

~~Reel 1E~~

The
Beginning

USAF

Local

BASE

Rescue



Bill Lyster Feb 1955

Local Base Rescue

the beginning

Crawford, Lyster, Freedle, and Robinson

Lyster My first assignment as a rotary wing mechanic; was to Gary AFB, San Marcos, Texas. I wondered, "What is a Rotary Wing?" I thought: maybe a special wing of the Air Force - no one at the Lackland AFB personnel section was of any help. I arrived at Gary the 17th of Feb 1955, with a brand new stripe as an Airman Third Class, where I learned that a Rotary Winged Aircraft was a Helicopter.



I completed the H-19 Helicopter course and was shortly assigned to the Flightline at Gary on the Bell H-13 with the U-Shack troops as an apprentice helicopter mechanic; our NCOIC was TSgt Grady M. Truitt. The 20th Sep 1955 I earned my Full Helicopter Mechanic title. I thoroughly enjoyed my U-Shack assignment, and the San Marcos area, and people there.

Lyster



Photo by Bill Lyster Cockpit of my H-13E helicopter



Robert H. Robinson

Air Force Helicopter School

In September 1955, after completing flight school, I selected Helicopter School as my next assignment. Helicopter School at that time was referred to as Advanced Flying Training.

I started my training in November, 1955 at Gary AFB, TX in the H-13 helicopter, often referred to as the Bell Bubble. The school had 2 models of the H-13 helicopter; the E and G models. The battery in the E model was stored behind the instrument console. The G model had the battery stored in the tail section. Since the center of gravity (CG) was very critical in the E models, too much weight in the cockpit, about 350 pounds, would cause the pilot to run out of cyclic stick and be unable to stop or come to a hover. My instructor would almost fight to get a G model so that he wouldn't have to change the battery location.



H-13E Model
Photo by Meredith R. Freedle

Robinson

The training in the H-13 helicopter was completed and I moved on to the H-19 helicopter. The H-19 seemed like a giant after the H-13, but the CG was no problem. I finished up the H-19 course and successfully completed the final check ride.

Everyone was interested in moving on to their new assignments except those of us in a Pipeline Status (no further assignment).

Four of us from the class were informed that we would be the first group to start a new training program in the monster H-21. The class included Lts. Brubaker, DeWalt (now deceased), Madison (location unknown) and me. We were each given 10 hours of instruction and a check ride which everyone failed. At that time an additional 5 hours was added to the program. We were all experiencing the same problem, the rear rotor wanted to be in front. The flight training was good for both students and instructors. My instructor had very few hours in the H-21. I think he got as much practice as I, especially on auto-rotations. This was a maneuver when the rear rotor was determined to pass up the cockpit. After the additional 5 hours, we all passed our check ride. I always thought the instructors decided to pass all of us before someone got hurt. I remember telling my wife "If I ever see that damn helicopter again, it would be too soon!"



H-21 Helicopter
Photo by Bill Lyster

Robinson

After the H-21 program, I was told that I would be staying as a helicopter instructor. After a few hours of instructor's school in the H-13, I started with my first students. I had learned to try REAL hard to get a G model because of the CG problem. Although all my students were about the size of jockeys, I occasionally had to transfer the battery. I also leaned to carry safety wire and a pair of pliers so that I could make the change without waiting for one of the maintenance men on the flight line. After a number of hours as an instructor in the H-13, I was checked out as an H-19 instructor. The helicopter school was moved to Randolph AFB, TX in 1956 because Gary AFB was going to close.





H-19 A Helicopter Photos by Robert H. Robinson

At Randolph I continued to instruct in the H-19 for a few more months. After completing a morning session with students, I was told by the Operations Officer to eat a quick lunch and return. I returned as told, thinking about what I might have done wrong, and was informed I would be checked out as an H-21 instructor. This was almost enough to cause me to lose my lunch!

As I recall, I was given about 5 hours, the last flight being a check ride. After the flight the check pilot said nothing to me, but walked in and talked to the Operations Officer. I stood outside the office wondering what was going to happen next. In a little while the Ops Officer walked out with 2 folders. He handed me the 2 folders and said "These are your 2 new students for the H-21. Be here in the morning. "Being a helicopter instructor is when you actually learn how to fly a particular aircraft, if for nothing more than to stay alive.

After a number of hours in the H-21 I felt very comfortable with lots of room and enough visibility to be scary. Out of the Air Force helicopter inventory, at that time, the H-21 was my favorite.



H-21A Helicopter
Photo by Robert H. Robinson

One of the highlights as an H-21 instructor was going TDY to France in 1957 to teach French students to fly the H-21. Residing in a hotel on the French Riviera, all provided by the French, was also a big plus.

