

Aerie News

The Eagles Aerie News of the **USAir** Soaring
Eagles

Second Quarter 2021

TABLE of CONTENTS

Messages from your Officers
Soaring Eagles Write

Board of Directors

| | |
|--------------------|----------------|
| President | Joe Kernan |
| 1 st VP | Judy Schmidt |
| 2 nd VP | Alvahn Mondell |
| Treasurer | Paul Sturpe |
| Secretary | Judi Todd |
| Past President | John Davis |

Advisors to the Board – Bill Leefe, Bob Knapp, Butch Schofield, Ran Natalie

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

(276) 632-9941

Captain Joe Kernan

Joekernandc9@yahoo.com

I am probably repeating myself when I say the success of any endeavor is in the preparation. Your Board and I are well into the preparations for the upcoming Convention to be held in Tampa over the weekend of Oct. 22, 23, and 24. Early indications are that it will be one of the most well attended Conventions in recent history. Perhaps it has to do with pent up demand to get out and do some normal stuff after dealing with the pandemic. In any case we look forward to seeing all of you there, especially our new members, and there are quite a few.

If you have not yet registered with Treasurer Paul Sturpe, I urge you to do it right away, as the Dinner Cruise on Tampa Bay is rapidly filling up. So far, we have over 85 folks signed up, and there are limited spots available. The Convention registration form can be found under the resources tab on the Usairsoaringeagles.org website.

Hotel Reservations can be made using the link below:

[Book your group rate for Soaring Eagles](#)

Event Summary:

Soaring Eagles

Start Date: 2021 Oct 20, Wed

End Date: 2021 Oct 26, Tue

Last Day to Book: 2021 Oct 1, Fri

Hotel(s) offering your special group rate:

Marriott Tampa Westshore for 119 USD per night

Again, I urge you to do it now. We have added rooms to our block to make sure everyone can get a room.

Yes, we do other things at the Convention besides visit with old friends, drink with old friends, and go on cruises etc., The Convention is where we do the business of the organization on Sunday morning. Usually, we take about two hours to conduct elections, and make any by-laws changes that require the vote of the membership. This year we will be electing a President, First Vice President, Second Vice President, and Secretary. Our Treasurer Paul Sturpe is not up for reelection until next year.

If you have an interest in standing for any of these offices, contact one of the following. Captain Bill Leefe: WLleefe@comcast.net, Captain Bob Knapp: summitgus@aol.com or Captain Bob Flom: flyrlf@aol.com These men are all former Presidents of the organization and comprise the nominating committee. Nominations are also accepted from the floor during the election process.

Finally, if anyone is a dues current member who does not have a membership card, please send me a message at SoaringEaglesPres@gmail.com, and I'll see to it that your name is added to the list. I have list of new members and others, but just to be safe send the message anyway.

Hoping the rest of your summer is pleasant, I am looking forward to seeing everyone in Tampa.

Joe

USAir Soaring Eagles Website is available with current daily information
<https://usairsoaringeagles.org/>

FIRST VICE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

(724) 378-7025

Flight Attendant Judy Schmidt
Colbath

schonewalds64@aol.com

While I cannot claim credit for each of the new members, by the way there are eight of them, nine if you count Andy Skiba who joined a couple of months ago, I will take credit for burning up the phone lines generating interest in joining The Soaring Eagles. I am looking forward to seeing all of you, especially the new members at the upcoming convention.

Your Board has been working diligently to make sure that the 2021 convention is one for the history books. Now it is up to you to do your part. If you have not already done so, register with Treasurer Paul Sturpe, and then make your hotel reservation. The registration form can be found at the Usairsoaringeagles.org website resources tab and the hotel registration info is provided below:

[Book your group rate for Soaring Eagles](#)

You will find the information for your online reservation link below. If you have questions or need help with the link, please do not hesitate to ask. We appreciate your business and look forward to a successful event.

Event Summary:

Soaring Eagles

Start Date: 2021 Oct 20, Wed

End Date: 2021 Oct 26, Tue

Last Day to Book: 2021 Oct 1, Fri

Hotel(s) offering your special group rate:

Marriott Tampa Westshore for 119 USD per night

[Book your group rate for Soaring Eagles](#)

We've done our part, now it's up to you to do yours. If you have any difficulty making your reservations call me at 724-378-7025,

See you in Tampa,

Judy

SECOND VICE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

(330) 277-6233

Captain Alvahn Mondell

captalvahn@aol.com

Well with the nightmare year of 2020 behind us, it appears 2021 will be better for us all! I gained 10 pounds, lost it, gained ten pounds back, and now, it just seems to be hang'n on!

I'm looking forward to getting to TPA in October and seeing the friends I use to work with.

You all take care and remember I wish you the very best!

alvahn

SECRETARY'S MESSAGE

(619) 417-7274

Flight Attendant Judi Todd

judiwtodd@gmail.com

Can you really believe it? We are at the end of six (6) months in 2021. Has anything changed for you? We are just now opening up inside dining and going without wearing masks for the first time in 15 or so months. I am looking forward to a better next six (6) months. Can't wait until the end of October for our Soaring Eagles reunion in Tampa. I already have my airline ticket, hotel reservation and meal choices. I am ready to party with you. I guarantee we will have the best time ever. Especially after being locked down for so long. Hurry and send in your reservations so we know who all will be joining us. Hopefully we will have the best turnout ever.

