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Newsletter for the TALOA Alumni Association

www.taloo.org

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include a note along with a self-addressed, stamped envelope

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No Easy Way To Tell This Story...

So, Here Goes...BUT, With Love

By **Bob Allardyce**

Today is March 15, 2010. The news of the day headlines a Toyota Prius that accelerated out of control on a local throughway. The driver claimed the acceleration was uncommanded, that is, all by itself and he couldn't slow or stop it. However, when the Prius was tested, the inspectors could not duplicate the symptoms. This led to speculation this was a hoax. A State trooper who was following the Prius, however, said he saw the brake lights were on and an after-the-event inspection proved the brakes were nearly worn out. In theory, at least, if the application of the brakes automatically disconnected the gas pedal, then the driver could not have had one foot on the gas and the other on the brake. One TV commentator said that there have been other similar events that could not be replicated. It will be interesting to learn how this turns out. All of which brings up a memory of the only job from which I was fired. Well, not exactly fired. I was transferred to a rather nasty task. I believe my boss knew I would quit rather than endure. He was right. Here's the story:

A little prologue: Transocean Air Lines (TALOA), at the time, was the world's largest "irregular air carrier." Said in another way, TALOA did not have regularly scheduled routes as did Trans World Airlines, Pan American Airlines, United Airlines, etc. These were some of the Big Boys, our "regular" or "scheduled" airlines. TALOA's business, in one form or another, was from contracted and chartered flights. Under Military Air Transport (MATs) contracts, TALOA flew the Berlin Airlift and the Korean War Airlift. They also squeezed in charter flights for groups of passengers to such recreational destinations as Honolulu, Hong Kong, etc. There were miscellaneous cargo flights such as the one that brought a load of monkeys from Asia to the zoos, here in the United States. On another similar flight, after landing, it was discovered that a 15' python had gotten out of its cage and was nowhere to be seen. Nobody really

wanted to search. The problem was solved by taking the DC-4 to 15,000 feet, with the cabin heat off. The frozen and hence harmless and very much alive snake was found behind some bulkhead panels in one of the cargo bays.

In the wake of World War II, TALOA like many other pop-up airlines, had a fleet of ex-military "surplus" Douglas built DC-4s, DC-3s. The Curtiss built C-46 was also popular. War surplus aircraft, at the time, were cheap and easily available.

This story begins around the middle of the very rainy month of November, 1952. I had been working as a Maintenance Inspector for TALOA at Oakland Airport's Hanger 28. I enjoyed my work and I was well paid. We worked a 12 hour 6 day a week schedule. With overtime, I was making very good money. Maxine and I had married and she was pregnant with Peggy, a fact that troubled Maxine a bit, but which I was eagerly anticipating. But, that's another story.

When I reported for work, on the day in question, I routinely checked the maintenance records of the flights that were due to arrive that day. The records told me what kind of work needed to be done and what, if any, mechanical problems the aircraft had experienced. There was only one arrival. It was to be rolled into the hanger for a fairly heavy routine check of the whole of the aircraft. The work would include spark plug replacement on each of the 4 Pratt Whitney R-2000 powerplants. Each engine would also be compression checked and the valve clearances attended to. The airplane was to be jacked up so the landing gear could be checked for proper operation; things like that. All in all, the DC-4 was to get a pretty thorough going over. When the work was completed, the crew chief on the job and I were to taxi it to a designated "run-up" pad near the end of the main runway and check the operation of each engine while the electrician adjusted the generators' voltage, etc. If all systems checked out okay, the airplane was to be delivered to the terminal where a full load of holiday revelers had chartered the airplane to go to Honolulu.

Going over our copies of previous Flight Log Sheets, I saw that the airplane had a curious history. Number 3

engine, on occasion in flight, would begin a spate of backfiring. For the record, "backfiring" happens when one or more intake valves open while the fuel/air mixture in the cylinder is still burning. The incoming fuel/air mixture ignites and back-fires through the carburetor. The engine, of course, loses all power during these episodes. "Afterfiring," on the other hand, causes popping in the exhaust pipes. The loss of power varies, depending upon how many cylinders are involved.

The DC-4 in question had made 3 round trips to Tokyo on its military charter work and the pattern of backfiring was erratic. That is, the flight would be ferried empty from Oakland to Travis Air Force Base, where it would be fueled, loaded and dispatched to Honolulu, the first stop between Travis and Tokyo. The 4 powerplants might purr like contented kittens. However, between Honolulu and its next fueling stop, Wake Island, number 3 engine would erupt in a spate of backfiring. Usually, before the pilots could shut the engine down, the backfiring would stop and the engine would run smoothly. The pilots, nevertheless, would write the incident up in the ship's logbook and the mechanics on Wake would set about identifying and correcting the problem. The mechanics would change the spark plugs, check the compression on each cylinder, and check to see that the valve clearances were correctly set. The engine would then be given a test run. As it happened, the powerplant would run smoothly and the mechanics would sign the complaint off as "corrected," and release the DC-4 for the next leg to Tokyo. There may or may not be a repetition between Wake and Tokyo. But, between, say Wake and Honolulu, the same thing would happen. Again, the mechanics would follow the prescribed procedure, find nothing, test run the engine, and release it for the Travis leg and home. All in all, the DC-4 had made three round trips between Travis and Tokyo with several repetitions of the problem. To me, there was something insidious; a mysterious malfunction that was potentially dangerous. If this occurred at lift-off with a heavy load, the airplane might crash.

