

FRONTIER NEWS



A newsletter for the employees, families and friends of the Old Frontier Airlines

We are FLamily!

SPRING

APRIL

2021

#83



Extraordinary
FLolks
start
on page 12

JAKE LAMKINS
 Editor - Publisher
 1202 Scrimshaw Cove #4
 Fayetteville, Arkansas 72701
 479-879-8358
 ExFAL@Yahoo.com
<http://OldFrontierAirlines.com>

The FRONTIER NEWS is digitally published quarterly and dedicated to ex-employees, friends, family and fans of the "old" Frontier Airlines which "died" on August 24, 1986 and was "buried" on May 31, 1990.



It is a non-profit operation. All income goes into keeping the NEWS going. Opinions expressed in this newsletter are those of the author and not the editor or the publication. Publishing dates are October for Fall, January for Winter, April for Spring and July for Summer.

Articles and photos are welcomed and subject to editing and space requirements. We cannot pay for such items but will give credit as appropriate. All submissions should deal with the "old" Frontier Airlines.

Especially welcomed are stories of personal experiences with a humorous slant. All airline employees have a treasure trove of such stories. Please share them with the rest of the FLamily.

We also want to publicize ALL "old" Frontier gatherings. Be sure to notify us with details: place, date, contact and so forth. They will be published in the "Timetable".

The Frontier News newsletter will no longer be printed and mailed. Hard copies are not available but you may print your own from the digital post.

The digital editions are posted at our website:
http://FAL-1.tripod.com/FL_News.html

ADS

Use Ads to find friends, sell items, publicize meetings, or just say howdy to the FLamily.

AD RATES

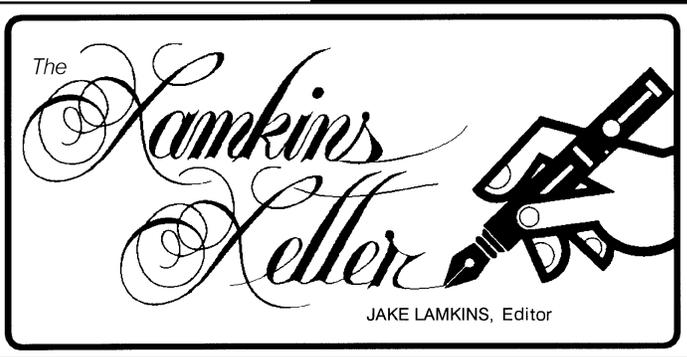
\$5 for 20 words, \$10 for 40 words, \$15 for a business card, \$20 for 1/8 page, \$40 for 1/4 page, \$60 for 1/2 page and \$100 for a full page. All income goes toward the NEWS, the website and support expenses. Please make checks out to Jake Lamkins.

FRONTIER ON THE INTERNET

<http://OldFrontierAirlines.com>.

Visit the Frontier website and check out our page at FLacebook:

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/172416905475>



JAKE LAMKINS, Editor

It was our people that made Frontier. It's been said often enough but true nonetheless - to an extent one doesn't realize until a closer look is taken. So, we'll take a closer look in this issue at some FLolks ranging from a 100 year old birthday boy to a Vietnam pilot who flew 662 combat missions to a civil rights advocate beaten to the floor at a 1960 Nashville lunch counter sit-in.

Children of Frontier employees are getting more involved with our activities. That's good for all of us.

Thanks to Dick Orr, Harold Hopkins Jr. and Helen Finney for their donations. Special thanks to Tony Vann for a very generous contribution to the cause.

Tony is the son of Larry Vann, DEN director - material control, 1972-1979. He has been producing some FLabulous FL aircraft of recent vintage in FL colors and posting them at our FLacebook group. The next page is one of my favorites.

Another Frontier child, David Grogg, grandson of pilot Hal Grogg, does simulations of the classic Frontier and Central aircraft. His versions of the latter's airplanes are especially effective.

Other experts in this field are BIL station agent Darrell Robson and DEN stores clerk Gary Jones who does some great 727 sketches. Someone named Hurley did this one in 1992. I need more info on it.



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**REUNIONS TIMETABLE**

*This is the information we currently have.
Coordinators of FL events; please let us know the details.
More info at <http://OldFrontierAirlines.com>*

DEN MAINTENANCE BREAKFAST

Breakfast, monthly, first Wednesday, 9:00 a.m.
at Ted'z Place, 5271 E 52nd Ave, Commerce City, CO 80022

Contact:

Bob Keefer, 303-229-6904

DEN PILOTS

Luncheon, monthly, every second Tuesday, 11:30am at
Mr. Panda Chinese Restaurant, 2852 S. Havana, Aurora, CO

Contact:

Bonnie Dahl, 303-521-5611, BCDahl777@gmail.com

DEN FLIGHT CREWS

Luncheon, monthly, every fourth Tue, 11:30 a.m.
at Perfect Landing Restaurant at Centennial Airport terminal.
Any Frontier folks welcome, even friends & relatives.

Contact:

Bonnie Dahl, 303-521-5611, BCDahl777@gmail.com

DEN REUNION PICNIC

Contact:

Carolyn Boller, 303-364-3624 bollerc@comcast.net

Julie Dickman, 303-288-2127 jjdickman@gmail.com

Barbara Monday, 303-344-8745 bandbmonday@comcast.net

**ALL MEETINGS ARE SUBJECT
TO CANCELLATION OR RESCHEDULING
DUE TO THE COVID-19 PANDEMIC.**

Contact event coordinators before making plans to attend.

DFW MECHANICS REUNION

2020 Date TBA, Probably in Oct...likely to be cancelled
Texas Pit BBQ, 6680 Peden Road
Eagle Mountain Lake, Saginaw, TX

Contacts:

Bill Guthrie, 254-631-5699, bill_guth3@yahoo.com

Brady White, 817-688-9873, ontopavia@aol.com

DFW PILOTS

Luncheon, every odd month, 3rd Monday, noon @ Ernies,
8206 Bedford-Eules Road, North Richland Hills, TX

Contact:

Jim Ford, 817-268-3954, JEFord15@tx.rr.com

FYV-FSM MEMORIAL PIGNIC

Contacts:

Jake Lamkins, 479-879-8358, ExFAL@Yahoo.com

Paul Farris, 479-409-9997, paulamos43@yahoo.com

MCI REUNION

Luncheon, third Sat of every odd month, 11:00 am

July 18th, September 19th and November 21st.

Paul and Jack's in North Kansas City,

<https://www.paulandjacks.com>

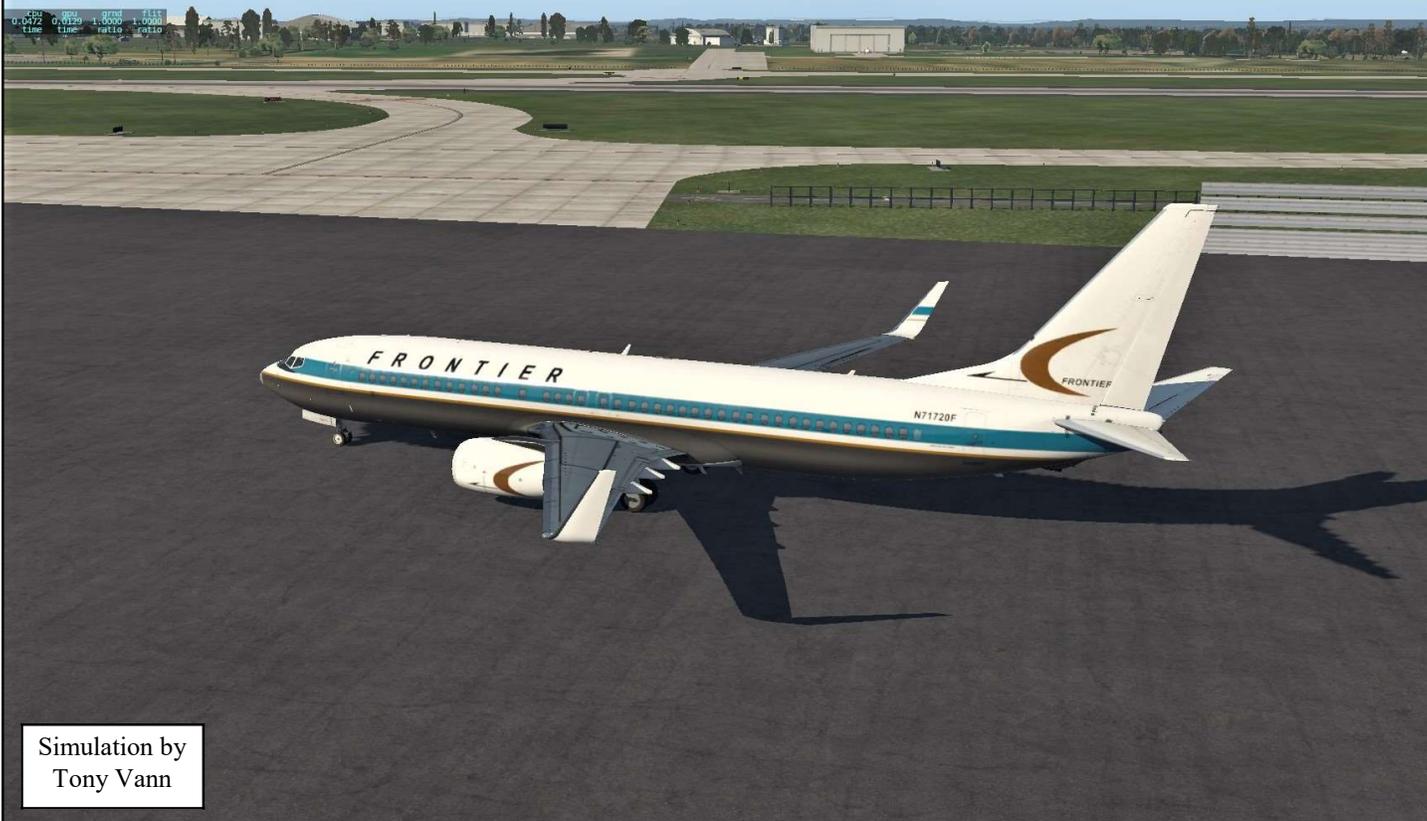
Contact:

Rose Dragen, 816-741-1995,

mdragen@juno.com

There were only a few active Frontier reunions before the COVID-19 pandemic: DEN, DFW MX, FYV-FSM MCI. At presstime no decisions had been made about when and if to resume any of them. It all depends on how fast and widespread the vaccination program progresses.

Any news will be posted at FLacebook and on the Frontier website at <http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Reunion.html>



Simulation by
Tony Vann

26 DEATHS REPORTED SINCE
WINTER 2021 ISSUE

FRONTIER
FLights West

GONE WEST

We salute our FLriends on their FLight West.
They are not dead until we forget them.

All our memorial webpages are at

<http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Obituaries.html>

Webpages by craft are

AGENTS, CLERKS, SKYCAPS

<http://FAL-1.tripod.com/ObitsAgents.html>

FLIGHT ATTENDANTS

<http://FAL-1.tripod.com/ObitsFAs.html>

MAINTENANCE

<http://FAL-1.tripod.com/ObitsMx.html>

MANAGEMENT & OTHERS

<http://FAL-1.tripod.com/ObitsMgmt.html>

PILOTS, DISPATCHERS, FLIGHT OPERATIONS

<http://FAL-1.tripod.com/ObitsPilots.html>

**Bob Ashby,**

DEN pilot, 3/5/21, age 95

Dennis Atenhan,

DEN station agent, 1/8/21, age 82

Kelly Backstrom,

PHX DEN reservations agent, 3/2/20, age 74, stroke

Ellen Thompson Brgoch,

BIL flight attendant, 8/10/93, age 63

Lee Davis,

DEN manager - ramp services, 1/27/21, age 83, COVID-19

Danny Enriquez,

DEN flight attendant, 2/25/21, age 63, cancer

Randy Griffin,

DEN flight attendant supervisor, 3/20/20, age 75, cancer

Jay Hayes,

GSW DEN aircraft mechanic, 1/14/21, age 83

Lary Heinbaugh,

DEN station agent, 2/17/21, age 79

Kent Higgins,

DEN pilot, 1/23/21, age 77

Marge McAlister Hushka,

DEN PBX operator, 2/5/21, age 95

Pete Lamkin,

DEN pilot, 2/12/21, age 87

Mickey Mitchell,

MKC MCI PUB ATL station manager, 11/26/20, age 74

Buzz Oliver,

GJT station agent, 3/6/21, age 83

Fuzz Parten,

RIW DEN station agent, pilot, 3/11/21, lung cancer

Ken Prather,

PUB station agent, 1/20/21, age 90

Dave Raines,

SATO manager, 1/24/21, age 81

Jim Schneider,

OLF DIK ISN BIL CPR station manager, 6/10/2020, age 88

Tex Searle,

SLC DEN pilot, 2/13/21, age 93

Stan Shaw,

SLC pilot, 12/30/20, age 85, COVID-19

Lloyd Stoops,

DEN pilot, 2/8/21, age 72, cancer

Shirley Belote Stults,

FYV reservations agent, 3/8/21, age 84

Dollie Caylor Traylor,

PHX flight attendant, receptionist, 12/12/20, age 87

Sandy Warder,

DEN reservations agent, 11/21/20, age 80

Frank Vasquez,

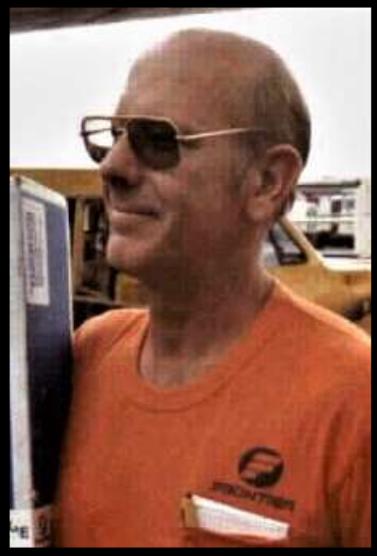
DEN station agent, 1/4/21, age 78

Jimmy Webster,

DEN pilot, 12/27/20, age 71, auto accident



BOB ASHBY
1973 - 1986
PILOT
GSW DAL DFW DEN
http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Bob_Ashby.html



