

MY LIFE AND TIMES A MEMOIR



WILLIAM D. "BILL" WAYLAND

William D. Wayland

Memoirs

1925 - 1942

In 1925, my Grandparents, the Wayland's, owned several hundred acres of farm land in Prairie Hill, Limestone County, Texas. My other Grandparents, the Duncan's, owned several hundred acres about 15 miles west of Waco, Texas. Prairie Hill was about 20 miles east of Waco. The highway from Waco to Prairie Hill ran through the acreage. My Grandmother Wayland (Waynie) lived in a large white house on the north side of the highway. We lived on the south side in what today would be called a sharecropper house. We had running water in the house, no electricity, and an outdoor two hole toilet. In that house, on Jan. 26, 1925, I was brought into this world.

I started to school in a red brick schoolhouse about two or three miles from home. The year was 1931. Most of the time in good weather I walked to school.

The only automobile I remember at that time was a model A Ford with a Rumble seat. I have been told that once upon a time I crawled into the car, released the brake, and ran the car into the ditch. A rather deep ditch. I don't remember that. We later built a better house across the garden from Waynie's house.

My Mother took me to a meeting of the Methodist Missionary Society. The hostess was offering Ice Cream and cake which I wouldn't eat. I ask for Bacon and Biscuit which she gave me.

Our older brother died before I was born. He's buried in Harris Creek Cemetery over near McGregor. His name was Robert Ray Wayland.

Prairie Hill sported a hog pen in the middle of the town. "Pig" Ballard owned the cotton gin, the hog pen, and the combination ice house, feed store, and barber shop. Haircuts were 25 cents.

I remember very little about the Duncans. My mother had three sisters and four brothers.

One of our thrills was a trip to Galveston, Texas. The boys rode in the Rumble seat. All the roads in the 20's and early 30's were dirt or gravel. The trip to Galveston took all day. We packed a picnic lunch which we ate on the side of the road under the shade of a tree. The picture on my desk of a boy and a girl standing in the Gulf of Mexico are me and my cousin Dorothy Grey and her mother, my aunt Jack.

When in the 2nd or 3rd grade, while playing catcher on the baseball team, I received a bat across the nose. In the 5th or 6th grade, a fellow pupil was told to stay after school for some misdeed or the other. The teacher asked if anyone else wanted to stay. We both got a spanking.

In our pasture there was a cow pond of water. Around the pond there were crawfish holes. We would tie bacon on a line, lower it into the hole and pull out the crawdad. We then pulled the tail off and peeled it. Mama would fry them for us.

Every winter my father and Uncle Jimmy would butcher a hog or two for meat. Sometimes a calf.

All the small towns in that area always had a baseball team. My father and his brothers and the older cousins would take me on the back of a truck with the team. We would go to one of the towns and I would watch the game. My father played for the Waco, Tex. Dons for a couple of seasons. On the Fourth of July and Christmas, we always had fireworks to shoot.

In 1936 we moved to Alice, Texas, about 125 miles south of San Antonio. When I turned 12 years old I joined the Boy Scouts. On one excursion the Scouts took a train trip to Monterey, Mexico. Besides tasting a little tequila, I developed a boil on my butt. The Scout Master lanced the boil for me.

On another outing, several of us neighborhood boys walked to the old swimming hole. The creek was about a mile from home. We had a rope tied to a tree limb with a stick to hold on to. We would run along the bank and swing out over the water. On one of my swings the stick broke. There was a small limb under the water. The limb went through my leg in front of the knee. Being good boy scouts, we pulled the limb out and tied a tourniquet around it and walked home. Once as I was riding my bicycle down main street, I was looking over my shoulder. When I turned back around, I slammed into the bed of a truck. That is why I have a bridge in my upper teeth.

We moved back to Prairie Hill in 1939. By now I had a bicycle. On weekends I would ride fourteen miles to Mart to visit my aunt, uncle and cousins. We picked cotton to help with the school clothes. Dad was a carpenter and worked in the cotton gin during ginning season. I also had a weekly newspaper route, The Grit, a farming paper 12 papers a week @ 10 cents each. The old school had burned and we were holding classes in the Baptist church. The 8th grade and 11th grades were on the second floor across from each other. One day a dead rat came sailing into our room. I returned the favor and got caught. The teacher took me to the office and drug out the paddle. I grabbed my ankles. The harder he hit, the harder I laughed. He got so mad he couldn't swing and quit.

I had always been nuts about airplanes. I built the balsa and paper models. Then on September 1, 1939 Hitler invaded Poland and began World War Two. Over in Waco the Army built a primary training base. At Prairie Hill they set up a practice field for take-off and landings in a pasture. At that time the Stearman biplane was used. I watched every time I could.

In late 1939 my dad went to work at Trader's Cotton Oil Mill in Ft. Worth, Texas. After school finished in 1940, he moved us up there. Things were fairly like any life in high school. To clarify, there were only eleven grades in Texas schools until 1947. All through high school, I had a paper route. Instead of 12 costumers, I now had 110. Made about \$100 a month.

By now I had decided that flying was my aim. On Sunday mornings, after finishing my paper route, I would ride my bicycle to Meacham Field, Ft. Worth and watch the planes most of the day. American Airlines was flying Douglas DC2's and DC3s at that time. The little planes at that time were mostly J3 Piper Cubs and Taylorcraft and some bi-planes. There were also Aeronica, Luscomb and Cessna 120 and 140.

In 1941 or 1942 Bill Witt took me up in a J-3 Cub. That decided me for good.

School during 1940 and 1941 was just school. Until Dec. 7, 1941 when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. It was about 11:00 am on Sunday morning in Ft. Worth. One of my friends, Vancel Robinson, had a 1934 Chevy and we were on the way to Dallas to see some girls. We were stopped at the service station to buy gas and heard it on the radio. We went on to see the girls, swearing to enlist as soon as possible. We were advised that we must finish school, then volunteer to be inducted through the draft board.

1942-1945

I graduated from high school in June 1942. Vancel turned out 4F. Hilton Terry enlisted in the Navy. Marvin Smith and I were inducted into the Army. On March 30, 1943, I reported to Camp Wolters in Mineral Wells, Texas. There I applied for the Cadet Training Program. I passed the written exam, but flunked the physical. The weight/height ratio didn't meet my size. I weighed 118 pounds and was 6'2" tall.

From there I was sent to Shepherd Army Air Field, Wichita Falls, Texas for Basic Training. For about six weeks we were put through Regular Army basic. Thirty mile marches with rifle and pack. Bivouacs in tents, hikes back to base, and close order drill. We could now drink beer in the PX (Post Exchange). This base lasted about six weeks.

My next assignment was to B-24 mechanics school at Keesler Army Air Field, Biloxi, Mississippi. At Biloxi I learned the complete systems and engines of the B-24. We even spent a week in the forest doing engine changes on one of the planes, using only trees and make shift equipment. I had only one run-in with another person, a Warrant Officer instructor. He was riding my ass one night while I was working on an engine. I climbed down and took after him with a large crescent wrench. The other guys separated us. In late 1993, the death of aerial gunners was rather high and they came looking for volunteers for gunnery school. Naturally, I volunteered. Anything to fly. By now I weighed 135 pounds and still 6'2" tall. The officer asked if I really wanted to go. I said yes. He changed my weight to 145 pounds.

About this time I was introduced to Rum and Coca Cola (Cuba-libre). The first time I tried them, I drank 10. My friends had to get me back to the barracks and to bed. Some hangover. The normal breakfasts at the base were powdered eggs or SOS (Shit on the Shingle). Actually it was chipped beef on toast. Wasn't too bad.

In January 1944, I reported to Tyndall Army Air Field, Panama City, Fla., for gunnery school. I was also promoted to corporal. Our initial training included days of flashing images of both enemy and American airplanes so we could recognize them instantly. The next step of instruction was skeet. From the pull stations standing, I could hit 98 out of 100 birds. Then we rode the back of a truck in a ring, traveling 30 MPH on a circular course. My proficiency dropped drastically. About 25 out of 100. Then they mounted turrets on trucks with shotguns. I hit about 10 out of 100. At this time we learned to take apart

and reassemble the 50 cal. Machine gun.

Next came the airplane. Lockheed Ventura's with 30 cal. machine guns mounted in a side window. A sleeve towed by an AT-6 was our target. The tips of the bullets were painted different colors to see who had hit the target. I never hit the target but I did hit the tow plane once.

Up until now we had lived in two story barracks. In Tyndall we lived in tents with wooden floors, on the beach. It was beautiful white sand. One morning I jumped out of bed and put on my bathing suit and raced to the beach. I hit the water full bore and that was the coldest water I had ever experienced.

A couple of months later we graduated and headed to Salt Lake City for crew assignment. I was put in charge of a group of nine airman. We were given a nine-day delay-in-route furlough. This meant we could go home to visit our families, but had to be in Salt Lake within nine days. We got to Pueblo, Colo. and decided we had enough time to play around. We missed our train and we were a day late arriving in Salt Lake. We advised the officers that a snow blockage of the tracks had delayed the train. They checked and found out we were lying and I spent the night in the brig. We got to go into town a couple of times. We learned the Mormon way of selling liquor, State owned liquor stores.

A couple of weeks later we were sent to Lincoln, Nebraska, again for crew assignment. Then on to Colorado Springs, Colo. and finally assigned to a crew.

The crew consisted of Ron Mickels-Pilot, Charles Burns-Co-Pilot, Billy Crabtree-Bombardier, Dave Kohler-Navigator, Carroll Robbins-Upper gun turret, Dave Rogers-Nose turret, Joe Rochette-Radio Operator, John Stanton - Tail Turret, Bill Jones-Belly turret and right waist gun, and myself on the left waist gun. These waist guns were hand held and originally had to be put outside and locked to fire. All guns were 50 cal. machine guns. Here we started our transition training in the B24. During this period two crews took-off and flew straight into Pikes Peak mountain, killing all the crew.