With all of this in mind, and with log sheets in hand, I went to the maintenance foreman's office. I went over the symptoms and advised him that, if only the routine work were done to number 3, I would not release the airplane for the charter flight. In my view, there was something dangerously wrong with the powerplant that needed to be corrected. I meant "really" corrected. I was told that, if the powerplant passed its run-up tests at the end of the runway, I had to release it for flight. I took the immediate position that, no, I don't have to release any airplane that I do not believe is airworthy. I was told, "You can't do that." The conversation ended with my, "Yes I can and I will."

When the DC-4 arrived an hour or so later, I got the logbook from the cockpit and found two identical experiences on the round trip that was just completed. One between Wake Island and Tokyo. The other, on the way

home between Wake Island and Honolulu. One pilot had flown the airplane before and written the event up at the time. From the tone of the language in his log entry, he was pretty hot under the collar. He wanted the problem identified and corrected.

I listed write-ups on the worksheet used by the maintenance people and went about my day. Periodically I stopped by to see what they were doing about Number 3. Working from the fact that the engine ran smoothly between Honolulu, Travis, and then Oakland, only the routine checks were being performed. Once again I repeated my concern. The crew chief was getting hostile. He said, "If you're so damn smart, you tell me what's wrong with it?" I confessed the obvious. I didn't have a clue what was causing the backfiring. I told him that troubleshooting wasn't my job. It was his. What I required of him was to do something that could reasonably be related to the phenomena and could reasonably be expected to eliminate the backfiring.

Late in the afternoon, the ship was pushed out of the hanger and readied for our test run. The crew chief called me into the foreman's office and suggested that, if the test run proved okay, I'd have to release the airplane for the charter flight that was then only a few hours from departure. The passengers were already gathering at the terminal. I repeated my position. I wasn't going to release the DC-4 for flight because nothing new had been done to address the symptoms in question. The crew chief telephoned my boss, at his home, and told him of the situation. My boss said he might come to the airport, though I did not know if he would have released the ship for flight. I suspected he would have. We went outside and climbed aboard. There was some foul language, derogatory insults and such. The crew chief got into the pilot's seat. He would operate the airplane. I was in the copilot's seat, just observing. That was my job. There also an electrician aboard to "parallel" the generators (i.e., balance the load amongst them).

A warm-front rain had been pelting us all day with a cold drizzle. It was getting dark and I knew this could be the end of my job. And, this, with Christmas just around the corner and a pregnant wife. As we taxied to the run-up spot, my mind was busy. Why wouldn't/couldn't I go along and get along? Why me? Who besides me really gave a shit? Was this really worth the job I so badly needed - and an unusually good paying one at that? Nevertheless, my belief, again, was that there was a potentially serious problem with the powerplant. No matter that it wasn't immediately identifiable. It was just this kind of a situation wherein my job assignment really came to life. I was virtually sweating golf balls. I knew, as far as Transocean was concerned, no matter how this came out my goose was cooked.

When we got to the run-up stand, the crew chief (I'll leave him unnamed) set the brakes and pushed the throttles

up to cruise RPMs. The electrician set to work. When the electrician told us his work was done, we began the powerplant check. Each engine, one powerplant at a time, was advanced to takeoff power to check the propellers' operation and the settings by the RPM. The ignition systems were tested. Through it all, Number 3 purred like a contented pussy cat. After about 20 minutes, the crew chief turned to me, "Well, it runs perfectly. You are going to release it aren't you?" My answer, "Nope!"

After a long harangue my boy got on the radio and called the foreman's office in the hanger. He didn't mince any words. His broadcast went something like this, 'Number three is running like a Swiss watch. Asshole Allardyce, here, still won't release it.' The response was that the foreman had called my boss again and my boss was headed for the airport. I took from that, that my boss had agreed to override me and sign the release himself. The answer, 'Okay, we will wait.' The crew chief pushed the throttles to cruise power and sat back letting the situation run its course.