The helicopter course established by the French consisted of basic transition work and about 20 hours of mountain training in the French Alps. When you don't speak French, trying to instruct through an interpreter sitting on a tool box between the 2 pilots was a real challenge. On some occasions the French students would drink too much red wine for lunch. On the afternoon flights, instructing through the interpreter, trying to keep the wine soaked student awake would cause me to say things that weren't very nice. In the U.S. we might refer to it as "Please pardon my French"

The mountain training in the French Alps was conducted in lots and lots of snow. After flying in Texas for a number of months, flying in the Alps was a drastic change. The majority of the French students were a great group and good pilots. They kept asking to extend the number of hours they received in the course. They knew that as soon as they graduated they would be going to Algeria during the crisis there. I think they were supposed to receive more instruction in Algeria before going into combat.

After the 4 months TDY in France it was back to Randolph AFB where once again I was instruction in the H-21. Being back at Randolph I had no snow, no interpreter, but lots of memories.

Robert H. Robinson USAF Retired.



Bill Crawford Gary AFB School Barracks

My first flightline experience

I graduated from the helicopter mechanic school at Gary AFB Texas in December of 1955 & my first assignment was the H-13 line at Gary. I was told to report to "U" shack for duty. I went down to the flightline & started looking for "U" shack, that's when I met S/sgt Jeeter & ask where "U" shack was. His answer was, forget that you're working for me. Well I was a young 18 year old A/2C & if a S/sgt said I was going to work for him that's what I would do. In a few days The "U" shack NCOIC saw me working at the other shack & ask me what I was doing there & I said that I was working for S/sgt Jeeter, he said you get down to the next shack & he went in & had a talk with Jeeter about hijacking me.

One of my first jobs was to keep all of the grease guns full; we had a lot of grease guns. I didn't think I was going to like this helicopter maintenance very much. Later I moved on to doing post flight inspections on the H-13. It required three different kinds of grease, one squirt gun of oil, a roll of safety wire & a pair of dikes. Things were getting better. Changing the engine oil wasn't to bad but taking the cuno filter apart & cleaning all the disks inside was a real chore. The H-13 was moved around by having someone stand on the tail rotor skid to raise the front high enough to roll a dolly under the chopper, then you could tow it with a tug. If you were only going to move it a short distance you would pull a pin out of the wheels that were attached to the landing skids & use a short steel pipe slipped over a rod on the wheel assembly to flip the wheel over 180 degrees & reinstall the pin in the wheel while holding the steel pipe that now held a lot of the choppers weight in your other hand. One day while doing this, my greasy hand slipped off the steel pipe & it gave me a glancing blow to the side of my head. This helicopter stuff is not as much fun as I thought it would be. When I started to do preflight inspections things started to get better. Now I got checked out to run the engine with the rotor turning, yeah now were getting somewhere. After awhile I was getting pretty good at this run up so I would leave as much slack in the tiedown ropes as I could & I would get it light on the skids then move it around as much as the slack would allow. One of the checks was to take the rpm up to flying range & then close the throttle to split the tachometer needles. I did that one day while a little light on the skids & loose tiedowns & the beast turned sideways with me. I learned about torque that day, a lesson that stayed with me. When the chopper that you were assigned to was flying, you had to stay on the flightline until it returned. In the summer we would sit on wooden benches that had small roofs to keep the sun off of you but in the winter it got pretty cold. We had large wooden boxes along the ramp that we kept lead shot bags in, they would be strapped in the copilot's seat when the student pilot flew solo. On one of the cold days I climbed into one of the shotbag boxes to keep warm, that didn't last long because the scorpions also were in there keeping warm. I let them have the box & I sat out in the cold. One day a pilot came out to fly the chopper that I was taking care of that day & he said he had just became an instructor & would I like to fly along instead of the shotbags because he wanted to practice on me. WOW you bet I want to fly with you. He went through the routine of teaching me to fly that H-13, now I was hooked for sure. Helicopters were in my life for the next 20 years & I loved it. Oh that NCOIC of "U" shack that came & got me away from Jeeter, he was T/sgt Grady Truitt one of the crew on the Hop-A-Long & Whirl-O-Way H-19A's mentioned in my other story.

Bill Crawford, USAF M/sgt Ret.

Lyster



Bill Lyster in New Two Piece Fatigues June 1956 Gary AFB 1950 Chevrolet. NOTE: Block Type Cap.