Judi Todd, Secretary

TREASURER'S MESSAGE

(828) 478-1133

Captain Paul Sturpe

sturpe@gmail.com

We are all working toward a good Convention in October. The free dinner cruise for those who qualify, seems to have generated a good bit of activity. As of this writing on June 29, we have 81 people on the list and about two thirds have sent in their registrations and payments. So if you have told us to put you on the list but haven't registered and paid, this would be a good thing to do immediately since the cruise is capped at 100 people. After that you will be put on a standby list.

All the details of the Convention are available on the web site at

<https://usairsoaringeagles.org/>

Go to the Resources Tab where you will find the Convention Program and the Registration form.

Suzanne and I are looking forward to seeing all of you in October.

So long until next quarter.

Paul Sturpe, Treasurer

“SOARING EAGLES WRITE”

In the previous issue of the "Aerie" I wrote an abbreviated version of this tribute and promised an expanded version later. Here it is.

Joe

My Tribute to Captain Ed. Slattery

My trip, a series of trips with Ed Slattery began in 1950, when I was introduced to Ed and Nancee Slattery by my brother Charles “Chubby” Kernan. I was twelve, Chubby was twenty-two, and Ed would have been twenty-three. Their son Eddie was a baby. Ed and Nancee were living in a little apartment on Reservoir Road. in the Palisades section of Washington, D.C. where Ed and Nancee both grew up. Ed and Chubby had just embarked on their aviation careers as Flight Agents for All American Aviation, which would later become Allegheny Airlines.

Shortly after I met Ed & Nancee they moved into a three-bedroom house in Rockville, Maryland, as their family began to outgrow the one-bedroom apartment. The house in Rockville was being rented out by my mother as a favor to my sister Joan who had moved back to Detroit, which was her husband’s hometown. My recollection is that Eddie was joined by Matthew in 1953, and Danny about a year later. It is unclear to me when Terry came along, so someone else will have to fill in that blank. About that time, I would have been in High School and involved in all that that entails; cars, girls, working, etc. I was somewhat aware of what was going on with the Slatterys from discussions around the dining room table regarding the Airline, and issues about the house in Rockville. I believe it was during this timeframe that the Slatterys moved to Detroit, as Ed was based there for a while. I am not sure where they lived when Ed was based in Cleveland.

In 1955 at sixteen years old, I soloed an Aeronca Champ at Beacon Field in Alexandria Virginia. This is the same field where Ed, Chubby, and many other Allegheny pilots in waiting received instruction, and gave instructions. One of my favorite stories about this period was about the 1946 Aeronca Chief that Ed, and his friend Pug Petersen were rebuilding in the backyard of Pug's house at 49th & W. Street, N.W. near where Ed would one day operate Boulevard Gulf Service Station. The wings of the Aeronca had been covered with fabric but needed several coats of dope to make them taut. This was not a procedure easy to accomplish in the back yard, exposed to the elements, so enter my father Eugene Kernan. My father was then employed as a truck mechanic/painter for Esso Standard Oil of New Jersey and he was very proficient with a spray gun. Ed always told the story of loading the wings on top of my father's 1940 Plymouth in the following way: two inflated tire inner tubes followed by one wing, followed by two more inner tubes, followed by the next wing, and then the whole affair was tied down securely with ropes. Then off to southwest Washington in the middle of the night to the paint shop that my father just happened to have the key to. Several hours later, in the wee hours of the morning, the process was reversed and the wings were delivered back to Pug's backyard.

By the spring of 1960 I had married Donna, and in 1961 our daughter Janice was born. We were living in a one-bedroom apartment near Chevy Chase Circle in Washington, D.C. less than a mile from Brookeville Amoco, which preceded Boulevard Gulf as one of Ed's business enterprises. I had joined the Bethesda Chevy Chase Rescue Squad in 1957, and that is where I met Donna. One of my friends from the Rescue Squad (Dave Dwyer) told me recently that he used to hang around Brookeville Amoco and Ed helped him work on his bike, and later his first car. Dave described Ed as one of the nicest men he had ever met. I second that.

By 1962 Donna was pregnant with our second child Francis (Frank) and we were rapidly outgrowing our one-bedroom apartment, Sound familiar? Guess where we moved? 1215 Claggett Dr. Rockville Maryland. The same house where Ed & Nancee saw their young family begin to expand and it was about to see five more young children as occupants. Although I was still active in the Rescue Squad, more and more time was required to work to put food on the table. I flew when I could, but money for flying was hard to come by.

One pleasant Sunday afternoon the fall of 1962, I was in the 5100 block of Lowell Street N. W., not far from where Ed and Nancee were living, soliciting contributions for the Bethesda Chevy Chase Rescue Squad previously mentioned. Ed and a colleague from the Our Lady of Victory Knights of Columbus Counsel were conducting some sort of survey and were on the

opposite side of the street. Ed and I recognized one another, and a general conversation ensued. Eventually, Ed asked about the status of my flying time, and what ratings I had, etc., At the time I was driving a gasoline tanker for Humble Oil and Refining Co, a successor to Esso Standard Oil of New Jersey from which my father had retired in 1955. Who knew how significant and how profoundly that conversation would affect me and my family in the future? I believe that Ed Slattery at least had an inkling as he explained to me that Allegheny Airlines was about to undergo significant growth due to a pending application at the CAB for service into the Northeast region of the country. Ed's advice to me was to get on the stick, get my ratings, and be ready to take advantage of this opportunity. From that day forward Ed & Nancee in collaboration with Charles & Ruth saw to it that the plan was carried out. Ed & Nancee Slattery provided the large cherrywood table in their kitchen at 5410 Macomb Street where the plan was refined, and Charles & Ruth provided financial assistance to carry out the plan.