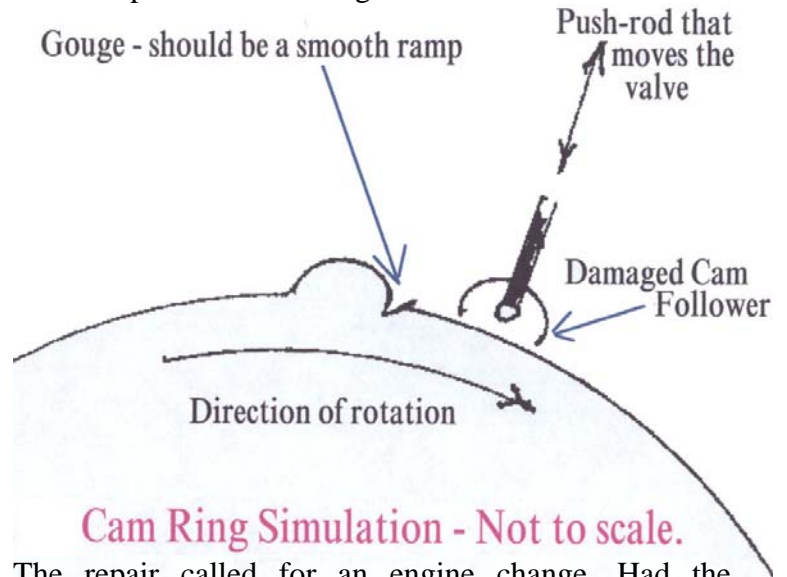
Maybe a half hour had gone by in stony silence when I saw the headlights of one of TALOA's Jeeps headed towards us. That would be my boss. I felt I could cut the atmosphere in the cockpit with a knife. In my mind, again, I went round and round with, "Why are you doing this to yourself? All you got to do is sign the form and go home to a warm bed and your wife." Somehow, I couldn't make myself do it. I truly believed I was dealing with a hidden, imminent and threatening malfunction.

Just as the Jeep pulled up and parked, all Hell broke loose. Number 3 erupted into a series of heavy backfires. The whole airplane shook. The crew chief was quick to shut it down. His instant reaction, we found later, worked to trap the malfunction and keep it in place. I allowed myself a luxurious sigh of relief. Nevertheless, I knew I was finished.

We taxied back to the hanger and parked where the mechanics could do their work. Banks of lights and work stands were set up around number three engine. A quick check of the valves found an exhaust valve's rocker arm flopping as though it was broken. The exhaust valve wasn't opening.

That clue eventually led to removing the propellor and the nose case to get to the cam. One of the cam followers, a steel roller about 1 1/2 inches in diameter, had somehow ground itself flat on one side. Apparently it would go for hours, skidding on the flat side, but then, catching the notch in the cam ring, flip over and ride the ramp on the cam causing the exhaust valve to open normally. When the flat side failed to flip and passed over the cam lobe, the valve remained closed. The burning fuel/air mixture inside the cylinder was trapped. It couldn't exhaust. When the intake valve opened the incoming mixture would ignite and the flame front backfired through the carburetor. After

a time, apparently, the roller would begin to flip over again and the operation of the engine would return to normal.



The repair called for an engine change. Had the situation been handled properly, the powerplant could have been replaced while the airliner was in the hanger. The engine change would have been completed well before the scheduled departure time of the charter flight. Unfortunately, as things turned out, the charter flight to Honolulu had to be canceled.

The malfunction had life threatening connotations. In a way, I was completely vindicated. But that's not the way things worked out. No one congratulated me. I had embarrassed the crew chief and the foreman. I could feel the chill. I knew I was dead meat.

The next day when I reported for work, one of the crew chief's came to my office and told me the General Foreman wanted to see me. There was a definite chill in the atmosphere of his office. He got right to the point. As of today I was being transferred from the Inspection Department to Maintenance. I'm to report to a certain crew chief. I did and was told that I had been assigned to the fuel tank crew. This was generally accepted as the worst possible of jobs.

The fuel tank crew removed the access panels to the bottom the wings that gave them/us access to the inside of fuel tanks. The tanks, themselves, were cavernous sections inside the wing that were leak-proofed with zinc chromate. Over time the zinc chromate would deteriorate. Periodically, it had to be scrapped off the inside of the massive tanks and replaced with fresh stuff. The fumes given off by zinc chromate are toxic. The atmosphere inside the tanks, though empty, were permeated with the fumes of the 100 octane gasoline. One had to not only wear protective clothing inside the tanks, but one had to breath fresh air through a mask and a tube. One could only work inside the tank for relatively short periods of time. My hourly pay was reduced to the skill level. Every now and then I would drop out of a tank onto the hanger floor for a short break. I'd often catch sight of on of the crew

chiefs flitting around a corner out of sight. I got the message. They were keeping a close eye on me. Any misstep on my part would be cause to can me.

Fortunately, I had a good friend working as shop foreman for California-Eastern, like TALOA, another irregular air carrier. Cal-Eastern was right across the ramp from TALOA, in Hanger #27 (See graphic.) He hired me. I was on the day shift.

Unfortunately, Cal-Eastern, unlike Transocean, was working only an 8 hour shift and a five day week. This constituted a considerable reduction of pay. Maxine and I had furnished a new apartment and we were preparing the Peggy's birth. We had run up a lot of dept.

With Cal-Eastern, I had Monday and Tuesday off. To make up for the loss of pay, I applied for a job at Alameda's Naval Air Station. The Naval Air Station was doing overhaul and modification work on the Navy's antisubmarine Lockheed P2V Neptune aircraft. Since I had been a crew chief at McClellan Air Force base in North Sacramento, I had a good civil service record. And with both my aircraft and powerplant mechanics' licenses, they were very happy to hire me. They put me on their swing shift with weekends off. Ergo, I had Saturday had Sunday mornings and Monday and Tuesday afternoons off. I had 45 minutes between the end of my shift at Cal-Eastern and my clock-in time at the NAS. That was just enough time to allow me to gobble down a sandwich while commuting. The situation sucked, but there were no options.

