

# FRONTIER NEWS



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

We are FLamily!

FALL

OCTOBER

2022

#89

**FRONTIER** why? **MAGAZINE**

FALL 1973

COMPLIMENTARY COPY presented in the interest of increased passenger knowledge and understanding

- FRONTIER'S GIANT SKI LIFT
- JEPP'S LITTLE BLACK BOOK ■ RAZORBACK COUNTRY
- THURMAN ■ FOOTBALL IN FRONTIERLAND

FEATURING  
ARTICLES

FROM

THE

FALL

OF

1973



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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](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>

Last month, September 26, was my milestone birthday - 80 years old - an age I never expected to make in my wildest younger dreams. I'm the guy who took my Frontier pension and social security early because I didn't think I would live long enough to collect my fair share. The cosmic sense of humor strikes once again. I'm ever so glad so many of you are still with me and us. I suspect there are a lot of you as surprised as I to still be here. We can all laugh about it together.

Another surprise! We have started our 23rd year putting out this newsletter to the FLamily and FLriends. It has been a great ride and many thanks to all of you for your support through thick and thin. FLrontier Spirit! Anyone interested in taking it over? Let me know.

The same goes for the Frontier website. We need someone younger than me to assume it's maintenance and upkeep.

As our group thins out due to the natural courses of aging and flights west, our reunions shrink and shrink. The DEN affair, not surprisingly, is still doing very well but the rest have mostly died away, with the exception of the MCI bunch who are doing okay. In contrast, the FYV-FSM reunion had three attendees. There just aren't that many left alive or well enough to get out. (*Sigh.*)

### TABLE OF CONTENTS

Fall 1973 Frontier Magazine.....	1
Letter From The Editor.....	2
Reunions.....	3
FLights West.....	4
Captain's Corner.....	12
Thurman.....	13
Razorback Country.....	15
The Dispatchers.....	18
Jepp's Black Book.....	19
Roger Ballast.....	22
Notes From FLolks.....	23
DEN Reunion Pix.....	27
Bojang Whyhigh.....	28

**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 FLIGHT CREWS**

Luncheon, monthly, every second Tuesday, 11:30 am  
at HIRO Japanese Buffet

2797 S Parker Rd  
Aurora, Co 80014  
Contact:  
Bonnie Dahl, 303-521-5611, BCDahl777@gmail.com

**DEN REUNION PICNIC**

Was Sat, Aug 20, 2022

Contact:  
Carolyn Boller, 303-364-3624 bollerck@comcast.net  
Julie Dickman, 303-288-2127 jjdickman@gmail.com  
Barbara Monday, 303-344-8745  
bandbmonday@comcast.net

**DFW MECHANICS REUNION**

No info for 2022

Contacts:  
Bill Guthrie, 254-631-5699, bill\_guth3@yahoo.com

**DFW PILOTS** *(Not sure it's still operating.)*

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**

Held Tue, Aug 30, 2022

Contacts:  
Jake Lamkins, 479-879-8358, ExFAL@Yahoo.com  
Paul Farris, 479-409-9997, paulamos43@yahoo.com

**MCI REUNION**

Met Sat, Jun 11, 2022. Next meeting planned for Sep 24,  
2022.

Contact:  
Rose Dragen, 816-741-1995,  
rmdragen@gmail.com

**DEN REUNION**

We celebrated our 35th annual reunion (missed one year in 2020) and we had a terrific turnout--145 Family attended.

The 2023 Reunion in Denver has been confirmed for Saturday, August 19th, 2023. If you want an invite mailed to you--I need your address. You can send it to 1293 Revere St, Aurora CO 80011. Mark your calendars...see you next year.

**-Carolyn Boller**

*(Some photos from the DEN Reunion are posted on page 27. Several dozen more are posted in an album at our FLfacebook page where there are several dozen Frontier photo albums. Great stuff!)*

**FYV-FSM REUNION**

We had this year's FYV-FSM Reunion but hardly anyone came. Johnny Selph, Paul Farris and I were the attendees. We also celebrated the 80th birthdays of Jake and Johnny. There were sad tales to share about FLOlks from FYV & FSM who have flown west the past few years: Harold Maxwell, Rod Downey, Jim Camp, Buddy Griffin, Doyle Osborn, Shirley Belote Stults, Jim Dawson, Jerry Gill, Phil Green, John Kelly, Keith Sturgeon, Larry Brogdon, Herb Madeley & Brady White. It's no wonder our reunion has dwindled so much.

**-Jake Lamkins****MCI REUNION**

Hello All...we had such a nice Get-Together in June....let's do it again!

We will meet in the Game Room at Paul & Jacks, 1808 Clay St., in North Kansas City, MO. Saturday, September 24th, 2022 at 11 AM. We are right next to the outdoor patio, so we can use that too!

We have the Game Room reserved...it is at the back of the restaurant, and has access to the outdoor patio.

RSVP.....so we have an idea of how many will attend...so we can set up tables and have wait staff for the estimated number. Paul and Jack's allow us use this space at no charge.

Many of our group like to have lunch while we meet, but a purchase is not required. There is off street parking available in the lot directly across from the Grill.

Please forward this invitation to anyone you think might be interested.

See you there!

**-Mike and Rose Dragen**

*(No report at press time on the turnout but they had around 25 at the June gathering.)*

Pilot Beetle Bailey phoned and is ordering some CV580 models from the Philippines. The cost is \$250 each. He is getting both the crescent and F logo livery. If you're interested in one, contact him at 1-817-721-3959 or barnstormer757@gmail.com

## 26 DEATHS REPORTED SINCE THE SUMMER 2022 ISSUE

**Hugh Barron**, FTW ACF GSW DAL DFW DEN pilot,  
8/20/22, age 88, lymphoma

**Vince Davis**,  
OMA BIL ABQ DEN RDD RNO senior station agent,  
4/15/22, age 81, Alzheimer's

**Ken Gadison**,  
DEN customer service representative, 8/11/22, age 65, auto  
accident

**Dorothy Clark Gregory**,  
DEN flight attendant, 3/28/21, age 81

**Jerry Hanes**,  
DEN lead aircraft mechanic, 4/9/22, age 88

**Dottie Hurlburt**,  
DEN secretary, reservations agent, 5/1/20, age 94

**Tom Kaley**,  
DEN station agent, 8/25/20, age 66

**Evelyn Kelly**,  
DEN lead clerk-secretary, 4/15/22 age 98

**Pat Kern**,  
DEN maintenance scheduler, station agent, aircraft cleaner,  
ground mechanic, 8/3/22, age 75

**Lyle Krueger**,  
MKC GFK PHX LAX station agent, 3/30/22, age 87

**Liz May**,  
DEN flight attendant, 8/15/22, age 75

**Wanda Maxwell**,  
DEN accounting clerk, 7/9/22, age 93

**Herve McGlashan**,  
DEN pilot, 4/24/22, age 86

**Scot Norman**,  
DEN flight attendant, 3/19/18, age 59

**Bev Myrick Olsen**,  
PHX WYS BOI ticket counter agent, 8/27/22, age 78

**Judy Sutton Reavis**,  
DEN reservations agent, 5/11/15, age 73, Alzheimer's

**Edwin Saltry**,  
GSW director of research, 6/30/73, age 53

**Bob Sims**,  
STL MCI GEG CMH reservations agent, sales  
representative, station manager, 8/30/22, age 70

**Gerry Wilson Staley**,  
DEN senior reservations agent, 12/25/20, age 79

**Allene Suazo**,  
DEN reservations agent, 4/5/18, age 78

**Anne Trimble**,  
DEN accounting clerk, 8/14/22, age 88

**Cheryl Hanna Wedge**,  
DEN reservations agent, 6/10/22, age 66

**Robert Wedge**,  
DEN station agent, 9/19/17, age 68

**Ruby Tveten Colwell Wells**,  
DEN secretary, 6/14/22, age 84

**Brady White**,  
GSW DFW DEN lead aircraft mechanic, 9/1/22, age 94

**John Winter**,  
DEN pilot, 8/12/22, age 85



# 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>

Others 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>

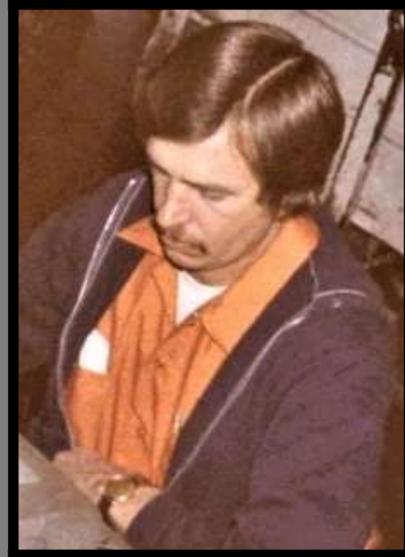
**PILOTS, DISPATCHERS, FLIGHT OPERATIONS**

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





**HUGH BARRON**  
 1955 - 1986  
 PILOT  
 FTW ACF GSW DAL DFW DEN  
[http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Hugh\\_Barron.html](http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Hugh_Barron.html)



**VINCE DAVIS**  
 1959 - 1986  
 SENIOR STATION AGENT,  
 OMA BIL ABQ DEN RDD RNO  
[http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Vince\\_Davis.html](http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Vince_Davis.html)

27



**KEN GADISON**  
 1977 - 1986  
 CUSTOMER SERVICE REP  
 DEN  
[http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Ken\\_Gadison.html](http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Ken_Gadison.html)



**DOROTHY CLARK GREGORY**  
 1960 - 1964  
 FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
 DEN  
[http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Dorothy\\_Clark\\_Gregory.html](http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Dorothy_Clark_Gregory.html)



**JERRY HANES**  
1961 - 1986  
LEAD AIRCRAFT MECHANIC  
DEN

[http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Jerry\\_Hanes.html](http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Jerry_Hanes.html)



**DOTTIE HURLBURT**  
1963 - 1984  
SECRETARY, RESERVATIONS AGENT  
DEN

[http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Dottie\\_Hurlburt.html](http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Dottie_Hurlburt.html)

27



**TOM KALEY**  
1979 - 1986  
STATION AGENT  
DEN

[http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Tom\\_Kaley.html](http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Tom_Kaley.html)