DENNIS ATENHAN
1966 - 1986
STATION AGENT
DEN
http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Dennis_Atenhan.html



KELLY BACKSTROM
1968 - 1985
RESERVATIONS AGENT
DEN PHX
http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Kelly_Backstrom.html



ELLEN THOMPSON BRGOCH
1950 - 1951
FLIGHT ATTENDANT
BIL
http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Ellen_Thompson_Brgoch.html



LEE DAVIS
 1960 - 1986
 MANAGER-RAMP SERVICES
 MKC OMA DEN

http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Lee_Davis.html



DANNY ENRIQUEZ
 1979 - 1986
 FLIGHT ATTENDANT
 DEN

http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Danny_Enriquez.html

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RANDY GRIFFIN
 1973 - 1982
 FLIGHT ATTENDANT SUPERVISOR
 DEN

http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Randy_Griffin.html



JAY HAYES
 1967 - 1986
 AIRCRAFT MECHANIC
 GSW DEN

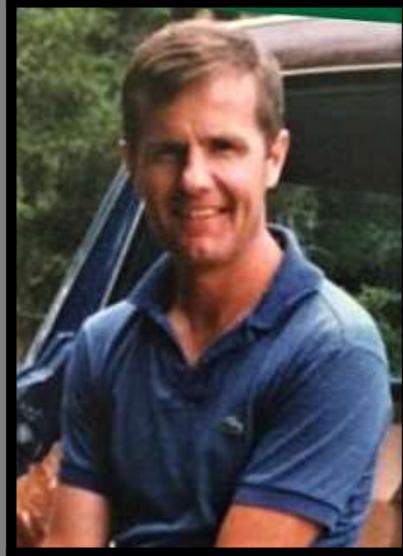
http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Jay_Hayes.html



LARY HEINBAUGH

1966 - 1986
STATION AGENT
DEN

http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Lary_Heinbaugh.html



KENT HIGGINS

1973 - 1985
PILOT
DEN

http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Kent_Higgins.html

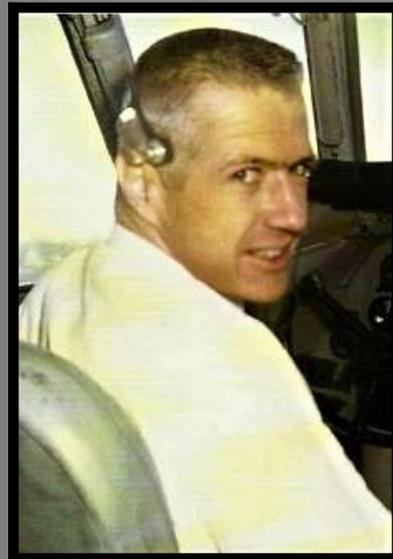
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MARGE MCALISTER HUSHKA

1969 - 1985
PBX OPERATOR
DEN

http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Marge_McAlister_Hushka.html



PETE LAMKIN

1956 - 1986
PILOT
DEN

http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Pete_Lamkin.html

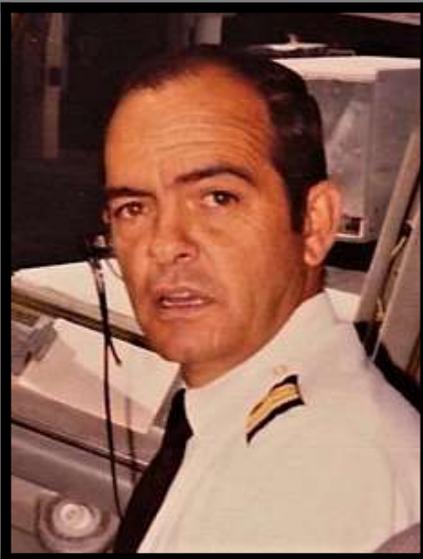


MICKEY MITCHELL
 1967 - 1986
 STATION AGENT, STATION MANAGER
 MKC MCI PUB ATL
http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Mickey_Mitchell.html

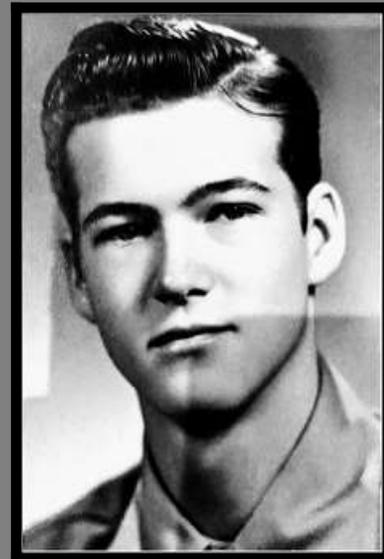


BUZZ OLIVER
 1964 - 1986
 STATION AGENT
 GJT
http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Buzz_Oliver.html

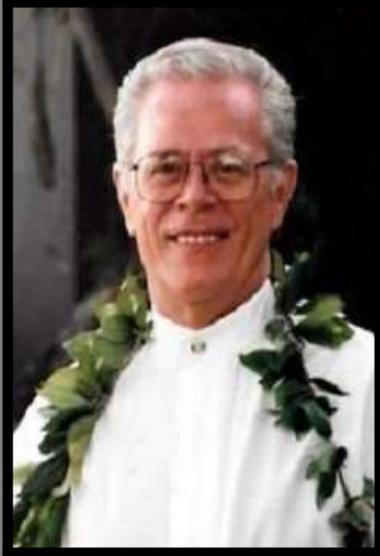
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FUZZ PARTEN
 1959 - 1986
 STATION AGENT, PILOT
 RIW DEN
http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Fuzz_Partten.html



KEN PRATHER
 1954 - 1954
 STATION AGENT
 PUB
http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Ken_Prather.html



DAVE RAINES
1961 - 19?? / 1974 - 1986
STATION AGENT, SATO MANAGER
OKC AMA BDU
http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Dave_Raines.html



JIM SCHNEIDER
1954 - 1979
STATION AGENT, STATION MANAGER
OLF DIK ISN BIL CPR
http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Jim_Schneider.html



TEX SEARLE
1956 - 1985
PILOT
SLC DEN
http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Tex_Searle.html



STAN SHAW
1967 - 1973
PILOT
SLC
http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Stan_Shaw.html



LLOYD STOOPS

1978 - 1986

PILOT

DEN

http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Lloyd_Stoops.html



SHIRLEY BELOTE STULTS

1964 - 1967

RESERVATIONS AGENT

FYV

http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Shirley_Belote_Stults.html

27



DOLLIE CAYLOR TRAYLOR

1959 - 1969

FLIGHT ATTENDANT, RECEPTIONIST

PHX

http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Dollie_Caylor_Traylor.html



SANDY WARDER WALLIC

1963 - 1967

RESERVATIONS AGENT

DEN

http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Sandy_Warder.html



FRANK VASQUEZ
1967 - 1985
STATION AGENT
DEN

http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Frank_Vasquez.html



But Not Forgotten

JIM WEBSTER
1974 - 1986
STATION AGENT, PILOT
DEN

http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Jim_Webster.html

27

I REMEMBER

I heard my dream, among the clouds.
I heard that sound like thunder loud.
The rumble of recips, like drums that roll.
Their steadfast throb, that echoed miles.

With steady cadence that stirred my soul.
With beating heart, I answered the call.
With sun, moon and stars above, I shared the sky.
Found friends, who dreamed my dreams on high.

We laughed, we trusted those friends of mine.
Through time that hurried by.
Like thunder that dies, the recips have gone.
Like time that ages, I miss that gang.

Twilight is gone, yet I abide.
I remember, I listen, but all is quiet.
I hang my head, I'm all alone.
I can't look up, my dream is gone.

-Tex Searle

JOHN HEIMBURGER

1974 - 1986

PILOT
DEN

MARRIED TO FLIGHT ATTENDANT CHRIS MONTANO

John Heimburger's grandfather and his two brothers came to Ellis Island from Germany in the early 1900s, heading west to Illinois. One brother started a bar in Chicago that survived prohibition; another traveled even further west and founded the National Meat Market chain in Denver, and the third brother became a bat boy for the Chicago Cubs, but then traveled south from Chicago to be employed by a telephone company. Heimburger was born as WWII was ramping up. His mom and dad were absorbed into 'America's War' and dressed the young one in military garb. Heimburger was raised in corn country; in a small Midwestern town of 800 people. His mom was an air-raid warden. She dressed in a white helmet and conducted daily circlings around a platform on the town's water tower trying to spot German and Japanese suicide planes. His dad was the chauffeur for the Commander of the Great Lakes Naval Training Center near Chicago. Two of his uncles served in the Army, one in the Galapagos, the other in the Army Air-Force as a B-24 tail-gunner in the Pacific.

A small town atmosphere prompted this six-year-old future veteran to deliver 120 handbills from a local grocery store for 1 penny each on Wednesdays after school. At the end of the day he had \$1.20 - enough for a Green River drink and a Snickers bar at the store, with plenty of money left over to begin his personal savings in a glass jar at home.

Handbills led to delivering 110 newspapers, seven days a week, and having to collect 80 cents a month from each subscriber. Working was a task, but also an experience. He walked and biked in all kinds of time, weather, and temperatures. His hard work paid off. He obtained the 40 new subscriptions to the paper needed to win a train ride to Washington, D.C.. Four days of touring the Capitol led to the start of a long and heroic military career.

After a morning tour of the U.S. Navy Academy, the afternoon brought the newspaper carriers to the steps of the Capitol, where their Congressman appeared for a photograph with the winners. The reporter asked the Congressman if he wanted to ask the kids anything. Due to fate and proximity; Heimburger was asked, "What was your favorite attraction?" The future veteran replied, "Annapolis." The Congressman replied, "Would you like to go there?" "Yes Sir" said the lad. The Congressman asked, "How old are you?" "14!" the lad said. "Well there's a new Academy being built in the Colorado mountains for the Air Force that should be ready in a couple of years. Want to be a pilot?" asked the Congressman. "Yes Sir!" said the lad. "Well, have your parents call me in a couple of years." And they did!

Between that day and entry into the 5th Graduating class (Class of 1963) at the United States Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs, Heimburger's interest in flying increased. He got a job washing 10,000 dishes a week at Philmont National Boy Scout Ranch in Cimarron, New Mexico. Each summer, Heimburger traveled via three different railroads going-to-and-from.

One day he was asked to drive attorney Uel Ramey from Wichita, Kansas to the Cimarron airport. Heimburger did not

know the man was a pilot and had flown his own personal plane to New Mexico for a National Scout Finance Conference. Nearing the airstrip, Mr. Ramey asked the sixteen year-old boy if he would like to see the 144,000 acre ranch from the air? "Yes, Sir!"

That 30-minute flight in a Cessna propeller plane was the second memorable and keynote event that started a flying career for young Heimburger.

His four years at the Academy were not easy for him. Many of his classmates were up to four years older and some had both prior college and military experience. Despite difficulties, Heimburger excelled. He played football and rugby and was invited to join the US. Olympic Field Hockey team for the 1964 Tokyo Olympics.

Declining the Olympic offer after his 1963 AFA graduation, he spent 56 weeks at Reese Air Force Base in Lubbock in basic pilot training. He graduated the following year ranked #5 out of 55 pilots, choosing an assignment that was as close to the War in Vietnam as was available...C-130s at Naha Air Force Base, Okinawa.

A day after his arrival on that island he was on his way for the first of 301 combat missions, delivering soldiers, ammunition, and supplies into active war zones. He landed on tiny airstrips nearly hidden in jungle canopies and runways with no navigation instrumentation, relying solely on human map deciphering skills. That coupled with the awareness that the "Hercules" had no means of returning the always-present enemy ground fire made it a very dangerous mission.

Then, one day, 30 pilot names from Okinawa were literally pulled from a hat, with those pilots being re-assigned from Okinawa directly to South Vietnam. The more senior officers got their choice of aircraft. Heimburger, a 25-year-old 1st Lieutenant, (now with a wife and new son), drew the O-1A Birdog, a dangerous Forward Air Controller (FAC) assignment, a slow-moving no-radar or weather-instruments Cessna and a pilot who directed air-strikes, artillery fire, flew low-level visual reconnaissance missions, and flitted crazily and erratically, high and low, in all kinds of Asian weather to ensure safety to himself, his aircraft, and the friendly troops below.

Being assigned to Khe Sanh Marine Base in I Corps, he flew north from Nha Trang through DaNang to the Marine Airfield on top of a cliff only 6 miles from the Laotian border and 14 miles from North Vietnam. While refueling in DaNang, he ran into his former English instructor from the Academy, now a Colonel and the Director of Operations for the 366th Tactical Fighter Wing (F-4s). The two had lunch and promised to recon-nect 10 days later when the FAC had to return to DaNang for a modification on the O-1.

When Heimburger returned, he found the Colonel's trailer enshrouded with yellow tape. Col. Cook's F-4 and his wingman's aircraft had disappeared from radar at the time of bomb release in a mission over the North. Later, the problem was found to be 'premature bomb detonation.' Col. Cook was never found, leaving a wife and 8 children behind.

December 23, 1967, two days before Christmas, was one of numerous harrowing fire missions that Heimburger remembers vividly. It was during the '67 monsoon with daylight rapidly fading, directing a two-ship of Marine F4's in a heavily-defended river target straddling North and South Vietnam as well as the Laotian border. On the fourth and final dive onto the

target marked by the FAC's smoke rockets, the last F-4 exploded, hit by heavy ground fire and impacted the side of the mountain in a brilliant fireball. The scene was chaos and dis-belief! Then, silhouetted against the fireball, he spotted 2 parachutes that swung twice and instantly hit the ground. Both pilots had somehow ejected cleanly from the plane!