In early December, there was an ad in the newspaper. Pan American Airways was hiring flight engineers. In the wake of the 1948 law that created the Federal flight engineers' certificate, I used my GI Bill to go to TALOA's Technical Institute, at the Oakland Airport, to obtain my license. With both a pilot's and a flight engineer's license in hand, I applied for a position with Pan Am. To my surprise, I was accepted. I was to be domiciled in Miami, a move that Maxine was not happy about. I was told Pan Am would get in touch with me about training.

Cal-Eastern, along with maintaining their own fleet of DC-4s, did contract maintenance for other nonscheduled airlines, one of which was United States Overseas Airlines (USOA). It was a weekend and I was there to meet and incoming USOA DC-4 and debrief the incoming crew to determine what work was needed. As I flagged the airplane to a stop on the ramp, pushed a ladder to the crew door, to my surprise, an old buddy - Monk Carroll - stepped out. After a warm exchange of greetings he asked me what I was doing. I told him I was waiting for a call from Pan Am. He erupted in laughter, telling me that I wasn't a Pan Am kind of guy. "What the hell was I doing going to work for them?"

Pan Am, by the way, was very rigid and procedurally oriented. When boarding an airplane, for example, the captain would board first, then the first officer, then the flight engineer, then the navigator, then the radio operator,

then the pursuer, and finally, the cabin attendants. My answer to Monk's question was that I had no choice. No other airliner was hiring. Monk laughed and said that when they landed at Wake Island a couple of days ago, there was a bulletin saying that Trans World Airlines (TWA) was hiring flight engineers. I telephoned TWA and verified his assertion. I sent a telegram to TWA and I was scheduled for an interview with Al Brick at TWA's hanger at San Francisco's Airport. I didn't tell Brick I had been hired by Pan Am, else he wouldn't have hired me. There was a policy about not pirating other airlines' employees. I brought to TWA's table a flight engineer's license and actual flight engineer time on the B-29 which had the same Wright R-3350 powerplants as TWA's Lockheed Constellation airliners. The F/E license eliminated the risk that, after investing in my training, TWA might lose me should I fail the FAA's exam. Brick told me I was hired. I'd be scheduled for a physical exam and then training in Kansas City. When I got home, I had Maxine phone Pan Am and tell them I was sick. She said they told her to have me call when I was well. As far as I know they are still waiting for my telephone call. (That's a joke.)

On January 19, 1953, I began training at TWA's headquarters on 10 Richard's Road, at Kansas City's old Downtown Airport. There were both good and bad times in between and having accumulated more than 23,000 hours in the air and four children (two wives - one at a time), I happily retired from TWA on October 01, 1985. Ergo, very good things can evolve from the bad; e.g., "My Prius event."

As an aside, years later, TWA's vice president of Maintenance and Overhaul wrote a letter to all of TWA's flight line mechanics. We had a cargo plane that went back and forth across our nation every night. It made frequent stops picking up mail, cargo, etc. It made 6 round trips with the same complaint written up in the logbook. You got it! Every station changed the spark plugs, check the compression, and so on. Eventually the engine failed.

When they got it back to overhaul it, they discovered that none of the procedures were even remotely related to the real problem. (So there :-)) When all is said and done, we are dealing with human beings; not TALOA; not TWA; just people who are trying to make it through their days. Note the series of oversights that led to the BP oil disaster. [Bob Allardyce](#) *****

Get Well Joe...

Captain Joe Stachon sure could use some cheering up. He was in the hospital with a compression fracture of his spine. He's home now and recovering, although still in some pain. Please send cards and letters to: 1977 Waverly Street, Napa, CA 94558

Joe's also an avid reader of the TALOA Newsletter so I'm sure some of you have some "Joe" stories you're just itching to send in for the next edition.

Letters & Email from our website:

Subject = TALOA flights via Bermuda. I am finishing a major book on the 100 year history of aviation in Bermuda. Are there any mentions of Bermuda on the TALOA website? There is no easy way to search all the articles etc. During 1950 (the holy year) TALOA operated a Caracas - Bermuda - Santa Maria - Rome service as their Flight 100 returning as 101, plus another service utilizing the same route except it originated in Panama, designated Flight 102, returning as 103. Can anyone add any further information? Tom Singfield



Webmaster Response: We don't have any Bermuda stories on our website & I don't remember my dad (Capt. Frank Kennedy) telling any. I have forwarded your note to a few other Transocean folks who are still around and hopefully we'll get a response.

