

Hi Jake,

It was nice chatting with you again, kind of like old times. I'm living in a senior living facility for old coots like me. It's a large building with built in apartments. Our food is served in a dining room for the 80 ladies and 10 men that reside here. They have lots of activities but I stick pretty close to my abode watching cowboy movies. For some reason the residents here look pretty old, and as I am only 91 I try to associate with the younger folks more my age.

Now for the real life story I've mentioned to you.

The DC-3 was crewed by Captain Bob Nicholson and First Officer Jack Schade. Enroute to Salt Lake City they had over-flown Farmington New Mexico and Cortez Colorado because of zero landing conditions. With the reserve fuel calculated they had enough fuel remaining to continue on to Grand Junction, their next scheduled stop.

But, mother-nature had other plans. The DC-3 flying in heavy black clouds struggled to maintain altitude from ice build up on the wings and fuselage, and now forced into a slow rate of descent from these conditions.

With loss of altitude they could not clear the 10,000 foot Uncompahgry mountain range directly ahead. The fuel remaining was in short supply if an attempted was made to return to Albuquerque. The wide spread weather system covered the entire area. They were trapped by a freak storm.

Looking for a break in the clouds, Schade suddenly called. "I can make out a light." Captain Nicholson peeled the old DC-3 over into to a spiraling descent and commented, "I remember seeing on a map a town called Nucla, it had a dirt strip." With the help of a beacon they located the dirt strip, and set the old DC-3 down in the dark for a well earned rest.

This is only one of the many episodes and expertise those old Frontier pilots endured in those days of flying the Rocky Mountains.

Jake
I want to tell
story in kind of a
crack!
Feel free to do what
ever.
The check-in for
my first crew and
the rest is for you to
go have a nice start
JL