



Contact!

NOVEMBER 2005 ISSUE

Editors Notes...The guest speaker for our upcoming April 29, 2006 Reunion will be Brian Terwilliger, the producer and director of a documentary film called **One Six Right**. It is a film about the history of the Van Nuys Airport with lots of flight scenes and interviews with flight enthusiasts, pilots, air traffic controllers and many well known individuals such as Gordon Cooper, Clay Lacy, Sidney Pollock and Paul Moyer.



Terwilliger is himself a private pilot and owner of a Cessna 182 that he bases at Van Nuys Airport. The Reunion will again be held at the Sportsmen's Lodge. More information and Reservation Forms for the

2006 Reunion will be available in January. Be sure to mark your calendar and plan to attend.

Speaking of airport history, we note the United States returned the Rhein-Main air base to Germany ending a 60-year chapter of Cold War history with a brass band ceremony on the runway that lies opposite the Frankfurt airport, one of Europe's busiest. In 1948 the Soviets decided to blockade the Western held sectors of Berlin from the rest of West Germany. In order to prevent West Berlin from falling into Soviet hands the western allies launched a massive airlift that continued for 324 days. This aerial supplying of West Berlin became known as the Berlin Airlift. The Rhein-Main airport handled hundreds of flights each day during this period. Many of our Non-Sked airlines

participated. The runway and adjacent property will soon be incorporated into an expanded Frankfurt Airport.



In a story that fortunately ended well, (see photo on the back cover) on September 22, 2005 we watched on TV the unfolding drama of a Jet Blue A-320 that after take-off from Burbank Airport was unable to retract its nose gear because it had rotated 90 degrees out of line to where it should have been. Because there is no way to dump fuel on the A-320, the aircraft flew around the Los Angeles Area for three hours to burn off fuel and weight. On being cleared to land at LAX on 12,000 foot runway 25L, Jet Blue Captain Scott Burke made a perfect landing holding the nose gear off the ground until the last possible moment and bringing the aircraft to a stop right on the centerline. There were lots of sparks and one of the nose gear tires caught fire but the gear held and did not collapse. No one was injured. The passengers were safely deplaned on the runway. Some returned home, others were put up in a hotel for another flight on the next day.

Elsewhere in this issue Hal Cope takes on the Airline Deregulation story and relates it, as only he can, in biblical fashion. Also, earlier this year the Burbank Airport marked 75 years of operation. You just can't think of the Burbank Airport without thinking of Dave Simmons its president and general manager for many, many years. John Seitz of the Beverly Hills Courier interviewed Dave

earlier this year and we've extracted some of his material into a bio on Dave and a history of the airport. Then, to top things off we get a short story from the memoirs of Dick Neumann,

Happy Birthday LAT...In May 2005, Lockheed Air Terminal celebrated its 75th anniversary. In 1930 when the forerunner of United Airlines decided its existing Grand Central Airport in Glendale then the Southland's prime hub with all the major airlines using it was getting too cramped. United found a 243-acre parcel in a nearby town of 14,000 people called Burbank, which had a convenient location to downtown LA, Hollywood and Pasadena going for it along with ideal weather and soil conditions. After clearing off more than 100 huge oak and eucalyptus trees, a new commercial airport was constructed from scratch for \$1.5 million, the costliest in history. Everything was carefully planned from the Spanish motif of the terminal to the runways and ample parking for cars.

Safety was the first priority. For instance, the asphalt 3,000 and 3,600-ft. runways were built with minimum grade to allow for smooth takeoffs and landings and their black coloring contrasted with the planted green alfalfa fields for dust-free visibility from the air. These were 300-ft. wide, expandable to 500-ft. with ample taxi areas so no planes would have to cross each other's path.



The facility opened May 30, 1930 with great fanfare and a large crowd with one of the attendees being a preteen named Dave Simmons, who was fated to run the place a few decades later. Within five years, all the major players including American, Western and TWA (known then as

Transcontinental) shifted their operations to Burbank and as a concession to its competitors (and now tenants) the airport was renamed Union Air Terminal.

Charles Lindbergh flew in and out as did Toluca Lake-resident Amelia Earhart, who departed on her ill-fated round-the-world flight from Burbank in a

Lockheed Electra but didn't take a radio along because of the weight. Paul Mantz, who was the premier stunt and aerial photographer of his day had a hanger there and was her technical advisor. Wiley Post, Harold Gatty, Laura Ingalls, and Frank Hawks were some other pioneer pilots seen there frequently.

