Diego on the Mexican border. At the time I had the misfortune of being the Air Group LSO (Landing Signal Officer) of an Air Group that hadn't been at sea for a few months and the pilots were running out of carrier landing qualifications. If the term Carrier Air Group isn't familiar to you ask one of your Navy (not Marine) buddies what it is, it'll save me some typing. In any case, the respective squadron LSOs and I climbed on the two helicopters and were ferried out to the carrier, which was already at sea.

(Due to the sensitive nature of this entire incident, even at this late date, I will not be using any names—people wearing many stars got involved.)

Our job that day and night was to get each fixed wing pilot a few day and night refresher carrier landings so they would all be current again. The planes showed up about 0800 and for the next 16 hours we just stood in the stack gas and watched aircraft land.

That isn't part of the saga so I'll fast forward to about midnight when all the aircraft were sent back to the beach. By this time after steaming into the Southern California western wind for 16 hours we were near the Channel Islands off Santa Barbara.

The two plane guard helos landed and were refueled. When the fixed wing aircraft reported feet dry ashore, the other LSOs and I climbed aboard both helos for our ride back to the beach. Even before this day I had the reputation of not particularly caring for helicopters so

I tightened my seat belt and chin strap extra tight. I was in the second helo and noticed the first one turned left after liftoff. When our wheels were only two feet off the deck the ship started a hard turn out of the wind and we turned right. It then occurred to me that in a helo your one-man life raft is kind of like a kidney belt and must be strapped on after you sit down. I was still in the process of trying to get it on when, in a right turn at 80–100 knots, we flew into the water.

As most of you know, a helicopter has the structural integrity of a poorly made pole barn. I became conscious (woke up) under water, out of the seat, out of the aircraft and without my helmet. Those of you that had the good fortune to attend any Navy water survival training years ago I'm sure will remember an old guy standing on the edge of the pool saying, "If you ever find yourself under water and don't know which way to swim for the surface," and you're thinking, "Yeah sure, BS." The next words out of his mouth were, "Just inflate your life jacket and the problem is solved." Believe it or not I remembered those words from back in 1956 and it worked exactly as he said it would.

After a minute and a half (it seemed that long) I surfaced into what looked like a junk yard—stuff floating everywhere. I spent the first few moments taking inventory, trying my arms and legs. Everything moved with no pain and my head felt OK. I had to have been the luckiest guy in the world—just flew into the water at 100 knots in an orange crate and survived.

My guess is that my seatbelt held for a fraction of a second while the front of the machine disintegrated and I was catapulted through the loose crap in the water and out of the aircraft. I swam to a nearby seat cushion for extra buoyancy and looked over my shoulder at the carrier which was right there.

Thinking that I'd be out of there in a few minutes, I lit off one of my flares and started calling for other people—with no response. I saw no indication that the ship was turning or that the other helo was in the area.

We wore a .38 pistol with tracer ammunition for survival purposes. I aimed it at the ship and emptied it, reloaded and did the same again. It was a worthless piece of baggage.

Now for the first time it came to me what could be happening. For about half an hour I continued to call for other people and watched the ship steam over the horizon—which didn't take long when my eyes were only three inches above the surface of the ocean.

It slowly dawned on me that nobody else was as lucky as me and I was out there alone in the middle of the Pacific Ocean in a life jacket. For the first time I thought about sharks and blood from the bodies but realized that all I smelled was JP-5. I thought that should keep them away and forgot about it. Something had to be going on, how could the ship lose radio and radar contact with an aircraft two or three minutes after launch and do nothing about it?

(I'm sure you're now thinking something along those lines as you read this. More later.)

To give you a rough idea of the time frame of the event, if you're a sports nut or football fan you may remember the game for the national championship between Michigan State and Notre Dame that ended in a 10-10 tie and created a big stink. It was being played that weekend. I must have been a fan back then because as I floated around I was upset. No, I was really pissed, because I was going to die and not get to see the game. As it turned out I still didn't get to see it—had to testify before the Accident Board.

I found out later the water temperature was 62 degrees. It didn't take long for my body to start feeling the effects of this fact. The seat cushion I'd picked up earlier probably saved my life in that it kept me a little higher out of the water. I didn't think my Mae West was fully inflated, I readily knew there was a third inflation chamber in it that could be manually inflated. Do you think I would touch the inflation tube to get a little more air into it? NOT ON YOUR LIFE! I was positive that touching that tube would let air out of the jacket. Sure, my head was just fine. Real clear thinking, Jake!

I'm sure there are a multitude of things I've forgotten since this occurred but there are three things I experienced that I will never forget. First, when you're getting cold from being in cold water you start to shiver just like waiting for a street car in the winter on Lake Street. However, it's not like dry shivering on a cold Minnesota day. In the water my bodily motion continued to increase to the point where my limbs were wildly flailing. This continued until all eight of the major limb muscles cramped simultaneously. We all know what a leg cramp feels like, try eight of them at the same time. In my case I screamed until the cramping subsided, how long I have no idea, just until it quit. When that happens you feel comfortable. Shortly thereafter it started all over again. Why it ever stopped I have no idea, I'm just thankful it did.

Second, I had the experience of observing the wonderful combination of our body and brain working together. One of the things I never really understood in the water was how I could get so sleepy being in constant motion in the ocean and working my tail end off trying not to swallow half of it. (The Docs told me later it's the cold temperature.) In any case I got sleepily depressed to the point where I told myself, "Stay awake until you count to ten, when you get there go ahead and fall asleep." I tried it, from one to eight was straight down hill, a real bummer. At nine I started uphill, at ten I was soaring, convinced I could stay awake until the next afternoon. I actually had those exact thoughts. Shortly the sleepy depression started again and I counted again, same result. I don't know how fast I counted or how many times I did it—could have been a hundred or more. The one thing I do know is there is no way my brain was going to let the number get beyond ten. Your body/brain package is a wonderful thing.

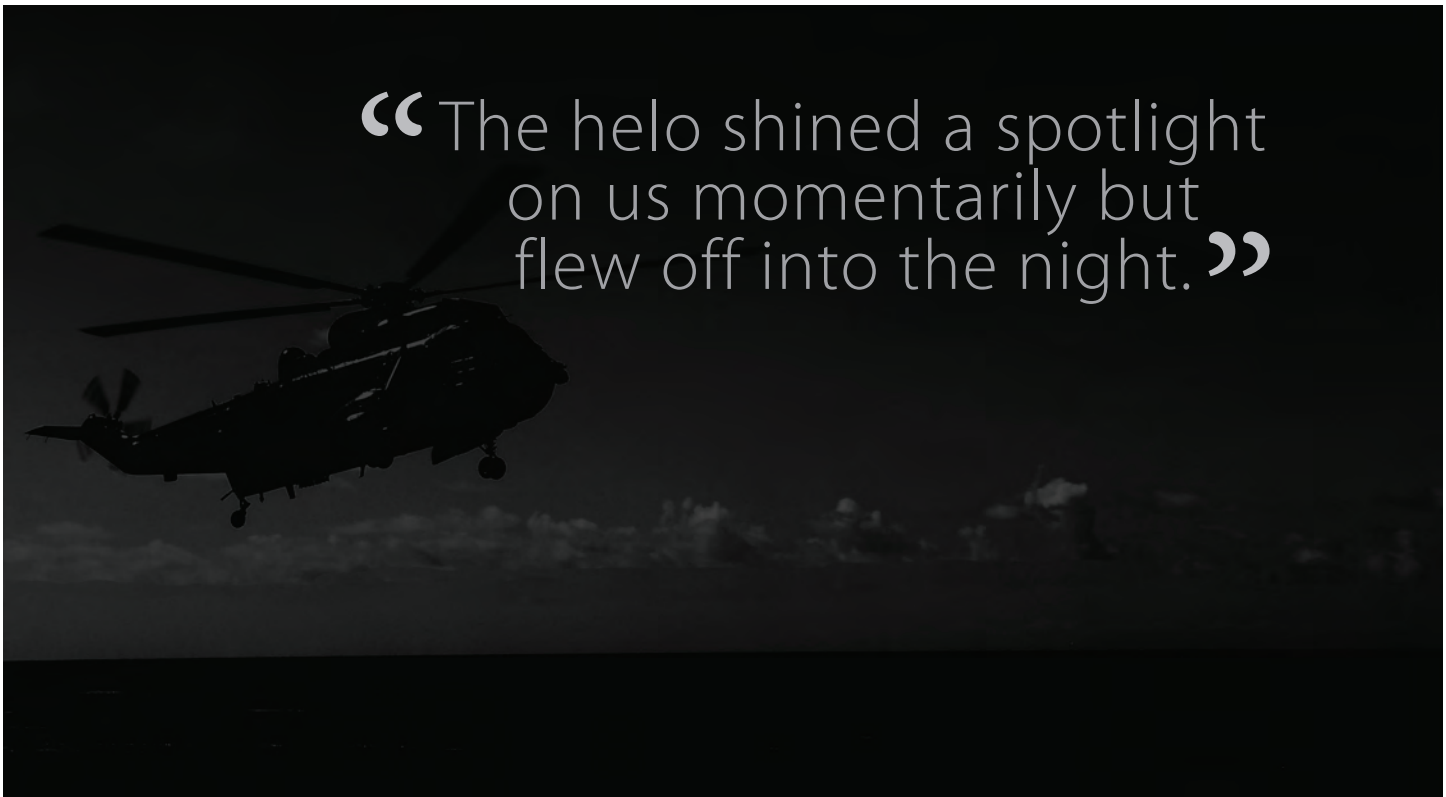
We all think we know what dark is. I'll tell you what dark is. After about three to four hours I turned my head to the left for some reason and when I turned back there was something one inch in front of my nose. It was what I soon learned was the copilot in a one-man life raft.

My luck was holding. If that raft had hit me in the nose coming out of nowhere that would have done it. That's dark—visibility was less than one inch. Another comment about my luck. If that raft had been a few feet either side of me as it passed, nether one of us would have seen the other person. Later we both agreed that our meeting saved our lives, alone we wouldn't have made it through the night.

I've decided to call him Mike—not his real name of course. Having Mike run into me was like winning the lottery for both of us. The psychological effect was tremendous. Not only did we have someone to talk to but we could pool our knowledge while making huge decisions like when to turn on our life jacket survival lights. That being probably the only decision we'd have to consider. We had both turned them off independently when all signs of rescue went over the horizon, not knowing diddly-squat about the length of battery life. (The Accident Board chewed our rear ends about our one critical decision—we shouldn't have done that.)

It turned out that Mike wasn't as lucky as I was going through the chunks of disintegrating aircraft, he was pretty dinged up—several broken ribs and numerous cuts. That was our guess at the time. Turned out he spent three months in the hospital.

We spent a lot of time trying to work out the best way to stay together and give me the warmest possible position. We worked out a system where I would lay my feet on the edge of the raft, he held them up partially out of the water and I held on to his ankles in the raft, balancing it by using the seat cushion on the outboard side of my body. I used this position for about ten minutes whenever my legs became unbearably cold. It helped tremendously and diminished some of the body shivering. The rest of the time I balanced between the raft and seat cushion with my feet hanging down in the water.



When first meeting we talked quite a bit but as time wore on it was work to talk so conversation backed off to just enough to keep each other awake.

When the first ships appeared on the horizon it became time to make our only decision—we turned on our survival lights. The ships appeared to be miles apart, one coming down each side of us, we broke out our last two flares. When they seemed to be close enough Mike lit his but it didn't work. I tried mine with success but the ships did not alter course. Shortly thereafter a helo came out of the gloom and for the first time we saw how bad the weather was. We had not realized that it was foggy. The helo shined a spotlight on us momentarily but flew off into the night. His disappearance was indeed the low spot of my day. What the hell was going on?

Our conversation centered around the point of whether we'd been sighted or not. The light was a positive sign and we thought one of the ships had turned toward us. I broke out our last piece of survival equipment, my whistle, and gave it to Mike—his hands were free. Considering the last few hours he wasn't taking any chances and blew that damn thing until the destroyer was close enough to spit on.

My third and last permanent recollection of this event occurred at this time. The DD put a small boat into the water which then came alongside. They tried to pull me into the boat but my inflated Mae West didn't allow for that. I said, "Let me float on my side and you can roll me in." Which I did with no problem, being completely mobile. I was laying on the bench seat and they tried to reach over me to pull Mike in and they couldn't. I said, "Let me go to the other side," and tried to move. I couldn't move a finger or turn my head let alone get up. I was safe, my brain had shut my body down, it said YOU ARE NOT MOVING ANY MORE TONIGHT. They could have picked me up by my hair and toes and carried me away. I had been in the water almost six hours to the minute.

THE REST OF THE STORY

When I got back to the Air Group I of course started asking some obvious questions. I was told my pay grade wasn't near high enough (I was a LCDR) to be asking those kind of questions. In my mind it was a typical case of the Navy taking care of its own. This ship was going to shortly deploy back to the war with this Air Group aboard and almost all of the personnel present that were involved in the incident. Any upheaval at this time would seriously affect staffing levels for the deployment, not to mention any animosity between the Air Group and ship's company. The accident report was sent up the chain of command and status quo prevailed. It was history.

Mike and I left the Navy and continued with our lives. Then in the '90s and 2000s the Air Group started having periodic reunions. We all know all you do at reunions is tell sea stories. Mike and I became reunited and did we have ammunition for sea stories. Mike spent years working for the Attorney General of a certain state and was versed in a new law called The Freedom of Information Act. He said he could get the accident report which was buried in the bowels of the Navy Department, and he did.

It may have been the Freedom of Information Act but that didn't mean a posse of lawyers didn't have first crack at censoring the guts out of it. The document that Mike and I received had all the fire and brimstone removed.

We did find out several items of interest.

The ship did see our flares, they thought they were missiles fired from Vandenberg AFB. When the first helo arrived at Ream Field after a one hour flight, but no second helo, the tower, after verifying that no helo had landed at any Southern California airport after our aircraft's ETA, initiated SAR procedures roughly thirty minutes later.

The carrier became aware of the situation then and began steaming back to our helo's take-off position, which became the center of the search area. Many helos from Ream field along with two destroyers were also headed there. The helo that lit us up and then departed into the night had an electrical fire onboard and had to return to the carrier.

The inaction of departure control was not addressed in the report we received.

Any action taken by people with many stars was greatly reduced by my previous guess—the upcoming deployment to WESTPAC. However, through personal knowledge I do know that several fairly senior officers' Naval careers came to a screeching halt because of this incident.