**EVELYN KELLY**  
1968 - 1986  
CLERK, SENIOR CLERK  
DEN

[http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Evelyn\\_Kelly.html](http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Evelyn_Kelly.html)



**PAT KERN**  
 1968 - 1986  
 STORES, GROUND MECHANIC  
 DEN GJT

[http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Pat\\_Kern.html](http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Pat_Kern.html)



**LYLE KRUEGER**  
 1969 - 1986  
 STATION AGENT  
 MKC GFK PHX LAX

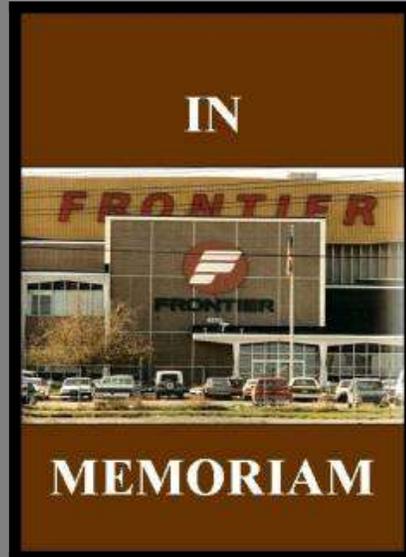
[http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Lyle\\_Krueger.html](http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Lyle_Krueger.html)

27



**LIZ MAY**  
 1973 - 1986  
 FLIGHT ATENDANT  
 MCI DEN

[http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Liz\\_May.html](http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Liz_May.html)



**WANDA MAXWELL**  
 1973 - 1986  
 ACCOUNTING CLERK  
 DEN

[http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Wanda\\_Maxwell.html](http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Wanda_Maxwell.html)



**HERVE MCGLASHAN**  
 1973 - 1986  
 PILOT  
 DEN

[http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Herve\\_McGlashan.html](http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Herve_McGlashan.html)



**SCOT NORMAN**  
 1986 - 1986  
 FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
 DEN

[http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Scot\\_Norman.html](http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Scot_Norman.html)

27



**BEV MYRICK OLSEN**  
 1964 - 1986  
 TICKET COUNTER AGENT  
 PHX WYS BOI

[http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Bev\\_Myrick\\_Olsen.html](http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Bev_Myrick_Olsen.html)



**JUDY SUTTON REAVIS**  
 1965 - 1986  
 RESERVATIONS AGENT  
 DEN

[http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Judy\\_Sutton\\_Reavis.html](http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Judy_Sutton_Reavis.html)

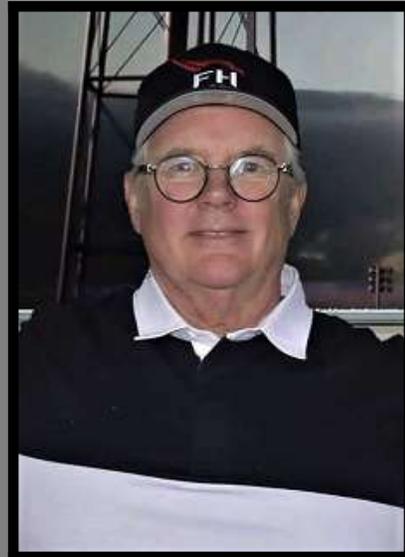


**EDWIN SALTRY**

1951 - 1959

**DIRECTOR OF RESEARCH  
GSW**

[http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Edwin\\_Saltry.html](http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Edwin_Saltry.html)



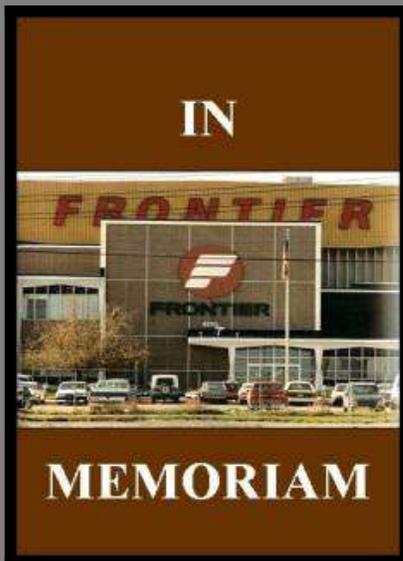
**BOB SIMS**

1972 - 1986

**SALES REP, STATION MANAGER  
STL MCI GEG CMH MSN**

[http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Bob\\_Sims.html](http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Bob_Sims.html)

27



**GERRY WILSON STALEY**

1966 - 1977

**RES AGENT, SENIOR RES AGENT  
DEN**

[http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Gerry\\_Wilson\\_Staley.html](http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Gerry_Wilson_Staley.html)

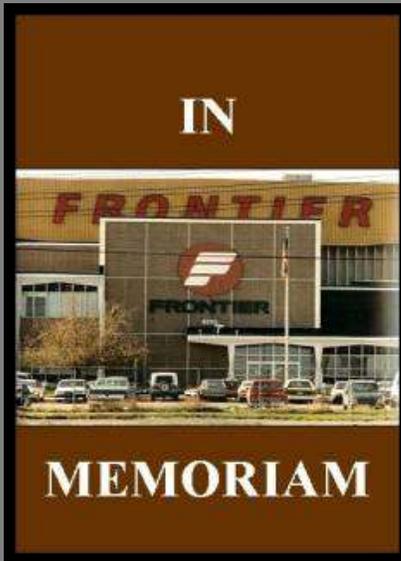


**ALLENE SUAZO**

1974 - 1985

**RESERVATIONS AGENT  
DEN**

[http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Allene\\_Suazo.html](http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Allene_Suazo.html)



**ANNE TRIMBLE**  
 1979 - 1986  
 ACCOUNTING CLERK  
 DEN

[http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Anne\\_Trimble.html](http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Anne_Trimble.html)



**CHERYL HANNA WEDGE**  
 1977 - 1986  
 RESERVATIONS AGENT  
 DEN

[http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Cheryl\\_Hanna\\_Wedge.html](http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Cheryl_Hanna_Wedge.html)

27



**ROBERT WEDGE**  
 1979 - 1986  
 STATION AGENT  
 DEN

[http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Robert\\_Wedge.html](http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Robert_Wedge.html)



**RUBY TVETEN COLWELL WELLS**  
 1980 - 1985  
 SECRETARY  
 DEN

[http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Ruby\\_Tveten\\_Colwell\\_Wells.html](http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Ruby_Tveten_Colwell_Wells.html)



**BRADY WHITE**  
 1955 - 1986  
 AIRCRAFT MECHANIC  
 GSW DAL DFW DEN

[http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Brady\\_White.html](http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Brady_White.html)



**JOHN WINTER**  
 1968 - 1986  
 PILOT  
 DEN

[http://FAL-1.tripod.com/John\\_Winter.html](http://FAL-1.tripod.com/John_Winter.html)

27

## NOTES ON FLIGHT WESTS

There are now 2,343 FLight West folders in my FLiles.

All but two are posted at our website and have been listed in the newsletter.

Two were deleted at the request of family members.

One cited invasion of privacy and the other said their parent wanted no obituary or notice of any kind. I immediately honored the two requests.

The five employee groups have the following numbers of FLight Wests:

ALEA - 790 AFA - 238 IAM - 515 MGMT - 432 ALPA - 483

That totals 2,458, which is more than the 2,343 folders because some FLolks are listed in more than one group.

Dispatchers are included in the ALPA group and others who are not affiliated with a union are in the MGMT group.

There are many unreported deaths because some families do not mention Frontier in their obituaries or do not have obituaries. If you know of a death not posted on the website, let Jake know

Frontier had approximately 20,200 employees in it's history if you go by the employee numbers assigned.

## CAPTAIN'S CORNER

### Flying Can Be Funny

by Captain C. A. Stevens

The average reader of aviation literature today must imagine this to be a dreary game indeed. Most books and magazines present aviation as a colorless, technical affair. Yet in truth, flying for most crews and aviation people is fun and at times it is downright funny.

Most people who fly a lot know about one of aviation's oldest traditions: new stewardesses are fair game for pilot practical jokes. Such as the oft-repeated one about the captain during the relaxed DC-3 days, who summoned a rookie to the cockpit in flight and pointed to the flap handle.

"You know about that don't you? They did tell you in school?" She didn't have the foggiest.

"This control flushes the toilet in the "john", the captain explained, "Whenever a passenger leaves the little room in the rear, you must rush up front and pull this handle to the up position." He also gravely informed her never to pull the handle up when someone was in the "blue room" due to the suction that occurs when the toilet is flushed.

She was a bright kid and remembered for the remainder of the month they flew together. The word was passed along so she could continue the good work for all the crews

What most passengers don't know is that pilots often are bedevilled by stewardesses with (1) fiendish senses of humor and/or (2) repartee as sharp as a scalpel. There's one captain who loves to pop sudden questions at the girls, testing their aeronautical knowledge and grasp of emergency procedures. On one flight, just before the passengers boarded, he stopped a stewardess and growled, "how many exits are on this airplane?"

"Why, are you planning to jump out?" she asked sweetly.

Another stew paid back a captain with a small can of sardines, peeled back at the corner. She placed it under the maps and manuals in his flight bag. It took a week for the crew to figure out where the smell was coming from.