One day on a low-level gunnery practice, Jones and I decided to trade places in the Ball Turret. Jones was about 5'6" and I was 6'2". We were wearing sheepskin lined jackets. When I closed the hatch, it caught in my collar. I wasn't aware of this. To get the guns to point downward, you had to roll the handles forward. As the turret rolled, the hatch broke off and flew away. All that I had behind my back was a strap. Scared the crap out of me. I never again got in the ball turret. In combat the ball turret was removed in the B-24. While in Colorado Springs I got to spend a few evenings drinking beer with Tony Wayland, my cousin from Mart. He was in Camp Carson with the First Infantry Division.

From here, we were sent to Mountain Home, Idaho to finish training. On the troop train going through Boise we got off to get some booze. All we could buy was apple cider. The runways at Mountain Home were wide enough to take a light plane off going across the runway.

In June 1944 we took another troop train to Topeka, Kansas. We were issued a new B-24. This aircraft had temporary bins in the bomb-bay to carry the crews' luggage. One of the enlisted men had to stay on the plane to guard the thing. One night as I was on duty, a young man with a note book stopped by. He

said he had to copy the serial numbers off the turrets. All the new planes had a couch for crew rest. These were removed when we reached England. I was watching him while sitting on the couch. He sat down when he was through and ask if I liked dirty jokes. I answered in the affirmative. While looking through his note book, he caressed my leg. I figured I had met my first queer. I pulled my 45 pistol cocked and said you have 10 seconds to make it around the hanger or you're dead. He made it in seven.

In late June or early July we took off for England by way of Manchester, N.H., Goose Bay, Labrador, Reykjavik, Iceland, and with a stop in Scotland to a base where we left the plane. One interesting thing that happened in Iceland. I had to go refuel the plane very early in the morning. Fuel tanks were filled from the top of the wing with a hose from a truck. The wind was blowing so hard I could barely stay on the wing. The temperature was below freezing. WOW. We continued on with a fuel stop in Scotland and dropped the new plane at a base in England and took a bus to Hethel.

We were assigned to the 389th Bomb Group(Heavy) , 565 Squadron based at Ethel, just eleven miles out of Norwich. We lived in Quonset huts. The were heated with small stoves that burned coke. Two in each hut. There were three crews (enlisted) in each hut. The shower rooms had only cold water. Brrrr. England is cold and damp in the winter. The NCO club was located across the way from us. There was no ice for drinks. The club was a square building with an open area behind the bar. The snow kept the beer cold. It was located outside and piped in. One night after the club closed, we borrowed the C.O.'s jeep, climbed over the roof and into the area of the beer. Hoisted a keg over the roof and into the jeep. About halfway across the field we got stuck. Left the jeep and had a party in the barracks.

Most of us bought bicycles to get around the base. We could ride into the hamlet of Hethel for a beer. When the buzz bombs(V1) came over, they sounded like a small tractor. They were only a couple of hundred feet high. We could stand outside and watch them. When the engine stopped, they went straight down and exploded. They seldom hit anything. The V2 rockets came over on a very high trajectory. Most of them hit London. I was in a hotel one night when one landed about ten blocks away. Rattled the entire building and was very loud.

We spent a couple of months practicing formation and night flying. However, we only flew daylight missions , although they started before daylight.

By the time we started our missions, the Luftwaffe was almost gone from the skies. The anti-aircraft fire was on almost every mission. 105 and 88 mm. Some trips we picked up no hits, although it was all around. After the group was formed and we started across the channel, we had to test fire the guns. On the older D models, the waist gun had to be put out the open hatch and locked before firing. This took place about two or three hours after take-off. On one trip, I opened the hatch, pushed the gun out, and tried to lock it. The grease had frozen and it wouldn't lock. Well I figured I could hold that ole 50 cal without the lock. If you've never fired a 50 by hand, don't. Where the turret guns were controlled by handles with triggers, the hand held had heel triggers. As the gun began firing, the recoil back into my hands would not allow me to release the trigger. When I finally managed to turn it loose, the muzzle was two feet inside the plane. Fortunately, all the shots went out the window. The newer models had plexiglass windows with permanently installed guns.

Another mission: We were flying in the low V (echelon) when we were hit by prop wash from the other planes. Jones and myself were relaxing on the floor when the plane suddenly begin to oscillate up on one wing and the other. This went on for several seconds. We had removed our chest parachutes and laid them against the wall. As we went one way for the chutes, they went the other. We were sure we would spin in. However, the rolling ceased. We never removed them again.

The Hamburg flack was probably the worst of the war. On one Hamburg mission, we had two engines shot out. We begged Mickels to go to Sweden to set out the war in a neutral country. It was near the end of the war an Ron wanted to finish and go home. We crossed the English coast at about 500' and landed safely. On another to Hamburg, we picked up 107 holes in the plane with no one scratched. Had a piece of one shell in the leading edge of the wing.

Another mission: When we dropped the bombs, a 500 pound hung in the rack. Mickels called me to go out in the bomb bay see if I could dislodge it. There I am in the open bomb bay, with a screwdriver, trying to pry the bomb out. We are at 20'000 ft. and it is colder than hell. The bomb would not come out, so I put the fuse wire back in. When we landed the bomb fell thru the doors onto the runway. No explosion with the pin in.

We only flew one low level mission. It was the first and only chance to shoot our guns at something. As we came down the valley, we could see the troops in the barns firing at us.

We fired back and also at the ground under us. First time we had ever heard our bombs go off. While over the target, the railroad yards, the first jet we had ever seen came through the formation. A ME 262 came through the formation from back to front. Then he returned from front to back. They only carried fuel for about fifteen minutes. Ron asked why we didn't fire. We said he was too fast and he didn't fire at us. So why shoot at him.

The one mission I'll never forget. On Jan. 28, 1945 we flew over Dortmund. We were bombing in support of the battle of the bulge. This was two days after my 20th birthday. We were bracketed by four 88 mm antiaircraft shells. There were four holes in the plane. One killed John and one went through the calf of my left leg. I still have the piece of shrapnel. It missed the nerve and the bone. I was sent to a regional hospital where they sewed up my leg. They tried to give me a spinal shot. I raised so much hell they gave me a local. I was sent back to the squadron with a cane. On the next mission the stitches broke. Back to the hospital. I missed five missions with my crew. I flew three with other crews. Since others had flown 35 missions, they allowed me to go home at the same time with my 33.

On one mission (I believe it went to Berlin) we were led by Col. Jimmy Stewart.

The crew was broken up and sent home at different times. I was sent to a camp near Blackpool, England to await shipment home. I was walking guard duty late at night when the news of President Roosevelt's death was announced to us. One night coming home from a pub, I walked into a light pole in the dark (it was still blackout rules). I got to the guard gate and the MP asked me where I got into a fight. I said ,

what are you talking about. Blood from my head had dripped all down on my shirt. After a couple of weeks, I was shipped out on the S.S. Uruguay, a South American banana boat. Trip took fifteen days. The Air Corp crews had sleeping quarters on the top deck and could walk on the deck in the fresh air. The ground troops were quartered below deck. The food was good. We landed in Ft. Dix, N.J. After a couple of days we were put on a troop train to St. Louis, Mo. Where we were all sent home on leave. While in the terminal, VE day was announced. After the leave, we were sent to Santa, Anna, Calif. for reassignment.

The food there was the best since we had arrived in the states. We were there for about two weeks. Got to go to a party given by some girls belonging to a social Sorority. Almost missed the bus to the base. After the two weeks I was sent to Liberal, Kan. and assigned to the chief clerk for the base Director of Operations.

One day the Director of Operations asked if I would be his crew chief on a B-25 flight to Reno, Nevada. I said sure. He got a copilot and put me and a WAC officer in the nose section and away we went. First time I'd ever ridden that far up front. We spent two nights there, drinking and gambling.

One night after returning from a dance in Guyman, Okla., I went to sleep in my top bunk. About three AM a tornado hit the field. It took out all the buildings on our street for two blocks except our barracks. We were leaning some. I woke up on the floor. A billiard ball from the day room next door came through the wall just above my bunk. When the supply building fell, all the mattresses covered the supply clerk. We dug him out. The only serious injuries were one broken back and one broken neck. No one died.

We had heard that the Japanese would sign the surrender on August 16, 1945. We took a twin beech and flew to San Antonio, Texas and filled it with pints of whiskey. On VJ night, with the sheriff, we sold every bottle for ten dollars each. On October 1, 1945 I was discharged from the Army of the United States. With another guy, we hitchhiked home to Ft. Worth.

My Missions

1944

9 Sept. Mainz, Germany
13 Sept. Ulm, Germany
27 Sept. Kassel, Germany
22 Oct. Hamm, Germany
26 Oct. Munster, Germany
2 Nov. Bielefield, Germany
6 Nov. Duisburg, Germany
10 Nov. Hanau, Germany
21 Nov. Hamburg, Germany
27 Nov. Offenburg, Germany
29 Nov. Altenbeken, Germany
30 Nov. Hamburg, Germany
4 Dec. Bebra, Germany
6 Dec. Minden, Germany
11 Dec. Karlsruhe, Germany
19 Dec. Maximiliansau, Germany
24 Dec. Cochren, Germany
27 Dec. Kaiserslautern, Germany
29 Dec. Fensdorf, Germany
30 Dec. Euskirchen, Germany
31 Dec. Koblenz, Germany

1945

2 Jan. Koblenz, Germany
7 Jan. Zwiebrucken, Germany
28 Jan. Dortman, Germany
14 Feb. Madgeburg, Germany
15 Feb. Madgeburg, Germany
22 Feb. Sangerhausen, Germany
23 Feb. Paderborn, Germany
24 Feb. Bielefield, Germany
26 Feb. Berlin, Germany
27 Feb. Halle, Germany
3 March Madgeburg, Germany
21 March Achmer, Germany

One final happening from the war. When my father was told the news of my being wounded at work, a black man made a disparaging remark about it. Pop went home and got his gun. Took three people to stop him from shooting the guy.