At Ed's suggestion I left the Esso job and was hired by Allied Aviation Fueling Company at National Airport, which put me near the aviation business that I wanted to be a part of. Later I would move from Allied to Page Airways a company that maintained aircraft for customers that had various aircraft ranging from single-engine propeller types to larger multi-engine jet and prop types. The rationale was that this would give me the opportunity to meet aircraft owners and possibly barter my time for the opportunity to fly their aircraft. The transition to Page Airways was facilitated by Ed's longtime friend Mr. Duval Crist who managed the maintenance operation. The barter system worked well for me, as I would show up for work at 5:00 AM (was not due until 7:00 AM) wash a customer aircraft, and be ready to clock in at 7:00 AM. So far, the plan was working just like Ed envisioned it. All during this period Charles & Ruth were lending me funds to pay for the instruction needed to secure the ratings. In 1966 I had the requisite ratings and was ready to present myself for an interview. I received a telegram from Allegheny Airlines on Jan. 17, 1967, and reported to ground school on April 3, 1967. I have frequently said that it would have been expected that my brother and his wife would support my effort, but when Ed and Nancee Slattery got behind the effort, it sealed the deal.

Generous to a fault. Did I mention that ED (and Nancee) were generous to a fault? New hire co-pilots do not make all that much money during the first year or two, and I had actually taken a reduction in pay when leaving the gasoline tanker job to work at the airport, We were fortunate that Nancee shopped for children's clothing at some of the better stores, as we not only inherited the house that they had expanded their family in, but from time to time Nancee

would give me bags of clothes that the Slatterys had outgrown, and they fit the Kernan's quite nicely.

I cannot describe all the situations where Ed's generosity was on display but will try to describe some that stand out to me. While still in my first year with the airline, Ed called me one day and said, "Let's ride over to Kent Narrows and look at boats". I said, "Ed, I can't afford a boat, it's all I can do to keep gas in the car to get me back and forth to the airport". Typical of Ed, he said "We'll just take a ride; we're only looking anyway." By the end of that day when we were only going to look at boats, we returned to my home in Alexandria with a 21-foot Tri-hull Thunderbird boat towed behind my old Ford pickup truck. Ed then said, "You can keep it here in your driveway, as I don't have room for it at the Macomb street address." Ed was not only generous, but he was slick as well. I ended up docking the boat at the Belle Haven Marina on the Potomac River, and I am only aware of Ed using the boat once. That one act of generosity resulted in many hours of pleasure for my family and me water skiing on the Potomac and watching the National fireworks from the river. I think when I started to make some decent money, I tried to pay Ed back my part of the partnership, but he claimed I did not owe him anything. Maybe he thought he was paying me back for the concrete sidewalk that I installed on the side of the Macomb Street. house. Pretty expensive sidewalk.

The Slattery Airline Employment Agency was always active. I was not the first person that Ed helped get hired, and I certainly was not the last. I have already described how Ed helped me, and I will discuss two others where Ed played a significant role in their getting hired by Allegheny. A friend of mine, Jack Wolford, met Ed through me, and similar, to my employment plan, Jack followed Ed's advice and was hired by Allegheny in 1969. Unfortunately, Jack died several years ago, but I know that he was grateful to Ed for his help.

There was a young man who was a Police Officer for the District of Columbia Metropolitan Police Dept. This officer was assigned the Seventh Precinct, and his beat included MacArthur Boulevard, where the Boulevard Gulf Service Station was located. Apparently, one or more of the Slattery boys and friends were involved in something that attracted Patrolman Mike Tyson's attention. There was a traffic stop, and during the stop as the discussion ensued about where is your father, what does he do, etc., Patrolman Tyson then said, "I want to talk to your Father". Without going into all the detail, Patrolman Tyson recently retired from USAir as the number one pilot on the seniority list. Did I mention that Ed was generous to a fault? There were certainly others that owe their jobs to Ed, as he either helped them get those jobs in the first place or helped them keep them once they were hired.

As I said, "Life with Ed was a trip or series of trips", some of which I will describe here.

