



# NATIONAL BUCCANEERS NEWSLETTER

APRIL 2015

## The Central Florida Buccaneers

### CFB Luncheon April 8, 2015

Linda and I were unable to attend as we were in South Carolina at our grandson's graduation from Army Basic Training. We will, however, see you on **May 13th** for the final get together of this spring. We will then take our normal summer recess for June, July August, and September, re-convening on October 14th. The following

folks were there and we thank them for their participation!

BILL GRISCOM, SHERRY FASSETT BRADLEY and DAVID BRADLEY, FRANK SAVINO, DAVID BLESSING, ERNIE ELLISON, JACK and GAIL THEISEN, RON CHATLOS, DON and DORIS MORGAN, JIM and HILDA O'REILLY, JOHN BOWLING, BILL STRELECKI, JOE FRICKS, NORMAN ROBHNE, and BOB and HELEN MOCTE.

The enormous 50/50 riches went home with Ernie Ellison and David Blessing.



### GONE WEST

**Sad News Department:** On April 21st we lost **Captain Al Furlong** at the age of 81. Al came to National in 1965 and stayed through Pan Am, eventually retiring in 1994 after a time with Air Afrique. He was living in Pembroke Pines, Florida at the time of his passing.

**F/E Bob Sarver** was residing in Estero, Florida when he passed away on April

11th. Bob flew until Pan Am closed and then worked full time in the family business of constructing and maintaining Country Clubs. He was 76.

In the early 1950s, **Phyliss Keene Tottenhoff** came to National as a **Stewardess**. After marrying she worked at the ticket counter and then moved to reservations eventually retiring from Delta.

Also joining the ranks in the early 50s was **Stewardess Patti Ingram McMurray** who recently passed away at the age of 80. She was residing in Atlantic Beach, Florida at the time.

**Captain Leslie Jacobs** came to National in 1979 and retired from Delta. He was 66 and residing in Talladega, Alabama when he passed away on March 15th.

**Stewardess Alice Elizabeth "Betty"**

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## AN EXPLANATION IF I MAY:

April has been an exceedingly busy month for Linda and me. Quite truthfully, I'm a bit worn out. May, however, promises a bit of a respite and a chance to refresh and regroup. Therefore I have decided to make the May issue of this letter

to be a special convention oriented effort instead of trying to cram it into this month. This will also allow me some time to organize all I have to present on the convention subject. I hope this meets with your approval. John

