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Some Sad News...

Ruth Merritt, wife of TAL mechanic Buster Merritt, died on July 8th. Ruth lived in Yountville at the Veteran's Home for the last 10 years. Prior to that she lived in San Leandro for 47 years. She was a very outgoing person and will be missed by many.

William "Bill" Richard Oliver, 93, died Oct. 14, 2007. Born in England. Pilot for many years with the RAF, the RCAF, Transocean Airlines and others; Aloha Airlines & TAL dispatcher. Survived by daughter, Monica Murphy; niece, Jane; caregivers, Elizabeth, Louisa, Maria and Nina. Quite well known throughout the TAL family, Bill came from rather famous parents. His father wrote novels under the name, Oliver Onions and was best known for his ghost stories and is regarded by many as one of the 20th century masters of the genre. Bill's mother, Amy Roberta (Berta) Ruck initially worked as an illustrator, providing drawings for stories in *The Idler* and the children's magazine *Jabberwocky*. In the latter, she was also able to publish a short story, and she began writing fiction for women's magazines. In 1909, she married Oliver Onions (1873-1961), who later changed his professional name to George Oliver. They had two sons, Arthur (b.1912) & William "Bill" (b.1913).

Editor: There seem to be so many Bill Oliver stories that we thought it fitting to publish a story written by Bill himself...

THE ORANGE BOUNDARY-MARKER

By William Richard Oliver
(Story provided by Sherry Waterman)

I was seventeen years of age at the time of which I write and had recently learned to fly. A private license was issued to me on my 17th birthday, the earliest age at which one could obtain this rating. When I say "learned to fly", it would be more accurate to state that I had flown solo a few times but never out of sight of what was called the "aerodrome" in those days when eligibility for a certificate consisted of a

few basic maneuvers within gliding distance of my "Home-Base" outside London.

It was during the depth of The Depression and my flying money provided by a grandmother's legacy was now exhausted but a voracious appetite for flying remained and my ambition had been set. I was determined to become a professional pilot as soon as I was old enough to hold a Class "B" rating, one that would enable me to fly "Passengers, Mail, or Goods for Hire or Reward". For this I would require what then seemed an unattainable total of flying hours and experience on types of aircraft other than the cloth and wire biplanes which then entirely dominated the pages of my log-book.

So it was on March 10, 1931 while I was idling away my time in the local flying-club when the Secretary approached me and asked whether I thought I could deliver an "aeroplane" to the city of Leeds in Yorkshire early on the following morning. I assumed that he was confusing me with one of the regular qualified pilots in the club who would from time to time make themselves available for such flights - unpaid, of course - as a means of building up their flying time.



Bill in his treasured flight jacket at a "Quiet Birdman" meeting. (Scarf Bill is wearing & picture courtesy of Sherry Waterman)

Never one to reject an opportunity for some free flying, I hastily accepted the commission and received a briefing to the effect that the Puss Moth to be ferried would be left outside the hangar overnight and that I would be expected to make a 6 A.M. take off in order to arrive at my destination by eight o'clock, at which time the owner of the aircraft would meet me at

the Leeds Municipal Airport which was located near a little town named Sherburn-in-Elmet, some 200 miles north of my

point of departure.

While these instructions were being given to me I was all the time expecting it to be realized that a mistake

had been made and that, with apologies, a more suitable aspirant would have to be sought. However, nothing of the kind took place. I was told that the fuel tanks had already been filled because nobody would be there at that time in the morning and that for the same reason I would have to swing the propellor and remove the wheel-chocks for myself. The secretary then gave me the key to the aircraft, five pounds in sterling currency for my return train fare and wished me *bon voyage*.

Well, there were several considerations which now had to be addressed. Not only was I totally unversed in the science of air-navigation, a shortcoming which included my inability to read a map or fly on a compass course, but in addition I had never flown this type of aircraft before. It was a sleek (for those days) cabin monoplane, a far cry from anything I had ever flown before and it was powered by an engine with which I was unfamiliar. Nevertheless, surfeited with the confidence of youth I had no qualms over my ability to fly the thing if I could get it off the ground. Such considerations as insurance-cover and third-party liability are meaningless to a 17-year-old and, if thought about at all, were dismissed as belonging in the domain of other adult aberrations.

To me now it is quite extraordinary how casual people were about allowing total strangers to fly their aircraft in the early thirties. A nod from an instructor was usually accepted as *carte blanche* for someone to step into an aircraft he had never seen before, sometimes accompanied by his nearest and dearest, and fly away. Surprisingly enough, though, I do not recall any instances of disasters so occasioned nor any litigation in connection with this practice.