Lyster

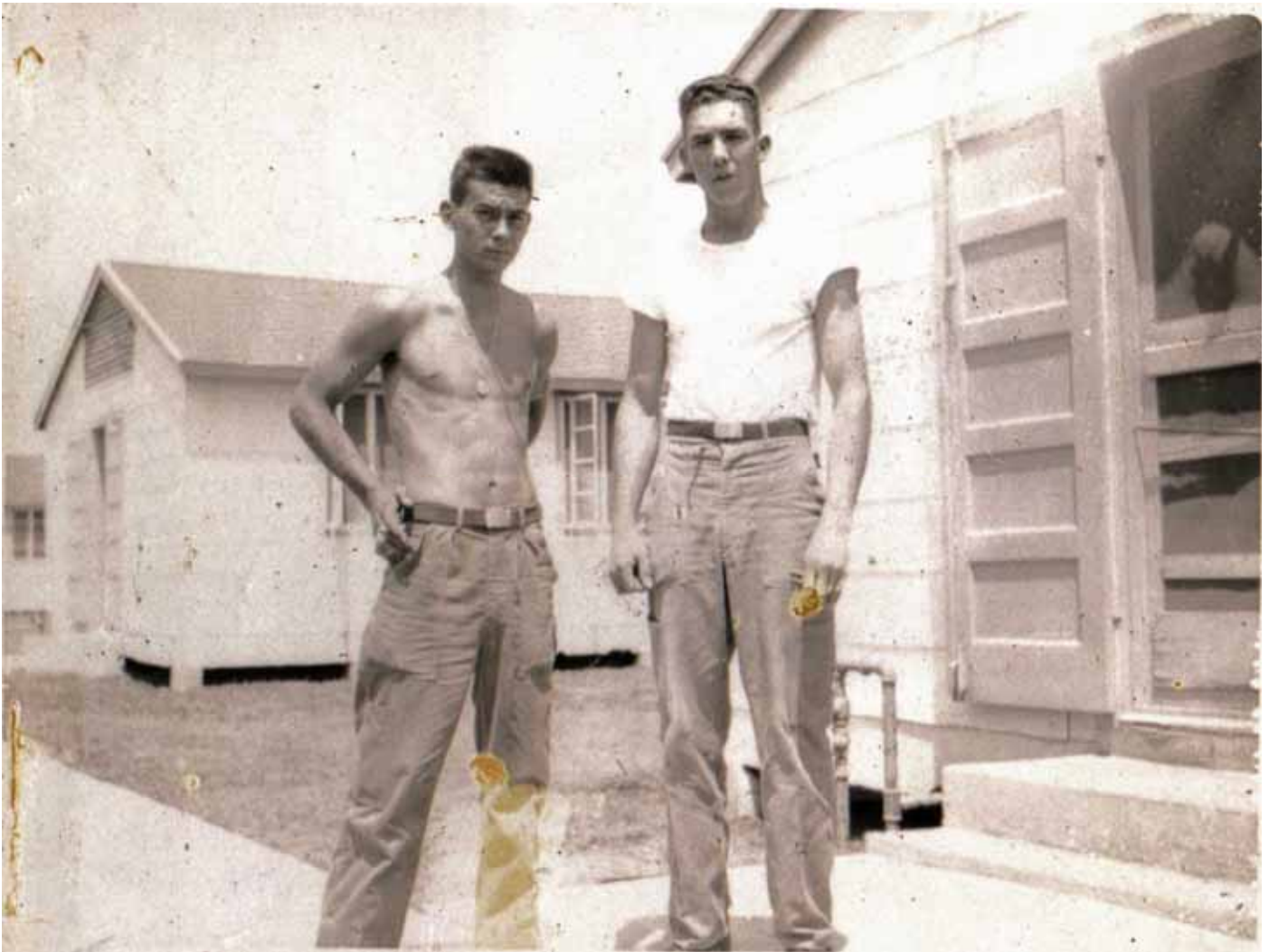


Photo by Bill Crawford

Bill Lyster, at Gary by then renamed Edward Gary around August 1956. I cannot remember the man's name to my right without a shirt.