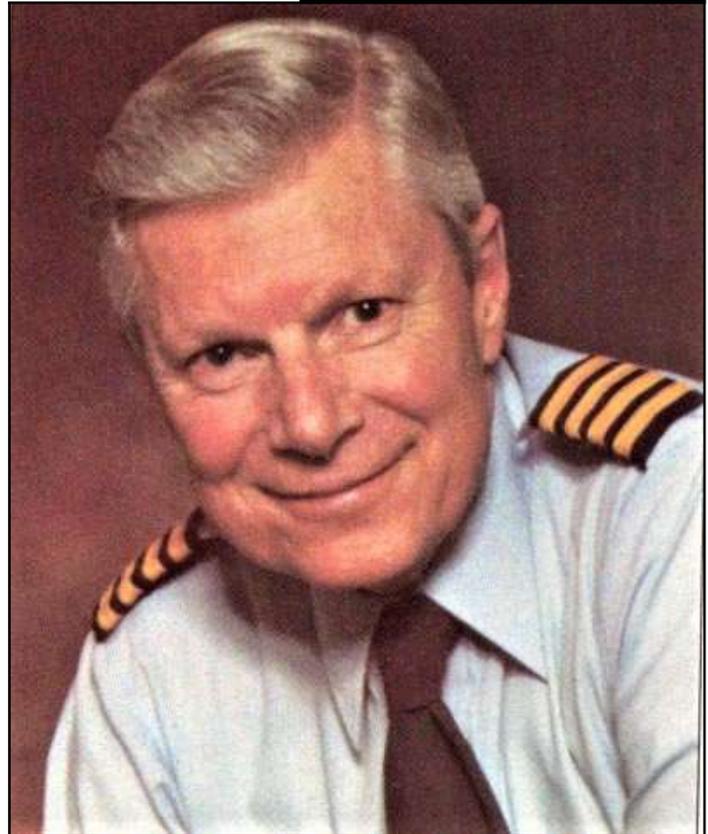
Airline color schemes often bring forth a few chuckles. A few years ago, one airline painted their planes, blue, green, red, etc. The "Jelly Bean Airline" boys took a lot of kidding; their planes were dubbed "Old Blue", "The Red Baron", "Old Yellar", "The Flying Pickle", etc. One airline was labeled "The Flying Hockey Stick".

A private pilot brightened up a dull afternoon for everyone within a hundred miles during this air-to-ground discussion:

The tower operator: "Cessna 210, what are your intentions?"

"I'm going to see my mother."

As Flight 760 approached the airport area, the Approach Controller advised, "Flight 760 make a circle to the right."



Chick Stevens founded the Frontier Magazine and ran it until almost the end of Frontier's life in Aug 24, 1986. It started as Why Magazine in 1971 which featured explanations of how Frontier aircraft operated.

Chick flew west on Jun 4, 2001 at the age of 79.

[http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Chick\\_Stevens.html](http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Chick_Stevens.html)

The captain, in a very indignant voice, snapped, "Do you realize it will cost my company \$85 to make this circle?"

"Roger", replied the controller. "Make a \$85 circle to the right."

When birdproof windshields first came out, they used to show flight crews films of dead chickens being fired at the glass with special guns. One instructor said, "There you are, men — a 10-pound bird hitting the glass at 450 miles per hour!"

There was a short silence, broken by a voice from the rear. "May I assume it would also withstand the impact of a 450-pound chicken going 10 miles an hour?"

East Coast pilots love to tell the story of a passenger who boarded a New York to Washington shuttle flight at 5 p.m. They took off without delay, landed at Washington National in forty-five minutes, and this particular passenger was so impressed by this speed that he lagged behind to talk to the captain when the latter deplaned.

"Captain," he enthused, "I just want you to know I'm amazed at how great this flight was. I've heard a lot about peak hour delays, and I have to compliment you — the five o'clock shuttle exactly on time!"

The captain grinned. "Thanks, sir, but this was the two o'clock shuttle."

## THURMAN

By Captain Emmett Spinks

*(Captain Spinks is married, broke, has three grown children and is a real easy going guy. He attended Texas Christian University, is an accomplished musician, was an Air Force fighter pilot, drilled three oil wells (all dry) and was once in the recording business. His favorite topics for humor on the airplane are wives, kids and peanut butter. He says: "Everyone can identify with these, especially the peanut butter. Anyone that can't identify with peanut butter just can't be one of the good guys.")*

There have been so many rumors about what happened to me down in South America before I started flying for Frontier Airlines that even though it is rather embarrassing to me, I decided to tell the facts of the story. You must remember that this all happened a number of years ago and some of the facts are a bit hazy, but this is the truth as near as I can recall it.

I had drifted down to South America after the big war and got a job as co-pilot with Faucett Airlines, flying the old DC-3's. As everybody knows, there are very few trains and highways in South America, so practically everything down there, at least at that time, went by air. Every village that could scrape out a dirt strip had a chance of getting some sort of air service. Because of this, countless natives who had never seen or heard of the automobile were quite familiar with airplanes.

Our facilities were rather primitive, but we did get a job of sorts done. For instance, all our planes had bucket seats along the sides of the cabin with the passengers — if we had any — facing each other. In the middle of the cabin was our cargo compartment and can truthfully say that we carried just about everything. We might have some drilling equipment for some big oil company lashed down and then maybe a big crate of chickens, some pigs, a few sacks of feed and just most anything you might imagine. We weren't very fancy but like I said, we were kinda' proud of the job we were doing.

Well, everything was going along rather smoothly until I got assigned to fly that trip with old Captain McNasty, and got in that hassle with a dumb gorilla named Thurman. Captain McNasty wasn't the captain's real name but that was what we called him behind his back, and with good reason. He had a narrow forehead, thick bushy eyebrows, thick bushy hair, a heavy beard, little squinty eyes, and big ham-hock arms that hung almost to his knees. He smoked foul smelling cigars, belched a lot, and growled out veiled threats to anyone unlucky enough to cross his path. It was rumored about that his wife had run off with a buggywhip salesman from Goatneck, Texas, and if this was true, I felt mighty happy for his wife. I'll bet old Goatneck, Texas, looked mighty fine to Mrs. McNasty.

On this particular day when everything went sour - at



Emmett flew west on Jul 11, 2004 at the age of 88.  
[http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Emmett\\_Spinks.html](http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Emmett_Spinks.html)

least for me - I got out to the operations shack bright and early and ready to take the tiger by the tail. You will note here that I said take the tiger by the tail. I sure as heck didn't plan on getting cozy with a gorilla.

Well sir, I did all the things a good first officer (we called 'em co-pilots in those days) was supposed to do and then started checking the load manifest. We had the usual odd assortment of pigs and chickens and stuff and didn't have any passengers unless you count Thurman. They had a big steel cage loaded in the back end of the cabin and inside was a gorilla named Thurman. That was what the placard on the side of the cage said.

After all the different things we had hauled, I didn't think too much about hauling a gorilla but if I hadda' been able to read the stars I sure woulda' gone on sick leave. In fact, I probably woulda' just followed Mrs. McNasty right on up to Goatneck, Texas, and retired right then and there.

We got on the airplane and old Captain McNasty growled a few remarks about idiot co-pilots, belched a few times, fired up a cigar, and we were off. The weather wasn't anything to write home to Mom about and right here maybe I should tell you how cockpit crews did their jobs in those days. You either had to scream at each other to be heard or you used hand signals which is what just about everybody did. For instance, if you wanted to start the number two engine, you would hold up two fingers, point them at the number two engine, and wave them round and round. Wheels up was thumbs up and wheels down was thumbs down; half flaps was two fingers sticking up and so forth.

We got off the ground and almost immediately busted

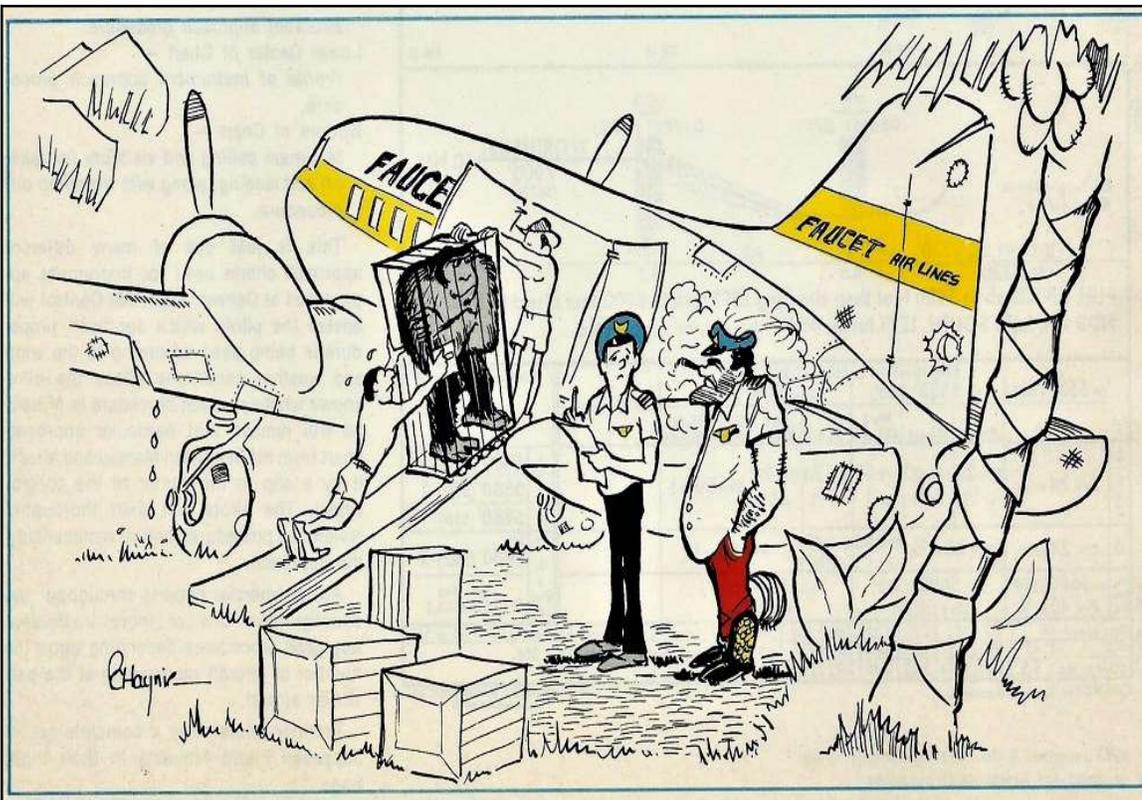
into some pretty heavy thunderstorms. (We didn't have radar in those days either.) We were in some pretty heavy turbulence and old McNasty started giving me the old hand signals for wheels down, more power, carburetor heat and so on. This went on for thirty minutes or so when I glanced out of the corner of my eye and saw that crazy gorilla standing there in the companionway. I suppose the turbulence must have sprung his door.