With only an hour of daylight remaining, periodic heavy monsoonal showers, and limited visibility for fighter support, the situation was terrifying. The FAC immediately called for air support and a helicopter to rescue the pilots. No chopper would readily come because of the heavy ground and anti-aircraft fire, and only one ejected pilot was responding to the emergency radio calls. Finally, a Marine helicopter reluctantly deviated from a previous mission and courageously dropped into a bomb crater to pull the back-seater to safety. The downed pilot had been crawling from bomb-crater to bomb-crater, moving slowly up the mountain between aerial bombing and rocket support while the FAC directed both U.S. and South Vietnamese combat fighter aircraft at the advancing NVA and Viet Cong forces intent on capturing the lone Marine. After the long sigh of relief, the rescued pilot was flown back to Khe Sanh and on to DaNang.

Heimbürger wasn't to meet him until 42 years later, when a Memorial Service was held at Arlington Cemetery in Virginia for Maj. Gary Fors, the F4 Aircraft Commander who has never been seen nor heard from again. Fors' Mother passed away in 2014 at age 97, always believing that someday her son Gary would appear at her door and say, "Mom, it's OK. I'm home!" The rescued pilot is currently a Baptist Minister on the Big Island of Hawaii.

There were dozens of tense and dangerous situations that were interspersed within the 361 additional combat missions Heimbürger flew resulting in the award of a Silver Star; (the third-highest military decoration for valor awarded), two Distinguished Flying Crosses, the Bronze Star, and 26 Air Medals. He doesn't mind recalling some of his 667 missions, but only rarely confirms the awards and decorations received. He is grateful and happy to have survived his four years in the War Zone. There were many times he thought his life on earth was over.

Regular military service ended for Heimbürger when he was first offered Test Pilot School at Edwards Air Force Base in California in preparation for Astronaut training. Unfortunately, the Air Force was losing over 400 Forward Air Controllers in Vietnam, and his post SE Asia assignment was to train replacement FACs at Eglin AFB, Florida. The losses were so significant that re-assignment to Edwards was canceled 3 times.

Leaving the regular Air Force, he flew the giant C-124 Globemasters in a Reserve outfit at Hill AFB, Utah, during two years of MBA Graduate School, then joined the Maryland Air Guard while a faculty member at The Johns Hopkins School of Public Health in Baltimore. When the chance to fly for Frontier Airlines in Denver came his way, the move to Colorado was swift - and there began twelve years with the Colorado Air Guard as Wing Safety Officer, B-737 instructor, and Accident Investigative Officer.

When Frontier merged into Continental Airlines in 1986, his family, (wife, two sons and a daughter), moved to Houston. Heimbürger became an instructor/check pilot, where he created the Continental Adventure Series. Through this program, he

Chris and John in 1980



coordinated and led Continental employees from all over the planet in climbing adventures - the Himalayas, Alps, Kilimanjaro, Rockies, Fuji, and dozens of exciting trips using airline convenience and adventure "nerves" from his experience in Vietnam.

For the past eight years he has been a political consultant and speaker at veteran, schools, and Church events. He is the former Post Surgeon for VFW Post 12075 in Kingwood/Humble. He is the current Post Surgeon for over 253 veterans in VFW Post 4816, Porter, Texas, and still attends Veteran functions as a photographer and delegate to various conclaves and conventions. He gives overwhelming credit to Chris, a wife who grabbed the family reins when Dad was flying.

Heimbürger's life has been a notable one. We salute John Heimbürger for his dedication and service to our country.

"It's been a wonderful world," said John, "seen in true perspective only from the cockpit of an aircraft racing through the night sky at 500 miles-per-hour between NY City and Rome, London or Madrid...the Northern lights, cooperation among flight crews and support staff...and a loving family who is also able to appreciate the beautiful world in which we live on airborne visits to Paris, Maui, Tokyo, China, New Zealand, Machu Picchu, Africa and indeed all the continents. Thank God for airplanes!!"

(Excerpted and edited from an article in the Mar 2016 issue of The Scuttlebutt, a Houston area veteran's newsletter.)

John Heimburger's life is enriched by the people of Nepal in his climb of a 20,000-foot peak on the world's rooftop.

On the eve of reaching the summit of Imje Tse, a sister peak of Mt. Everest along the jagged spine of the Himalayas, John Heimburger craned his neck and scanned the brilliant Tibetan sky one last time before inching back into his tent to rest for the final ascent.

A year later, the veteran airline pilot, war hero, amateur mountaineer, global explorer and University of Utah MBA graduate remembers that night as one that brought him and his colleagues a world beyond imagination.

"The millions of stars rising over Tibet were like a blanket of twinkling Christmas lights assuring me I was seeing what 99 percent of the world's people would never have the opportunity to see," says Heimburger.

The next day — Nov. 10, 1985 — after a nine-hour, nearly vertical final day's climb, Heimburger, his colleague David Waling and their two Sherpa guides scaled the 20,240-foot peak at the flank of Everest, the world's highest mountain.

The climb fulfilled a self-promise Heimburger had made some 32 years earlier as a 12-year-old in rural Illinois after hearing a radio announcer blare word that Sir Edmund Hillary and Tenzing Norgay had become the first conquerors of Everest, or Sagarmatha, Mother Goddess of the world.

"I ran into the backyard of our home in Tolono, searching for the highest point around," he remembers. "I climbed the biggest tree in the neighborhood and promised myself, 'Someday, I'm going to do something just like Hillary did.'"

Even as a boy, Heimburger sensed that one of the many adventures he would crowd into his life would be the challenge of fighting upward against thin air, buffeting winds and biting cold on a craggy mountain peak half-a-world away from the comforts of home.

Standing on the summit of Imje Tse, or Island Peak, on that crisp November afternoon, the snow glittering like crystal, Heimburger and Waling were too immobilized with relief, too awed by the beauty around them to feel much exhilaration.

"I just felt numb," Heimburger says. "The air was almost too thin for us to exist. It wasn't until our descent that we began to realize what we had accomplished as amateur climbers without benefit of supplemental oxygen."

Six other Americans in the Heimburger expedition, among them John's wife, Chris, reached 17,500 feet, some even higher, before bowing to mountain sickness and other illnesses brought on by the exhausting climb.

The successful foursome began the final leg of their journey shortly before 3 a.m., their lighted headgear clearly illuminating every breath as they donned their gear for yet another thrust against the elements. Their immediate challenge on that final morning was an ice chimney nearly 1,200 feet high.

"Fortunately, it was pitch black when we started the final climb," says Heimburger, who spent years preparing himself psychologically and physically for the mystique and challenge of the Himalayas. "When I saw the ice chimney in the sunlight nearly 15 hours after we began climbing it, I vowed I never would have made the attempt had I known what we were in for."

The early makings of the successful ascent were forged during frequent climbs in the Wasatch Mountains east of Salt Lake City while Heimburger was a graduate student in business at the University of Utah.

After scaling the ice chimney, the four remaining climbers battled winds gusting to 80 miles per hour and massive blue-green blocks of glacial ice stacked up over centuries by the infusion of semi-annual monsoon snows, melting ice and re-frozen water.

The combination of hypoxia (lack of oxygen) and bitter cold temperatures made the last hours of the climb excruciating, Heimburger recalls. Near the summit, pestering ice crystals found their way into every crack of clothing and equipment, from the insides of their glacier goggles to their elbow-length mittens.

"All we could do was take a step at a time, plant our axes and climb with our upper bodies. Our legs had long since lost useful energy," says Heimburger. "We were operating on willpower — a programmable source of motivation we had lived and planned on for three years."

Heimburger says the experience of studying under Dr. George Odiome, former dean of the University of Utah College of Business, instilled in him an appreciation of the virtues of thorough planning, regardless of the challenge.

"Dr. Odiome would always say in class that you can never do too much research into a subject that interests you," says Heimburger.

"He was absolutely right. Because his classes were hard and required working long hours in the library, they proved valuable when the time came to gather, test, evaluate and transport personnel and equipment for the Himalayan climb."

A 1963 graduate of the Air Force Academy, Heimburger earned his MBA in 1972 after returning from combat duty as a pilot in Southeast Asia where he was awarded the Silver Star and two Distinguished Flying Crosses. He spent three years on the faculty of the Johns Hopkins School of Public Health before beginning a career in commercial aviation. He was a pilot for Frontier Airlines for 10 years until the airline was forced into bankruptcy in 1986.

In planning the Himalayan climb, Heimburger's party established a corollary goal of developing a relationship with the people of Nepal, where modern technology has failed to taint a magical land and whose grand mountains symbolize man's potential for greatness.

"We didn't arrive in Nepal, assault a mountain and exit quickly, as some international expeditions have been known to do. We took time to enjoy the country, savor its beauty, make friends and present gifts to charming people. We maintained respect for a pastoral land through which we were privileged to pass."

Among the items the Heimburger expedition took to Nepal were volley balls and soccer balls for children in the elementary schools and in monasteries.

"No children showed more appreciation than the 9-to-12 year old monks at the Thyangboche Monastery. These young boys were assured of an education as monks, but because they were still boys, games were quite important in their development," says Heimburger.

When the Champaign County Emergency Services Agency in Heimburger's home state of Illinois learned of the charitable part of the Heimburger expedition, it donated a 15-ton mobile army surgical hospital unit, which was delivered to Kathmandu, capital of Nepal, in its original crates. Heimburger still serves on Shanta Bhawan USA, an international organization supporting

Shanta Bhawan hospital and clinics in Nepal.

The expedition's goal was never Everest itself because a permit to climb the world's tallest mountain can take 10 years to get. Countries secure Everest climbing permits in advance, then assemble teams to validate their permits.

Heimbürger says observing the simple lifestyle of the people of Nepal made it apparent that a slower pace of living has its advantages. "This back-to-basics and back-to-nature simplicity made it easier to understand the awesome power of God's creation around us."

The American climbers departed Nepal with great respect for its people and for the mighty Himalayan mountains that cover more than 90 percent of the country.

"As you climb, the Himalayas begin to steal your identity," says Heimbürger. "They decide how you feel, when you're hot, when you're cold. Sometimes you can't tell where the mountains end and you begin, when to breathe or when your breath is taken away."

Climbing Imje Tse hasn't been the only adventure for the Heimbürger family. They have explored the headwaters of the mighty Amazon River in South America, the Great Barrier Reef of Australia, and the wilds of southern Africa and Egypt.

When the indefatigable Heimbürger reflects on his mountain conquest and his other adventures, he is reminded of the words of Robert Frost: "Two roads diverged in a wood and I took the one less traveled by . . . and that has made all the difference."

(From an article by James C Bapis, The Journal, Winter 1987)



Chris and John about 1986

Here are my personal thoughts on John Heimbürger whom up to this point you have probably never heard of.....But in a future issue of Ace Avakian's excellent "FARPA" newsletter I am sure you will! My remarks here are just thoughts and reminisces that I want to share with you !!

I am perhaps one of the very few FAL Station/ Passenger Service/ Agents who has earned the right to use and enjoy Continental Airlines Retiree Travel privileges. Through my internet hook up to Continental, I very recently learned about John Heimbürger who joined Frontier as a First Officer in 1974 and then stayed on with CAL in 1986 and retired as a CO Captain in 2002.

What this fellow has done and accomplished as both a Military and Commercial Pilot is more than enough to make him stand out in a crowd.....But it is also his amazing accomplishments in several very academic and divergent fields far removed from Aviation (which would easily be full time career activities in their own right) plus being a husband and a father to six children and extremely involved with youth activities in the communities where he has lived.

All that along with being an accomplished Mountain Climber and expedition leader of major peaks (Mt. Everest & Anapurna to name just two).

Since I could not recall personally meeting this fellow myself.....Or of hearing Ace or any of Frontier's senior pilots ever talk about or mention this fellow, Made me think that Ace perhaps is totally unaware of him ??.....

I pulled up a brief biography of this fellow from a Continental webpage and sent it on to Ace, who was thrilled and delighted to learn about him and promises to run an article about him in a future issue of FARPA newsletter.

-Bob Pearson, 11/2/2005

Always had dreams of climbing in the Himalayas, so in 1983 started the process at Frontier Airlines...The Frontier Nepal-Everest Expedition.

By 1985 we had obtained sponsors, had multiple snow/ice practices in Colorado and New Hampshire, but with the arrival of son Jon Hunter, had to postpone the Expedition until 1986.

It was a fun postponement as we flew to Madrid, then up to Paris and a week on a barge on the Burgundy Canal (recommended by Walter Cronkite) ... over Halloween with the Expedition members ... so we could get to know them better...Carole, Dean, Willie, Dave, Spike, Dorothy, Chris and myself.

But that's another whole fun adventure in itself. Ask me sometime about how the French reacted to us on Halloween in American Indian costumes walking through a rural village (with bows and arrows)!

The barge crew even dressed up as well--they loved it! Though only 2 of us summited Imje Tse, a very successful jaunt to Nepal ensued the next year, traveling completely around the planet via Bangkok, Hong Kong, and Vancouver enroute home.

-John Heimbürger

Like Bob Pearson, I did not know John at Frontier although I had heard some about his Mt. Everest adventure. We got connected by way of the internet back in 2005 and have stayed in steady contact since.

These articles about John barely scratch the surface about what a unique and outstanding person he is. And Chris is right there with him. It's an honor to call them friends.

-Jake Lamkins

PAUL LAPRAD

1979 - 1986

STATION AGENT
TOL HOUDEN

Hi Paul,

What prompts my contacting you is an astonishing thing happened to me today as I was finishing up David Halberstam's book, *The Children*, and I came to the recap at the end identifying you as working at Frontier.

Previous mentions in the book of Paul LaPrad had not rung a bell and I let out a yell when I saw the ID.

I had no idea that you had been active in the Nashville, Tennessee civil rights movement in 1960.

I just want you to know how proud I am to have known you and been associated with you at Frontier. What you did was absolutely wonderful. Thank you.

-Jake Lamkins

The Children...seems like I've heard of that book. (Winking smile.) What prompted you to read said book? I still remember when Halberstam called me to say he was writing a book about the participants in Nashville, was calling it *The Children*, and wanted to know if I would be interested in being interviewed.

After his interview, Beth had prepared a simple meal then after learning who David was, a Pulitzer Prize winner, she asked "why didn't you tell me he was a famous guy?" To me, he was an old acquaintance.

I didn't know him well while in Nashville but knew of him. He was one of the more fair reporters in covering the lunch counter demonstrations. I've always felt honored to have the experiences that I did and meet the people I met. I knew many of the main actors of the day.