Meredith Freedle at Gary AFB, Texas

Lyster



Photo by Bill Crawford

50 Chevrolet view as we drove up to Reese AFB 2 Oct 1956 from Edward Gary AFB.

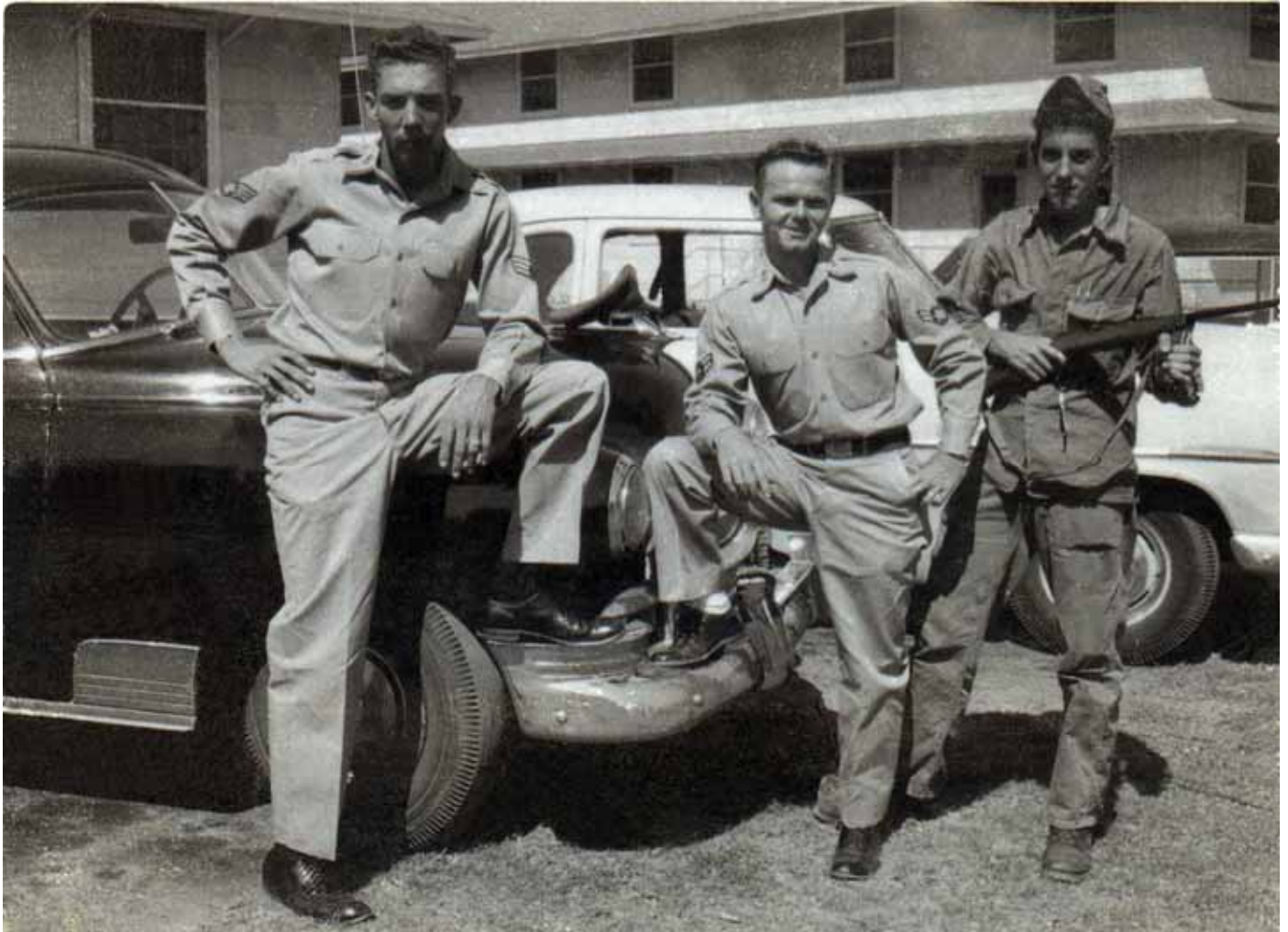
Lyster



Photo by John F. Allen Crawford, and Lyster

You can see Allen's shadow in this photo west of Lubbock. NOTE: Bill's Polaroid Camera, it took many photos I have today.

Lyster



Lyster, Crawford, and Freedle our barracks at Reese AFB, Texas early October 1956.



Meredith Freedle - Reese AFB, Texas

Freedle

I enlisted in the Air Force in September, 1954. After boot camp I went to Gary Air Force Base and started tech school on H-13 helicopters. I was the only Air Force person in the class, the others were from the Army. They really picked on me. I worked on the flight line until 1956 and then they shipped me to Reese AFB in Lubbock, Texas. There were no helicopters there so I worked on B-25 aircraft until we got our first chopper and then they told me I was getting transferred to the helicopter unit so I went to see it. Did I get a shock. There were boxes of parts with Cosmoline all over them. T/sgt. Lawson, the guy in charge, was something else. He was a tech order nut. Everybody had to know how to order parts.

Freedle

We went to work on the boxes of parts and bolts. We worked and ordered parts, bolts, nuts, washers, etc. When our day was over, we would go eat and then go back to work on our own time.

Looking back, we must have enjoyed trying to do the impossible. No mechanic on this crew had any experience. I don't know if T/sgt. Lawson did or not. I guess he did, he had been stationed in Germany prior to coming to Reese. The crew that did the task should have gotten a medal. We had a lot of stumbling blocks but we worked it out and I realized that this bird was coming together. I don't remember when Bill Lyster was appointed crew Chief. It may have been at the start of the program. It must have been a great feeling for Bill to see his name stenciled on the side of the helicopter. I was proud for him. He worked hard and helped the rest of the crew. The more we worked together, the better friends we became. We got interested in taking pictures and developing and printing them ourselves.