They'll let us go to war but they don't forget.

Other than that it's just another sea story.

Editor's note: While there's no such thing as a "near miss," there is such a thing as a "near disaster." Qantas Flight 32, 10 November 2010 is one of the latter. It reminds me in many ways of our own NW Flight 18, 19 September 1991, chronicled as *A Storm of Failures in the Teeth of a Typhoon* in *Contrails* Issue No. 172, November 2009. That also could easily have been a disaster. Common to both of these "near disasters" was the competency of the crews.

Much has been written about the Qantas flight and much of that is sheer sensationalism. The article below is a little heavy on the "branding" of companies, since the author is a businessman focused on those aspects. But I found that part interesting. The technical aspects seem mostly accurate to someone who has never been in an Airbus 380 (and would just as soon keep it that way).

What Air Crash Investigations Didn't Tell You About QF32

By Tony J. Hughes

This is an unlikely but true story about iconic brands being protected by an amazing airline captain, the power of social media, and how to create customer-centric culture. Every enterprise can learn much from this story as it exemplifies the incredible benefits of empowering and trusting employees to not only do their job but also represent the brand—in this case, also save lives. The QF32 incident occurred in November 4th, 2010. The ATSB (Australian Transport Safety Bureau) published their final report in June 2013, and Air Crash Investigations released their documentary in February 2014.

But before both of these, in late 2012 I was fortunate enough to interview Captain Richard de Crespigny in his home. As we discussed the incident, it became very apparent to me that Richard is not only a talented and seasoned pilot, in both military and commercial aviation, but also an exceptional leader. Richard de Crespigny is an example of what Jim

Collins calls 'Level 5 Leadership'. There is much to learn from the culture he imbues on any flight he commands. Richard is more than a professional pilot, he is committed to giving his passengers the best possible experience and being a positive representative of the Qantas, Airbus and Rolls-Royce brands.

On November 4th, 2010, Captain de Crespigny was in command of QF32 flying from Singapore to Sydney. I've been on this flight a number of times but not on this occasion. At 7,400 feet during climb-out there was a catastrophic failure of an inboard Rolls-Royce engine resulting in a very rare uncontained explosion. Shrapnel flew out at supersonic speed crippling control systems running along the Q380's left wing leading edge, peppering the fuselage, invading the underbelly, puncturing two wing fuel tanks in at least ten locations and wreaking havoc with 21 of the 22 aircraft's systems. In my opinion it was far more serious, and far closer to being a disaster, than anyone has been willing to acknowledge —there was a fire that fortunately self-extinguished in the wind. Jet aviation fuel is kerosene, not petrol, and it burns with low thermal properties.

Miraculously, no passengers were injured and, due to the low altitude, the passenger cabin was not compromised by decompression. But exploding shrapnel had penetrated the underbelly, slicing through both of the two main electrical trunk lines—the backbone of the aircraft's central nervous system. There are many electrical wiring looms within the A380 for inbuilt redundancy but it was incredibly unlucky, and potentially fatal, for two primary looms to be taken out at the same time. Passengers heard several loud 'bangs' and could see obvious wing punctures and the fuel vapour trail, but there was far more damage than the eye could see. The largest passenger airliner in the world was severely degraded and had probably lost 50% of system networks and 65% of the aircraft's roll control. It was set-up for catastrophic cascading events unless the flight deck had the right leadership culture.

On the ground in Indonesia, the engine cowling with the Qantas logo, along with other debris, had rained down over the populated town of Batam, including onto school grounds. No-one had been injured but the Twitter-sphere and Internet were abuzz. The Qantas CEO, Alan Joyce, was travelling in a car with his head of Corporate Communications when they received a phone call asking why Qantas' share price was falling dramatically. For them this was the first sign of a problem and highlights the instant speed of social media and its power to impact a brand in real-time.

Back up at 7,400 feet there was calm on the flight deck as the world's most experienced A380 flight crew (literally) dealt with the situation. Qantas has the well-deserved reputation of being the safest airline in the world—it is the oldest continually operating commercial airline globally and no passenger on a Qantas jet aircraft has ever been killed as a result of an incident. All pilots are hired to become captains and this means that they only hire the best. On top of this, Qantas invests heavily in training and every captain is checked-out seven times a year. Just as in the military, there are full and frank peer reviews any time there is an incident. Safety, transparency and accountability are dominant cultural elements for all Qantas pilots—not something that exists in all airlines.

On this particular flight, Captain de Crespigny was being checked by another senior pilot who was himself being trained as a checking captain. This meant that there were five on the flight deck instead of the normal three— the Second Officer (Mark Johnson), First Officer (Co-Pilot Matt Hicks) and three captains—but all had no doubt that there was only one person in command. Before take-off, Captain de Crespigny had ensured that there would be no confusion concerning the chain of command and that everyone's roles were crystal clear. He discussed these issues at the pre-flight briefing, during the drive to the airport and again before the A380 pushed back from the aerobridge in Singapore.

During the incident everyone knew their roles, and every issue and task was dealt with calmly and professionally. The First Officer, Matt Hicks, dealt with well over one hundred alarms and checklists while Captain de Crespigny concentrated on flying the aircraft, monitoring his First Officer, keeping his situation awareness, weighing his options and laying strategies to complete the flight. The second officer visited the cabin to investigate the damage and to communicate with the Customer Service Manager, Michael von Reth.

Multiple failures had severely degraded the already leaking fuel system. They had lost all ability to transfer fuel between the eleven different tanks creating dangerous imbalances that became worse with time. They had

also lost all the wing slats, which provide greater lift and enable the aircraft to fly slower for landing. Back in the passenger cabin, Michael von Reth and his team were calmly assuring passengers while watching for any signs of panic in individuals and then quietly addressing problems with empathy and reassurance.

Everyone on the flight deck and the cabin crew had trained for just this emergency and they instinctively knew what to do. The flight deck team trusted their leader to lead. The leader trusted his team to perform every standard operating procedure and delegated task. The A380 was the most technologically advanced and robust (redundant systems) passenger aircraft in history. They were flying safely and just had to figure out how to mitigate the extensive failures and to get down safely at Changi Airport back in Singapore. Captain de Crespigny knew that height gave them more time and options so he told the flight deck team he was initiating a climb. "No!" they all said in unison. It was the only time in the entire flight that there was any discord—teamwork in action. They were in stable level flight and they did not have all the information about what was wrong… leave everything as it is. No ego, just teamwork. Captain de Crespigny simply said, "Okay."

With less than a 3% margin for error in landing airspeed to pull-up on the available runway they managed an incredibly difficult landing. Way faster than normal and with badly degraded brakes, no reverse thrusters, they came to halt with a mere 100 meters of runway left. But they were not out of danger—3 tonnes of fuel poured onto the tarmac, pooling around white-hot brakes. The fire crew held back because the outboard engine on the damaged wing would not shut down. Eventually foam was sprayed all over the fuel and Captain de Crespigny decided that the passengers were safer on board than executing an emergency evacuation. Eventually the outboard engine was stopped and everyone walked away safely.

Captain de Crespigny led his team faultlessly and harnessed all the resources available to him. Despite all the damage caused by the Rolls-Royce engine explosion, and despite the potential problems with having too many cooks on the flight deck, Captain de Crespigny maintained a calm atmosphere where everyone knew and performed their roles. At one point in the crisis he re-set the flight deck team to focus on what systems were working rather being focussed on the endless alarms and lists of things that had failed. He communicated clearly and dealt with the realities but focused on the positives. He managed the risks by making sure they didn't rush and that they triple-checked all calculations. He also quietly prepared for a glide landing (Armstrong Spiral) in the event that all engines failed. Most importantly, he didn't make assumptions but instead tested the aircraft's handling characteristics while he had the safety of height before the final approach. This is not standard operating procedure but was a master stroke on his part.

The QF32 incident made headlines around the world but beyond the airmanship, leadership and teamwork on the flight deck, Captain de Crespigny then instinctively continued to lead when back in the terminal with his passengers (customers). Despite his emotional and phys-

ical exhaustion from piloting and managing the crisis over four hours in the air and on the ground, he then assumed the role of customer service and Public Relations (PR) representative for Qantas, Airbus and Rolls-Royce.

He didn't need to refer to a manual to do a masterful job because the culture within Qantas empowered him with shared values of transparency and service excellence. Rather than leave it to PR and customer service people, he took charge and when every passenger was safely in the terminal he went and spoke to them saying: "When you fly Qantas you're flying with a premium airline and you have every right to expect more. An army of Qantas staff are right now finding you hotel rooms and working out how to get you to Sydney as soon as possible. But right now I want you to write down this number—it's my personal mobile phone and I want you to call me if you think Qantas is not looking after you or if you think that Qantas does not care." Then he explained what had happened, why, what would happen next and disclosed everything he knew. He answered every possible question in multiple passenger lounges for over two hours. He prepared everyone for the media circus that would ensue and stayed in the lounge with passengers until there were no more questions—eventually he was standing on his own.

Later, when the media shoved microphones in the faces of passengers asking: 'Did you think you were going to die?'—they responded: 'No, the captain and crew were fantastic; they kept us fully informed at all times.' When someone else in the press asked: 'Did the crew or passengers panic?'—they responded with: 'Everyone was calm. The captain explained that the fire trucks sprayed water to cool the brakes, laid foam on the leaking fuel and tried to snuff an engine that wouldn't shut down.' Captain de Crespigny's full and open disclosure and personal guarantee had transformed 440 passengers into the best PR and brand agents that Qantas management could have ever hoped for.

1,000 Qantas staff had leapt into action, looking after their customers by organising buses, finding hotel rooms, communicating and meeting individual needs until all 440 passengers were returned safely home. Everyone was deeply grateful to Captain de Crespigny, the flight crews and ground crews for keeping them safe.

None of the passengers ever called Captain de Crespigny's mobile phone to complain or to ask for help. Richard explained to me that this is his audit process, proving that the entire Qantas organisation performed brilliantly during this extended crisis. Qantas, to their credit, never reprimanded him for overstepping the boundaries of his responsibilities on the ground in the terminal with passengers—they were grateful to have a leader step-up when needed, technically and commercially.

Captain de Crespigny is a shining example of the fact that the leader determines the culture… no, the leader is the culture. He believed that he was not just responsible for flying the aircraft safely but he represented his employer's and suppliers' (Airbus and Rolls-Royce) brands. In the days, months and years that followed he neutralized sensationalist media and highlighted that the safety and training culture within Qantas combined with the safety and robustness of the Airbus A380 were the reasons why the incident ended without loss of life.

Richard shies away from individual praise and continually states that it was a team effort— he is right. But make no mistake, had QF32 ended in disaster, and it very easily could have, then he would have accepted sole responsible for the loss of life. That's the burden of leadership—you don't get to blame others.

Captain de Crespigny is a classic example of a Jim Collins Level 5 leader and he continues to fly A380s for Qantas. Just as he's done his entire career, he walks the cabin on long haul flights and talks with passengers. He believes that a good leader has to be seen and nothing reinforces a culture of friendly service more than leaders exposing themselves to customers. Richard de Crespigny also knows that no cabin crew want to see passengers complaining about service to the Captain. He has behaved this way his entire career because he is committed to giving passengers their best possible experience. He even built an online community for all the passengers to connect and help deal with their fears or need for additional information.

After reading the book QF32 and also after interviewing him for several hours, I formed the view that Captain de Crespigny embodies the following philosophies to which every leader should aspire:

Be an unrivalled expert and passionate about what

you do. Richard's intimate knowledge of the A380 helped him manage its systems in a crisis and lead the team with clarity.

The job is to provide a great experience for customers (passengers), not fulfill the role technically (fly the plane safely).

Avoid complacency and don't make assumptions. It is the things you do not know that can get you. Be positively paranoid and manage every conceivable risk.

Teamwork is everything. Communicate clearly and ensure that everyone knows their role and is empowered to perform it.

The Qantas A380, Nancy-Bird Walton, which was operating as QF32 on November 4th, 2010 is now back in the air after what was reportedly the longest and most expensive aircraft repair in aviation history. Fly with Airbus, Qantas and Rolls-Royce with confidence—companies that have great cultures. ✈

Just copied from Wikipedia to amplify details

Incident

The incident, at 10:01 a.m. (02:01 UTC), was caused by an uncontained failure of the port inboard (No. 2) engine, while en route over Batam Island, Indonesia.

Shrapnel from the exploding engine punctured part of the wing and damaged the fuel system causing leaks and a fuel tank fire, disabled one hydraulic system and the anti-lock braking system, caused No. 1 and No. 4 engines to go into a "degraded" mode, damaged landing flaps and the controls for the outer left No. 1 engine.

The crew, after finding the plane controllable, decided to fly a racetrack holding pattern close to Changi airport while assessing the status of the aircraft. It took 50 minutes to complete this initial assessment. The First Officer (FO) and Supervising Check Captain (SCC) then input the plane's status to the landing distance performance application (LDPA) for a landing 50 tonnes over maximum landing weight at Changi. Based on these inputs the LDPA could not calculate a landing distance. After discussion the crew elected to remove inputs related to a wet runway, in the knowledge that the runway was dry. The LDPA then returned the information that the landing was feasible with 100 metres of runway remaining. The flight then returned to Singapore Changi Airport, landing safely after the crew extended the landing gear by a gravity drop emergency extension system, at 11:45 a.m. Singapore time. As a result of the aircraft landing 35 knots faster than normal, four tires were blown.

Upon landing, the crew were unable to shut down the No. 1 engine, which had to be doused by emergency crews for three hours after landing until flameout was achieved. The pilots considered whether to evacuate the plane immediately after landing as fuel was leaking from the left wing onto the brakes, which were extremely hot from maximum braking. The SCC pilot, David Evans, noted in an interview, "We've got a situation where there is fuel, hot brakes and an engine that we can't shut down. And really the safest place was on board the aircraft until such time as things changed. So we had the cabin crew with an alert phase the whole time through ready to evacuate, open doors, inflate slides at any moment. As time went by, that danger abated and, thankfully, we were lucky enough to get everybody off very calmly and very methodically through one set of stairs." The plane was on battery power and had to contend with only one VHF radio to coordinate emergency procedure with the local fire crew.

There were no injuries reported among the 440 passengers and 29 crew on board the plane. Debris also fell on a school and houses, causing structural damage, and on a car.