1945-1950

Went to work for Consolidated Aircraft building B-36 bombers. My crew's job was to mate the nose section to the bomb-bay. The first one we tried didn't fit. I designed a vee wedge section to cut out of the nose section. Then we pulled the vee together and put a patch on it. It fit. The rest came out correct. At this time I enrolled at American Flyers flying school at Meacham field. I received all my ratings except my instrument rating. I soloed in January, 1946, in a J-3 Piper Cub, after eight hours. I got my horsepower rating in a Swift 125, and my multi rating in a UC-78 twin Cessna. Also flew a Commonwealth Sky-Ranger. A two place, side-by-side, tail dragger-with a short stick. It was built by Republic. After receiving my Instructor rating, I sent out two resume's, one to Connecticut, one to Hollis, Okla. I got offers from both. Since it was winter, I took the Oklahoma offer. \$100 dollars a month and room and board. Also joined the USAF reserve at this time.

The B&J Flying Service operated off a ½ mile dirt strip. The hanger-office was located on the south

end. The strip ran down hill to the south. We operated two planes. A J-3 Cub and a Piper Super cruiser. The Super cruiser was a three place, one in the front and two in the rear. The J-3 had a 65 horsepower engine and the cruiser a 105 horsepower. Most of our students were on the GI bill. One day I took a young farm boy up in the cruiser. After his lesson, he asked if we could do a loop. I dropped the nose, got as much speed as the cruiser could get, pulled back on the stick, it came out perfect. He said wow. I said yeah, not bad for the only one I ever did.

Hollis is located as far south and west in Oklahoma as you can go. One day a young man came in asked how much to take him to Weatherford, Okla. in the J-3. I said \$20. He got in and away we went. Took about an hour. He got out and I took off and started back. Just after passing over Mangum, I was crossing a branch of the Red River. I looked down and I had no forward progress at all. I could see ahead that the dirt was blowing badly and it was getting dark. I turned about and returned to Mangum. The wind was so strong now that I flew east over the town in about 30 seconds. It is small town but had a grass airfield. Turning westbound over main street I was barely moving. I opened the door yelled at the people on the street to get some cars out to light the field. Soon about eight cars were spaced pointed north. I came in to the west and two people reached my struts when I was about two feet off the ground and pulled me down. We tied the plane down and I called my boss and spent the night there. Returned to Hollis next morning with no problems.

I had a young farmer who wanted to learn to fly. A cash customer. He soloed in about ten hours. After he had about 20 hours in the Cub, he read about some Army surplus planes across the river in Vernon, Texas. For \$600. I told him that I would go and pick him one out. But my conditions were that I would teach him to fly it at no charge. However, he must agree to take a minimum of fifteen hours dual and only when I thought he was competent, would I turn him loose to solo. Jay drove me to Vernon in his car. We started about five of the B-T-13's before we found one that seemed to be in good condition. Jay started home in his car and I went up to a group of men in the hanger. I asked if any of them had flown this particular type of plane. I had not. One advised that he had. I asked for the prop and wing flap settings for take off, cruise, and landing. He gave me the numbers and away I went. There was a 2000' ceiling that day. I did my run-up, added the power and took off. Before I could level off, I sailed right through the overcast and found myself on top without an instrument rating. Hollis was clear. I made a decent landing without any problems.

I began giving Jay lessons using one of the old airway beacon grass fields. Jay came along fairly fast with the plane. Every Sunday the townspeople would park along the road south of the field and watch the planes. Most of the students came out on weekends. I was setting in the office one Sunday when I saw Jay drive into the field. He never came by the office. I heard the B-T fire up. I thought, if he thinks he's ready, we'll see. I knew there wasn't too much fuel in the plane and he knew it to. He took off to the south, went around the field, and tried to land. After three tries, he got it on the ground with not enough room to stop. Rather than drive through the fence and spectators, he ground looped to the left into the mud. The plane nosed over, the engine stopped, the plane set back on the tail. No damage. He got in his car and drove off. In a few minutes I hear his tractor coming down the road. He hooked a chain to the plane and pulled it to the parking spot. He went to Altus and purchased a J-3.

One day I needed a part for the Cub. My south fence was in line with the north boundary of the Altus airport. I jumped in the Cub flew over there at about 200'. When I landed the wind was blowing so I installed the gust locks. After getting the part, I jumped in the plane and took off. As I turned west the ailerons would not move. I had forgotten to remove the locks. Very gently I skidded in a 270 degree turn and landed and removed the locks. It flew much better.

In early 1947 I met a girl named Terry Hance at the local roller skating rink. We began dating. She was 16 years old and I was 22 years old. I was also the captain of the hockey team. We played hockey on the hardwood floor, on roller skates. Could get some good burns if you fell. The owner of the rink(I don't remember his name) wanted us to get married on the rink and he paid for the service. We were married in Sept. 1947 and left that night for Fort Worth.

Prior to the marriage:

One day I landed in a field to visit Terry. When I was ready to leave; I stood behind the strut and spun the prop. Had the throttle to far open and the engine started with a roar. Hanging onto the strut, I finally got the throttle back and the plane stopped. Jumped in and returned to the airfield.

One day an old man was brought in an ambulance. We flew him to Clovis, NM. Both he and the nurse swore he was Jesse James, the Missouri outlaw. He was old enough, but who knows.

On a nice quiet day with nothing to do, I saw a tall cumulus cloud over the field. I jumped in the J-3 and decided to see how high I could get it. I circled the cloud for quite a long time and got as high as 9000'. Now I figured the easiest way down was to through it into a spin. After counting about 25 turns I pulled out. I had lost only about 2500'. I spun it down to 1000', pulled out and landed.

One of my duties during ball games and rodeos was to fly the BT-13 to Electra ,Tex., buy pints of bourbon, and return to Hollis. I would strap all I could get in the rear seat. Upon return, if the sheriff's car was not there, I would land. He was my partner. Okla. was a dry state.

In 1948 I went to work for the Railway Mail Service. We wore badges and carried 38 Cal. pistols. We worked the mail while the mail car was moving along the track. At the nonstop stations the bag was put on a pole beside the track. There was a long handle with a big hook that hung in the door. When approaching the station, the engineer would warn us with the whistle. We would put our head out and when almost on the bag pull the handle in which would raise the hook and snatch the bag. One guy hung his bag up with wire. When the mail clerk hooked it, it straightened the hook, and broke a couple of his ribs.

The mail car was always parked on a track by its self when the trip was over. It was back of the station and very dark. One night as I jumped out to get my car, I was surrounded by police. After taking my gun I showed my badge and ID and asked what was up. Seems as if a diner across the street had been robbed.

In May 1950, I was recalled to active duty at Carswell AFB in Ft. Worth. There I was assigned as Crew

Chief on the B-36. Got to go on one test flight in the big bird. While up there I was allowed to fly the thing for about an hour. Also rode the trolley through the tube through the bomb-bay. All the aircraft was pressurized except the bomb-bay. I requested to go to B-29 flight engineer school. This was approved, so Terry and I moved up to Chanute AFB, Rantoul, Ill. Peggy was five or six months old.

School was from six AM until noon. Then I would go to the Illini airport in Urbana, Ill. Where I was employed as a flight instructor. I would work from one PM til about nine PM. Here we had J-3s, Piper Pacers, a side-by-side Piper tail dragger(PA-11), PT-26, Cessna 120, Ryan Navion, PA-15 Vagabond, Cessna 140, Aronica Chief, and a PT-19.

About this time our marriage problems were getting worse. Terry wanted to go back to Oklahoma City where her parents were now living.

On 11 Nov. 1951, I took a student on a dual x-country that he needed for his license. I loaded Terry and Peggy in the back and away we went. I told Terry she could start the divorce when she was ready.

Urbana to Oklahoma city and return with numerous fuel stops. The weather was lousy both days. After stopping in Muskogee, Okla. for fuel it got dark. We took off and I intended to follow the hi-way west to Oklahoma City. As it turned out the area is full of iron mines so my magnetic compass wasn't accurate and I followed the hi-way south. When I flew over the state penitentiary at Haskell I knew I was lost. Using the tactics I had used in Mangum a couple of years earlier, the townspeople lighted the field for me. When I closed my flight plan, the FAA advised me that there was a plane down in the vicinity and they thought it may be me. The next morning the weather was CAVU, we continued on to Oklahoma City, and started our return trip. Over Springfield, Ill we encountered fog. By now we are trying to find the airport and almost hit a smokestack. We were only fifty feet high. Just past the stack we found the airport, landed and continued by bus. Went back to get the plane the next day. This was the time I learned to fly on snow skis.

In January 1952 I was assigned to Randolph AFB, San Antonio, Texas. We went to ground school and airplane training for B-29 operations. On completion of this training we were assigned to Forbes AFB, Topeka, Kan. At Forbes there was a SAC-Aero flying club. I did some flight instructing for the club. There were more of the planes flown that are listed in Illinois. The one that got the most fun from was a one place Mooney Mite. While at Forbes one day, we heard the crash trucks start up. Went outside and saw a B-29 with a wing on fire. The number four engine. Before they could get back on the ground, the wing broke off and they crashed just east of the runway. All aboard perished.

They transferred us to Salina, Kan. AFB to finish transition training. One of the people had a PT-26 but could not fly it. He asked me to take it to Salina Municipal for him. When he took me to see the plane it was parked in a pasture. There was about 2000' dirt strip with a 25' tree at the end where I had to lift off. Also very little fuel. He would drive my car over for me. I did my run-up, pushed it to full power holding the brakes. As I pulled up and over the tree the landing gear took leaves from the top of the tree. I landed at the municipal airport and fueled and took it on to Salina municipal.