Hello Jeane, Many thanks for your email. Let's hope that some TALOA folk can find something to say about Bermuda for my book. Best regards, Tom Singfield

*Readers: To date, no one has come forward with any accounts of TAL operations in Bermuda. Please write if you can shed any light on this period of history. ******

Subject = [Jeanne Lattanner](#). Hello, My mother, Jeanne Lattanner, worked for Transocean from 1946 to 1948 as personnel director, flight attendant and switchboard operator. She left a nice ring binder of clippings, letters and memorabilia that I have in storage. I wonder if the Taloea room at Oakland International Airport or somewhere else is the best place to donate these items. Please give me your opinion! Alan Lattanner

Webmaster Response: The TALOA Alumni Association is always looking to receive Transocean memorabilia. We will refund any postage & handling costs you incur. Send them to: Jeane Kennedy Toynbee, PO Box 243, Copperopolis CA 95228

Dear Jeane, That's terrific. I'll send them tomorrow. No worries about postage. I am glad to find a good home for mom's things. You will find a nice letter from [Orvis Nelson](#) to my mother commending her cool attitude when a hydraulic landing gear cylinder blew a hole in the kitchen floor beneath her feet on one flight. She told me about that one as a child. She also told me about buzzing the Eiffel Tower and Vatican on other occasions with Nelson at the controls. Best regards, Alan

Dear Jeane, I sent the ring binder to you via priority mail today. You should get it in two or three days. One item you will find buried in the pages is a 9 page letter from my mother to family friends "Barbara" and "Nat". It is a great historical record of being on a flight crew in 1947. I scanned it so you can share with others in its entirety (attached). Unfortunately my scanner does not concatenate pages, so there are multiple files attached. Also attached is a photo of my mother on the boarding

ramp, receiving what appears to be a small travel suitcase from an airline official, with a look of excited joy on her face about the adventures upon which she is about to embark. The original photo is in the ring binder. The names of the people in the photo are typed on the reverse side (both sides scanned and attached). I have other photos of mom but they are not in the package sent to you. Let me know if you need more. For your information, last time I visited the Taloea museum in Oakland I saw a photo of several switchboard operators at work. I am pretty sure my mother is at the switchboard in the photo. Also, in Arue Szura's book *Folded Wings* there is a letter from my mother reproduced early in the book. It's really moving to know that so many people associated with that airline hold it in high regard and treasure their memories. Makes me think it was a fantastic business run by excellent people. And fun too. If I find anything else relevant I will let you know.

Vital Stats: Jeanne Irene Bruere Lattanner, August 5, 1920 - October 8, 2004. Born in Sanger, California to James Montgomery Bruere and Elsie Inez Matzen Bruere. Graduated Oakland High School ('38) and UC Berkeley ('42) Married Victor Lattanner, Jr. on June 5, 1940. 3 children (all boys): Alan (61), James (53) and Marc (Jim's twin; deceased) Best regards, Alan PO Box 2381 Truckee, CA 96160. (530) 386-3471

*Webmaster Response: Hi Alan, With your permission I will print the contact information you've given me and include you on our list to be notified when the next edition of the TALOA Newsletter is published. If anyone provides information about your mother, please let me know. ******

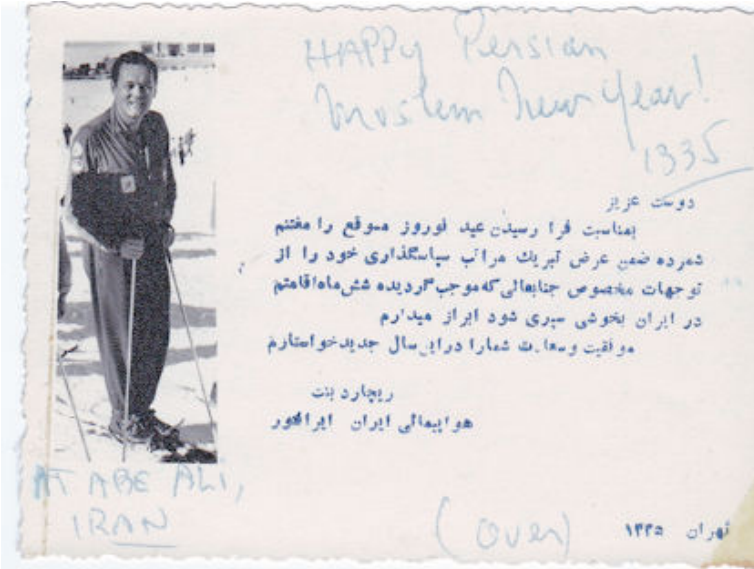
Dear Jeane, Great newsletter, as always! Many of us, I know, enjoy reading it cover to cover! It made me pull out some old albums and I came up with a couple of photos that might be of interest.

One is of [Early Sayers](#) taken in 1963 in West Berlin,



Germany, as staff and families of International Airlines enjoyed a boat trip on the Wannsee, one of the lakes of West Berlin. In addition to Tom and Early Sayers, others who enjoyed the outing were Al and Judy Lane, Bob Williams, Warren and Ingrid Vest, MJ Ekstrand, our German Flight Hostesses and other crew members.

Then I looked for names of people named Bennett, and the only one I could find was Dick Bennett, an early TAL employee on the east coast (1950). I know he was in Operations at Bradley Field, then in our NYC office and for several years with a group of TAL folks who enjoyed an assignment with IranAir. The photo shows Dick skiing



at Abe Ali, Iran – sent to say “Happy Persian Moslem New Year, 1335”. A group of crew members and staff from Bradley Field often left the office Friday afternoons and headed north for a weekend of skiing at Stowe or Hogback, with Dick as our instructor/role model leading us down the slopes. He was a real pro.

