

20 FEB 2018

DEAR JAKE

GENE MCALEB DIED YESTERDAY MORNING,  
IN COURSE TX  
19 FEB. GENE WOULD HAVE BEEN 90 IN MAY.  
HE TOLD ME AWHILE BACK HE ENDED UP WITH  
44,000 HOURS OF FLYING TIME

HE WENT WITH CONTINGENTIAL AFTER FRONTIER  
AND AFTER 60, FLEW 2ND OFFICER AND  
THEN BECAME CHIEF PILOT.

HE BUILT MANY HOURS FLYING TO PARIS AND  
LONDON, AS A CHK RIDER.

GENE'S WIDOW, ANN (SKIDMORE) AND MY  
WIFE JUDY WERE BEST FRIENDS ALL THROUGH  
HIGH SCHOOL IN MIDLAND, TX.

TOGETHER THEY WERE HIRED BY T. DOYLE AS  
STEWARDESSES IN SEP. 1957.

JUDY AND I GOT MARRIED IN MIDLAND 07 FEB 59  
(JUST HAD OUR 59TH) GENE AND ANN GOT  
MARRIED THE WEEK BEFORE US, 31 JAN 59 IN  
MIDLAND,

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CONROE, TX ABOUT 50 MILES NORTH OF HOUSTON.  
NO MEMORIAL PLANS AT THIS TIME.

AFTER TALKING TO YOU, I'LL TRY TO JOT  
DOWN SOME OF THE THINGS I REMEMBER  
ABOUT GENE.

JUST TO VERIFY GENE'S 44,000 HOURS, ONE  
DAY (I THINK IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN AT A MIDLAND  
CLASS REUNION) GENE AND I WERE TALKING  
TO THIS GUY WHO WAS A BORDER LINE  
ASS-HOLE.

HE ASKED GENE HOW MANY FLYING HOURS HE  
HAD AND GENE SAID "44" THE GUY REALLY  
GOT INSULTING AND SAID "THATS ALL THE  
HOURS YOU HAVE? I THOUGHT YOU WERE A  
PILOT? GENE REPLIED VEELY NICELY 44,000.

GENE TOLD ME ABOUT THE TIME HE TOOK A  
DART 800 TO AN AIR SHOW AND WENT OVER  
THE CROWD WIDE OPEN AND WENT STRAIGHT  
UP, THEN HE TOLD ME "CRAP I COULDN'T  
GET THE NOSE TO COME OVER, BUT IT FINALLY  
DID."

GENE TOLD ME ABOUT HOW DURING THE  
VIETNAM WAR HE WAS DEAD HEADING THE  
PULLER - PUSHER PLANE TO VIETNAM.

ONE TIME HE WAS OVER THE OCEAN ABOUT  
AN HOUR & A HALF <sup>WHEN</sup> ONE ENGINE QUIT.

HE MADE IT BACK, GOT IT REPAIRED AND THEN CONTINUED ON HIS WAY.

JAKE THIS IS NOT A GRAIN OF SAND ABOUT HIS LIFE. IT'S JUST SOME OF WHAT I WAS PRIVILEGED TO HEAR FROM HIM.

IF I THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE, I ~~WILL~~ WILL LET YOU KNOW.

EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE I THINK BACK WHEN WE WERE YOUNG AND SO WAS THE AIRLINE. MAN WE WERE LUCKY TO HAVE BEEN THERE IN THE EARLY DAYS OF AVIATION,

BY THE WAY JUST TO SHOW I HAD A LIFE OTHER THAN THE AIRLINE, I JOINED THE 39TH MILITARY POLICE WHEN I WAS 17 IN 1952 & STAYED IN THAT UNTIL SEP 1963. THEN WENT TO THE 188TH SECURITY POLICE AT THE FT. SMITH AIRBASE TILL I WAS 60 IN 1994. MEANWHILE WHEN FRONTIER LEFT FSM IN OCT 1984, I WAS HIRED AS A MILITARY RESERVATION POLICE OFFICER AND RETIRED AFTER 15 YEARS.

ENCLOSED IS AN ARTICAL IN THE FSM NEWSPAPER I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU HAD TO DO SOMETHING BAD TO MAKE THE HEADLINES (3)

JAKE I ENJOYED TALKING TO YOU  
THE OTHER DAY.

I MENT WHAT I SAID. YOU BRING BACK  
SO MANY MEMORIES THAT WOULD BE  
FORGOTTEN OR THROWN AWAY. THESE ARE  
REAL TREASURES.

KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK,

YOUR FRIEND

TONY

P.S. LAST WEEK I FELL OFF OF A 40 FOOT  
EXTENSION LADDER.

I THINK WHAT SAVED ME I WAS ON  
THE BOTTOM STEP.