

My Story: Recollections of Seventy-odd Years
by
H. Walker Sanford

Our father began these memoirs on February 15, 1999, when he was almost 80 years old. The memoirs were handwritten in ink on lined paper, with a total of 108 pages. It is not clear when Dad stopped writing the memoirs and he did not cover his entire aviation career. First, he did not address his final U.S. Air Force assignment, that with the West Virginia Air National Guard in Martinsburg, when the family lived in Charles Town, West Virginia. Second, he similarly did not cover his civilian aviation career with the Bendix Corporation during the mid-1960s to mid-1970s when he flew out of the Baltimore Washington International Airport. In that period the family had returned to Northern Virginia, living in Fairfax County.

Dad did mention the year 2000 on page 39 and September 13, 2000 on page 86. Dad used his pilot logbooks from his military flying career to help reconstruct his activities and experiences, providing a chronological framework for that portion of his life. Towards the end of his memoirs, Dad essentially annotated the logbook entries.

Transcription by Douglas W. Sanford began in June 2020. In limited instances I have added punctuation, corrected spelling, and inserted paragraph breaks. Presumed missing words or minor corrections are placed in brackets: []. My added comments are in bold/italic font and are placed within brackets. Otherwise, I largely retained Dad's sentence construction, grammar, and episodes of repeated stories or facts.

I put page numbers in the following document as close as possible to the breaks in Dad's original pages. After pages 34 and 91, Dad numbered the pages incorrectly. In this transcription I have corrected those page numbers to maintain their consecutive order.

Part 1. This portion of Dad's recollections covers from page 1 to page 86, encompassing the years between Dad's childhood and 1959, when his latest position with the United States Air Force took the family to Hawaii.

Part 2. This portion covers from page 86 to page 109, and covers the years between 1959 and 1962, when Dad was still stationed in Hawaii.

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PART 1.

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Where to start? It's probably OK to start with some things that are not recollections.

Anyway here goes: I was born on Sept. 17, 1919 at Woodley Farm off Va. Route 15 in Orange County, Va. about 4 miles south of the county seat, Orange Courthouse. The oldest son of Harry E. Sanford and Mary C. Lewis, parents of 12 (7 daughters and 5 sons) offspring. Daddy was a farmer, managing the family farm of about 400 acres. Daddy's widowed father was quite infirm and died about two years after my arrival. Mother, prior to her marriage had taught school for some years in Culpeper, Albemarle and Orange counties prior to her marriage in 1917. By the fall of 1920 she had given birth to a daughter (Josephine) and two sons (myself and younger brother Richard) at Woodley. After my grandfather's death in 1921 without a will, the family heirs consisting of 3 sisters and 2 sons to settle the estate decided to sell the farm and their interest in some commercial buildings in the town of Orange. My father and his brother, Wallace, elected to jointly retain the farm and the sisters were recipients of the proceeds from real property sales and personal moneys from the sale of personal effects and family financial holdings.

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For reasons that I have never been privy to, my parents decided to buy an adjoining farm named Rockwood consisting of about 350 acres. I suspect the reason for this decision concerns the complications of living on and managing a farm half owned by his brother who lived on yet another adjoining farm to Woodley, named Kenwood, which is still owned by my first cousin Wallace W. Sanford. My family moved from Woodley to Rockwood in 1921 where a number of my younger brothers and sisters were born.

Here is where things become reality for me. I can clearly remember events that occurred in mid and late 1923, especially my 4th birthday party. How my mother had decorated the table for our party that day, I vividly recall. That same day I remember walking with Daddy to see and talk to some men working in a corn field at harvest time. Shortly after our move to Rockwood a sister, Nancy, was born, [an] Apr. 1922 event that I do not recall.

Rockwood was, by 1990s standards, a very isolated spot. The farm adjoined Montpelier Farm which was owned by the William Dupont family. By far, I suspect, the wealthiest family in the county. Mr. Dupont had personally funded and had built a railroad stations at this farm entrance on the Southern Railroad. My mother's father Mr. Ross Lewis had been the Southern's agent and Postmaster at Montpelier Station since its inception in circa 1912. In 1921 Virginia T. Lewis, wife of Ross Lewis, died. Within a year or two our grandfather Lewis moved from

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Montpelier Station to Rockwood to live with our family. From my standpoint this was a most propitious event. Grandpa Lewis was a great friend, a wonderful teacher, a man of many talents and great humor. He was like a second father to brother Richard and me. He commuted every workday from Rockwood to Montpelier in his Model T Ford roadster. Within a short time he began taking his two grandsons with him to work. We truly loved those halcyon days, seeing giant locomotives close-up, watching the fast passenger trains breeze by. We helped carry the mail bag out on the hand-carts to be placed aboard the mail trains that stopped to off-load and take on mail.

Grandpa's route to [and] from work took him right thru the Pres. Madison mansion grounds, then owned by the DuPonts. In late afternoons in good weather when we passed within a few feet of the Dolly Madison domed and pillared ice house, the steps and stones [were]

usually occupied by six or so teen-age girls, nattily dressed in their work uniforms and perky caps, having an afternoon break before the evening dinner hour for the DuPont family. The model T always stopped because Grandpa knew all the girls and their parents. Much chatter and affected fondness for the two boys usually overwhelmed us, but we survived! After several stops to pass through farm fences and gates, we'd be off Montpelier Farm and to the dirt and gravel road that took to the Rockwood Farm entrance and home. Our mother always welcomed us home but she had no doubt had more peaceful days with only the two girls (Jo and Nancy) at home. Grandpa Lewis was the only grandparent I can recall. I regret that I never knew the other three.

[On the back of the page, my father lists the birth months and years of some, but not all of the Sanford children: Jo (July 1918); Walker (Sept. 1919); Richard (Sept. 1920); Nancy (April 1922); Tom (Jan. 1924); Sam (July 1925); Ellie (Apr. 1927); Ben (July 1929); Eugenia (Dec. 1930).]

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Rockwood was then and still is a very old antebellum home with [a] very high pitched roof with wonderful views of mountains and massive oaks and ash trees. The woods teemed with wild life with the exception of deer. On summer nights the hooting of owl in the nearby woods was often very apparent.

Jo, Richard, and I roamed the fields and orchard at will, soon young Nancy joined up at a very young age. We visited springs and streams, the barns and knew all the cows by name and soon got the hang of milking them. Within a couple of years of arrival at Rockwood, Daddy hired a Mr. Ernest Reynolds to move into a tenant house and work for us. Mr. & Mrs. Reynolds brought two sons and a daughter (Herbert, Graham & Mable) with them. We quickly [had] a

gang of six or more, depending on the activity at hand. Richard and I were a year or two younger than Herbert and Graham. Mr. & Mrs. Reynolds long called son Graham by the name “Bud.” Richard, Jo, and I didn’t ever comprehend what the word “Bud” meant, so we took to calling him “Butt,” don’t ask me why. We just did, and it stuck throughout his life. Even his older brother, Herbert, eventually adapted it, so did his sister Mable.

The village of Madison Run, on the C. & O. Railroad, approx. 2 miles NE of Woodley had long served the Sanford family at Woodley Farm since the 1880 period. The three stores and Post Office at Madison Run continued to serve in that capacity while we lived at Rockwood. To get there to shop and receive mail was truly an ordeal, especially in winter. First, to get to the single paved lane Orange to Gordonsville Road there were over a mile of dirt farm road and approx. six or seven farm gates to be opened and shut. Then, there was a one mile cedar tree

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lined lane of dirt road to reach the paved road. The return home required a reversed process. In winter that lane with its mud and snow was the bane of our travel to go almost anywhere.

Our lives at Rockwood were naturally interspersed with incidents of rebellion on my part, and for whatever reason brother Richard became my partner in these events. Our fascination with matches that could be struck and alighted on almost any rough surface was then apparent with me. Why? Don’t ask, I don’t know. Fortunately, somehow Daddy found about our escapades with striking matches in hazardous places, like attics and barns. It got his attention and we suffered a few tongue and peach-tree branch lashings that left an indelible impression on our backsides as well as our minds, thank God. Once, Richard and I were sent to “get-up” the cows for the evening (PM) milking. Somehow one of the cows that I had earlier claimed as a favorite was much farther away in the field than the others. I rebelled at the idea

that I should have to go fetch her. Richard and I at loggerheads ended up seated under a pear tree arguing about who was to go get the cow. While our debate was ongoing Daddy came looking for us and wanted to know why we were not following his instructions. For some inexplicable reasoning I told Daddy that the cow, Jenny, was “not my cow, so why didn’t he go and get up his cow.” That did it! The whaling I received was, and is still recalled. Smarting off to Daddy just was not going to work on my part.

During the summer of 1922 my father suffered the loss of an eye be being struck by a drunken hired man at Woodley about noon on a hot Saturday. My father had just for cause fired
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the worker and ordered him to leave the farm. The man picked up a 4-5 foot piece of iron pipe and struck him in the eye, knocking him unconscious. The man was never prosecuted because as the father of 4 or 5 children and penniless. The absence of witnesses and one’s word against another with no chance of monetary damages the option to pursue was not taken. He never used a false eye, but used a darkened lens of one side of his everyday glasses.

Shortly after our move to Rockwood my first younger sister, Nancy, arrived. Within a few years she became a frequent add-on to the discovery trips that Richard and I took around the fields and barns at Rockwood.

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In Jan. 1923 another brother, named Thomas, always referred to as Tom, arrived at Rockwood. By this time we two (Richard & I) and the Reynolds boys were aging and growing more adventurous, following the farm operations across the fields, accompanying men cutting timber, building fences through the woods, etc. Hunting with dogs and fishing for very small minnows in the streams and ice-ponds. Grandpa Lewis took us to picnics and bathing parties on

the Rapidan River a few miles away near the village of Somerset. Grandpa was a pretty good swimmer, feat that seemed impossible to me. It was years before I lucked into the feat of dog-paddling and a few strokes of swimming in the Woodley ice-pond.

Wheat threshing every summer was an exciting time for us boys. Uncle Wallace had a threshing machine drawn by a Fordson(?) tractor. His two sons, Monk and Lawrence, about a decade older than we two would come. They were very tall big young men, could drive tractors and hold their own with any of the young strappers (white or colored) that showed up for day wages at these operations. With good weather, for two or three days in a row, wheat threshing time was over with, the dozen or so of men who had come with the thresher moved on to an adjoining farm. We had a brand new big stack of straw to use until the following summer.

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Within another year or two it was time that three oldest kids began schooling. Oldest, sister Jo, began receiving tutoring from our mother, (a well qualified teacher) in 1924, Richard and I were introduced to the process the following year.

By Jan. 1927 Daddy had brought out his brother (Wallace's) interest in Woodley and we had returned to live there. This decision to move came about by our need to start school. Public school transportation was non-existent making it necessary for our parents to drive the 5 miles from home to the school in Orange.

My first year in a public school came in Sept. 1927 when I was almost 8 year old. I recall that I was placed in 2nd Grade but continually felt overwhelmed by the work the class was expected to do. Thankfully, my mothers saw my situation and soon saw to it that I was moved into First Grade, where the work seemed to be quite easy and I liked going to school for a change. Richard and I were now in the same grade.

In 1927 our father had decided to go into the dairy business and to sell milk or cream onto the Washington DC market. This meant modification of the Woodley cow barn to the sanitary standards required to meet the standards demanded by the Washington market. Concrete floors, watering for the cattle while sanctioned in the barn. A concrete silo for storage of green corn had to [be] procured and erected. Milk and cream butterfat content required the herd to be pure-bred Jersey cattle. This meant the purchase of many producing cows and heifers.

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A steam boiler to produce the required hot water for twice-a-day washing of all milk handler utensils, and steam to sanitize these items in a steam chest overnight before re-use.

Mr. Reynolds and his family also moved from Rockwood to Woodley to take charge of the dairy operation. This meant the construction of a tenant farm house near the old dairy barn site.

In early 1929 a decision was made to sell Rockwood as the family was “land poor.” It was at a loss – the economy in the country was not up as it was when it was bought in 1920. Marion DuPont Scott purchased it, primarily I suspect, because it adjoined Montpelier and could be had at a bargain price. Daddy continued to farm Rockwood after our departure to Woodley until early 1931, when the transfer to Mrs. Scott took effect and Link Brooking had moved into the residence there.

Things seemed to go fairly well for the next year or so. Milk was being shipped to the Washington D.C. market. A dependable check for its receipt there could be depended upon. A few hundred dollars coming in cash have hope for even better times to come. The great depression was upon the country, however, we did not feel its effects as deeply as did others who had lost their jobs and homes. The Sparks and Roberts families soon came from West Va. to

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work on farms in Va. The two came to Woodley where they could get a home to live in and steady work for the head of the family. The family was provided a garden plot to raise vegetables, corn, potatoes, etc. Several hundred pounds of meat (cured pork) per year and barrels of flour as well. A gallon or so of whole milk per day was the usual practice at Woodley.

The families that came to Woodley during the 1930-38 period were not small. Six to eight children were quite often the case. The boys were usually between 8 and 20 years of age. We, the Sanford boys, daily worked at farming chores, driving teams of horses, cutting hay, plowing corn and many other tasks assigned by our father. Getting the milk to Orange before 7:30 AM each day 7 days per week was one that I was entrusted with. Cars & poorly maintained trucks that could not be started on cold winter mornings were an ever-present frustration. In spring, summer & fall months a one-horse buggy was the means utilized, primarily to reduce the amount of gasoline needed. Money was tight, anti-freeze coolant in auto and truck radiators were never the norm. Hot water heated in the kitchen wood range was a winter morning ritual that could not be avoided. It was our usual practice to park the car and truck on the crest of a hill so that it could be coasted down on cold mornings and using 2nd gear to give the engine a few fast rotations before the bottom of the hill. With proper priming by a small amount of gasoline poured into the carburetor throat a engine start could be achieved. If this one-shot downhill run

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didn't get a start, it was off to the horse barn, harness up a couple of draft horses, get them hitched to single trees and a double tree and pull the unstarted vehicle until it finally caught and would run on its own. We never seemed to have good strong batteries in our vehicles. Present day battery chargers were an unknown, besides electrical power would have been necessary to

operate a charger and that was a luxury that was never available at Woodley in the 1930s. Kerosene lamps and lanterns were the norm.