In April or May, 2014, I flew to Nashville to attend the funeral of Maxine Walker (Giddings). If you see some of the pics of the day when I was pulled from the seat, she was the girl on my right. (You can find some pics by googling my name; this will come up with Nashville lunch counter stuff.) She came from a great family. Her brother, Matthew, was also in the Freedom Rides and his name may be in the Freedom Ride section of Dave's book. I haven't talked with Diane Nash for 3-4 years but will attempt a call shortly.

-Paul LaPrad

(Excerpted and edited from "The Children" by David Halberstam.)

The first connection that Jim Lawson made to the world of black students in Nashville was through a white transfer student at Fisk named Paul LaPrad. Paul LaPrad was from Delphi, Indiana, a small farm town near Lafayette. His people were members of the Church of the Brethren, which was, like the Quakers, a church committed to nonviolence. He had been a student at Manchester College, in North Manchester, Indiana; he had arrived at Fisk after several months touring Europe with a friend, a trip on which he saw more of the sites of Hitler's death camps than he did Parisian nightlife.

Somewhat poorer after his visit to Europe, LaPrad had subsequently worked for a year in Chicago to save some money for college, and had decided to study for a time at a black college. He applied to Fisk, which had accepted him. Before he left for Nashville, Paul LaPrad set out to get the name of someone who

might help connect him to the kind of community social work he had come to find so rewarding. He had asked one of the local ministers, Julius Belser, if he knew of anyone in Nashville who was interested in Christian nonviolence. "Yes," said Belser, "there's a young graduate student down there named James Lawson who's very bright and very active, and you might want to look him up." It was the only name he took with him when he left for Nashville.

LaPrad arrived in Nashville determined to be a part of something larger than he was, and so he soon looked up Jim Lawson. Lawson mentioned rather casually that he was going to hold workshops on nonviolent action with the eventual object of testing local segregation laws. He wondered if LaPrad knew any Fisk students who might want to attend the workshops. Indeed LaPrad did. He had begun to hang out at the Fisk International Center, and he had made a number of friends there; the conversation among them often swung around to the fact that five years after the *Brown vs. Topeka* Supreme Court decision, almost nothing had happened to change the life of most blacks in the South. One of the students who might be interested, he said, was a bright young woman from Chicago named Diane Nash.

Diane Nash was considered the most sophisticated of the early group which came together to study and work with Jim Lawson, at least in the judgment of the other students, in part because she was from the North, in part because she was so beautiful, and in part because, though this was left unsaid, she was so light-skinned (having light skin color in those days had a great deal to do with the perception that she was both beautiful and sophisticated). It was said at the time, and not entirely without merit, that many of the young men who attended the early workshops and then kept going back did so because it was a chance to be near Diane Nash.

Not long after the incident at the state fair when she first confronted segregated rest rooms, Paul LaPrad mentioned Jim Lawson's workshops to Nash. Never in her life, she thought, had she been more interested in political action. She went eagerly to the first session.

Lafayette was amazed by the young people who showed up that day, almost none of whom had been in any previous sit-ins or had attended any of the training sessions. Most of them did not know the leaders personally, they had not been to any workshops, yet when they were warned that the protest was likely to be violent, no one pulled out. It was, he believed, pure faith on their part. That they had had so little training was somewhat bothersome—some might not know how to respond when attacked, how to go into the fetal self-protecting position, and some might be tempted to meet acts of violence by lashing out themselves.

So the veteran leaders quickly gave the newcomers a crash course on nonviolence. The leaders told them what to do, and warned what might happen. The white kids might beat up on them. The cops apparently were not going to offer any protection. Indeed the cops might beat them up at the police station. In all instances they were to look to the group leaders among them for any further instructions. Under no conditions were they to strike back, either physically or verbally. That was the cardinal rule. If they struck back they would undermine the sacrifice of everyone else. When the lessons and warnings were finished, no one withdrew.

Observers, weighted with coins to call back to headquarters,

were sent to pay phones strategically located near every store. The observers had all the requisite phone numbers with them—the numbers for the headquarters, the numbers for the white hospital for ambulances for any white kids who were badly beaten, and the numbers for the black funeral homes for any blacks badly beaten, for there were no black ambulances, and it was traditional to use hearses from the funeral homes as ambulances in the black community. Off they went that morning with one mission: The more of them who were arrested by the police, the better; they would move the conscience of the white community by filling the jails. It was the Gandhian way, which they now had come to accept.

Thirty-five years later Paul LaPrad, at the time a twenty-year-old white exchange student from Manchester College in Indiana, remembered February 27, 1960, as the day he had his own moment in history, small and fleeting though it was. But to LaPrad, who had originally helped connect Jim Lawson to some of the other students, it was no small thing. It gave his life exceptional purpose and value. Indeed, he decided years later, everyone ought to have one pure moment in history, one glorious instant which set you apart from everyone else and made you feel that you were not ordinary, that your life was worth something. Most of the other students from that time remembered that the sit-ins took place in February and March, but Paul LaPrad remembered the exact date of his historic moment. It was the day on which he was beaten savagely by the white mob, and even more important, a photo of the assault upon him was taken by a United Press photographer and sent around the country and around the world. Within a few months his tour of Fisk completed, LaPrad would go back to Indiana and to what was a pleasant, rather commonplace life. And yet on that one day he had been at the cutting edge of history, in a moment captured on film for millions of Americans to see.

Paul LaPrad was the product of, he liked to say, simple country people. They were small-time farmers who had migrated west from Virginia to find only marginal prosperity in Indiana. His father eked out a modest living with two jobs, as the local mail carrier, and as a local pastor for a Church of the Brethren congregation of about seventy people. Essentially his income came from being a mail carrier.

He had been a conscientious objector in World War II, and a life of nonviolence was ingrained deeply in him. There had been some degree of local grumbling when he had refused to join the army during World War II, but most people in the community had accepted his decision for what it was, an act of conscience. He did not push his pacifist and antimaterialist beliefs with his family, but it was his hope that his sons would be like him.

His son Paul had registered for the draft when he was eighteen, and had been placed in the 1-AO category, which meant that if called he would serve, but in a noncombatant role, as a medic. In the summer of 1958 on the occasion of the 250th anniversary celebration of his church he had gone to Europe, where he had visited the site of Hitler's concentration camps, which had effected him powerfully and moved him further toward the teachings of Jesus Christ in nonviolence.

Man, he decided, simply had to learn to come to peace with his neighbor, and love his enemy as himself; otherwise the consequences were too terrible, particularly in an age of nuclear weapons. When he had returned to Indiana, LaPrad had changed his registration, asking and receiving a straight 1-0, which was



Paul crouches on the floor and shields his head with his arms after the guy standing over him dragged him from the lunch counter of McLellan's downtown Nashville store and beat him Feb. 27, 1960.

LaPrad, who was sitting beside a black student at the counter, was attacked when he did not respond to being taunted and cursed. Looking on helplessly is fellow demonstrator Maxine Walker, on the right.

the traditional conscientious objector position.

Because most of his meager financial resources had been spent on the trip to Europe, LaPrad decided to take a year off to earn some money. Like many an Indiana farm boy before him he had migrated to Chicago. At first he took a job working for Motorola, which paid well. But it was in a plant allied with the defense industry and so he quit the job and took one which paid a good deal less, working for the city of Chicago as a clerk in the Cook County hospital. He also did some community service work and liked it—he had found the world of the poor to be far more complicated than he expected. It taught him to be wary of generalizations about the poor: Some of them were gentle people, and others from the exact same background might prove extremely dangerous.

Rather than return to Manchester College after his year in Chicago, he decided to attend a black school for a year. How could he think of himself as an educated young Christian when he knew so little about so many other of God's children? he wondered. He applied to three black schools and was delighted when Fisk had accepted him. He arrived at Fisk determined to show that he was hip, and when, in September 1959, he first set foot on campus he was surprised at how formal a place it

seemed, how old-fashioned, indeed decorous the dress codes seemed to be. To ensure his reputation for hipness, he had arrived in Nashville sporting a small goatee. He was immediately summoned to the office of Dean William Green. The dean had cast an unsympathetic eye on the meager amount of fuzz on his chin. "Mr. LaPrad, Fisk men don't wear goatees," Dean Green said, and LaPrad had shaved his beard off that day.

LaPrad, because of his connections from Chicago, had been Jim Lawson's first recruit. He was always aware of the limits of his role within the group, that he was a foot soldier, not a leader, and that his role was not to talk at critical junctures in the meetings but to listen. The black kids were intrigued by him. White college kids were supposed to be more sophisticated than black ones, but Paul LaPrad was about as unsophisticated as you could get. He was, they thought, nothing but an Indiana country boy. At first when he talked to them he began by saying, Well, I'm just a farm boy, and they were all a little wary, but then it had turned out that he was just a farm boy, and they accepted him at face value.

Paul LaPrad later thought of their group that day as an army, albeit a small army, embarking on what was nothing less than a holy war. What they were challenging seemed so wrong to him, what they were doing—seeking rights which ought to be enjoyed by all Americans—seemed so right, that no price was too great to pay. He had participated in the earlier sit-ins and on February 27 he, like the others, was aware that it was probably going to be rougher than usual because the local hoodlums were supposed to be out and the cops might disappear. He had been assigned to McLellan's, and his memories of the encounter there were at once both sharp and indistinct. The white mob was bigger and noisier on this day and it seemed to be unusually emboldened. There was always, he thought, more hatred aimed at him and the handful of other whites because what they were doing was considered traitorous; they had gone over to the other side. The yells of nigger-lover were constant as he walked to his seat. The white women in the mob, he remembered, were as angry and as noisy as the white men. Most ominously, there were no police there, and because of that the mob seemed less restrained, more confident of its right to inflict verbal and physical harm.

He was seated at the counter with two black students. Maxine Walker on one side and Peggy Alexander on the other, when someone came up from behind him and yanked him off the stool. Down he went. People were swinging at him and when he was down he felt someone kicking him. The kicks were sharp, the pain the kind he imagined would come with being stabbed. He moved into the fetal position, trying to protect himself, as they had all been taught to do. It was at that moment, LaPrad lying on the floor trying to cover himself, hands over the back of his head, the crowd of white men and women yelling and jeering at him, that the memorable photo was taken of him.

The violence was over quickly. LaPrad managed to pull himself up and get back on the stool. It was the sheer fury of it all—how quickly and violently they had struck—which stunned him more than anything else. The pain did not last. The blows from the fists of the attackers—he was never sure how many there had been—had glanced off him. No ribs were broken. A few minutes later the police arrived and arrested LaPrad for disturbing the peace. They did not arrest any of his white assailants. Shortly after that Paul LaPrad's draft board took away his 1-0 status because he was pledged to nonviolence in

order to enjoy that status, and as far as the board was concerned, his actions that day had resulted in violence.

Another hero of that morning was Angeline Butler, a Fisk co-ed. She had been assigned a role as an observer and she was at McLellan's just as the scuffle had broken out and Paul LaPrad had been beaten. She was appalled by the way the white crowd had lashed out at LaPrad, but she was even more upset by the way the store manager was handling the sit-in. The demonstrators had hoped for mass arrests, but the manager was denying them what they wanted most, a jail filled with students. LaPrad had been arrested but his companions had been forced off their seats by the cops and led out of the store without being arrested. LaPrad was being placed in the paddy wagon by himself. It was almost as if the manager knew their game plan. But Angeline Butler noticed that the front door was still open and that the manager seemed to be getting ready to lock it to keep out any more protesters. Without saying anything she signaled to Bernard Lafayette, another team observer, what was happening. She got her hand on the door and opened it, and as she did, an entire new group of students moved in and took their seats at the counter. There they waited for service, which never came. Soon the police came and arrested them, just as they had intended. By the end of the day eighty-one of the demonstrators, seventy-seven black and four white, had been arrested. None of their assailants was arrested.

That Saturday was the first time Diane Nash was arrested. She was seated at a lunch counter, and there was a cop, a rather pleasant one, actually, she decided, and he tried to be nice to her. He politely asked her and her friends to get up and they all refused. "Listen," he said, "if you don't get up you're going to be arrested," as if that were the most terrible warning imaginable, and upon hearing it, surely they would get up. The threat of arrest had probably always worked for him in the past. And these were, after all, well-dressed people, and the last thing well-dressed people would want was to go to jail. But no one moved. "All right, all right," he said, his patience quickly exhausted, "that's it! You've been warned! You're all under arrest!" They all got up, and as soon as they did, a dozen more of their colleagues came into the store and took their seats.

Paul LaPrad who was beaten during the sit-ins, a beating captured for the nation by a Nashville photographer, thought years later that all in all he had lived the most ordinary of lives. He had returned to college in Indiana, graduated, and gone on to graduate school in the field of social services at Indiana University. Upon graduation he worked for a number of years in the Indiana and Ohio prison systems. From there he worked for a mental health organization.

Eventually he decided he wanted to run a business of his own, which he did with a startling lack of success. But he took a job with Frontier Airlines, finding himself finally in Colorado, where he fell in love with the sheer beauty of the land, and where he decided that this was the place where he had always wanted to live.

After a time, when Frontier folded he went back into the criminal justice system. The first question asked of him was whether he had a record, and he had answered yes, as a student in 1960. Eventually he became a parole officer, working in the Denver area, which amused some of his old friends from the Movement. He liked the work—most of it was with people who had somehow been unproductive all their lives and it was a

challenge for him to see whether he could help them become more productive. What gave his life distinction, he believed, was that amazing moment in February 1960 when he had been the target of a white racist in Nashville; he remained inordinately proud of that moment.

Nashville Sit-Ins Begin

After the North Carolina students conducted the first sit-in, the Nashville students, who had been practicing, decided to move ahead. In doing so, they, the students, took control of the group.

Some of the older adults worried about their safety. Rev. Kelly Miller Smith was concerned that the Nashville Christian Leadership Council only had \$87.50 in bail bond money to get them out of jail.

But, John Lewis said, “The hundreds of students in that room were dead set to sit-in the next day. We weren’t about to wait....We were young, free, and burning with belief.”