It was 1979, and Ed and I needed to be in Pittsburgh, and I was trying to get my son Frank and the Cessna 172 he was using to build time to Clarksburg, West Virginia Va. We departed Chesapeake Virginia, and everything was fine after passing Charlottesville Virginia. The weather in Clarksburg was down to a 600-foot ceiling and two-mile visibility. That would be okay in a transport category aircraft with the necessary charts but was an iffy proposition in a noncertified aircraft without said charts. We were on top of a cloud deck. I was in the backseat, Frank was in the left seat, and my best friend in the whole world, Ed Slattery was in the right seat. Ed was for pressing on, but I suggested that going back to Charlottesville, where the weather was known to be good was the better choice, and, since I was not interested in being another Patsy Cline that we should do that. As Frank turned the airplane to the right to return to Charlottesville, I looked straight down through a hole in the cloud deck, and exclaimed rather loudly, "There's an airport right below us!". Ed instructed Frank to spiral down, and we landed at Petersburg W. Va. Ever hear of it? No, neither had I. Turns out that it is the County seat for Grant County West Virginia. and had a population in 1979 of a little over 2200 hundred folks. A lady was walking her dog when we landed and quickly pointed out a man coming toward us in a pickup truck. This fellow had apparently heard us approaching the field to land. Since Petersburg was closer to Clarksburg, and we were safely on the ground, we decided to stay put. As it turned out the driver of the pickup truck was the Mayor, Airport Manager, and High School English teacher. Frank and Ed rode in the front of the truck, and I rode in the back. He took us into town where we made arrangements to stay in a motel that I certainly will never forget, and I don't think Ed or Frank did either. It was clean but sparse, the light in the room was a single hundred-watt light bulb suspended from the ceiling without the benefit of a shade of any kind. It was a place to sleep, and another interesting episode in Frank's flying career. The next morning, we woke to clear skies, but due to a ridgeline west of the field, we had to fly north and south until we gained sufficient altitude to clear the ridgeline.

Although this next trip was a short one, it involved Ed and Frank, and I think it preceded the unscheduled stop in Petersburg described above. I had asked Ed to go up with my son Frank without me present to give me an unbiased opinion of Frank's flying abilities. They took off from the Chesapeake Municipal Airport to the southwest in the Cessna 172 that Frank was using for training. At about 200 feet the engine went silent, and the nose pitched over. My heart was in my throat, and the airport mechanics and other personnel were racing toward the tree line where the Cessna was last seen in a descent. It seemed like an eternity,

but eventually, you could hear the engine power up, and the Cessna appeared above the tree line in a climbing attitude. When I asked Ed later what had happened, he nonchalantly replied, “I pulled the engine on him to see what he would do. He did great”. Ed was always teaching.

Ed’s and my mutual friend Glen Peterson had a Piper Tri-Pacer that had just undergone the annual inspection required, and I had flown it from Hyde Field outside of Washington, D.C. to my home in Suffolk, Virginia, which was on a grass airfield. The plan was to eventually fly it to Clearwater, Florida, as Glen did not have a pilot’s license. When I asked Ed if he wanted to accompany me on the trip to Clearwater, he jumped at the chance. The weekend of the planned trip followed a very wet week in Suffolk and the grass field was more standing water and puddles than a firm surface. What to do? Donna, Ed, and I went out to dinner Friday night, and Ed and I were trying to come up with a plan. It was decided that Donna would drive Ed and our luggage to the Suffolk Municipal Airport about six miles from our home, and I would fly the Tri-Pacer there utilizing the soft field take-off procedure and pick Ed up to continue the flight. While we were still discussing this plan Ed or I, I can’t remember which of us came up with an alternate plan. Since the road in front of our house was a hard surface road, not unlike a runway surface, why not just take off from there, and save all the unnecessary travel to Suffolk. A few details had to be worked out. Would the wingspan of the Tri-Pacer fit between the tree and the telephone pole on either side of the road? What to do about traffic?

Cleared for takeoff. Donna was dispatched to one end of the road to hold any traffic that might be present (this was out in the country), and my neighbors Joe & Debbie Prescott to the other end of the road to do the same. I had checked the weather forecast for our route of flight, and while not great, it was supposed to improve the further south we went. As we all know weather forecasting is an imprecise art, and Ed and I found that out as we approached Fayetteville, North Carolina. The weather instead of improving was deteriorating. The weather was barely VFR (Visual Flight Rules) and there were some TV towers that were about 1400 feet above the ground level. Ed wanted to press on, but I chickened out and convinced him that we needed to consider stopping near where we were for the night. I was using a little handheld GPS for navigation and asked Ed to tell me what the highest obstruction between us and the Hartnett County Airport was. Ed said, “Seven hundred feet “., I told him I would maintain 1000 feet until over the Airport to maintain plenty of clearance, even if it meant being in the clouds. We arrived over the Hartnett County Airport, and spiraled down out of the clouds, and landed. We then made arrangements with the airport manager to have the use of the Airport Car for the rest of the evening. Just as we were leaving the airport for the Motel, a couple of Canadians landed in a twin-engine

Piper Apache. We found out later that they had decided, as we did, that continuing was not worth the risk. They had been about five minutes behind us. God is good. Off to the Motel, and then to a nice steak dinner, and then to bed. End of day one.

Day two opened with lots of sunshine, and lots of frost that had accumulated on every exposed surface, including the airplane which had sat outside all night. Any pilot worth his salt will tell you that attempting flight with frost on the wings and other control surfaces has killed many pilots. Since we wanted to have a decent breakfast we decided to taxi the Tri-Pacer up in front of the restaurant and position the aircraft so that the sun could be working on the frost while we had breakfast. That little trick worked well, and what frost was left was easily removed with a garden hose. At the time Ed Slattery weighed in excess two hundred fifty pounds and I weighed about one hundred fifty. The Tri-Pacer was not what you would call overpowered, in fact, you might say just the opposite. It took us quite some time to reach 6500 feet where we hoped to take advantage of some tailwinds to help us along. I guess we should not have had that last cup of coffee, as we no sooner reached the cruising altitude than Ed announced that he had to pee. We were glad we had planned ahead, as we had at least one or two of those urinals like they use in hospitals, and many pilots have carried them for just such a situation. Sitting side by side in the Tr-Pacer would be somewhat like sitting side by side in a Volkswagen Beetle. Tight would be a good description. Due to Ed's size and the tight quarters, Ed was having to resort to some interesting contortions to do what he had to do. He slid the seat back all the way, but that didn't quite work, so I suggested that he turn around and kneel on the seat facing the rear of the aircraft and try that. This positioning was more successful but had one major drawback. Ed's rear end was pressing up against the yoke on his side and was causing the Tri-Pacer to be in a shallow descent. Oh well, there goes that altitude we worked so hard to get. After a while, I commented to Ed that he had better finish soon, or we might crash. Later as we discussed this incident, we laughed about what the accident investigators would say on reviewing the wreckage. "Well, we're pretty sure the little guy was flying, but what the hell was the big guy doing to get into that position?" The rest of the flight was without incident, and later Glen Peterson found on closer inspection that the gas lines from the wing tanks to the engine were so deteriorated that they had to be replaced. God is good!!