On one training mission to Wendover, UT, we had dropped our practice bombs and started our return trip. My fuel gauges showed we were low on fuel but my how goes it chart disagreed. We landed at a MAC base in Ogden, Utah. The fuel was ok. However, upon deplaning, the aircraft commander passed out. He was grounded. We had to wait four days for a replacement to be flown in. When he arrived, I was on the engine, cussing and trying to get a fuel seal tight. He climbed the ladder and asked what was wrong. I didn't look up to see who it was. It was a first lieutenant. He said, crawl down here and let the mechanics do this. We'll go to town and get a few drinks.

On the first of Nov. 1952 we were advised we were going overseas. I advised the Commanding Officer I would not be going. My enlistment was up Nov. 5th and I did not reenlist.

1953-1956

After returning to Ft. Worth, I took a debit insurance job. I collected weekly, monthly, and annual premiums on mostly smaller policies. On each call to collect, I would attempt to sell more. It also required you to work your territory for new customers.

While doing this for a living, I continued my association with the Civil Air Patrol which I had joined in 1947 or 1948. This was my only chance to continue building flying time. During the next year and a half we flew a lot of practice searches and three real search flights.

In May, 1954, I was invited on a blind date. My date was Adeline Roper. Adeline and I were married on Oct. 8, 1954. In January, 1955, we purchased a home at 1817 Meadow Lane, in Arlington, Texas. Bought the house on the GI bill, nothing down. Furnished it on credit, and started our life together. Incidentally, the two bedroom, one car garage cost \$9200. While rebuilding a J-3 Cub in my garage, the wife of another CAPer advised me that Pan American World Airways was interviewing pilots for pilot-navigator openings over in Dallas. Taking my very pregnant wife to feed the parking meter, I went for the interview. I had about 1200 hours but no instrument rating. After about an hour into the interview, he advised me that I would take a physical at their expense. Then he offered me a drink. When he found out my wife was in the car, he had me bring her up which I did. After a couple of drinks we left for home.

After I passed the physical, they sent me to SMU for a stanine exam. We sweated for about two weeks and then the telegram of acceptance arrived. Enclosed were directions to go to American Flyers and take the instrument course at their expense. I started school on Nov. 22, 1955 and received my ticket on Dec. 17, 1955. I was told to report to San Francisco, Ca. on Jan. 6, 1956.

THE PAN-AM YEARS 1956-1959

We had made arrangements with a man to buy the house, furniture, take over the payments on all of it for \$500 cash. We spent Xmas with the Ropers in Rhome. On the way to Rhome my Chow jumped out of the trailer. Never saw him again. Adeline and I and 2 mo. old Debbie left Rhome, Tex. on Dec. 26, 1955. Spent the first night in Dalhart, Tex. Second night in Denver Colo. Third night Elko, Nv. One of these last two is where I introduced Adeline to her first mixed drink. We arrived in San Francisco New's Eve 1955 with \$20 in our pocket. Stayed in the motel until Jan. 2, 1956 and then went to the company and picked up our travel check of \$120 (I think). Rented a one room with bath and kitchen for \$90 a month. When the lady heard who I was going to work for, she let us in for \$45 until my first pay check. Salary \$375 a month. Adeline went to work in the offices of Pan-Am.

It had started raining on us as we crossed Donner Pass into Calif. It continued to rain for the next three weeks. When the sun finally came out, Adeline washed her underwear out and hung them outside to dry. Someone stole them.

The first week was spent getting the employment papers done. Then we spent some time listening to morse code on a recorder. Several of us would gather at our place to work together. We had to learn to take 10 words a minute to pass. Then we spent a month in navigator school. Then there was three or four weeks in B377 ground school.

Climbed into my first B-377 Simulator on 24 March 1956. First training flight on 28 March. Ground school on DC-4. First flight DC-4 April 2nd.

On all the flights for the first year I was with a licensed navigator being supervised. Also provided the fourth pilot on over twelve hour legs. On or about Nov. 1, 1956 we returned to the class room for sixty more days of navigator ground school. In the this part of the school we had to learn the names of the 157 stars used in the navigation. We also had Loran and Radio Altimeter.

My first line flight on the B-377 was on April 20, 1956. Honolulu, Wake Island, Guam, Manila, Guam, Wake, Guam, Manila, Guam, Wake, Honolulu, San Francisco. Arrived SFO May first.

First line trip on DC-4 on June 4th. SFO, HNL, SFO. Arrived June 5th.

On the South Pacific runs, we flew the 377 to Nanda, Fiji and then DC-4 to Auckland and back, and then the 377 to Sydney, Aust. and back to SFO through Canton Island and Honolulu. The second officer (me) got to make at least three take off and landings in 90 days to stay legal. On one such chance, I was given the landing at Wake Island. The runway end lights were about three feet high. I was in the right seat and at the proper time called for landing flaps. I started to flair and we sunk so fast I added power and took out one of the green lights with the right main gear. The Captain asked what happened. The F/O said he called for landing flaps but you failed to lower them.

When I first started I flew several charters on D-C-4s. Leaving HNL with a full load of service men and dependents, we had to stay at 9000'. The D-C-4 was not pressurized. About halfway to San Francisco, the stewardess advised that a passenger was trying to open the entrance door. I was sent to investigate. Here was this 6'-160# marine trying to get out. I talked him back to his seat. The stewardess came up again and this time he was in the galley, crouched under a shelf, with his pants legs rolled up and his shirt off. With the help of some officers, we got him strapped into his seat and tied up. We radioed for the navy medics to meet the plane with a strait jacket. When we arrived, we all stood around as they untied him. The marine smiled, rolled down his pant legs, put on his shirt and calmly walked off the plane. The medics looked at us as if we were crazy. Turned out he was on emergency leave to attend his brother's funeral. He had acquired a bad case of claustrophobia.

On November 8, 1956 I flew as copilot on a DC-4 football charter. We were to carry the Washington State football team to Eugene, Oregon to play the Oregon University team. Everything went fine on the trip in to Lewiston, Idaho where we were to pick up the WSU team. The Captain told me to make the take-off. The airport was located on a bluff about three hundred feet above the Snake River. As I pulled the plane's nose up and started to fly, we were airborne as we left the bluff. The plane started sink. We settled about thirty feet, then she started to fly again.

On 21st Aug. out of Canton Island, feathered #3 engine and returned for repairs.

Jan. 16, 1957 Navigator Check Ride from SFO to HNL.

Feb. 7 Returned to Nanda after t/o due to smoking #1 engine. Same day returned to Canton with #3 engine feathered due to loss of oil. Same plane 90946.

March 2nd returned to SFO after t/o #4 engine change 90942. March 4th returned to HNL for #1 prop change 90941 again. May 10th returned to HNL #2 engine maintenance 1028V.

Sept. 1957 went to DC-7C ground school. Check ride Oct. 8th.

Feathered #4 engine on the way to Goose Bay Lab. Landed in Billings, Mont.

March 20th 1958, feathered #3 out of IINL and returned #742PA. June 16th returned to IINL. for engine maintenance #745PA Aug. 3rd Returned to HNL for engine maintenance N756PA. Nov. 9th feathered #2 going into Tokyo.

Being the navigator, we had to learn polar navigation in order to fly the arctic routes. It was quite different. Using the mercator chart., which is flat, you have a correction factor to apply the closer you get to the pole. Was very interesting.

One night returning to Frobisher Bay, Baffin Island from London, I had one of my most memorable experiences. I was busy taking an hourly fix when my curtain opened and a man put out his hand and said hello, I'm Charles Lindbergh. Quite a thrill. He said this is sure different than my flight in 1927.

He was on the board of directors of Pan-Am. We chatted about 20 minutes.

Last trip for Pan-Am was November 29, 1958.

There was one flight on the B-377 that I did not record the date. We ran into a typhoon. After a very rough ride, with no navigational uses, we broke out in clear weather. We were 190 nautical miles south of course. This was on a flight from Tokyo to HNL.

The B-377 had a lounge down stairs with a bar and a circular seat. On one flight into Wake Island, the purser refused to serve another drink to a passenger who was tipsy. The passenger socked the purser, who was an ex marine boxer. He socked him back and tied him up. We put him off on Wake.

On another trip, also going to Wake, the stewardess came up and advised that a passenger would not come out of the restroom. The Captain sent me back. I finally got the door open enough to look in. He was lying on the floor. When we got to him, he was dead. He was an older gentleman. He also stayed in Wake until his body could be sent back.

On one flight in the DC-7C we flew nonstop Tokyo to HNL. We caught the Jet stream flow. Arrived in HNL. so early we had to tour the Island until a gate was available.

Some information not pertaining to flying. Pam-Am treated it's people very well. On all layovers they furnished equipment for recreation. Bicycles, golf clubs, fishing gear, and all the bases that were on the islands, had their own club and mess hall. With the advent of the B-707 in Dec. 1958, about 800 pilots were furloughed. Charlie Wiggs and I went all over Calif., looking for corporate jobs. None were available. I worked in the Modesto post office for three weeks while Charlie went checking airlines across the states. In Jan. 1959 he called me from Den. and said Frontier was hiring. I called and got my interview.

THE FRONTIER YEARS

1959-1984

I flew to DEN Jan.30, 1959 for my interview. One link trainer ride with Swede Nettleblad. Then Gordon Schaffer and I discussed B-24 doings. Came back to Calif. and sold the house, packed the stuff, and with Adeline, three year old Debbie, and now with one month old Clifford, headed to DEN. Kenneth came along Feb. 5, 1961.

We left most of our stuff in storage. Later I rented a trailer, took Debbie and went out to pick it up. On that trip we acquired Brownie, the dog.

On Feb. 16th took another link trip and headed for the DC-3 with Capt. Ben Stuart. We started the engines and Ben said let's go. I pushed the throttles forward and we moved straight toward another DC-3. Ben told me to unlock the tail wheel. I asked where is the lock. He asked if I had ever been on a DC-

3 before. I said no. Things got better and after one more ride with Ben they turned me loose as a copilot.