There was no Los Angeles International in those days. In fact the current LAX property was something called Mines Field. This was largely populated by small charter operators, flight schools, private aircraft owners, maintenance shops, and related personnel. It didn't even become a commercial locale until after World War II.

Lockheed Aircraft Corporation bought the Burbank facility in 1940 and gave it the title of Lockheed Air Terminal. It was a 'natural' being so close to the manufacturing plant and was used to test the bombers and P-38 fighters coming off the assembly line. However, the primary function was handling commercial passengers. By the time rival LAX went commercial in 1946, LAT was already handling 1.2 million of them. The city of LA began pouring large sums of money to get what was then known as Los Angeles Municipal Airport going and many of the major tenants including United, American and TWA left Burbank for the literally 'greener' pastures. The void was filled by a developing non-scheduled airline industry, intra-state airline flights as well as cargo operations, private planes, and charters such as Paul Mantz's the "Honeymoon Express" to Las Vegas for weddings and divorces."

Oldtimers recall one of the airport's wealthier patrons, Col. Roscoe Turner, would take his pet lion, Gilmore, on a joy ride in his plane every Sunday. It was said that tourists could see more celebrities and politicians at this terminal in a single day than on the Sunset Strip for a week. James Cagney, Olivia de Havilland, Humphrey Bogart, Bette Davis, Errol Flynn, and Doris Day were some of them with the close proximity to Warner Brothers, Universal and the then new Walt Disney studios making this more than a coincidence. Numerous movies and TV shows have been filmed in and around the terminal including Top Gun with Tom Cruise (himself a pilot), Final Analysis, Demolition Man, Mannix and Perry Mason. "And Paramount paid us \$25,000 in 1958 money for the opening shot for the Jerry

Lewis comedy Geisha Boy. Howard Hughes kept a Lockheed Constellation aircraft, with a full time security guard onboard, sitting in the same place on the airport for 15 years.

In 1967, Pacific Southwest Airlines began calling the airport Hollywood-Burbank in its advertising and that soon became its official name. Airline service returned to Burbank in a big way when jet airliners capable of using Burbank's short runways came along in the late 1960s and the airport caught on as the most convenient place for a quick flight to the Bay Area. Lockheed Aircraft Corporation sold the airport in 1978 to an airport authority created by the cities of Burbank, Glendale and Pasadena. The airport continues to provide frequent service to west coast cities, Las Vegas, Phoenix, Denver, Dallas and others. The airport was renamed in honor of legendary entertainer Bob Hope in 2003. It is today a vital part of the Southern California airport system, serving nearly 5 million passengers annually.

The Luckiest Guy In The World... Dave Simmons took his first flight in a Curtiss JN4D at age seven; a few years later followed up with a joy ride in a DeHavilland bomber with ace aerial cameraman Elmer Dyer who was filming the epic Hell's Angels, and was in attendance at the 1930 opening of the United Airport of Burbank. These three events, more than anything else, hooked Simmons on a career path which took him to every corner of the world.

Simmons earned a BS degree in business and finance with an emphasis on accounting from the



DAVE SIMMONS

Monica.

With the outbreak of World War II, he was sent by Douglas as a technical representative to Eritrea in Italian East Africa, which was soon taken over by the British government. There, as a member of America's Volunteer Guard, he participated in

University of Southern California. Later on, he did post-graduate work at Harvard University, and entered the management training program at Bank of America but in 1939 left to join Donald Douglas and his fledgling airplane company in Santa

building a strategic airport which eventually served as a main supply route for Allied Forces in both the North African and East Asian campaigns. He was later commissioned as an ensign in the US Navy and attended the Japanese surrender on Wake Island.

