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S: This is Wednesday the eighteenth day of October, 1989 and we're visiting Paul Breed at his home in Long Beach. This is the day after the big quake in San Francisco, so we've got a number of things to think about as well as talk about. However, this is the show for Paul, so I'll turn it over to him.

P: Since the Captain just mentioned the earthquake in San Francisco, I'll relate what happened a couple of years ago right here in Long Beach, in this house. The quake came before we'd gotten up in the morning and I leaped out of bed and ran into the doorway in time to see a ripple go through the floor of the house of about six to eight inches in amplitude. I was standing where I could look into three rooms. So I have some sympathy for those San Franciscans cause theirs was four times worse than what went through here. I literally thought the house was going to fall down. Actually, it suffered no ill effect other than some cracks in the plaster around the doors and windows. It was my first real experience with earthquakes and I don't want another one. I missed the big quake in Kodiak. I spent a lot of my career in Kodiak and was disappointed that I was in the Philippines when the big one hit Kodiak. Since this is going to be seen by a lot of Coast Guard people, I outa get back on that track.

I went to the Academy in '48, seven days out of high school, as a result of having a guidance counselor in high school recommending that that one might be a good place to apply for. I'd applied to King's Point and to the Coast Guard Academy and I was considering going to Cornell for engineering. Well, the Coast Guard Academy gave a good engineering degree and that sounded like an exciting life. I wanted to be in engineering, but I didn't want to be stuck in an office the rest of my life—that didn't appeal to me. Maybe building things all over the world might be interesting, but the typical engineer seemed to end up in an office. I wanted the engineering, but I didn't want to spend my life in an office. So, I got accepted at both King's Point and the Coast Guard

Academy and chose the Coast Guard, which I think was a very, very wise decision, no question in my mind.

At the Academy the most enjoyable things that I did- I was on the rifle team the entire time. I was captain of the rifle team my senior year. Swab year must have been designed to make you quit, because I don't remember a whole lot good about it. But I was too stubborn, anybody that knew me in the service knows that. Too stubborn to quit. No matter what they did they weren't going to get me to quit. I was too dumb to see that that's what they were trying to do but, anyway...

My recollections of the Academy- I was nothing outstanding academically. I was supposed to graduate in the class of '52 and I managed to make it out in the class of '53. I got put back the year after our European cruise, so I went on it again and that was kind of exciting. I remember the second time we sailed all the way to Norway without ever bringing the sails down, under Captain Bowman. That was an interesting experience because I was more experienced than anybody else on the ship and we had some terrible storms and I remember I took a group up to the highest levels in the mast to bring the sails in. When it was really bad, they always came looking for me. I found it quite exciting, working up there in the rigging when the ship heeled way over, where you're out over the water rather than the ship, and the sails are blowing out so hard that you couldn't fold them in like you normally did and bring them in and lay them in your lap. A couple of them actually burst and it sounded like a canon going off, and just shredded them. We took a long coil of line and put a bolt of metal or something on the end of it and threw it out over the sails and got it to swing back up so we could start getting a wrinkle in the sails. It was blowing so hard we absolutely couldn't get them in. When we got them in, it was a horrible-looking mess- all bunched up and all- but we effectively got some of the sail off the ship and this was all done in the dark, in the middle of the night. That was an interesting experience. I've never been one to shy from excitement. The ship was a very pleasant ship under sail, really fun. The Eagle, the Bark Eagle, that we got from the Germans as reparations from war.

My thoughts were mixed when I left the Academy. I enjoyed a lot of what happened at the Academy, but I remember as I walked out the

gate after graduation, having the feeling that I'd also gotten out of jail. It was mixed emotions. I remember as I left thinking this would be an exciting career, but looking ahead, I already knew that operationally your life was somewhat limited, how long a career you could put in operationally, and I made up my mind the day I walked out of the Academy that I was going to retire in twenty years and do something else. I had no idea what it would be, but I thought this would be an exciting career for twenty years, but I do not want to become an office-bound bureaucrat. And it worked out that way. I never had an administrative assignment in my entire career. I retired as a Commanding Officer of an air station and went off and started an airline in Alaska.