He was just standing there hanging by one arm and then he saw old McNasty giving all those hand signals. Well, old Thurman's eyes lighted up and he started imitating old McNasty. Old McNasty was so busy flying, smoking, and belching that he didn't see Thurman standing there. Well sir, old Thurman was acting like he had just passed through the golden gates of gorilla heaven. If old McNasty gave a thumbs down signal, old Thurman gave a thumbs down signal. Whatever old McNasty did, old Thurman did

more terrified of old McNasty. I figured if I had a choice I would rather take my chances with that dumb gorilla. At that time I didn't know a great deal about gorillas (as a matter of fact, I still don't) but I figured the best way to get old Thurman back to his cage was maybe take him by the arm like you would do if you were showing a lady to her seat in the theatre. Well, I tried that but old Thurman just didn't want to leave that cockpit. He was eyeballing all the instruments and practicing his hand signals, so I squeezed his arm a little harder. Thurman just stood his ground. Finally, old McNasty let out a scream that could be heard all the way to LaPaz, which incidentally, was our next stop. I blinked my eyes, and old Thurman blinked his and this time we headed back toward his cage with me still holding onto his arm real polite like.

When we got to the back of the cabin, his cage door was swinging back and forth so I grabbed it to hold it open so

Thurman could get back into his cage. Well, right then was when it happened. We hit some king sized turbulence and when it had smoothed out again, I had been thrown into Thurman's cage with the door slamming and locking behind me. It had also thrown old Thurman back at the rear of the cabin and right flat on his back, I don't have to tell you that we were both mighty stunned. I just lay there unbelieving while old Thurman made a fast recovery. He got to his feet, sorta brushed himself



right back. At first, I was pretty terrified and then I got tickled but I didn't dare smile or else old McNasty woulda' skinned me alive.

Old McNasty finally got into some smooth air and looked around and saw Thurman. This time the air really turned blue. He was a chompin' and a cussin' idiot co-pilots and belchin' and sometimes doing all three at once. If I hadn't been so terrified I probably woulda' stood up and yelled "Bravo". Old McNasty was really in mid-season form.

He finally calmed down enough to tell me to get that ding dong gorilla back into his ding dong cage. Like I said, I was pretty terrified of old Thurman, but I was a lot

off, and headed right smartly for the cockpit. I recovered enough to scream "Thurman, don't leave me! Come back Thurman!"

It sounds like something you might see in a movie but we didn't have anyone else on board and I guess I just went momentarily grapefruit. I have already told you about the noise but I went ahead and screamed a coupla' more times and this time the screams ended in sobs. Even if old Captain McNasty could have heard me, which he couldn't, he couldn't leave the cockpit because he had to stay and fly.

Well, like I said, the last I saw of Old Thurman, he was disappearing towards the cockpit. I couldn't be sure but it

looked to me like he might have had a sly grin on his face as he passed by.

We finally landed at La Paz, and they called a locksmith and got me out of the cage. I know this will tax your credulity but two days later, I received a telegram saying I was no longer a pilot with Faucett Airlines.

It didn't take too long to figure out what had happened. Old McNasty and Thurman hit it right off and old McNasty even quit belching so much. The long and short of it was that I was fired and Thurman was hired.

I drifted on back to the good old US of A and sent out a bunch of applications. I was just real lucky to get hired by Frontier Airlines which is a mighty fancy airline by anybody's standards.

That's the facts of what happened and that's almost the end of the story except a coupla' months ago I got a letter from an old buddy down in South America. He tells me that old Thurman has just checked out as captain and is trying to get his girl friend on as a stewardess.

(Editor's note: Captain Spinks swears what you have just read is a true story. We have our doubts, knowing Captain Spinks, but just to make sure we sent a copy down to South America and asked Thurman to verify it. Unfortunately, Thurman never answered our letter so for the time being, we have to classify it as fiction. Of course, Thurman may have been too busy flying all his trips, so, you never know...)

## **RAZORBACK COUNTRY**

### **Memphis To Kansas City**

**by Captain Warren E. McLellan**

*(Editor's note: This is another in our continuing series of articles on the routes and cities Frontier serves, as prepared by veteran pilots not only familiar with but fond of the areas over which they fly.)*

*Captain McLellan was born and raised near Ft. Smith, Arkansas; spent six and one half years in the Navy during World War II as a carrier pilot flying torpedo bombers. He was shot down twice, once landing in the middle of the Japanese fleet, forcing him to swim for twelve hours before being rescued. After the war he attended Ft. Smith Junior College and Pittsburg State Teacher's College in Pittsburg, Kansas graduating in 1950. He has B.S. and M.S. degrees in education. In 1954 he became a pilot for Central Airlines, which later merged with Frontier.)*

Memphis to Kansas City is my home territory — I flew this route for the first time more than 30 years ago.

That was in 1940, when I made my first cross-country flight in a Piper Cub between Fort Smith, Arkansas, and Memphis. I've made many trips since then, and today marvel at the growth, development and progress of this colorful area.

As our airplane climbs to cruising altitude, we see the broad area the city of Memphis encompasses. There's the downtown area near the Mississippi River, and the new

bridge for Interstate Highway 40. Thinking of Memphis means remembering cotton festivals, river boats, show boats, and the horse and mule sales that Memphis is famous for. . . sightseeing boats, Beau Street, barge traffic on the river, Elvis Presley's home, parks and museums and the rhythm and blues music that developed here.

The Mississippi River is a magnificent sight as it winds its way past Memphis to New Orleans and the Gulf of Mexico. I have seen tug boats on the river with thirty or more barges tied together making their way into port at Memphis, each barge weighing at least a thousand tons. River transportation is important to Memphis. This large inland port is convenient for shipping cotton, grain and hardwood lumber all over the world.

After crossing the Mississippi River that DeSoto discovered in 1541, we enter Arkansas and see the fertile land where cotton is grown. In the fall of the year the fields turn white and from the air it looks like an early snow.

We cross the White River that winds its way from the lakes of northern Arkansas and southern Missouri. This is the well-known river that offers excellent recreational activity in the form of float trips, camping and fishing.

After crossing the White River we fly over vast rice farms and into the Stuttgart, Arkansas, area where duck hunting is excellent. In this same general area the Arkansas Fish and Game Commission has located the state fish hatcheries. Here is where game fish are raised for stocking the state's lakes and streams. Minnows for bait shops are grown here and shipped by tank trucks hundreds of miles in all directions. A relatively new industry — catfish farming — also has developed in this area.

As we begin our descent into Little Rock, we get our first look at the Arkansas River and a glance at one of the locks and dams of the Kerr-McClellan Arkansas River Waterway. The Arkansas River is now navigable from the Mississippi River to Tulsa, Oklahoma. It has been open for traffic about two years and the tonnage hauled has exceeded all estimates for both years, making the Arkansas River Valley even more attractive to prospective developers. The utilization of what was once labeled a "pork barrel" project has been so successful that rumor has projected these same plans as far as Wichita, Kansas, and maybe even to Pueblo, Colorado.

After landing in Little Rock we taxi to the terminal for deplaning passengers into a comfortable new terminal building. Little Rock is the present capitol of the state and was the capitol of the Territory dating back to 1820. The old State House from 1836-1910 is now a museum. General MacArthur's birthplace is located here and his homeplace is a museum.

The next leg of our flight takes us to Hot Springs, Arkansas. Just after takeoff we can see deep pools of water, made from a collection of water in excavated rock

quarries or bauxite mines. As we fly on to Hot Springs we see more of these excavations. Bauxite, Arkansas, near Benton, is the location for bauxite mining and is rated top producer in the United States for aluminum ore. Near this area is Murfreesboro, Arkansas, and the location of the only diamond fields in the United States. Also near this area is Hope, Arkansas, where the largest watermelons in the world are grown, some reaching sizes of over 100 pounds.

As we descend into the airport at Hot Springs, we see the Ouachita Mountains and some of the Kiamichi Mountains in eastern Oklahoma. Near the airport are Lake Hamilton and Lake Catherine and all the water activity that abounds in the area. As we enter the traffic pattern at the Hot Springs airport we fly near Oaklawn Race track where for two months in early spring the horses run. Flying over the downtown area we can see “Bath House Row” and the hotels that line the streets. Records show that DeSoto was informed of the health giving mineral waters when he explored the area in 1541. The legends of Ponce de Leon’s search for a fountain of youth may have stemmed from stories of these hot springs.

After takeoff from Hot Springs, we fly northwest toward Fort Smith. I have many fond memories of this area, for this is where I was born. We first see the Ouachita National Forest and the deep blue water of Lake Ouachita. We can look east and see other lakes: Blue Mountain Reservoir at Magazine Mountain, Nimrod Lake at Danville, Arkansas. Still further east is Big Maumelle Lake, Lake Conway and Greers Ferry. These lakes in central Arkansas make up some of the world’s finest fishing and recreational facilities.

About halfway from Hot Springs to Fort Smith, we fly over Booneville, Arkansas, and at this point we cross the Fort Chaffee Military Reservation. Fort Chaffee was built in 1941 and during World War II many soldiers were trained here. The first to occupy this camp was the Sixth Armored Division. Flying over this area, I recognize many familiar landmarks I roamed as a young boy. It is easy to locate my grandfather’s farm with its clear creek where he fished and swam as a young man and then where I later fished and swam during the summers I spent with them.

East of this area on the distant horizon we can see Petit Jean Mountain where ex-Governor Winthrop Rockefeller has his famous Winn Rock Farms. On the Arkansas River at Dardanelle is a large hydroelectric plant and another lock and dam.

As we begin our descent into Fort Smith, Arkansas, the many natural gas wells are a familiar sight. The gas flares that are lit to burn the escaping gas at each new well can be seen for miles at night.

Fort Smith was established in 1817 as an army garrison for the protection of the settlers from Indian attacks. The main street of Fort Smith was the parade ground for the



Warren McLellan’s World War II exploits are mentioned in several books, videos and articles.

Warren flew west on Aug 24, 2011 at the age of 90.  
[http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Warren\\_McLellan.html](http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Warren_McLellan.html)

soldiers stationed at the garrison, hence the name Garrison Avenue it now bears. Along Garrison Avenue many storefronts still display the original architecture of this frontier town.

The prior history of Fort Smith is exciting. Since Oklahoma was a territory, there was no real law enforcement and a judge named Isaac Parker became famous for returning outlaws from Oklahoma Territory to Fort Smith for prosecution. Parker became known as “Hanging Judge Parker,” on some occasions ordering multiple hangings. His courtroom has been restored and is now a museum along with the old army commissary building that was a part of the old army post.