All was not toil and frustration during my Woodley years (1930-38). Summers were fondly looked forward to. Even though our father felt that Richard and I were expected to take the part of an adult farm-hand by the time we were 12 or 13 years old. On Saturday afternoons, we were given our half-day off. We two quickly had lunch (dinner to us, at the time), freshened-up, took our dozen or so eggs and mounted "Shanks Mare," (our two feet) and set out on the three-mile walk to Orange. We'd take our eggs to the Clarks & Knightons Produce Co., receive our 20 or so cents, and head for the Pitts Madison Theatre for the Sat. cowboy movie and its follow on "serial" about Rin Tin Tin, Wonder dog. We were immensely fond of the Western movies of the early and mid 1930s. Buck Jones, Bob Steele, Ken Maynard, Tom Mix were some of the stars of that era. During the summer months there would be two fairs that were much looked forward to and attended. The annual Orange County Fair was a several day affair in

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which we brothers, sisters and some cousins from the adjoining Sanford farm named Kenwood participated. We were Four H Club members who were expected to train and groom a young farm animal to compete for prizes and awards against many other farm boys and girls. Our "project" animals were pure-bred Jersey heifers produced on the Woodley farm. We, each day saw that these calves were fed a prescribed diet, they were haltered and trained to be led around a prescribed course to prepare for leading them into the competition ring at the County Fair in late summer. Much grooming, brushing and coaxing of these young female Jersey cattle was a daily activity that Daddy saw that we did. One year, probably '35 or '36, my calf won first prize of about \$15 in cash which I was immensely proud of.

The other fair that was a big favorite was the Orange Firemen's Fair, another several-day function. Many rides, side shows, boxing matches, etc.

The County Fair usually featured a barnstorming aviator showing off his flying skill and taking a passenger or two aloft for a 10-15 minute ride for a few dollars each. At one such event, I somehow acquired the necessary dollars (three, I think) for my first airplane ride. I was immediately smitten with the thrill of flying which eventually led to me life-long career of flying for the Air Force and in corporate aviation. I don't recall the date of my first flight, it was probably about 1935 or '36.

Within a short while I submitted by application to join an aviation-oriented club for teenagers named Junior Birdmen of America. Members were sent "lessons" consisting of

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several pages of very elementary information about how airplanes were developed, the names of their component parts, and the how flight controls operated. Also included were "theory of flight" basic facts one to needed to memorize. At the end of each lesson was included perhaps ten or twelve "fill-in-the-blank" questions related to the lesson just completed. At school we discussed the lessons with other lads who also were members of the Junior Birdmen. Our generation of teen-agers had been fascinated with flight and pilots who could do it no doubt started with Charles Lindbergh's 1927 solo flight across the Atlantic from New York to Paris. His accomplishment was the most heroic of feats, imaginable to me. He quickly became the all-American hero. Aviator helmet caps quickly became the rage of boys across the land. These leather head covering caps with their under-the-chin straps with snaps were very highly prized possessions. Daddy bought Richard and I a pair. We were thrilled.

The period 1934 to 1938, I believe, is referred to in my mother's booklet (The Times and Places of Mary Lewis Sanford) as the "Hurricane Years." The factual presentation of the facts surrounding that period very adequately justify her decision to call them just that. They were the great depression years, farm crop prices were so low as to make them unimaginable nowadays. Our dairy business, once so bright with promise, hit the skids with the loss of our purebred Jersey herd, as well as the follow-on young replacement stock due to herd becoming infected with the Bangs Abortion disease. This syndrome caused the female dairy cow to give pre-mature

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birth of its infant foal by several months time. The newborn calf would be delivered dead and its mother therefore had not been given adequate time to "freshen" with her abundant supply of milk had she been permitted to carry to term. This disaster led to our having to dispose of our entire herd at dog-food prices of 2-3 cents per pound in mid-summer. With the income of the milk shipped [to] Washington meant the practical inability to pay the families who worked to operate the dairy and the grain and hay crops so necessary to our set-up. The Reynolds family had been with us for thirteen years simply had to make other arrangements. The other tenant year-round family faced similar decisions. The axe fell in 1938 when the Federal Land Bank foreclosed on its mortgage of \$10,000 which was in default. The 375 acre farm was gone for a fraction of what had been paid into its purchase and improvements. This meant a complete upset of our lifestyle. Woodley would no longer be our home. The bankruptcy sale left us with little: a few horses and farm implements, a flock of chickens, and swine; an old car and truck, our household furniture, etc.

Daddy arranged with his brother and a cousin for us to move into a home on a small farm they owned in the eastern end of Orange County. It was a step-down in size and style but was

adequate. Our new neighbors, great salt-of-the-earth farmers who couldn't have been more welcoming to us.

By this time sister Jo was in her last year of college at VPI, I had graduated from high school at Orange and got several opportunities for short-term employment at the Orange

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Creamery and at the Farm Bureau Coop in Orange. Also I hired on with the new owners of Woodley, the Walton Family. Prior to this job I had never met either of the Waltons, so no specific outline of my duties were ever discussed. I was simply told by an aunt that I was to take over the running of the farm in their absence and assist the herdsman who was bringing a herd of beef cattle from a farm near Lynchburg, Va. A misunderstanding soon arose with Mr. Walton over my having a set of sideboards made for the truck which was equipped with a cattle body. I was faced with a freight car load of lime on the Madison Run sidetrack to unload unassisted in a several day period. Having the stake-body removed and fabricating a set of unslatted sides made was my decision. Mr. Walton, I was informed, was unhappy and so was I. Without further ado I departed.

Without question I was needed by my family at their new place which we had named Far Away by our mother, because it seemed so to all of us. I liked living at Far Away for the few months we were there. I'd become acquainted with a number of girls & boys about my age. We worked the small farm and garden to the full that summer. In the fall our father rented another larger farm owned by a distant relative at Row's Mill on Rte. 20 where the stream known as Mine Run crosses that highway. We moved there before winter fell. I spent weeks plowing several fields for crops the following spring with a two-horse team. Daddy taught me something about how to lay off the acreage to start from the mid-point and work outward toward the

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perimeter of the field. These fields were tilled and readied for early springtime crops of corn and small grain.

That winter of 1938-39 we started attending church at a small Methodist congregation named Salem. As a family we had always been Presbyterians but Salem was by far much closer to Row's Mill Farm. Every expenditure of cash for auto fuel had to be cut to a minimum. The Salem church people welcomed us and became participants of activities there.

One cool Sunday evening in the fall of 1938 I spoke briefly with a girl that I'd known at the church named Ethel on the steps as we were leaving from that night's service. I noticed a girl accompanying Ethel but I don't think we were introduced at that time, but I did notice that she was attractive and that I would like to meet her.

Probably the following Sat. night Richard and I had gone to Orange and on out to Tucker's Tea Room, a night spot café with a dance floor and jukebox for music. For whatever reason we had departed Tucker's about 9:30 and started for home, proceeding via another dance & dine spot called Mountain View near the Orange County airport. To my pleasure and surprise while standing on the sideline of the dance floor I became aware that Ethel and her friend were in attendance. Very soon I was approached by Ethel who wanted me to meet her friend, Virginia, who was visiting her home. Virginia's surname was Baker, she lived in Alexandria, Va. We two danced together a few times that evening and I may have asked for her home address and

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telephone number because I was very fond of her and wanted to see her again. We may have exchanged notes over the coming weeks after she had returned home. I learned that Virginia's mother was from Orange County and frequently visited her father who was a farmer that I [had]

known for some years, named Luther Mitchell. That Virginia was the only child of her parents, George and Roberta Baker who were divorced since Virginia was 2 or 3 years old. Sometime around Christmas of 1939 I was in the town of Orange on a Sat. night and quite by accident met Virginia and her mother entering a drugstore. We exchanged pleasantries, I was very impressed by her mother's attractiveness and good looks. I found out that they were visiting Virginia's grandfather's farm. At that time Virginia's mother was only about 37 years old, was a sharp dresser and we two hit it off better than I'd hope for.

Farm work continued for me without let-up that winter. Daddy and I worked pretty well together getting sufficient wood cut and sawed for kitchen and room stoves. There was always work to be done, feeding the stock, cleaning barns, etc. I got a few days pay for short day jobs whenever I could. Mr. Wister Johnson, a local undertaker hired me to assist his son in driving the hearse at funerals and going to places like Richmond and Roanoke to pick up coffins to be returned to Orange County for interment. These jobs would often consume much of the day. Mr Johnson paid me \$5 per day which was a welcome stipend. There were frequent week-end

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funerals, mostly on Sundays of course. Occasionally we conducted funerals for negro families. The passion and unrestrained grief demonstrated a more heartfelt sorrow than I had seen at white family funerals.

In Sept. 1939 war had broken out in Europe. America's entry was deemed to be highly probable. Throughout the winter and spring of 1939-40 rumors of conscription were rampant. Unmarried men of my age (19) were hot prospects to be drafted as soon as the draft act under consideration in the Congress could be passed.

When springtime came the corn and other small grain crops were planted. Farm work took first priority with my father and me. Soon cultivation of corn was upon us. Daddy and I fashioned a hitch that could pull the grain binder behind the Model A Ford pick-up truck we had at that time. With frequent breakdowns interspersed we finally got the job done. That pick-up was about on its last legs when that job was done.

It was not a happy time for me. I knew that I was needed at home to help, with the work that just had to be done. I was working as hard as I'd ever worked but was receiving no money wages. I knew that my parents were too hard pressed to find even a few dollars to pay me. Nevertheless, I was hardly willing to continue year after year without pay. The draft act legislation was fast approaching and I wanted nothing to do with becoming a foot-soldier in the draftee army. My mother, bless her, saw my predicament. She knew that I was interested in a

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career in aviation. My one way to do so was deemed to enlist in the Army Air Corps before I could be called up in the draft which was to come that fall. That way I would have some choice in where I'd be stationed. Somehow I got together the bus fare to go to Richmond and discuss my plans with the Sgt. in charge of the Enlistment Office in that city. We agreed that I would enlist and be posted to the Army Air Corps base at Bolling Field, D.C. I went home and told my parents what I'd arranged. They probably didn't like it but felt it was useless to disagree. Two days later I returned to Richmond and was sworn in.

To my great chagrin he Sgt. told me that Bolling Field was closed to new enlistees, and that the only Air Corps bases open that day was Clark Field in the Philippines Is. or Albrook Field in the Panama Canal Zone. That seemed too much to agree to and the Sgt. gave me a deal I couldn't refuse. He said Bolling Field would be open again shortly and that I could go to an

assignment to Ft. Myers, Va., just across the Potomac River from Bolling. And that he'd send my new C.O. a note saying that my agreement to enlist was contingent upon being posted to Bolling, and that this commanding officer would see that I got transferred to the Air Corps at Bolling when slots for enlistees became available. Little did I know the depth of that Sgt.'s ability to "snow" a raw recruit. On Aug. 15th 1940 I became Private Sanford, U.S. Army stationed at Fort Myer, Va. When I mentioned this so-called agreement I had with the Recruiting Sgt. at Richmond, it didn't take those guys long at all to convince me that I'd been "had."

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Needless to say, I never did get to even meet my new C.O. at Ft. Myer.

Army duty at Ft. Myer did not seem overly difficult, I was put to work in an office at the Post Commissary during open hours and [did] general work moving goods and supplies to the shelves the remainder of the day. The type of work I was engaged in was not what I wanted or thought I'd like as a career path. I had heard that candidates with the equivalent of two years of college would be considered for Aviation Cadet status leading to commissioned officer status as pilot, navigator or bombardier in the Air Corps. My hopes seemed slim to none as I held only a high school diploma. To improve my math and English skills I decided to take some night school classes at Western High School in the Georgetown area of the D.C. I could walk the approximately 2 miles each way to the school and be back at Ft. Myer before 10:30 or 11 PM two or three evenings each week. These classes held my attention for several months but soon faded.

I took a night shift job at the Rosslyn Hot-Shoppe restaurant working from 6 PM to 11 PM several nights a week. This job was only approx. 1 mile from Ft. Myer, a relatively short walk but could be reached via local bus routes. The job was relatively [a] simple one, known as

“hopping-the-curb.” Customers would drive into the parking area where curb attendants would take their food and drink orders onto a pad and rush to the carry-out counter within [the] establishment to have the ordered items quickly prepared and paid for by the curb-hopping attendant with his own funds, and delivered to the customer’s car on a metal tray that attached to

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the auto window sill & would be then paid the cost of the drinks, sandwiches, etc. as was listed on the establishment chit. Basically, it was evident that the attendant was working only for tips. Speed, correctly filled orders and courtesy determined the amount of tip one received. Twenty-five cents was probably the average tip. With lots of hustle and good weather conditions it became evident that a good attendant could earn 4 to 6 dollars per night shift. Army pay for the entry-level private was \$21 per month, with \$1.25 deducted for laundry and the old soldiers home contribution, making one’s cash on pay-day \$19.75 per month. It was apparent to me that I could earn in one week what I could get for one month of Army duty. My locked footlocker at Ft. Myer became my bank, and before long I had several hundred dollars stashed away.

I hadn’t been at Ft. Myer but a few days before I made contact with Virginia Baker in Alexandria, the girl I’d met some months earlier in Orange County. She agreed to see me for a few dates which consisted of taking a bus from Ft. Myer to Alexandria and going to a movie at an Alexandria theatre. Sometimes we’d go into Washington to see a movie at one of the large theatres when you could see a stage show and a movie for the price of one admission. More of a night out on the town, so to speak. Virginia and I became good friends and enjoyed each other’s company. She and her mother lived together in an apartment at her paternal grandfather’s home in a nice section of Alexandria just off Russell Road. Her mother and grandfather were

hospitable folk who welcomed me for visits to their home. I soon met Virginia's father who lived several blocks away. We two hit it off OK, I'd say.

My stash of cash was growing and I had my eye on a 3 year old 1937 Pontiac sedan that was for sale at a Rosslyn, Va. Pontiac dealer about two blocks away from my job at the Hot-Shoppe. It was a four-door, 8 cylinder top of the line model and I soon plunked down \$350 to buy it. I had a twinge of guilt because now I was the proud owner of a much better car than my parents had. Nevertheless, I soon drove it home to show it off. My mother told me that she was happy for me. Soon I felt more comfortable.