All for this time, Jeane. Keep up the good work. Regards to all, MJ Ekstrand *****

I would like to get in touch with Laurie Hudson Leong, daughter of Herbert Hudson. I know that she was gathering information on the crash of N90806 on which her father was one of the co-pilots. My father, Leonard Nowell, was the other co-pilot and I would love to share any information with Laurie. If you could please forward this request and my email address to her, I would appreciate it! Thank you, Ken NowellChico, CA (530) 345-1343 kjnowell@gmail.com

Webmaster Response: Hi Laurie & Ken, There, I've put you in contact with each other! Please keep me in touch of your findings. If possible, I'd like to interview you both for an article in the TALOA Newsletter. It's so important that the original Taloans pass on as much information as they can. So many of them are in their 90s and much information has already been lost. An article might encourage others to submit bits of information regarding your dads.

*READERS...If anyone has even the slightest recollection of either Herbert Hudson or Leonard Nowell, please take a few moments & let me know. I'll compile them and we'll try to fill in the gaps for Laurie & Ken. ******

My dad, Anis Neme, was an employee(Comptroller) at Air Jordan and was killed in the air crash of 1959 Convair plane around Amman. I am trying to collect information about my dad and hoping to find something at your end about my dad's records, location of crash, photographs – something I can share with my children about their grandfather. Walid Neme

Webmaster response: Hi Walid, I logged onto the Aviation Safety Network and only found one Convair flown by Air Jordan that went down in 1959 so I am presuming this is the flight you were searching for. Here's the address of the webpage where you can find further information:

<http://aviation-safety.net/database/record.php?id=19590122-0>
*Also, I will publish your email in our next alumni newsletter in the hope that someone might remember this incident. Please let me know if we can be of further help in your search. ******

Mina Lily Lewis

January 10, 1921 – July 6, 2010

Mina Lewis passed away on July 6, surrounded by her family at the age of 89. She was a loving wife, mother, sister, aunt, friend and volunteer. She will be deeply missed. She was the dear wife of TAL employee Ralph Lewis, who preceded her in death. Ralph's wonderful photography graced many publications (including previous editions of the TALOA Newsletter) as well as his own book – *By Dead Reckoning*. Donations in Mina's memory may be made to Hope Hospice, 6377 Clark Avenue, Suite 100, Dublin, CA 94568

Hello. I was so excited when I found this website. My great-uncle, Edgar J. Hovlid was a purser for Transocean Air Lines for many years. I'm a genealogist and doing research on the Hovlid side of the family, so when I saw your website and saw his name (Ed Hovlid) in one of the stories, I was very happy. Do you happen to have any other information about Edgar? My sister and I will look at the pictures and see if we can identify any as being Edgar. Thank you for this wonderful site. Debera Knox

Webmaster Response: Hi Debera, We're glad you found us and happy to be of help. Your email will appear in our alumni newsletter and, hopefully, we'll get a response for you. Can you provide an image of Edgar, circa Transocean days, to help jog some memories? Also providing information about the years he was with TAL and in what part of the world he was based might be useful as well.

Hi Jean, That would be great if anyone remembers anything about him. I've attached a couple of small pictures which look to be taken about the time he worked



for Transocean. Nice looking guy? My cousin knew him quite well and tells a story about a flight her mother took with some pals in the 1950's to Hawaii. She was surprised and thrilled to see Edgar (Ed) would be on the flight. I guess he was quite a character. His home in San Francisco was filled with things he had collected from all over Asia. I'll ask my cousin if she can provide any more information about the years he worked or his base. Thank you so much. Debi

What a great website, I am writing an article about Manila Airport, and I found a great picture on your website of the terminal and a DC4 wing at Manila, can you send me a larger copy for publication, and I will use your copyright on the picture, looking forward to your reply, many thanks in advance, kind regards, Ron Mak from The Netherlands

Webmaster Response: Hi Ron, Thanks for your kind words about Taloa.org! I do not have larger images of either picture. They were taken, with permission from the book, By Dead Reckoning, by Ralph Lewis.

Hi folks! Just a quick personal note, wondering if after all the number crunching, have you decided about another reunion this year? All's well here at Minter. Deam Craun and Jim Whitehead often ask about you. They regret not being able to chat more, but the Fly-In is a hectic endeavor. Hope to see you all again, Jeff Ward

Webmaster Response: Hi Jeff. Our best chance for a reunion this year came up against a major hurdle. The Stachon family, who plays the lead roll in both arranging AND attending the reunions is busy now attending to Capt. Joe Stachon's medical needs. So, we've postponed the reunion this year. Perhaps something can be organized later in the year...I just don't know. No one else has stepped forward to do the work necessary to produce any kind of get together. But I'm happy to hear from you and wish all the guys at Minter Field well. We sure enjoyed roaming around and looking at your setup. I encourage others to take a ride down there and

see what you folks have put together. Take care, Jeane

Subject = Saturn/TIA/TAA. When I first started flying as an airline pilot it was with the original Saturn Airways and enjoyed the tales from pilots who had flown with Transocean. Later I would meet some of the guys when we merged with Trans International Airways. I found your site by accident and my hat is off to those of you who pioneered our business. Side note: My uncle flew the 314 (flying boat) for Pan Am and is still living at the ripe age of 90. Chuck Jones

Subject = Manifest AJ 2042 E; Plane NC 79992-1/20/1948. My father was on this flight from Okinawa to Oakland, CA. In an attempt to do family research, we are trying to determine if the group was part of the military. Any knowledge you may have is appreciated. Mary Prijatel

Webmaster Response: Hi Mary, Our records indicate that Transocean Air Lines flew the DC 4 in question - N79992 - in 1948. Unfortunately, we do not have records of individual flights. I will publish your email in our next newsletter and hopefully someone's memory will be jogged.