Anyway, I did need some kind of a battle-plan for the following morning. Any sort of weather-forecast was out of the question. Such things did not exist. If you could see, you flew. If you couldn't, you didn't and if during a flight a transition from one extreme to the other occurred, you hurriedly put the thing down in whatever field appeared suitable and waited for conditions to improve. A small financial transaction between the pilot and the farmer whose field had been selected was usually enough to establish an *entente cordiale* - unless standing wheat was involved.

So I decided that through the expedient of keeping the sun on the right for a couple of hours or so, I might then have the good fortune to observe an airport en route, civil or military (who cared?) where I could land and ask for new directions, repeating the performance if and when necessary until success was eventually achieved. At any rate I could think of no

alternative and the problem of there being no sun visible could be faced when it presented itself.

5:30 on the next morning. No sun yet but it was quite light and the visibility was good so I busied myself with the pre-departure essentials. I couldn't find any Owner's Manual aboard so many of them had to be taken on trust. I had studied the fuel system the night before as well as the somewhat daunting disposition of the instruments *vis-a-vis* that to which was accustomed, although I was familiar with most of them. But what was totally strange to me was to be seated in a cabin and not outside among the elements. By now it was time to flood the carburettor, swing the propellor and warm up the engine. I had done this before with the biplanes so no difficulty was encountered as I removed the chocks from the wheels and reentered the cabin.

Taxying was simple because of the enormously improved visibility from the cockpit of the Puss Moth and everything was unusually quiet inside. I had never flown without helmet and goggles before and I was beginning to enjoy myself even with the anticipation of a take-off with a strange aircraft just ahead. A last look-around inside and out and off we went. It was all unexpectedly easy as we climbed away with me eagerly scanning the horizon for the sun from which I could get a heading. Nothing. The light was of equal intensity everywhere. So that left only one recourse, the compass.

I did know how to rotate the verge-rind; and to lock it on to a selected heading so I twisted it until the N lay dead ahead. Then came the trick of keeping it there. All I could do was to chase the needle. Nobody had told me about Northerly Turning Effect when turning in the northerly quadrants. It tends to make the compass very sluggish and may show no turn at all or even a turn in the opposite direction if it is undertaken too rapidly. For about ten minutes I was flying in circles until I gradually began to get the feel of things. Thereafter I managed to cope with the situation fairly well although I had no idea where I was. A very brief glimpse of the sun on one occasion indicated that we were headed in the right general direction.

We must have been going along like this for something over an hour and a half when I became aware of a reduction in visibility up ahead. In previous instances when confronted by lowering ceilings all I had to do was to come in and land from wherever I happened to be on the airfield circuit. Clearly this procedure would not apply in these circumstances so I reduced the power, lost some altitude and tried to maintain the northerly heading while keeping the ground in sight. I had some idea that the situation was caused by industrial haze in the Midlands and that with any luck I might run out of it before very long so that I could make a precautionary landing for the purpose of finding out where I was.

Vain hope. Soon I was skating along almost at treetop level and concentrating so hard on not running into anything ahead that I was forced to neglect the compass heading to such an extent that on one of the few times I was able to spare a glance at it I found that we were 45 degrees off course. How I missed my biplane which could turn like a London taxi and fly at about the same speed! Even so, the visibility from the Puss Moth was so superior that the chance of running into anything before it could be seen was slight so I struggled along in the hope of finding an appropriate landing area on which to put the thing down.

There, straight ahead, a chance offered itself. A pasture with a clear approach and what seemed to be a suitable surface although it was possible to see only about half way along what I judged to be an adequate landing run. The wind? No matter. Into wind, crosswind or downwind, it was all the same. Put it down. Mercifully no obstructions loomed up during the latter half of the landing which, all things considered, was a very good one.

Vastly relieved, I switched off the engine and took stock of my surroundings. A pastoral scene indeed. There was the gate and there was the yokel leaning up against it, chewing on a piece of straw. He made no move so I approached him and said; "Do you happen to know how far I am from Sherburn-in-Elmet airfield?" He didn't answer, didn't even remove the straw but jerked his thumb towards the other side of the gate. A little way further on lay an orange boundary-marker. It indicated the perimeter of an airport. I had arrived. It was 7.55 A.M. on a flat-calm morning.

Helped by my bucolic friend, I folded the aircraft wings, pushed it through the gate, reextended them, started the engine and taxied through the murk to the flight-line of Leeds Municipal Airport, then consisting of one small hangar and one petrol-pump beside which stood a Park-Ward Drophead-Coupe Rolls-Royce belonging to the owner of fussy Moth G-AAYC, aircraft which I had just delivered. He emerged, came forward with hand extended; "Wasn't expecting you in this soup." he said, "Had a good trip?"

"No problems," I replied.

"Well, get in and I'll run you to the station."