My first flight at Frontier was with Capt. Dick Hoffman. Denver to Omaha through approx. eleven stops. The ice was so bad the boots would not break it. We used broom handles at each stop to beat the ice off the wings.

In late 1959 Capt. Ed O'Neill was Chief Pilot. He asked Capt. Ed Walker to check me out for left seat flying. Between Denver and Cheyenne, my flying was bad. Capt. W told me on the ground at Cheyenne, hell you can't even fly from the right seat. Never the less he okayed me and we became good friends. We still had a few altercations later.

By November 1959 I was senior enough to hold a copilot slot on the CV-340. That training and checks were done in both the simulator and the aircraft. Capt John Meyers checked me out in this plane. From then until 1963 I flew copilot on both the DC-3 and CV-340.

This would probably be a good place to throw in a few Wayland and Ed Walker antics. On one of my early trips with Ed, we had landed at Laramie, Wyoming. Laramie lay in a valley surrounded by hills and mountains. The ATC required an estimated crossing altitude of the VOR, before going on course. We were going back to Denver. After take-off, I gave the off time and estimated Denver next. Ed grabbed the mike and gave the off time, estimated 10,000 feet over the VOR, Denver next. He said, tomorrow you better know everything on that chart. The next night I met him at the hanger door. When he walked up, I jammed the chart into his stomach and said, now ask me anything on that goddamned chart. Ed smiled and said, I just want you to be the best pilot you can.

Having taken the written exams for my Air Transport Pilot rating before I left Pan-Am, Frontier required you to pass the flight test soon after employment. On my first attempt I failed stalls and slow flight in the DC-3. The next day Ed and I were scheduled on a trip to Farming, New Mexico. When he heard I had flunked the check, he said get in the left seat. He then said if you get fifty feet off altitude or five degrees off heading, I'm going to chew you out. Capt. Ed Walker taught me to fly the DC-3.

After the CV-340 came along, Ed and I were flying a DC-3 out of Cheyenne just ahead of a CV340. Ed said I'm going to beat that Convair to Denver. With the old Gooney on the step, we did. After we had both moved up to the 340, we were coming back to Denver from Kansas City. Ed said let's play a trick on the trainee stewardess. I got a chart out and spread it across the glare shield. Ed called the trainee up. When she entered the cockpit, Ed asked me if we had enough fuel to make Denver. I answered, there's Pikes Peak ahead, but I don't know. We'd better look for an emergency field. The poor girl left and told the stewardess in charge that we may have a problem. She came roaring into the cockpit and asked what in the hell we were doing.

On Sept. 23, 1963 I took off with Captain George Meshko on a charter trip. We picked up a group of business men in GJT and flew them to FTW. They brought along a trunk of whiskey and the stewardess served it to them as they ordered. We stayed in FTW until they concluded their business. On the way

back we stopped in ABQ for fuel and food. They asked if we could take them to Reno, Nev. To gamble. We called DEN but they said no, they needed the plane. When we left the passengers in GJT, they left us two bottles of scotch. We put the girl on an oxygen tube and got a clearance direct to DEN at 17,000 ft. We asked the girl to bring two glasses of scotch to us the minute the gear touched the ground in DEN. We landed at about two am and the door opened and there was our scotch as we taxied in.

On August 2, 1963 I had passed my upgrade on the DC-3 with Capt. Nicholson.

On Sept., 1960 with Capt. Swede Nettleblad I flew a turn to Riverton, Wyo. On the way back on take-off from CPR, we were cleared into position on runway 21. 35,21, and 30 runways intersected near the north end of the field. We were cleared to go. Instead of lining up on 23, we started up 30. As the tail rose the tower advised, okay Frontier, you are cleared to go on 30.

On Oct. 15, 1960 with Capt. Willie Hurt we were flying between OMA and MKC between layers.

I was smoking my usual cigar although it wasn't lighted. Willie drug a pair of large shears from his briefcase and whacked my cigar. He bought me another when we arrived. On this same trip we met a goose going the opposite direction. It hit the windshield post in front of me. No damage.

In 1960 Frontier was operating DC-3 for the Denver Bears baseball team. Capt. Jim Carney and I left Denver after the game and flew to Houston, Texas with the team. Deep in the night over Texas I lighted my pipe. I was smoking a pipe prior to cigars. Jim said how the hell can we see where we are with you lighting that damn pipe. I pointed out a small town east of Waco and told him that was where I was born. The next little town was where my cousins lived.

Jim always carried his charter kit(Jim Beam) along on the charters. After landing in Houston, he had me put the control locks on. We went to the hotel and had a few. He watched the game the next two days and I went to Galveston to visit my aunt and uncle. He called me in Galveston and said the tower called and said both ailerons were sticking straight up in a wind storm. Nothing was damaged. I put the elevator locks on the aileron and vice versa.

I had jump seated on Trans Texas to Galveston. Coming back to Houston my aunt drove me. The plane I had intended to ride back on the jump seat was taxiing in and struck by the wing of a DC-7 and the copilot was killed.

From Houston we proceeded to Charleston, West Va. We watched the game one night and went to a club for a drink the next. The day we were supposed to leave after the game, we were sleeping and Jim smelled smoke. He banged on my connecting door and woke me up. I opened the door to the hall and smoke was billowing from a room down the hall. Jim called the desk while I drug the huge hose from the wall and started down the hall. While we were trying to turn on the water, the manager came screaming with a portable extinguisher. He said don't turn that on, you'll ruin the entire floor. Some guy cleaning tile in the room and smoking had started the fire. The rest of the trip was uneventful. The day after we returned, Jim called me to come help him figure out what we spent all the company money on.

On one DC-3 trip with C.K. Logue in the dead of winter. We parked the plane for the night. The mechanic installed the oil heaters. We went to town, bought a pint of whiskey, and started to the hotel. The whiskey was in my coat pocket. I slipped on the ice and fell. C.K. said you didn't break the whiskey did you. No, I just hurt my leg. The next day when we arrived at the airport we tried for a couple of hours to start the engines. The left started, but the right never did. The temperature was -48 degrees in Bismark, N.D.

In the summer of 1959 I flew a trip to Bismark, N.D. with Max Schow. The watering holes in Bismark closed at midnight. Mandan across the river was MST and closed an hour later, so we paid a visit there. The next day on the way to RAP we were a little tired. Our stewardess was Lina Schow, (no relation to Max). She had a D-C 3 rating. We put her in the cockpit to fly while we rested. No passenger's on board. We got back on the flight deck and landed at RAP.

Then there was Capt. Dale Welling. We were on a flight between Dickinson and Bismark on dark night. In the distance on each side of the plane you could see the airways beacons flashing. We called the stewardess up and pointed them out. We advised her that the flash on the right was the missile being fired. Then we'd point to the beacon on the left and tell that was where it landed. Another trip with these two we pulled the bulb out of the left engine fire warning and called her up. I was in the left seat. When she opened the door, I put the fire test switch up with my toe. Only the right engine lighted up. Dale said "bring me a cup of water quick." He opened the window and threw the water out. After about the third cup she asked what we were doing. Dale told her she helped put out the engine fire. As soon as he threw the third cup out, I released the switch. The light went out. The girl was Joy Robinson and I think she never doubted us.

On early trips with Capt. Art Ashworth we still landed in Monte Vista, Co. It was a gravel strip with many rabbits. I would make the landing and while taxiing back, Art would pull out his pistol and shoot at the rabbits. Later on the CV-340's I would see Art yapping on the P.A to the passengers. One day I ask him what on earth he was talking about. He said he was explaining all about the Indians over Nebraska, Colorado and Wyoming. He said they will never know if I know what I'm talking about or not.

On a trip with Capt. Warren Heckman. Birdie Nelson was the stewardess. At that time the stewardess's carried a small brown case for supplies. While on the ground in Alamosa, CO., we hid the case in the forward cargo bin. After take-off Birdie missed the case. We told her we would call the Alamosa station and have them put it on the narrow gauge train to Durango, and she could pick it up. After landing in Durango we handed the case out the window to the agent. When he opened the door, he handed her the case. She never believed us, but we never told her what we did. Another trip with Heckman. Over the RAP VOR as we turned toward Dickenson, N. Dak. we spied a tornado about thirty miles out. We turned and went straight to Bismark, ND.

Capt. Brad Hurd and I took off from RAP bound for Dickinson. With no passengers on board we decided to do a little hedge hopping. Jumping fences and phone wires away we went. We came upon a

ridge about 100 foot high and soared over it. As we pointed the nose down on the other side we were looking at about a hundred people in a ranch yard at a cattle sale. We pointed the nose straight up and hoped no one reported us. They didn't.

On a trip with Capt. Al Mooney out of Pueblo, we were flying through LaVeta pass west of Walsenburg at 10000'. We had a Pan-Am pilot on the jump seat. Solid instruments. He asked how we were navigating. We showed him the two ADF needles tuned to LaVeta and Ft. Garland. We said just keep them lined up. Then we hit turbulence that almost turned us upside down. Popped a few rivets but on inspection on the ground we could continue. The Pan-Am guy said, Jesus Christ, and they call us the worlds most experienced airline.

One night over Gunnison in a CV-340, solid instruments, with Capt. Jack Kettler. Our airspeed was requiring more and more power. Jack asked me to shine my flashlight on the windshield. We were encased in ice. We started letting down toward GJT and as we got lower, the ice started coming off in chunks. It was still falling as we landed.

My upgrade ride on the D-C 3 was on Aug. 2, 1963. First real captain trip was a test hop on Oct. 26, 1963. Copilot was Thayer. Checked out as copilot on CV-580 May 10 & 11 1964. First 580 copilot trip with Capt. Gus Nettleblad, DEN-GJT-DEN.

