

Colonel Jack Jaynes

interviewed by

Mrs. W. A. Schmidt

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ORAL HISTORIES OF FORT WORTH, INC.

COLONEL JACK JAYNES  
2556 Walsh Ct.  
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Col. Jack Jaynes, 3-20-1897  
2556 Walsh Ct. 926-0904  
with Mrs. W. A. Schmidt

Col. Jaynes, we are talking about a period of time that most people only read about. You have experienced these things and been in on them from the beginning. This is our aviation world which has made such a tremendous difference in the world today. We need to know a little of what aviation was in the early days?

I was born in Linden, Texas, March 20, 1897 ... the youngest of seven boys and seven girls. My father, T.A.Y. Jaynes, and mother, Mary Josephine Kay moved to East Texas shortly after the Civil War. My father lived in North Carolina and my mother had lived in Georgia right across the border. They married shortly after the Civil War in which my father had been wounded. He entered the sawmill and lumber business in East Texas at a time when there were huge pine forests being cleared by primitive methods. Oxen were used to pull the logs on to the wagons; thence to the mills. One of my older brothers had gone to Cleburne where the big railroad shops were, so he enticed the family to move there. Not too much later my father died so my mother and family moved to the north-side of Fort Worth on Boulevard. That was the most important part of Fort Worth in 1903 because of the Armour and Swift packing houses. By 1910 my mother broke up housekeeping, spending time with the different married children at their request. My three years older brother and myself went along also. I got tired of going to different schools, which was always a difficult time for me. After finishing the 10th grade, I borrowed some money from an older brother who lived in Marshal, Texas and enrolled at Brantley-Draughon Business College, majoring in shorthand and typing.

Did this make a lot of difference in your life?

Yes, while it was very hard to make ends meet, I managed by eating bread and milk and sleeping in vacant houses and box cars. I could have had help if people had known the circumstances, but I was too proud to let people know.

L. G. Cockroft, a bachelor working as a car transferer for the railroads discovered me and insisted I stay with him until I completed the business course. When I graduated, Brantley-Draughon obtained employment for me with the first Ford dealer in Fort Worth, The Wright Company. By now I was about seventeen and living at the YMCA which seemed utopia for me. Dr. Edwin Elliott, Secretary of the YMCA and a theological student had a great influence on my life at this time of my life. He later became prominent in many churches as a minister, later had a distinguished war record and became head of the National Labor Relations Board of the Southwest.

How long did you live at the Y?

Around three years, where I spent many hours in the gymnasium. I enjoyed a certain proficiency as a fighter and all round athlete, considering my 5 feet 7 inches and 130 pounds! My friend and sparring partner was George Woodman, press engineer for the Fort Worth Star Telegram. He was 6 feet tall and weighed around 180 pounds. Due to our unequal size, he would wear 10 ounce gloves while I used 6 ounce gloves.

Mr. Wright took on the first Maxwell car agency in the state in 1914. Since they produced racing cars, they sought to establish road records with their

production models and to subject their products to various publicity stunts. In addition to track and road contests, they used a "jumping" of their stock cars. This consisted of compressing all four springs and tying them down; with the aid of a built-up ramp of about 30 degrees to about eight feet, the car would get up to about 70 miles per hour, scale the ramp, and leap approximately over 100 feet. Huge crowds watched this stunt over rivers, burning barrels, etc. Percy Gibbs, one of Maxwell's leading test drivers, was assigned to conduct these stunts in the southwest. Mr. Wright assigned me as his personal representative to go with Mr. Gibbs on these speed tests and publicity runs throughout Texas.

While there was no pavement between Dallas and Fort Worth, we drove the distance in 29 minutes, at 1 A.M. using search lights making right angle turns at each section line.

When did you first become interested in planes?