Pilot and crew

The Pilot In Command of the aircraft, Captain Richard Champion de Crespigny, has been credited in the media as "having guided a heavily damaged double-decker jet to the safety of Singapore Airport and averting what could have been a catastrophe". At the time of the incident he had 35 years of flying experience and was the first Qantas "line" pilot to fly the Airbus A380 as the captain. He was also commended for debriefing the passengers in the passenger terminal after the flight, disclosing details of the flight and offering care for his passengers. In 2016 de Crespigny was appointed a Member of the Order of Australia for significant service to the aviation industry both nationally and internationally, particularly to flight safety, and to the community.

In 2010 Richard Woodward, a vice president of the Australian and International Pilots Association reported that there were five pilots on the cockpit of this flight. In addition to the normal crew of Captain, First and Second Officer, there were two additional check captains: the captain who was being trained as a Check Captain (CC) and the Supervising Check Captain, (SCC) who was training the CC. Captain de Crespigny concentrated on flying and managing the aircraft and monitoring the (100 ECAM) checklists being sifted through by the First Officer. The supernumerary pilots monitored all actions and assisted where necessary.

ERIC MELROSE "WINKLE" BROWN (1919-2016)

There's a big difference between a pilot and an aviator.
One is a technician; the other is an artist in love with flight.
– Capt. E. B. Jeppesen

ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST PILOTS

22 February, 2016
by Richard de Crespigny
With a sad and heavy heart I learned that aviator and test pilot Captain Eric Melrose 'Winkle' Brown CBE DSC AFC HonFRAeS Royal Navy died on 21 February 2016.

"Winkle" Brown was to British aviation what Chuck Yeager is to the USA aviation.

> **"When you read his life story, it makes James Bond seem like a bit of a slacker."**
> **(Kirsty Young)**

"Winkle" Brown was the recipe for the right stuff. He was probably the world's greatest test pilot:
He tested and flew 487 aircraft types—a record that will probably never be beaten
He made over 2,407 aircraft carrier deck landing—a record that will probably never be beaten
He was the first to land a jet on an aircraft carrier
His knowledge, flying skills, experience and wisdom proved his resilience in his extraordinary high risk profession in which many perished.

> At the end of the day I felt tremendous satisfaction in having beaten the odds. This is one of the most attractive aspects of flying: taking on danger and winning. Because you know what waits for you if you don't win.
> ("Winkle" Brown)

"Winkle" Brown gave back. I viewed presentations he delivered in the UK up to about a year ago. He could hold an audience spellbound for more than an hour without written notes. He recalled aircraft designs, horsepowers, speeds and incidents of the last century as clearly as if he was still in the pilot's seat.

> "Be prepared for everything."

He valued knowledge. He understood his machines from the ground up. This started with his first (500cc Norton) motorcycle. He was a stickler for preparation before flight. He said, "Be prepared for everything."

Thank you Eric "Winkle" Brown for your contributions that made the sky safe for the billions of travellers on planet Earth. You had the skills of Chuck Yeager with the knowledge and humility of Neil Armstrong. Like both, you made a profound difference. You were a teacher to many you never met. Your legacy will endure to inspire aviators world wide.

Graham Reddin, my friend way back from our RAAF days writes at LinkedIn:

> Truly one of, if not THE most remarkable aviator to have shared our profession.
>
> As noted elsewhere, his encyclopaedic knowledge of everything aviation from the perspective of having written the history himself, and his ability to recall details of his extraordinary life with astonishing clarity right up until his passing is without equal.
>
> The many interviews he has recorded over the years (some of which are on YouTube) are testament to his intellect and powers of observation, and make essential viewing for any aviation professional, as something we could all aspire to.

RIP

Cruisin' The St. Croix For The 15th Summer

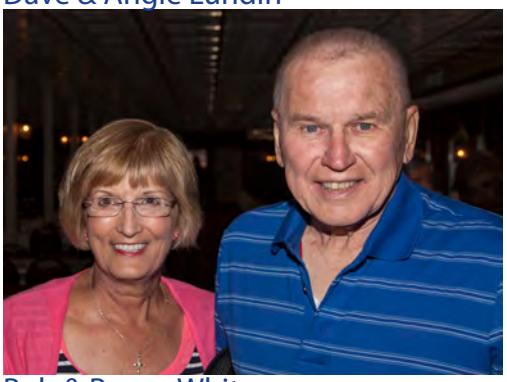
Clear skies, 77degrees, a big turnout and never enough time to tell all the stories. Organized and hosted by Phil and Eileen Hallin.

All photos by the Editor, except this one of the Historic Stillwater Bridge.

Dave & Angie Lundin

Bob & Judy Royer

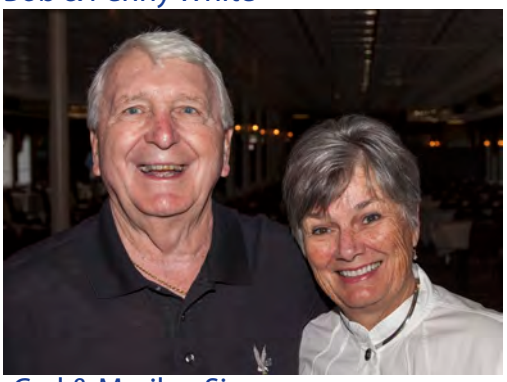
Gary & Barb Pisel



Bob & Penny White

Jim & Bobbie Flatz

Chuck Hinz, Dave Miley



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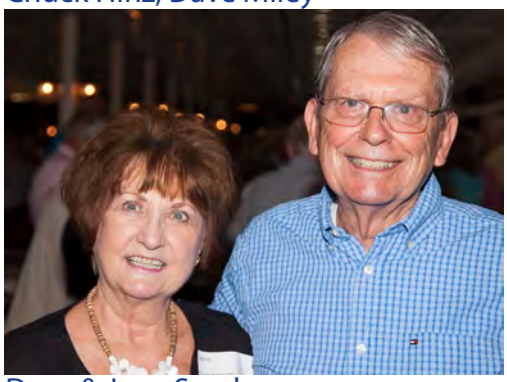

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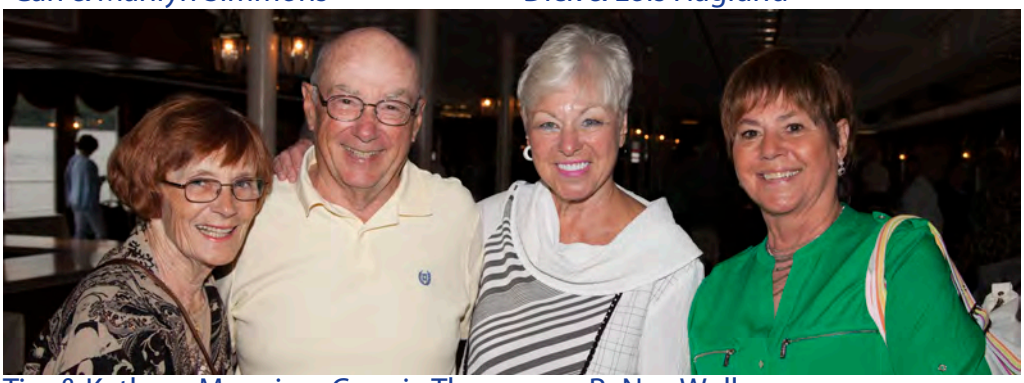

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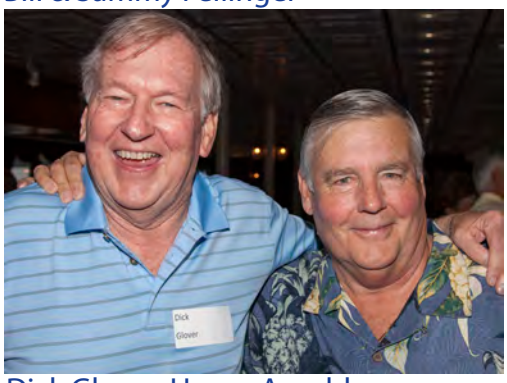
Bill & Sammy Fellinger

Laura Riskdahl-Hampton,
Glenna McDonald

Dino & Karen Oliva



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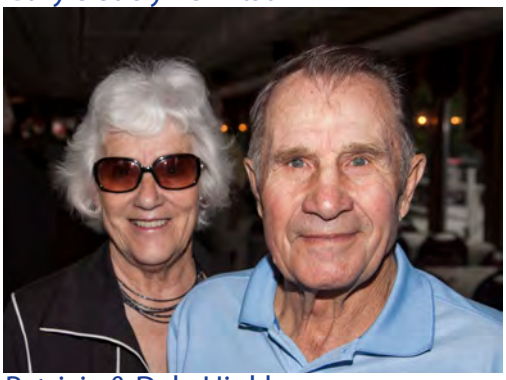
Gary & Jaclyn Smitson

Gary & Cortney Webb

Gary & Joan Thompson



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JoAnne LeMire

Uli Taylor

Jack Cutler

Gail Dierks

Keith Maxwell & Kathie Zielie

Claire Davis, Dennis Davis

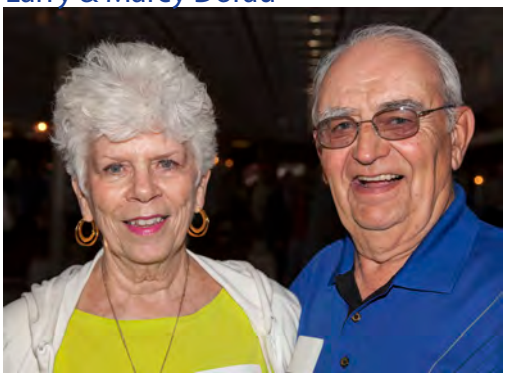
Sherry & Doug Wenborg

Tim & Kathryn Mannion

Larry & Marcy Dorau

Pete & Stephanie Dodge

Steve Towle & Stevie Gilbert



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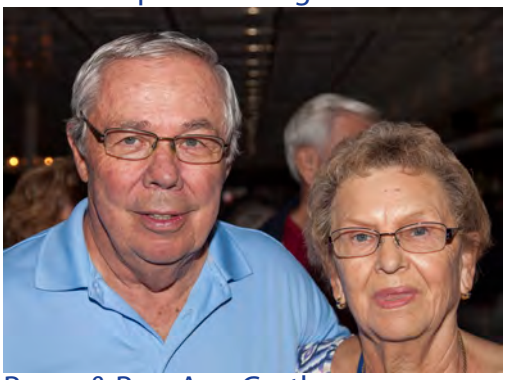
David & Suzanne Zanick

Jerry & Linda Wortman



Roger & RoseAnn Grotbo

Karen Oliva, Phil Hallin, Martha Kohlbrand

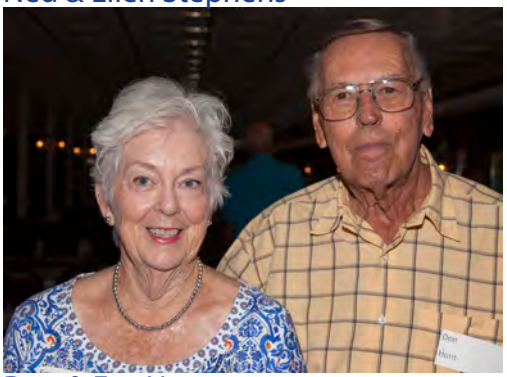
Terry & Susan Marsh

Pete & Ann Brown


Ned & Ellen Stephens


Virgil & Chistine Sagness


Steve Welmer, Colleen Blume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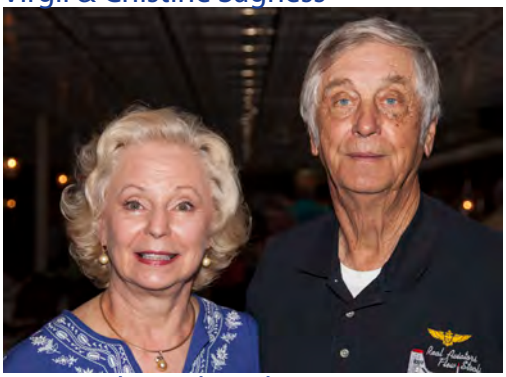
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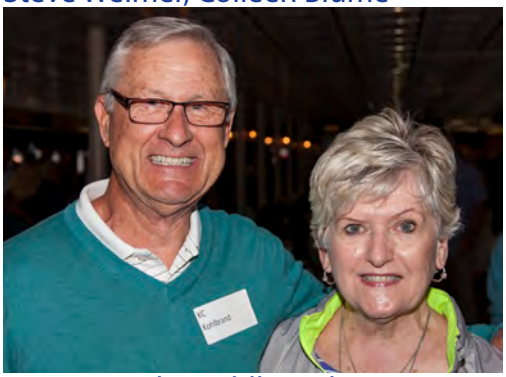
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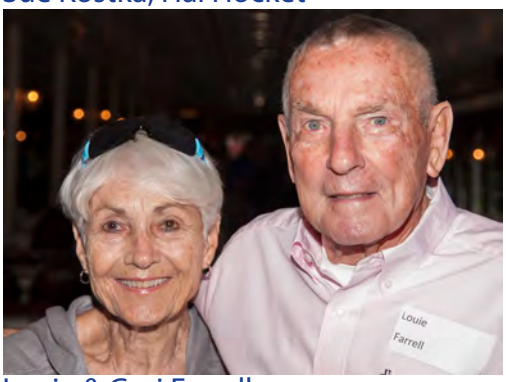
John & Diane Andres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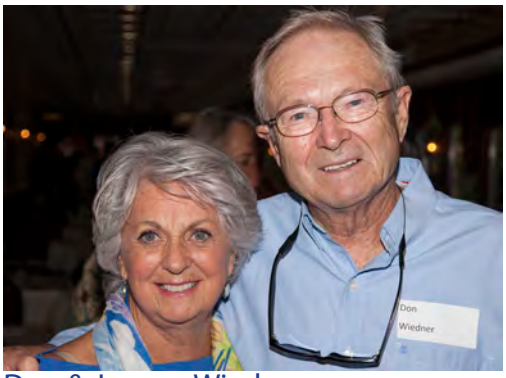
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Bev Ryan, Mary Golen-Flynn, Marty Ginzl, Alice Bernhart, Kathy Palmen