Ownership of a reliable auto made my dates with Virginia more pleasant. After catching a bus from Russell Ave. in Alexandria around 11:30 or midnight to several hours of waiting before returning to my barracks at Ft. Myer. No one excused from reveille at 6 AM. Get up, make your bed, clean up and dress up to be presented at roll call were the essentials. The car did permit me to take Virginia to her grandfather's home near Orange and I could visit my parents and family at Rows Mill farm.

By late Dec. 1940 our parents were able to purchase a small farm near the village of Rapidan, just across the line in Culpeper County. This meant that they were no longer renters and could take advantage of what they did produce. This farm was named Goldenrod and not far from where my mother was raised. Kinfolk and long-time family friends lived in the community

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and welcomed our family into every facet of community life and social events. A cordial community with a Presbyterian church a mile from the farm, my mother was pleased to be there. The younger brothers and sisters had to adjust to Culpeper Co. schools. The busses went right by the farm gate, a few hundred yards from the house.

Sometime in late 1940 I became acquainted with a soldier named Lupus who hailed from Philadelphia. We gradually became good friends, I suspect, because we were bunkmates with side-by-side beds and the two of us were “new boys” within the outfit and had similar interests in sports, music, etc. I became aware that Lupus knew a First Sergeant of an Air Corps squadron at Bolling Field. I, of course, told Lupus of my long time interest and desire to enter the Air Corps. One day I drove Lupus to Bolling in my Pontiac and we called on First Sgt. Martin who was a friend of the Lupus family in Philadelphia. Martin listened to my story of being denied enlistment in the Army Air Corps, questioned me closely about my background, health and education level, etc. And agreed to look into the possibility of a mutually agreed to transfer into the Second Staff Squadron, Sgt. Martin’s outfit. Just how it all came to fruition I’m not sure. But telephone calls from unit to unit and the personnel people at Ft. Myer agreed to permit the transfer. Lo and Behold, within a week or two I was presented a set of transfer orders by Sgt.

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DeRosa at Ft. Myer that directed that I report to the Second Staff Squadron at Bolling Field.

My squadron at Bolling had a dozen or so airplanes of various size that were maintained to provide Pentagon rated officer pilots to maintain flying proficiency. Several Douglas DC-3s were used to fly high ranking War Dept. officers and executives to distant airfields on official business.

I was put to work on the hangar floor under the supervision of various NCOs who were highly qualified aircraft mechanics. It seemed like I spent a lot of time sweeping the hangar floor and doing general clean-up duties. Part of the time I assisted the real mechanics with chores around the planes. Removing an inoperative generator or starter from the accessory section of an airplane engine was a confidence builder. Installing a replacement component was

even more. It became apparent to me that these highly trained mechanics' work product was in every instance looked at and graded by a very demanding inspector who was not at all reluctant to turn down a job of many man-hours because some piddling safety wire was not turned the right number of turns, or cut off at just the desired spot. Standards were demanded and met. I began to entertain hopes that I too could be sent to one of the aircraft mechanic schools around the U.S. to get a diploma of qualification and eventually certified by the Air Corps as a Aircraft Mechanic, with an A.M. rating that would lead to promotion and better pay.

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The year of 1941 was a blur of activity at Bolling. New people were coming into the 2nd Staff Sq., different airplanes showed up. The draft of late 1940 meant more people at every airfield. I continued working at the Hot-Shoppe at Rosslyn at night, using my car to commute. At times I was asked to become a curb-manager which was somewhat appealing because you were paid a specific dollar amount for each shift. Supervising a group of young guys and girls who made up the teams was no picnic.

Virginia and I dated frequently. I began to think of her as my girl, though I never asked her to be such. She had jobs with various work hours, first at National Geographic Assn. in D.C. and later at the Navy Dept. near Arlington Cemetery. She often worked until midnight. When I could I'd meet her and see her for awhile and get her home to Alexandria. She gave me the impression that I was more than an ordinary date or friend. I know that [I] was becoming more possessive and resented hearing about her seeing other guys.

My sister Nancy, was now a graduate of Strayers Business College in Washington, D.C. and had a job at the Assn. of American Railroads. She lived with a very solid family in the Chevy Chase area. We two saw one another not very often but did phone frequently, and Nancy

did join me for rides to our family home at Rapidan. My older sister, Jo, was now living in Stafford County, Va. She had a State supported job as Home Demonstration Agent under the Extension Dept. of VPI. She had completed two years at Madison College at Harrisonburg, and two years at VPI to major in Home Economics in 39. Jo was a “go-getter” if ever there was one.

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She largely saw to it that she was going to get her degree and by sheer effort and determination she worked her way to a BS in minimum time. She is the Serene Stalwart of the Sanford family.

In early Dec. 1941, Nancy and I drove to visit the family at Goldenrod Farm. On late Sunday afternoon [we] said goodbye to our folks and started for D.C. Shortly after dark on the by-pass route around Warrenton, Va. we came upon an Army command car occupied by an Army captain and his driver. This vehicle was in reverse backing up in the right lane of the highway. Upon our cresting a hill this vehicle was immediately in my windshield and not sufficient space to stop. The unavoidable crash substantially damaged the right front quarter of my car. No one in either vehicle was injured. The State Police investigated the accident. I was never given a copy of their investigation report. While involved with the accident and its aftermath we were told of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor in Hawaii. We were not at war I was very sure. My car was drivable but barely, we continued to D.C. where Nancy took a bus to Chevy Chase. I was scheduled for a date with Virginia and drove by her home to tell her of the events, then on to Bolling where I parked my Pontiac for a long time.

Things changed quickly for servicemen. No more civilian clothes were permitted for off-post wear. Freedom to leave the post even when essentially off-duty quickly became a thing of the past. Security of the airplanes was stressed, especially during the hours of darkness. Top

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War Dept. officials obviously were privy to candid assessments of what occurred [at] Army and Navy bases in Hawaii. I personally doubt that they thought a Hawaii type onslaught was even remotely possible at facilities along the Eastern part of America. Sabotage, that was another question. Our squadron airplanes were removed from side-by-side parking on concrete ramps adjacent to our hangar. All airplanes were widely dispersed across the many acres of grass at Bolling alongside several miles of unguarded and undefended Potomac River front. Squadron personnel were put into teams of armed guards to stand periods as sentries, almost a armed guard for every airplane for the next weeks. We usually were assigned a 4 hr. shift every night. Cold and lonely work along the banks of the river. I don't recall hearing of any attempts to penetrate and damage our planes. Personnel were restricted to the airfield unless they granted a pass to be absent. Dates with girlfriends off base were few and far between. Virginia's mother even brought her to Bolling on a few occasions. We two could attend a base movie and have a bite at the cafeteria. She would be picked up at the main gate by her mother around 10:30 PM. Absences made the heart grow fonder, especially in my case, and these get-togethers were especially looked forward to and cherished.

Some few weeks after the start of the war in late Dec., an announcement was made at one of our roll calls that the Army Air Corps was opening up the Aviation Cadet program to soliders who could pass a two-year of college education equivalency written exam, and could meet the

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desired physical fitness standards. Along with two other squadron mates we three made known our desire to take the tests. After being tested and examined for physical fitness we were then given the 3-days written portion. These were, we thought, very tough exams. They covered

many areas; math, basic science, world history, geography, English composition, and current events. There may have been other areas that I don't remember.

A day or so [we] were directed to return to the testing center for our results. We were never told what grade or percentage of accuracy we achieved. We were all three told that we had passed! What a thrill! That meant we'd be subject to call when needed or openings existed. That status meant that we would not be given any special technical training as airplane mechanic trainees. We were assigned tasks where manpower was needed, some good, some not so good, for the next several months.

As good as the news was that I'd be off to train as a commissioned officer, possibly as a pilot, there was in my case a downside as well. I knew that I was madly in love with my dear Virginia. One was not permitted to enter the cadet program while married, or to become married while in the system. It [was] a virtual certainty that I'd be sent to one of the Southeastern training centers. I had no assurance of successfully completing the course which would take almost a year. Nor could I be absolutely sure Virginia might not find someone else before I could be free to ask her to marry me. I made sure that she knew that I loved and wanted her. In

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her own way, she led me to believe that she felt as I did. That was all I could hope for. We promised each other that we'd write often, and would call each other when the situation made it possible.

Several months went by, always anxious to know when we'd be called to become cadets. The day finally came, I do not know the month or day, when we three, myself, Albert Snyder and Pete Young of the 2nd Staff Sq. were put on a trainload of other candidates bound for Nashville, Tenn. Why Nashville? We could not determine. Upon arrival we learned that a brand new

Classification Center that processed us thru a series of tests, written and oral, plus several interviews by what we thought were egg-heads who had taken some psychology courses in college. We were given cadet uniforms which made us look a little more like officers. Very snazzy, we thought. We were then told what specialty we were considered best suited. The three of us hoped we'd be classified as pilot candidates. And it turned out that we were. Another hurdle cleared!

A day or so later we were all again on a train, this time headed for the Cadet Pre-Flight Center at Maxwell Field at Montgomery, Ala. Here we were intensively trained in physical endurance exercises, classroom instruction in airplane recognition, basic aerodynamics, Morse code, military drill, and learning how to be an underclassman, and suffer indignity and hazing. ~~Also intensive attention personal cleanliness.~~ Also with intensive emphasis on sharpness of uniform dress and military courtesy. Nine hard weeks of training at Maxwell in mid-summer was enough. We all wanted to get on with what we were there for: flying.

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Eventually we were again put on trains destined for a Primary Flying School at Arcadia. We three, Sanford, Young & Snyder, ended up at the same school for initial pilot training. The airport was named Carlstrom Field and was run by Embrey-Riddle Corp., a civil flight training institution, operating mostly in Florida, I believe. The school was staffed by civilian academic and flight instructors, under the overall command of an Air Corps major, George Ola. Academic classroom stuff dominated our first few weeks, learning about the airplanes we'd fly, some meteorology basics and the theory of radial engines, I recall. Eventually I was assigned to a Mr. Quisenberry, my flight instructor. He was a tall, lanky West Virginian, with great patience and dedication. He was a younger guy than myself but with a far superior degree of maturity. He

would spend endless hours with his students at the end of our periods aloft. Going over our mistakes and weaknesses, but careful to compliment some things we'd done well enough for his standards.

One day in early Oct. Mr. Quisenberry told me to stop the PT-17 in mid-field and he simply climbed out of the rear cockpit and with the engine idling, simply told me "to take it around" and pick him up after I'd done it. With great apprehension I taxied back to the edge of the field and took off on my own! I stayed in the traffic pattern, approached, and made a pretty good landing. I taxied back to my instructor, he climbed in, and off we went for a few more landings. Regardless of the thrill of my first solo flight, Mr. Quisenberry never complimented or congratulated. He merely considered it a part of that day's work. The real work was yet to come. Learning to master the many maneuvers, spins, stalls, emergency landings, etc. gave him

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ample opportunity to growl at my work. Flight checks by flight section commanders were grounds for much apprehension. Mr. Quisenberry graduated his 5 cadets in my class. We admired [him] and were sad to leave him when the time came to leave Carlstrom about the 1st of Jan. 1943. We had about a 10 day break after the 21st of Dec. 42.

During the 3½ months at Arcadia I became acquainted with a cadet from Chicago, named Hurst. He lived in an adjoining room and as unlike as we were by birth and environment, we nevertheless became good friends. His father owned & ran a jewelry shop in Chicago. In Hurst's room one day I picked up a catalogue put out by his father's store. I desperately wanted to buy a diamond ring that I hoped I'd someday offer to my beloved Virginia. Hurst said that a ring I admired could with help be brought at a considerable discount. The one I wanted cost

upwards of \$125, but Hurst said he'd get it for me for about \$90.00. We shook on the deal and within 10 days I had the ring in hand.

When our approx. 10 day break came after we'd graduated from Primary at Carlstrom I began to be drawn towards Wash. D.C. and my love, Virginia. We had been warned not to leave the area, officially that is, but none seemed to think there would be too much checking up on us. Foolishly, I left for Arcadia and bought a train ticket for Washington, D.C. Even if I'd just one day to see and be with my girl, I was determined to risk it. What the Hell, I was a graduate pilot, I was cock-sure I [would] complete and graduate as a 2nd Lt. in a few months. Somehow the

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luck was with me, within about a day and a half I was at Union Station in D.C. in my spiffy cadet uniform. I went to Virginia's home and was warmly received by both she and her family. I think I spent one night, perhaps two, but was soon on a train back to Carlstrom Field. I'm sure she and her mother drove me back to the train. But most important of all, I had asked Virginia to take my ring and promise that we would wed as soon as possible after I'd been commissioned. Her agreement was pure bliss to me.

With great luck I returned to Carlstrom several days before we were to shove off for Basic Flight Training at Bainbridge, Ga. I had foolishly jeopardized much by absenting myself without proper leave. But I had pulled it off and thereafter kept my mouth shut about it. But have never regretted it either!

Where is Bainbridge, Ga., all of my cadet friends wanted to know. Back onto the train we marched. Sooner than expected we arrived that night at this small town in SE Georgia on the Flint River. Bus loads of cadets we soon [were] deposited at the Air Base near the town. My

first reaction was the drop in air temperature. We still [were] within 20 miles of the Fla. Line but it was lots colder than Arcadia, Fla.

Assigned to wooden WW II barracks, we were soon into the drill all over again.

Classroom stuff, athletic exercises, close-order drill, etc. The most apparent difference from Carlstrom was the over abundance of uniformed soldiers and officers. Most of our classes were taught by enlisted NCOs and junior officers. Once assigned to a flight unit we were taken over

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by Air Corps officers, all rated pilots and designated to be our flight instructors. The airplanes were all designated as B-13s or B-15s, a single engine all metal plane with a large radial engine of about 450 horsepower. The planes were built by Vultee Corp. and generally referred to as “Vultee Vibrators.” After a few flights with our instructor we were soloed and sent aloft alone to practice and repeat the maneuvers we’d been exposed to by our instructors. The airplanes were equipped with glass canopies over the two (fore & aft) cockpits, many more instruments and two-way radios for contact with airport towers and navigation facilities. Soon we were introduced to night flying which was [a] formidable step to get over. Flying at night over sparsely settled terrain under an overcast sky forces one to rely on one’s instruments to keep the plane in a wings level attitude and attention to altimeters and airspeed parameters for safely organized flight. Runways at isolated auxiliary fields defined only by lighted flare pots alongside the runway were our training facilities when we practiced night landing on these sad strips.