Fort Smith is the manufacturing center of Arkansas. One item manufactured here is familiar to most air travelers — the stretched version of a standard model automobile so that two or three extra seats can be put in to make an airport limousine. Furniture manufacturing is another important industry.

As we leave Fort Smith and fly to Fayetteville, Arkansas, we cross the Arkansas River at Van Buren and enter the Boston Mountain area, a part of the Ozark National Forest. Near Mountainburg, to the east of our route, we can see two lakes nestled in the mountains. These lakes are Lake Fort Smith and Shepherd Springs



## THE DISPATCHER

by William Hubert

*(William L. Hilbert is an Operations Manager for Frontier Airlines and a native of Denver. He is also a licensed pilot and served in the U.S. Air Corps as a pilot, navigator and Synthetic Training Instructor.)*

What airline employee can overrule even a senior captain or his company president?

The answer is the Flight Dispatcher, a man the public never sees but on whom every passenger depends for a safe trip. His primary concern is safety and efficiency, and his very job requires licensing by the United States Government just as your pilots must be certificated for their skills and knowledge.

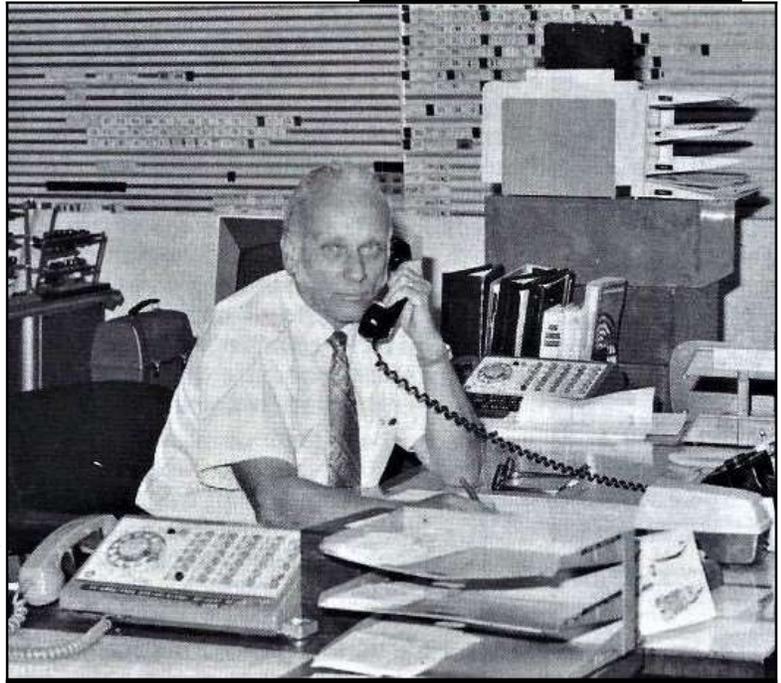
The Dispatcher is not the man in the airport control tower nor the man on the ramp that salutes the captain of your flight upon departing the airport. Far removed from the airport lobby and check-in counters, he is in a remote room in a hangar filled with teletypes, weather facsimile machines, a battery of telephones, blaring aviation radios, a flight-following system, and a computer display console with its vast store of information on passengers for flights and vital statistics of each aircraft.

Your Flight Dispatcher arrived at his present position by various and sundry means: He may be a former military or civilian pilot; airline station or ramp agent; airline reservationist; or a graduate student in airline operations. Each has an average minimum of five years' previous aviation training. His first assignment in the Flight Control Office was Assistant Dispatcher. This gave him the necessary on the job training required by Federal Aviation Regulations, before taking the Flight Dispatcher's rigid written and oral examinations by a Federal Aviation Administration examiner.

These tests cover all aspects of flight; weather, aircraft weight and balance, navigation, aircraft systems, Federal Aviation Regulations, company policy and procedures, and the company route structure he will be working. He will have served an average apprenticeship of 10 years by the time he receives his license. Each year, the Dispatcher must take additional ground school training as well as a series of cockpit rides over each route and through every station he controls as Dispatcher. He works eight and a half hours a day. The work schedule of Frontier's Flight Control Office covers three daily shifts of a 24 hour day,

"An airline dispatcher must have guts, imagination and judgment superimposed on good general knowledge of the airline business in all its phases, and a thorough knowledge of flight operations. He must be able to get along with all kinds of people, and particularly with flight crews. He must have energy, initiative and ambition. He must have an active, agile mind, the ability to think straight and fast, and to make up his mind."

-From the Dispatchers' Handbook of a major U. S. airline.



Bill was President of the Frontier Employees Club for some years in the 1970s.

He flew west on Feb 24, 2011 at the age of 92.

[http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Bill\\_Hilbert.html](http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Bill_Hilbert.html)

365 days a year. His holidays and weekends are not according to the calendar because of the rotating shifts. While on his particular shift, he will be working with three other Dispatchers and one Assistant Dispatcher.

Directly above the Dispatcher is the Operations Manager, appointed by the company from the ranks of the Dispatchers. He coordinates all functions of the airline and if need arises he may call on the immediate assistance of company personnel in Maintenance, Reservations, Marketing, Operations, and Crew Scheduling to assure a normal operation in safety, comfort and convenience. This is the reason Flight Control is called the "Nerve Center of the Airline."

In the preceding four or five hours before your flight, the Dispatcher was determining if the weather at destination would be adequate to make the stop, or should Reservations be asked to advise you of a possible hold or delay of the flight. Should the crew be brought to the field? Should the aircraft be sent to the ramp for its flight? Should the aircraft be loaded with fuel and should the mechanics make their final inspections? Should the ramp agent go ahead and order the 50 to 100 meals for the passengers?

To prepare himself for his decision on each flight, the Dispatcher will pore over teletype reports on wind information, terminal and enroute weather and official forecasts and airport field conditions. He also is the company meteorologist and is well trained in weather science.

Once the weather factors have been determined to be suitable for the flight, the Dispatcher then will issue to all the affected stations a "Customer Information Message,"

to the effect that he plans a "Normal Operation."

Approximately one hour before departure of your flight, the Dispatcher will confer with your captain and an agreement to the plan of operation is reached; both the captain and Dispatcher sign the "Flight Release", signifying mutual acceptance of the plan and any alternate plan necessary for your safety and comfort.

While you are in flight this man is more than likely, in addition to watching your flight, watching ten or twelve other flights. The progress of your flight is monitored from the time of takeoff to destination by enroute position reports relayed back to the Dispatcher in the Flight Control Office by means of radio, teletype or telephone.

So, when you take that trip by plane, think of the man you will probably never meet who has done his best to watch over the safety and comfort of your flight.

## JEPP'S LITTLE BLACK BOOK

by Capt. C. A. Stevens

I first met Elrey (Jepp) Jespersen a little over a year ago when researching a story about the first night airmail flight. I knew Jepp had a fascinating aviation career, but I didn't realize the great contributions he made to the advancement of aviation safety. Because of him, and men like him, you are as safe in the cabin of this aircraft as you are sitting in your own living room.

When I was but 9 years old living in North Platte, Nebraska, way back in 1931, I would ride my bike to the airmail field located at the fork of the North and South Platte Rivers and watch the open cockpit mail planes come and go. Unknown to me, Jepp was one of the pilots that I idolized as he occasionally flew the Cheyenne-North Platte-Omaha route.

Jepp's aviation career, which spans more than 50 years, saw him log almost 20,000 hours of flight time and 3 million miles of flying, equal to 120 flights around the world. And as a businessman, he became a self-made millionaire, turning a ten-cent notebook into a firm which is the world's largest compiler and publisher of aerial navigation aids.

The son of a Danish cabinetmaker, Jepp's love of aviation began when he was still in his early teens in Portland, Ore. A group of flying barnstormers had come to town in 1921, offering to take people for plane rides at \$25 a flight. Jepp, then 14 years old, went out to the airport with only \$5 in his pocket, and spent all afternoon unsuccessfully attempting to get one of the pilots to take him up. He dejectedly trudged home late in the afternoon only to return and beg an ex-Army pilot to give him a ride.

"Okay kid, hop in. I'll take you up." The ride only lasted ten minutes, but as young Jeppesen gazed down at the Columbia River from the sky he knew that flying was going to be his life.

He began to frequent the airport at Vancouver, Washington, across the river from Portland, working at odd jobs



Miss Nadine Liscomb made her first flight as a stewardess in 1935 on a Boeing 247 shown at left. After takeoff she was called to the cockpit by Captain Jeppesen. In Nadine's words: "I opened the cockpit door expecting to see a mature dignified captain. To my astonishment, he looked like a kid just out of high school." At any rate, Jepp's blue eyes melted her and she became Mrs. Jeppesen one year later.

while he watched the planes, learning as much as he could about them. At age 18 he joined Tex Rankin's famed flying circus, first as a ticket seller, then as a prop twister, and finally as a wing walker and aerial acrobat. His aerial feats included swinging from the landing gear like some airborne monkey on a trapeze. On one occasion he almost lost his grip on the landing gear and that put an end to his aerial acrobatics.

The following year he learned to fly under the instruction of Basil Russell, and his original pilot's license was signed by Orville Wright. With \$500 he had saved, he purchased a World War I surplus OX-5 Jenny, an old biplane with a 90 hp engine, and a few months later he organized his own flying circus in Oregon and Washington. (When in Denver, walk to the south end of the baggage claim area and you can view an old Jenny like Jepp flew.) Jepp says he could never say no to a kid who asked him for a ride, although he could hardly make ends meet as it was.

During this learning period Jepp was also taking courses in engineering and mathematics, and studying photography as well. Soon he became adept at taking pictures from his plane. In 1928, when he was 21, he accepted an offer from the Fairchild Aerial Surveys Company as manager of their foreign photographic mapping division which was

based in Mexico City. For the next two years he flew thousands of miles making the first photo mappings of the Mexican coast from Brownsville, Texas, to beyond the Yucatan Peninsula.

In 1930, he was hired by Boeing Air Transport Company, forerunner of United Air Lines, as an "airmail pilot" with the rank of captain. He flew the mail from Salt Lake City to Reno at first, but soon switched to the Cheyenne-Salt Lake route, the most dangerous but highest paying route on the system. During the single winter of 1930, four of the 20 pilots on the run were killed in plane accidents. He also flew the Cheyenne-Omaha route.