RaNae Wolle, Connie Thompson


Skip & Kathy Foster


Janine Ross & Cap Olson


Linda Zuelsdorf Cain, Jane Foote

Dick & Mary Ann Robbins

Nancy Stevenson, Sandra Ryan

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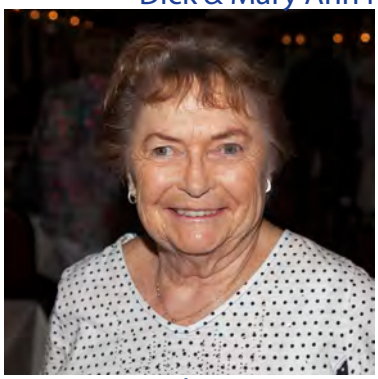

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Pete Johnson

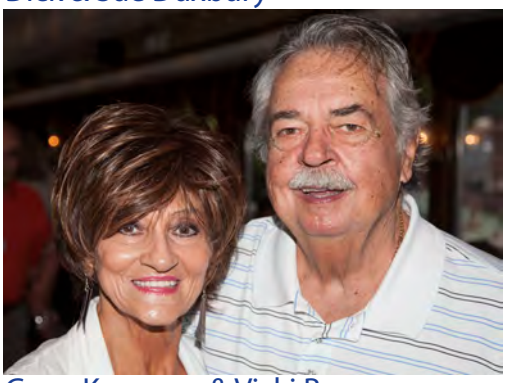
Dwaine Ratfield

Terry & Lynne Confer

Dick & Sue Duxbury

Gar & Kathy Bensen

Bill & Nancy Waterbury



Gene Kragness & Vicki Bresson

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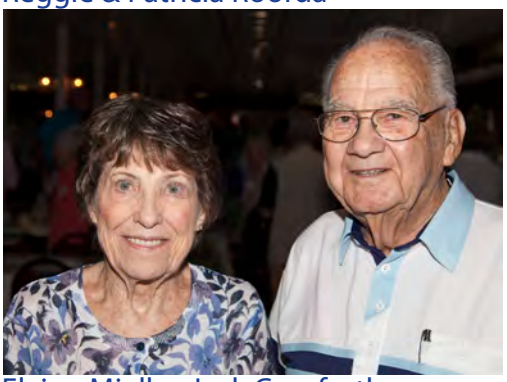
Sandy Brownlee, Jerry Johnson, Ginny Roth

Karen Jensen, Bea Evans

Andrew & Vonne Danielson

Reggie & Patricia Roorda



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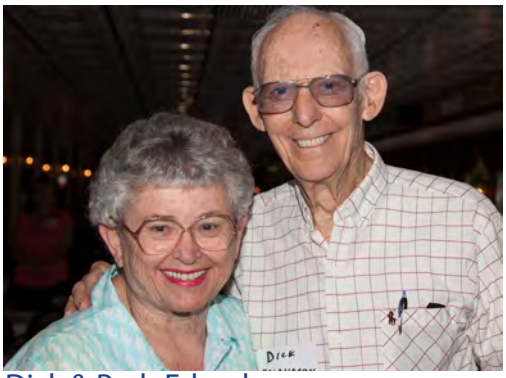

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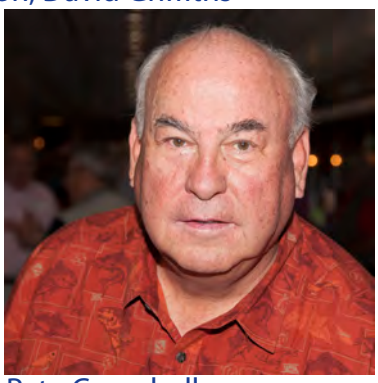
Ron Kenmir

Arlen Anderson

Beth Burt



Pete Campbell

Neil & Kathy Cebell

JD & Holly Leland

Mona Hovelsrud, Donna Richard, Marsha Martin

Howie & Marilyn Leland

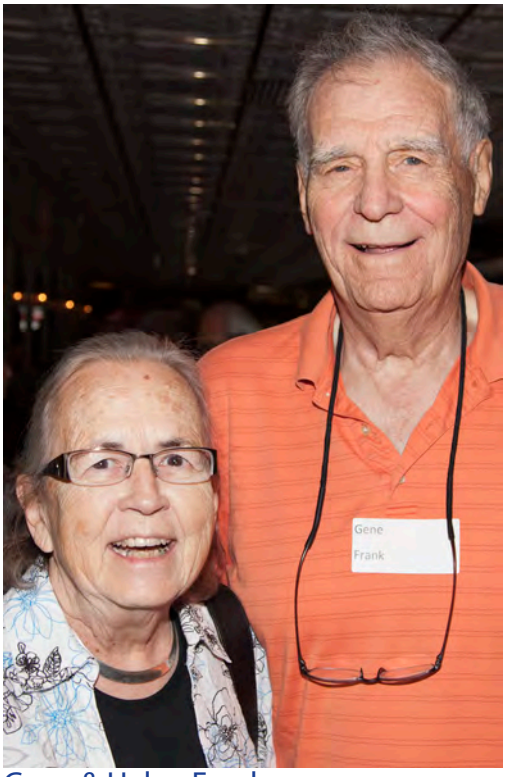
Betty Fulton, Joe & Judy Garcia, Julie Cohen

Tom & Sue Ebner

Neil & Kay Elliott

Dennis Johnson, Jeff Johnson

Carol Hall, Judy Huff, Shari Burns



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K. P. & Nancy Haram

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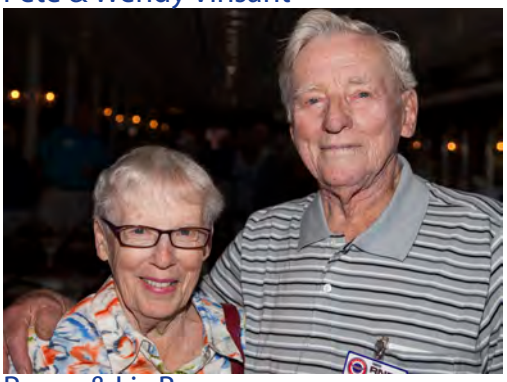

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George & Arliss Williams

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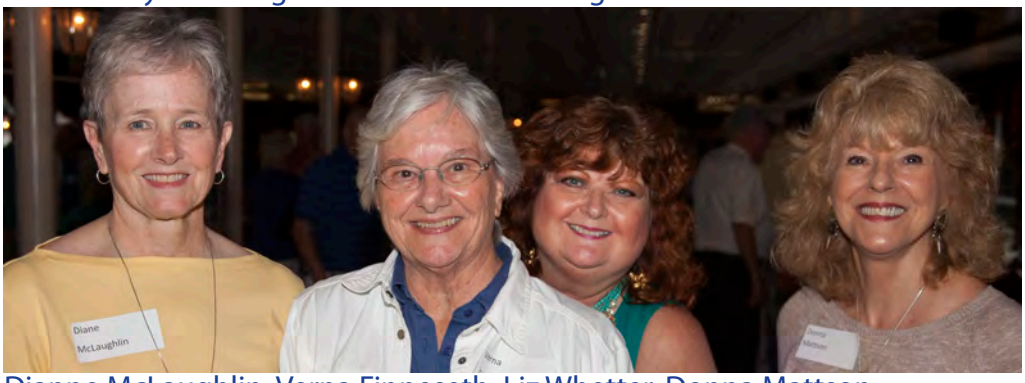

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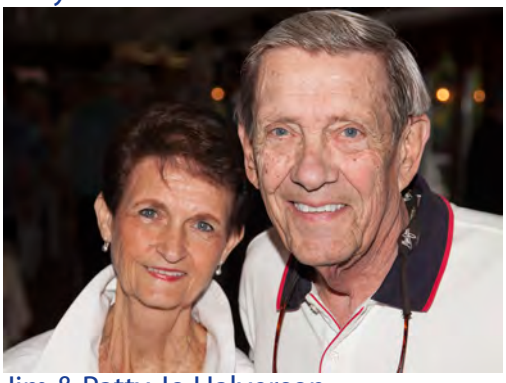

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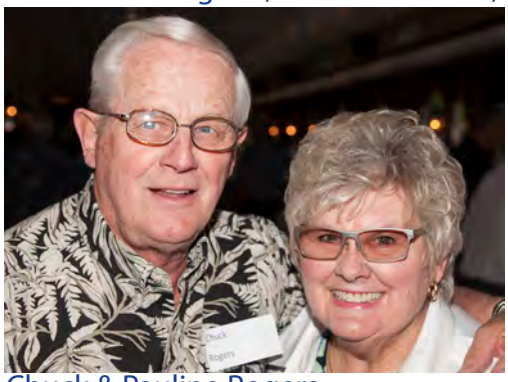

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Joan Zeisneiss

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Don & Edith Schrope

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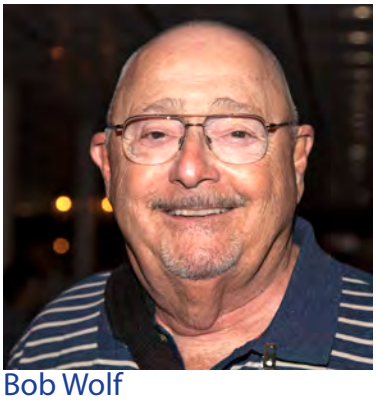
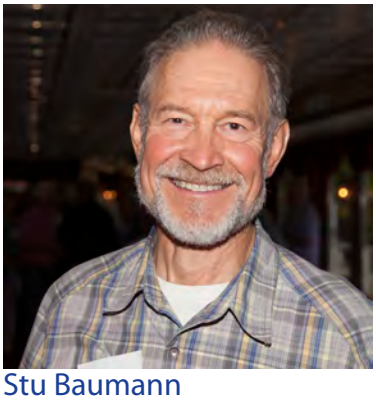


Bob Wolf



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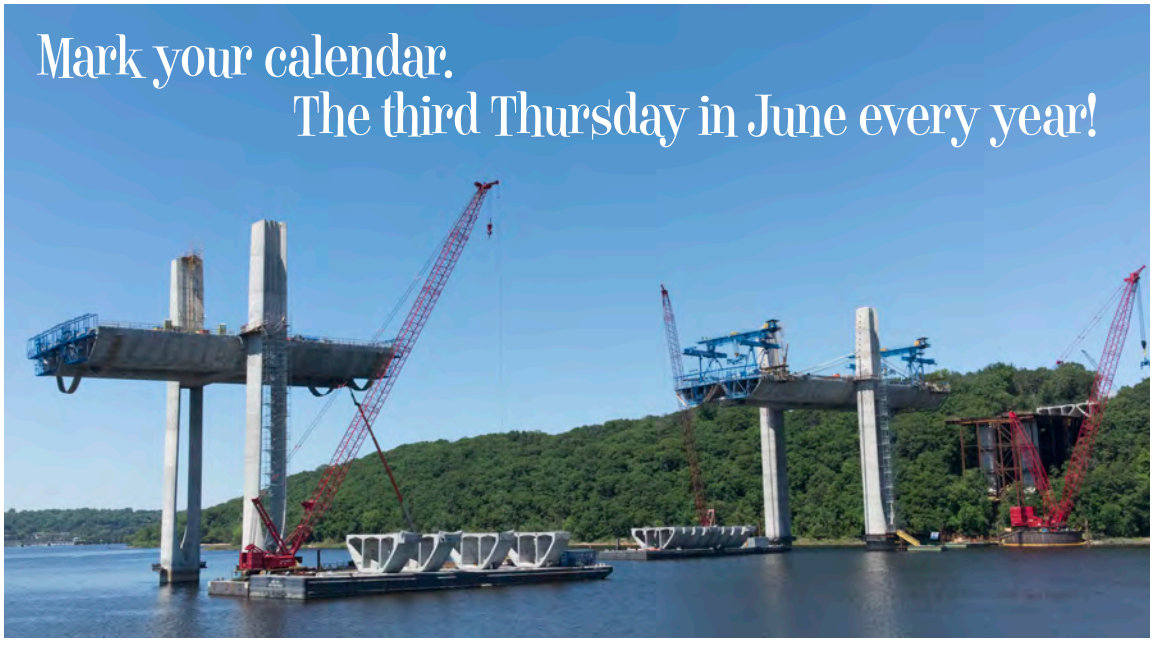

Vic Britt sent me many more than these of extreme weather in Australia. These few samples seem more impressive in this large size rather than trying to cram many more on the page. – Ed.

Brisbane dust storm

Far North Queensland rare roll clouds known as Morning Glories

"Wadduya mean you've never seen a tsunami of sand at sea before?! This is AUSTRALIA mate.

"Think it's hot Alice Springs? How about a bit of a fire tornado to warm things up?"

You, maybe?

By Bill Emmer

Reading the most recent article by the Chick in the Pit got me thinking about my career, and my early biases. It's true. Bias is a word that I particularly dislike—although I prefer it to prejudice. In truth, though, we all have biases, and they usually don't serve us well.

Due to my military background I had always believed those who attained their airline jobs via civilian avenues to be somewhat inferior to those trained by the military. I had no difficulty making this seem to be true. My airline career started at TWA, and most of the aviators there with whom I'd flown were military. Several of the older gents were civilian and, while they managed to get the job done, they almost all were of a generation so removed from my life experience that I not only couldn't relate to them, but didn't appreciate the fact that just prior to mandatory retirement at age 60 they were having difficulty being excited about the cocky bastard seated behind them whose advancement was predicated upon their departure. Furloughed, I left TWA never to return after too short a time to make anything resembling a scientific sampling of the theory of military exceptionalism.

I was hired by Air Florida after a year of furlough from TWA. I had initially decided not to take the job offer: I was flying my AFRES C-130 over Miami while Liberty City was burning in December of 1980 and realized that working on my cabin in Colorado and flying with this unit would be difficult while living so far away. When I discovered that my duties as a DC-10 S/O would allow me to commute, the decision became easy. It also was nearly disastrous: The training was done at the UAL Training Center in Denver on Quebec Ave near the old Stapleton Airport. My instructor, a civilian pilot who was not a line pilot, did not know Air Florida procedures. Instead, he kept teaching United procedures and we argued continuously—my stint at Air Florida was nearly over before it began...