The first plane I saw was a pusher type plane flown by Lincoln Beechy at the Dallas Fair about 1908-10. Later he landed in the old racetrack back of where Montgomery Ward is now. The second time I saw a plane was when 4-6 military planes landed at the end of Evans Avenue. They were enroute to Kelly Field ... which is perhaps the oldest military field in the U.S. We call them airports now. When World War I started in Europe, the Canadian government established three large flight training fields near Fort Worth. I spent all my spare time watching the Canadians fly. The Aviation Section of the Signal Corps of the U.S. Army opened calls for the enlistment of a limited number of flying cadets in 1917 when the United States became involved in the war. I worried a lot after obtaining the requirements of eligibility which included a college education. Deciding I had nothing to lose, I submitted my application, saying I was a Brantley-Draughon College graduate. Imagine my joy when I was ordered to San Antonio for a physical examination. The forty-eight of us were subjected to a full day of many tests and examinations. Only four made it through the medical examination. In a few weeks (Dec. 5, 1917) I reported to the School of Military Aeronautics at Texas University. We were located in an old building previously used by the Institute of the Blind. We drilled in a cemetery about two blocks away. Some of my fellow cadets were Bill Hanlon of San Francisco, Pete Skanse, Bart McComber, all-American football player, McKinley F. Clark and Earl Carroll, who later produced the Earl Carroll Vanities. The curriculum was quite severe; many ex-college students attending saying that it was equivalent to a four year course condensed to eight weeks. The boys gripes of early rising, hard beds, poor food and always being ordered around didn't bother me since I was used to a harsh life and was grateful for the privilege of having this opportunity.

A new class was added each week; a very high percent of the cadets fell by the wayside due to failure to pass the all-day Saturday tests. My ability to take shorthand on each lecture and spending long hours studying in the latrine after the 10:00 o'clock "lights out" helped me immensely during this time. Thank goodness that 25 watt light burned all night! The fear of failing kept me 'up-tight' because a failure in any subject set you back a week and placed you on probation. The second failure meant the end ... and I wanted to fly!

Camp Dick (Dallas Fair Grounds) was where I awaited orders for assignment to a flying field ... in early February 1918. We lived in the cattle stalls so you can see why it was called the "concentration camp". Being a shorthand-typist, the commanding officer of the 10th Squadron assigned me as his assistant. When

they established a priority squadron to report to Ellington Field, a newly opened operation, I got to go there. I would say that 40-50% of the students "busted" out. At Ellington there were some seven or eight graduate pilots out of the original twenty-seven in the class. While we represented what is today's Air Force, we were then a Section of the Army Signal Corps and held little prestige among our military services. Army regulations required that all officers wearing boots were to also wear spurs. Since we always wore dress or lace boots, we were supposed to wear these spurs while flying until aircraft accidents occurred as a result of this. Finally someone on the top side got wise and rescinded this order for flight officers.

In the beginning our instructors were British or French pilots with combat experience. The fellow that taught me originally was an Irishman, Sullivan, from the British Army Royal Air Force. He was a great instructor. His instructions helped me to be here today because I had forced landings during training. "Keep your flying speed at all times; don't ever turn downwind. If the motor quits, nose over and keep flying speed that will keep you in the air while contact is made with the ground or other obstacles. Always keep a look-out for emergency landing."

I had three forced landings in one day on a cross country trip! Our original training aircraft consisted of the Curtis JN-4 (Jenny) with depositions control and powered with 90 h.p. OX-5 engines. Later we received some JN4-HD with Hisso engines of 120 and 180 h.p., a tremendous improvement over an engine of 90 h.p. Some of the first of our graduated pilots were made instructors, after some twenty-five hours of training. My first flight was a 30 minute joy ride to see if we liked the "wild blue yonder" ... and I wanted more! Nine days and 6.37 hours of instruction later, my instructor gave me the "thumbs up" and said "It's all yours". Ellington was the first to require 75 flying hours to graduate a student. The townspeople around Ellington tried to make heroes of all of us. I wasn't comfortable around family people, so on weekends I would go off to the beach with another friend while most of the boys would go home with the various families.

Our commanding officer was always receiving complaints from the Artillery Division that we weren't saluting properly when meeting their officers downtown. We flyboys felt that we should be accorded equal treatment by the ground forces, who in most cases outranked us. By pre-arrangement, when downtown we would form a single file and parade by their officers when we caught them, forcing them to return our salute. Our C.O., a major, received orders that saluting under cover would no longer be required. This was after we pulled this stunt on the Commanding General of the Artillery Camp in the lobby of the Rice Hotel with a social group. Retribution came when the order came through from Washington that all artillery officers in training be indoctrinated in flight missions in which they observed and directed coordination of ground artillery fire. We pilots agreed that the Artillery Officers would be flown noticeably on their mission but on the way back to Ellington Field we could show them the repertoire of maneuvers the aircraft could perform and the rapidity in which they could be accomplished. This again our C.O. put a stop to because the aircraft were being fouled up from all the mess made by airsickness. Ellington was the first night flying school in the United States. Field lights consisted of 100 watt lights on top of the hangars. Each flight had a code in which colored lights located on the ground were used (flashing on and off) to indicate when to land. The aircraft didn't have landing or navigation lights. My final cross-country flight was almost my last. We had a compass and a Rand-McNally road map to navigate by. Engine failure caused three forced landings that day, two over

rough terrain of forest or stumps. It took all the training and ingenuity I had to get the plane down in one piece. It took even more ingenuity to get out! After finally getting the engine running again, a local family happened by that helped me by holding the plane's wings as best they could (to keep it from moving forward) until I could open up the throttle, making a 270 degree spiral climb up from the tall trees surrounding the area.