On yet another occasion the opportunity to fly to Florida with my best friend would present itself. Ed was in Pittsburgh attending the retirement party for one of our colleagues and called to see if I was planning to go to Sun-N-Fun, an annual Fly-In held at Lakeland Florida. Ed and his QB (Quiet Birdmen) hangar have a building there where pilots can hang out, drink and tell flying stories. I

told Ed that I was thinking about flying to Sun-N-Fun in the Navion that I shared with my neighbors Joe & Debbie Prescott , and what did he think. Ed was all in for joining me for the trip.

About a year earlier Ed had purchased 1970's vintage Ford Station wagon from his friend Don Serio one of our Captains. At that time, I convinced Ed to leave the car in my large hangar and come back to get it at his leisure. Apparently, Ed didn't have a lot of leisure time, as the car was still in my hangar a year later.

Back to the main story. It was agreed the Ed would fly on the Airline to Norfolk, and I would be waiting at the Piedmont Aviation terminal where we would meet and continue to Tampa in the Navion. Ed arrived about 10:00 AM and we got in the Navion and prepared for departure. Once airborne I was given departure instructions by the Air Traffic Controller, and the controller was not happy with how quickly I was able to carry out his instructions. Eventually, we were turned over to departure control who advised us about level four, and five thunderstorms along our route of flight. Once again, I was the chicken and decided that despite the fact that I desperately wanted to fly with my friend, the idea of picking our way around thunderstorms all afternoon was not my idea of fun. Since we were within ten or fifteen miles from the little grass field where I lived, we decided to divert there and come up with a better plan. When we landed and taxied up to my back door, a very surprised Donna greeted us. We asked her what was for lunch, and she got busy and fixed some sandwiches and such. During lunch we discussed the available alternatives; the airline, waiting until tomorrow, etc., Out of the blue Donna announced, "Well you've got that station wagon in the hangar that you could drive to Tampa." That did it Ed jumped all over that plan like a dog on a ham bone and sprang into action. Like any good pilot would he began the vehicle pre-trip inspection. Several minor discrepancies were found, (most discrepancies were minor to Ed) tires okay, but not great, the inspection sticker expired, the license tags expired, upper radiator hose had an aneurysm (bulge) about the size of a tennis ball. Everything but the aneurysm (bulge) was minor to Ed, so he was concentrating on resolving that issue. Since my neighbor and partner in the Navion Joe Prescott was an aircraft mechanic, Ed asked him if he had a two and -a half-inch radiator hose clamp? Joe Prescott said, "Yes I think I do. Do you have a radiator hose?" I thought Joe Prescott was going faint when Ed, said, "No I'm just going to put the clamp around the (bulge) aneurysm." I can't recall what we did to the license tags, I really don't remember if the numbers got altered or not. (But it wouldn't have surprised me). Pre-Trip completed off we go to Tampa. I wore a large white Greg Norman golf hat, and whenever we encountered law enforcement, which we did at several accidents I simply waved in a friendly way. When Ed asked

what I was doing, I explained that I was keeping their eyes off the license tags and expired inspection sticker.

There are so many Ed Slattery stories that it would take a book to contain them all. I know that I have probably left some out, and perhaps they will end up in the second volume.

It just occurred to me that the trips that I've described so far were in planes or cars and that I failed to mention any of the boat trips. Sometime in the mid-eighties the Slattery's were in Virginia Beach visiting the condo that they had at the Oceanfront. Ed had invited Donna, and I to visit as we lived in Virginia Beach on a Canal near the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay. During our phone call, I invited him to come to our house with as many of his kids that wanted to come for a nice cruise around Broad Bay which was a large body of water that led to the Chesapeake. By the time Ed and his group joined Donna and me on our 32-foot Cabin Cruiser there were about a dozen passengers aboard. Everyone got an opportunity to take the helm for a while as we toured the fine homes that fronted on the Bay. At the end of Broad Bay, there was a bulkheaded area adjacent to a parking lot which was across the street from a fried chicken restaurant. At Ed's insistence, we tied up so that he could go across the street to buy enough chicken for the whole group, (at least two buckets). We had plenty of beverages in coolers and the refrigerator. When Ed returned to the boat, I was engaged in an animated discussion with a young fellow who insisted that we could not tie up where we were. I was trying to tell this young man that we were already tied up and that we would be departing shortly. This fellow was having none of that and said we would have to leave immediately. Somehow Ed became involved in what had become an even more animated discussion with this chap who apparently while he and Ed were discussing his desire for us to leave tripped over his own feet, or stepped on a rock or something with the result that he was on the ground looking up. That seemed like a good time to depart, so we did. For good measure, as we were cruising away, Ed shone the very bright spotlight into his face making identification of the boat difficult, if not impossible. The chicken was great.