Why there were not more inflight collisions when a number of solo cadets were milling around these fields at night just a few hundred feet above ground, is still hard for me to understand. After every twenty (20) hours of flight time each cadet was flight checked by an

instructor other than your own. A couple of “bad rides” (substandard progress) often could lead to washout status. This meant the end of the line toward achieving your wings as an Air Corps pilot. A very traumatic experience, I am sure. One, fortunately, I did not have to endure. While

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we three from Bolling (Sanford, Snyder and Young) had made it this far, somehow we missed seeing my good friend Al Snyder around. After several inquiries about him I learned that he’d been transferred back to the so-called “walking army” which simply meant that he had failed a check-ride or two, and the Air Corps was unwilling to invest more time and dollars to carry him to the next stage. We never learned where he went.

My instructor at Bainbridge was a Lt. Buckley, a tough guy from the oil fields of Okla. I am sure that he was a hard drinker who frequently showed up unshaven and in a terrible tempered mood. Another cadet named Vass (from Miss.) and I frequently discussed what we thought was his neglect of our training and progress. We thought Buckley was wasting time aloft buzzing up & down rivers, simply putting in time but little training for the two of us. We decided to bring our problem to the attention of a Capt. who was the flight commander. He heard us out. I believe he had already suspected that Buckley was showing up late and wasting time, probably bored with his job, etc. We never knew what transpired between the Capt. and Buckley. His attitude and devotion to our training dramatically reversed and we two from then on received his undivided attention. This condition lasted throughout the remainder of our stay at Bainbridge and leaving with our classmates for Advanced Flight training at Columbus, Miss.

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Back onto the train we went, across Alabama to Columbus, Miss. The Advanced Flight training school was equipped with substantially more sophisticated airplanes, twin engine Beech

AT-17s and Republic AT-9s. These were enclosed cabin planes that had side-by-side controls in front and sufficient room for 4 additional seats behind. We thought we were now moving into “real” airplanes! Instructors sat in the right seat, student in the left. We never flew these planes without another pilot (instructor or cadet) in the right. Our flight instructors were now mostly likely to be 1st Lts., with more experience than the basic school 2nd Lts.

Columbus had MSCW (Miss. State College for Women) where rumor had it that the girls were all Southern Belles, beautiful, and very fond of cadets. That was never demonstrated to me, I don’t believe I had the honor of meeting even one of them. Classroom hours were abundant, military drill and physical fitness training were daily requirements as well.

Our flying hours were now being devoted to cross-country navigation, utilizing radio facilities, flying by instruments, and formation flying at both day and night. Disorientation could easily take over if one did not continually follow the flight path by almost constant map reading. The city lights of Birmingham most always could be the one thing we could count on at night.

The time flew by quickly, due mostly to the full schedule and the fact that you could fly up to Muscle Shoals, Ala., with another cadet, land and swap seats, then have the other cadet fly the leg back to Columbus.

I believe I progressed well with my instructor. Towards the end of my stay at Columbus

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[he] asked me if I’d like to stay at Columbus and become an instructor. I couldn’t have been more pleased and honored but I told him I truly wanted to get into 4-engine airplanes and wanted them to be either B-17 Flying Fortresses or B-24 Liberator bombers. I truly hated to turn him down and often wondered if I’d made the wrong choice. Perhaps my instructor was on the lookout for his replacement so he could go fly B-17s!

I took the liberty of writing my sweetheart that I was feeling pretty confident about graduation, getting my wings and being commissioned, etc. And that I hoped she could come to the festivities at Columbus in late April. She agreed, I was immensely pleased. In my correspondence with my parents I somehow got the feeling that my mother would like to come as well. That too pleased me, and I offered to pay her railroad fare and get her a place to stay for several days, while there. Eventually she and Virginia decided to come down together. They arrived on schedule and it was a treat to have them there for the big day. There was a ball the night of the graduation ceremony, so both my girlfriend and mother were my guests at the dinner and dance. It was a big night.

Colonel Mallory the Base Commander at Columbus [was] at our graduation ceremony. He said we'd travel far and see much of the world. He wished us Godspeed along with some good advice about various practices we'd have to adjust to as Air Corps officers.

We had one additional day to be with our sweethearts and mothers, then our orders were to proceed to a pilot pool at Alpena, Mich. A cadet friend invited me to drive with him to Michigan. This guy, somehow, had gotten his family to bring his car from S. Carolina to the graduation at Columbus. He also invited a second graduate to accompany us and share the
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expense of travel to Alpena. With the three of us doing the driving we soon arrived at the brand new complex of buildings & offices of WWII type which comprised the central distribution facility to decide where we'd go next. We were informed that we were now Air Transport Command personnel, not B-17 pilots destined for the 8th Air Force flying bombers over Europe. Some were disappointed but it didn't matter, we were going where we were told. End of discussion!

In short order we were informed that we'd be sent to U.S. domestic airlines such as Eastern, Northwest, United, et al. for qualification as pilots in Douglas DC-3 type airplanes which would in turn largely qualify us as pilots in their Army Air Corps equivalent airplane, the Douglas C-47. These airliners were the state-of-the-art airplanes of the U.S. domestic and foreign carriers. A small contingent of about fourteen pilots were scheduled to go to Cheyenne, Wyo. for duty with Inland Airlines which was a relatively small carrier operating in the Northwest quarter of the United States. Inland was operating perhaps 6 or 7 DC-3 type airliners that had [been] taken from various airlines to service the material needs of the U.S. airbases in Colo., Wyoming, Idaho, Montana, Washington, Oregon, Utah. These airlines delivered cargo and other freight to airbases in the states listed.

For the newly arrived Air Corps 2nd Lts., again it was ground school (classroom) activity to study Civil Air Regulations and Procedures, many hours of Link Trainer instruction for familiarity instrument orientation, let-down and arrival procedures to be utilized when destinations were "socked-in" with weather conditions [that] prohibited a visual approach and

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landing. Simultaneously we were introduced to these large Douglas airplanes and their greater size and weight than anything we'd flown before. Hours of emergency and engine-failure procedures were drilled into us. We were under the direct supervision of extremely well qualified and competent airline captains with thousands of hours in their logbooks over the routes we were to fly. This was probably the best training we'd ever be exposed to, and it came at a time when we were most anxious to "do it like they did." Once we were trained and considered competent first officers (co-pilots), we were teamed up with a captain who flew the loop with us [as] their first officer. The loop consisted of flying the following route with stops as

listed: From Cheyenne, Wyo. to Denver, Colo., then to Casper, Wyo., then to Ogden, Utah where we'd take a crew rest of 12 hours. From Ogden to Pocatello, Idaho; off-load & on-load cargo; proceed on the Great Falls, Mont., another crew rest; then to Spokane, Wash., stop, and proceed to Seattle, Wash.; then on to Portland, Ore.; then on to Boise, Idaho; then to Ogden, Utah, crew rest; then to Casper, Wyo. and back to Cheyenne, where we'd have a 2-3 day [rest] to attend classes until our next circuit of the loop.

When possible, I attended church at the Presbyterian Church, met its minister, a Dr. Pattison, who made me welcome. I, in turn, liked and felt at ease with him. Soon I asked him about the possibility of my fiancée, Virginia, and I being married by him at his church. He agreed to give it every consideration, all I had to do was come up with a date. Of course Virginia was kept up to speed about my inquiry in Cheyenne and we settled on a date that she and her

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mother could come to Cheyenne and have the ceremony performed in Dr. Pattison's church on Sunday June 20th, 1943. He suggested the marriage shortly after 1 PM after the regular Sunday worship service was over. That was agreeable with all concerned. In due time Virginia and her mother arrived on or about Fri., June 18th. Prior to her arrival I located and agreed to take a small apartment in a residence of a Mrs. Belle Cash. Virginia and her mother made that their home until we were married. Afterwards, I moved in. Her mother returned to Washington a few days later.

I asked a fellow cadet from Columbus, Miss. who was now one of my classmates at Cheyenne to accompany me as Best Man at the wedding. Virginia's father was then at sea aboard a cruiser in the Pacific. He had been re-called to active duty in 1942. Virginia was their only child and we regretted his absence. Dr. Pattison, the minister, mentioned the fact that this

young lady and her mother had come all the way from Virginia to marry her soldier, to the congregation at the close of his service. And he thought it would be nice if some of the parishioners would remain for our wedding. A good number of them did. A number of my 2nd Lt. classmates had gotten the word that one of the contingent was being married that Sunday. Six or eight of the group came, all in uniform of course. Virginia's mother escorted her down the aisle, she wore a pretty white long dress carrying a bouquet of flowers. She was beautiful. Dr. Pattison made our service a memorable one. An hour or so after our wedding we went to the Ft. Warren Officers' Club for a few toasts and dinner. A number of my fellow officers sent

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libations and made toasts to our good health and happy marriage. As I write these words in early 2000, almost fifty-seven years later, we two have been blessed with much longevity, four wonderful children, along with much good health and happiness.

About two months after our wedding, when our flight training was complete I was able to get 7 days of leave to take a delayed honeymoon. We took a bus to Denver, Colo.; staying at the Brown Palace Hotel overnight and proceeding on to Estes Park, Colo., a very mountainous vacation resort. We walked trails, climbed mountains, swam and enjoyed the scenery for about a week. Soon thereafter I received transfer orders, directing that I report to a Operational Training Unit at St. Joseph, Mo. This was just another training facility designed to make us DC-3 (C-47) qualified pilots through intensive instrument flying techniques to the point where we would be qualified to meet the US Army Air Corps standards for a instrument rating and a card that all pilots sought that conferred one's competency to fly in almost any weather condition. This rating was a badge of honor and pretty much confirmed that you had come of age as an Air Corps professional aviator. In addition we were drilled in almost any imaginable emergency

condition in the C-47 Douglas airliner and cargo carrying plane. Training designed to essentially duplicate the conditions we'd encounter in theatres of operations around the world. It was assumed that our next assignment could be "flying the hump" in India, the desert terrain of N. Africa, the islands of the South Pacific, wherever the theatre of operations called for lots and lots of aerial transport, to move personnel and/or cargo on short notice over long or short distances.

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There were many hours of flying the LINK TRAINER. This training device is a box on a pedestal. The box is shaped somewhat like a short stubby airplane containing a complete set of flight instruments and controls. The trainee climbs a short stairway, enters the cockpit seated at the controls. The lights for the instruments, etc. are turned on. The trainer operator closes the canopy over the trainee's head. He is then in complete darkness but for the fluorescent lamps by which the instruments and charts can be read. The operator turns on the sound device that produces the audible sound of airplane engine noise. The training device is now "powered-up" and will turn thru 360°, bank left or right, nose up or nose down with all conditions apparent on the flight instruments. Radio signals are fed into the pilot's headset. He is given instruction to proceed to various radio aids, to orient the trainer in respect to signals received via the headphones. He acknowledges clearances and instructions just as he would in an airplane flying completely by instruments. Throughout the training session the airplane's track is traced onto a chart that depicts the area of the simulated flight pattern. The link trainer and its operator is designed to give the pilot repeated opportunities to weave himself and his plane through a myriad of procedures and difficulties that are necessary to develop a competent instrument pilot. It familiarizes the pilot with the procedures that he must safely execute to guide him through the weather to a safe let-down and landing. Modern day flight simulators are far [more]

sophisticated in every respect to this early training device which save many thousands of flight hours of airplane, saving time and dollars to the industry. The days and weeks at St. Joseph flew

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by. We pilots were crewed up as teams, a pilot, a co-pilot and a radio operator. I was selected to be the pilot of my crew, with a Flt. Officer Lee as my co-pilot before completing the St. Joseph prescribed hours, etc. The radio operator joined us later.

When the final phase was complete my crew was presented with order to proceed to Hamilton Field, Calif., approx. 20 [miles] north of San Francisco in Marin County. We could not learn what was to come next from any higher-ups we talked to. Perhaps they were told to tell us nothing, or they didn't know what lay ahead. California sounded fine to me, but it became evident that we had to decide whether my wife should accompany me. Newlyweds, not wanting to be separated so soon after just a few short months of marriage, we decided to go together and be together as long as we could. At least we got to see some of Calif. before we would be separated, if that was to be our fate.

We two had come to St. Joseph from Cheyenne by Greyhound bus. Not it was back onto the trains of Central Pacific or Union Pacific, I can't recall which. My final flight at St. Joe was on November 3, 1943. My pilot's logbook reflects that we were at Hamilton Field and had met my co-pilot, Flt. Officer Lee and been assigned to a brand new Douglas C-47. We flew it first on Nov. 21st with our new radio operator aboard.

In the interval between the two dates we had several days of train to Oakland, Cal., in route crossing we'd gotten off the train for about 10 minutes, just so we could say we had been to Reno, Nevada, a romantic destination, at least to our minds it was. Upon arrival in Oakland we took the ferry across the bay to San Francisco.

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We secured living accommodations at the Pickwick Hotel in the city, and I reported to the base at Hamilton a day or so later, on the date specified in my orders. It glaringly became apparent to me within a few days that I was at an aerial port of embarkation and that my crew and our airplane would be leaving for [a] non-specified destination ~~at some date in the future~~ somewhere in the South Pacific, but no date was yet available. The indecision about my future was heightened by the frequent flights we were making to various airfields in the N. Calif. area. Finally a firm date of departure was give to me and plans had to be made for Virginia's departure to return home. She decided to go via Atlanta to spend some time with her favorite aunt, Mrs. Florence Dow, a widow. She departed on or about mid-December for her Atlanta stay. My frequent short-hop flights out of Hamilton to places like Sacramento and Reno continued, further making it hard to understand the delay. Somehow word seeped down to me that our destination would be an airbase on the Island of New Caledonia, an overseas department of France.

On Dec. 22 at about 9 PM we shoved off in our C-47 for Hickam Field in Hawaii. Aftern an uneventful 14 hour flight we arrived at Hickam at about 9:30 AM. Our crew rest was interrupted by a Capt. telling me that a change had been made, that my crew was to be taken over by a 1st Lt. and that I would be returned to the ZI (Zone of Interior). No explanation was provided about the cause of the swap of pilots. I was told that orders had been cut transferring me to the Sixth Ferrying Group at Long Beach, Calif. It was a disappointment to lose my airplane and crew [to] someone who, I surmised, had an "in" at the headquarters at Hickam.