Between 1963 and 1965 I flew copilot on both Convairs and Capt. On the DC-3.

On one of my first Captain trips on the 3, we took a lightening strike on the nose. A large ball of fire rolled down the aisle. After we landed all we could find was a small hole in the nose and a very small hole in the tail where it exited.

I was awarded a Capt. vacancy on the DC-3 on Aug. 18, 1966 although I been used as a reserve since 1963. Flew my first regular trip on DC-3 with Bob Prange on Aug. 18, 1966. I was checked out as captain on the CV-580 on 11/21/66. This gave me ratings on the 340, 440, and 580 Convairs.

On a trip from CYS to LAR IFR. The approach was a VOR (visual omni range) approach. At LAR, the VOR sat about six miles to the northwest of the airport. After passing the approach fix inbound, you had to stay at 500' above the ground until you could descend visually to the runway. I made three approaches, but only caught a glimpse of the runway after I was halfway past the airport. I made a missed approach, called ATC and proceeded to CPR. After landing in Casper, the cockpit door slammed open and a passenger demanded to know why we didn't land Laramie. I asked him this simple question. Would you rather be dead in Laramie or alive in Casper? He slammed the door and left.

On Sept. 21, 1966 going into Columbus, Nebr. with Bob Arnot as co-pilot, I had Bob flying from the right seat. He was on his first trip. We were landing on runway 13 with a quartering tail wind of 17 kts. Turning final I told Bob he was going too fast, to get out more flaps and the gear down. He got them down but we were still too fast. I told him if he was uncomfortable to let me have the plane. He said, you've got it. I put out full flaps and got the plane on the ground with the tail high, at about 85 kts. I

tapped the brakes lightly until I got the tail on the ground and applied the brakes hard. No brakes. I said Bob do you see the turn off at the office. He said yes sir. I said, we're not going to make that, do you see the end of the runway, yes sir. I said we're not going to make that either, unlock the tail wheel. I cleared the metal outfield markers with the left gear and hit the master switch. I had Bob start the right engine(the left prop was still over the metal) and horsed the plane clear, started the left and roared around to the ramp. There watching was half the town and Callahan and crew. No damage to the plane and the expander brakes had cooled and worked fine. I loaded and unloaded and started on to Omaha when dispatch stopped me. Some clerk in dispatch had called the FAA. They grounded the plane until it could be inspected. Naturally they found nothing, so they sent Capt. Roy Williams to check me on the way home.

Back in DEN the FAA inspector came to give me my check ride. He said I don't know how to check for running off a runway, let's make three touch and goes and call it a day.

While unable to decide the dates, some interesting happenings, at least to me, happened while flying Captain on the DC-3.

One trip early in the DC-3 happened when I was assigned to fly the ski business people from Aspen, Co. to Gunnison, Co. There was a planned sky lift from Aspen to Crested Butte when a ski lodge and slopes were being opened. Jimmy Freeman was my copilot. Aspen airport was about 10,000' elevation. Gunnison was about 6,000'. We had to fly thru Scofield pass. We were following Rocky Warren in his twin beech. Rocky was the manager of the Gunnison airport. To pass through this pass in the mountains we were only about 50' above the bottom and the rocks towered well above us. After landing in Gunnison, we were bussed to Crested Butte. Two days later when we were supposed to fly them back to Aspen, the weather closed in. We flew them back to Denver and they were bussed to Aspen.

Another interesting trip in the old lady. With Jack Griffin as f/o we departed Sydney, Nebr. for Scottsbluff with no adverse weather conditions forecast. We were to refuel in Scottsbluff. When I called in range, we were advised that the wind was from the west at 75 knots. There was no east-west runway and the maximum x-wind for the DC-3 is 17knots. Alliance was only ten minutes away and had an east-west runway. Away we went. Arriving over the Alliance airport, the north half of the field was obscured with blowing dust. This included the runway and ramp. With no fuel we had no choice. We blew to the east and crawled to the west. When we saw the ground we were lined up with the ramp. Went around again and managed to line up with the runway. The wind was now at 290/95 kts. I flew the plane at full throttle and told Jack to pull the throttles back when the wheels touched. We got the plane stopped and kept the engines running until the agents arrived with sand bags to tie the tail down. I left the plane in the runway and advised dispatch to close the airport, there was an abandoned plane on the runway. We were advised that the radio mast went at 107kts.

On an early trip out of Sydney, Neb. with Butch Carr, we were taxiing out when the stewardess came running up and reported smoke from the left engine. We returned to the ramp. On inspection we found a hole in the top cylinder about the size of a silver dollar. The smoke was caused by the oil hitting the exhaust ring.

Going in and out of Rapid City we used to tour the Mt. Rushmore monument so the passengers could get a good view. Once we went to jets this ceased.

In 1965 or 1966 we took a vacation to visit the family in Texas. While there we went to the Gulf coast for a fishing trip. The White Marlin Queen was a fifty foot fishing boat. There were about 35 or 40 people on board. We were catching King Mackerel. About 14 miles out, as we were returning, the boat caught fire. After getting the women and kids on the rafts, I got back on the boat to see if everyone was off. There were two men and a teenage boy left. The boy was in a cast up to his waist. The father didn't know what to do. I got down on a raft and had him hand the boy over the rail. I got him onto the raft. I climbed back on board. No one was left. I jumped into the water, hat, cigar, and shoes. We were picked up by a shrimp boat. We were almost back to port when the Coast Guard started out.

By November 1966 I was flying captain on all three aircraft.

In both the Convairs and the 3 we took the passengers on the Grand Canyon tour. We'd drop below the rim and fly down the canyon.

The final approach into Hastings, Neb. was over a swimming pool and bath house. The bath house had no roof.

One night in the DC-3 between PHX and TUS, I saw a light south of us. It was very bright and not moving. Then all of a sudden it moved toward the west at a terrific speed and stopped again. Then it moved at the same rate back to the east and stopped again. I called ATC and asked if they had a target to the south of me within a hundred miles. They said nothing was there. I believe it to have been a UFO.

In August 1968, with Gene Postlewaite, I flew the last scheduled Frontier D-C 3 trip to Dodge City, Kansas from Dallas.

Some Convair tales

One hilarious event happened in Great Falls, Mont. There were usually two crews on layover per night. The hotel had a indoor swimming pool. My crew and I were in residence along with Capt. Chuck Callahan and f/o Tom Siems. Chuck and crew decided to go swimming but had no suits. So in their skivvies, the stew in panties and bra away they went. They sent Tom to the bar for beer. When he got there he found that one side of the pool was a window behind the bar. He ran and got them out. Quite a show.

On trip with Danny Cobb , we were sitting at the gate in PHX waiting to continue to Flagstaff. I was looking out the window and saw this man break out of the gate house and head for the plane. Charlie Sutherland, the agent, was right behind him. Charlie pushed him back through the gate and closed it. The guy came out again. I met him half way down the stairs, raised my foot and told him if he came on I

would kick his ass back on the ramp. He went under my leg and headed for the cabin. I caught him at the curtain and threw him toward the door. Danny opened the door at that time and the guy hit it. I put my arms across the hall and by that time Charlie and a policeman had arrived. I asked him what the hell he thought he was doing. He said "I'm going to Flagstaff and I have a ticket." I said due to the trouble you've caused, you're not going anywhere on this plane. He asked what are the police doing here? One of the officers replied that if the captain says you're not going, we'll see that you don't. They removed him. When he pulled his ticket out, I saw Danny flinch. I asked him what he had behind him? He showed me the fire axe. When I asked what he was going to do with that, he said, "If he had come up with anything but a ticket, I would have let him have it."

On a trip into MKC from Manhattan, Kan. with Butch Carr, I was making a low visibility ILS to the old MKC airport runway 36. The stewardess came up and advised me that a passenger in the front seat would not buckle his seat belt. He was sitting on the seat back and smoking. Not able to go back, I used the PA and told him to sit down, buckle up, and put out the smoke. Butch called for the police to meet the flight. As soon as I stopped the plane, I went back. Here was a black soldier about 6'5"/250#. The cop pointed at him and told him to follow him. Butch followed them into the terminal where two more cops were waiting. Butch came back and said he bet that the next time God spoke over the PA, that the man would pay attention. When they got inside the terminal, the soldier took a swing at the cops. They beat him with the billy clubs and hauled him off to jail. Turned out he was a mental patient who should never have been allowed on the plane.

One day scheduling called Rick Cochran and I to ferry a 580 with mechanics to Scottsbluff, Neb. Bryan Benton had feathered an engine on his plane. When we arrived, he advised me that the engine had been shut down 3 times in 2 days for the same problem. The rpm would droop below 10,300 which required a shut down. Rick and I spent the afternoon in the motel while the mechanics worked on the engine. When the foreman called that he was ready, he said "I don't believe it's fixed. So off we went toward Denver. Sure enough, about 50 miles north of Denver, the same problem developed again and we shut it down and landed in Denver. The problem was finally resolved as a leak from the hub into a prop blade. This same thing had happened on a Lake Central 580 and threw the propeller through the cabin, causing it to crash, killing all on board.

One dark morning out of Great Falls, Mont. with Jack Powell aboard, we had just pulled the gear up when the fire warning on the right engine went off. I shut down the engine and received permission to return and land. When the gear went down, the stewardess came up with a puzzled look and asked just how far it was to Missoula. We both laughed and said we were returning to Great Falls because we had lost an engine. We had one passenger and neither he nor the girl knew we had shut the engine down.

On a trip out of DAL, Danny Cobb was copilot. Adeline and the boys were in the cabin. On climb out the copilot side window shattered. Danny almost jumped into my lap. Returned to DAL. A CV-600 window was installed and we continued on to DEN.

Another flight with the family on board, I tried to fly between two thunderstorms out of Liberal, Kan. For about five minutes, with both pilots holding on to the yokes, we were turned every way but loose.

This was on the same trip as above going into .