While on our way there he said that he didn't suppose I had many chances of riding in such a car, "Well, not in the front," I told him. He laughed good-naturedly and, perhaps as the result of this exchange, I was later given many opportunities of flying this man's aeroplane. We became good friends but I never told him the truth about my first cross-country flight. And I never told him how old I was. THE END

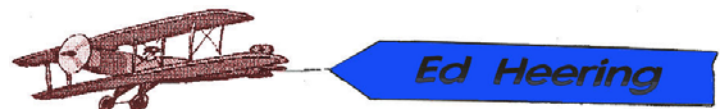
Editor's note: I remember my father, Frank Kennedy, telling lots of wonderful "Bill Oliver" stories. He told me Bill was called "the mayor" of Wake Island because he had been there so long. From my father's journal I found the following entry:

Bill Oliver worked for Transocean as a dispatcher, starting about 1951 and was stationed at Wake Island. He was a tall, thin, dignified Englishman and upon meeting him for the first time, you would expect him to have a strong British accent – which he did have. He had been a pilot in the RAF but after the war became a dispatcher. He was always trying to give me a good laugh with a story or account of some incident and I always tried to have something amusing for him.

He told me once about his decision to come to the US to live and of his making this known to his father. His father didn't have a very high opinion of the US or of anyone who would choose to live in "the colonies". When Bill approached his father to tell him of his intentions he was in the library with pipe & book. He was so quiet about it Bill thought he hadn't heard, but his father finally took the pipe from his mouth and said, "I am confident that your decision will bring about an increase in the average intelligence of both nations". Meaning, of course, that he considered his son to be dumber than most Englishmen and yet smarter than most Americans.

Just a few thoughts about my friend **Sylvia Isaacman Clough**.....She left Transocean on August 6, 1959 when she married Maury Clough at Washington Heights Chapel, Tokyo, Japan....They lived for approximately 7 years in Tokyo and returned to San Francisco to purchase an apartment in The Comstock where she lived until her death. Maury died 23 years ago from colon cancer, Sylvia died due to complication from pneumonia. She was active and a past president of The Nob Hill Property Owners Association, and past President of The Comstock Property Owners. She died in St. Francis Hospital on June 10, 2007. Her service was held on June 15, 2007. I could go on and on as I was Maid of Honor in her wedding and we were close until her death.....Perhaps some of the TALOA folks would remember that Sylvia modeled in Japan after she married Maury and her legs and feet were billboarded above Ginza frequently. Barbara Nemer

A note from Lorraine Heering to dear family & friends...It is with heavy heart that I bring you this news; Dad passed away of heart failure on Saturday, June 2, 2007. Whether you knew him as **Captain Heering**, Captain Ed, or just



Ed, he will be missed by many. A grand gentleman of the

old school, kind to all, and the perfect host, his brush with those he met and loved will leave a permanent memory in our hearts. Ed was born June 28th 1918 in Hartley, Iowa. He married wife Magdalena in 1942 in Elkton, Maryland. In 1955 the family left New York and came to San Leandro, CA and then moved to Hayward in 1956. Ed's love of flying led to a long career as a pilot. He logged over 33,400 hours during his flying adventures that took him all over the world. Ed retired after 50 years of flying.

Harriet Corbett, Jim Corbett's wife (he died several years ago) also died this year. Jim was head of the Sales Dept. for TAL many years ago...big guy and everybody loved him. Harriet & Jim had several children and a travel agency in Fremont after TAL.

George Ray Hartley passed away on Oct. 9, 2007. He was 87 and preceded in death by his wife Arly. George served in the Army Air Corps from 1941 to 1945. Stationed in Ireland, George fought in Normandy and Northern France. George settled in the Bay Area in 1946 living 50 years in Hayward. He spent his working years with Transocean Airlines until it closed in 1962 and retired from Varian in 1985. In his last years, George loved to travel, watch golf, NASCAR, and spend time with his family and friends. He took up bowling last year when he moved to Merrill Gardens in Fremont.

“Stewardesses” is the longest word in the dictionary that is typed using only the left hand.

Fond Thoughts Of My Good Friend Al Morjig (Jet Overhaul Facility Hawaii) By Chic Collins

During one of Al's frequent trips to Hawaii, Al and I - over a cup of coffee - decided that we would put together a bid for an Air Force contract to overhaul F-86's and T-33's. Low and behold, we



Receiving the first F-86 (shown in background) for overhaul from left to right are Chic Collins, Capt. Meyers USAF, Norman Yap USAF Contraction Officer, Capt. Evans USAF, Terral Miami Taloa Chief Inspector, and Major Kenny USAF.

were the low bidders. Our only competition was Aloha Airlines and Hawaiian Airlines who both had elaborate overhaul facilities. We (TAL) had nothing more than a Nose Hanger used to do maintenance on transiting TAL aircraft.