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Someone who desired a pilot slot on a plane being stationed on New Caledonia, then a relatively behind the lines area. Months later at Hickam I learned from a major that he thought my suspicion was about on the mark.

Within about 18 hours I was aboard a Consairways LB-30 destined for Calif. again, with a set of orders transferring me for duty with the Sixth Ferrying Group, Air Transport Command, based at Long Beach, Calif. Upon arrival I secured another (commercial) flight to Long Beach. At my first opportunity I called my wife, who was at Atlanta, to give her the news that [I] was again in Calif., stationed at Long Beach, and the prospects for our lives being joined again looked good. Christmas was upon us, I was able to get one week of leave and set out to see if I could catch a military [flight] east to either Atlanta or to the Washington area where I could visit my parents' home. No flights to Georgia came my way, but I soon got aboard a flight to D.C. Virginia's mother took me in and drove me down to Orange for a two day visit and returned me to D.C. where I purchased a rail ticket for my return to Calif. Made it OK to Chicago but no farther. While waiting for an opening for a seat I met a Dr. Smith who had a roomette on the high speed train named City of Los Angeles. What a break! We shared the compartment and soon arrived at L.A. just prior to my leave of absence expired.

It was readily apparent that the First Squadron at Long Beach had need of pilots. I was hurriedly checked in [and] put to work [in] the business of the First Ferrying Squadron.

Page 44 **[a partial and inserted page]**

In my spare time I set to work locating a place to live when Virginia arrived. It turned out to be a place named Naples, some six miles south of Long Beach. It truly was a nice place which we loved having.

Before Virginia could arrive [I] found my self crewed up with a 1st Lt. scheduled to fly a B-25 from Sacramento, Calif. out to Hawaii. In mid-Jan. I was at Sacramento flying 4 hour cruise control consumption tests on the B-25. Flights on B-25s out to Hawaii were always a “stretch.” The bomb-bay would ~~always~~ become the space for a spare 750 gal. fuel tank that would provide the added fuel capacity to make the flight. These tests were completed and we pushed off from Fairfield Air Base on the night of Jan. 27th. After an uneventful twelve hours we [were] again at Hickam Field.

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In my initial days at the Long Beach base I met a 1st Lt. that I knew had a Virginia accent. He turned out to be a VPI graduate named Allen McLauren from Prince William County, married, and holding down an Emergency Equip. job, a non-flying slot. We discussed that my [wife] was going to be enroute to Long Beach and that I was likely to be on my B-25 mission to Hawaii. Allen and his wife Genevieve met Virginia’s train ~~and~~ took her to their home for the night, and 2 days later delivered her to me at our rented room at Naples. To this day Allend’s widow has remained a valued friend.

Within the next two months I was checked out as first pilot on B-25s and re-qualified as current on the Douglas C-47. I delivered (ferried) a B-25 to Omaha, a C-47 to Dallas and a B-17 from Dallas to Yuma, Ariz. I was beginning to like this picking up [of] new planes at the factory and delivering them to operations units that needed them.

In late Feb. I received orders to undergo 4-engine transport airplane training at the only school my command had to do this. Before I could orient myself I was enroute to Homestead Air Base, Fla., some 30 miles south of Miami. There we underwent the usual spasm of LINK trainer syllabus for instrument flying and concentrated ground school on the new 4-engine

Douglas transport airplanes that we'd soon be flying, the Douglas C-54 or its civil equal the DC-4. This was truly a step up for relatively inexperienced pilots like myself. This was truly a long range airplane that could carry fifty or more troops over 2000 miles distance in about 10 hrs.

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As a 2nd Lt. with only a few hundred hours of pilot time I was crewed up with an elderly (it appeared to me) captain with several thousand [hours] of pilot time. For the length of my stay at Homestead my pilot, Capt. Wolfe, shared the in-flight hours at the controls of this wonderful big airplane. Capt. Wolfe was being groomed to be an aircraft commander while I was programmed to be a co-pilot, the equivalent of a civil airline first officer. It was understood that we would be first in line to hold crew positions on the scheduled airline type overseas operations envisioned by the Air Transport Command. This [was] very intensive training with much emphasis on precision instrument flying and competence to handle this big airplane in emergency conditions with multiple failures of engines and components out of operation. By the end of Mar. '44 we returned to our bases, me to Long Beach.

By the 1st of April I was flying B-25s and C-47s, airplanes on which I was qualified as first pilot. On April 5th I picked up a brand new C-47 at the Douglas plant with order to take it to Townsville, Australia. I had a co-pilot, a navigator, a radio operator and a mechanic as my crew. On April 8th we had flown our fuel consumption test in N. Calif. and were ready to take off for Hawaii again. This time we failed to get the easterly winds that would reduce our overall flight time. After about 16 hours of flight the snow capped peaks of Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa on the island of Hawaii thankfully came into view. After another half hour we were safely on the ground at Hickam Field on Oahu. We were extremely low on fuel but did have a small amount left after landing. Several days were needed at Hickam for repairs that had become evident on

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the flight from Calif. The eight 50 gal. fuel tanks we carried within the fuselage for the longest leg we'd fly were removed so that mail and cargo could be carried on the remaining legs of our mission. Each day thereafter we flew to Christmas Is., then to Canton Is., to Nan Umea Is. in the Ellis Is. Group, then to Guadalcanal in the Solomons, then to Port Moresby on New Guinea, and finally to Townsville, in Queensland, Aust. A few days later [we] were all aboard another Consairways LB-30 enroute home. The LB-30 had several crew changes enroute to Calif., but the thru passengers remained on board for a long and tedious trip to Calif., arriving home April 20th. Got promoted to 1st Lt.

April 28 saw me pick up a new Douglas A-20 from the Douglas plant and deliver it to Dagget, Col. Two days later I flew a B-25 from the North American plant to Cheyenne, Wyo. and delivered it the following day to Omaha, Neb.

Back in Long Beach in mid-May I received orders to again report to Hamilton Field near San Francisco ~~again~~. This time I was advised that I'd be going to a C-54 project. In due time we reported to Hamilton Field and took over operations of a new C-54. We soon learned that we were to take this plane to Hawaii and join up with an organization that had 5 C-54s called Central Pacific Support Project operating from Hickam to islands in the Gilbert and Marshall Is. groups. We promptly started flights destined to Kwajalein Is. carrying cargo, mail, etc. with a team of Air Corps. flight nurses and medical technicians aboard to transport medical patients back to Hawaii. These air evac[uation] type missions [continued] throughout the summer of 1944. The Mariana Is. campaigns were in full force and shortly we began extending our radius

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of operations to Saipan and Guam when those islands fell to U.S. forces. Many hundreds of wounded soldiers and sailors from those battles were flown by our C-54s back to hospitals on Oahu.

Before leaving the U.S. for this Central Pacific Support Project we had received inklings that it wouldn't be very long before all the Pacific C-54s would be based in Calif. again; at Hamilton. Virginia of course could not accompany me overseas but we agreed to her getting a job at Hamilton to be there should that become the main base for C-54s operating into and across the Pacific. By the end of Aug. 1944 we were all transferred, along with our airplanes, back to mainland Calif.

It was great to join my wife again. She continued to hold her job on the base at Hamilton. We had [a] wonderful living arrangement with Mr. & Mrs. Guerin at Ross, Calif. This family had a grand home and this elderly couple had essentially adopted Virginia to be a family member. *[The following sentences had been crossed out by Dad.]* ~~We had lots of company. My sister Nancy came and stayed a week or two. Virginia's mother and her Aunt Florence.~~

~~The rumors that had persisted all summer proved to be correct. By the end of Aug. '44 all of the Hickam based C-54s were transferred back to the mainland at Hamilton. All the flight crews and maintenance men too were shifted.~~

The Guerin family welcomed me back into their home. They had a son, somewhere with the Western Pacific Fleet who had not been home for a year or more. To some degree they began to feel that I was almost a son as well.

It was about at this period that I began to refer to and address my wife, Virginia, as “Ginny,” primarily in informal and private occasions. Initially, I don’t think she relished the idea, but eventually [she] gave in, because I persisted in the practice. For the following fifty-six years the name has stuck. She, now, routinely uses Ginny to refer to herself.

Very soon after my return to Calif. I was flying trips out through Hawaii to Kwajalein and on to Saipan and Guam. Mostly, our loads were cargo westbound and air evacuation of wounded eastbound. The U.S. assault on Iwo Jima in the Bonin Is., some _____ miles north of Saipan, soon followed the Mariana Is. campaign. This action developed a staggering amount of severely wounded, mostly U.S. Marines, as I recall. A small percentage were ambulatory, the remainder litter patients. Strapped onto litters that were suspended alongside both sides of the airplane fuselage. The flying time from Iwo Jima is about 24 hours, another six hours would be consumed at stops at Saipan, Kwajalein and Johnston Is. before the casualties could be receiving treatment at Tripler General Hospital on Oahu near Honolulu. The flight nurses and corpsmen technicians struggled valiantly to save every life in their hands on these long hours of flight and refueling stops time. Sadly, some did not make it. A stretcher or two often had to be removed while refueling at Saipan, Kwajalein or Johnston. This vivid reminder of this period is forever etched in my memory.

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In October ’44 I was sent to the C-54 flight training school at Homestead, Fla. again. This time was for my upgrading to Senior Aircraft Commander status, to become familiar with advanced techniques and procedures put into the curriculum since I [had] attended this school in Feb. It was also a time to review my instrument flying status and be granted a card valid for the following year. It was a joy to be home in Calif. with Ginny for Christmas and the New Year.

Hamilton Field was a rapidly changing place during this latter part of 1944. The South Pacific campaigns thru New Guinea and the islands leading toward the Philippines via the Moluccas Group were hot spots. The invasion of Okinawa was imminent. The C-54 factory was producing new models at a very rapid pace. Hamilton Field where our six or seven C-54s from Hawaii formed the initial cadre in Sept. We now had many dozens of these airplanes and the pool of pilots, navigators, radio operators and mechanics to fly and maintain them. Our schedule of flights departing for the west rapidly increased to the point where we had 24 departures a day. The pool of pilots increased to more than 500, with corresponding increases in the other specialties. Flights through the Solomons, the Admiralty [islands], the Schoutens and on to the Philippines were now added to those that pressed on through the Marshalls and Marianas to Okinawa. The airbase between San Francisco and Sacramento at Fairfield soon became a major C-54 base with many planes and crews to fly them. Trips out to [the] Western Pacific and return

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typically required or so days away from home. We often complained of the ground time we'd required to spend at island stops while waiting our turn to take our next flight onward.

1945 brought rapid changes in our lives. We had not yet owned a car since being married. Sometime early in the year we purchased, for less than \$400, a well-used 1937 Lincoln Zephyr from a Lincoln dealer in San Francisco. Almost all travel in the U.S. until then was via bus.

Also, a most significant event was the discovery that Ginny was going to have a baby. Thus far in our marriage we had successfully maintained our plan to await having children. We welcomed this news when we were sure it was valid. Ginny got involved in pre-natal classes.

Her mother and father were delighted; she was their only child. Her mother soon made plans to be on hand to see that everything went well at the time of delivery.

We soon told the Guerin's that we'd be leaving our one-room quarters in their home. To say they were disappointed was daily evident. We arranged for a basement two-room (plus a nook for a kitchen) apartment in the home of the Police Chief of San Anselmo, Calif., Mr. and Mrs. Wood. We had a garage for our Lincoln Zephyr and easy access to Ginny's pre-natal classes, etc. The Guerin family, where we'd previously lived, maintained a touching degree of attention to us. Our new landlords were discreetly, but not overly, concerned. Our first born, a girl named Sandra Roberta after her grandmother, on 14 July 1945 [*actually born on the 13th*],

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our firstborn, Sandra, arrived at Dante's Annex. at Letterman General Hospital. Ginny's mother and her aunt, Mrs. Dow, had been on hand for a few days. Mr. & Mrs. Guerin, our previous landlords in Ross, were especially hospitable to their arrival in Calif., and had them in their home for a picture-taking session prior to Sandra's arrival.

In the Spring of 1945 I recall coming acquainted with a Mr. Quigley. He was a used-car dealer with pretty good qualities that I determined, that I'd like to befriend. He had a lot in San Anselmo. We worked out a deal whereby he'd watch my sanding of my '37 Lincoln Zephyr. Finally, he told me that it was ready for repainting. For almost \$100.00 we had the job done, it looked great. Before the summer we had a remanufactured engine installed in our Zephyr. It ran like a dream. It would effortlessly go up to 100 MPH on its Columbia rear axles. To this day I regret selling for \$1,000.00 to a couple of GS's when we were leaving Japan for return to [the] USA years later.

Throughout the year 1945 I made repeated trips to Biak, Saipan, Los Negros, Leyte, Manila, Okinawa, from the West Coast, until the period surrounding Japan's surrender in the autumn of 1945.

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In late summer of 1945 I flew a trip to Hawaii on out to Okinawa, it was apparent something was brewing about the surrender of Japan. The atomic bombs had devastated Hiroshima and Nagasaki. There was a grand assembly of C-54's at Kadena Field on Okinawa. Our airplanes were parked in revetments planned for B-29's. There were no transient quarters available, we slept on cots in the airplane to which we were assigned. We spent the day under the wing of our C-54 awaiting flight orders. Our dining facilities were a tent mess hall at a nearby airbase named Yontan. We made several trips to Clark Air Base in the Philippine Is. to pick up Army troops and their equipment, the last of this series occurred on Aug. 19, 1945. On 29 Oct. 1945, before the surrender of Japan was signed on the battleship Missouri in the Tokyo Bay, we flew our first mission to Atsugi Air Base in Japan delivering troops and equipment of the Seventh Airborne Division, U.S. Army and returning U.S. prisoners who had walked away from their prisons to Atsugi Airbase, because they had been told that's where the Americans would be landing. We only shutdown two of our four engines, those on the right-hand side of the airplane, off loaded our personnel and jeeps by timbers from the cargo door to the ground, and taking off for Okinawa without filing a flight plan. We just went by reversing our track we'd flown to get to Atsugi. Four Air Corps prisoners who had been taken prisoners at Clark Field in the Philippine Is. in Dec. '41 were placed aboard our airplane with my concurrence.