I returned to Camp Dick as a Second Lieutenant in the Aviation Section, Officers Signal Corps. While there I was made Commanding Officer of Squadron B and the base boxing instructor. A letter to the Adj. General's office finally got me to Langley Field, Hampton Road, Virginia. We received training in low level flying while our artillery observers directed and coordinated our own artillery fire on simulated enemy targets. We had radio telegraph keys and used Morse code to check in with the artillery battery below. After recognition, we proceeded over lines of the imaginary enemy, located the target and telegraphed by code to our battery, results of the hits. We flew back and forth, directing the firing until direct hits were made.

When you finished primary training there you were then sent to Taliaferro (Hicks Field) for advanced gunnery school. Taliaferro Field was one of three fields surrounding Fort Worth which were originally opened and operated by the Canadian government, but all now were used by our government.

Barron Field, south of Fort Worth, and Carruthers Field, west of Fort Worth, were used for primary training. Taliaferro Field, north of Fort Worth, was the principal aerial gunnery school of the United States, having the latest training equipment available. We had 180 h.p. Hisso engines, Jennies, a few Thomas Morse Scouts and some Canadian Jennies which we called "Kanucks".

We practiced strafing using a Marlin machine gun mounted over the engine that was synchronized to shoot between the propeller blades as they rotated. Small balloons and parachutes were released, as well as tow-targets, to practice accuracy. For rear gunner practice we had a Lewis machine gun mounted on a traversible turret in the rear cockpit which could be swung in a 360 arc. The pilot would fly the aircraft, putting the rear gunner in position to shoot balloons, target parachutes and the tow target. The rear gunner had only an uncomfortable cross bar to sit on until time for action when you stood up to fire. The third Gunnery Stage aircraft was called the "Gosport" method.

What is "Gosport" System?

This consisted of two aircraft, instructor pilots and trainees. The instructors would engage in dog fights while the pilot and the rear gunner tried to effect a "kill" with a gun camera. Development of the film disclosed it you were a casualty who lived to fight another day. Later you were moved to the front seat with the instructor observing your aerial agility from the rear. Persons and livestock were supposed to be removed from the land leased by the government around Taliferro Field. Some animals remained that presented a costly (U.S. Govt.) target for the young pilots with hot guns.

I awoke on November 11, 1918 to find a newspaper hung across the foot of my bunk adorned with large letters saying PEACE. Pandemonium broke out. Several of us decided to get an airplane and buzz downtown Fort Worth. We put on a show that surely will be remembered by those who saw it.

We simulated street strafing, having to roll on one side while going between the buildings. We saw people below celebrating ... and running around like mad.

What did you do then?

The military gave us three options, (1) remain in regular service, (2) transfer to reserve status, (3) complete separation. I liked flying so decided to remain in the Reserve since that permitted me to fly military aircraft at any military airfield. We had no particular missions until time of separation in January 1919. Lt. Omar Lacklear, who was stationed at Barron Field south of Fort Worth, had been wing walking and changing from one airplane to another during flight. I had known him almost all of my life, knowing him as a dare-devil motorcycle rider before he joined the Air Service. To while away the time awaiting separation, Lt. McClure would take me up to walk the wings. The training planes were slow and had many wires and struts so it was simple to go to the end of the wing. Later another pilot and I changed seats in midair ... and I would occasionally hang on by my knees from the wing struts. We had no parachutes in those days so you were on your own.

After separating from the service I rejoined the Wright company as the oil boom hit West Texas. Fort Worth was the headquarters of many oil operators and promoters. Huge stock boards lined both sides of the downtown streets. Everyone seemed to be dabbling in stocks and leases, including myself ... making a little and losing a little. An ex-military pilot friend of mine and I pooled our finances to obtain our own lease in Shackelford County, Texas. We purchased our own drilling rig a "Fort Worth Spudder" and drilled our own wells. Most wells were drilled on a promotional basis of selling shares; if the well came in, the shareholders and promoter made a good profit. If it was a dud, the shareholders held the bag. I stayed with the Wright Company until the depression of the early '20s forced the company out of business. Then I spent more time in our oil partnership with weekend barnstorming.