Jepp flew in the open cockpit single engine Boeing 40-B biplanes, wearing heavy flying togs, double boots and double mittens for protection against the cold and biting winds. On one trip he was bucking westerly winds and it took him 13 hours (with frequent unscheduled stops for refueling) to get the mail through from Cheyenne to Salt Lake.

Because of the lack of navigational aids, many airmail pilots became lost and occasionally landed almost anywhere to find out where they were. Jepp decided to do something about the poor navigational system; so he walked into a dime store in Cheyenne and purchased a ten-cent notebook. He carried the notebook with him on all flights, jotting down every bit of pertinent information he could find — field lengths, slope, drainage pattern, obstacles, airport layouts, profiles of the terrain, data on beacons and lights, and even the phone numbers of farmers who could supply weather reports. He had no idea at that time of commercializing his concept; he was merely collecting the information for his own personal use as a pilot. On his days off, he would climb the hills and ridges in Wyoming with an altimeter in hand to obtain accurate data about safe minimum altitudes for an airplane crossing the area.

He even climbed water towers to ascertain their exact height and measured smoke stacks and windmills in the vicinity of airports. When low frequency radio ranges were installed by the government in 1931, he flew all legs of each radio range and jotted into the notebook the safe letdown procedures for airports from Omaha to Oakland.

Word soon began to circulate among those early pilots that Elrey Jeppesen had an amazing record of flight completions, and that one of the principal reasons was his secret "Little Black Book" on airports and landing procedures which he had compiled. They started to ask him for copies; he made them for his friends, but eventually the demand became so great that he decided to enter the publishing business.

He borrowed \$400 to set up business in the basement of a house in Cheyenne where he was renting a room. In 1934 he published the first of his Airway Manuals. The first edition quickly sold out, and he continued to publish



Jepp compares his original "Little Black Book" with the latest Jeppesen Airline Flight Bag containing a full set of Jeppesen Airway Manuals.

other editions, including more airways and airports in the volume.

Jepp married a pretty United stewardess in 1936 and she joined him on his field trips and publishing ventures. He continued to fly as a captain for United Air Lines while his business developed.

At one point in Jepp's publishing venture he decided that being an airline pilot and publishing airway manuals was more than one man could handle. So, he offered to sell the whole publishing operation to United Air Lines for \$5,000. In Jepp's words: "United's refusal to buy me out was the second best thing that ever happened to me — the first being that United stewardess Nadine that became Mrs. J."

When Jepp was transferred to Salt Lake City he was able to hire a small full-time staff and it was at this time that his publishing venture began to blossom.

Pilots regarded Jeppesen's maps and charts as their bible, but it was some years before the commercial airlines adopted his manuals — they were reluctant to allow anyone but company executives to establish landing procedures. Nevertheless, Jepp continued to expand his ser-

vices, and by the time World War II broke out the Army ordered a number of copies of his manual, and the Navy signed a contract with his firm.

During the war the standard Navy flying manual was adapted from Jeppesen's publications, and his flight manuals and profile charts helped keep the Navy fighters and bombers on course in Alaska and the Aleutians during a critical time of the war. After the war he continued to receive important contracts from the military flying services, and ultimately the commercial airlines began to adopt the Jeppesen charts and maps for their own pilots.

In 1954, Jepp took early retirement from United so he could devote full time to his constantly expanding firm. By the end of the decade he was employing over 200 people in a new building he had constructed in Denver.

His files contain data on millions of miles of charted airways, diagrams of approximately 16,000 airports, complete national weather interpretation, the latest information on approach patterns and takeoff and landing procedures, reports on hazardous obstacles, and full radar and electronic information.

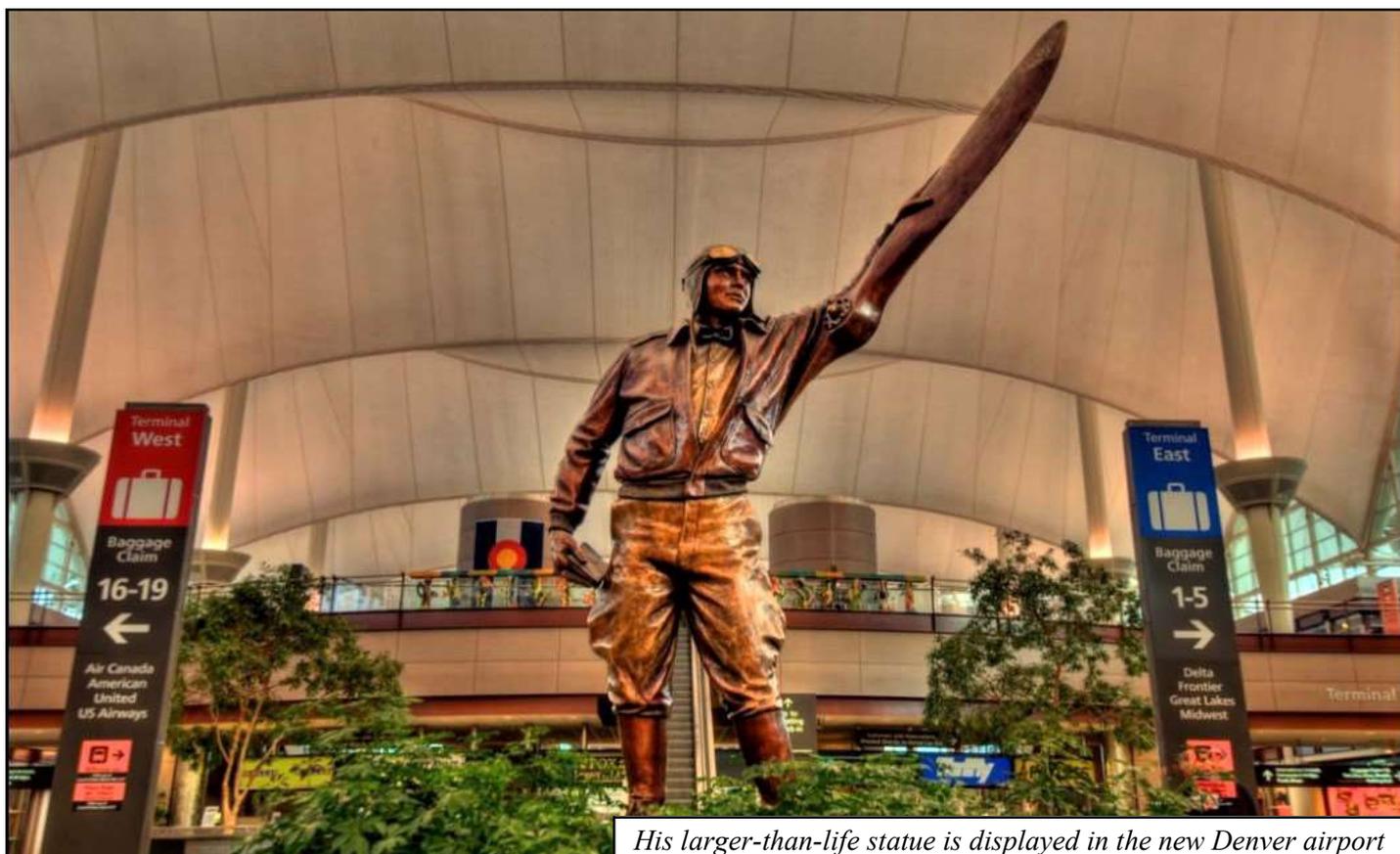
Jepp's airway manual business continued to boom with requests for subscriptions pouring in from all over the world. In 1957, Jeppesen opened a branch operation in Frankfurt, West Germany, to serve Europe, the Mid-East and Africa.

In Jeppesen's contemporary operation, daily reports come piling into the Denver office, and this new information is processed, screened and classified immediately by

experts. Within a matter of hours, skilled draftsmen change airport charts to show new runways, or revised radio call signals of control towers, Air Traffic Control Centers, etc. Each change is put through five separate editing conferences before it is approved. After the final check, the revised chart or map is printed on a high-speed printing press in the building. The Airway Manual is published in a looseleaf binder, and each week new revisions are sent out to subscribers so that all the pilot need do is tear out the old pages and insert the new ones. Some weeks the number of drafting changes, which are often several to the page, can exceed 20,000. In Jepp's words: "I have always stressed to my employees that this is an extremely exacting business with hundreds of lives depending upon errorless charts."

Jepp sold his firm to the Times Mirror Publishing Company in 1961, stayed on as president for five years before becoming chairman of the board — a post he still retains, overseeing the worldwide operation. Today there are more than 80 million looseleaf pages in circulation in the thousands of Jeppesen manuals carried aboard aircraft; and there are in print several million large Jeppesen charts of low and high altitude airways.

Jepp has received numerous aviation awards, including FAA's Distinguished Service Award for outstanding contributions to the progress and safety of aviation presented in 1971. FAA Administrator John H. Shaffer commented: "I think I can say without fear of exaggeration that Jepp Jeppesen is just about the best friend we pilots ever had."



*His larger-than-life statue is displayed in the new Denver airport*

He was elected to the Colorado Aviation Hall of Fame on November 10, 1970.

His most prized award, Jepp said, is the “Meritorious Service Award” given him by the National Business Aircraft Association. The only others to have received it were Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, Gen. James A. Doolittle, Donald Douglas and Igor Sikorsky.

Today Jeppesen Airway Manuals are used by all U.S. commercial airlines and many foreign airlines, as well as by about two-thirds of all instrument qualified business and executive pilots. Even Air Force One, the presidential aircraft, flies with Jeppesen Manuals and charts aboard.

Frontier pilots carry a complete set of Jeppesen Flight Manuals in their flight bags.

*(For the full story, read “Capt. Jepp And The Little Black Book” by Flint Whitlock & Terry L. Barnhart.*

*Jepp’s son Jim worked at Frontier and flew west in 2017:  
[http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Jim\\_Jeppesen.html](http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Jim_Jeppesen.html) )*

## THE AGENT WHO IS AN ARTIST

by Al Sprenger

*(Al Sprenger is the station manager at Bozeman, Montana and has been with Frontier since Feb 7, 1959. His wife Darlene was a Frontier stewardess.)*

Roger Ballast is a Frontier station agent in Denver — one of those key links in an airline’s chain of efficient customer service.