Speaking of chicken, I am reminded that Ed was an animal lover, especially chicken. In the 1970's Allegheny flew an overnight trip that arrived in Norfolk Virginia around 11:00 AM and did not depart until 7:00 AM the following day. Several industrious pilots kept clunkers at the Lake Wright Motel where we stayed, for use for trips to the Beach by the crews. The honor system was used to keep the cars full of fuel and oil. One day Ed and his entire crew were on the way to Sandbridge, which is t on the very southern end of Virginia Beach. Back then Virginia Beach had not yet fully developed and was a mix of residential communities, and rural farmland. On Shore Drive near Diamond Springs Rd. was

a large chicken farm with the associated large chicken house. As Ed and his crew were passing the chicken house, Ed stopped the car and yelled, "We have to save the chickens, the chicken house is on fire." Smoke was pouring from all the windows and doors. Ed and his crew were successful in freeing many chickens that day, as they got the windows, and doors opened so the chickens could escape. The chickens were grateful, but the chicken farmer was highly irate, as he had been in the middle of fumigating the chicken house. Apparently, the fumigation process works best when the chickens are confined to the chicken house.

Speaking of the Lake Wright Motel in Norfolk, Ed Slattery always asked for Room 266. Why you ask? You did ask, didn't you? Ed kept a six-pack of beer in the toilet tank, and since the water was always cold so was the beer. Only Ed Slattery would think of that.

Ed could repurpose almost anything. I am not suggesting that he suffered from any hoarding disorder, but he seldom threw anything away that had any possible usefulness. The boat mentioned above developed some pinhole leaks in the aluminum fuel tanks which held 280 gallons of fuel. Any fuel leakage in a boat bilge can have fatal results, so I decided to replace the tanks when the boat was repowered. Ed wanted to know what I planned to do with the old tanks, and I told him I was going to scrap them. Oh, no said Ed, "I can use them up at Kilmarnock" where he had some property. What better way to get them to Kilmarnock than to take a boat trip up the Chesapeake Bay. Ed and I were joined by Ted Tolbert another pilot for the trip as I recall the trip to Kilmarnock took about three hours, after which we spent the night at Ted's and returned the next day. What a wonderful way to spend time with a good friend, and in some small way try to pay him back for all he had done for me. Good Luck with that, I finally realized that it was impossible to sufficiently thank Ed & Nancee for all that they had done for me over the years.

Ed was a Special Friend and everyone should have at least one friend who is as Special as Ed was to me. I considered myself blessed to have known him, and it was a special privilege to visit with he and Nancee one week before his passing I never knew Ed to refuse to help anyone who asked him for help, and he clearly gave me the example to try to emulate him. His daughter Terry recently thanked me for passing it forward, for something that I had done for her years ago that I didn't consider significant. My response was that I had learned from the Master.

Sirach 6: 17

A faithful friend is a sturdy shelter;
he who finds one finds a treasure.

A faithful friend is beyond price,
no sum can balance his worth.

A faithful friend is a life-saving remedy,
such as he who fears God finds.
For he who fears God behaves accordingly,
and his friend will be like himself."

Thanks for everything Ed, especially the love of a friend.
Rest in The Peace of Christ
My Mentor, My Friend, My Brother, My Captain
You will always have a special place in my heart.
Love,
Joe

By M. Charles Pyles

Thanks USAirSoaring Eagles for the great support you've given the Save Our Stinson Project. In this update, I want to reassure you that all donations to our 501c3 non-profit museum are tax deductible. We are an Ohio nonprofit corporation. We have no major benefactor so we depend solely on the generosity of good people just like you.

I co-founded the Cincinnati Aviation Heritage Society and Museum in 2004. Up until that time, we were just a group of likeminded individuals called the 'old timers'. We met once a month at Cincinnati Municipal Lunken Airport in historic Hangar one. This hangar was once American Airlines shop hangar where they worked on the Stinson Model A and Vultee V1A Special's as well as Douglas DC-3's. This airport was the westernmost station for the All American Airways Air Mail Pick-up service between 1939 and 1949 when All American Airways began passenger service.

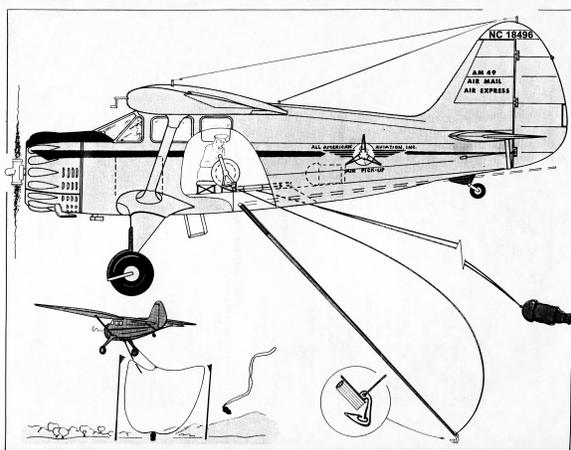
Most of you are familiar with the history of our airline. We all come from different segments of it and each of us is proud of our individual heritage in the business. My heritage comes from the Lake Central Airlines side of the family, having begun my career in September 1963. In 1968, Lake Central was merged with Allegheny Airlines and thus my connection to all of you.