The culture at Air Florida was totally different than most airlines. While the airline had been around for a decade or more by the time I arrived in early 1981, all but a few of the pilots (and Flight Attendants for that matter) had only been there for a few years. The most senior captain at the airline had been an electrician for Pan Am when he'd been hired as a Second Officer on the B-707 and later the Electras being flown in the early days, and by the time Eli Timoner, Ed Acker (of Braniff fame) and their financial gurus had started acquiring cheap used DC-9s and B-737s in the late 1970s he'd managed to get the licenses that allowed him to exercise his seniority as a captain. So inexperienced were the senior pilots when the company began acquiring DC-10s that the FAA forced management to pair experienced international co-pilots with any captain who didn't have experience flying internationally, especially on the NATS (North American Track System, the airways that are also called minimum time tracks that vary twice daily with the wind and weather, between FL 285 and FL 420 for flight between the East coast of North America and Western Europe). Many of the "off the street" First Offi-

cers came from the AFRES C-141 unit at MacGuire AFB; most of the rest, along with some of the Flight Operations management came from defunct ONA (Overseas National Airways).

It was exciting to be part of a culture that was born during de-regulation and not hamstrung by union contracts, reliance on government regulation and a lack of animosity between labor and management. Most of the pilots were under the age of 30, and a flight attendant that age was a Sky Hag. (Cyndee, my flight attendant wife of 35 years whom I met at Air Florida, gave me permission to say that... just sayin'.) However, without exception the three worst pilots with whom I've ever flown were Air Florida pilots. While I flew with many exceptional pilots there as well, these guys were scary and my bias in favor of military pilots has its roots in that experience.

Hired by Northwest Orient Airlines in October, 1984, I quickly advanced in seniority and upgraded to B-727 F/O on probation, continuing to teach as a B-727 S/O Instructor. Life was good, and getting off of probation for the third time made me think the decision to pursue a career in such an insane industry might actually have been a good idea. Fortunately the crystal ball that took me to TWA and Air Florida was still not giving me reliable information or I would have missed out on a career that was amazing... but I digress.

We moved to Orlando, had our second child and built a beautiful house in a great school district. With those new challenges added to the mix and the merger with Republic complicating every crewmember's life, I checked out in the back seat of the Whale, bidding number four or five on the list in JFK. Senior enough to be an F/O, I would use my seniority to limit my commute to once a month, and take advantage of the time away to do USAF Air Command and Staff by correspondence, virtually assuring my promotion to O-5. I'd planned to bid the right seat after a year.

My first and second month on that aircraft were flown with Captain Terry Confer as the schedule had an eleven-day trip that departed after Easter, and another that left the last day of the month. While he was also an excellent pilot, Terry was very adept at handling conflict, and observing his deftness in that regard helped me develop my leadership style as a captain and as an instructor. Before we even left flight operations, before I'd had a chance to interact with him at all, I witnessed what could otherwise have turned into a month-long struggle of continuing agony. The F/O who had been awarded the trip had received a bid as a B-727 Captain and, lacking an available replacement, a B-747 Captain from MSP had been "called down" to replace him for the trip. Unfortunately, this gent was quite senior, having been the victim of "line of sight scheduling" and was as angry as a wet hen. At that juncture I'd met neither of them; all in Flight Ops were aware that a minor crisis was in progress, and other business would have to wait. After a conference call between Scheduling and the chief pilot and a review of the contract with the angry senior captain—soon to be first officer—I watched Terry approach him and say, "Heads or tails," as he was about to flip a quarter. Our unhappy camper, still angry over his fate, asked what that was supposed to mean. Flipping the quarter but concealing the results under his other hand, Terry said, "We're flying this trip together, and I thought we'd flip to see who starts in the left seat. We'll just swap seats every other leg and have a good time. With a Hong Kong layover this should be a lot of fun." Turns out Terry won the toss, and the rest of the trip was delightful. The situation had been immediately defused, the Hong Kong layover went to Bangkok instead, and neither of these gents would let me so much as spend a dime. To this day it remains the best example I've ever seen of turning lemons into lemonade, not to mention one of my most memorable trips. Both of these excellent captains and pilots were civilians.

The very next captain I flew with on the Whale was ex-military and somewhat mediocre as both a pilot and a captain. Further, he was a financial disaster, even though he'd never been divorced. To this day I have no idea what he did with his money, but at the time he earned double what I did. He couldn't afford to take over the payments of his son's house, which was about to go into foreclosure; I could easily have done so. To "teach his son a lesson" he was going to let that happen, even though he'd co-signed the mortgage. When I explained that if he allowed that house to be foreclosed the lenders would come after him personally, and likely be successful, he was in shock. We hadn't even made it to Narita and already I had begun questioning my military bias.

I was privileged to work with many pilots as a result of being an instructor for over half of my NWA career. As a contract B-787 Sim IP for Boeing I've been able to continue doing so, and my students have primarily been those for whom English is a second language—I continue to be amazed at how well prepared these Mexican and South American pilots are, and how professional as well. What I've learned is that pilots are individuals, and they are held to a given standard by the organization that trains and employs them. Some pilots are better than others—regardless of gender, ethnicity or where they obtained their initial training. For a civilian aviator to make it into the Big Leagues requires hard work and determination, and usually yields an extremely professional aviator. While their military counterparts are usually excellent as well, that won't always be the case.

MANLY MEN DIDN'T USE: *Wheelies!*

...not for a little while anyway.

By Bill Emmer

I was reminiscing with my younger daughter Ally the other day about how we'd manage to assemble the family in DTW after I'd finished a trip, and then move through the old terminal as we endeavored to get the four of us (Michael hadn't yet arrived; Sarah was old enough to keep up with us) on a flight to where ever it was that we were trying to go. Cyndee was (and still is) a flight attendant, but as the babies started to arrive she took every leave she could—often just to keep another flight attendant from being furloughed. With unlimited Easy-Write passes we managed to travel a lot.

Moon Mullins and Dutch Wellman had been producing and selling their ubiquitous "Jet Eze" suitcase on wheels to all of us crew members for a couple of years, and mine doubled as terminal transportation for Ally. Seated on the bag facing aft and holding on to the tubular struts, we garnered a lot of surprised looks and grins, but it was very efficient as a means of rapidly moving the family from one end of the terminal to the other. It helps to recall that in the history of customer service NWA surely found rock bottom in that old terminal, and schlepping bags and kids from Concourse D to Concourse F because of a last minute gate change could absolutely cause a passenger needing a wheelchair or electric cart or a family with small kids and too many bags to miss a flight. That old Jet Eze was a life saver.

Made from heavy duty aluminum, it had a shelf on the bottom that supported the rectangular canvas bag that was velcroed to the tubular struts that supported another shelf atop the bag. Solid aluminum rods that were twisted in a loose spiral were pulled out of the struts to expose the wheels at the bottom and extend the handle for travel. The zippered canvas bags were available in Burgundy to coordinate with the NWA Flight attendant uniforms of that era, and of course black for pilot and other airline flight attendant uniforms. While it looked like it was made the night before the flight in my own garage, it was pure form and function, and it was as rugged as it was practical. A flight kit (often weighing 30 pounds or more) could be placed on the top shelf, and while the actual load in that configuration was quite heavy, it made for a much easier jaunt for a domestic crew member required to walk a half mile to a departure gate, often several times a day. For international crews, it was nothing to start a trip by deadheading from MSP to ORD, getting to walk a half mile from the arrival gate, clear security yet again, and then begin a preflight on a B-747 at the international terminal. That Jet Eze cut the bag-drag stress factor in half.

In the early days of flying, manly men just lugged their suitcases and flight kits but flight attendants were already using wheelies. Spindly spring-loaded contraptions made of tubular steel on wheels, the device was attached with bungie cords around the suitcase. Over time the risk of a pilot being called a pansy gave way to the eminent practicality of that innovation.

And then along came Bob Plath (pictured).

I chanced to be crewed with him once when he'd fallen off the Whale. Due to a change in the schedule, he was not senior enough to hold the B-747, but was advised that he would be back on the aircraft in JFK the following month. Previously a captain on the B-727, he received his requisite few hours of simulator training and found himself once again a "three-holer" captain even though he hadn't landed that much smaller craft in the real world in several years. Upon learning that I was a fairly experienced aviator with much time on that aircraft, he announced that I'd be doing most of the flying. That was "A-OK" by me. Each week our schedule took us from DTW to MCO, then back to DTW, ending that first day with a layover in MCI. Early the next day we made a quick trip to MSP and then flew to the west coast for a long layover in SEA. The last day took us back to DTW early enough for an easy commute home for both of us—myself to MCO, and Bob to FLL.

It was at the South Satellite in SEA that the Rollaboard was born. We chanced to run into Moon Mullins on our way to the gate after our SEA layover. Bob loved the fact that he could easily access his keys, glasses and wallet in the small zippered compartment at the top of his upright Jet Eze, as well as put a portfolio in the much larger zippered compartment below it. Already a successful entrepreneur in his own right (he owned a

factory in Korea that manufactured nail clippers, nail files, etc. that he wholesaled to several large retailers (perhaps K-Mart, Walmart, Walgreens, etc), he was a classy guy and lamented the home-made quality of his otherwise wonderful Jet Eze. As we stopped to talk to Moon, he reached into his bag and pulled out a drawing of what he had in mind to transform this Model-T into a Thunderbird. Moon promised to share the concept with Dutch, his partner, and on the way back to DTW we chatted about how he could help them develop this new suitcase, and even knew a gent in Korea who had a suitcase factory where they could jump-start serious production.

The following week we ran into Moon again in the South Satellite. I waved hello but wanted to grab a quick bite before the trip. On our way back to DTW again, I asked him if he'd gotten any feedback on the proffered idea. He replied that Moon hadn't had a chance yet to discuss it with Dutch, but promised to do so soon. A week later we again ran into Moon. Again I waved and ran to get a bite. As we flew our final leg together—bids were out and Bob was back on the Whale in JFK the following month—we again discussed the fate of the Jet Eze. Moon had informed Bob that he and Dutch had discussed the idea but weren't interested. I was dumbfounded.

Not one to let a great idea slip away, Bob developed this concept into the highly-successful product of today; he also added a hook on an adjustable strap attached to the top of the bag that could either support a flight kit or a tote. Not only did that make carrying an additional bag more stable, it lowered the CG and virtually neutralized the force necessary to keep the bag upright—as opposed to the 30-50 pounds of force necessary to keep the Jet Eze from falling forward, launching the flight kit off of the top shelf, and perhaps taking out the achilles tendon of an unlucky pilot about to miss his commuter flight home. With the Rollaboard strap properly adjusted, the flight kit or tote would rest on the floor when the bag to which it was attached was upright. When pulled, the attached bag actually makes for a more balanced operation due to ideal weight distribution. Though quite simple, none of us had imagined such a beautiful solution to solving the aircrew bag drag until Bob came along.

In the years that followed I've often marveled at how Bob had tried to give these other NWA pilots a veritable fortune but they weren't astute enough to see the potential. This story literally should be a lesson taught to MBA candidates at business schools. It occurs to me that most of us lack the foresight to imagine the future. Whether developing a mouse or a better mousetrap, a re-usable booster rocket or a suitcase, it's not enough to dream. People like Bob Plath, Steve Jobs or Elon Musk also know how to build, and aren't afraid to fail. And if you think Bob's success here isn't on par with the other gents above, try carrying two heavy suitcases by hand several times a day for 10-15 minutes. Now multiply that by many times a month for thirty years...while you're at it, take a few minutes to look around the terminal the next time you choose to fly. Try to find someone carrying a heavy suitcase.

Again, as our late friend Paul Harvey used to say, now you know the rest of the story. ✈

Reinventing the Suitcase by Adding the Wheel

From the New York Times

On the Road

By JOE SHARKEY OCT 4, 2010

MANY thousands of years ago, there were two important inventions, the wheel and the sack. As a traveler, I can't help wondering why it took so long to put rollers on that sack to create wheeled luggage.

"It was one of my best ideas," Bernard D. Sadow said the other day. Mr. Sadow, who was at that time a vice president at a Massachusetts company that made luggage and coats, is credited with inventing rolling luggage 40 years ago this month.

First, the background. Mr. Sadow, now 85, had his eureka moment in 1970 as he lugged two heavy suitcases through an airport while returning from a family vacation in Aruba. Waiting at customs, he said, he observed a worker effortlessly rolling a heavy machine on a wheeled skid.

Chris Gash

"I said to my wife, 'You know, that's what we need for luggage,' " Mr. Sadow recalled. When he got back to work, he took casters off a wardrobe trunk and mounted them on a big travel suitcase. "I put a strap on the front and pulled it, and it worked," he said.

This invention, for which he holds United States patent No. 3,653,474, "Rolling Luggage," did not take off immediately, though.

"People do not accept change well," Mr. Sadow said, recalling the many months he spent rolling his prototype bag on sales calls to department stores in New York and elsewhere. Finally, though, Macy's ordered some, and the market grew quickly as Macy's ads began promoting "the Luggage That Glides."

The patent, which Mr. Sadow applied for in 1970 and received in 1972, noted that people were dealing with luggage in a new way, as airplanes decisively replaced trains as the common mode of long-distance travel.

The patent stated, "Whereas formerly, luggage would be handled by porters and be loaded or unloaded at points convenient to the street, the large terminals of today, particularly air terminals, have increased the difficulty of baggage-handling." It added, "Baggage-handling has become perhaps the biggest single difficulty encountered by an air passenger."

Until Mr. Sadow's invention, the major recent innovation in luggage toting had been small, fold-up wheeled carts that travelers strapped suitcases to and pulled behind them. By the late 1960s, travel gear shops were selling lots of these as more Americans began flying, especially internationally.

But Mr. Sadow's suitcase was ultimately supplanted by a more popular innovation — the now ubiquitous Rollaboard and its imitators.

The Rollaboard was invented in 1987 by Robert Plath, a Northwest Airlines 747 pilot and avid home workshop tinkerer, who affixed two wheels and a long handle to suitcases that rolled upright, rather than being towed flat like Mr. Sadow's four-wheeled models.

Mr. Plath initially sold his Rollaboards to fellow flight crew members. But when travelers in airports saw flight attendants striding briskly through airports with their Rollaboards in tow, a whole new market was created. Within a few years Mr. Plath had left flying to start Travelpro International, now a major luggage company. Other luggage makers quickly imitated the Rollaboard.

"Travelpro really popularized the telescoping handle with the two wheels, after Plath got the flight attendants to start carrying them," Richard Krulik, the chief executive of U.S. Luggage, whose subsidiary Briggs & Riley Travelware markets luggage. Mr. Sadow is the former owner of U.S. Luggage.