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They were one commissioned officer, a pilot, and three enlisted ground crew technicians stationed at Clark Field. They were in what could only be described as outrageously weakened physical condition. One was on crutches from his prison camp to Atsugi, they said. After almost four years in prisons in Luzon, Formosa and Japan, they were technically unable to comprehend the capability of 1945 radio equipment of the late model C-54. The fact that we had a crew compartment, washrooms and sleeping bunks for off duty flight crew-members was completely beyond their comprehension.

We radioed our passenger load of freed prisoners to Okinawa and were met by war correspondents who interviewed these released prisoners at Kadena.

[Dad crossed out the following sentence.] ~~The surrender of the Axis Powers came as well as the surrender of Japan.~~

The fleet of C-54's at Kadena A.B. Okinawa made many dozens of flights to Japan in the days following the surrender to Gen. McArthur in Japan. Our crew made three round trips back to Atsugi delivering more troops and equipment. Another group of detainees or prisoners that my crew brought out were mostly Dutch civilians, both male and female, who had been brought to Japan from Java by the Japanese and held prisoner for the war's duration. This group too, was miserably emaciated and had gotten little-to-no medical or dental care since being imprisoned in 1941-42. They were immensely pleased and delighted to be homeward bound.

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What a treat it was to return home to our little apartment in San Anselmo on Sept. 21st '45. Ginny and baby Sandra were doing well. A chance to get to know my new daughter was eagerly taken advantage of.

One week later I was again westbound on a 20 day odyssey to Guam, Biak, Kwajalein via Hawaii. My pilot's log indicates that I logged 105 hours flying time on the trip.

The Pacific war was now ended, but there were a great number of bases and garrisons throughout the area that had to be supplied. Naturally the Air Transport Command (ATC) was assigned much of that task, and it was some months before any appreciable diminution of our effort was apparent to the flight crews. Besides, the forces beginning the military occupation of the Japanese home islands was in full force. This too, was a monumental task for all branches of government, both civil and military. Major airfields in Japan quickly became destinations that were becoming familiar destinations to us all. Yakota, Haneda, Atsugi, Tachikawa, Matsushima and Johnsons became beehives of activity for the flying services. My crew consisting of three first Lt.'s and two sergeants had been pretty much together for the full year of '45, we were a compatible group, very proud of our record of accomplishments. As old Col. Mallory who had addressed us at graduation exercises at Columbus, Miss. said, "We would travel far and see many wonders of this world," was coming be reality for me and many others. And there was yet [Page 56]

much much more to come. I had now amassed more than two thousand flying hours as a Air Corps pilot, and justifiably I believe, had become a relatively seasoned and tested airplane pilot capable of handling the largest transport planes the U.S. possessed. I had a lovely and dedicated wife, a sweet little daughter growing up with us, and felt that I truly knew what I wanted to with the rest of my working life. Christmas of '45 came but it was not as I had wished. That day was spent on the tropical island of Ncw Caledonia, near New Zealand. Before 1945 expired, my crew had flown to overnite stops Esprito Santos, to Guadalcanal, Tarawa, Kwajalein and on to Hawaii.

The year of 1946 found us continuing the same job, but now in Jan. we were proceeding to destinations farther from our home base in Calif. Bangkok, Siam and Calcutta, India show up on my flight log for Jan. This indicates that our range of operations was approx. 12,500 miles west of home, which is approx. one-half the way around the earth.

With the hostilities over in Europe and the Pacific, the mission the thousands of pilots and our crew members previously flying combat missions around the world came to a halt. There were now pilots far in excess of the Air Corps' needs. Many were de-mobilized and returned to civil status. Those that did wish to stay on active duty were hard pressed to find
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flying slots in an army that had need of far fewer pilots. Many of this excess pilot pool were assigned to the Air Transport Command where there was still "flying to be done." A major percentage were assigned to non-flying jobs at every active base where they could get the requisite minimum flying hours to qualify for flying pay. Competition for every flying slot became intense. Pilots in the category of those like myself were relatively secure to hold our old assignments. Training hours and cost of operations to qualify combat aviators from bomber and fighter-plane units to transport pilots was an unjustifiable expense. We now had unqualified pilots assigned to our crews as additional crew members, merely to get their four hours of time at the controls per month, so they would not lose flight pay for that month. Not a happy solution, but better than no solution at all.

In early '46 trips to Tokyo became more frequent. Japan at that period was not a happy place for the Japanese people, but was relatively good for the armies of occupation which was mostly composed of American, Australian and New Zealand components. Prices of food and other essentials were very low, housing was furnished. Auto fuel to American forces from

military stock was nine cents per gallon. Air Corps personnel we met and talked to generally liked and were satisfied with duty in Japan.

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My flying routine continued throughout 1946 with Manila, Bangkok, Okinawa, Tokyo, Fiji and New Guinea as principal turn-around points before returning home to Calif.

In the autumn I learned that a transport unit of six or eight C-54 transports would be assembled to operate from Tokyo, Japan; to provide frequent passenger and freight services to a number of bases in the Far East. To be included was Shanghai, Peiping and Nanking China. Also, Seoul Korea, Guam, Manila and Bangkok. This was a flying job that had some appeal because it was thought that our trips would be usually three or four days away from home. Ginny and our baby, Sandra, would live in new government-provided houses. The idea has some appeal to Ginny because our periods of separation would be much shorter. Besides, I had told her she would like living in a exotic culture of the Orient.

I soon let my unit's personnel officer know that I was interested in becoming a pilot in this new Tokyo unit. Very soon I was notified that my application was accepted and would be later told when to expect transfer orders.

It was soon determined that I would precede my dependent wife and child to Japan. Housing for dependents would not be available upon my arrival and being ready to assume my aircraft commander duty position.

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Finally, my reporting date of mid Oct. was made known. Then the decision to give up our apartment in Marin County had to be made and where would Ginny live until she'd be directed to travel to a port of embarkation to take steamship travel to Japan. Jointly, we decided

that Ginny would fly back to the Washington area and spend the waiting period with her mother, which she did. In the meantime I cleaned out the apartment at San Anselmo, took my car to the San Francisco port to be shipped to Tokyo, flew as a passenger to Japan in mid-November.

Upon reporting to this new unit I was quickly put to duty flying to Shanghai and Peiping. I took a room in the Bachelors' Officer Quarters at Haneda Air Base and resumed the life I'd known in Calif., except I was now living apart from my wife and daughter. My flight crew consisted of myself, a co-pilot Lt. named Tony Hong, a Chinese American officer, and Lt. Hartell, the navigator, who got me to play the game of bridge which I've enjoyed for fifty-odd years since.

After my auto arrived the requirement to drive on the left hand side of roadways had [to be] coped with. Having a personal auto made life much more enjoyable while learning the ropes of going places in Tokyo and the area. Requests to secure suitable family living quarters had to be initiated and processed. We were assured that a newly constructed 2 bed-room duplex in the Washington Heights was to be ours upon the arrival of my dependent wife and child, though I [Page 60]

could not occupy it was completed prior to my family's arrival in Japan, scheduled for earl April '47. Flying the loop, as it was called, from Tokyo, to Okinawa, to Manila, to Guam and return to Tokyo was frequently the assignment. At other times it was to Seoul Korea, to Peiping & Shanghai China, then on to Okinawa and back to Tokyo. We truly got to know these airports and cities quite well.

Soon Ginny received her long awaited "port call," a date to arrive for boarding an ocean-going transport for travel to Japan. Hers was to come to Seattle, Wash. in early April. She and daughter, Sandra, flew across country as planned without incident. No so for her surface voyage

across the N. Pacific! The ship's course took them quite far to the north near the Aleutians Islands where they encountered very violent weather. Days were spent undergoing almost constant seasickness and its aftermath. Almost all families consisted of a mother and infants, almost no adult males. Most children were ill for days, the voyage took over a week. Most, if not all, were immensely glad to eventually be ashore. Our little girl, Sandra, had become dehydrated and was hospitalized for a few days after arrival. Soon, things got better.

Our assigned home in Washington Heights was not yet ready for occupancy. I was able to get about ten days of leave and secured reservations for a room at the Fujia Hotel in the Hakone National Park area which is in the mountains, quite near Mt. Fujiyama, the highest mountain in Japan. Springtime in the area was a perfect time for relaxation, hiking, etc. In due time our furnished home was ready to move into, which we gladly did.

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Our residential living area, Wash. Heights, consisted of several hundred new homes built by the Japanese govt. for the exclusive use of U.S. military office families of all grades. The area contained a Post Exchange, Commissary, Movie Theatre, Officers Club, Swimming Pool and a Gas Station. Several railroad stations were on the perimeter of the area where train service to anywhere in the Tokyo-Yokohama area could be taken at quite minimal cost.

Very soon most all residents of the area got their personal autos from the U.S. to Japan. We car-pooled, at times, to our duty stations. My flight station was at the Haneda Airport on Tokyo bay, between the cities of Tokyo and Yokohama. My driving time to Haneda was usually about 30 minutes. My flights frequently took off at random times and at night, therefore I seldom car-pooled. Ginny was not then a driver, besides I'd need transportation whenever I returned to the airport. My 1937 Lincoln Zephyr was almost always used to go and return.

Ginny quickly adapted to the life style of the Washington Heights community. She became friends with Army and Navy officers' wives. Many had children about the same age as our daughter. In many respects we lived much like we would have had we been in an American city. Food for the family was purchased at the commissary, most other essentials were from the Post Exchange.

The Japanese government furnished each residential unit with two young Japanese girls to work as directed by their household masters as maids; to do household chores, clean, sweep, wash dishes and clothing, babysit, etc. The two girls assigned to us were wonderfully obedient and could not have been more devoted to pleasing our every desire. They arrived every morning
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about 8 AM, and stayed until Ginny released them in the mid or late afternoon. They were totally unable to converse in English. Though only about 13 or 14 years of age they had been exposed to writing in English at school in pre-war Japan. Whenever the two languages clashed and there was zero comprehension, they would ask us to "please write," by handing us a pencil and tablet. Eventually we "communicated." These two teen-age girls were overly fascinated with our child, 2½ year old Sandra. Within a few weeks they had established a system of communication with this American infant. They spent many afternoon hours with her and dearly loved the opportunity to do it, I am sure. Sandra could converse with them, when Ginny and I could not! They felt that Sandra was "special" when Ginny and I were "remote." These two teen-agers still occupy a special place in our memories.

Before the end of 1946 I had been designated a "Instructor Pilot" in C-54 airplanes, and more importantly to me, a "Check Pilot," to evaluate and qualify a pilot as competent to fly in command of one of our airplanes. This meant a radical change in my relationship with many of

my “contemporaries,” pilots who were “senior” as well as “junior” to me in grade or rank.

Captains, majors and even Lt. Colonels were seeking authorization to fly in common and on Air Transport Command planes on international routes. It was someone’s duty to say that they were, or were not. That, at a relatively young age, became one of my responsibilities. I was never comfortable with its implications. I always got the support of my seniors in the profession.

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Soon I was spending considerable time going out onto the “line” selecting the crew that I wanted to ride with and evaluate. This system, known as administering a “line check” was a principal portion of my duty. In addition to giving line checks over the routes we flew, I became designated as assistant chief pilot for my unit. This meant almost daily local flights at Tokyo administering proficiency check flights to the line first pilots and co-pilots. Each 90 days all line 1st pilots were required to pass a very comprehensive evaluation flight check of about 3½ to 4 hrs. duration devoted to every facet of instrument flying proficiency and demonstrating competence in coping with all phases of emergency procedures with simulated failures of engines, failures of every engineering systems (hydraulics, electrical & de-icing) associated with the C-54 airplane. These were exhausting evaluations of the pilots’ skill, knowledge and familiarity with the emergency procedures applicable to our airplanes. These were no “buddy rides” as far as I was concerned.

Throughout the remainder of 1946 and early 1947 it was routine flying the routes that the Tokyo crews were directed to operate.

The operation of scheduled flights into the airport at Peiping was, as I recall, a pretty “iffy” operation. We’d have to get well out onto a line-up, with the active runway, which was always about 4,000 ft. We’d dirty up the airplane with full flaps, with airspeed at approx. 100

MPH, and hold it off until approx. 10 ft. crossing the threshold of the runway, cut all power, and get on the brakes (ASAP) as soon as possible.

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Sometime in 1947, I have no recall of the exact date, we became United States Air Force officers. No more U.S. Army Air Corps. We were now on equal footing with [the] U.S. Army and U.S. Navy. Eventually we, the new Air Force officers, [were] required to adopt the new Air Force “blue” uniforms with black shoes. There was a relatively long “optional” period where our old U.S. Army Air Corps dress attire was equally appropriate with the new USAF uniforms. Needless to say, not everyone was pleased. The USAF blue, eventually, became the standard for us U.S. Air Force types.

Early to mid-1948 shows up on my pilot’s log as a very active period, flying the scheduled trips around the “loop” down to Manila with frequent stops at Shanghai and Guam and Okinawa.

A major disruption to our routine was about to “blind-side” us. Tensions in Europe were “off our radar screens.” In mid-’48 President Truman ordered the re-supply of Berlin by air. The Russians had closed the overland supply routes, leaving only “air” as the means by which the city of Berlin could be supplied with coal, fuel, food, etc. Harry Truman chose not to submit and ordered his military departments to initiate a token (~~massive~~) airlift of essential supplies to be flown into the city of Berlin by air. The U.S. Air Force, along with the “Brits” took on the challenge with meager forces with little tonnage of supply capacity. Soon it became evident the “mission” would require [an] all-out effort with 4-engine cargo airplanes [as] necessary to maintain the degree of support needed. Suddenly we were directed to transfer six of our planes

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to Germany, and to man each airplane with two flight crews to provide for the necessary manning enroute and after arrival in Europe to “hit the water swimming” so to speak, re-supplying the city of Berlin.