One of our wells seemed to be a good one, but dropped off to practically nil in a short time. We tried a number of sites but couldn't get good wells. This was hard to understand when another driller, a Mr. Sanderson who was about 300 feet from us, was getting a good well almost every time he sank a hole. When we asked him for the secret of his success, he replied that he always conferred with a seer in Fort Worth by the name of C. L. Sharp. We kidded him about this, saying we didn't believe in such things. Later we happened to pass Sharp's house and decided to see just what he would have to say. Seeing several people waiting in the reception room, we decided to leave when he came to the door, calling us by name, stating our business and described our lease and past failures. While we had just moved our drilling rig to a new site, he told us that we wouldn't get a well there but suggested another site, sketching our lease. We were impressed with his insight and went to the expense of moving our rig to the site he suggested. We got a well of flowing water which was almost as good as oil since a lot of water was needed and sold for \$2.00 a barrel, we sold water to other drillers. We wound up with seven negatives and had to sell our rig, casing and tools to pay our bills. We left there stone broke, but wiser and pretty disgusted with the oil business.

What did you do then?

The Federation Aeronautique International, after conferring Aviation Cer. #4275 on me, designated me to be their Texas representative to examine and conduct flight tests of applicants who aspired to be members.

After being invited to do some exhibition flying in Cuba, I was joined by ex-Lieutenants Pete Kelly and Randy Dawson ... Paul Qualey, a friend, went with me to Cuba. We demonstrated dog-fights, wing-walking and plane transfer. We had the idea of taking the show to Central and South America if we could get backing from aviation enthusiasts and friends in Fort Worth. Shortly after returning to Fort Worth news came that Omar Locklear, who was now a famous stunt pilot in the movies, had been killed performing a night movie scene. Locklear's remains were returned to Fort Worth for burial. Some 50,000 people lined both sides of the street from the church to the place of interment (see Fort Worth Record August 9, 1920). I was honored to serve as a pallbearer. This tragedy cooled my financial backers and my desire for continuing this type of flying as a career.

The Fort Worth reserve officers, Mr. Amon Carter and other businessmen became interested in the government establishing a contingent of reserve aircraft in Fort Worth in 1924. Mayor Cockrell and I (as chairman, Military Section-Aviation Committee) were commissioned to search for a suitable site as a base for such aircraft. We selected a cow pasture located north of Fort Worth which in later years was called Meacham Field. In early 1925 Lt. William Morris, in charge of the contingent, and Sgt. Bill Fuller, in charge of crew maintenance arrived with a number of PT-1 and PT-3 aircraft. Sgt. Fuller later resigned from the service and became the first airport manager of Meacham, serving for 35 years.

During the first year of reserve training at this site the government, because of economic conditions, began a policy of limiting four hours of flight each month of regular service pilots to draw flight pay; this abolished all reserve training ... for lack of funds. Amon Carter, an aviation enthusiast, called Washington, stating he would personally defray the fuel expenses to complete the training.

Capt. Harry Weddington replaced Lt. Morris a short time later. Within a couple of years the reserve was transferred to Love Field, Dallas and later moved to a sheep pasture near Grand Prairie, Texas. This site is now called Hensley Field after Major Hensley who was instrumental in transferring the contingent from Fort Worth. I continued to instruct in flight training in Dallas driving over from Fort Worth on Saturdays and Sundays. I was selling Buick automobiles for Webb-North Motor Co. as an occupation. I left Webb-North Motor Co. to accept Inspectorship with the Bureau of Air Commerce in July 1929. The duties included certification of pilots, mechanics, parachute packers, approving flight schools, aircraft repair stations, investigations and reporting on aircraft accidents, violations, supervising air shows and advising local communities on airport site selections, construction, etc. For my first field assignment I was based in Atlanta, Ga. My assignment covered Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina and Tennessee. The schedule was a man-killer, entailing 30 days per month covering all phases of aviation in the 8 southern states. This was in the day of only Rand-McNally road maps for navigation and no weather reporting or instrument flying. I spent three long days each month at the Naval Air Station at Pensacola, Florida where Rear Admiral Albert Ware Marshall was in command. He hailed from Marshall, Texas, named after his



ancestors. Apparently he left orders to always look after my Bureau of Air Commerce plane when landing there because it was always shined up and had a 20-hour maintenance check when I left the field.