Needless to say, we were awarded the contract even though the contract officer at Hickam Field, Norman Yap, nearly lost his job. After finding ourselves with a contract, the next step was to find a facility to perform the job. Fortunately my friend "Ole" Andrews had an open face hanger that he used for servicing his twin-engine Cessnas, commonly called the bamboo bomber which he used for an inter-island operation, primarily servicing the leper colony on the Island of Molokai. The hangar was a mess with old wing panels hanging on the walls and parts of airplanes everywhere.

The next step was to quickly put together a work force. Upon delivery of the first aircraft (F-86) and all the bailment equipment (air-starts, generators, hydraulic units, etc) used to perform the contract, it was necessary to quickly put together sections of chain link fencing to secure the front of the hangar. Security was a number one priority with the Air Force. Next we established a stockroom of parts to support the contract and a library of technical orders for the F-86 and T-33 aircraft. Within a short period of time, we moved the entire facility to a more permanent location.

During the course of the overhauls there were a few very interesting moments, one of which involved a F-86 that had been overhauled and readied for test flight. The pilot, inadvertently during his pre-flight, pressed the wrong button and dropped the fully loaded with fuel drop tanks on the ramp, which brought out the fire trucks. The other involved a F-86 flame-out in flight and a dead stick landing due to the pilot failing to crossover to a full tank of fuel. Again, an emergency was declared, bringing out the fire trucks and emergency equipment.

The good news was that I got to fly a T-33 with my friend, Bob Mcguire, Vice President of Operations, Hawaiian Air Lines. Needless to say, the contract was completed on schedule and the Air Force contractor was given a compliment for awarding the contract to Transocean Air Lines.

Where Are They? Maybe you can help. The following newsletters were returned to us and if they've just moved and forgot to tell us we'd like to make sure they receive their edition of the TALOA Alumni Newsletter: George & Rita Pohle, Doris Arnaiz Timon, William & Jean Murray, and Edward S. Hogan.

[Submitted to www.Taloe.org...](http://www.Taloe.org...)

Wow! What a dynamite job!! Thanks ever so much for the work you put into the website. It is a fitting tribute to TAL.

Bob Allardyce



Nice job, and lots of work, I know. Yes, by all means, save the mailing expense. I have printed out the newsletter & enjoyed it all. **MJ Ekstrand**



My mother worked for Transocean in Oakland for many years and I was pleased to locate your site and get some additional history. We made several trips to Hawaii in the 1950's and those flights on Transocean remain one of the most treasured memories of my youth. To the best of my recollection my mother was a mechanic/technician repairing instrument panels. Her name was Louise Schulte. I don't know when she started with TAL but she worked there until the late 50's. Regards, **John Davis**

I was wondering if you had any info on a flight from Munich Riem airport on Dec. 18, 1950. This had passengers coming to New York, N.Y. I do have a copy of the manifest. I just wanted to know who planned the flight and why; my parents and siblings were on it. You may wonder why I am interested after all these years? I was young ,11, when my mom died at the age of 41, and no one really knew how the family was able to come to America. The internet has made it much easier to search for clues and reach people like you from info on a website. I was able to find the passenger list from Ancestry.com; although I had been looking for years with no success. I noticed from the map on the Transocean website, the airline flew many refugees; this could have been one of those flights. Just a thought. **Olga LaVake**

Anyone with information for Olga, please contact the editor. Her note has inspired us to create a new page on the Taloe website: www.taloe.org/stork

Thanks for your nice set up of Taloe Alumni Newsletter, I enjoy to read it and bring lots tears that I can not share this joy with Wally same time. I also received the same in a mail but it's not necessary to mail it, I can get more than 100% of it by this computer. The Jade tree, your parents gave to me from their Livermore house to our house in Castro Valley was a big joy for us for 8 years while we were there, of course it is still there at the front yard, gave us the full blossom with white flower like covered snow. I miss it very much. I live now in Scottsdale Arizona with 110f sunny days and I am a babysitter for my 2 grand kids (2 yrs & 18 months) Regards, **Chiseko Chapin**

I joined Transocean about August 1957, hanger 28 Oakland whilst awaiting flight to Wake Island. Arrived Wake Sept. 57. Worked with Larry Bovat, Deacon Heddrick & others. Tranferred to Tachikawa Sept. 1958, worked with Fred Parr, Ralph Busby, Fred Duval and Larry Bovat until contract ended. Lateralled to American International Airways until company was grounded by CAB. Now retired FAA and living in Boca Raton FL. Great website, brings back fond memories. **Jerry Baranow**

Re: The High and the Mighty... Dear Sirs, Recently I obtained this fantastic John Wayne movie. For several decades it was impossible to see this motion picture over here in Europe. As a writer of historic commercial aviation stories in Propliner Magazine (UK) I am interested to collect the history of the TALOA DC-4 in particular to make a tribute to your company, the people involved, the plane and the movie. Maybe you can help me with personal stories, photos, etc. I will of course credit TALOA when publishing.