To back up a little, interestingly enough, my brother, Al, was at the Academy at the same time I was, and twice I got 75 demerits and he got 50 for skipping church and going fishing- me for leading him astray as an underclassman. When he left the Academy, he said he was going to make this a career and become an Admiral and he became an Admiral and I got out in twenty, exactly as we'd planned it the day we walked out the gate. He was the class of '55. He was very successful and he earned it. He worked very hard. Never visited him but that he was working long hard hours, very conscientious. So the Coast Guard has been a very pleasant family experience.

My first assignment was on Coast Guard Cutter Wachusett out of Seattle. One of my classmates, Irwin, and I we got cars and drove across country together. We stopped to visit his family in Oklahoma and went on and started our adventure in the Coast Guard. I was gunnery officer on there. We made weather patrols between Seattle and Honolulu primarily. Station November. I remember some interesting things happening out there. We used to have boat drills and things. We had a kayak, one of these boats that you can put together for recreation. We put that together one time and were out in the water, it was a one-man thing, and we were paddling around out there and everybody on the ship seemed all excited. I couldn't understand why they were excited, I was just paddling around the ship and it seems that a whole school of whales had come up and were coming up and down right beside me but I didn't even see. I couldn't see the ship half the time cause the swells

were so big. Occasionally we did a little fishing off the ship, nothing very exciting really happened.

Oh yeah, there was one thing that used to be fun, when we did run into the school of whales, the skipper would let us chase them with the sonar. We would chase the whales around until we got to thinking about it- gee we might run over one and knock the sonar dome off. But before that became a potential problem, we had a lot of fun chasing whales around with the sonar. It was good practice, good experience.

Then one time when we were in readiness training, we were in Honolulu, I had the chance to go down in the submarine that we were going to make attacks on, during one of the days we made attacks on them, and that was a very interesting experience. I can still see the Wachusett heading straight at us through the periscope with a bone in his teeth coming right at us, and that was an impressive sight.

Then we submerged and the thing that was the most impressive was that they were doing training with some Navy vessels that had all the latest in ASW gear and we had the oldest stuff around, left from WW2 and were making our runs with stop watches and things and we outperformed the Navy, ran circles around them. We actually dropped some concussion grenades down and they landed on the deck of the submarine. You could hear them hit it- they'd go off- and I had a feel for the submariners at the time because being down there in that thing, even the little concussion grenades were kind of frightening- Lord help you if they were dropping real depth charges- that would be the world's most frightening environment. The captain didn't have any room on the submarine, not much more room than this couch, those guys earned their keep. I've got a lot of respect for them. I don't want to be one of them, but I respect what they were doing.

Another thing, while we were in port, two of us went ashore and bought an old used car, so we got a car to run around for a few days, or maybe a week or two. This was in Pearl Harbor. We went ashore and bought a 1928 something or other, I've forgotten what it was, and drove it off the lot. We paid \$28 for it. We drove it off the lot and it began to quit, so we pulled over to the curb and took the spark plugs out, scraped them with a pocket knife and put them back in and it ran fine for the whole time we were there. What we didn't know was why they sold it to

fiscal year. So I spend a lot longer on my seagoing part of my career than I had hoped.

I'd qualified as an engineering and a watch officer and a deck officer. In those days, you couldn't go to flight training until you'd done both, and to this day I can't tell you whether, overall, that's a good policy in the Coast Guard or not. At the time I thought it was a horrible policy, I was so eager to get to flying. Looking back on it, it didn't do me any harm to have some basic idea what the seagoing people were doing, even if some of them thought we were nuts. I grew to like most of them and I didn't run into anybody as biased in my whole career as my original commanding officer was.