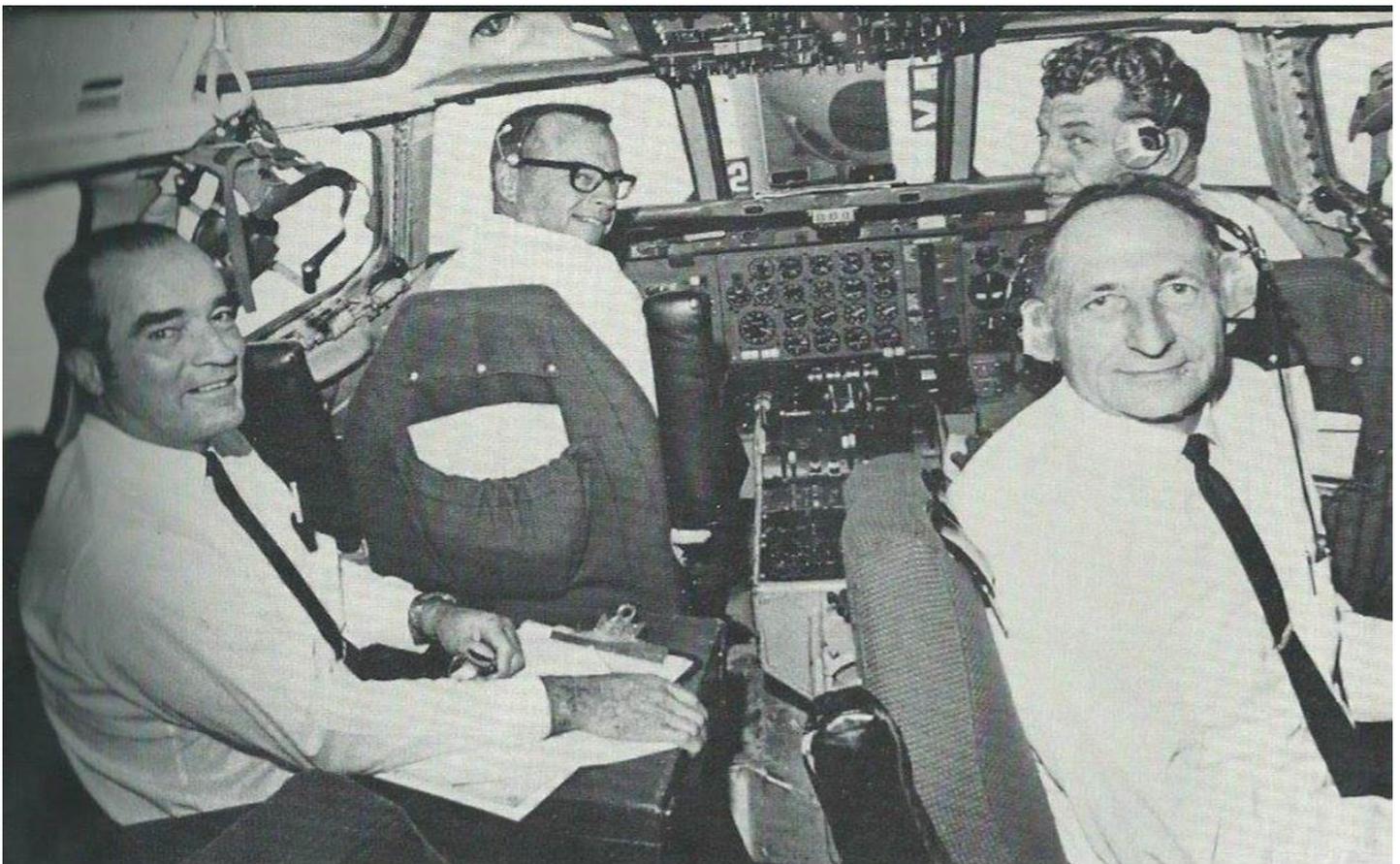
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**Bostwick Malone** flew with us in the 1950s. She was 84 when she passed away on March 3rd.

**Harry L. Bay** joined National in 1942 as a pilot but did not stay for a career. He

was 100 when he passed away on April 16th.

We will miss these good people, we will NOT forget them. May their last flight West be fair of wind and free from turbulence!



**FIRST CREW** to fly the London route from Miami (above, from left), L. J. Royall, supervisory check pilot on the flight; Capt. David E. Burch; Robert E. Dougall, co-pilot, and Earl J. Howe, engineer.

# Glenn Stalvey Shares His Memories of NAL

*Every life has a secret, and every one filled with the conflicts of life that makes such interesting reading.*

*It's, "Can I get hired?" "Can I do the work?" The Old Hands and the New Boys. All the impossible people we had to deal with. Company vs Union. Contending with the ones who struggled with it, though they were few, and with the others, also few, who could do it with absolute ease, even while we tried to be like them.*

*My point is, that while doing these jobs, which were dangerous, challenging and had uncertain ends, you all lead Homeric lives, in fact and in deed, and if you don't want to tell what you did, tell what you saw others do, though out of politeness, without naming names.*

*Tell about the midnight sunglasses man that told one of our famous captains that being cool was a 24 hour a day job. This is a rich field to farm.*

*Do it like Homer, who used the elements of the oral history talkers, who kept his tales in their minds for 300 years before anyone wrote them down.*

*The scene, the characters, the conflict, what they did, how they resolved it and what they learned from it.*

*It doesn't have to be Art. Mine certainly isn't, not the way I do it, but it doesn't have to be. The truth will shine through it anyway.*

*In the spirit of all that, here are my 2 cents worth to help get the ball rolling.*

Back when I'd been a station agent a few months, I went out in the cold drizzle to signal the big Electra in a wide swing up to the gate.