But he also happens to be an artist of considerable skill and reputation, as you can judge from the accompanying picture. His paintings have been displayed in five states

and in the homes of many friends and employees of Frontier.

Roger was born and raised in the Denver area and after high school he spent three years in the army as a parts specialist while stationed in Hawaii.

He began his airline career with Frontier Airlines in March of 1959 as a station agent in Powell, Wyoming. Presently he lives in Morris Heights, Aurora, Colorado with his wife, Sally, his three boys and one girl, Ken (16), Greg (14), Clay (13), Kim (11).

Roger, who refers to his paintings as “Exaggerated Realism,” figures he has done more than 100 oils in his leisure time.

“When I was a kid,” he explains, “I started drawing, sketching and coloring. But I really got started during my tour of duty in the Army, when a friend and his wife gave me an oil painting set for Christmas. I’ve been painting ever since.”

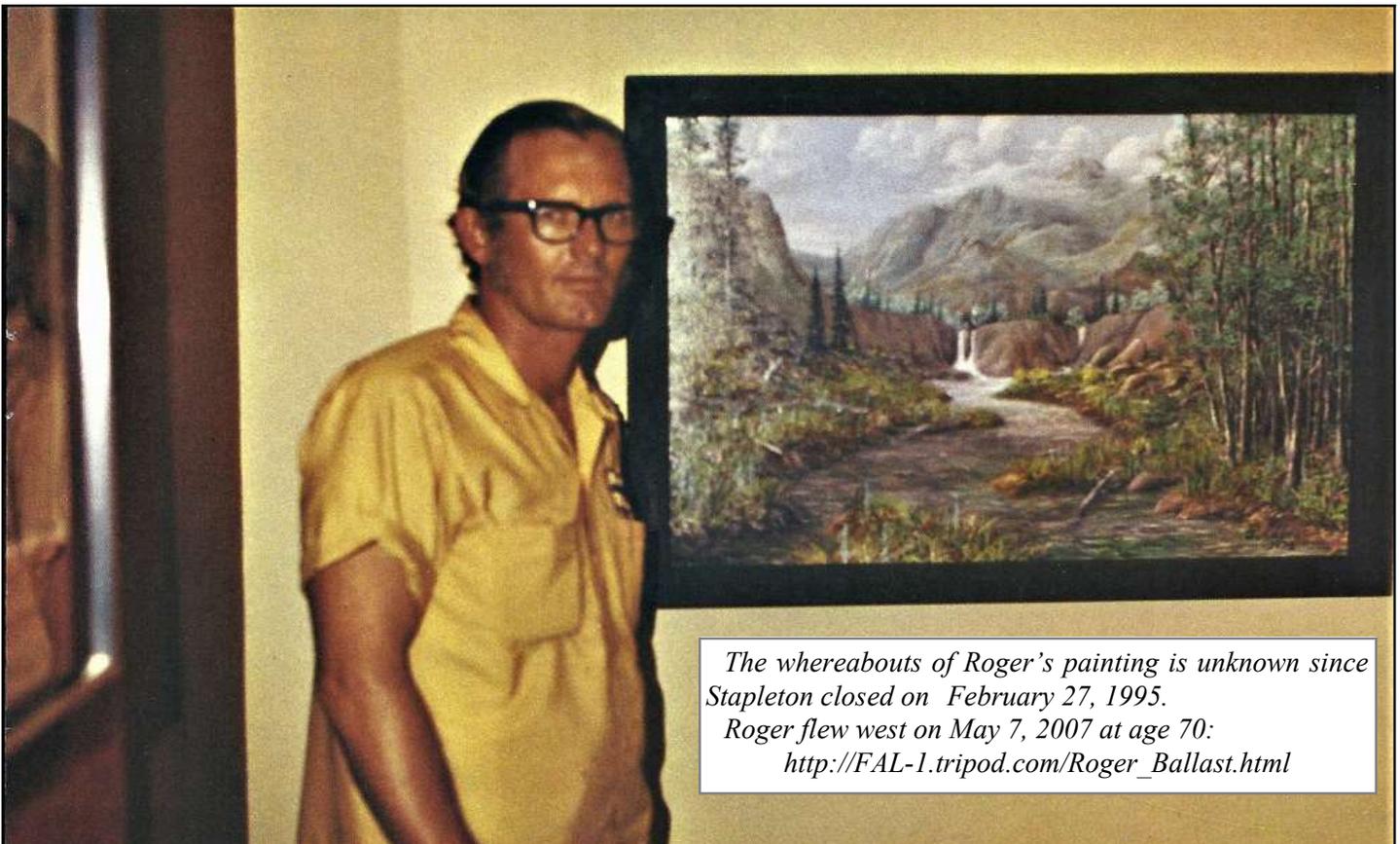
Does he paint things he sees or does he create imaginative scenes? “I take a mental picture of things, places or scenes and try to improve on them.”

His paintings, generally vary in size from 10” x 12” to 4’ x 6’. They include portraits, mountain scenes, animals, sunsets, seasons, and other subjects.

The painting below is now on display at the Denver, Colorado Stapleton International Airport

*(Al still lives in Bozeman but his wife flew west on Dec 31, 2013, at age 73:*

*[http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Darlene\\_Wiley\\_Sprenger.html](http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Darlene_Wiley_Sprenger.html))*



*The whereabouts of Roger’s painting is unknown since Stapleton closed on February 27, 1995.*

*Roger flew west on May 7, 2007 at age 70:*

*[http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Roger\\_Ballast.html](http://FAL-1.tripod.com/Roger_Ballast.html)*

**FLacebook Posts****Bill Buse**

How many remember these ads promoting the introduction of the Convair 580?

**Herb Schmidt**

I do, I was District Sales Manager in Billings when they started. We had 580 service daily from Salt Lake City to Billings with a stop in Jackson Hole. The 580s really improved our business. In January 1965 I came to Kansas City as Regional Sales Manager.

**Bill Buse**

Herb, You must remember the Boeing 727 stops in Kansas City on the flights between Denver and St Louis.

**Herb Schmidt**

Bill, I sure do - as Regional Sales Manager I set up the sales office in St. Louis and it was part of my region. Those were exciting times. The 727s were made possible because of Lew Dymond. In my estimation he was the best President Frontier ever had. I also worked under Mac Myhre, Bud Maytag, Paul Burke and Al Feldman.

**Bill Buse**

Herb, I agree that Lew Dymond was one of the best and

he did many great things for Frontier. If I remember correctly, he was the one behind the Christmas steaks for the employees one Christmas. I remember those steaks and my family doing the steaks on the grill for Christmas. That was the start of a family tradition where we would have steaks for dinner each Christmas.

**Herb Schmidt**

I was the liaison man working with the Williams Meat Co. and Ken Stemler in home office in Denver which was a giant project that worked out to perfection.

**Bill Buse**

Thanks for your role in that.

**Dave Mann**

All those steaks were shipped from MKC. I think they were a reward for our efforts during the airline strike. Yes, they were very good.

\*\*\*

**Phil Stallings**

Just got this news. On November 5th Captain Bob Huddleston (Central - Frontier) will be inducted into the Tennessee Aviation Hall of Fame.

Congratulations Capt Bob.

**Jake Lamkins**

Thanks for the good news, Phil. I had tried to find Bob two years ago when Gary Paul asked about him. He was 91 years old last Feb 16th. I've cc'd both Bob and Gary in on this so they can re-connect.

Congratulations, Bob, on your accomplishments.

**FLacebook Posts on 6/22/22****Jake Lamkins**

NOTAM  
BOB HUDDLESTON

1956 - 1986

PILOT

ACF GSW DAL DFW DEN

Just got word that Bob will be inducted into the Tennessee Aviation Hall of Fame this November, 2022.

He turned 91 years old last February 16.

Congratulations, Bob, I remember handing you load papers starting back in 1964 and visiting with you in the FYV operations area.

**Sue Evans**

Very proud to have called you FLamily!!!

**Patty Hughes Smith**

Congrats Bob!

**Cherylann Morgan**

This is so wonderful, well deserved.

**Bonnie Dahl**

What took so long? Congratulations!

**Lynn Osadchuk**

Congratulations Bob!!! I remember you well!

**Patty Giordano Benton**

What a nice guy!!

**Kayla Pfeiffer Naima**

That's awesome! Congratulations!

**Pam Coffman Ellis**

Congratulations, Bob!!

**Trish Swanson-Hawk**

What a wonderful honor.

**Carol Bartley**

Wow! Congratulations! Bob was one of the first pilots I ever flew with and frequently! Good Job!

**Roberta Brashears**

A big Congratulations!

**Ed Catron**

Remember Bob from TBN and STL

**Bill Buse**

Congratulations!!!

**Fred Watson**

Congratulations, Captain

**Karen Berry**

Awesome Bob!!! I remember working with you!!

**Elaine Long**

Ditto

**Jake Lamkins**

Bob left a voice mail (7/13/22) and I called him back. He had said he had some CN/FL stuff to give me if I wanted it. I phoned him and we chatted awhile. He sounded great and said he was doing well and sends greetings to all his many FLriends. He sure didn't sound 91 years old. Said he would box up all the stuff he had and send it to me. I conveyed all the responses to his news and he said thanks. *(Bob sent the box pronto and it had some great stuff - mainly Central seniority lists and such.)*

**Bonnie Dahl**

Please help me get this information out to Frontier Folks: Captain Ron Gregory has dementia, but loves hearing from Frontier friends. He had heart surgery in 2017, but recovered. He eventually sold the ranch and moved to Cheyenne in 2017. He is now being cared for at care center in Casper, Wyoming. He is 89 years old. His address: 3955 E 12th Street, Apt 317 Casper, Wyoming 82609. His wife Dottie (Dorothy) Clark was a stewardess from 1960-1964. She passed away March 28, 2021 in Cheyenne, Wyoming, from complications of lung cancer. You can talk to his daughter Jennifer for further information. She lives near him in Wyoming & had been his care giver, as long as she could. 307-351-5765

**Jake Lamkins posted at FLacebook on 8/24/22**

**THIRTY SIX YEARS!**

*(Response to article re Frontier's bankruptcy)*

**Patty Hughes Smith**

Worst day ever!

**Claudia Walters**

YES!

**Lance Lau**

I will never forget that day. I was on a Las Vegas layover. It was a very solemn flight home to Denver.