While there, I also got orders, while I was on the *Wachusett*, I got orders to go back for the all Coast Guard rifle team in Cape May. I never had a job in the Coast Guard, they always paid me for my hobbies. In fact, I've never had a job in my life. I've never worked at anything other than what were originally hobbies that developed into occupations. It's a good way to live. So they paid me to go back to Cape May, New Jersey, and do what I paid to do on week-ends anyway and it was shoot. Kept in good physical shape doing that and did quite well at some of the matches. I did make the team and I did go back to the national matches and we bumped with the Marine Corps. We were well thought of. We were very small service with a very small contingent that only practiced part of the year, where the Marines and the Army did it twelve months a year. They were superior to us, but not by much. In many matches, they weren't at all. We really did a good job.

S: What year were you at Camp Perry?

P : '54, '55 and '56. '54 and '55 we went back in the spring and came back to our units in the fall and then between, I went to flight training out of finishing the summer on the rifle team. I went to flight training in Pensacola in the fall of '55 then I graduated from flight training in Corpus Christi, Texas. I took leave between being transferred from Pensacola to Corpus Christi and I went back to the national matches one more summer. I remember I got my first possible score of 100 at 600 yards at one of those matches at Perry with a rifle that I'd built myself.

Then I got a hundred in a Wimbledon thousand yard match- that was probably the peak of my career. I had a thirteen possible and came in 13th or 17th in a match of a thousand people. I was pretty proud of that shooting. Keep 20 shots in a 30 or 36 inch circle at a thousand yards. I thought was pretty good.

Then my first flight station was San Diego California. When I got out of flight training, I'd finished up training in PBMs. I flew all the trainers. They were in transition. I flew the T 34s, old SNJs and the T 28s when I went through flight training. Then in advance, we flew the Beech craft for instrument work and the old PBMs. We were the only people in the world still using the old PBMs for the Coast Guard, but we had them in San Diego, so I got to fly them and before my career was over I had flown every single aircraft in the Coast Guard inventory during my career, except the C 130, I never did fly the C 130. Every helicopter, every fixed wing, everything that we had, at some point I flew it. And that was nice. I liked the variety of the flying I got out of flight training. One of the people I was assigned with, we were sort of like a crew together, was a Navy pilot going through the PBMs. Well ,he got transferred to San Diego also, the north island across the way and I saw him two years later one time and all he'd flown was the P5M in the interval, and he wasn't yet a plane commander on that. In the meantime, we had a Twin beech there, and I qualified in that. We had a Grummond Albatross, and we had the PBMs and then transitioned to the P5Ms. And I went to helicopter school. I'd done eight times what he'd accomplished in one tour over there by comparison and had a tremendous variety. I think the training in the Coast Guard was excellent. Couldn't be a more interesting career. No phase of aviation could be much more interesting, unless it would be as a carrier pilot. The thing I liked about what we did in the Coast Guard was we practiced what we wanted to do, which was to go out and help people and we did it, where so many of the military services are practicing something they hope to God they never have to do.

I can remember my first pick-up in a helicopter. We were out on a Saturday morning training flight and we heard a mayday from a marine fighter that was off the coast of San Diego there. He was up 30-35 thousand feet or so, and he gave a mayday that he'd flamed out, and trying to get a re-light. He was coming down parallel to the coast and we

were trying to head to where we thought he'd go in if he went in. He said he didn't get a re-light and was going to try again and if he didn't have one, was going to get out at 10,000 feet, I think it was. So he's talking all the way down, not seemingly excited at all. We could see him coming down in the chute and we pulled over him and we were hovering, waiting for when he hit the water and as soon as he cut the chute loose, we just moved in and picked him up and he hardly got wet. We had him aboard for awhile, flew him into a little strip and the Marines came down and picked him up. To this day, I've never heard him utter anything except the following: it worked just like they said it would. They'd given him an airplane and said it was the best in the world, but it failed on him, his engine quit on him and they'd given him an emergency procedure to follow and that didn't work, so when he got down to where he was gonna have to pull the handle and eject, I don't think he had any faith at all that that was gonna' work. I can see him to this day. sitting in the bottom of the helicopter, wet, looking sort of pleased, but still mumbling to himself- it worked just like they said it would. That incident stands out in my mind. We made a lot more hoists after that and certainly a lot harrier ones.