Back to the chopper. Most of the pictures of the H-19 were made by Bill. The H-19 is on the ramp, this is the day to see if we are helicopter mechanics. My mind raced back to all the T.O., blue prints I had read and all the parts I assembled. Did I get it right? We had fire extinguishers ready. The pilot came aboard and did a check list and gave us a thumbs up. He was ready to start. The rotor blades started to turn. I think the engine turned over about three times. One of the biggest smoke rings came out of the exhaust that I have ever seen. It went all the way down the ramp. The engine was pickled before it was shipped to us. If I remember right, all we had to do was retrack the main rotor blades and adjust the damper assembly.

I think it was the next day, after we retracked the main rotor blades, that the pilot was going to taxi the H-19. Wrong. He just taxied to the edge of the ramp and then took off by himself. That was a shock to all of us, even T/sgt. Lawson.

I remember, every time the chopper flew, we had to grease it. If it flew 30 minutes or two hours, we had to remove the grease, which was all over the chopper, clean it and then regrease it. It took hours. I think T/sgt. Lawson just wanted to keep us busy. In my opinion, it was overgreased. The pilots would take off from a vertical position and T/sgt. Lawson would chew them out. He told them they were putting too much strain on the helicopter.

Sometime the pilots would let us fly with them. With one pilot I sat in the copilot's seat. The second time, he asked me to hold the controls. Flying a helicopter is not easy. Both hands are full and both feet are on the rudder pedals. He let me fly it for about 15 minutes. He was really nice. He talked to me all the time. I think he knew that I was scared. I know I was. The mechanics and the pilots had a good relationship. Working on the H-19 taught me about safety and the training I got from the Air Force helped me at Boeing Aircraft Company for 32 years.

I took an early out from the Air Force. The helicopter field was frozen, no one was getting upgraded. I was discharged in March, 1958, worked for the Texas Highway Department from March 5, 1958 until September, 1964 when I bought my own business. In September, 1966 I went to work for Boeing and was an airplane technician for 32 years. I was part of the Aircraft on Ground (AOG) team and traveled all over the world fixing planes after crashes. I helped build 707, 727, 737, 747 and 757 aircraft. I retired from Boeing on October 31, 1998.

After I retired, I was informed that T/sgt. Lawson passed away on July 21, 1999 in Lubbock, Texas. When he retired, he and his family had remained in Lubbock.

Meredith R. Freedle, Lead airplane technician, Boeing Aircraft Company, Retired.



Photo by Meredith Freedle

Bill Lyster in Lubbock, Texas



Photo by Meredith R. Freedle – Thanks Jan.

Lyster

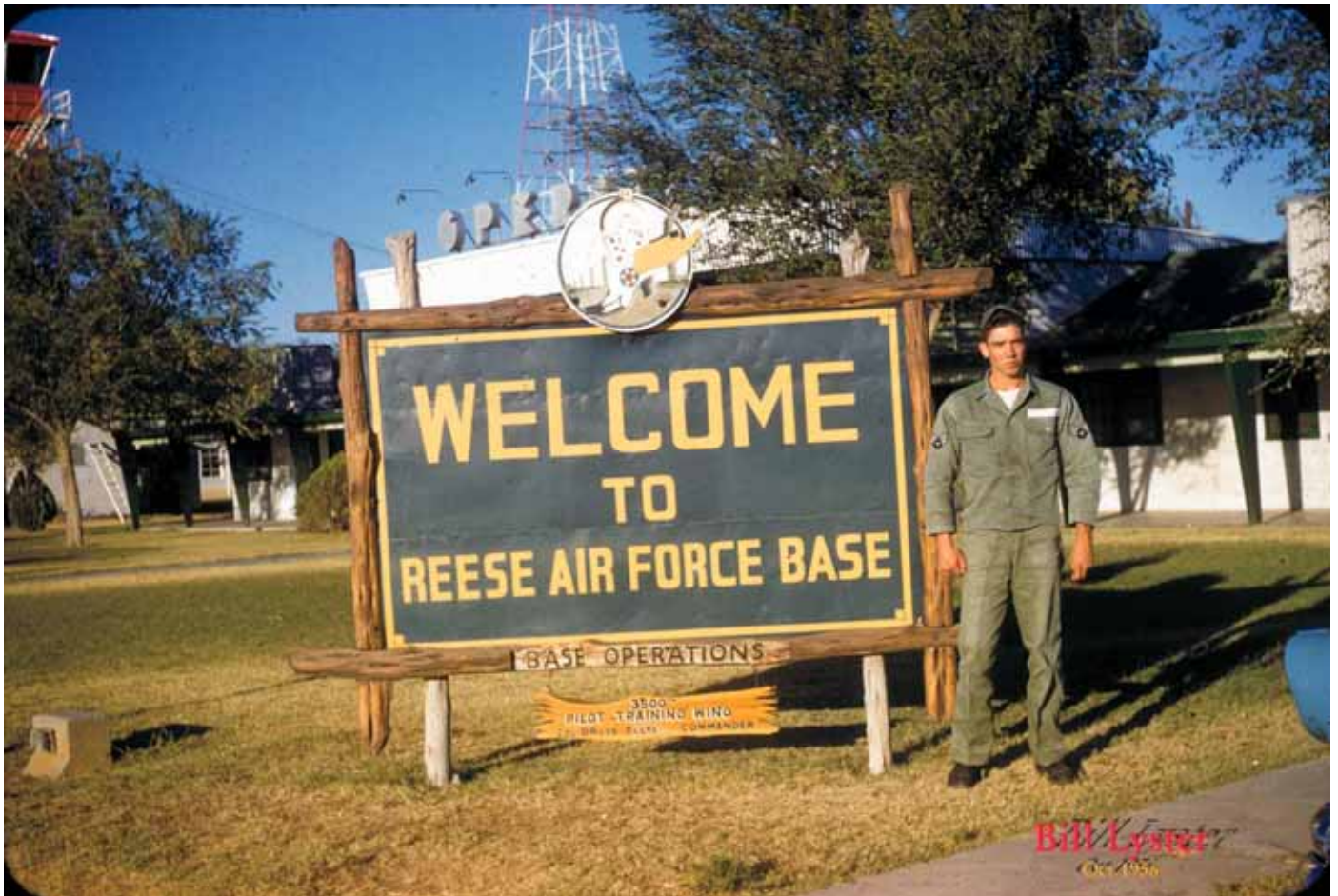
The first problem we encountered at Reese AFB; they did not know what to do with Helicopter Mechanics; because, they had over a hundred B-25 Bombers and one C-47 Goony Bird – no helicopters.