So why did it take so long for wheeled luggage to emerge? Mr. Sadow recalled the strong resistance he met on those early sales calls, when he was frequently told that men would not accept suitcases with wheels. "It was a very macho thing," he said.

But it was also a time of huge change in the culture of travel, as a growing number of people flew, airports became bigger and far more women began traveling alone, especially on business trips. It had taken a long time, but common sense and the quest for convenience prevailed. The suitcase acquired wheels; travelers no longer routinely needed porters and bellhops.

So here's a toast to the inventors, and especially to Mr. Sadow on the 40th anniversary of his rolling luggage. But let's also give three cheers to the flight attendants — the early adopters who showed the rest of us how to carry a suitcase sensibly.

Now if only someone could find a sensible way to stow that bag on an airplane.

Julie Clark Minnesota Aviation Hall of Fame Inductee

On April 30th, 2016, Julie Clark, a local pilot and Air Show performer was inducted into the Minnesota Aviation Hall of Fame in Minneapolis, Minnesota. She is a resident of Cameron Park, California and Webster, Minnesota. The Minnesota Aviation Hall of Fame is a partner organization of Airspace Minnesota, a nonprofit collaborative formed to honor and grow the regions innovation legacy. To be chosen as an inductee is a great honor as the Minnesota Hall of Fame only considers those persons recognized as pioneers in Aviation in a lasting and significant way. Approximately six inductees are chosen each year and the inductees are then installed at a ceremony the following year.

Julie celebrates 36 years of flying as a solo aerobatic Air Show pilot in 2016, logging over 35,000 hours in the air, and is rated in more than 66 types of aircraft. She is an icon in the aerobatic community and loved by fans all over the world. The grace and beauty of her performance is surpassed only by her dedication to perfection and commitment to flying. Julie has been known to say that if she can inspire just one young air show fan at each air show to become involved in aviation, then she feels she will have accomplished something worthwhile.

Julie made Cameron Park her home about 30 years ago. She was previously located in the San Rafael, California area. She was visiting with fellow air show pilot, Check Lischer a former Cameron Park resident, at his residence in the Cameron Park Airpark. This was the first time she had visited the residential airpark and this was the beginning of a long love affair with the Cameron Park area.

Julie flies a Beechcraft T-34 and restoration fans will appreciate that she bought her Beechcraft T-34 in 1977, sight unseen, at a government surplus auction in Anchorage, Alaska. She flew the airplane, dubbed Free Spirit, 2900 miles to her home in California. Julie personally and painstakingly restored her aluminum airplane, hand polishing inside and out. This "project" covered the next four years to produce what is now easily recognizable at Air Shows by her creative version of the "Air Force One" paint scheme.

Julie is currently sponsored by Tempest Plus Marketing Group and Electroair. Both well-known Companies to pilots for their excellent products. You can follow Julie as she performs nationwide at her website: Julie Clark Air Shows.

"BLACKSHEEP FEET WET"

Crossing the Pacific in single seat aircraft

By Darrel Smith

During Naval combat operations, warplanes are often launched from aircraft carriers to strike targets that are located on land. The pilots, upon crossing the coastline, make a "Feet Dry" radio call indicating the flight is over land and proceeding toward the target. Returning, crossing that same beach, a "Feet Wet" call indicates the attack has been completed and the flight is now over water and headed home.

My twelve-month deployment to Vietnam as a Marine attack pilot was drawing to a close and I was still alive. The past eleven months had been lonesome, hot, cold, exciting, scary, demanding, exhausting, boring, frustrating and rewarding. I was definitely ready for this combat tour to be over.

This year of combat had given me the opportunity to make use of my training and to fly my aircraft to its maximum capabilities. I had a certain amount of pride in my accomplishments and a huge respect for my aircraft, the McDonnell-Douglas A-4 Skyhawk. It had proven itself to be a sturdy, dependable and versatile attack aircraft. I am proud to have been a "Scooter" (as the A-4 was fondly called) pilot.

Arriving in the war zone, my mind set was that I would probably not live through the year. I simply accepted every mission and flew it to the best of my ability without considering the possible disastrous outcome.

Suddenly, it was late in my tour and somehow I was still healthy and thankfully alive. I still accepted all assigned missions and flew them to the best of my ability, but the possibility of surviving was starting to creep into my mind. I remember thinking "Holy Cow, I have been here nearly a year. I've got to be careful not to make some dumb mistake and kill myself."

During the process of extended combat operations, equipment and personnel are routinely moved into and out of the combat zone. Therefore, it was not unusual that the Marine Corps made the decision to rotate VMA-214 (a Marine Attack Squadron) and its aircraft from Chu Lai, Viet Nam to El Toro Marine Air Station in California. It also made sense to have pilots who had fulfilled their tour requirements fly the older (A-4C) aircraft back home across the Pacific Ocean.

VMF-214 was the most famous Marine Corps Squadron of WWII. Its pilots, flying the gull-winged 2,000-hp F4U Corsairs (called "whistling death" by the Japanese), were credited with shooting down 100 enemy planes. As many as 100 more may have been destroyed but could not be officially verified.

This squadron was nicknamed "Blacksheep Squadron," since it was formed from a group of misfit pilots and commanded by the self-proclaimed "bad boy," Major Gregory "Pappy" Boyington. The Major was a colorful character who personally destroyed 26 Japanese aircraft. The nickname, Pappy, came from the fact that he was a decade older than the pilots under his command. It is rumored that he always took the aircraft that were in the worst mechanical condition when going into battle. He wanted his pilots to believe that their aircraft were reliable.

we joined with tanker aircraft to sharpen our refueling skills. These long flights were not much fun but very important. If any malfunction had occurred it was much safer to be near a functional runway rather than far out over the open ocean.

On the day of our scheduled departure we manned our aircraft, completed our normal procedures and taxied to the runway. Requesting and receiving clearance for takeoff, I added full power, testing this old engine one more time. Most of my departures from this airport had been to the north but today my last (hopefully) takeoff was to the south.

I released the brakes and felt the acceleration. The runway was rough but I had become accustomed to this condition during the previous twelve months. Reaching the proper speed, I eased the nose up to takeoff attitude. The little jet lifted off and I retracted the gear and flaps.

> "Gaggle...: an undisciplined group of aircraft milling about in roughly the same piece of sky, sometimes attempting to impersonate a formation."

Following a dogfight in which the Japanese greatly outnumbered the Americans, Pappy did not return. No one had observed him going down.

A Japanese submarine plucked him from the sea and transported him to a prisoner of war camp. Eighteen months later, the war ended and he was freed from a camp located near Tokyo. He received many awards and medals including the Congressional Medal of Honor. Pappy was celebrated as a true American war hero.

I was transferred into VMA-214 to participate in the upcoming trans-Pacific (transpac) operation of delivering the squadron's aircraft back to the States. I am proud of my minor association with this historic squadron. The plan after leaving Viet Nam was to island hop to Guam, Wake and Hawaii. The last leg from Hawaii to El Toro MCAS was the longest. All legs, except one, due to their length, required airborne refueling. A week or so before our departure the planes were configured with long-range fuel tanks.

My fellow pilots and I engaged in what we called "practicing being miserable." With full fuel tanks we climbed to altitude and flew back and forth along the Viet Nam coast making sure all the fuel tanks and transfer equipment functioned properly. After a boring two hours or more and with our tanks nearly empty, A left turn, out over the South China Sea, was started and as my trusty aircraft roared across the beach I shouted (not out loud, just in my mind), "Blacksheep, Feet Wet. Good Bye, Viet Nam."

More pilots were assigned to this transpac operation than the total number of aircraft. The plan was to share the flying. The pilots not flying on a given leg were to ride as passengers on the C-130 tanker aircraft. I was chosen to be one of the flying pilots for the first leg from Chu Lai to Guam.

The route took us directly over the Philippine Islands where we would meet the tankers and receive fuel for the remainder of the flight. If for any reason a plane was unable to take on fuel, the pilot could leave the flight and land at the Cubi Point Naval Air Station, an active and strategic military airbase.

The C-130 is a large transport aircraft, powered by four turboprop engines, it had straight wings and a limited top speed. The A4 had swept wings and was powered by one internal turbine engine. The fueling process required our undivided attention due to these differences.

The tankers would maintain their highest altitude and accelerate to their maximum speed. We in our smaller jets would descend and reduce speed putting us

well below the A-4's optimum speed. Taking on several thousand pounds of fuel, brought our jets much closer to stall speed. Maintaining our refueling position became increasingly more difficult since the response to control inputs became sluggish and sloppy. When the refueling was complete we backed away, which automatically stopped fuel transfer and disconnected the hose.

The C-130 tanker aircraft was fitted with a large fuel tank positioned on its main deck. A pod containing a reel and a hose with a drogue attached was mounted under each wing. With this arrangement two aircraft could be refueled simultaneously.

Upon joining the tankers the hose and drogue were already trailing from the pods. We would carefully fly our aircraft's fixed probe into the drogue (basket). This basket was approximately 20 inches in diameter and looked very much like a large badminton shuttlecock.

Several white bands were painted on the hose near the pod. After a successful hookup, a certain number of these bands had to be "pushed" back into the pod by flying slightly forward. This maneuver allowed fuel to begin transferring. The entire process took only a few minutes but demanded the pilots' total concentration.

Our uneventful landings at Anderson Air Force Base, on the very northern end of Guam, marked the successfully completion of the first leg. As pilots, we had no further duties for the day. Most of us ate dinner, found a bed and tried to get some rest, hoping to be fresh for whatever was in store the next day.

At that time, there was no way of knowing that Guam would be a part of my future. After leaving the Marines, I became a pilot for Northwest Airlines. Toward the end of my career, I served as the Chief Pilot for the airline's Honolulu based pilots (about 400 men and women).

Northwest Airlines also based about 40 pilots and five Boeing 727 aircraft in Guam to service routes to and from Japan. The Honolulu Chief Pilot's job came with the added responsibility of tending to the needs of the pilots in Guam. I traveled there many times (accompanied by my wife Glenda on occasion) and had some great golf matches. This small pilot base was staffed with some outstanding young pilots and they ran a great small airline. I loved and respected them and their families.

I was never to know the details, but evidently some of my transpac pilot friends did a bit of celebrating that evening at the Guam Officers Club. Somehow, our commanding officer was made aware of this activity and he was not happy! The next morning the operations officer informed me that I would be flying this leg from Guam to Wake. As it turned out, I flew an aircraft every leg, all the way to California. The flight that second day, Guam to Wake Island, was relatively short therefore airborne refueling was not required. The flight must have been routine, since I have no recollection of the details.

Wake Island is a horseshoe-shaped atoll that is only a few feet above sea level. The runway is on one side and the buildings and living quarters are on the other.

The island played a significant part in the opening events of the war with Japan. Only hours after Pearl Harbor was attacked, on 7 Dec. 1941, the Japanese attempted to invade and take control of this Island. The inhabitants consisting of about 500 Marines and 1220 civilian employees put up a heroic defense, handing the Japanese their first defeat of the war.

A detachment of Marine Fighter Squadron, VMF-211, was stationed there with twelve F4F "Wildcat" fighter aircraft. Japanese bombers destroyed eight of these aircraft during the initial attack. The remaining four were soon shot down but not before inflicting heavy damage on the Japanese forces. During my tour in Viet Nam, I was attached to this famous squadron for several months.

After massive reinforcements, the second Japanese invasion was successful although they suffered the loss of eight to nine hundred men, several aircraft and three large ships. The Americans suffered approximately one hundred and fifty killed. Many of the survivors were shipped to prison camps in Japan. The island remained under Japanese control for the duration of the war.

During our short visit, a young sailor obtained a carpool vehicle and gave several of us pilots a tour of the Island. We visited some of the coastal batteries. The guns were still in place but very rusty and derelict after many years of exposure to the salty environment.

The startup, taxi and takeoff were normal as we departed this small island in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. Our trip on that day required only one refueling session to top off our tanks on the way to Hawaii.

We met the tankers far out over the water. At this point we still had enough fuel remaining to return to Wake if we were unable to take on fuel. This added fuel would be enough to complete the flight and land with an adequate safety margin.

The route took us near the Island of Kauai, which was planned as one of our divert destinations. The flight had gone well until being turned into a "Gaggle" by our flight leader, a major. Gaggle (as defined by the T-34 Association manual): an undisciplined group of aircraft milling about in roughly the same piece of sky, sometimes attempting to impersonate a formation.

At some stage of his career, the major, our leader, had been based at the Kaneohe Marine Air Station on the island of Oahu. He was familiar with the area and airport therefore felt very confident and comfortable as

> " ...if one of us had gone into the water we would have been in big trouble. The fuel available would not have allowed any of the other aircraft to remain overhead to mark a downed pilot. "

we approached. The other three pilots in our four-plane flight had absolutely no experience in Hawaii.

Upon establishing radio contact, the major told the controller that he wanted to bring his "boys" home from the war in style. He requested and received approval to descend the flight to just above the water. More than one hundred miles from Kaneohe, we were flying at about three hundred feet. Jet engines consume much more fuel when operating at low altitude. His decision caused the flight to arrive at the destination with less fuel than planned. If our landing had been delayed for any reason our fuel level could have become critically low.

The weather was good (this happens a lot in Hawaii) so the major requested a visual approach to the airport. He signaled for the three of us to join him in close formation. Since we were concentrating on maintaining our position in the formation, we could not turn our heads to look, but our peripheral vision told us that we were flying very near a green vertical mountainside. These vertical cliffs are a feature of the terrain on the Eastern side of the island of Oahu. There was no real danger but it certainly made us feel uncomfortable.

At this point our formation was far from perfect and got worse as he quickly reduced power. There we were in a turn, near mountains, trying to adjust to a power reduction and in unfamiliar surroundings. The flight quickly degenerated into a "Gaggle." The major wanted to show us off as professionals but we looked like a bunch of beginners. Embarrassing!

Descending the ladder from my A4 Skyhawk I stepped on American soil for the first time in almost 12 months. It really felt good! Hawaii, at that moment, was the most beautiful and fragrant place that I had ever visited. Little did I know that my wife Glenda and I would make our home, for eight years, not more than ten miles from the spot that I had parked my aircraft.

We found a room at the BOQ (Bachelor Officer Quarters) and prepared ourselves for a night on the town. We had been welcomed upon our arrival by Todd Eikenberry, a former squadron mate in VMA-332 in Cherry Point, North Carolina. He was now based in Hawaii and graciously allowed us the use of his car for the evening.