Chocks in, and a run down the center of the airplane with the props still winding down on the door side, still turning a hard thousand rpm idle on the off side, the baggage door side, to throw the

bags off, bags on, in the shriek of kerosene exhaust.

They were running late out of New York, with eight stops to us, and four more to New Orleans.

We wanted to give them a four minute turn, so they could pick up a little more time with each stop and hit MSY on schedule. We had twelve minutes, but we could do it in four if we had a small passenger load. Passengers off and on, papers to the cockpit, door closed and roll the stairs back. Salute, left hand pointing, right hand beckoning the turn, and they were gone, the door side engines starting to turn and light, coming up on the power as they came stable, the engines syncing in and out as they taxied away in a spray of rain, rolling onto the runway without stopping, sixteen thousand horsepower trailing spirals two hundred feet long behind the engines as they lifted into the low ceiling, lights extinguished by the rain and night, into a suborbital curve to Panama City, me standing watching in awe at the noise, power, and blinking light excitement of it.

If they weren't late, I'd sit for a minute or two and watch and listen. It had a low hum that had the busyness of bees, dark mostly, but for lights, dials and buttons that covered every surface, the guys running mental checklists where they pointed or touched each item, or looked at what

they couldn't reach.

'Mine's done', 'Mine's done', 'Mine, too.'

It just captured me. The rain coming out of the darkness onto the windshield and us warm and dry in a hostile, dangerous, elemental world.

I wanted to be a part of it.

I went in and closed out the flight paperwork and sat at the teletype cutting a ribbon with the times and passenger information to the next station so they could do what we'd just done.

We balanced out our cash boxes and put the money in the safe, turned out the lights, and closed up. Innocent days.

I went out to my car. It was after midnight.

I sat there and thought about it, and made up my mind. I had some money from the war. To hell with the Trucking Business idea. I wanted to learn to fly, where you sit in the seat and buckle it on, where your eyes and hands and feet move unbidden, and the airplane knows, and goes where you look. That was what I wanted.

Isn't something like that what happened to you? Think of it. We did it for years, and lived, most of us.

I think of it and it makes me smile, the airplanes, the cities, the crews. I know I couldn't do it now, but we did it when it counted, didn't we? Mist times, gone to memories, gone to new things.

When it was done right, it looked easy,

but the fact was, it was mostly a close thing. It could always go one way as easily as the other, and we all knew it, too. Sometimes when you won, you almost lost, where losing wasn't an option.

I had times, when it was done, I had to sit there a minute and wait to stand up, because at that moment, I was used up. We all had times like that.

Each of our lives was a great adventure, as great an adventure as any ever written, and every one our own secret, that nobody knows.

It was topping the bronco, bucking and humping down the glide slope hanging on for dear life in the spitting rain and sleet trying to make it look easy, make it touch down lightly, and doing it not a time or two, but years on end.

We had a brief moment of time that was like the Mississippi Riverboat Pilot's time, here today, gone tomorrow. Like Mister Bixby, slipping down river through a high water cut pass at fifteen miles an hour with the leafy branches brushing quickly past the pilot house. Risky Business, but so, so beautiful.

I think about it now, the times of it in my mind as clear as glass, and how it turned to slow motion when it got tight, so you could see the littlest pieces of it going by.

I've always had such a sense of wonder at it all. Sailing like a tiny dot through the towering sunset cathedrals, six hundred

miles an hour, hurtling the juggernaut to a distant port.

See, it's like this. I want someone way down the years to pick this up and read it, and think, "Damn, that was something, wasn't it?"