Lyster



Photo by Bill Crawford - Bill Lyster and Mr. Hyde

Some of us were assigned to the Propeller Shop and were taught how to repair B-25 Props. I even did periodic inspections on B-25 Aircraft by pulling the prop dome, inspecting the blade chaffing rings, etc. Here, I am working on a B-25 Prop, in the propeller shop, notice the prop dome on the bench at the extreme left in this photo contained a cluster of gears which also meshed with the beveled gear teeth in each prop blade to take care of the prop pitch changes during flight – still have on my H-13 Cap.



Bill Lyster at Base Operations

I thought the sign out in front of Base Operations was a work of art, and here is my photo taken with it.

After we were officially B-25 Mechanics Bill and I made a few photographs on the flightline.



Lyster
After working on these propellers – I needed a photograph.

Lyster

I was also assigned to the Engine shop to complete a B-25 Engine course. This B-25 Engine work was among the most knuckle skinning jobs I have ever had. I ran the Sperry analyzer inspecting the Valve Clearance, and ignition systems for awhile, and this was the coldest job I ever had in the Air Force. The Normal wind speed appeared to be 35 knots, and on many days this was true, and we did not have adequate clothing for these winters at Reese AFB. I remember standing fireguard on a B-25 as A/1C Lucero fired up the Left Engine and as soon as it started the $\frac{1}{2}$ thick Plexiglas window just behind the pilots seat exploded, shattering into a million pieces, and a huge dent appeared in the side of the aircraft and one of the Antennas on the lower side of the aircraft just below where Lucero was sitting fell away. It turns out the prop had an invisible sheet of ice on it and as soon as it gained sufficient RPM it slung this ice - Quite a racket, and eye opener. I leaned about chill factor there when three men froze to their death one night, while the official low temperature was 28 degrees. I had many a shivering work day that first winter wearing the field jacket we were issued.



B-25 - Bill Lyster in Co-pilots seat.

I remember using an Aero-stand to make these two photographs.

Lyster



Bill Crawford

The color photographs were made with TSgt Gerald Lawson's Camera, an Argus C-3 using Kodachrome ASA 25 Film which was processed by Kodak.

Crawford

The return to the states of H-19A's Hop-A-Long (51-3893) & Whirl-O-Way (51-3890).