We, the Tokyo flight section, was left with one plane and two complete crews to carry on as best we could. Our major air command (Air Transport Command) elected to initiate an around scheduled trip (called the Embassy Run) in each direction (east & west) on a weekly basis. It befell our duty to pick up the trip at Manila upon arrival from mainland U.S. From the Philippines we’d go to Bangkok, Siam, offload passengers and cargo and reload and proceed to Calcutta, India; offload & reload, and fly to New Delhi where we’d get a 12 hour crew rest. Then it would be on to Karachi, Pakistan where we’d repeat the off & onload process and depart for Dhahran, Saudi Arabia. At Dhahran we would be on [an] U.S. Air Force base where technical support to repair the airplane as needed was available and the crew could get a night’s sleep in air-conditioned quarters. The following day it would be on to Asmara, Eritrea (now Ethiopia), onload approx. 8,000 lbs. of fresh vegetables and fruit for the military mess halls at Dhahran and return to Saudi Arabia. After another brief crew rest we would proceed back to Manila via the reverse of the route we had flown to the west. After another nine-hour flight to Tokyo, we’d be home and very happy to be there. I personally flew a number of these Embassy Run trips throughout the fall of 1948. In between there were the usual Shanghai, Okinawa, Guam trips that were “pieces of cake,” compared to the Asmara turn-arounds.

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Throughout the summer and fall of 1947 it was generally felt that [the] Nationalist Chinese government headed by Gen. Chiang Kai-Shek was coming under increasing military

pressure by the communist forces under Mao Tse-tung. Frequently, audible rifle fire [occurred] near the Peiping airport.

As early as May of '48 [the] situation was getting "iffy" in the area to the north of Peiping. The powers that be decided that it was time to get the Air Corps detachment that serviced our flights into and out of Peiping to a less exposed position. I have a Pacific Stars & Stripes newspaper article dated May 9th 1948 about the last ATC flight out of Peiping, flown by yours truly, which evacuated the cadre of the ATC unit that had been in Peiping since Oct. 1945.

President Truman's administration came up with bail-out after bail-out of Chiang's government with U.S. dollar infusions into the Nationalist monetary system. Nevertheless, the Chinese Yuan continued its inflationary march, where more yuan was needed to purchase anything Chinese merchants had for sale. Nanking fell to the communists in April '48. Soon we began to hear about Chiang Kai-shek's plans to move to Formosa. The die had been cast.

Sometime in the fall of 1948 I learned that the Air Force was purchasing ten (10) Lockheed Constellation airplanes which were to be operated by the Air Transport Command. These planes were far superior in design, speed, range and payload capacity than the C-54's we had been flying since 1944. The Constellation was a high altitude transport with cabin pressurization capability, capable of flight at 18-20,000 ft. altitude, with passenger cabin altitude maintained to 8-10,000 ft. The engines would be fuel injected, capable of 2500 horsepower each (our C-54 engines were rated to 1700 horsepower), and equipped with reversible propellers to reduce landing runway requirements substantially.

Even more exciting, I was informed that I was to be one of the eight pilots (from the Pacific division ATC) designated to attend the Lockheed Constellation ground school for six (6) weeks at Burbank, Calif. in Jan. 1949. In Dec. '48, with my target date of school in Burbank

approaching, I naturally made arrangements for Ginny and Sandra to return to the U.S., to await my Burbank school and checkout in the Constellation. My dependents would take an ocean liner from Japan to San Francisco and fly to the D.C. area to live with Ginny's mother until I could join them. Ginny was again pregnant.

To my dismay when I arrived in the U.S., I was told that there existed a shortage of C-54 Instructor Pilots in the Berlin Airlift C-54 school at Great Falls, Mont. As ordered, I reported to Great Falls on Jan. 20 '49. The C-54 pilot school at Great Falls had been set up to turn out the massive number [of] C-54 co-pilots needed in Germany to fill the U.S. Air Force need. Many World War II pilots who had been de-mobilized in '45 and '46 were recalled to active duty and given twenty hours of instruction as co-pilots after several weeks of ground school, to become

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familiar with the systems and procedures they would have to [be] familiar with to adequately perform co-pilot duty on the Berlin Airlift.

The dead-of-winter flight training with zero to 20 below weather at Great Falls was a challenge for all. The planes were flown around the clock with each instructor flying 4-hour periods, never shutting down the engines until refueling was absolutely necessary.

As soon as the students acquired the necessary flight training they were air-lifted to Frankfurt, Germany, put to work flying into and out of Berlin.

I flew my last students on March 4th 1949, driving to Burbank to meet the next class of Constellation pilot training at the Lockheed factory.

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Ginny and Sandra were staying at her mother's home in the suburban D.C. area, near Bolling Field. It was a hectic time for all. Leaving Japan without being accompanied by her

husband made it a difficult trek for Ginny. My unanticipated diversion to Great Falls, then spending 6 weeks at Burbank with Lockheed, and then driving across country to the new duty station at Springfield, Mass. all seems a jumble of times and dates now. While at Burbank I had been notified that I had been promoted to Captain. Not a total surprise but a pleasant factor anyway. It was springtime in Virginia and [I had] a wonderful few days with my family at Rapidan with Ginny. She was now programmed to have the baby at the Bolling Field hospital.

No extended leave of absence could be had, I was off to Westover by mid-April and was immediately receiving my check-out in the new Constellation airplanes. Made my first trip to Europe via the Azores to Frankfurt in early May '49.

Within days I learned that Ginny was in the delivery room at Bolling, awaiting the arrival of her second baby. I, somehow, got a few days to go and be with her. Upon arrival, the news was not good. Our new little boy had not survived the ordeal of being turned to permit head-first delivery. A sad time for all. Ginny was heartbroken. , as she had long prayed for a son. She, then and there, set her mind, I think, to have another try at another pregnancy at an early date. Upon my return to Westover, I rented an apartment in the home of a nice Italian family named Geraci, in the city of Springfield. Soon Ginny and Sandra arrived too.

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My anticipated three to four-year tour of duty at Westover, flying the Atlantic, was cut short, it lasted about a year and a half. However it was a busy challenging job, piloting about three round-trip flights a month to Europe, with the turn-arounds at Rhine-Main Air Base at Frankfurt, Germany. The north Atlantic winter weather can give any internal combustion engine airplane a rough time with its extreme temperature variations, its gale-force winds both on the surface and aloft, icing conditions at all levels, etc. The Constellation airplane was probably one

of the best to cope with the conditions one must cope with. We pilots got about over 100 hrs. of flight time per month with the three round trips to Germany. The Berlin Airlift program was going at full speed throughout the year of '49 and '50. Our passenger loads were full both ways. Most military brass from all services wanted to travel via the air-conditioned pressurized Constellation fleet at Westover. Many high-ranking military officers from many European nations sought to come to the U.S. with us. As pilots we became familiar with bases along our routes, especially Lajes A.B. in the Azores, Keflavik in Iceland, Goose Bay, Labrador and various airfields in Newfoundland.

[Here. Insert Para. About Ginny Getting Pregnant & Going Home to DC in Late Summer to Birth at W. Reed.] ***[Dad did not follow up on this note to himself here, but did below (pg. 72). This reference is to Mom being pregnant with daughter Mary Ellen, with her birth at Walter Reed Hospital, that of the U.S. Army in the District of Columbia.]***

By mid-summer of 1950 we heard rumors that the C-121A Constellation of our squadron at Westover would be transferred to the 1254th Air Transport Squadron at Washington National Airport, D.C. The 1254th Sq. was a Special Mission outfit charged with transporting the president and vice-president, members of Congress, high-level Dept. of Defense (Pentagon) military and civil department heads, Members of the House and Senate, State Dept. dignitaries, and others from various departments and agencies of the federal government. The Wash.

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National Airport VIP squadron was equipped primarily with C-54 airplanes. These were slower, non-pressurized, shorter-range vehicles, much older and less comfortable than the "Connies" at Westover.

In 1950 several of the VIP pilots from the 1254th Sq. at D.C. showed up at Westover with orders that they be transitioned, trained and qualified as Constellation pilots. We, in turn, began giving them the same check-out rides that we had earlier received. Their arrival pretty well confirmed the rumors that we'd heard about our planes replacing the ones the Wash. Nat'l. Squadron had. In due time the orders came to deliver our planes to D.C. Two pilots and several flight engineers were requested to be assigned to D.C. when the planes came. Two instructor pilots in Constellations were then designated. Myself and Capt. Jack Sisson were requested to fill these instructor pilot slots. In mid-Sept. we were assigned to the 1254th Sq. at Washington National.

It was an assignment that I had long hoped that I could eventually get before my career [~~likely be saddled to a desk~~] require me to hold down a ground job and do far less flying than I had up to this point.

We were cordially received and welcomed into the new outfit. Capt. Sisson and I both then had well over a thousand pilot hours in Constellation airplanes, far more than any others there. We were asked to instruct others and to fly the special missions as well. My first trip was to Alaska and Aleutians with one of the old-timers. There were things to be learned that go with their brand of flying & communicating and operating off the main routes. Planning ahead to see

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that transportation, food, housing and maintenance support [are] arranged beforehand and materializes when needed. There was no question about it, I was going to love the challenge of special missions VIP flying.

Soon after my arrival at Wash. Nat'l. we rented a two bedroom apartment, at Glass Manor in S.E. D.C. near Bolling Field. When our furniture, etc. arrived from Mass. we moved in

and I commuted from there to Wash. Nat'l. via a route thru D.C. to [the] Va. side of [the] Potomac River. I mid-Aug. '50, Ginny gave birth to our second daughter, our beautiful red-head, Mary Ellen, named after my mother, Mary, and Ginny's long-time friend's mother (Ellen).

Throughout the fall and winter I flew a group of Atomic Energy Hq. Staff out to Eniwetok Atoll in the Marshall Islands and back home after an atomic test of some magnitude. Then, later, we picked up the Bob Hope Show in New York and flew them to Shreveport, La. where they put on a show at the Barksdale AFB, then on the following day for a repeat performance for the men at Carswell AFB at Fort Worth. For a few days we got to hob-nob with the likes of Bob Hope, Jerry Colonna, Les Brown and his band, Marilyn Maxwell, a statuesque blonde singer and many others. [Dropping Hope party at LAX & returning empty to DCA.] Then a trip to take the Asst. Sect. [of the] Air Force to Florida. Later in Jan. '51 a trip to [the] West Coast bases and factories flying an Air Force general & his staff.

It took only a few trips under this new, to me, system [to learn that] the senior VIP on the passenger [list] truly called the shots. He was free to change the schedule of stops to make, the duration of remaining at the sites visited, when to depart and where to go next. The pilot in [Page 73]

command of the airplane was always necessarily consulted by the ~~[these desires of the]~~ staff and aides of the senior VIP or dignitary in the feasibility or safety considerations brought up by the changes of plans considered. Pilots were seldom if ever urged to undertake any unsafe or questionable deviation. In my experience, wishes and desires of the senior passenger were seldom, if ever, even suggested when the pilot thought it unwise. As a general rule the pilot knew where the VIP wanted to go and when he wanted to arrive there. It was then up to the pilot to consult with his crew navigator and other aircrew members to inform the senior passenger

when it was necessary to depart to meet that arrival time. From then on the pilot would outline the fuel and other requirements to the flight engineer, give the flight stewards the food and drink requirements needed for the foreseeable next period, and have the navigator make up the needed flight plans and secure the needed enroute maps, charts and airdrome data concerning destination and alternative airports in [the] event of inability to land due to weather or mechanical difficulties.

Short notice on schedule changes would almost always [result in] a frantic period of telling the crew hotel of our need to depart at a stipulated date and time and to have our bills ready for payment on time. To arrange with the auto rental agency for turn-in of cars rented by the crew and to have bills prepared for payment at turn-in. Stewards were almost always told of a menu preference of the senior VIP and purchases of meats, vegetables, etc., plus beverages had to be procured and put aboard on time. Frequently up to 5,500 gallons of aviation gasoline had to be unloaded for the next leg of the flight itinerary. Many anxious moments about overall readiness to depart were commonplace.

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On Jan. 20, 1951 I was informed that I would be in command of a 30-odd day trip to the Far East, Indonesia, Australia, New Zealand, Samoa and Hawaii, flying Mr. John Foster Dulles and a small party of six others. And to be ready to depart at noon Jan. 23. A long test flight of the Constellation I was to use was flown on Jan. 21st. Much had to be done, with a short time to do it, was done. We were ready! Mr. & Mrs. Dulles were meeting with Pres. Truman and would be a little late, we were informed; they showed up in time for us to depart Wash. Nat'l. at 3:15 PM. Mr. Dulles told me that he "hoped we could make up a little time and still arrive in Tokyo, Japan on schedule." I replied, "we'd do the best we could, sir." High winds were forecast across

the U.S., and they were encountered, 11 hrs. and 45 min. later we landed at Tacoma, Wash. for a 1.5 hr. fuel and reserves stop and [we] were off for a 12 hr. flight to Shemya at the far west of the Aleutian chain. The great circle outré takes one fairly far north enroute and it's winter, but this is the shortest practical route to use. We bucked strong headwinds as expected. After almost seven hours enroute bad news arose. All of our cabin and flight station (cockpit) heaters failed. Cabin temperatures rapidly dropped, it was well below freezing outside. There was no hope that we could get technical parts, etc. at Shemya and a decision had to be made because it was going to get very cold inside the cabin.

I told Mr. Dulles that it was my decision to return to Seattle or Tacoma and we'd keep the cabin temp. as high as possible by flying at lower level and keeping the cabin pressurized to make it as comfortable [as possible]. After reversing course I decided to call Lockheed Aircraft Co., the maker of our plane, via our long-range high frequency. Our radio operator soon had the Lockheed operator on the line wanted to know who I wished to talk to. I replied "President _____ would be best." Promptly we were in contact, I gave him a rundown on our heater

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failures, who I was, what airplane was concerned, who we had onboard, etc. Mr. _____ said, "Capt., bring that airplane to Burbank as quickly as you can, we'll be ready to fix it pronto, no matter what." Southern Calif., Burbank was quickly determined [to be] beyond our range. We advised Lockheed we'd refuel at Tacoma and proceed to Burbank ASAP. Thirteen hours after our take-off from Tacoma, we were again on the airport being refueled. West Coast temperatures were much higher. We soon got airborne and were at Burbank after another 3 hrs. of flight. Lockheed was more than prepared, both of our cabin heaters and other components were removed and replaced by new equipment.

Lockheed officials took great care of our passengers during our time on the ground at Burbank. The plane was again refueled & serviced as we asked, 3 hrs. later we were enroute to Honolulu. In ten more hours we were on the ground there. In a bit more than 1 hr. later we were off for an 8 hr. flight to Wake Is. Slightly more than an hour [later] we were off and enroute to Tokyo, 9½ hrs. later we touched down at Tokyo at 11:30 PM local time. General Douglas [MacArthur] and Ambassador Sebald et al. were at the airport to meet Mr. Dulles & party.