**Reva Burke**

Horrible day, we knew of talk. But never expected to happen. We were a great airline.

**Ginger Treptow**

Saddest day ever!

**Dennis Casadoro**

I was working in ICT, it was a Saturday night. We had a MD82 on a DEN-ICT-SGF leg running an hour or so late. It only had a few passengers on board. I volunteered to stay and wait until it landed .

We had a recent event where a 737 left for JLN, we all went home after buttoning up the station, and due to bad storms it proceeded back to Its alternate ICT, only we were gone, and it came anyway. It was before cellphones, so nobody could be reached. Mgr and Sr Agent came out to deal with passengers eventually. We made a pact that if it was less than crystal clear out, one of us would wait until wheels on the ground at next destination.

While waiting I gathered a few logo souvenirs like a couple posters, a binder, note cards. This as my dream job faded to oblivion. I am such a stubborn old coot, I have yet to spend money for a cash ticket on the one airline I feel manipulated our demise and pulled the final rug out from under the deal.

**Gary Mackie**

Yep...had to make a sign and post it on the ticket counter....Out of business see CAL or UAL for travel!!! What a morning!

**Donald Porter**

I will never forget that night!



### Larry Lankford

Was asleep and got a call from dispatch that we had an aircraft at the gate. When I arrived at the airport the passengers were in front of the counter. I went in the back and started calling help.

### Marie Franco

I hated that day.

### Mary Anne Paszkiewicz

Very sad day indeed.

### Donna Harrison

Such a sad day. I had retired in March and moved to San Diego to start a new career in computer industry, but I met with some others who were still employed at the end at a beach get together. It was so sad.

### Mark Fitzwater

Was sad to see Frontier go from serving lobster and steak to charging for cokes. Being purchased by People's Express marked the end of Frontier as a great airline.

### Mary Robertson Harter

I remember it well. I was in Omaha and Frontier flights were not flying. My friends at United gave me a pass to get back to Denver.

### Kent Riddell

I got a call at 4 in the morning from Ken Schultz in Maintenance Control telling me not to come in since we shut down. I think it was the 1st time I sat on my front porch drinking a beer at 5 AM wondering what the next step would be.

\*\*\*

### Lynne Willmann

I finally am going through Dad's (Carl) files & found his

final termination papers after he worked with the bankruptcy court. I remembered that you didn't know the date. His dates then at FAL were 02-17-47 to 05-27-88.

### Jake Lamkins

Thanks, Lynne,

He is one of our longest serving employees at 41 years 3 mos 10 days.

### Nancy Ball

I am in the process of moving after "alot" of years in my home. I came across this little gem and wondered if anyone would be interested in having this. I was a union rep though can't recall how I ended up with it in my basement!

### Karen Berry

I LOVE this!!!! It's great!

### Lance Ross

If you're still in CO, I'd suggest donating it to the Wings Over The Rockies museum for the FL collection.

### Carolyn Boller

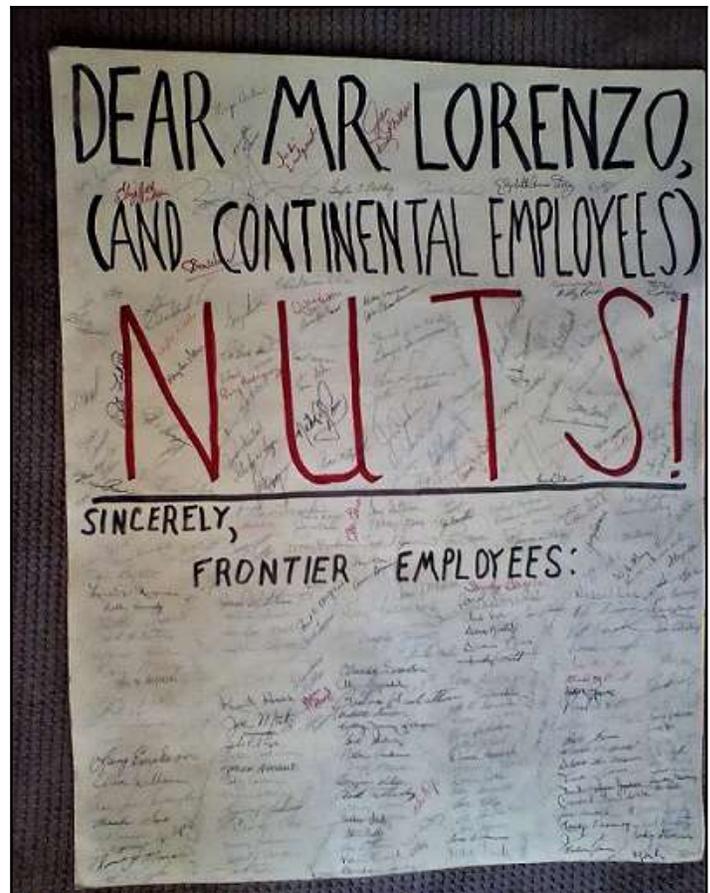
If you are coming to the reunion on August 20th--bring it--I am certain someone will grab it up.

### Nancy Ball

Oh how I would love to but doubt I can make it. I am leaving Denver tomorrow for Florida. I am willing to safely ship or deliver this to someone interested in this nostalgia. I think it is too special for me to keep to myself.

### Jake Lamkins

Nancy, is there a date on it? I'm guessing 1983 - 1985.



Was it a DEN RK thing?

### **Nancy Ball**

This was from a final gathering/protest that the Frontier employees held at the Denver Stapleton Ticket Counter. If I remember correctly, it was a hastily planned event but well attended with a lot of news crews wandering about.

By the signatures, I believe this was a DEN RK with other areas, TCA's, rampies, and I do remember some mechanics attended also.

Sorry Jake, you asked for a date....no date on the poster but it was within 2 weeks of FL's demise.

### **Greg Stearns**

Nancy I have the press photos from this event and would love to find a way to get this and keep all of that together if that is possible.

### **Jake Lamkins**

The following article mentions Nancy Ball.

## **A HARD LANDING FRONTIER EMPLOYEES UNSMILING BUT CALM By MICHAEL ROMANO**

August 27, 1986

**Rocky Mountain News Staff Writer**

On day 3 of their death watch, the idle employees of Frontier Airlines remained calm despite the continuing storm, confident that their close-knit company will not ultimately consist of a file folder in federal bankruptcy court.

Emotionally and physically, some employees said yesterday, they are well-equipped for corporate combat after battling for the past several years against bankruptcy, forced takeovers and threatened closures.

"Those other fights were a piece of cake," Carolyn Boiler, master executive council chairman of the Air Line Employees Association, said of Frontier's long, tortuous struggle for survival.

"This one, well, I've never seen anything like it." Before, there were always threats to close the doors. "This time, they've done it. But we're calm. We don't have time to panic. We've been through enough,"

A handful of unsmiling Frontier employees were on hand yesterday in the union's office in Aurora, calling their colleagues, answering questions over the phone and updating an automatic recording that ends with this soothing message: "Remain calm. The fat lady isn't singing."

"Have you heard anything?" — that's the big question everyone's asking," said Boller.

Most employees, from pilots to provisioners, have become almost inured to the uncertainty of long-term employment at troubled, financially strapped Frontier. After floating in limbo for months last year, Frontier was saved — only temporarily, as it turned out — by People Express, which paid \$300 million for the Denver-based carrier.

"This place has been an emotional roller coaster for so long" sighed Nancy Ball, a reservationist at Frontier for 9 1/2 years. "But this is the worst. You've got your planes on the ground, nowhere to go. But we all still have a lot of hope. I don't feel unemployed. Not yet, anyway."

Nonetheless, said Ball, it was emotionally wrenching yesterday to help clean out the union's small headquarters in Frontier's general office building at 8250 Smith Road in Aurora. She said members of the reservation department were allowed to clear out their personal belongings between 8 a.m. and 1 p.m.

Members of other departments were scheduled to do the same later, she noted. "There were some tears," Ball added. "This is like losing a family."

Boller's union represents about 2,100 idle Frontier employees — a group that includes clerical workers, reservation agents, ticket clerks and station agents. Many of the employees are expected to take similar jobs at other Denver-based airlines, preferring a starting-level salary to an unemployment check.

"I think our people will have a little easier time of it (than flight attendants and pilots)," said Boller. "Obviously, the other carriers are going to need station agents, help on the ticket counter, reservationists and, to some degree, clerical workers.

"They're going to need these people because somebody's going to have to fall the void."

Some employees, including Ball and Dennis Grizzle, a station agent with 21 1/2 years on the job, aren't sure they could accept another job in the airline industry. "It's tough starting all over again," said Ball. "No benefits, a starting-level salary. You start from the bottom, so low that it'll take you 5 years just to reach a decent salary level."

Grizzle, who described himself as "angry and hurt," was more adamant. Vowing to leave the business if Frontier shuts down for good, Grizzle said he will not take advantage of the offer printed in a full-page newspaper advertisement yesterday by Continental Airlines, which invited all Frontier employees to submit a job application.

"If United's deal doesn't go through, I'll leave the business," he said. "And I won't work for Continental. They're union busters. We're family here at Frontier, a real team. We've always got the job done — even under the worst conditions."

Meanwhile, several employees already have filed for unemployment benefits, according to Boller, who said that perhaps "a thousand" more will follow suit during a group sign-up session today at the I.A.M. Building, 5621 Bowen Court In Commerce City.

A spokesman for the Colorado Department of Labor and Employment said that as many as 16 representatives would be on hand, beginning at about 8 am., to help Frontier employees file their unemployment claims.



Greg Stearns, author of the best ever history of Frontier Airlines and son of pilot Gus Stearns & flight attendant Pam Stearns strikes a pose.



Carolyn Boller (C) is the DEN Reunion coordinator and the one who keeps it going. She is flanked by reservations friends Sherry Fike (L) and Kayla Pfeiffer Naima (R)



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and <http://www.KansasCityCrewBase.com>

Capt'n Phil Stallings, Webmaster,

[RedRyder35@att.net](mailto:RedRyder35@att.net)

Check the websites for FL news,

notices on upcoming events,

pictures and stories from the past.



## BOJANG WHYHIGH

It's hard to compete  
in the short term  
against someone who doesn't care  
about the long term.