Hello, When I was a little boy growing up in San Francisco there were several pilots living nearby who were great friends to all the kids in the neighborhood. I treasured the TALOA airlines garrison cap badge that they gave to me as a child and then I passed on to another child when I was older. John was the pilots name. He lived at 1057 Union Street. I think his last name was Long. Any information on him would be greatly appreciated. Thank you, Craig List

Readers...?...

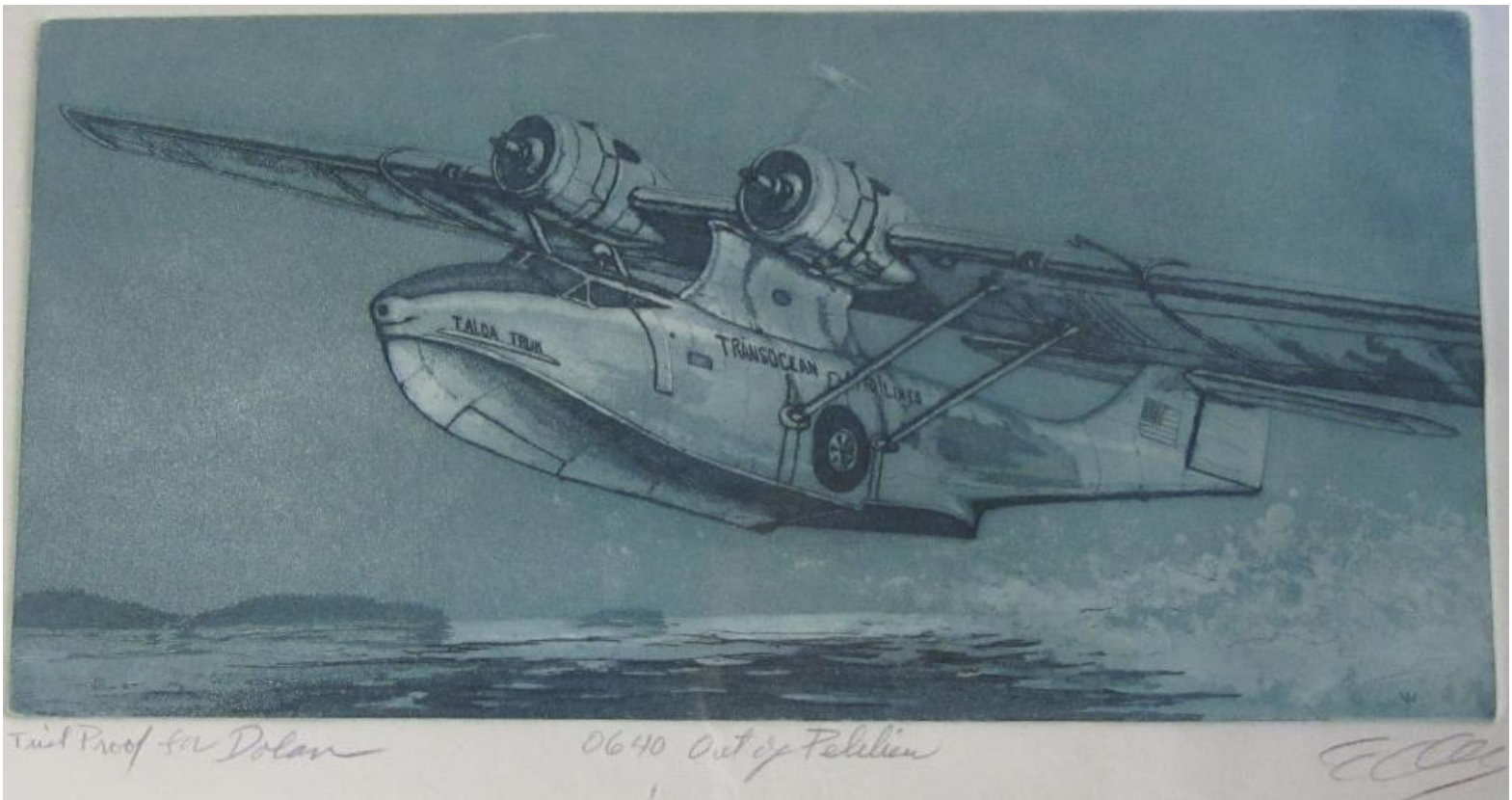
My dad, Johnny Tejada, worked at TAL and I spent a lot of Saturdays at Oakland Airport with him. He was lead mechanic till he and I closed the hangar doors for the last time. I still have his locker and some nuts, bolts and rivets my mom pulled out of the washer. He passed away in 1969. I have his letter of recommendation and lapel pin somewhere. Randy Tejada