All American Aviation operated the Air Pick-up which was thought of as a modern day Pony Express at the time of inception. Pilots preferred flying low over the rolling countryside usually flying no higher than 500 feet off the ground. There was not much need to climb higher because the next pick-up was usually just a few minutes beyond the previous drop and snatch point.

I'm not sure when I met Captain Frank Petee, but he proved to be a good friend and ally. He welcomed me as a fellow historian and invited me to join the AM

'49ers Club as a member. I started attending the AM '49er's annual reunion held each year close to the May 12th anniversary of All American Airways. I still have my membership card from 1973-74. The '49ers were those employees of AAA from 1939-1949.

I met and became friends with these folks who pioneered our Company including Junius "Toby" West who has influenced me from the day I met him. In 1984 at the Air Mail Flyers Fly-in, Toby hatched the idea to find and restore a Stinson Reliant to fly around on Allegheny's 50th anniversary making mock Pick-ups. I am grateful for my friendship with Dale 'Gus' Gustafson whom I had known since my early Lake Central Days. Gus was well thought of in the Antique and Classic airplane community and was chief judge at the Oshkosh Air Show for many years. It was he who helped us figure out how much money would be required and finally convinced us our proposal was a hopeless endeavor.



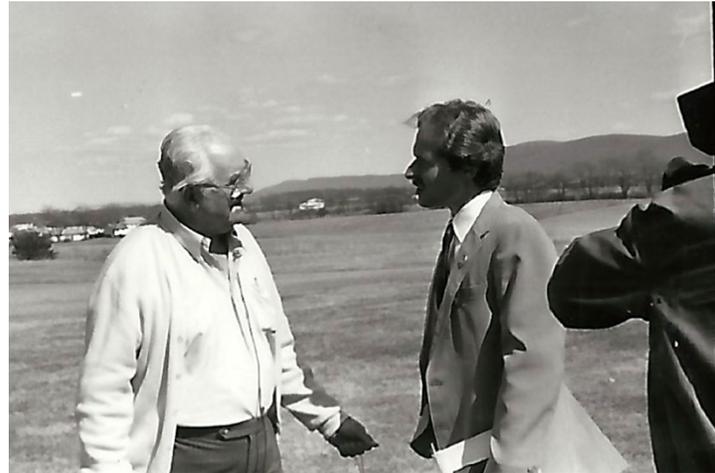
At the 1974 reunion, I met Victor "the Mad Lithuanian" Yesulaites. Vic was the Flying Mechanic with Pilot Norm Rintoul on the experimental mail pick-ups prior to the inaugural on May 12th 1939 and made that historic first pick-up at Latrobe.

Vic's is a story all by itself because he was a mechanic on Wiley Post's famous 'Winnie Mae' which aided by new technology was the first solo circumnavigation of earth by air and it's also the fastest-ever *around-the-world*-trip in 1933. Vic was Darius and Girenas' 'Lithuanica' mechanic. Lithuanica carried the first Transatlantic air mail consignment in history on July 15, 1933. Lithuanica never made it to Lithuania, but did make landfall on the European Continent. They crashed in Germany 350 miles from their destination and died. Although Darius and Girenas did not have navigational equipment and flew under unfavorable weather conditions, the flight was one of the most precise in aviation history. It equaled, and in some aspects surpassed, Charles Lindbergh's classic flight. Lithuanica also carried the first Transatlantic air mail consignment in history. Vic then helped prepare Felix Waitkus' airplane, which was a Lockheed Vega named Lithuanica II. Felix was an American-born Lithuanian pilot and the sixth pilot to

fly solo across the Atlantic on September 21, 1935. Because of weather, he was forced to land in Ireland damaging Lithuanica II. It was disassembled and trucked to Lithuania where Waitkus was still given a hero's welcome. I started attending the AM '49er's annual reunion held each year close to the May 12th anniversary of All American Airways.

In the drawing above left, you can see Vic operating the pick-up mechanism. The hook is about to engage the loop before Vic's invention softened the impact of a pick-up by allowing the bag to hang without a loop. His knots worked like one of those finger puzzles you may have seen. Friction was the result as his invention slid along the rope to his knots. The photo on the right was a demonstration at Chambersburg, Pa. in March 1938. Vic is proudly showing Norm the knots he called monkey fists.

I met Pete Opar at my first reunion. His AAA baseball uniform is in my museum now along with company manuals and photographs. I met Tommy Kincheloe, Charlie Wendt and even Allaire DuPont, widow of Richard C. DuPont. The ever memorable Millie "Station 13" Albertson was at the reunion and all the pilots and mechanics loved her. She would even send pies and eggs to the crews when they traversed her pick-up station about halfway between Coatesville and West Chester on a high knoll. She was remembered well in the jet age when an occasional flight would report "Station 13, this is flight **1939(sic)**, passing overhead, don't forget to wave." I know Toby West was one who did this, because he told me so. That's Millie below left and Toby below right at the 1984 Air Mail Flyers Fly-In.



I noticed that there was a radio controlled model with the same registration displayed on a table with lights going on and off. There was a photo of NC18496 there too. A crowd of '49ers were gathered around it. An actual piece of fabric from it was displayed in a frame nearby.