A newly formed Division of the Bureau of Air Commerce was necessitated in the early 1930s because some of the airmail contractors began to supplement their mail service with passenger service. All types and makes of aircraft from single engine to multi-engine aircraft were utilized in the various passenger carrying operations. I was selected and transferred to the Airline Inspection Division which was a promotion. Much of this work at first was done as teams.

The Federal Government had previously installed on the principal airmail routes, beacon lights at 10-15 mile intervals and emergency fields every 30 to 50 miles, and continued to implement the secondary routes. We realized that a means was needed to fly in and above fog, clouds, and storms of all kinds, for safety and reliability of schedules. The government was working to improve the safety of flights. Bill Jackson, Technical Laboratory Division, designed and manufactured under government auspices a four-course low-frequency radio range that was hoped to provide greater reliability of flight. Major Bill Ocker and Lt. Carl Crane, Air Force officers at Randolph, devised a project they called the "black box". Many features from the "black box" were incorporated into our standard instrument system. Flight instrument designers were working frantically to design and produce the necessary flight instruments to aid the pilot in accomplishing flight through and above inclement weather. We were constantly alert to refining all phases of instrument flying techniques and advising the various airlines on how to equip their aircraft and train their pilots for instrument ratings. These ratings were called (SATR) Scheduled Airline Transport Ratings, which could be obtained by passing a written and flight test by a Government Flight inspector.

After obtaining my Scheduled Airline Transport Rating in Kansas City, I reported to Hensley Field for two weeks of Air Corps Reserve Training. My first day assignment was to fly in a three-plane formation of A-e's with Lts. Thurlow and Kennedy to intercept a train some 30 miles east of Dallas in which Vice President Garner was a passenger and to escort it to Dallas.

Completing my two week's training, I inspected Bowen Airlines, owned by Temple Bowen. He used Lockheed Vega Wasps from his headquarters at Meacham Field.

The Secretary of Commerce gave all airlines until January 1, 1933 to qualify their pilots on instrument operations....I was designated to set up a format for Operations Manual for the various air carriers, in addition to my other airline Inspectors duties. The daily trips were far from being dull and routine; each day offered a new challenge. In spite of being able to hit only the high spots in our supervisory responsibilities of the airlines we also were required to patrol the federal airways assigned our areas of responsibilities such as: beacon lights, intermediate emergency fields, radio ranges, etc., to see that they were operational.

By late 1936 the economy was picking up so air carriers business was expanding. This meant full time duty for Air Carrier responsibilities, relieving me of Air Patrol duties. The DC-3, workhorse of all airplanes,

proved itself in a 100 hours of scheduled flight between Los Angeles and Fort Worth for American Airlines beginning May 2, 1936. Only technical experts of industry, American Airlines and the government were on the 100-hour flight. I enjoyed being with the group. Possibly this plane contributed more than any other plane to winning WW II. It was truly a great proving run for the aircraft with storms, including severe turbulence, sleet, snow and freezing rain.

In a 1937 reorganization plan of the Secretary of Commerce, I was named as Chief Airline Inspection (Domestic).

By mid-May of 1937 a hearing was held at the Douglas Aircraft Factory concerning problems arising in DC-2 and DC-3 aircraft. The recommendations for corrective action turned out very fruitful. The reorganization had practically depleted the original group of Airline Pilot Inspectors. Immediate interviewing and screening of candidates seemed to be one of the most pressing problems. Another perplexing problem was the old Washington-Hoover Airport which was resolved by the Washington National Airport on which I served on the technical and building committees.

Dennis Mulligan, attorney and former Air Force pilot, succeeded Dr. Fred Fagg who left as Director of the Bureau of Air Commerce to become president of the University of Southern California. Six field regional offices to supervise the proposed new Civil Air Regulations were to be established. It was conceded that two of each of senior field personnel of the Airline Inspection, General Inspection and Airways Division would be the ones considered for these Regional Directorships. No Airline Inspector wanted the desk job. The question of geographical location of the six new Regional offices had to be decided. Being on the staff in Washington at the time and being a Fort Worth native, used for my argument to locate here. The Bureau of Light Houses has a small office in the old helium plant, four miles north of Fort Worth. Since the government owned the property with two old skeleton blimp hangars, the decision was made in favor of Fort Worth. Mr. L. C. Elliott was appointed as the Fort Worth Regional Director. The Civil Aeronautics Act of 1938 set us out as an independent agency, taking us out from under the Dept. of Commerce and set up the Civil Aeronautics Administration to carry out day to day operational functions and the Civil Aeronautics Board to promulgate economic regulations and investigate accidents. Shortly thereafter I was promoted to Director, Aviation Safety Division. I didn't want the promotion and told the administrator that I would be going back to the field June 30, 1939 ..... job or no job.