In May 1968 I was awarded a Captain vacancy in Dallas. I was flying D-C 3 Captain, CV580 Capt, CV-580 Co-Pilot, and checked out as Captain on the CV-600. I was the only Frontier line pilot to check out on the CV-600.

In June 1969 I bid back to DEN. On the CV-580. On a trip into Columbus, Neb., We were doing about 300 knots down the Platte river when we hit a flock of geese. One hit the windshield and two went into the left engine. The engine kept running long enough to land, but had to be changed before continuing the trip.

Sometime in 1968, FSM. Just after take at about 4500' something happened. It felt like a window or door had blown out, but they had not. I returned to the airport and when we reached the gate, I got up and told Dick Martin to shut the right engine down after the power was plugged in. When I stepped out of the cockpit, a male passenger was pushing the stewardess, Judy Jaden, down the aisle. I grabbed him and asked him what the hell he thought he was doing. He replied, I want to know what is happening. I advised him that as soon as I knew I would advise the passengers. But in the mean time, sit down and keep your goddamned hands off the stewardess. While on the phone to Denver maintenance, I was looking out the window. On board was a roving mechanic named Don Godfrey. Coming down the stairs, carrying this same passenger by both arms, were Dick and Don. Don was approximately 6'3"-210#. Dick was approximately 5'7"-150#. The guy's feet were not even touching the ground. They escorted him in to me and advised that he was shoving Judy again. I told the station manager to remove his luggage and not let him on again. He said he would continue on Braniff. The Braniff manager, who was listening to all of this, advised him he would not be allowed on his airline either. The only other option was the bus. He said he would sue all of us. We advised him to have at it. Nothing further was ever heard from him. Another case of claustrophobia. Our maintenance problem was a valve in the pressurization system had failed.

On another trip in the 580. I landed in PUB and pulled the throttles into the reverse range. The left engine reversed but the right did not. While getting the left back into forward and standing on the right brake, I blew the two right tires and ground the wheel quite badly.

One of the funniest things that didn't happen to me. The CV-580 had an upper cargo pit that you could also open from the entrance hall. One day as Captain Bill Hays and F/O Ron Confer were taxiing in to the ABQ terminal, a large dog had gotten loose from his cage in the pit. The door to the pit was not latched to the entrance way. The next thing they knew, the dog entered the control cabin, climbed into Ron's lap. The window was open and had his head out, just as if he was riding down the street.

About this time we were fishing and water-skiing in Sterling Lake in north eastern Colorado. I was pulling Debbie and a friend's boy on the skis. Some man pulling a kid with a boat full of people ran over my ski rope. Didn't hurt anyone, but pulled his motor off his boat. I was so damn mad I came out of my boat, we were close to shore, and every one said it looked like I was walking on water. I was ready to kill him. Instead, the ranger threw him off the lake. On this same trip, Adeline was getting out

of the boat, and her suit hung on a boat hook. She was hanging head down until we got her off the hook.

At this time I sold my outboard to a friend and bought an I/O Glastron. One night on Navajo Lake, we were camped on a bluff in the campground having drinks. A big thunderstorm came up to the southeast. I remarked that these storms never moved northwest. This one did. The wind came up very high and was blowing the fire around. We got the fires extinguished. The boats had been tied at the base of the bluff. We shone the light down and my boat was gone. The other boats were still tied to shore, but full of water. The next morning as I went walking around the shore, there was my boat tied to shore. Someone had seen it and tied it up. It was full of water. I turned the bilge pump on and it pumped it dry. We loaded it up, took it to Denver and the insurance company. They paid me for the boat. Took it to a boat dealer and sold him the trailer for \$1800. Went and bought a 22' Sea Ray cabin cruiser.

Last 580 trip was on Sept. 29, 1976.

Back in 1965 FAL purchased B-727's. To keep us on the DC-3 as Captain, and save the extra training costs, we were promised that we would never make less than the 727 F/O. After about 1970, the B-727's proved too expensive for the company to operate. The purchase of the B-737 commenced. I had always made it a practice to bid on any Captain vacancy when it was posted. In Feb. 1973 I bid on a Denver B-737 vacancy, not really expecting to get it. To my delight, I got the bid. I was 17 numbers junior to the bottom 737 Captain. I was flying Captain on both the CV-580 and B-737 until Dec. 26, 1973 when Bob Banta exercised his seniority as a Chief Pilot, and bumped me off.

On June 24, 1976 I was awarded another B-737 vacancy.

Some B-737 experiences.

We had an extremely tiring trip that was scheduled for 8 hours with 10 landings. We had stopped in Rapid City, S. Dakota to unload and load up for the trip to Minot, N. Dakota and back to Rapid City for our layover. We were all tired and out of temper. On comes two men, one carrying a packaged mirror about 3' high, 3' wide, and 4" thick. He was assigned to the front seat. I was standing in the galley, stretching. To begin with, the agent should never let something that big through as carry-on luggage. Pat Stevens was first Flight Attendant, working the front galley. The Pax leaned the mirror against the wall in front of his seat. Pat very nicely advised him that if it would not fit under the seat or in the overhead bin, it would have to be checked. He reacted badly, saying it was an antique and TWA allowed him to carry it on. Our closets were weight restricted and full at the time. Pat said, 'Sir, it isn't my rule, it is the FAA' He got nasty with her again. At that time I stepped out of the galley, pointed at him and said, 'Check the goddamned mirror or pick it up and get off my plane.' He started to say something to me when his fellow Pax advised him not to. If he had said something to me, I would have had him removed from the plane. He checked the mirror. After take-off, I asked Pat to buy him a drink. She had already done that and he was happy.

With the advent with the jet aircraft, stewardess's and steward's had become Flight Attendants.

On a 737 trip from DEN to PHX. The trip had originated in OMA and changed crews in DEN. At that time, the Omaha passengers were served a nice steak dinner out of Omaha and the Denver passengers were served out of Denver. This was because of the time zone change. In the past, one passenger remembered that we served steak and lobster out of Denver. He was advised that if he refused the Omaha meal, he would only get one if there were extra meals left. When I boarded the plane, he was giving the little attendant a bad time about a meal. I advised him again of the policy and that it would be wise if he sat down and behaved. We were about an hour out of Phoenix, when the first flight attendant entered the control cabin, crying, and with food all over her uniform.

My first Flight Attendant was a lady from England, named Elizabeth May. I asked Liz what was wrong and she answered, with her Limey accent, 'Bill, that bloody bastard threw his tray at me.' I crawled over the guy on the jump seat and went into the cabin. The meal that day was Beef Wellington. This was the same gentleman I had warned in Denver. I asked, 'Just what the hell do you think you are doing, throwing your tray at the lady?' He said, I didn't throw it, it slipped. Several pax around him said at the same time, the hell he didn't. I told him to sit there, don't get up for anything until we arrive in Phoenix. I called ahead and asked that the police meet the flight. This was a Flagstaff pax connecting to the CV-580. When the Captain on the 580 heard me call in, he advised the station that he would refuse the man passage. He finished his trip to Flagstaff on the bus. Turned out, he was Dean of Students at Northern Arizona University in Flagstaff.

A funny thing happened on a 737 trip captained by Capt. Red Chambers. The galley on the 737 is in the front of the cabin with a curtain to close it off. The ice bins slid under the upper part of the galley. A little old lady got up and went to the front. The toilet is across from the galley. When one of the Flight Attendants opened the curtain to get something, the lady was getting up and adjusting her clothes. She had shit in the ice bucket. Red so noted in the logbook, 'pax shit in ice bucket.'

One of our Flight Attendants was Diane Hall. On one flight Diane was collecting the empty trays prior to landing. She asked a gentleman if he was done. He answered, young lady, turkey's are done, people are finished.' Diane replied, ok turkey, are you done.

Flying from Cheyenne to Casper, Wyo. on a fine clear day with F/O Mike Daciek. We were following a Western Airlines B-737 who was en route to Sheridan, Wyo. We heard them on the radio say that they had landed in Buffalo by mistake. Buffalo had a much smaller airport. I picked up the mike and asked if the third man in the control cabin was any help. There was no answer to my query. {more about the third man controversy when I cover my ALPA career.}

I left GRI in a 737 one night for LBF where we were scheduled to spend the night. GRI was clear and LBF was forecast the same. As I approached the airport at LBF I could not see anything. LBF sits in the bottoms of the Platte river. The weather was O-O visibility and ceiling. On checking the fuel it seemed there was not enough to go to alternate. The only one's within my fuel range were in that river valley. I told the Co-Pilot to keep his eyes out of the cabin and when he saw the runway to take the controls and make the landing. He saw the end of the runway as we crossed it. He made a beautiful landing. Took us ten minutes to find the terminal.

I had my only other lightening strike in the 737. We were near a thunder storm and there was a very loud crack and flash. The smell was terrible but there was only a small hole in the radome.

In June 1982, I bid for and was awarded a reserve slot on the MD-80.

On a line check in the MD-80 with Chief Pilot Bob Prange, we were making an auto ILS approach to John Wayne-Orange County airport in California. The weather was clear and we saw a Cessna coming across at our altitude. I disconnected and dove below the Cessna. This set off a low alarm in the tower. When asked why we were low, we advised that they had not advised us of the conflict of flight paths. They hadn't seen it on radar. While on the ground, I went for some soup and asked Bob to set up the Omega for the return trip. Everything went fine until we were 60 miles southwest of Denver. The aircraft started a 180 degree turn to go back to California. I disconnected and took over manually. Bob asked what happened. I told him that he had not finished setting the Omega correctly.

My last flight on the B-737 was January 1984 and MD-80 February 1984.

March 1, 1984 I retired from Frontier Airlines. I was 59 years old. We had moved to Rio Verde, Arizona in 1979. That was the year that our oldest son, Clifford, was killed in a Mooney 21 in Colorado, working on his Commercial Pilot License.