I have recently moved and now live with my two sisters. I am well and active but also 89 years old so I am "safer" this way. I do not have a computer so I do appreciate the hardcopy of the newsletter. When you make up the next roster of members would you please change my name to read Donna Ryan Ferrell? No one with whom I flew will recognize the "Donna Ferrell" listing. I was a flight attendant, West coast, 1951 - 1957. Thank you so much for all your time and trouble. It is a "happy day" when the newsletter arrives! Donna Ryan Ferrell, 5040 Jackson St. Sp 56, North Highlands, CA 95660

I recently acquired a print titled "0640 out of Pelelieu" and labeled "Trial Proof for Dolan". It features a Transocean Air Lines PBY named "Taloa Truk". I am

wondering if you have any information about the print – who Dolan might be or the artist's name or something. It

shipping in order to display it at the Transocean wing of the Oakland Aviation Museum? *****



is signed by the artist but he apparently did better in art class than penmanship class since I can't make out the name. There is a small trident in the bottom right corner if that means anything. Anyway, if you have any information about it I'd be grateful. Thanks, Dennis Logan
Webmaster Response: Hi Dennis, I searched the article containing info about Taloa Truk on the TALOA website located at: <http://www.taloe.org/trustTerritory.html> and didn't find any mention of Dolan. I'm going to forward your message on to our Chief Pilot, Capt. Bill Keating. Perhaps we'll be able to jog some memories. Also, I'll include your email in our next TALOA Alumni Association newsletter in the hope that someone might be able to shed some light on this. Very interesting! Thanks so much for sharing, Jeane Kennedy Toynbee (Capt. Frank Kennedy's daughter)

Dear Jeane, I bet your dad can tell some stories. My dad was in the Army Air Corps and later went to work for Braniff Airways. Those were the days for commercial aviation. Not like now. I paid \$20 for the print at an auction. If any of your members want it for \$20 plus whatever shipping is I would be honored to send it to them. Heck I could probably talk into donating it to a collection if you or someone has one. Thanks for responding, Dennis Logan

Thank you so much, Dennis. I will include your generous offer in our newsletter and we'll see what reader response we get. If no response, can you hold the print until the end of the year and if no one comes forward, the TALOA Alumni Association would like to offer you the \$20 plus

Attention! Jeane, Alumni News Letter Editor. Dear Jeane, your fantastic job of gathering information for the annual News Letter, hopefully you may be able to provide me with some information I have not been able to locate in books of Transocean or other records recorded by Transocean. I'm told, "The Third Time is the Charm". My previous two times of No Reply unless I have missed a News Letter since 2008. As important a chapter as the flying of the Jewish refugees for the birth of the nation Of Israel is to World History, I would like to know where I may find some recorded documented history of Transocean achievements in the Mid East so deserving of the recognition other carriers were known for. Could there possibly be a missing link to this event for one reason or another? Any information you may provide me is greatly appreciated. Keep up your good work. Thank you, [Mac \[Charles Mac Quarrie\]](mailto:mac22@att.com) (Flight Crew Member of 1949-50) Email: mac22@att.com

Webmaster Response: Hi Mac, I'm getting a hint from your email that perhaps you may have missed a few editions of the TALOA Alumni Newsletter! I note that you wrote the "Annual News Letter". I've averaged about 4 editions a year since becoming editor so it does seem that perhaps a few editions did not make it to your attention. I've also replied to each of your emails, although I'll be the first to admit that I don't know the answers to most of the questions submitted by readers (oh, you airplane buffs!). However, I DO have my sources! I publish all email correspondence in our newsletters because there's a wealth of information out there to tap

and usually we can get a response for you. So, stand by and we'll see if someone can help. Sincerely, Jeane

Readers...HELP! *****

Subject = Colors of Albatross. I'm attempting to model a Grumman Albatross, and would like to complete it as a Transocean aircraft. What colors were the SA-16's painted? I'm assuming the lower fuselage, nacelles, wings and tailplane are USN dark blue, upper fuselage white, but what colors are the rudder, ailerons and fuel drop tank? Thanking you, Andrew Lawlor

The Webmaster reaches out to her sources...

Hi Dave (McQueen), I'm hoping that you can help me answer this for Andrew and the model he's building. Any ideas? Thanks, Jeane

Hi Jeane, I painted an SA-16 simulation for Microsoft Flight Simulator in Transocean colors several years ago. I'm attaching a screen capture of it. For a long time I only had a black and white photo that I had received 50 years ago from Ralph Lewis. I came by a color slide of the airplane about 10 years ago and had it put on disk as a jpg file. It is attached and should help Andrew. Best regards, Dave McQueen

Many thanks! I KNEW I went to the right source for an answer!! Thanks for helping Andrew.



Painted SA-16 simulation for Microsoft Flight Simulator by Dave McQueen



Got pictures you want to share? Send them to the editor:

Jeane Kennedy Toynbee

PO Box 243

Copperopolis CA 95228

Photos returned upon request.



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TALOA Alumni Newsletter

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ADDRESS

CORRECTION

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