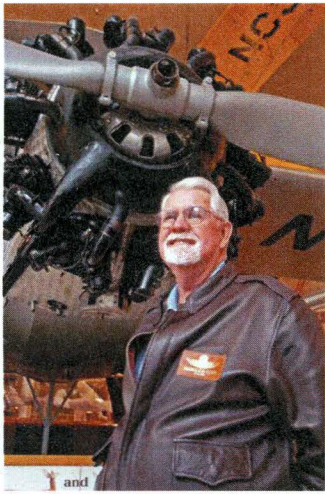
Upon his discharge in 1946, Simmons joined the Lockheed Air Terminal Company, a division of Lockheed Aircraft, where he remained for the next 38 years, first as an accountant, then into operations and finally as its president. Simmons did much more than run this one facility. During his almost four decade tenure, the Lockheed Air Terminal division designed and managed other airports throughout the globe while providing refueling services for 20% of the world's airlines. As senior VP of the parent company, he was also on the road constantly to such outposts as Guam, Panama, and Saudi Arabia. After the airport was acquired in 1978 by a consortium from the cities of Burbank, Glendale and Pasadena, Simmons remained at the helm until retiring from the airport presidency in 1984. Dave Simmons sums things up saying "I couldn't have had a better place to grow up than Beverly Hills and spending my life with my lovely wife Barbara. All that, plus having a career which has bridged the entire history of flight from fabric to aluminum to titanium and composites. I'm the luckiest guy in the world!"

PARABLE OF THE AIRLINE FISH POND

by Hal Cope

So it was in the beginning...in the year of our Lord 1967 BD (Before Deregulation) that the Almighty One, aka Senator Kennedy, arose one morning and not finding much on his "to do" list decided to visit the airline fish pond. As he gazed upon the peaceful pond he observed the golden "Chosen Few" leisurely swimming about spawning eggs of safety; systematic, realistic & controlled growth; sensible route, fleet and business plans; and excellent passenger service standards in an orderly, business-like and logical manner. The Almighty One saw this was not good. It would not feed the multitudes of hungry voters gathered on the sea shore. The Almighty One called upon his only begotten High Priest of airline deregulation, aka Professor Kahn, to walk among the unwashed masses preaching the gospel of deregulating the airline industry.

And so it came to pass... the High Priest ranged far and wide across the land preaching the



HAL COPE

benefits of the dawn of a golden era for the airline industry. His deregulation mantra foretold of lower fares, increasing airline growth & stability, and improved bottom lines, but most importantly the freedom from the interference by government regulators. Before the dawn of the seventh day the recreation of the airline fish pond became the law of the

land.

The news of the new airline era was heralded with great joy... in the airline pond as the Chosen Few cheered and applauded the Almighty One and his High Priest for their efforts. The Chosen Few eagerly waited the arrival of the great day of deliverance which would cast aside the darkness of regulation and set them free. Finally the shadow of the Almighty One was cast over the pond. With his colleagues and High Priest at his side the Almighty One tossed crumbs from the newly baked loaf upon the waters saying "Hark! I say unto you my children. I have brought you new life. Eat and be nourished forever more for I do this for you." The Chosen Few eagerly rushed to partake of the offering and nourished themselves.

As time passed... unnoticed by the Almighty One and the Chosen Few, for at the very bottom of the pond, were a few little insignificant fish feeding on the left over from the Chosen Few. The forgotten one was the descendants of their early ancestors from the era Non Sked Airlines who pioneered low cost affordable air transportation in the late 1940's BD. For their pioneering efforts to make airline travel affordable to the masses these upstarts who dared challenge the Chosen Few were denied lodging at the Inn of the Chosen Few. The dawn of deregulation awakened these forgotten descendants of an earlier time to be resurrected from the dead and born again. The Almighty One and his High Priest had mistakenly thought the little upstarts had been eliminated from the pond during the dark ages of the "great purge" to rid the pond of any danger to the Chosen Few. Having forgone nourished themselves on the were

crumbs of the Almighty One these little fish were spared becoming infected with the devastating deregulation disease.

And so it was ordained and came to pass... the big and ever growing Chosen Few began to morph into greedy piranhas bent upon devouring others in the pond. The Chosen Few hastened to the Temple on the Mount to sacrifice themselves at the altar of The Goddess of Unbridled Competition and Greed. Massive route expansions erupted across the land. Large numbers of aircraft were acquired. Taj Mahal facilities needed to house the expanded services were constructed. Hub and spoke operations became the order of the day, and the constant acquiescence by the industry managers to unrealistic and unrelenting employee demands became a heavy cross for the Few to bear. The quest of the Few for greed caused an earthquake to erupt deep in the depths of the airline pond. The shock wave sent forth a Tsunami tidal wave of Biblical proportions sweeping across the land devastating all in its path. The promised Golden Age turned to darkness. The once azure blue pond became a Red Sea that even the Almighty One could not part. High employee dissatisfaction and low morale became rampant. Passenger services became lost in the desert of mismanagement. Employee life giving pension plans were terminated creating another tax burden for citizens of the land and the overwhelming debt load choked the little remaining life sustaining oxygen in the pond. The Chosen Few found themselves swimming backwards drowning in their own pollution of their misguided hunger for bigness.