On 1 APR 57 T/sgt Gerald Lawson received a phone call from the supply warehouse at Reese AFB Texas informing him that they had two helicopters in boxes & wanted to know what to do with them. T/sgt Lawson said yeah April fool to you too & hung up the phone. He received another call & they said we're not joking, come down here to the warehouse & see for yourself. We went to the warehouse & sure enough they had boxes & more boxes of helicopter parts. Tail rotor blades removed from the hub, hub from the T/R gearbox, gearbox removed from the pylon, pylon from the tail cone, tail cone from the fuselage. All driveshafts removed, clutch removed from engine, engine removed, main gear box, main rotorhead off the M/G/B, all landing gear off. In other words boxes & boxes of parts. The choppers had been through the IRAN depot at Sabena airlines & had metric size nuts & bolts everywhere. We had to look up part numbers & order regular SAE nuts & bolts. What wasn't already taken apart,

had to be removed using crescent wrenches. Whirl-O-Way had some damage to it, so we sent it to Vance AFB Oklahoma. After we got Hop-A-Long up on to the landing gear we found damage to the bottom of the fuselage. One of the last major things that we had to do was hang the engine. We didn't know that we would get the H-19A instead of the " B " so we only had the " B " engine sling & it wouldn't work. Well ole Lawson went storming off to order an " A " engine sling. By this time we we're getting frustrated with this old " A " model & all the roadblocks that kept popping up. We rounded up all the guys that were in the hanger & with the engine hanging from an A frame hoist we man handled the engine close enough to get the two lower engine mount bolts installed & then pushed the engine up enough to get the top bolts in. When Lawson returned there were just us chopper mechanics there & he couldn't believe that the engine was in that chopper. All he would say was what did you break. When it was time for the test flight I went to Lubbock & rented a movie camera to document the event. I have lost the movie long ago. I remember that we only had a couple of minor writeups for the flight. Kever Holly III was the pilot. I can say that I really learned the H-19A & B from that experience.

Bill Crawford, USAF Msgt Ret.

Lyster

Assembly of H-19A 51-3893 at Reese AFB, Texas

Just before leaving Gary AFB, Texas one of the most colorful characters we had in U-Shack was Airman Grimco. We were entertained by the facts he revealed to us about some of his habits, and I thought he was wild. He told how he took care of a car that did not dim its lights, "I get over in their lane and head toward them until they dim their lights". Grimco was very likable, and popular, among U-Shack troops, but when he left U-Shack, and made his first flight in an H-21 helicopter, he made a statement; "watch this helicopter go out and kill me". Exactly that happened; because, someone had made a maintenance error and left the nut off a control rod attaching bolt and this bolt backed out shortly after take off, and this helicopter went out of control, did an uncontrolled flip, landed upside down, Grimco was thrown through the windshield, and killed. The accident investigation board concluded that, if he had been wearing a helmet he would have lived. Shortly thereafter, helicopter crews were issued helmets. If you will notice the first photo (of the H-13) the pilots did not have helmets in 1955.

When we received our helicopter at Reese the above fact was very much on my mind. Not one of us had ever worked on an H-19 Helicopter, and now we had the job of putting one together, which arrived in total disarray, in boxes, and damaged from shipment. I had completed the H-19 School at Gary, but had worked on the Bell H-13E and G model Helicopter only.

Consequently; I read the TO 5 times in most cases, and I did not do any work until I thoroughly knew what to do, and completely understood how to do it - my mind satisfied. One of the first jobs was putting the tail rotor together from scratch, and having to balance it. This took about three days; because, we had to freeze the bolts, coat them with zinc chromate primer quickly assemble the blades to the hub, and torque the nuts before they warmed up. Then had to find a shaft to fit the hub and hold it centered on the knives of the balance arbor; which, we also leveled. It required a draft free room. One of the advantages to having worked on the B-25s, we learned where the shops (those with the expertise) were before we got the H-19, when we needed a specialist, we knew those contacts, and where they were on base. The most challenging job I remember was the drilling of a tapered pin hole in the Tail Rotor Gearbox Pitch Change Shaft. This shaft did not have a hole for mounting the pitch change beam, and no markings as to where the pitch beam mounting hole should be drilled. I found a machinist and asked him if he knew how to drill a tapered hole in a shaft for a tapered pin, and he stated he did. We climbed up the Aero stand, put the beam on the shaft, rotated, and slid it in and out, until we found a suitable place to drill the hole so the pitch links would be centered during their pitch change travel, and he drilled the hole – using our minds and the instructions contained in the TO. Accomplishing what I thought was almost

impossible, and presented a challenge that I wondered if I would overcome, but that accomplished the rest of the jobs were much easier. I remember the enjoyment of rigging of the main rotor; because, I learned how to use a prop protractor etc. TSgt Lawson almost made me blind looking up stock numbers in tons of books.

The part number was not sufficient, we had to get the whole stock number, and he had all the books there for us to use. He was a very nice person, and I am sure we must have driven him crazy. I will always have nice thoughts when I think of him. I know he must have thought of us as children, because we were all so very young. I had just turned 20, and the rest of the crew was even younger.