I didn't know at the time how important this moment would be. These items were at every reunion I was honored to attend. The '49ers were a 'last man club' that went away after the last of them passed away.

I waited several years after the final reunion to contact Harry Garman who had built the RC model. I asked him what became of it. Fortunately, he still had it and two years later donated it to the CAHS museum. In the photo above left are some of the items brought to reunions by the 49'ers. Above right is Harry Garman's model displayed in my museum. Later on, I was contacted by Scott Woods who owned the real airplane and intended to restore it. Scott had found me and asked if I could arrange some interviews with any of the living survivors. Johnny Harkin and Kip Barraclough were still living and I arranged for Scott to call them. He wanted to restore the airplane in AAA colors, but decided instead to restore a different Stinson he owned. He tried to sell the AAA Stinson and was unsuccessful. He decided to donate it to my museum and here's where we are today.

If 100 donors gave \$2,000.00, we'd make quick work of getting our Stinson restored and that's the current challenge. Antique and classic airplanes require lots of dollars so our protégés can enjoy the fruits of our experience. This Stinson SR-10C is every bit as important as any warbird touring the country and selling rides. In fact it predates most WWII military airplanes.

While my good friend and former Soaring Eagles Chairman Gerry Milburn was with the FAA. He helped me get all the records associated with NC18496. A complete history of our Stinson is detailed in the following box.

In the chart that follows, you'll notice that from August of 1955 till October 1973 there was an information gap while our Stinson was in Panama as HP-224. Another gap exists between March 20, 1974 and January 28, 1986. I'm presuming it was under restoration by its new owner before being registered as N3BU.

Many of you have set up trusts or have giving plans. This project is worthy of your gift. Please include us in your plan and help us remember those pick-up pilots that many of you have flown alongside of in various airplanes. Your gift will

be remembered and perhaps your progeny will be able to see the Stinson and know that their relative was an important spoke in the wheel that made this restoration a success.

Mail checks to:

Cincinnati Aviation Heritage Society & Museum

262 Wilmer Avenue #26

Cincinnati, Ohio 45226

See www.cahslunken.org and click our donation link there if you like. Thank you.

Here's a Chronology of our Stinson NC18496. Its Serial Number is 3-5829 built under Approved Type Certificate No. 578. The dates are formatted yyyy/mm/dd in the chart

19380601 (June 1, 1938)

Aviation Manufacturing Corporation Lycoming Division R680-D5 Engine Number 11-1890 with Propeller Manufacturer Lycoming-Smith Engineering Co. Controllable Metal Hubs Spec #475 Model P220 s/n984-1 Blades-Spec No.574 Model B320-SO s/n 6050-6204

Installed Equipment Included

Engine Cowl, Electric Starter, and Generator, 7.50 X 10 Wheels, 8.50 X 10 Tires, RCA-AVR-8C receiver & AVT-7A transmitter

19380622 Bill of sale executed from The Stinson Aircraft Corporation to Edmund A Spence of Clearwater Florida and Kirsch Airport in Sturgis, Michigan.

19410329 Bill of Sale to All American Aviation, Inc.,

19410409 Registration at AAA signed by Richard C. DuPont

19410424 CAA Certificate issued to AAA

19410609-Eight other Stinson's Aircraft registered to AAA.

19450515 Certificate of Ownership Issued Serial Number 33989

19480622 Corrected Certificate issued

19481021 Name Change from All American Aviation, Inc. to All American Airways, Inc.

19481103 Certificate of registration issued in New Company name

19490131 NC18496 Officially reregistered with new company name

19490601 NC18496 and N18489 Released to Wm B Cloe & William W. Crump Trustee

19490603- DC-3's acquired

19491021 N18496 Sold to James E. Foley

19491102 Reconstruction Finance Chattel mortgage issued. For 18496 and 18489

19491102 Cert. of Registration issued to James E Foley for N18496

19550805 Foley Registration Cancelled...Probably to Panama as HP-224 Atomizadora Panama, S.A.

19550806-19731007 Stinson was most likely operated as a sprayer.

19731008 Letter to FAA from Abel Hera citing sale date to him in Panama

19740319 HP-224 Cancelled to be registered in another country

19740320-19860128 Airplane brought back to USA as a project and was fully restored. I haven't been able to confirm what happened during this twelve year period. I'm fairly sure that Hera restored it to an executive configuration and not a sprayer.

19860129 Import papers filed and registered N3BU by Abel Hera

20020202 Triennial Aircraft Registration Made by Abel Hera

Abel Hera was a Cuban who operated a crop spraying business there. He joined the Cuban Air Force and was Fidel Castro's pilot and had flown Che Guevara as well. When Castro started embracing Communism, Hera decided he had to leave Cuba. He along with his wife Gladys, Son Abel Jr., and daughter Mabel decided on a flight from Ciego De Avila to Santa Fe Beach Airport in his Cessna 182A. He told his family about mid-island to take one last look at their country and turned North to Ft. Lauderdale, FL using his ADF to tune in an English speaking radio station.

20090416 Bill of Sale executed from Abel Hera to Woodson K. Woods. Certificate issued to Woods

20110930 Registration cancelled

20131022-Deed of gift executed by Cincinnati Aviation Heritage Society M. Charles Pyles-Director/Treasurer

20150715 N3BU renewed with CAHS as new owner.