The flight from Hawaii to California is one of the longest overwater flights in the world (about 2550 miles). In order to complete this flight safely, we had to take on fuel three times! The first was far out to sea but with enough fuel remaining to return to Hawaii if nesssary. The next was much farther out but again with enough fuel to return. These two refueling sessions were accomplished without any problems.

The third refueling was off the coast of California. The tankers departed the Marine Air Station at El Toro and proceeded out over the ocean to meet us as we approached from the west. We made the rendezvous and with this successful fueling our "gas" worries for the transpac would be over.

Unfortunately, here comes the "major!" As the leader of the flight, he was responsible for communicating with the tanker crew. He instructed them to give each aircraft in the flight only two thousand pounds of fuel. This amount was enough to get us to the Marine Corps Air Station, El Toro but with very little reserve.

The tanker crew questioned him since they were capable of giving us any amount but he stuck by his decision. It crossed my mind to ask for more but I did not—in hindsight, it may have been a good idea. We had been cramped in these tight little cockpits for well over five hours and had flown for more than 2000 miles over the Pacific. It would have been a relief to put our fuel worries behind us for good, why not three thousand pounds or more?

He (the Major) was still not finished. Upon arrival at El Toro, he again said he was going to bring his "boys" home properly. He ordered us into that same tight formation and led us into the El Toro traffic pattern.

After passing the approach end of the runway the major performed his "break," as it is called. In this maneuver the pilot turns sharply away from the formation and reduces the engine power to idle. As

the aircraft decelerates he establishes the landing configuration by extending the landing gear and flaps.

Approaching a position that is abeam the end of the landing runway at or near landing speed he completes his landing check and calls for permission to land. From this position he attempts to make a controlled circling approach to a visual landing near the end of the landing runway. After a brief pause to create nose to tail separation, each pilot in the flight makes his own "break."

Maintaining our position in the formation, we were unaware of the weather condition that existed half way down the runway. As the remaining three of us made our "break" we immediately went from flying visually into a fog bank with zero visibility. Suddenly there were three jets in the clouds, near the ground and in a steep turn.

Somehow, we all managed to fly our aircraft out of the clouds and make safe visual landings. There had been a recent rain, which left standing water in places on the runway. Applying the brakes while crossing a puddle, I experienced hydroplaning causing one of my wheels to stop rotating. Upon coming in contact with dry concrete the tire popped like a balloon.

I had flown combat missions in Viet Nam, under all conditions, for an entire year and had never blown a tire. Again, embarrassing! There was no real excuse for blowing that tire but contributing factors could have been fatigue (we had been in the air almost six hours) and my frustration with the Major.

This was my last flight ever in the A4 Skyhawk aircraft. It had been a long, demanding and eventful three years since I experienced my first flight in this exceptional little plane.

I consider myself fortunate to have taken part in relocating these airplanes from a war zone back to the United States. I do not remember having any concern for my safety, but if one of us had gone into the water we would have been in big trouble.

With the equipment installed, we could communicate and navigate for only a little over 100 miles after takeoff and before landing. We simply held a heading and talked only to each other. The fuel available would not have allowed any of the other aircraft to remain overhead to mark a downed pilot's position.

In other words we did not know exactly where we were and could not report any problems for maybe several hours. We had flown these single engine aircraft nearly 8000 miles (about one third of the way around the world) almost entirely over open water.

This trip was a great adventure! During my airline career I was to cross that same ocean many times, however on every occasion the aircraft were equipped with a minimum of three well maintained engines. Reflecting on my adventure of flying a single engine aircraft across the Pacific, I have come to the conclusion that if offered the opportunity to do it again—I would decline!

I have been critical of the "Major." During our time in Viet Nam we had at times served in the same squadron and I knew him to be a conscientious and capable officer. In social situations he was friendly and conversational—I liked the man. I do feel that he made some poor choices during the process of ferrying these aircraft. I certainly do not hold any ill feeling and I wish him a happy and successful life.

One day in retirement . . .

We have a cockpit mock-up in our house. When I mention to my wife that I miss flying by being retired she puts me in the mock-up around bed time for 8 hours. She has a chair in a closet, turns on the vacuum cleaner to simulate cockpit air noise, has a dim nite-lite to simulate cockpit lighting, serves luke-warm chicken with cold vegetables on a tray. When I get sleepy and attempt to doze off, she knocks twice loudly on the door to simulate the F/As entering the cockpit.

Then after 6 hours she turns on a flood light directly in front of me to simulate the sun coming up when approaching 20 west. I then get a cup of coffee that has been in the coffee maker all night.

Finally she lets me out and I have to get in the back seat of her car while she runs morning errands to simulate the bus ride to the hotel. When we get home I tell her I am ready for bed and the bedroom door is locked for an hour to simulate the hotel rooms not being ready.

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

When I promise to "never complain" about being retired, I am allowed to enjoy my "layover" and go to bed. After two hours of sleep she calls the phone next to the bed from her cell and says, "This is crew scheduling and we have a reroute for you. Do you have something to write with?"

No, I guess I don't miss it after all .

(Author unknown. Submitted by Jay Sakas.)

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Circle your meal choice

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Your 2016 Committee: Sherry / Doug Wenborg, Ann / Pete Brown, Sharon / Ken Kreutzmann, Steve Lillyblad, Diane / Jim Kary, Kittie / Ray Alexander, Kathleen Palmen, Bob Blad, Sara / Nick Modders, Joan / Gary Thompson, Stu Bauman / Linda Kelley and Beverly / Art Bein

2016 SODERLIND SCHOLARSHIP AWARDS

This year the Paul Soderlind Memorial Scholarship Fund had a total of 132 applicants for the seven scholarships that were available. It had been planned to award six scholarships for 2016, but then one of our retired pilots offered to provide another $5,000 for a deserving student, giving us the ability to award a total of seven for the year. Each selectee was asked to provide a picture and a short note to be published in Contrails. As you can see from the results, this was another very successful year for the scholarship fund. Thanks to all who have contributed to the fund and a special thanks to our very special benefactor. Anyone else who might be interested in contributing to the fund would be welcome and you can be assured that your contribution will be acknowledged for tax purposes and given to a most deserving student. – Thomas P. Schellinger

Paige Frank & Johns Hopkins University
Grandfather-NWA Pilot-Eugene Frank

I am so honored to have been chosen as one of the finalists of the Paul Soderlind Memorial Scholarship. The airline industry has been a part of my life for as long as I can remember. My grandpa, Gene Frank, became a Northwest pilot in 1964 and later, in 1988, my dad followed in his footsteps and became a commercial pilot too. As I grew up I learned a lot from the two of them, not only about airplanes and flying, but about work ethic and determination. Now, as I begin my own journey, I think of them and am inspired to chase my dreams.

Next year, I will continue my education at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, Maryland. I will study Biomedical Engineering and plan to get involved in research at the nearby Johns Hopkins Hospital as well. While I am nowhere near certain as to what my future beyond college will look like, I really hope to make a difference in the medical community. I believe there is a lot technology can do for medicine and I hope to one day contribute to the medical community through technological innovation.

Kathryn S. Merrick & Washington State University
Grandfather-NWA Pilot Dean Sunde

I am known as "Katie" Merrick and I am a Class of 2016 graduate of Central Valley High School in Spokane Valley, Washington. I am sincerely grateful to have been selected as a recipient of the Paul Soderlind Memorial Scholarship. As I embark on a new chapter in my life, I am planning to attend Washington State University-Pullman this fall to pursue a bachelor's degree from the Edward R. Murrow College of Communication. The art of storytelling has always interested me and I hope to one-day make a career out of writing and reporting stories. I look forward to gaining educational training and experience in the field of journalism and media production.

I have worked part-time to save funds for college and this scholarship will assist me in covering some of the tuition expense. Receiving this scholarship also holds special significance to me after the recent passing of my grandfather, who was a Northwest Airlines pilot. I know my grandfather would have been proud and I will never forget all that he taught me, his stories and his passion for flight. I would like to convey sincere appreciation to the Retired Northwest Pilots Association, the RNPA community that supports the Paul Soderlind Memorial Scholarship Fund and Wings Financial Credit Union for the excellent customer service in administering the scholarship application process. Thank you for making a difference in my life and in the lives of other students seeking to pursue their educational goals.

Susan Schmaltz & Winona State University
Father-NWA Personnel-Michael Schmaltz

I am sincerely honored to have been selected as one of the recipients of the Paul Soderlind Memorial Scholarship. I am currently enrolled in a Master's Degree program, in an Adult-Gerontology Acute Care Nurse Practitioner program. As I enter into my final year of graduate school at Winona State University, this scholarship will offer me the opportunity to focus more of my time on challenging didactic course work and invaluable clinical practice experiences. Your generosity, will play an important role in my professional journey and ultimately assist me to fulfill my goal of helping individuals in our community to obtain optimal health and wellness.

My father, Michael Schmaltz was a long-time Northwest Airlines pilot. He started his aviation career in the military as an F-14 Navy fighter pilot. He made the transition to commercial airlines in 1989 when he was originally hired by Northwest. He is still flying today, as a Delta A320 Airbus captain. My father's life-long passion for aviation has played a pivotal part in motivating me to find a career that drives my purpose in life. I am extremely excited for my next career endeavor after graduation and will always be grateful for your support through this scholarship award.

Nancy J. Stoudt & Inver Hills Community College
Former NWA Flight Operations Employee

This scholarship has me feeling grateful, humbled and honored. More than I could have imagined. I was asked to write a little about the sponsoring Northwest Airline relative for this award, but that NWA employee was me! A few of you retired pilots might remember me from my days in Flight Operations (1990-2001). I was going to include names but didn't want to exclude anyone. You all know who you are. I remember my days fondly assisting with the HUD/EVS, Russian Overflight, runway construction and various other projects. It was a special time. All I have to do is look through old photo albums to remind me.

I lost my job at the airline three weeks after September 11, 2001 due to the terrorist acts. I'll always remember standing outside the NATCO building in Eagan the following days and how empty and silent the skies were. Life continued and for the past 14 years, I have owned and operated a windshield repair business. Becoming an Emergency Medical Technician (EMT) was an interest I had and it became a reality in 2011. After the first two years of working part-time, paid-on-call for my hometown ambulance service, it became clear I needed to make my interest a career.

I just completed my first semester of the registered nursing program at Inver Hills Community College and will graduate in May 2017 as an RN. At this time, my interest will hopefully take me to nursing in hospice care. Thank you so much for helping me financially to achieve this goal. It means more to me than you will ever know.

Noah Sattler & Benedictine College
Mother-NWA Senior Programmer-Karen Sattler

I am truly honored to receive this generous scholarship, and I can't express my gratitude to all those who supported the fund or were involved in the award process in any way! This scholarship has opened up new life paths to me that would otherwise be impassible, and I am humbled to know that is through others' benevolence that I will be achieving great things. I will be using the fund to study abroad in Florence, Italy during the spring semester of 2017. While there, I will be traveling Europe engaging in an economics research study, the results of which I will display at my senior honors presentation at Benedictine College.

My mother is a former Northwest Airlines employee who now works arduously to home educate my siblings. She instructed myself and two older siblings through all twelve grades, and has four more students to go before she can have a quiet morning to herself. I am deeply appreciative to her, my father, and my entire family for the upraising I received, and I love them all greatly.

Brittany Thelemann & Drake University
Mother-NWAFCU Teller (when the credit union used NWA employees as staff)

I am beyond grateful to have been chosen as one of the recipients for the 2016 Paul Soderlind Memorial Scholarship. I want to give my deepest thanks and appreciation to the generous donors and retired pilots who make this scholarship possible. Because of you all, I can continue to pursue my dream of becoming a pharmacist. I have been at Drake University in Des Moines, Iowa for the last five years for both my undergrad and graduate terms. My final year (May 2016–2017) will be spent completing my pharmacy rotations across the country. I will complete a total of 8 five-week blocks across Iowa, Minnesota, and even Hawaii! This final year carries the largest financial burden so I plan on putting the scholarship toward my tuition. This opportunity to learn what it takes to practice as a true pharmacist is one I am very excited for.

I also want to thank my family for their continued support in my educational endeavors. My dad was an airline mechanic with Northwest Airlines for 15 years and my mom worked at Wings Financial Credit Union before having me. While I was researching Soderlind before applying for the scholarship, one quote from him really stood out to me, "One should note that I no longer have any connection with Northwest except for a fierce loyalty to my alma mater who gave me opportunities I would never have enjoyed otherwise." I know my family feels the exact same way. Although my dad does not work for Northwest Airlines anymore, the opportunities we had to travel as a family and build memories together is something we will always be thankful for. And in a way, Paul Soderlind is one of the many people I can thank for that. It is a true honor to receive a scholarship in Soderlind's name. Thank you again!

Bethany Seavers Templeton & Luther College
Grandfather-NWA Flight Operations-Vic Seavers

The Paul Soderlind Memorial Scholarship is going to be a huge help as I finish my undergraduate studies to become an elementary teacher. I have attended Luther College for eight semesters. Because I wanted to make the most of my undergraduate career and earn as many certifications as I could with my elementary education major, I had to take a ninth semester to complete everything. Since my academic and music scholarships expired after eight semesters, I was stressed and dreading having to figure out how to fund the ninth semester. This scholarship takes much of the burden off of my shoulders. I will walk with my graduating class in May 2016, but I will still have to complete student teaching before I can start teaching.

This fall, I will be student teaching in Houston, Texas. I am looking forward to stepping outside of my comfort zone as I learn more about this profession. I have been passionate about becoming a teacher since I was seven years old. I am an elementary education major with endorsements (specialities/certifications) in early childhood education and reading. I will be qualified to teach Pre-K-3 general education and K-8 reading intervention. I feel that this will open many doors for me as I begin my job search. Currently, my vision is to have my own kindergarten or first grade classroom. Eventually, I may go to graduate school to pursue further studies in gifted/talented, special education, library science, child psychology, or some other route that I'm not even aware of yet! I am excited to see where life takes me.

Applications for 2017 will be available in October, 2016. Applicant must be;

- an employee of the former Northwest Airlines or related either as child, grandchild, or great-grandchild to a former Northwest employee. Stepchildren and significant others are also eligible.
- attending or accepted for admission to an accredited college or university or vocational/technical school.
- a member of Wings as the primary member on their own account.

Check the Wings FCU web site in October for more information. All eligible applications are welcome.