After five years of golf at home, motor homing and golf all over the U.S. and Canada, we became bored with retirement. Adeline went back to school and took some computer courses and I went to Chandler Airport and renewed my pilots license. The Instructor I hired to get me up to speed decided after 1 1/2 hours that I was ready. I told him that I would let him know when I was ready. We did some night flying, under the hood flying, and cross wind landings and after four hours, I said ok. Then I flew another hour solo.

I had discovered that I could fly any plane with less than 30 seats as long as I could pass a first class physical. I had sent a resume to StatesWest Airlines. I walked into the office of Greg Dunham, Director of Operations, StatesWest Airlines and asked if he had received my resume. He had received it and asked when I wanted to go to work. I said right now. He said pull up a chair. After we completed the paper work, he took me to the Vice-President, Maintenance and Operations. There was Don Brady, 29 years at Frontier with the maintenance department. After Dunham left, Don asked if I wanted the Director of Operations position. When I asked what was wrong with Dunham, he replied, Dunham doesn't get along with me. I said to let me fly as First Officer for three months and I would take the position. On June 3, 1989, I checked out as First Officer on the Beech 1900. By the time my three months was gone, Dunham had left without even saying he was going.

While acting as DO, I made out pilot schedules, Trip pairings as they changed, kept the flight records and tried to keep people legal. We had twenty lines of time to begin with and only fifteen crews to cover then. Took some scrambling.

We had several lady pilots. One was already a Captain and the others checked out as they could get a vacancy. I would pick trips so that I could fly as their copilot to keep my hand in. Always with the ladies. I took my first check as PIC with Mike McVean and Mike Warth, FAA. At this time Mike McVean was the Chief Pilot. This was March 26, 1990. I did not pass. This was the only other time I failed to pass a check ride. The other was my first ATR check on the DC-3. On April 25, 1990 I passed my rating ride on the B-1900. In August 1991 I got a Captain vacancy on the line. On August 23 I finished my 135 Check with Bill Pabst. Started IOE with Greg Roberts on the 24th. Finished IOE and the B1300 check with Gary Lewin on the 28th.

We had pulled out of Phoenix as a domicile, so I bid a Capt. vacancy in Fresno, Ca. I was number 1 Captain there. I shared an apartment with Captains Tim and Ted Burson and Captain Chuck Parrino. Since I had the best schedule in the domicile, I would fly three turnarounds and deadhead back to Phoenix.

I flew my first Capt. trip with copilot Todd Helling on August 30, 1991.

Some of the Captains I flew First Officer for. Pat McGarry, Steve Dickson, Judy Russell, Pat McAuliffe, Dan King, Gary Lewin, Bob Frisbee, Vicky Ross, Scott Dickson, Rick Oropeza, Tim Burson, Sue Stratman, and Bill Pabst.

I sometimes startled Vicky Ross with my irreverent use of the radio. Once coming down the coast from San Francisco, we heard someone raising hell with the controller. I picked up the mike and told him to get off the controller's back and asked him where the hell did he learn manners. Vicky said to me that I couldn't do that. I said they would never know who it was. The Controller said thank you. One of our lady Captains, Vicky Girodano, was in the air in another plane, at the same time that I was. She was talking to ATC. When the controller answered, she said, horse pucky.

On a landing in Scottsdale with Capt. Judy Russell I failed to get the props in reverse momentarily. Caught it in time. Scared both of us.

The B-1900 was a dream to fly. I don't recall any experiences that were out of the ordinary.

The First Officer's I flew with. Chris Sundquist, Pete Phillips, Jim Thomas, Ed Roy, Kimberly Youngquist, Dave Donahue, Todd Helling, Tim Bentzen, Bob Hammerschmidt, Scott Brooks, Bill Marlow, Mark Faur, Mike Bauernfeind, Rob Turchie, and Chris Fannin.

On Feb. 1st, 1993, I flew the last B-1300 back to the factory solo. That was fun. I filed the flight plan direct from Fresno to Wichita. At 13000 feet. Somewhere along the way I was asked if I could go to 17000 for traffic. I said sure. After the traffic was gone I went back to 13000. The flight took 4.5 hours.

I flew my last trip with Mark Faur on September 24, 1993. I went on sick leave for a throat problem. In the meantime the Airline declared Bankruptcy. They went out of business on October 8th, 1993. On

October 12th, the doctor removed a cancer from my right vocal cord. I took six weeks of radiation. In October 1998 I was told that I was cured. Thus ended what I think was the greatest career one could wish for. About six months after the operation, I went to work for an automobile dealer as a shuttle driver for the service department. At 74 and still going strong I would still rather be flying. I did take a simulator ride with Ray Woodson in a B-737 simulator at America West on Oct. 30th, 1993.

The ALPA years.

I joined the Air Line Pilot's Association while at Pan-Am as an apprentice member in 1956. I continued after I joined Frontier. I held several positions in my 25 years there. My first was doing the pilot schedules by hand before they went to computers. It wasn't too difficult since there were only about ten of the planes based in Denver.

My next position was as a member of the negotiating committee. The first contract that I worked on was for the B-727. This was in 1965. The Company insisted that the Flight Engineer be a professional Engineer. The pilots insisted on a pilot qualified flight engineer. We argued for weeks. Finally the Company agreed. The next day they came back and had changed their mind again. When they told us that I slammed the lid of my briefcase and stormed out of the meeting. The Company negotiator followed me and tried to get me back in the room. Everyone else were sitting with their mouths open. I told him that we would be back when the pilot position was met. They said ok. We then signed the contract.

In 1968(I think) Wein Air went on strike over the Assn. wanting to put a third man in the B-737 as an extra pair of eyes. United had already put him in the cockpit. Wein refused. We paid a small assessment to the Wein pilots for three years. The Assn finally let them go without him.

In the meantime, Frontier had gotten rid of the B-727 in favor of the B-737. Around 1972 Frontier pilots signed with a third man after a 24 hour strike. His salary was \$600 a month with the only duty operating the cabin pressure controls.

Negotiations for the 1974 contract commenced in late 1973. These continued until an impasse over the third man in 1974. The Company advised the pilots that they would implement work rules on the effective date of the agreement. They would contain the last offer on the board, which was very good, except no third man.

At this time the Association convened an emergency Executive Board in Denver. Most of the Frontier pilots did not want the man on board the plane. He was useless and he couldn't even see out the windshield from the jump seat. At these meetings, we were advised that to stay within the Constitution and By-Laws of the Association, that a strike vote must be taken. The MEC agreed to circulate a strike ballot. As the ballots were being prepared for mailing, there appeared on the domicile bulletin boards, a schedule of the pay package being offered to the pilots. I wonder who did that. The result of the vote

were 97% no and 3% yes.

At the BOD meeting in Florida in 1974 the issue of removing the FAL pilots from ALPA came up for discussion. At this time pilot reps of FAL, ALO, Wein, Delta and Northwest walked out for the balance of the day. The vote was to expel us from ALPA.

We went back to Denver and voted an MEC assessment to cover legal fees to fight the Union. About eighty pilots refused to pay. We hired John McKendree, then chief council for the Oil and Chemical workers union. He met with the MEC to get all of the information and plan strategy for the law suit. Our argument was that you cannot expel us because our pilots refused to strike. The attorneys for the Association were Cohan and Weiss in New York City. (Henry Weiss had been there forever).

After the suit was filed, the Judge ordered the Association to continue to represent and pay our expenses as usual until and when the suit was settled. Several meetings were held during 1975 and 1976 between the FAL MEC and executives of the Association. By the time of the 1976 BOD meeting, the problem would be on the agenda. During the Board meeting, both Attorneys met several times in private. All this time we were working under the imposed work rules. The Attorneys then presented their plan to the Board. A committee would be appointed to investigate the conduct and actions of the FAL MEC for any wrong doing. This committee consisted of the MEC chairmen of ALO, TWA, and TI.

The committee held several meetings with the FAL pilots and the FAL MEC. The final report found no misconduct of the pilots or their MEC. There was no way the Association wanted this issue in court. We were reinstated, and the Contract was signed by all parties. The culprit was never found. BOD meetings were held every two years. After the kids were old enough to leave alone, Adeline went with me. ALPA arranged short trips for the wives while we were in meetings. Most of these meetings were held in Washington DC, Los Angeles, Kansas City, Mo. And the Miami, Fla. area. The BOD was made up of the members of all the airline MEC's

No other interesting actions happened while I was MEC Chairman, LEC Chairman, LEC Vice-Chairman. Then while at StatesWest Airlines, Captains Tim and Ted Burson came to me to see about organizing ALPA for the pilots of this airline. At the time I was DO. I got them the information and phone numbers to accomplish this. In the meantime I went on the line as Captain. After the Union was voted in and the beginning of negotiations started, I joined the committee. We finalized a contract that gave the pilots a raise in pay and better working conditions. That concludes my Association duties. I am still a retired member. I enjoyed the Association duties very much.

Abbreviations

WAC-Women's Army Corp

VJ Day-Victory in Japan

AAF-Army Air Field

AFB-Air Force Base

FAA-Federal Aviation ADM

SAC-Strategic Air Command

CAVU-Ceil&Vis. Unlimited

CAP-Civil Air Patrol

SFO-San Francisco

HNL.-Honolulu DEN-Denver

ATC-Air Traffic Control

GJT-Grand Junction

FTW-Fort Worth

PHX-Phoenix

TUS-Tucson

TWA-Trans World

ALO-Aloha

OMA-Omaha

MKC- Kansas City, Mo.

RAP-Rapid City

MST-Mtn. Stand. Time

CYS-Cheyenne

LAR-Laramie

LBF-North Platte

LBL-Liberal

DAL-Dallas

MEC-Master. Exc. Council

LEC-Local Exc. Council

ABQ-Albuquerque

DEN-Denver

CPR-Casper

VOR-Visual Omni Range

ALPA-Air Line Pilots Assn.