On February 13, 1960, they walked out in groups of 25 or so, 124 in total. They went into Woolworths, Kress and McClellan’s stores. They were refused service. So they sat at counters until the stores closed at 6 p.m. They went back on Thursday of the next week. By the next Saturday there were 340 protesters.

On February 27, they were sitting in six stores. Groups of young white men began attacking the protesters. They were punched, kicked, and pushed off the seats. Some whites poured mustard and ketchup over the heads of a few protesters.

One white sit-in participant, Paul LaPrad, a student at Fisk, was especially targeted. A film crew caught that attack showing LaPrad being kicked. When they finished, LaPrad pulled himself back on the seat and sat there bloody and bruised. The footage was shown on a national television news show that night.

The Nashville police finally showed up and arrested the protesters for “disorderly conduct”, while their white attackers cheered. But more students slipped into the seats and took their places.

Finally the jail was full, and the police had to quit arresting people. Bail was set at \$100 each, but the students refused to post bail. Police officials lowered it to \$5 each, but the students still refused to pay. Dig Deeper: Why wouldn’t the students pay the \$5 bail bond to get out of jail?

Finally the police decided to release all the students into the custody of the president of Fisk University without bail. The city tried all 82 students who were represented free-of-charge by African American attorneys Z.Alexander Looby, Avon Williams, and Bob Lillard. The judge found all of them guilty and gave them the option of paying a \$50 fine each or serving 30 days in jail.

If they wouldn’t pay a \$5 bail, the students were not about to pay a \$50 fine. Diane Nash stood up and said if they paid the fines, “we would be contributing to and supporting the injustice and immoral practices that have been performed in the arrests.”

They went to jail.

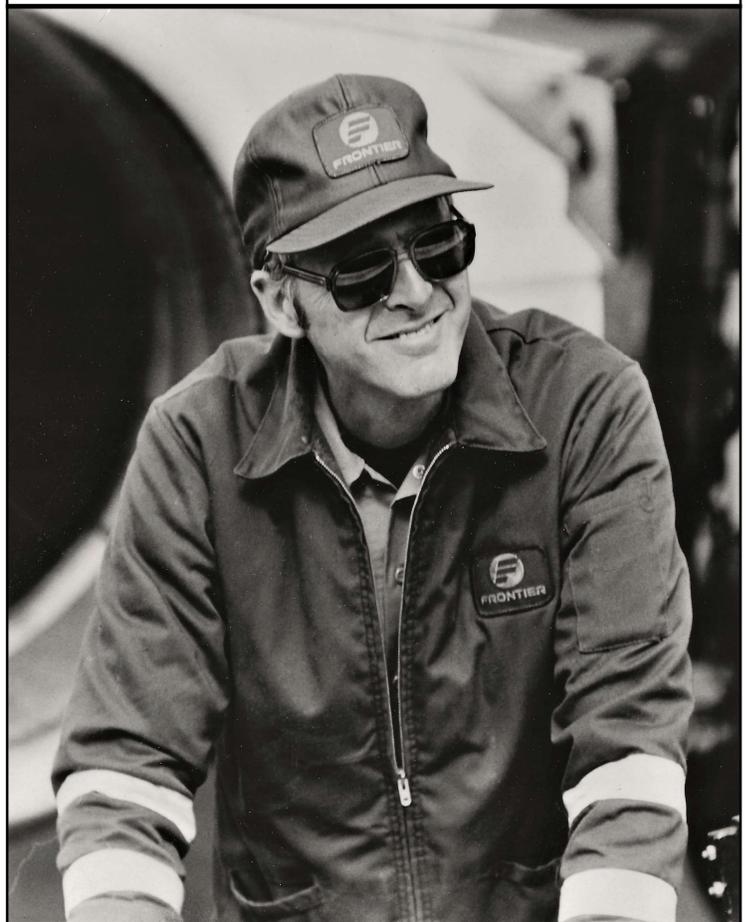
Mayor Ben West ordered their release on March 3.

In late March, almost without anyone knowing how it started, African Americans began to boycott downtown businesses. It spread through the churches with the slogan “don’t buy downtown.” It was very effective. White people also quit going downtown because of the violence they associated with the protests. Businesses were hurt.

[-http://www.tn4me.org/article.cfm/a_id/201/minor_id/31/major_id/11/era_id/8](http://www.tn4me.org/article.cfm/a_id/201/minor_id/31/major_id/11/era_id/8)



Paul on the right at his trial in Nashville for disorderly conduct.



Paul on the Denver ramp about 1982.

DICK ORR

1948 - 1985

**PILOT, DIVISION CHIEF PILOT,
DIRECTOR OF FLIGHT OPERATIONS,
VICE PRESIDENT-FLIGHT OPERATIONS
BIL DEN**

I was reminded today (5/11/20) that Dick's birthday was May 1st and that he is now 99 years old.

Dick said his secret is, "All you have to do is keep busy and keep breathing."

Best wishes, Dick.

FLriends wanting to send birthday greetings may email him at ophirlake@earthlink.net

Dick is the oldest living Frontier employee today.

-Jake Lamkins

A great guy and a great guy to work for!

-George Fay

During my first set of interviews with Frontier in Feb 1984, I interviewed one-on-one with Dick Orr in his office in the hangar, and then went downstairs and did the 737 simulator evaluation with him.

-Mark Ingram



Dick flying the line in 1967 with Patty O'Neill.

Dick will be
100
years old
on
May 1, 2021

New Vice Presidents



Dick Orr



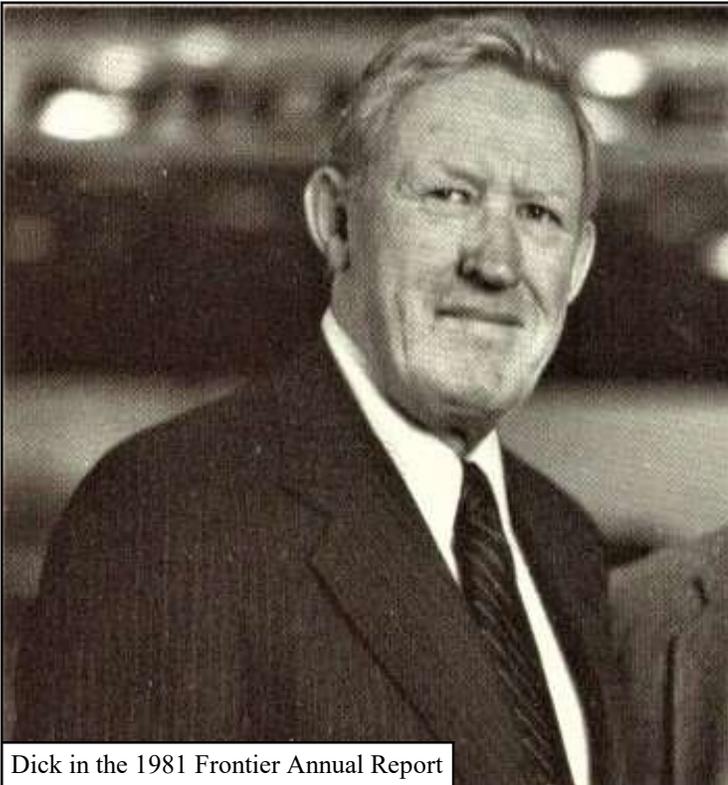
Ken Smith

Two veteran Frontier executives have been appointed vice presidents: Dick Orr, succeeding the late Ed O'Neil as vice president – flight operations; and Ken Smith, elevated to vice president – public affairs, the position formerly held by Vern Carlson, now vice president and assistant to the president.

Orr joined the airline in 1948 as a pilot and subsequently held a number of management positions, including division chief pilot and Denver regional director of flight operations. He most recently was assistant general manager of flight operations.

A 1946 graduate of the University of Minnesota, Orr earlier served as a flight instructor and an Air Transport Command pilot with the U.S. Army Air Corps from 1941 to 1945. He has approximately 25,000 hours of flying experience.

Smith came to Frontier in 1963 as director of sales and most recently was director of public affairs. He began his airline career on the sales staff of American Airlines in New York from 1939 to 1948, holding similar positions with Capital Airlines in Detroit from 1948 to 1954. Between 1954 and 1960, Smith was sales-service manager for Continental Aviation and Engineering Co. of Detroit, later serving as vice president – sales for Maritz Travel in St. Louis for three years.



Dick in the 1981 Frontier Annual Report

Happy, Happy Birthday Dick... I'll never forget you for helping me through the hoops to finally get hired at FAL!

-Vicky Veldboon

Happy birthday Dick Orr, Lots of good memories from the past.

-Fred Schubel

I remember one night on duty in ISN we had a CV580 flight that overnighted - arrived about midnight. Dick was the captain. I was giving the weather and it was a full fledged snow storm. The visibility was 1 mile ceiling 500 ft and getting worse. Capt Orr had made 2 passes without seeing the runway lights.

He asks if I was still showing 1 mile and 500 feet. I hesitated because it was not nice out there. Dick Orr was the chief pilot at that time. I think he understood that it might have been below minimums but I still showed it was at the minimum. He made a couple more passes and down he came. When he came in the terminal he kind of gave me a grin and thumbs up. Frontier had the best flight crews that ever existed as well as the rest of the employees

Happy birthday, Captain Orr, from an old ISN agent

-Daryle Holte

Happy Birthday Dick, I wish I had a story as good as Daryle's to tell, but I can thank you for making Frontier the most important part of my career. You made Flight Ops A great place to work, if you can call working for you work, you made it a pleasure.

Thanks, Captain Orr, have a Happy Birth Day and many, many more!

-Captain John Winter

I hope you have a Great Birthday. All our best to one of the all time Best Frontier aviators.

-Al Toll

Wow Dick A very, very Happy Birthday have a wonderful day. I remember flying with you in the 60s.

-Beverly Brown Armando

Dick my madden name was DiMarcella. You were an awesome Captain and friend in the mid- 60s if you can believe that smile emoticon . Happy Birthday Dick and many more. Enjoy !

-Anita DiMarcella Gunderson

Happy birthday Captain Orr, hope to see you at the luncheon in DEN. Hope you have at least 20 more!

-Bonnie Dahl

Dick Orr had his birthday yesterday. He lives just a few houses from us. He is in amazing shape. I just delivered a birthday card and signed it from all his Frontier buddies.

-Gary Turner

Will you please confirm that Dick Orr is 99 years old. I have some friends that don't believe me.

-Bonnie Dahl

Hi Bonnie,

I can see why they would doubt it. He looks great in the pic you sent. He's 7 months away from 100! Two proofs from Frontier files:

R. J. ORR: BIL captain, DOB 5/1/21, DOH 11/15/48

Per the Feb 1960 FL Employees Roster

R. J. ORR: DEN flight manager, DOB 5/1/21, DOH 11/15/48

Per the Dec 1970 FL Employees Roster

-Jake Lamkins

Thanks Jake, Yes, he's doing great, drove himself to Emerald Isle, not too far from our old place, The Panda. He works out couple days a week.

I gave my last Issues of Frontier News to Marion and Verne, they wanted them real bad.

Hugs,

-Bonnie Dahl

(I found the item below while web searching Dick. - Jake)

January 10, 1966

Idaho Free Press from Nampa, Idaho · Page 6

A cockpit window of a Frontier Airlines plane carrying Gov. John A. Love, his family and a touring Japanese wrestling team

Dick is about to join the elite Frontier Centenarians Club.

Tommy Matsumoto, DEN lead inspector, 8/17/2015, age 101

1/8/1914 - 8/17/2015

101 yrs, 7 mos, 9 days

http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Tommy_Matsumoto.html

George Ceshker, FTW ACF GSW DAL DFW pilot, 1/22/2017, age 101

10/7/1915 - 1/22/2017

101 yrs, 3 mos, 15 days

http://FAL-1.tripod.com/George_Ceshker.html

Les Harper, FTW ACF GSW DAL DFW pilot, 9/13/2016, age 100

4/6/1916 - 9/13/2016

100 yrs, 5 mos, 7 days

http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Les_Harper.html

Lee Gregory, DEN lead aircraft mechanic, 8/19/2013, age 100

6/23/1913 - 8/19/2013

100 yrs, 1 mo, 27 days

http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Lee_Gregory.html

cracked in flight over Colorado Sunday, causing depressurization of the plane's cabin. But there were no injuries, and the Convair 580 landed safely In Denver.

The cockpit window cracked during the flight from Durango to Denver. The pilot, Capt. Richard J. Orr of Denver, dropped the plane from 21,000 feet to 14,000 feet. The incident occurred over 10,000-foot Kenosha Pass in central Colorado.

[-https://www.newspapers.com/newspage/32204251/](https://www.newspapers.com/newspage/32204251/)

Jake, I congratulate you on knowing everything. My birthday date is not normally published. I want to thank you for all the effort you put out to publish such a great news magazine. I always read it cover to cover and as you know I gave a subscription to BJ Wayne after Bill passed away. I told Bill to subscribe but he never did.

Also, I really miss Ace Avakian as he and I were close to each other on the list and we did a lot together prior to 1950 when he lived close to me in Denver.