I know all this is a bit much to a mini-

malist people like we are, who never really tell any of it, but it is the truth, and we need tell what we know of it.

Happy Trails, Everyone,  
You were absolutely something.

Glenn Stalvey

## Monthly Mysteries Solved

**Last Month's Mystery Airplane and Airport:** In truth, I expected more correct answers for the airplane than what came in. The Fairchild 91 which saw early service with Pan Am was correctly ID'd by Jim Gannon, LeRoy Brown, Alan Smith, Gary Snodgrass, Jerome Kline, Curt Briggs and, of course, Bob Wilson.

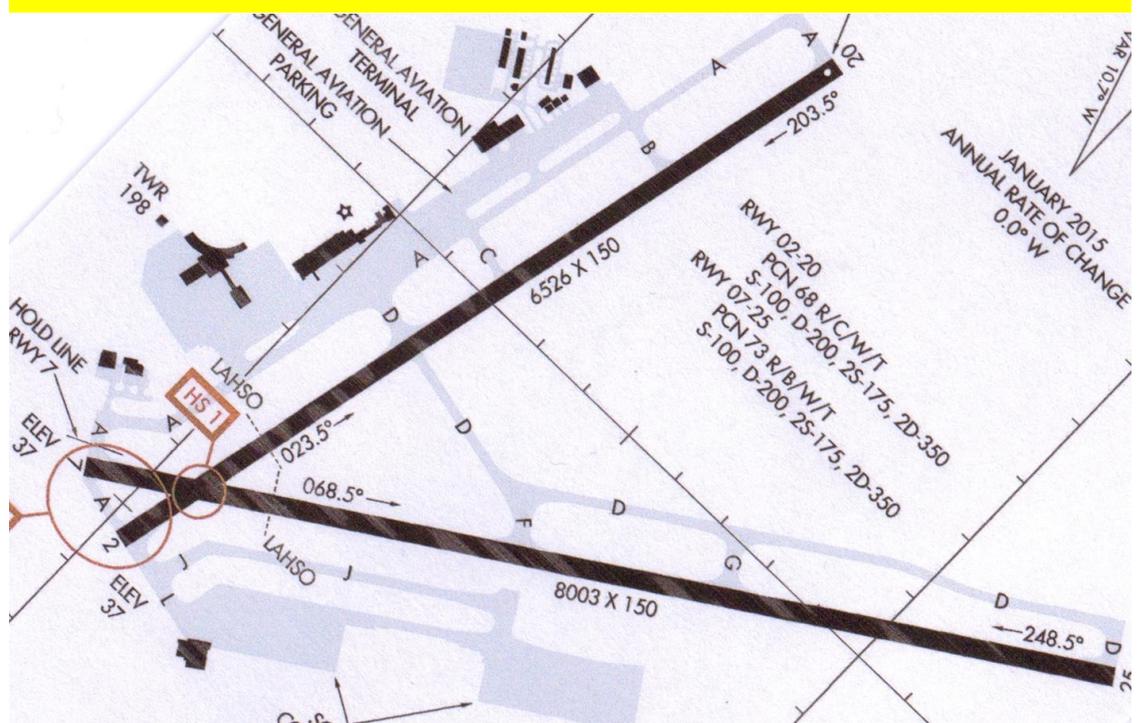
The airport provided very little challenge apparently as there were 13 folks

who got it, very soon after it appeared I might add. They were: Bob Massey (almost always first), Dusty Rhodes, Jim Gannon, Stan Barfield, Bob Pierson, Gary Snodgrass, Alan Smith, Leo Unzicker, Rusty Heard, Curt Briggs, Jerome Kline, Joe Fricks and John Urich. Well done gentlemen! **It's YOUR participation that makes this feature fun!**



John can be reached at [johnhd500@gmail.com](mailto:johnhd500@gmail.com)

This old National Airlines stop is for Dan.



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How many of you fine Buccaneers will accept *this* challenge?