Lawson, Freedle, and Jan

Lyster

Bill, Lawson was stationed in Germany at some point. We remember because he had bought a set of wedding rings for his wife over there and she died before he got home. We bought those rings from him and I am still wearing them, although I have had the diamonds reset because the rings themselves wore out. We have to laugh, he told Meredith that we should not get married, it would never last. That was almost 49 years ago.
Jan

After a few weeks of such careful maintenance, the progress was being watched by all the B-25 Mechanics. They began to ask, "When are you going to have it finished and ready to fly". Of course, I had no idea having never put one together, and after a few weeks of this we all agreed we would answer from now on, "First thing Monday Morning". And that is what we did, even on Monday morning, and it was just as good as any answer we could have thought up anyway, it worked, and saved us time. I knew if I made a mistake this helicopter would kill us all, and I was not concerned about how long it took. We were all single with the exception of TSgt Lawson, and we pretty much hung out together day and night. We even went on trips, as a unit, on the weekend for entertainment. We lived our lives talking about this helicopter and even had arguments about how it functioned, and was made. I remember making a bet on the gearbox ratio of the tail rotor gearbox. We did this off duty, and then when we returned to work, we would have to read the Technical Manual to determine who was correct. After about 45 days of this constant and carefully slow work we finally had this helicopter assembled, rigged, and tracked.



Photo by
Bill Lyster

6 August 1957
Reese AFB, Texas

Lyster

We pulled it out of the hangar to the ramp. I went to Base Operations for Capt. Keaver Holley III our ranking helicopter pilot to run it up for us to see if it had any major problems. Capt. Holley came sauntering out displaying his characteristic mannerism's, as though he owned the world, and proceeded to inspected our helicopter to his content, as we carefully watched his every move. I requested he start it up and taxi it around to see if he noticed anything abnormal. He did this totally alone, we watched him taxi out to the edge of the ramp clear of all the B-25s parked in their spots, and then proceeded to take off, to our astonishment. When he came back he said "It felt so good I just had to fly it". I suspect having to wait 45 days for an aircraft to fly may have had something to do with it. We had four pilots, Capt Holley, and Lieutenants Herr, Borgeson, and Mueth.



Meredith Freedle

I have a shot of me - exactly the same pose.

Lyster



Lt. Borgeson, and Capt. Holley - without helmet

I did a search for Capt Holley's Name with the following returned:

Riverside National Cemetery

Riverside, Riverside County, California

Holley, Keaver III, b. 11/13/1928, d. 10/29/1986, LTCOL USAF, Plot: A 643, bur. 10/19/1990, *

HOLLEY KEAVER III

Keaver Holley was a potential VHPA member who died after his tour in Vietnam on 10/00/86
Highland, CA

Date of Birth 11/13/1928

Served in the U.S. Air Force

This information was provided by SSN deceased search

This information was last updated 08/11/2004

I enjoyed flying with Capt, Holley especially when later the H-21A models arrived because, he taught me how to fly it. I had my private license by then, and was learning to fly fixed wing aircraft in the aero club at

Lyster

the Lubbock Municipal Airport. In fact I was the first aero club member to solo. SSgt Cleary organized and started this Aero Club, and he talked me into joining.



I will never forget my solo flight, nor taking the private pilots test during a 35 knot crosswind in a fabric covered aircraft that climbed, and did a final approach at 60. An old white haired gentleman gave me the test and he said, "We could not take our aircraft because our insurance would not cover us in these winds". As soon as I cleared the ground I was looking down the left wing as we climbed out to the end of the runway, where I made a left turn. It took about 5 min to get to the training area, and 55 min to get back. He said let me tell you son don't try to land lined up with the runway, just land on the grass at the edge and roll up on the runway, I did just that, touched down on the grass at the edge of the runway (perpendicular to the runway) between two runway lights near our taxiway back to the hangar, and stopped within a few yards, did not even make it to the centerline. He held the brakes; I got out, and turned the tail around pointing the nose toward the taxiway so we could taxi toward the hangar. It was hard on the brakes, but I made it back to the hangar OK. I passed and got me licenses. Remember the 35 knot winds comment I made about freezing in the winter.

Lyster

One night the wind blew 80 knots all night, and it snowed a little. I went to start my car but it would not fire. I raised the hood, and engine compartment was packed with snow tight against the hood, except for a small hole, where a cat was bedded in the snow near the firewall. The cat jumped out when I raised the hood, no way the cat could have gotten out, otherwise; the snow was packed so tightly filling the engine compartment. Meredith can vouch for this, because it was at his girlfriend's parent's house. I'll bet Jan knows the cat's name. I don't remember why I spent the night there (weather conditions?), but it was a most memorable morning. Once I cleared away the snow I could see the engine failed to fire; because, the sparkplugs, leads, and engine block were covered with icicles. Got my car started several hours later.



One of the last photos I made at Reese AFB. NOTE: Our H-21 on alert under the wing tip of this C-124. We pulled it out there so we could scramble without flying over the crowd during this Armed Forces Day.

Bill Lyster MSgt USAF Retired



Photo by Bill Lyster
Reese AFB, Texas 1957