-Dick Orr

R J ORR

BIL reserve captain

Per the Nov 1955 Frontier Employees Roster

R J ORR

BIL captain

DOB 5/1/21

DOH 11/15/48

Per the Feb 1960 Frontier Employees Roster

R J ORR

Emp# 06650

DEN flight manager

DOB 5/1/21

DOH 11/15/48

Per the Dec 1970 Frontier Employees Roster

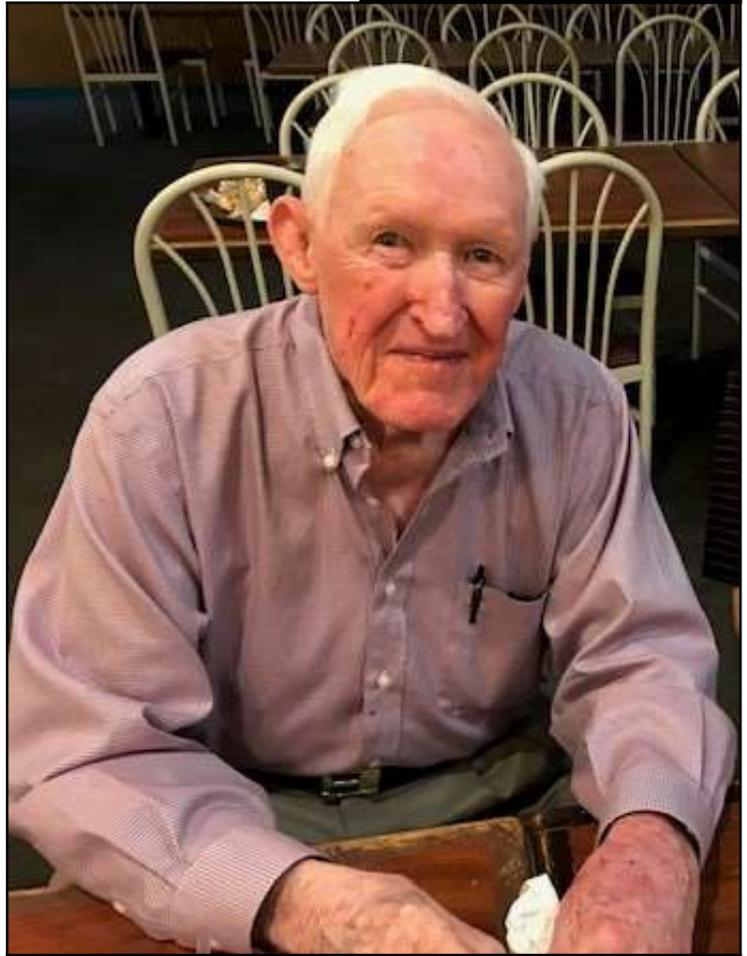
R J ORR

Emp# 06650

DENMZ

Per the Nov 1984 Frontier Employees Roster

-Jake Lamkins



Dick at the Jul 2019 DEN flight crews monthly luncheon

2/20/21
 Dear Jake -
 Just a note to thank
 you for all the great
 things I've had reading
 your "newsletter"
 Hope you are ok
 during the covid
 problem.
 I am enjoying the wx
 here in PAX for the
 winter
 Dick Orr



Dick and Bonnie Dahl met at the Oct 2020 DEN flight crews monthly luncheon

TONY WORDEN**1957 - 1986****STATION AGENT****FSM***HUSBAND OF FLIGHT ATTENDANT**JUDY CRADDICK WORDEN*

(Tony is well known for always having a story or joke to tell. He's been a friend for over 50 years and I don't remember ever having a conversation with him in which I did not laugh out loud at least once. However, there is a serious side to Tony too.)

In January 1965, Wayne Brickey and myself were working the flight line in FSM, when The flight from DAL landed and was parked at gate 1. I think it was flight 142 with stops at FSM, FYV, JLN and MKC.

As we went under the aircraft we noticed much hydraulic fluid pouring out onto the ramp. After we worked the cargo we both told Captain Spinks about the leak - Emmet said "it's not that bad, were going on schedule."

We dispatched the flight and just a few minutes after take off Emmet called in saying he had an emergency and was returning to FSM.

We notified dispatch and watched for him to land. He landed from the East on 7/25 and when he touched down, a smoke cloud went about 100 feet into the air as all four mains exploded. We found out later that when you blow the gear down, it also locks the mains.

Wayne and I were the first ones to the aircraft. We opened the air-stair door to deplane the passengers onto the runway. What happened next is forever burned into my memory. The first person down the stairs was a young girl, who was a student at University of Arkansas, She was really giggling and asked if we had another airplane to take her to FYV.

I have often wondered what Emmet told the passengers on the intercom. Here was an airliner that just had an emergency landing, blowing out all of it's tires, and the passengers thought it was funny.

You know, Emmet always called himself "the friendly Egyptian".

-Tony Worden

(Emmet was one of a kind and there are scores of stories about his escapades. http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Emmet_Spinks.html)

Do you remember Tony Worden from FSM? My mother and his wife Judy, at the time Craddick, went to high school together in Midland, they were both flight attendants with Central Airlines.

Tony and Judy are like family to me, our families have always kept in touch....they still live in Arkansas and look exactly the same....they don't age at all....Tony is still a jokester, they lost their oldest boy several years ago (2002) with a heart attack...no one knew for 3 days....real real sad...he was only 43 yrs old.

I remember those beds in the hotel in FSM that you could plug quarters in that would vibrate...I guess so we could feel like we were still on the 580s....it worked.....usually took me at least 2 quarters.

I used to fly with my dad in the DC3s on trips when we lived in KC when I was a kid...he would wake me up at 0'dark hundred and we always had a blast! Of course I was treated special...everyone back then took care of us non-revs....actually up



till the day we shut down. Now that is true FLfamily!

-Kim McCaleb, Frontier flight attendant whose mother Ann Skidmore McCaleb was a Central flight attendant and father was pilot Gene McCaleb

(http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Gene_McCaleb.html)

LITTLE ROCK CENTRAL

Sixty four years afterward, Tony Worden can still remember the turmoil he witnessed during the integration of Little Rock Central High School.

A resident of Fort Smith, Worden, 87, began serving in the Arkansas National Guard in 1952. He was 17-years-old at the time. Worden said his brother, Richard, went into the National Guard in 1949 and convinced him to join as well.

On the night of Sept. 24, 1957, Worden said he and the other members of the 39th Military Police company began making their way from Fort Smith to Little Rock after being called to do so. They were to try to hold down the peace, and let nine black students, the Little Rock Nine, get into Central High School.

When asked how he felt when told he would be going to Little Rock, Worden recalled his strict, disciplinarian father. He said his father taught him from an early age to respect everybody's color, religion and politics. That, Worden learned, was their business.

However, Worden said it was strange because the general feeling down in Little Rock, as well as in the state of Arkansas and the South itself, was if black children were brought into white schools, it would degrade the school systems.

"Now, this was the feeling at the time," Worden said. "You say it now, and you're a racist. It's horrible to say it. ... They interviewed me down there. It was an Ohio paper, and I don't

remember the name of it, but we were in the office over the provost marshal's office, and there was other military police people in there. So he asked me, he says, 'What does your family think about you down here letting the blacks get into white schools?', and I said, 'Well, ask my brother. He's standing right over there.' ... He said the same thing I did."

Worden said he and his brother knew they were there for one reason: to do what the government and military told them to do.

Staff Sgt. Worden and the rest of his company arrived in Little Rock on the morning of Sept. 25. Worden said they were on duty as soon as they got there. A few days later, they began working with the 501st Military Police company out of Fort Polk, La., and the 101st Airborne Division out of Fort Campbell, Ky.

As part of their daily responsibilities, Worden said he and his fellow guardsmen would be woken up at 3:30 a.m. every day. "What they did, they usually split us up," Worden said. "Half of us were running all the echelons, you know, the diamond and the wedge and all the different echelons that you have to move people, and you had a lot of instructions. ... It was just all crowd control. ... Then the rest of us would go on duty up at the school."

While describing the atmosphere in Little Rock, Worden said the integration of Central High School brought the worst out of the people who were there at the time. "... People that ordinarily you'd meet on the street and be friends with, these people were really, really hot," Worden said. "Their way of life was at stake the way they looked at it, and here we were, native Arkansans, and we knew how they felt, but yet we knew what our job was."

Worden said these residents felt like it was their job to be at Central High School to stop what they could on its integration. "The people that were there, when you're across from them, and you're the defensive line and then the school's back here ... and they're hollering and screaming and throwing stuff, and the last thing you can do is show any fear."

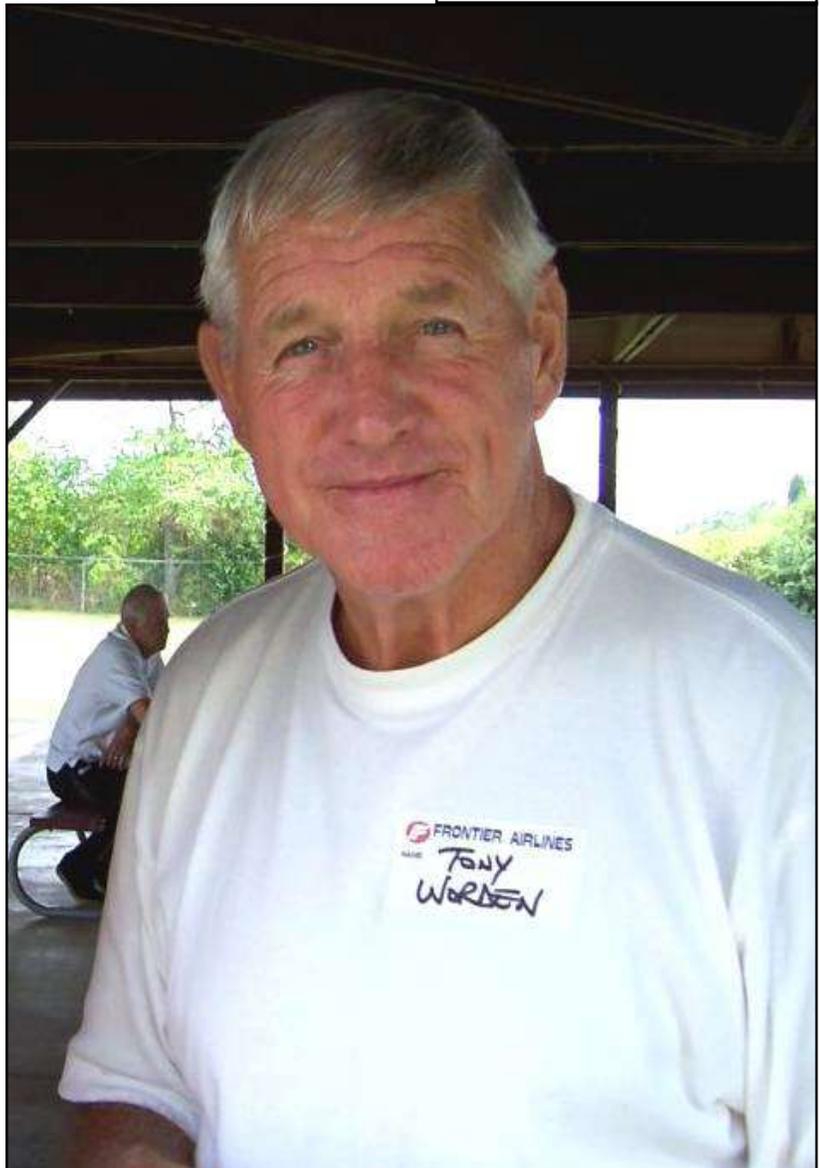
Worden said. "And they taught us one thing. ... They said, 'Okay, if you make a lunge at somebody with a bayonet, it looks like you're trying to kill them. They can spit in your face, it doesn't show, so you've got to be sure you're not provoked into actually jabbing. All you do is stand with a rifle like this to try to hold them off, but you could never, ever use the bayonet unless the command was given.'"

The guardsmen did not carry live ammunition, Worden said. However, despite the challenges presented, Worden did not personally encounter any harsh acts of violence from the crowds during his time in Little Rock.

Worden said this atmosphere began to die down in late October. He stayed in Little Rock until Dec. 18. Worden said this period made him more aware of segregation and how divisive it is.

"It makes you realize how ignorant it would be to treat people like that," Worden said.

Worden continued serving in the Arkansas National Guard until he retired in 1993. In 1959, he married a Central Airlines stewardess named Judy Craddick with whom he remains to this day.



Judy said she was from Midland, Texas and first learned of her husband's experience in Little Rock with Central High School soon after they met in Sept. 1958.

"I felt like he was doing something that needed to be done, and I was proud of him," Judy said.

In regards to the integration of Central High School itself, she said she didn't know much about it before meeting Worden.

"Because in Texas, we just didn't hear a whole lot about it, and I was born and raised in Wisconsin," Judy said. "Well, you never heard anything about stuff like that up there, but in Texas we didn't hear it, so when that all started happening, it was kind of new to me because we just didn't do that. We just didn't hear anything about it."

(Edited and excerpted from an article "Retired Guardsman recalls Little Rock Central experience" By Thomas Saccente)

I have been fortunate to have many careers: 28 years with the airline, 11 years military police, 31 years security police and 15 years as a police officer.

I think I cherish those airline days the most.

While those days were happening, I don't think many of us realized how important they were.

-Tony Worden

FLfacebook posts on Jan 9-10, 2021**Ken Davidson**

48 years ago today, I started my airline career with FL at MCI. I started in the commissary, meeting the inbounds, restocking. Spent a couple of years there, and then went upstairs to customer service. Lots of good memories of FL

Janice Gassett

42 years for me in MCI

Trish Swanson-Hawk

So happy that we got to know each other in DEN, stay safe.

Reva Burke

Almost 51 yrs for me, contract year (1970), settled minutes after deadline time. A real nice increase in pay. MKC, MCI, Sr ticket counter, great job

Ron Blosch

On the 7th it was 44 years, started in LBL then moved back to SLC.

Darlene Mortenson Tieskotter

44 years ago for me!

Gary Smith

6/17/76 for me! Do I have seniority on you?

Tyler Vance

44 for me too! Pilot class 10/4/77.

Gary Smith

ARRRRGGG! I think "pilot class" puts you over me. I was ramp and classified "SA-13". Lets non-rev somewhere together anyway!

Darrell Robson

56 years on February 1.

Brenda Perkins

Amen to that!! I so miss those days!

Jeanne Hanson

63 years ago On 2/10/58 I started working in accounting filing tickets with red carbon

Larry Kramer

42 years after being furloughed and finally retired from the industry last year. Lifetime friends from Frontier today. We are everywhere.

Steve Tidler

44 years ago this June !

Jan Lefler

43 years in Feb. Miss ya all.

Bill Guthrie

63 years ago at Meacham field in FTW for Central.

Tina Larreau

Wow. You don't look old enough to have started that long ago. 42 yrs for me. 12/11/78

Hans Hanson

61 years 5-16-60

Ed Ratledge

I inherited Ken's commissary job when he left it. Eternal thanks, Ken, for the tip that it was coming open; my life took a happy turn that day, and led me to nothing but good things!