Captain William Byers, age 73 years, of Fountain Hills Arizona died in late May 2016 after an eleven year battle with cancer. He is survived by his wife of 32 years, Kathy.

Growing up in Oklahoma, Bill spent his summers as a teen working as a custom combiner on the annual Texas to Canada wheat harvest. In August when high school football practice began and the start of another school year approached, he would leave the harvest, usually in the Dakotas, to return home.

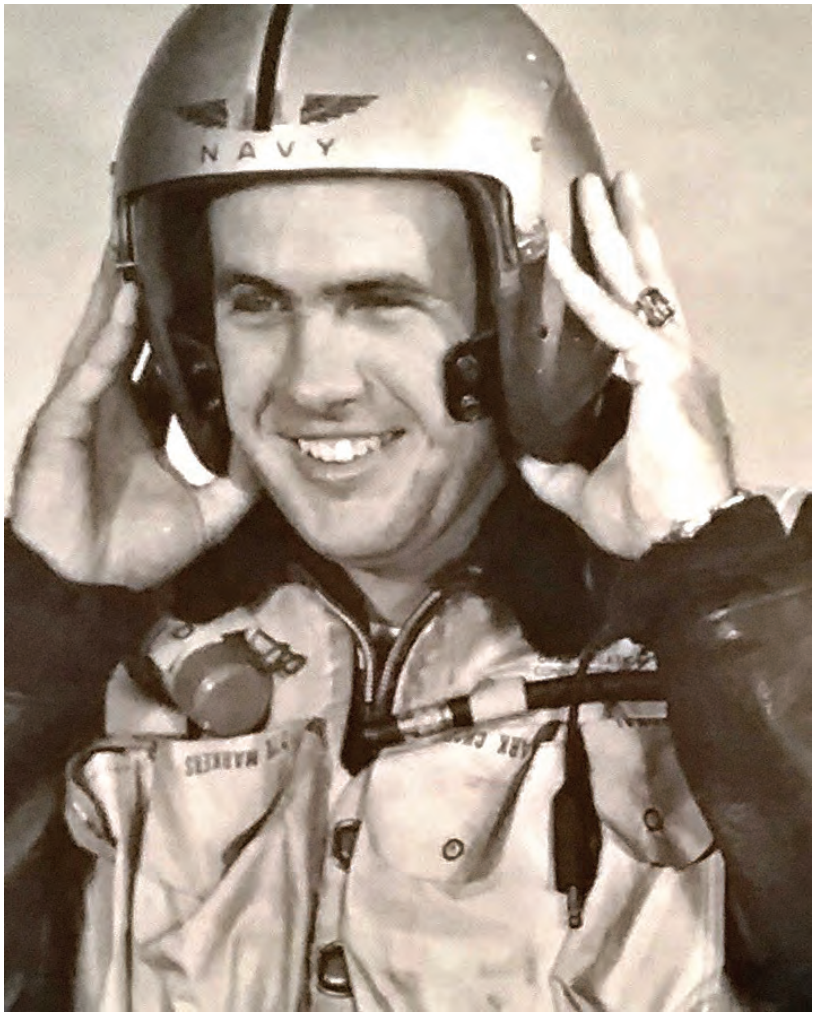
Bill achieved his life-long dream of becoming a pilot when he received his Naval Aviator wings in 1962. He served as an aircraft carrier-based attack pilot, completing over 150 combat missions with Attack Squadron 153 during the Viet Nam war. He was awarded numerous medals including 3 Distinguished Flying Crosses, 17 Air Medals, and 2 Navy Commendation Medals with Valor. After active duty, he continued to fly his beloved A-4 with Naval Reserve Squadrons VA-5Y1 and later, VFC-12.

In Bill's own words, a little about his Navy career which hopefully will bring a smile to those in the know…

"I began this flying career as a 19 year old Naval Aviation Cadet. After a cruise to the Mediterranean in the A-1H Skyraider, I was off to North Viet Nam for 3 cruises in the A4 Skyhawk. I extended on active duty for the last cruise so I wouldn't miss anything. I didn't. I managed to "hit" a surface-to-air missile headed in my direction while over Hanoi."

The plane was considered beyond repair, thankfully Bill was not.

On April 08, 1968 Bill began his flight career with NWA. During his Northwest career he flew the 727, 707, 757, DC-10, 747 and the 747-400. He loved flying and was fortunate to have devoted most of his life to the pursuit of it. He retired from Northwest Airlines in 2002 after 34 years of service. Again, in Bill's own words: "After more than 40 years making a living as a pilot, I will certainly miss the flying. However it is a pleasure to move out of the way so one of my friends can also know what it's like to be a Captain on the 747-400."



WILLIAM H. BYERS
1942 ~ 2016

When not flying (or thinking about flying or dreaming about flying or talking about flying), Bill loved reading and research. He pursued all aspects of history and learning, in particular Old West stories of gunslingers and lawmen. Growing up in Texas and Oklahoma, then later retiring to Arizona fueled his interest in investigating the myths and legends of these areas.

He was also an avid outdoorsman, a lifelong passion that came second only to his love of flight. He enjoyed and shared an appreciation of the great outdoors with many of his friends, old and new. Bill made friends easily because he both respected and valued friendship, something he learned from his Navy and NWA days. Many of the people he served with and that worked alongside him were still in contact with Bill at the time of his death. And despite his health challenges over the years no one ever saw Bill without a smile on his face.

William Byers will be laid to rest in Arlington National Cemetery with full military honors.

(– Kathy Byers)

"STEVE" B. WILSON
1943 ~ 2016

Captain Stephen Boyd Wilson, age 72, a retired Northwest Airlines captain "Flew West" on April 28 from dementia-related complications.

Steve was born on July 16, 1943 to William R. and Bernice Boyd Wilson, the youngest of five children. He was raised on his mother's family homestead near Nunn, Colorado where his parents grew wheat and raised cattle. Steve adored his parents and family and loved growing up in Colorado. In high school he was a gifted athlete; an all-state basketball player and a credible baseball player. He left the ranch home and boarded in town to play sports at the Fort Collins High School. After high school Steve attended Colorado State University on a baseball scholarship.

After graduating from Colorado State, Steve began flying lessons and eventually earned his FAA ratings via the general aviation track. Steve's brother-in-law, a Continental pilot, owned an airplane that he used to build flying time—often making cross-country flights all over the country. Steve jumped the hurdle and was hired as a pilot by NWA on July 18, 1966.

Steve's initial cockpit assignment was as Second Officer on the Boeing 707 based in Seattle. Afterwards his career progression was a mix of Minneapolis and Seattle flying, with some 727 left and right seat time along the way. Steve's final cockpit assignment was captain on the DC-10. During his tenure at NWA Steve turned his athletic skills toward playing basketball and softball on NWA teams.

Retiree NWA pilot Robert Burns writes about Steve's first copilot trip: "I remember Steve very well flying together on the B-727, Steve as copilot & I the captain. The first trip we flew together, as was the usual custom, as Captain I flew the first leg. Then it was the Copilot who flew the 2nd leg.

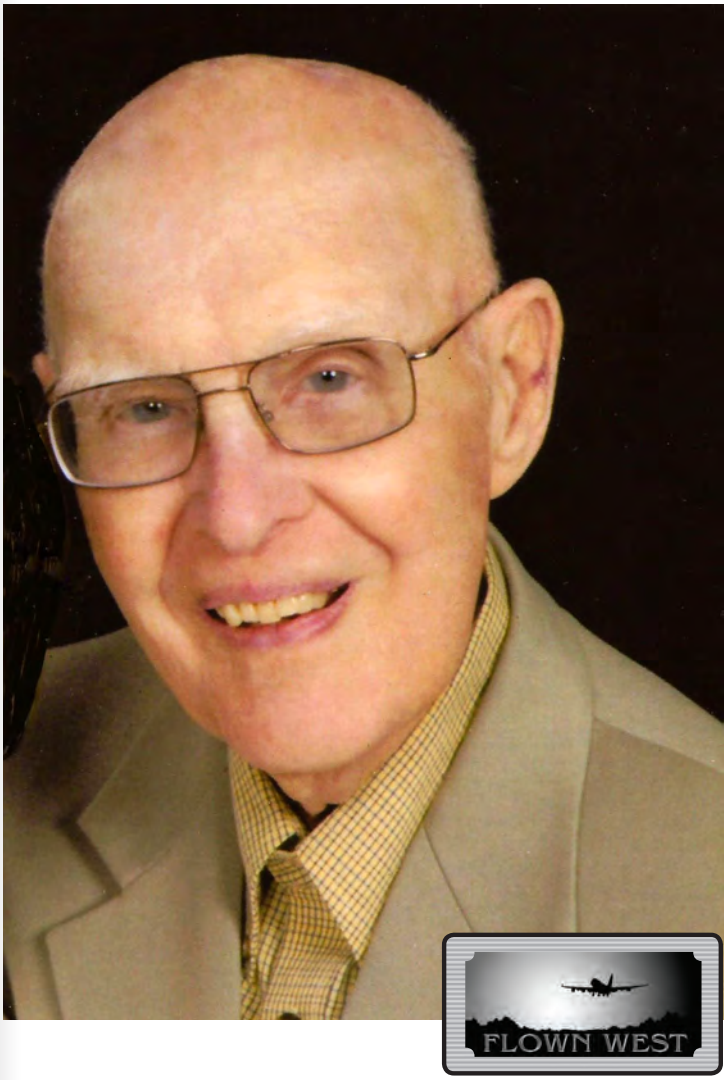
The 2nd leg was to ATL and the weather was marginal with low ceiling and minimum visibility. Steve flew a beautiful approach and landing. As we were taxiing to the terminal Steve was absolutely overjoyed that I had the confidence in him to let him fly the approach since it was as FIRST trip as copilot and he had never actually flown in an airplane in weather that poor. I told Steve I also had confidence in myself that I was not going to let him "screw up." We became very good friends after that trip."

Those who flew with Steve speak well of his airmanship and good humor. He was known for making long trans-Pacific flights pass quickly. One colleague described Steve as "A comfortable pilot to work with." Toward the end of his career he also served as a Boeing 727 IOE instructor pilot. Steve retired from Northwest Airlines on July 16, 2003 (age 60).

Steve loved flying and having a good time. During his later years in he resided at Casco Point on Lake Minnetonka, Minnesota, where he enjoyed boating. He was a familiar figure to that community walking his dog and engaging neighbors in conversation.

Steve's decline in health was a seven year continuous process culminating in a long-term residency at the Minnetonka Assisted Living facility. Steve Wilson's only surviving family member is his sister Sandra S. Shepherd.

(– Bill Day)



ROBERT W. GIBSON
1921 ~ 2016

Robert "Bob" Gibson, age 95, the former NWA Chief Flight Dispatcher passed away on May 24, 2016. He was born January 17, 1921 to William and Jean Gibson. Bob grew up in Chicago as the oldest of three siblings.

Bob graduated from Lindblom High School in south Chicago, today known as the Robert Lindblom Math and Science Academy, known for excellence in math and science. No doubt this high school prepared Bob for the quantitative challenges ahead in his career. Bob excelled in math and also football during his high school years.

Northwest Airlines hired Bob in July, 1940 as a Baggage Handler/Groomer at Chicago's Midway Airport. A pretty lass working at the switchboard of TWA's teletype/communications office adjacent to NWA's storeroom soon caught Bob's eye. Their first date was a blind date (for her, but not at all blind for Bob). Despite their conflicting work schedules, their relationship quickly bloomed and on August 1, 1942 Bob and Genevieve (Jinny) Kristufek were married.

These were dramatic war times and as WWII intensified Bob enlisted in the Army Air Corps. The Army trained him as a Flight Engineer on the B-29, but he was never deployed overseas. The family claims that Bob's wartime service was confined to the skies of Texas; he did his duty well and was discharged in 1946. Bob did due diligence and studied hard in order to acquire a CAA Flight Dispatcher license while still on active duty in the Air Corps.

After being discharged, Bob returned to employment with Northwest Airlines as an Assistant. Flight Dispatcher based in New York City. The couple lived in Mineola and Farmingdale, NY for 13 years. Their son Robert was born there in August of 1947 and their daughter Gail in October of 1951 (deceased in June, 1998). In the winter of 1960 NWA closed the NYC Dispatch Office and transferred Bob to MSP. In time Bob and Jinny built the home in Eden Prairie, Minnesota that became their long term residence.

For the remainder of his NWA career Bob served NWA as a Flight Dispatcher and Flt. Dispatch instructor and manager. At the time of his retirement in 1987 he was the airline's Chief Flight Dispatcher. By the end of his 47 year career Bob had proven he was of the dutiful WWII generation of NWA employees, deeply committed to the airline, his fellow employees, and their families.

Many important, lasting things happened to Bob to insure high quality years in retirement. Service to others through community organizations and committees were a high priority in his life. Bob found a venue for that service with the Lions Club(s). His achievements with the Lions Club(s) were extensive. He served as a Club President, named his local chapter's Senior Lion of the Year Award, received the Lions International Helen Keller Award, and in 1996-97 was recognized with the prestigious Lions International Melvin Jones Fellow award.

Even though Bob had not been a fisherman, he co-founded a group called The Mixed Nuts Fishing Club. Starting with five members, this group evolved to 50 who faithfully trekked to border lakes, including Lake of the Woods, to pester the fish and celebrate their friendships in the great outdoors.

Bob Gibson, a good man, is survived by his wife Jinny of 73 years; his son Robert Jr. of San Antonio, TX; plus three granddaughters and a great-granddaughter.

(– 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 ☐ NWA ☐ DELTA AS:

AN EMPLOYEE | A PILOT

DATE OF RETIREMENT FROM ☐NWA ☐DELTA AS:

AN EMPLOYEE | A PILOT

IF CURRENTLY EMPLOYED BY DELTA INDICATE:

BASE | POSITION

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

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

APPROXIMATE NUMBER OF HOURS LOGGED

AIRLINE AIRCRAFT TYPES FLOWN AS PILOT

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

☐ **CHANGE: This is a change of address or status only**

MEMBERSHIP TYPE

☐ **REGULAR (NR) $45**
Pilots: Retired NWA, post-merger retired Delta, or Active Delta

☐ **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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She's not so pretty, but she sure is BIG! This is the actual aircraft, Nancy Bird Walton, involved in an emergency that could have easily resulted in tragedy. Read the story on page 25.