We were a tired and spent crew upon touchdown at Tokyo. A review of flight logs reveals that we were aloft in flight for 57 hours enroute from Washington to Tokyo. The total elapsed time since our departure from Washington was 63½ hours. It must here be made a matter of record that Mr. Dulles, several times throughout the journey, made me aware of my authority to put down and declare a crew rest. I, each time consulted with my crew, and assured him that we were prepared to push on. He expressed his wish to get to Japan at the earliest hour

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possible and his admiration of our crew's willingness to proceed. From my viewpoint, it was evident that we had three highly experienced pilots aboard. At no time could more than two of them be at the flight controls simultaneously. We had three crew bunks for our use, which would permit at least one pilot to ~~undress and~~ sleep for several hours a number of times. The flight engineers could swap duty at their station likewise. Likewise the navigator and radio operator had opportunities to "hit the sack" as well. Our complement of passengers were free to use the births in the passenger compartment and stateroom and did so for many hours.

After a 5-day stay in Japan we flew our passengers to Korea for a day and a half, returning to Japan for another week. Much time was spent inspecting every facet of the

airplane's engines & systems. Restocking the galley with food and drink. Local flights to assure all systems were ready to go upon Mr. Dulles' word.

On Feb. 11th 1951 we left Japan for a 3-day stay at Manila in The Philippine Islands. That nation was vitally concerned about the terms of the treaty with Japan. Now we were in the tropics and it was good to be in light uniforms with short sleeves for a change.

Departed Manila for 1½ hour refueling stop at Darwin on the northwest corner of Australia. Then onward to the Australian capital at Canberra. Mr. Dulles and his assistants again consulted with yet another combatant nation with interests in our peace treaty with Japan until the 19th of Feb. We enjoyed the mid-summer days of Australia until Feb. 19th. Stopped over at Sydney for a brief overnite stay and shoved off the next AM for a 6½ hr. flight across the Tasman Sea to Palmerston North, New Zealand. The airport at Wellington, the Capital, was

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deemed not as practical for a stay of the Constellation airplane as was the Royal New Zealand Air Force base at Palmerston North, some 75 miles to the north of Wellington. Our stay at the airbase was brief, a bit more than 24 hours. It was then off to Auckland New Zealand for another 24 hour stop. It was a treat to visit Auckland again, I had not been there since 1946.

Soon it was good-bye to New Zealand and hello to Western Samoa. After an 8 hr. flight we arrived over Upolu Is. just at sunrise. It was a change to be landing at an unattended airfield, with one unpaved palm tree-lined runway parallel to the ocean. Not a single building, hut or control tower structure to be found. However several handsome sarong-clad males and females soon drove up in a chauffer drive modern English automobile. We soon learned that they were royal family members sent to welcome the Dulles party and were off to the town of Apia. Soon sightseers and airport service personnel arrived to sell us whatever fuel and services we needed.

We were in need of five thousand (5,000) gallons of aviation fuel. The one tanker (fuel truck) available could hold a maximum of 400 gallons. This poor guy had to make twelve (12) round trips to get us the needed fuel load for the next leg of our journey. And our scheduled departure time was set for just prior to sunset (the same day of our arrival) and the Samoa airport had no runway lights. Mr. Dulles had handed me a list of basic food items that he wanted me to procure for use [on] our next flight that evening, a 10½ hour flight to Hawaii. The rest of the day was spent hustling the fuel truck driver, making several minor repairs by our flight engineer with parts stored in our fly-away kit of spare parts stowed in the rear belly baggage compartment. I

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finally got a taxi to take me to a food store in the port town of Apia to buy the food items he'd requested (steaks, potatoes, vegetables, fruit, etc.). Somehow after a full day of scrambling we were all-set to go as the sun was setting, just as our passengers arrived and bade their hosts good-bye and climbed our ladder to the passenger door. Ahead lay 2500 miles of Pacific Ocean across the equator to Honolulu. The take-off was routine as darkness was near. I filed a flight plan to the oceanic air traffic control agency and set course for the Territory of Hawaii. Finally, we were on our way home!

Soon after level-off at cruising altitude Mr. Dulles entered the galley area and asked flight steward Sgt. Milko [to] explain the galley equipment to him. The oven, the hot plates, the water system, etc. He then wanted a chef's apron and hat. He set the first table aft of the galley with linens, silverware and dishes. He then prepared the steaks, potatoes and all the other stuff and invited ~~several~~ three or more of the flight crew to come to the table and be served by the senior VIP on the airplane. Mrs. Dulles, an ambassador, an army general and a Colonel, and Mrs. Dulles' private secretary were told to otherwise occupy themselves until he had served the

entire crew their evening dinner with dessert & coffee. Shortly after 6 AM the next morning we touched down at Honolulu Int'l. Airport and taxied over to Hickam Air Force Base to be greeted by a substantial group of State Dept. and Military officials. We enjoyed a 3-day stay at Honolulu, we weren't home yet, but well on our way.

At 10 AM on Feb. 25th we left Hawaiill, arrived [at] Travis Air Force Base, Calif. at 8 PM. A Calif. delegation welcomed the party back to the U.S. mainland. After almost 2-hour
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ground time at Travis, we were off to Washington. Soon it was evident that we had returned to wintertime conditions. Strong tailwinds were pushing us faster to the east and the Sierra Nevada's were snow covered. By 10 AM we were on approach to National Airport after 35 days of travel. Mr. & Mrs. Dulles and their cadre of companions thanked us one and all for a super effort to take them far and wide. Soon thereafter the crew received, thru Air Force channels, a letter of commendation and appreciation for inclusion in our personnel records. A thoughtful and much appreciated gesture.

In subsequent years, during my stay with the Special Air Missions at Washington, I had the honor of flying Sect. of State Dulles, on a number of additional missions, several to Europe, and another to Australia. He was ever the gentleman of polish and decorum. His untimely death in 1959 was especially hard to accept by me. He was a great American who served his country with honor and dignity. He well deserves the honor of Washington's international airport bearing his name.

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For the aircrew personnel in SAM (Special Air Missions) at Washington Nat'l. Airport, 1951 was an especially busy year. The Korean War was in full force. Many generals and

secretaries of the Defense Depart. branches of the armed forces, many members of Congress, especially those that were members of Congressional Armed Services committees had desires and needs to go to the Far East and visit Korea for consultations, etc. Our airplanes were all quite busy, frequently two or more were in Japan or Korea at the same time, flying different groups of dignitaries. My log book indicates that I was in Korea, in five different months, in 1951. President Truman's widely publicized firing of Gen. Douglas MacArthur that spring caused a drastic shuffle of general officers of the Army. MacArthur *[At times, Dad spelled his last name as McArthur]* was Supreme Commander Allied Powers, with Headquarters in Tokyo. His unscheduled dismissal brought up the need for his replacement, Gen. Matthew Ridgway, overall commander of united forces fighting against N. Korea and Chinese forces, was ordered to Japan to assume the position MacArthur vacated.

I was in the Far East at the time, piloting an assistant secretary of the Army and was ordered to follow behind MacArthur's plane from Japan to San Francisco and eventually to Washington. Soon I was westbound again, flying Army Gen. Van Fleet to Korea to fill Gen. Ridgway's slot, and fly Ridgway to Tokyo to assume MacArthur's. Soon a westbound around-the-world 30 day mission flying General J. Lawton Collins, with visits to Germany, France, Italy, Yugoslavia, Saudi Arabia, Pakistan, India, Thailand, Viet Nam, Philippine Is., Formosa, Okinawa Japan, Korea and Alaska. Other missions took me to various spots in Panama, the Caribbean Is., Kwajalein, Azores, Newfoundland, Berlin, and [a] wide variety of mainland U.S. cities. At 1951's year-end my duty had required me to be away from Washington and my family

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for at least 220 days.

Our nine years at Washington were probably the most challenging, interesting and memorable of my thirty-odd years of flying. Many foreign and domestic VIPs were my passengers and itineraries took me repeatedly around-the-world flying it both eastbound and westbound. From the north of Greenland to the Cape of Good Hope of southern Africa, Australia, and New Zealand.

Three of our four children were born during our tour of duty there, Mary in '50, Douglas in '51 **[1952]** and Carol in '57 at Fort Belvoir in Virginia. We purchased our first home south of Alexandria near the Mt. Vernon Parkway to Mt. Vernon. In '54 I received promotion to the grade of major in the Air Force. I attended the Boeing 707 ground school for pilots in March of 1959 and got to fly my first jet planes in '59. In '57 my commander deemed it fit to designate me the Chief Pilot of our group, now with two squadrons, the one at National Airport and another across the Potomac River at Bolling Field. I had gained competency in DC-6 and Convair 440 airplanes as well as much additional experience in Constellation and DC-4 types.

By this time mid-1959 had arrived. I had then been stationed in the "21" (zone of Interior) for more than ten years and had long reached vulnerability for another overseas assignment. I had been blessed with assignments that I enjoyed but these were luck-of-the-draw and I had volunteered to come to Wash. Nat'l. Pilot jobs for majors were not plentiful and my desire was to continue holding a flying assignment if it were possible, until I had attained twenty

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(20) years of active duty, becoming eligible for retirement upon my relief of active duty whenever that day came. Because I had long thought that I'd like to continue in active aviation, even after retirement, I had avoided staff and non-flying assignments rather seriously.

By Aug. 1959 we had received the three Boeing 707 type airplanes into our unit's inventory. However, it was not possible to base them at Wash. Nat'l. or even operate them into, or out of, that airport due to federal regulations on size and range-capability of such operations. We established a small detachment of personnel to operate and maintain the Boeing 707s at Andrews AFB Md., across the Potomac where longer runways, etc. were available. It was [a] busy time for us. Boeing had assigned two test pilots from Seattle at Andrews to conduct initial flight qualification rides for our crews. One of my first lengthy flights in the 707 was over to Hawaii & return. The speeds and performance were spectacular when compared to our Constellations and DC-6s.

Around this time a no-go or go decision was thrust upon me. General Emmett O'Donnell had just recently been promoted to the 4-star rank and named to be Commander in Chief of PACAF (Pacific Airforces), a large major Air Command of the USAF which encompassed all USAF units and bases in the Pacific including Japan, Korea, Taiwan, Okinawa, Philippine Is., Viet Nam, Thailand and Indonesia. General O'Donnell's new headquarters would be at Hickam AFB in Hawaii near Honolulu.

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His headquarters were provided a DC-6B type airplane, a C-118A in military parlance, for his personal and staff flight needs over the many thousands of miles inside and outside the limits of his specific air command.

General O'Donnell required a highly qualified aircraft commander to supervise the operations and maintenance of his airplane. His agents knew where to go for pilots with the most experience in the airplane. Our organization received a request for a volunteer's name to be submitted to the general for consideration. The colonel in command at Wash. Nat'l. asked me

if I'd like to be considered. ~~I said yes Sir.~~ After a brief contact with Ginny, I affirmed my readiness to go. General O'Donnell had on occasion flown with me in years past but I was not sure that he would remember. Within a day or two we received word that Major Sanford would promptly settle his affairs in the D.C. area and report for duty at Hickam Air Force Base, Hawaii.

Permanent transfers of duty station are never exempt of some panic to get things done. To sell our home came first, to get our household furniture into storage came next as military furnished pieces would be available in Hawaii. Next was to get our car to the port for sea transportation to Hawaii. Uprooting four children from friends, family and community was tense at times, but the idea of flying to the middle of the Pacific Ocean to live for 4 years was exciting and looked forward to as well. Several days later we were directed to fly a one-day turn-around mission to Hawaii. I signed myself on as pilot. I got Ginny to pack three footlockers of clothing, etc. that we'd need soon upon arrival in Hawaii with the children. I threw them aboard the flight

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and then handed them off to a friend stationed at Hickam Field who stored them until our family arrived weeks later.

Our military unit gave us a wonderful much appreciated send-off part at the base officers club. With many laudatory comments by friends and associated to wish us well on our next assignment.

As it does on most of changes the time eventually arrives when the family, ready or not, finds itself on an airplane after a nice send-off at the airport. San Francisco was our next stop where we changed to motor transportation for a short ride to Travis Air Force Base (near Sacramento) where we boarded [a] military (MATS) plane destined for Honolulu. Our departure was at night and several hours later when many were asleep I could sense and feel that the plane

had very gently eased into a prolonged left-hand turn which I timed; it took almost 1½ minutes. I quietly told my wife that we were now headed back east toward the mainland and we could soon expect an announcement to that effect from the crew captain. Very quickly the news was announced on the speaker system. The problem was mechanical but not an engine failure. Soon we were safely back on the ground at Travis and the problem was apparently dealt with. A fresh aircrew took over and another departure was made. In approx. nine hours we were at the MATS terminal at Hickam Field. An officer designated to meet us and see that we were transported to our temporary quarters at a Waikiki Beach hotel.

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The next day we arranged to move into one of the luxury cottages at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel at Waikiki where we stayed for almost a month until we had found and leased a small home about 2 miles from Hickam. A friend who was assigned at Hickam had several extra cars and let us have one until our own already enroute at sea arrived. Before school started for the kids we had settled into our new rented home which was quite satisfactory. I soon purchased a small inexpensive auto to give the two of us flexibility in our routines.

The flight crew set-up was not firmly fixed when I was asked to take it over. A number of crewmembers had been assigned to Gen. Kuter's (Gen. O'Donnell's predecessor) at Hickam for about two years and had asked to remain on the crew assigned to Gen. O'Donnell. My co-pilot, Capt. Williams & navigator, Capt. Styles were rather young but well experienced and highly recommended to me. The four non-commissioned officers, Sgt.'s Ricketts and Neuberger, Sgt. Arquilla, radio operator, and Sgt. Cotapalis, flight steward made up the basic flight crew were intensively interviewed and their performance records checked by myself and tentatively accepted as fully capable of meeting my needs. All were genuinely anxious to

continue in the same crew positions they'd held with Gen. Kuter. They knew the airplane and the crew mechanics who maintained the airplane while undergoing repairs and inspections between missions.

Upon my arrival at Hickam I learned that the General's airplane was not at Hickam but undergoing extensive overhaul at a contract facility at Windsor Locks, Conn., and it would be

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ready for pick-up by my crew on/about Sept. 20th '59.