Clouds of destructive locusts swarmed over the land of the Chosen Few... causing little fish on the bottom of the pond to sense deliverance from their wanderings in the desert for these many years was at hand. They began to pollute the pond with their brand of low cost airline operation growing into big fish in the likeness of the Chosen Few. Unable to save themselves from themselves and the growing population of little fish the Chosen Few fell to their knees cast their eyes to the heavens above seeking signs of a coming Messiah. When the heavenly trumpets did not blare forth the approach of the hoped for Second Coming the sick and dying Chosen Few crawled back to the Almighty One and his cohorts, begging bowl in hand,

seeking salvation. The Almighty One and his cohorts decided to reward the incompetence and greed of the Chosen Few by bestowing on them manna from heaven pilfered from the down trodden tax paying public.

And so it came to pass as foretold by the ignored Wise Men...the Chosen Few are sick and dying with no cure in sight. The prayed for Messiah is no where to be seen. The gigantic and increasing tidal wave of the Red Sea continues its Tsunami rampage. The little fish are becoming big and aggressive fish capable of devouring the once bigger fish. It was also foretold, according to the stone tablets brought down from the mountain, the new big fish would eventually inherit the deregulation disease. They would then, in time, become victims of other little fish in the pond fulfilling the prophecies of the wise men which told of a future where little fish would become big fish, devour the big fish and in turn be eaten by new little fish from the bottom of the airline pond.

The two morals of the parable..."Be careful what you wish for because some misguided Almighty One may grant your wish" and "What goes around comes around."

Hal Cope One of the ignored Wise Men. In the year of our Lord 2005.

Obituary...The aviation community has lost another pioneering spirit, the hearty and largely self-taught Chalmers H. Goodlin -- known by many by the nickname "Slick." Goodlin died at his West Palm Beach, FL home on October 20 of cancer. He was 82.

Chalmers Goodlin was born in 1923. At 16, Goodlin left home to join the RCAF, where a high-school diploma and college education weren't required to become a pilot -- unlike in the United States at the time. Goodlin displayed an uncanny knack for and mastery of flight, leading members of his RCAF crew to nickname him "Slick." Goodlin had earned his wings and his commission flying for the RCAF when World War II broke out in late 1941. Within a year, he had gone overseas and joined England's Royal Air Force, flying Supermarine Spitfires. The US Navy got wind of his skills, and he was recruited back to his home country in December 1942 to test fly F4F Wildcats, F6F Hellcats, TBF Avengers, and the fabled F4U Corsair.



In January 1944, Goodlin became a test pilot for Bell Aircraft. He flew several Bell prototypes, most notably the X-1. With

26 flights under his belt, Goodlin was on track to become the first man to break the sound barrier -- until the government took over the program from Bell, and decided to use its own test pilot. Chuck Yeager only had six years flying experience at the time. Later, Goodlin joined a group of pilots flying Spitfires in defense of the newly-established State of Israel, and also played a role in the formation of the Israeli Air Force. He wrote several aviation articles, appeared in many documentaries and television interviews. He saved a lot of lives delivering supplies during the Nigerian civil war in the late 1960s for the Red Cross." Goodlin stayed in the cockpit into his late sixties, according to his brother, before a stroke grounded him in the early 1990s

As told by Dick Neumann....I was remembering about one of the Flying Tigers Vomit Comet C-54 flights in the early 50's. It landed at La Guardia Airport with a load of Puerto Rican passengers all bound for New York and a better welfare system than they could get at home. As the C-54 rolled out on landing, the tail instead of rotating upward, dropped down and sparked along the runway. Pretty soon the ditching rope came out of the rear cargo door and people began sliding down it and standing around on the runway watching others coming off the rope. Pretty soon the tail started to lift and somebody had a dozen or so of them go sit on the horizontal elevator. That worked for a while but the tail just suddenly raised up with about a half dozen people still sitting on it. The nose wheel came down relatively gently and nobody fell off. The passengers just kept coming off and somebody counted 123 plus the crew. Not long after the CAA imposed some maximum passenger regs with the C-54/DC-4 limited to 88 passengers and 4 crew. Those were the good old days when free enterprise wasn't just a political slogan.

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