All the best and keep up the memory of a once fantastic enterprise, **Fernand Van de Plas – Belgium**

"Your seat cushions can be used for flotation. In the event of an emergency water landing, please take them with our compliments."

Hi, as a person interested in the history of Transocean Air Lines, I commend you for the fine web page you folks have given to the Internet. I write because I question the identity of the DC-4 that appeared in *The High and Mighty* motion picture from 1954. Your web page and others I have seen identify the aircraft in ground scenes at "gate 4" as N4726V, Argentine Queen. I have studied the movie on DVD and determined that besides the model airplane used in the damaged in flight scenes there were at least 2 individual real aircraft appearing in the movie. The scenes where the aircraft is taxiing and taking off was not identifiable but unique because it did not have a de-icing boot on the rudder. The aircraft at the gate where passengers boarded did. Perhaps the plane without the deicing boot was N4726V but the one at the gate clearly is not which differs from the narrative on your web page. I used screen capture software to grab a picture of the DC-4 at the gate and clearly the registration number is apparent on the underside of the port wing. All the characters cannot be seen but the last 3 numbers clearly are "65V". That would indicate that the aircraft at the gate is not the Argentine Queen, rather, it is in fact the "African Queen," N4665V. According to my records that is the only DC-4 Transocean operated whose last two figures ended in "5V." Anyway, that is my observation. Best regards, **Dave McQueen, Livermore, CA**

Reference your inquiry to Jeane Kennedy on July 23 and 24 regarding *The High & Mighty* aircraft identification, I was the Captain on the DC4 that flew all the DC4 flights operated in conjunction with the movie production. From my pilots logbook, the following flights were flown in aircraft N-4665V on these dates:

11-16-1953	OAK-SFO	18 min.
11-16-1953	SFO-OAK	1 hr. 23 min.
11-17-1953	OAK-OAK	3 hrs. 8 min.
11-18-1953	OAK-SFO	20 min.
11-18-1953	SFO-OAK	55 min.
11-19-1953	OAK-OAK	2 hrs,
11-20-1953	OAK-OAK	1 hr. 24 min.
11-20-1953	OAK-OAK	1 hr,
11-22-1953	OAK-OAK	46 min.
11-22-1953	OAK-OAK	2 hrs. 34 min.
11-30-1953	OAK-BUR	2 hrs. 3 min.
11-30-1953	BUR-OAK	2 hrs. 6 min.

From the above we can see that your brilliant and amazing detective work from the movie photos was 100% correct. N-4665V was the correct aircraft. As a matter of interest aircraft N-4726V was definitely in Transocean's inventory and I had flown it myself on numerous occasions in 1953, 1954, and 1955 but I am at a loss as to how this aircraft was misidentified as the aircraft used in the making of the movie.

N-4726V was operated by several carriers during late 50's and early 60's reportedly was lost at sea 700 miles west of San Francisco. All 9 people aboard lost their lives and the aircraft was never recovered. The year was 1964, exactly 10 years after the movie was released. I trust this will clear the identification problem. **W. L. (Bill) Keating**

I'm retired from Delta via Western. I worked for Transocean for a very short period of time in 1956. I would like to find a set of Transocean pilot wings. Still have the hat & badge; wings were lost in a fire. Hope you can help. Thanks, **Don Hallock**

Letters, we get letters...



Dear Jeane, It was most enjoyable talking with you via the phone. Sorry I am unable to attend reunions. I am honored that you have printed my story about the Primary Flight School experiences, WWII, and now to be printed, "A Time to Remember." Yes, my 6th grade (1935) dream became reality. WWII made it come true sooner than planned. I had just graduated from high school, June 16, 1941. I enlisted in the Air Corps on 1-12-42. Good luck had taken over and opportunity to become an aviation cadet happened. The good Lord helped and I earned Silver Wings. It was truly a miracle that I gained all the experiences that was my future in flying. I have

included some photos you asked for...thank you so much for doing this. It was a part of my dream and life. With great and most genuine appreciation for your time, efforts, expertise and achievements, I am saluting you. Sincerely,