Jake Lamkins

I remember when you came to FYV after getting cut from MCI. You got quite an education in small station operations.

Ed Ratledge

Amen - I knew zilch! MCI wouldn't let a station agent stand in front of the counter, let alone get behind it, and suddenly there I was, doing things I hadn't even seen done back in KC. Gotta say,

I miss every single one of the FYV crew; it was hard times for me but the people I met were some of the best I've known, before or since.

Paul Farris

Last June was 53 years for me. Started at MKC. Then FSM and ended at SLC, It was a great company!

Duane Hollis

After two furloughs with FL at the old MKC airport I was rehired for the third time as a ticket agent when they opened the new MCI airport in 1972.

Dennis Casadoro

Do you still have any liquor kit seals, that you use for key ring fobs today?

Doug Berkey

We would be the senior folks if FL was still around. Wish I had my 1978 seniority!

Jan Lefler

Me tooo.

Gary Wingert

Me too! June 1978 here

Bob Ostrom

54 years ago Central had me loading DC3s in MKC.

Herb Schmidt

February 7 will be 62 years when I started on the ramp at Stapleton. Five months later I was a sales Rep in Denver District Sales Office working for Vern Carlson who was a Steward who flew on first Monarch flight from Denver to Durango. My 14 years at Frontier were the best leaving as Regional Sales Manager in KC.

Bill McKinley

You must have started your career as a child! Happy memories for most of us.

Debbie Ito Spencer

Was 45 years ago in June for me

Gary Murrell

As I recall, I took your place in the MCI commissary, getting hired on 5/16/73.

William Delaney

I started 1978 weight and balance in Denver. I guarded RB66s in England and F104s in Turkey had never worked with planes that carried passengers. Frontier had the most empathetic employees I ever worked with.



The “Great Colorado Blizzard” of 1982

was the 25-inch snowfall of Denver’s Christmas Eve blizzard in 1982, which still holds the record for maximum 24-hour snowfall.

According to ThorntonWeather.com: “Stapleton International Airport was forced closed at 9:30am on the 24th and remained closed for 33 hours and only limited operations were possible for days following the storm. Thousands of travelers were left stranded in the airport and forced to spend their white Christmas on the concourses of the facility.”

<https://denverite.com/2016/12/08/tbt-great-colorado-blizzard-1982/>

Christmas Eve 1982

The 1982 Christmas Eve storm brought 23.2 inches down on Denver, with massive amounts falling across the state, and continuing to fall through Christmas Day. High winds whipped the snow into huge drifts, over homes, streets, cars, highways, and livestock. Most people were safe at home, with lots of schools and businesses closed. Those who had last-minute holiday shopping to do were out of luck, however, stranded for days before being able to go anywhere.

<https://www.outthecolorado.com/multimedia/galleries/the-5-most-epic-snow-storms-in-colorado-s-history/>

The Christmas Eve Blizzard of 1982.

This major winter storm has become the one by which all others are compared not only due to its record-setting impact but also due to its timing being near Christmas.

As Christmas 1982 approached, forecasters were predicting a white Christmas several days beforehand but most were expecting a moderate snowfall of 6 inches. Two days before Christmas Eve though, the picture began to change. On the 22nd a Pacific cold front came ashore in California bringing severe rain, high surf and even hurricane force winds. As it moved east over higher terrain, it dumped 2 feet of snow in the Wasatch Mountains near Salt Lake City.

At about that same time, jet stream winds were forming a trough of low pressure over the southeastern plains of Colorado. The counterclockwise motion of the trough began to pull moist air into the state. Further east Kansas and Oklahoma experienced severe thunderstorms and even tornadoes. The winds set the stage for strong upslope conditions along the Front Range.

Rain changed to snow on the plains and shortly before midnight on the 23rd, a full blown blizzard had developed. Denver woke to snow on the ground the morning of Christmas Eve but the storm was just getting started. Snowfall rates of 2 – 3 inches per hour were the norm during the day and winds screamed at 50 mph causing wind chill temperatures to plummet to as low as -35 degrees. As conditions continued to deteriorate throughout the day, the gravity of the situation began to be realized.

Stapleton International Airport was forced closed at 9:30 am on the 24th and remained closed for 33 hours and only limited operations were possible for days following the storm. Thousands of travelers were left stranded in the airport and forced to spend their white Christmas on the concourses of the facility.

Last minute Christmas shoppers quickly found themselves wishing they hadn’t procrastinated. Malls and shopping centers became refugee centers as the city shut down and roads became impassible. Mall workers were unable to go anywhere so the mall restaurants stayed open providing food for those who were

stuck. For the first time in history the Denver Post and the Rocky Mountain News were unable to publish their newspapers.

4 – 10 foot snowdrifts covered many areas of the city, built by the extreme winds and snow. Every mode of transportation was paralyzed and every highway into and out of the city of Denver was closed. Many residents who were caught in the storm had to rely on the kindness of strangers for shelter or braved the blizzard trying to make their way home on foot.

The snow totals for the storm were nothing short of incredible. Golden Gate Canyon to the west of the city received 48 inches, Thornton 34 inches, Littleton 29 inches and Denver had 25 inches. Denver’s 24 hour total was a record which still stands to this day. Colorado’s bizarre weather can truly be seen also when looking at the snow total for Greeley – a mere 45 miles north of Denver – where only 1 inch of snow fell!

The aftermath of the storm took weeks to recover from and the toll was astounding. Three people died as a direct result of the storm and there were many injuries from frostbite and falls. Roofs collapsed across the city striking greenhouses especially hard whose damage alone was estimated at \$5 million. Fences and trees were downed and power outages were common. The local economy took a tremendous hit as the second busiest shopping day of the year was a bust – it is estimated that area businesses lost \$500 million in holiday sales.

The removal of that much snow proved to be a huge effort for residents and governments. While children happily built snow forts and tunnels the adults labored for days digging out.

For Denver mayor Bill McNichols the storm proved to be disastrous to his re-election efforts the following May. Millions of dollars was spent on snow removal but the city’s 45 snow plows simply were not capable of dealing with the sheer amount of snow.

A decision by McNichols to have trash trucks drive down the streets to compact the snow only added to the misery. The compacted snow became riddled with “snow potholes” and ruts and was barely better than when buried under snow and residents were less than pleased.

To make matters worse, the misery of the storm was only prolonged by cold weather in late December and through January which left snow on the ground for 48 consecutive days – the third longest period on record. The snow could easily have lasted longer except that perhaps mercifully, no significant snow fell for two months after the blizzard.

When the Denver mayoral elections came around the following May a young political new comer named Federico Pena defeated McNichols. Voters indicated the response to the Christmas Eve Blizzard of ’82 was one of their biggest reasons for choosing a new mayor.

<https://www.thorntonweather.com/blog/thornton-weather/looking-back-at-an-unforgettable-holiday>

FLacebook Posts beginning on Dec 1, 2020

Mary Herr

Anyone else remember the December Christmas blizzard in DEN in 1982? The airport was closed and passengers were stranded.

Fred Watson

I remember walking across the ramp, thru Western’s hangar and down Smith Road to the hotels there.

Jimmy Webster

Very much so. I was off and at home at Hampden East. Tried



to walk to Tamarac Mall. This 5 minute walk, turned into a 35 to 40 minute walk (with knee-high boots on) !!! Got over to Chili's as they were open. PARTY TIME

Diane Olesky Johnson

My son was less than a month old and his dad struggled to find a way home from his work on Colfax to spend Christmas with our baby! He made it!!

Joy Trudeau

Yes!! My flight was cancelled but made it to Stapleton the next day and flew the next 3 days. A mechanic drove me home since I got a ride to the airport.

Roger Hendreschke

My two boys and I had came to DEN 2 days before, enjoyed a great day at the park. My wife was non rev from SEA. SEA operations called my wife at home that a flight may leave n a couple of hours. She got the last seat on one of the first flights into DEN. She had to wait several hours for me to drive to Stapleton, when I met her, she had friended several passengers which we gave rides home.

Tom Schmidt

My wife and I were on one of the last Frontier flights out of Denver to Phoenix to spend Christmas with my in-laws. It took the rest of the family a few days to get there and some didn't make it at all. We were all flying from MSO so we had to go through DEN.

Patty Hughes Smith

Yes!!!! I was snowed in at home. Company send a snow plow

cherry picker to pick me up for ATL turn. Of course no ride home !

Marcia Glasrud Crump

Remember it well!

Christina Bonatti

Yes. I had just had Talia and it was my first trip after maternity leave. I was in Denver 3 days

Claudia Walters

Never forget. Some of us junior people got to stay home and a lot of senior people never got home. It was crazy.

Linda Clark

Yes I was in Atlanta.

Dennis McNeal

I was working in ATL for Frontier Christmas Day. My daughter was one year old.

Lana Wiehe

Yes! Trying to get home for Christmas..... it was amazing!

Joe Aguirre

Me, I remember the storm of "49." They city employees went out collecting discarded Christmas trees and set them to mark the sides of the runways. I got stuck at the airport. Ran out of food.

Ed Good

I worked the ticket counter that morning and decided to try to drive home. It took me 8 hours to get to my place just south of Lowery AFB on Alameda.

William Delaney

You and I worked in Denver, I lived in Westminster, it took me 4 hours to get to 104th and Federal

Amber Costa

Sure do! Remember the streets were covered in ice and snow and developed ice-potholes.

Tara Lamoreaux

I sure do!

Tom Robertson

Sure do. I was in ATL trying to commute to Denver from Naples, Florida where I lived. I was afraid I was not going to get to work and get in trouble. As it turned out, dispatch said no worries, nothing was moving and to just check in whenever I got to base.

Hiep Tran

I remember so much snow I can't open front door or back door - airport closed so many people get stuck - run out food - F/A sleep on airplane

Mary Herr

I wrote about my experience in my book. I was on the first plane to land and they had agents on the snowbanks making sure the wings would clear.

Donna Harrison

I had come in from a trip the night before and went to bed. The next morning, I woke up and it was pitch dark in my room. Well, to be honest, my room was in the basement with only a small window that went up to ground level in the courtyard of my townhouse. When I went upstairs, I could see there was a 6 foot snow drift covering most of the courtyard and about everything outside the gate and my garage door where I was lucky enough to have parked before the snow started.

My roommate, Kathy, her car was totally buried outside the gate. Yikes! I'd never seen that much snow in my life. Seems like we had at least one or two days before our next trip, and then Marla and her husband Dan picked me up for our next trip. Seems like we all then got stranded in either Orange County or Boise ID for a day or two. Per diem \$\$\$ piling up.

Terry Thompson

My 3-day trip had fallen apart the evening before, so I was at home on reserve. (There was an acronym for that, that got another pilot in trouble with Elly the scheduler).

Unbeknownst to me, the schedulers had totally lost track of everyone. I learned an aviation lesson that day NOT to call the schedulers. After explaining my situation, they docked me a day's pay for being "Snow Bound".

Mary Anne Paszkiewicz

I remember sleeping on the floor of the stew room after agents and other f/a's took from the aircraft what they could for our passengers...pillows/blankets/peanuts/soda,etc., etc.

Terry Thompson

Is that the blizzard when Dan Michalak rode his horse to work?

Tyler Vance

Yep

Mary Anne Paszkiewicz

...and I remember talking to Crew Scheduling about going out on a trip and I said, "I am calling in UGLY!" as I had slept on the floor with nothing but the clothes on me...no makeup/no shower/no fresh uniform.....Super ugly!

Debbie Ito Spencer

I spent the night at the airport until my cousin could come to get me with her 4 wheel drive!

Molly Coyle

It took three days to get dug out enough to get to the airport. The schedulers never did acknowledge that your flight was cancelled and just told us to get there as soon as we could. The flip side was once we did get there we just wanted to go anywhere to get out of Denver.

Trish Swanson-Hawk

Oh the stories I could tell from that storm, there isn't enough room to write. I was in Res. in DEN those who were there stayed because no one else could get in.

Jeanne Hanson

We finally took some passengers to the employee cafeteria because there was nothing else to eat in the airport.

Mary Katherine

So was I but a friend had 4 wheel drive and took me to the airport. Crew scheduling needed crews so they put me on a trip that ended up at home in SLC. I was based there then.

Larry Kramer

I was also working ATO, didn't get off in time to get out, Buses to employee parking lot closed. Sandy Martinez and I shared a cab which got as far as Monaco. Turned around back to the Airport. Slept in the UC room for 2 nights on a five foot couch. Bill Sullivan finally got me home in his Jeep. Fun times....lol

Carol Landeis

I slept in an airplane in the hanger that night. Unlimited overtime in reservations. I wasn't good at all night on the phone. Remember it well.

Sharon Trumble

Yes. I was on one of the last planes out to STL. Whew dodged that one at least.

Kathi Goff

Remember it well!!

Jake Lamkins

I came in from FYV the first day the airport re-opened.

Bill Buse

I was at DFW with a ticket for the morning flight to DEN on the morning the blizzard started. I ended up waiting at DFW and getting on the first flight to DEN on the late afternoon that Stapleton finally reopened. I was shocked to see so much snow.

Jake Lamkins

We even used it in our advertising afterwards.

Ken Nicholas

Spent the night on a crew room couch.

Rita Vandergaw

Was just chatting about this a couple of days ago. Hard to forget that one!

Bob Spohn

It was definitely a Christmas to remember!!

Bonnie Dahl

How can we forget, Got snowed in with my in Laws, Clyde & I went out to shovel the 3 ft or 4 of snow in Mission viejo, just to get away. My flight was canceled but had to get to airport anyway.

Judi Fenton Plumer

OMG yes was at work when they finished closed airport got a ride 1/2 mile from home and walked rest of the way. It was kinda spooky. The employee lot was buried and didn't see car for a week!

Marshall Bates

That day was the only weather related day I ever missed. I had just fired up my snowmobile to come in from Evergreen when my wife came out the door and told me that she just took a call telling me not to come in.

Shirley A. Mitchell

Spent 3 days there working - what a mess!

Marie Rust

Took 3 days to shovel out our cars and pathway to major street. We were using a broom and boyscout folding shovel.