Early in the year I received a call from Irving Metcalf, head of the Technical Development Division of the Bureau of Air Commerce, requesting a test pilot and aircraft to test a new development of instrument landing system at MIT in Boston. The system had been conceived by Siguerd Varian, an airline captain for Pan American and his brother, Russell, who had a masters in physics from Stanford University. Consequently I conducted some 25 flight tests of the facility at Boston.

July 1st, 1939 - with much happiness I returned to the field as Superintendent of Aviation Safety.

Later as war atmosphere pervaded the entire nation, several major Army maneuvers were held in our Region, especially in Texas and Louisiana. As CAA coordinator, there was much planning and coordination with Army officials for these maneuvers. We were involved because the maneuvers included the Army Air Corps (now Air Force). The maneuvers sometimes conflicted with Civil Airways and CAA Traffic Control procedures who were responsible for both civil and military traffic over such airways. The government leased many airline aircraft for service to transporting troops and supplies. They required a survey appraisal of each aircraft. Personally conducting these inspections, I worked directly with a Major Lucius Clay who was recruiting these aircraft. Later, Gen. Clay succeeded Gen. Eisenhower as Commander of ETO.

We were now at war. Our jobs were frozen in our Agency, but I felt I owed the military priority and hoped I would be called back into service. C. R. Smith, President of American Airlines, took a leave of absence from American and went to the Air Transport Command as a Colonel. He contacted me about coming with the Air Transport Command. I suggested he contact Charlie Stanton, Administrator of CAA, which he did and succeeded in getting my release.

I reported to Col. C. R. Smith in Washington, D.C. immediately after my physical clearance at Brooks Hospital, San Antonio, Texas and was assigned to the office of Assistant Chief Staff-Operations. One of the most important facets to be concentrated on was the pre-flight briefings of the flight crews, especially to those areas of the world they had not visited before. Instrument approach procedures needed to be established. Flight maps were most essential so a tremendous effort was made in photographing and mapping all parts of the world that we could get into. Commander Baruch, a member of the Barnard Baruch family, brought the idea of instant recognition of surface vessels, submarine and aircraft whether it be allies or enemies. The result of this training was astonishing.

Under Air Transport Command Special Order #244, dated November 17, 1942, I was directed to meet with Mayor Laquardi's Commissioners for making a survey and report to the Commanding General of the Air Transport Command on the suitability of the proposed site for Idlewild Airport for a much needed Air Transport Command facility in the New York area, especially for the long over-water flights. The site at the time was a mass of sand dunes but is now known as The Kennedy Airport.

On September 4, 1944 I was directed to proceed to the European Theater of Operations to observe and make a general survey of Operational Procedures of the European Division of the Air Transport Command.

The Air Transport Command had taken over the Ritz Hotel in Paris, and it was there I ran into many old friends, all in the service except Mr. Amon G. Carter, Sr. of Fort Worth, Texas. He was there to greet his son Amon Carter, Jr. who had been released as a prisoner of war. Mr. Carter, not only a power in Fort Worth and Texas, had many friends in the military and in Washington. He was a persistent man in getting Amon, Jr. released. It was a great reunion for them in Paris. It was especially gratifying to me since Mr. Carter, Sr. was a very good friend of mine.

As a matter of history in preparation for the celebration of Fort Worth's "Diamond Jubilee", I, as Chairman of the military aviation committee comprised of Air Corps Reserve pilots and former WWI pilots living in Fort Worth, suggested the program include an invitation to the Army Air Corps at San Antonio to come up and put on an air show.

The Chamber of Commerce agreed, and I contacted my friends in the Air Corps and they agreed and the invitation went forward. J. M. Petrillia, Malcolm Buchana and I selected a site where the Army 36th Division trained in WWI in Arlington Heights. The site was just north of Camp Bowie - Curzon Street now is about the center of the site. Major Louis Brererton was in charge of the contingent of some 18-20 aircraft that came up and put on a good show for the City.