Ted Campbell



In answer to your request of my time with Transocean, afraid it will have to be the product of the memories shaded from so much time. Please excuse my lack of exact dates, etc., but I will recall best I can. Honorable discharge from active duty, USAF was 10-28-45. I had obtained a commercial license with a B17 aircraft and a CAA inspector at the Ladd AFB, Fairbanks, Alaska, earlier in 1945. I knew I needed an ATR (Airline Transport Rating) to have a flying career commercially. So I went to school, both ground and flying, obtaining that license in August 1946. First commercial job was with the Flying Tiger Lines, Burbank, CA to Japan, January 1947. End of contract was November 1947 and I went to Teterboro Airport, New Jersey, flying C47 planes with cargo to various airfields on the eastern seaboard. The Tigers planned to have trips to Europe, but were very slow to develop. A pilot friend flying with Transocean told me about the contract they had to bring people from England, Ireland, and Scotland to Toronto, Canada. I think it was very late 1947 or new 1948 I gave resignation to the Tigers and was hired as co-pilot with Transocean. I remember the first flight with TALOA was ferrying a DC4 from Teterboro to Bennett AFB, Windsor Locks, Conn. to be the home base for that operation. I lived then at Hackensack, NJ. I made flights from Windsor Locks to an airfield a bit NW of London; one trip to Brussels Airfield, Belgium; to the Prestwick Airfield, Scotland; Shannon Airfield, Ireland; to Gander AFB, Newfoundland; to Toronto and then back to Windsor Locks. I purchased a ticket on Eastern Airlines, who had an office in the same hanger that Transocean used, and rode to La Guardia, New York. Took a bus to Hackensack, NJ where I lived.

Early 1947 my father became seriously ill with no one to care for him. I resigned from Transocean and went back to LA. It was a time with Transocean I will remember always. In 1953 I flew with Seaboard & Western Airline, from LAX to the Orient again. After I determined that "scheduled" airlines did not hire if you were over the age of 26 - the maximum age for hire then - I would retire from flying as a "too old" pilot.

My last flight ended 10-18-53. My childhood (from 1935) dream of flying became reality. Thanks to USAC, a.k.a. later USAF, and "Uncle Sam"'s G.I. Bill of Rights, all my experiences, hopes and dreams really came true. Yes, and I have eight boxes of photos to prove it. The Lord truly "carried" me when the going got rough. Positive thinking also helps a lot. When one loves doing whatever you do, it ceases to be work. In the "winter" era of my life only wonderful, and so very many memories, grant hours of pleasure for me. I am fortunate.

Transocean experiences have enriched my life more than words can explain. Thank you again for printing some of my thoughts and experiences. May God bless you and yours with all good things of life, today and always. Much good luck with every endeavor you may attempt. I wish you long life, good health and true happiness. Vaya con Dios, Adios, for now. **"Ted" Theodore A. Campbell**

Little Kids, Big Memories

My dad, George P Gracy was in Maintenance in Oakland, Guam and Okinawa. He worked at Oakland prior to going to Guam in 1956, then onto Okinawa in 1958, then back to Guam for a short stay before the bankruptcy, then Tachikawa, Japan in 1960.

We were in Japan from 1960 to 1962, We went everywhere by "Engrish combersation" including standing in groups of paid students demonstrating against the U.S. Air Force outside the Tachikawa AFB Main Entrance. I was 12 and my brother was 6.

Guam still brings me many fond memories - riding in the Transocean Sea Planes, the first Connie to come into Guam, the pristine beaches, the local festivals, the huge flame trees, and of course, the exploring in the boondocks, where we found lots of shells, helmets, swords, and piles of snail shells. We lived at the BPM (Brown, Pacific, Mason) Camp in the center of the Island, but more exciting was the deserted Seabee Camp next door. They left prior to our arrival, but left most of their stuff. We had our own private playground, fully equipped. It was used for civilian construction workers during the building of Anderson AFB and Agana Naval Air Station along with other military construction sites on Guam. Next door was a Navy Seabee base used for the same purpose. Within walking distance was BPM Casting Plant where they did a lot of pre-form items for the base construction.

All camps were abandoned when we lived there. Only a few families were present on these huge bases. We had our own outdoor movie theater that the Navy would run movies for us once a week. We had hundreds of buildings we could go into (after a little

work on the door) that still had all the equipment in it - like the Print Shop, Photography Shop, Cafeteria, Motor Pool and so-on. We lived at the BPM Camp the first stay and the quanset huts outside of Agana Naval Air Station. In Okinawa we lived outside Naha. In Japan we lived in Kunitachi; in the Philippines we lived outside Clark AFB.

We also were in Hawaii, Wake Island, Taiwan, Truk, Yap and so on. I have old movies of Guam and Yap, including ceremonial dances held on Yap when the new governor took over I used to play in the Stratocruisers in Okinawa when my dad would have crews of men polishing the outside of the planes and then I would sit in the co-pilot seat as he would taxi the finished plane back to the Naha terminal area.