Sheila Herrmann

I still have my T-shirt that says "I survived the blizzard of '82" My first Christmas married. My husband had to come and retrieve me at work because my Subaru was buried. It took us 7 hours to make a 35 minute drive home due to all of the stalled and abandoned cars on 1-25 & 225. We spent Christmas Day getting food products into stores from stalled bread trucks and from the Rainbo Bread plant. I think Jim Thorstad picked me up to go in the day or two after Christmas. Christmas Morning I had to dig my present out because my new husband had hidden it in the trunk of our cadillac. A huge stuffed tiger - my favorite wild animal. Crazy but awesome. Love my Colorado weather and miss it dearly. Sad housing prices are so out of wack that I will likely never be able to afford to move back.

Sue Beckham

Who could forget? Didn't get back to SLC for a week. But had a good time in spite of it all.

Connie Pendleton-Barnes

Spent the night in a parked airplane on the tarmac..didn't get home until the next day. Terrible experience.

Mary Seefluth

How can we ever forget it! We had Chili for Christmas dinner!

Jimmy Webster

I was off and walked over to Chili's at Tamarac Mall..... and YES they were open !!!

Patty Giordano Benton

I will never forget it. I missed Christmas with my children and I was stranded somewhere, I can't even remember. But all I could do was cry.

Raymond Klumker

Yes I remember, it was a mess. I lost a vacation to Central America

Keith Sturgeon

I was commuting from FSM. Worked a double Saturday and Sunday and after my shift on Monday, I flew home. Lucked out and missed that one.

Dennis Casadoro

Working at ICT, got called in early and got a speeding ticket on the way to work, eesh.

Elisabeth Werner Lane

Oh yes, had a 6 month old and Rex was working. Got Larry Udelhoven to drive out and get him, he is from Montana and knew how to drive in it, boy was I stupid. All got home ok just 3 hours late. Not bad.

Mike White

It is engraved in my brain cells forever. It was also that day after I decided never to drink scotch again having spent a night at the Stapleton Plaza after being manager all day in the FL Tower.

Barbara Whittington Mitchell

I was the only one that arrived at work at Frontier Credit Union except for the president on the Monday following the storm. Paula Trustdorf called him and asked if he would send me over to work as a CSR. I worked for about 12 hours that day.

Reggi Basnar

Yes it was, and yes I recall, that jeep allowed us not to get stuck at work.

Rick Broome

I sure do from perspective of getting caught out in it with the family in COS. Blizzard in COD TOO!

David Soine

Oh yeah.. Though I was Minot, we remember that time very well.. We had three FL jets stranded - and it was -20 ... that was a winter to remember..

Mark Mitchell

I remember Reggi Basnar picking Sandy and I up so we didn't miss any work haha. Later, after shoveling out the inside of the Jeep, I'll never forget that ride home!

Sharon Jean

They sent me somewhere else other than my regular test. Had a great nice long layover in Salt Lake City. Nice long layover!!!

Nancy Baker

I remember it well!! The snow was so bad around the house that it actually insulated it and made it feel warm inside. (Well, and burning a cord of wood didn't hurt any).

Allen Martinez

I was a flight attendant and on reserve. After I dug my car out of the snow and got called for a flight I did whatever I had to do to get to the airport. I didn't have an all wheel drive or a 4x4 but not many people did.

Tina Larreau

I was 7 + months (who can forget that).

Lonnie Fitzwater

WOW, I sure do remember that day. Frontier was still the Best and it sure did work out, when we All pulled together.

Marvin Floyd

I was at the original Frontier. We rode in the back of a pickup over to the hotel at Quebec and Smith Road then had to walk back to the airport in the morning to scoop snow. Interesting few days.

Lou Clark

I lived outside of Parker and was called to come in. Unfortunately, I had 10' snowdrifts surrounding my house and was totally snowed in for about 5 days!

Larry Denton

Couldn't get home. Slept in a 727 in the CO hangar!

Vickie Ferguson

I was supposed to get home Xmas eve and ended up in Joplin Mo. for 3 days.. hotel staff left Xmas presents at our doors.

Janice Gassett

We were stuck in DFW for 3 days.

Vickie Ferguson

I remember when I got back my husband picked me up in a four wheel drive vehicle. We packed 3 other people in that vehicle and took all of them home.

Kerry Stephens

Several blizzards blend into one, but one Sunday morning about 0830 we (SLC) were informed that DEN was closed and many diversions were coming our way. We stood at our places at the ticket counter for the next 14 hours without a break.

Karen Ward Berry

I slept on the floor in our lounge

Stu Hammersmark

Spent about 36 hrs at the airport cause unable to get thru the streets.

Brenda Perkins

I was there! Remembered walking over to one of the hotels and the snow walls were way above us like 10 feet high. Got a shower let my hair go curly I was able to work the first flight that left which was going to Dallas it was crying time for most people

Mary Herr

I was on the first flight to Dallas. It left late at night and was unscheduled.

Gary DeSpain

Couldn't get out of the parking lot. Got one of the last rooms at the hotel and spent Christmas eve with a bunch of strangers in the lobby. Had a great time! Gratefully my wife had been with me on my trip inbound. A time to remember.

Dan Albers

I was shoveling my driveway for the third time that day, just to be ready to go to the airport. Ellie called and asked how long it would take me to get to the airport. Told her I didn't know, but would try. She laughed and said "don't bother, we're shut down, Merry Christmas!"

Mildred Jackson

I let a teenager spend the night with us. I called my teenage daughter to pick her up. And take her home. Of course her mother had called in and was really happy her teen had a place to stay.

Warren VanderGalien

An epic disaster. My car was stuck in the employee lot for a week. Worked lots of overtime cuz most employees couldn't get to the airport and the ones there couldn't get home. Frontier made the mistake of flying psgrs into DEN and then the flights couldn't leave. People were stuck on the concourse for like 3 days. It was an ugly mess.

Deb Berkey

I was 7 mos pregnant and so thankful that we were finally able to find a ride in a jeep to get us to within 3 blocks of our house! Gary Hatterman and Doug Berkey helped me plow through the 3-4 foot snow drifts to get home.

Richard Pennino

That happens every time when we get a little ice. The city told every one to go home at 12:30. I only lived 15 minutes away and it took me 2 hours to get home.

Shirley Mitchell

We had just purchased a new Jeep wagoner with 4wd and went to church. Crazy, no one was there, so we headed off to the grocery store, loaded up and went home to hunker down. We also moved to sunny Arizona the next year. We lived near Prescott where the weather didn't have the extremes but was at 5000 elevation. I now live 7 minutes from the beach, outside of Charleston and don't miss the snow one bit.

John Dahl

I spent 72 hours in the tower. We had the employees with four wheel drive vehicles shuttle the other employees to work. Only the gate area was plowed initially so we brought in 12 flights at a time. They came in single file and then left in reverse order.

Robert Warren

Left Orange County headed to Denver, couldn't get into Den-

ver, went back to Orange County, ran out of toilet paper, bath room overflowed, ran out of diapers, women had to use c fold for diapers, all the free liquor gone.

Cherylann Morgan

I hopped in my trusty VW Bug and made it home.

Brad Stratmann

16 hour shifts, sleeping in airplanes, and chains on an Opel GT to get out of the employee lot. Crazy times!

Marlene Francis

We had dozens of planes diverted to Salt Lake, and no place to put them.

Jim Ford

Spent five days going through Salt Lake to glacier because I couldn't get into Denver

Sue Howard Williams

Our son had a Volkswagen Bug sitting in the front of the house. The snow was only about 3" short of covering it completely. Fortunately, my husband's flight landed safely the day before!

Pam Walcher

I was living in Loveland commuting to Denver and was on the freeway for about six hours. The tower was in sight for at least two of those hours. A few people were getting out of their cars and opting to use their ski gear. Thank goodness, I was driving my trusty Subaru. Leona was stuck somewhere, so she couldn't spend Christmas with us. That was the year I had up to dig my parents out of their home.

Henry Greathouse

My Christmas eve turn around trip with Loretta Leshner turned into a 5 day trip. All we had were small tote bags and had to buy clothes from Marshall in Stockton. Scheduling lost us.

Vickie Ferguson

Scheduling lost me one time in KC. Sent me over to sit reserve at a hotel by the airport. 6 days later I called to ask if I could come back to Denver. They confessed then they forgot about me.

Lorraine Loflin

I had to be bused from Pueblo with the passengers. God bless my passengers they let me have the back row seats so I could sleep.

Jan Lefler

I was at the ticket counter, never left the airport for over 50 hours. What a storm.

Ronald Caraway

Yup flew in civilian clothes for 2 days, as could not get home to get uniform

Jean McDonald

I was in KS for Christmas and we had no snow, neither did Hastings. But there were no flts and I-70 was closed. It took us 3 days to find a ride back. I picked up my uniform and went to work. I remember staying at the hotel, was given sheets and towels for my room, and went back to the terminal probably 5 hours later. I don't recall how many hours I worked but it was straight thru for 2-3 days with the 1 short night at the hotel. It was a mad house. Three months later I transferred to PDX.

Jennifer Kerr- McGinn

I sure do. Still made it to work in our CJ5.

Ruth Pitts

I was lucky - I had vacation then. But remember getting snow out of driveway.

AS THE MEMORIES OF "BLIZZARD '82" FADE AND BEFORE THE LEGENDS BEGIN...

Frontier Airlines wishes to salute Denver's traveling public for being patient and understanding during the most trying of circumstances.

Thousands of passengers faced incredible inconveniences over what should have been a joyous holiday weekend. You experienced unexpected flight cancellations and a host of other surprises.

Nevertheless you truly demonstrated the spirit of cooperation, which in turn allowed us to provide many more flight services than would otherwise have been possible.

We are equally proud of the way our employees rose to the challenge. Many stayed on their posts for untold hours with very little rest. Our hometown attitude is, "We simply cannot disappoint our Denver neighbors when the chips are down."



Darlene Brown

I was in Res. and I guess I was considered an "essential" employee because when I called to tell them I couldn't get in, they said they would come get me. So people with 4-wheel drives picked up several of us and then dropped us back home and our 8 hour day ended up being over 12 hours. This went on for it seemed like two weeks before the residential streets got cleared off.

Marilyn Fenner

I was one of the people with an all wheel drive vehicle and went out several days to pickup res agents and bring them to work and take them home after their shift.

Christina Bonatti

Yup my 3 day trip turned into a week.

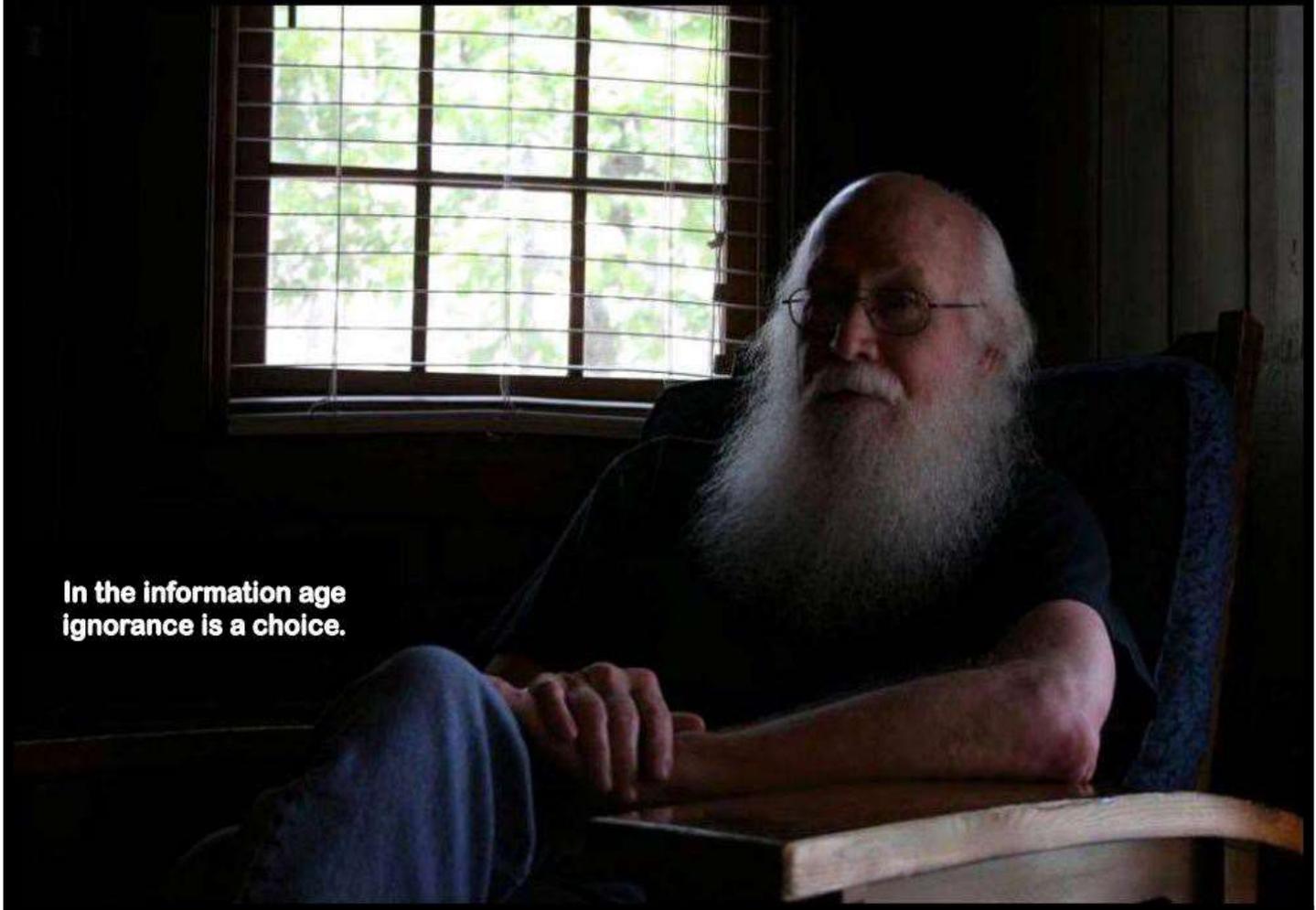
(More Blizzard 82 memories in the Winter 2013 issue.)

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