Guam was amazing back then because we lived in the BPM Camp with just a few other families. Guam, Okinawa, and Japan were all fantastic at the period of time we lived there. My brother and I used to ride the trains into Tokyo on the weekends and just wander around (without permission), The Japanese people were so friendly to us I do not ever remember paying for anything on these trips.

A TRIBUTE TO ED LANDWEHR, FOUNDER OF THE TALOA ALUMNI ASSOCIATION by Arue Szura

Twenty years after Transocean Air Lines closed its doors for the last time, Captain Ed Landwehr received a note from Esther McConnell, secretary to Bill Leonard in Sales. She suggested they get together with some other Transocean people and reminisce a bit.

Esther still had a few small gray metal files containing about 2,000 names and addresses of former TALOANS and she suggested they call a few of them. First, they contacted some of the Transocean people, then former employees of AEMCO and other divisions of the airline.

When everyone they contacted expressed interest in getting together, Ed sent a letter to everyone on Esther's list suggesting the formation of the TALOA Alumni Association. Ed says he was surprised when he was bombarded with requests for membership in the new organization. In 1980, the first dues were \$5.00 a year. Ed served as the first chairman and took care of membership duties after Esther's passing. He also was the treasurer until resigning recently due to health concerns.

We all are grateful to the second generation directors who stepped up to the plate to keep the organization going and organize our reunions: Jeane Kennedy Toynbee, Pat Stachon Kearns, Janet Stacho Farmer, and Jeff Nelson. Other directors are Mona Finlason, Paul Purdy, Bill Keating, and Arue Szura.

So, thank you Ed from the entire membership for having the foresight to start the association and for all the time and hard work you did for 27 years. If it wasn't for you we would not enjoy being in contact with so many of our former friends from Transocean Air Lines. We wish you the very best. Aloha!

SO WE LOST AN ENGINE...BIG DEAL....OH?

by Stu Jones

We were winging Eastward in the trusty (?) old SA16 Albatross, with the usual load of passengers, mail, and some cargo. Our flight, the usual one on Tuesday - Ponape island to Majuro atoll - flying the contract between TALOA and the Trust Territories, Department of Interior. Chugging along at the usual 145 knots, and our assigned altitude, usually 7,000, with an en-route time of about 5 and a half hours.



Captain Bud Bierman was looking out his side of the windshield, at the wonderfully blue Pacific Ocean and I was doing the usual paperwork all copilots are trained to do and listening to the scratchy, static-loaded HF radio frequencies with Guam radio. Not much to look for - we were the only ones flying. WHAM! The number 1 engine decided it was time to blow a cylinder, which for the 1820 engine wasn't much of a surprise. It was to me, though! The ever-calm but always on the ball Captain muttered his usual comment for emergencies, "Mercy", followed by calling for the Emergency Check List. That was done, the engine put to bed, the flight mechanic went back to check the engine for fire (none-whew!) and to calm down our Micronesian passengers. They went back to their usual poker game in the middle of the aisle, sitting on suitcases and cargo boxes. Bud got on the radio and advised Guam center we were now on one engine and diverting to Kwajalein Naval Air Station, which was closer, and had emergency equipment if we needed it. They acknowledged the call and came back a few moments later asking if we'd like an escort. Bud looked at me and I shrugged but said, "Why not, it won't cost us anything, and we might need the company". Bud nodded agreement, and said to go ahead with the Navy plane escort, gave them our position, and heading so they could pass it on to the intercept plane. We trimmed up the Grumman, the aircraft now slowed to a single-engine speed, and settled down. An hour or so later the Navy guys spotted us and turned to fly formation with us. We talked with them on VHF, told them our situation, and got off a few jokes here and there. Now we felt a lot better that we had someone close by to help, or report where we ended up in the Pacific. But this jocular

"Weather at our destination is 50 degrees with some broken clouds, but they'll try to have them fixed before we arrive."

ended soon. The Navy plane, same as ours, shut down his engine!! Now both of us were on one engine! For some dumb reason, a few minutes later I got on the radio and said, "Hey guys, why don't we fly closer together, get our wings tied to each other and then we've BOTH got a two engined aircraft?" I got a few half-hearted chuckles on that one. Yes, we both made Kwaj okay, after a very slow flight, and made safe landings. Captain Bud taxied up to the ramp and parked behind a large Navy "Connie" or Lockheed Constellation, that was deplaning passengers.

As we shut down our only engine and were getting ready to deplane our passengers and ourselves, Bud was staring ahead at the Navy crew also coming out of the Connie. Suddenly he yelled, "Well I'll be a BLANKETY-BLANK". He leaped up out of his seat and virtually tore his way out of the cockpit and down the cabin aisle. He hit the ramp on a dead run, raced up to the Navy crew from behind and KICKED one of them square in the butt!! I was stunned of course, and thought my good friend and Captain had lost his marbles from the stress of a couple of hours back.

But, as that Navy Officer who got booted spun around, probably to return the greeting, he let out a yell, and both he and Bud were now shaking hands, embracing one another, pounding each other on the back, and having a good old time. Turns out they were old friends and crew mates from the Navy days during WW II. Talk about a small world, eh? The officer's club on Kwaj that night was loud, long and poured a lot of drinks, to say the least!!



Stu Jones, solo flight October 1954, TALOA Academy of Aeronautics, Oakland CA



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Our website grows everyday!
www.taloo.org

Lifetime Members: Arue Szura, Augie Blasquez, Barbara & Robert Kilian, Billie Joiner, Bob Glattly, Carol Johnson, Charles W. & Tokuko Smith, Chiseko Chapin, Colm J. Kennedy, David McQueen, Derrel T. Gibbins, Don & Alice Crooke, Dorothy Guinther, Ed & Gun Landwehr, Eddie Robeson, Elaine Yuen & Carl Timm, Faith Glenn, Florence Morjig, Francis R. Grinnon, Gene Longo, George E. Dijeau, Gladys Iacono, Gordon & Marty Palmquist, Helen Dillard, Janis Roach, Jennie Cook, John Ketler, Jose & Maria Rimorin, Joseph Stachon, Joseph & Susan Delazerda, Laverne Witteveen, Lee Lua Hill, Lee & Marion Jenkins, Lillian A. Bunbury, Lorraine Landwehr, Louise Helmer, M. C. "Manny" Garcia, Margaret Soares, Marion Johnson, Martha-Jane Ekstrand, Mary Richter, Mike A. Gambino, Mildred Kosteff, Mrs. Orvis Nelson, Nadine Kendall, Norene Mc Carthy, Olga Valenta Peiffer, Ralph & Eileen Padilla, Raymond Foster, Renee Sheets, Richard "Chic" Collins, Richard & Margaret Werling, Robert & Barbara Allardyce, Robert & Inger Stearns, Robert & Rita Lang, Sarah Collins, Scotty Charnley, Sheldon Paul Purdy, Sherwood & Freda Nichols, Shirley & Daniel Seid, Stu & Elva Jones, Stuart Downing, Trenton W. Barber, Val G. Barrett, Verna Cravens, William & Billie Keating, William A. Drum.

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<p>ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED</p>	<p>Mailing Address Street Number & Name City, State, Zip</p>	



Jeane Kennedy Toynbee & Martha Jane Ekstrand work on the "Stewardess" section of www.talooa.org



Sarah Purdy Zaloumis and Arue Szura



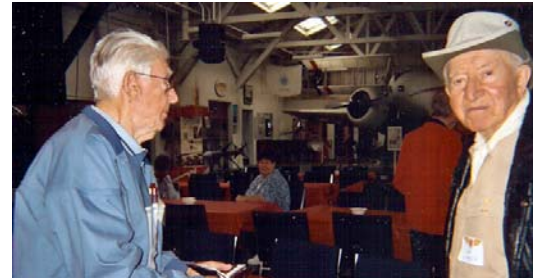
Dan Farmer, Pat Stachon Kearns, Bo Kearns, Janet Farmer



Two lovely stewardesses: Rosemary Jones and Martha Jane Ekstrand

The 2007 Talooa Reunion

The Talooa Alumni Association held its 61st reunion at the Oakland Air Museum September 22, 2007. In attendance were Joe Stachon, his cousin Zyg Stachon, Pat Stachon Kearns & Bo Kearns, Tamsin Kearns, Janet Stachon Farmer & Dan Farmer, Kathy Stachon, Rick Stachon, Jeane Kennedy Toynbee & Bob Toynbee, Ann Meyer, Chic Collins, Marvin Miller, Manny Garcia, Martha Jane Ekstrand, Ramona Finlason, Derrel Gibbins, Ed & Juanita Robeson, Tom & Julianne Northrup, Ron Winiker, Newell Davis, Rosemary Jones, Kathy Kennedy DalPorto & Dennis DalPorto, Larry & Lenore Wright, Paul Purdy and Sarah Purdy Zaloumis, Billie Joiner and Nina Joiner Breinig, Mary Beth McKinney, Bill Keating, Arue Szura, and George Dijeau.



George Dijeau and Joe Stachon



A beautiful father/daughter picture: Sarah Purdy Zaloumis and her father Paul Purdy



Rick Stachon finds the perfect cookie to go with his beer



Bingo with Mona Finlason



Keeping the center table lively: Ed Robeson, Dick Lindsey (museum trustee/volunteer), Kathy Robeson Fischer, Derrell Gibbins, Chic Collins, Marvin Miller, and Manny Garcia