S: What year was this?

P: This was about '58 or '59. I can remember other nights it didn't turn out that well. When I was out on night training flights and I heard maydays and saw them go in and there was nothing but a smear of flame across the water and nothing to pick up. Getting vertigo out there at night trying to go from piece to piece to see if the guy may have ejected. They didn't all turn out that pleasant.

I can remember there'd been a plane crash, and the Captain was looking for a light plane somewhere and it was missing and it was down in the bottom of a canyon, supposedly intact, and I volunteered to get hoisted down into this canyon. That was my first encounter with the ultimate failure in search and rescue. The plane looked perfectly intact, but the three people in it were all dead. They'd hit so hard, flat, gotten themselves into a canyon, and it just crunched them. If they'd had

shoulder harnesses, they might have survived, but they didn't and their faces were all mashed into the panel. That was the first of a lot of that.

I enjoyed San Diego very much. Met my late wife there, Betty. She was with American Airlines and I was a Coast Guard pilot; coordinating our different schedules was often quite interesting.

At that time in San Diego, I started racing hydroplanes. I bought an old used hydro and started racing that and then I designed my own and won the regional championship the first time I put it in the water. It was faster than anything I'd had and that led to a very successful career in racing. Being a pilot was a tremendous help in racing hydroplanes cause you're really flying the boat; a good hydro doesn't even touch the water. My aeronautical background helped me design very successful boats, some of which were never copied for years after that cause I got transferred to Alaska and had to quit racing. But I was fourth in the nation within the first two years. I'd usually raced the boat, destroy it in an accident, rebuild it, and then race it again. The first four races I won the regional championship, the divisional championship, and in-between destroyed the boat twice. I never got injured. Never got hurt. I don't know which was my greater love, the driving them or designing them. I saw a lot of people getting killed in the 80-90 mile per hour classes of racing and I said- that's just stupid. I know if I keep designing, you've got to design to the ragged edge, and you're eventually going to cross it and why be dead? I like risky things, but I believe it's like a poker game: you keep the odds on your side. I said I have no control over that, eventually, if I race long enough at those speeds, I'm going to kill or maim myself, cripple myself or something and it just doesn't make sense. So I restrained myself to racing the smaller classes in about the 70 mile per hour class. I've been over many times, I've blown over I've rolled 'em, destroyed 'em in collisions and everything else, but at those speeds you usually survive. I'll admit there's an element of luck, because when you flip or blow over in front of twelve screaming boats behind you, it's somewhat luck whether one of them runs over you.

I think my worst experience in racing was in a race in New Jersey when I was skipper of a VIP unit in Washington. A boat flipped and landed upside down right across my bow about six inches in front of me

and I cut it in two horizontally. The nose of my boat was quite pointed and it just split it. I remember ducking my head and the pieces, fragments coming off my helmet and going behind me, but that didn't bother me. What bothered me was I thought I'd killed the young driver who was in it, cause I went right through his cockpit. He'd flipped so violently that I heard him when two boats behind me hit him also. At that point, I'd of given up racing and never touched a boat again, but I slid on out, looked back, and here he came poppin' to the surface, waving his arms that he was fine and he'd been about five or six feet under the water when I'd cut his boat to pieces.

One other time I thought I was gonna get killed. I was racing in California and a boat in front of me, with a very large engine on it, spun out. I knew I was gonna hit his engine and I thought I was gonna' get splattered all over that thing. I hit it all right, sometimes things happen so fast you have no control over it, and it threw me through the front of the boat, the steering wheel and everything with me. My thighs hit the steering wheel and caused me to flip and I somersaulted over the top of it and landed about twenty feet beyond it on the other side, facing it, not even bruised. Luck plays a big part in a lot of things we do.

S: In that class boat you're kneeling in the cockpit aren't you?

P: Yes, we were kneeling. That was a memorable trip in that my son designed a computer at that time to put in the boat and it recorded the speeds at which we crashed and everything else and it was still running, even when I put it back on the beach. Although the boat was destroyed, the computer documented all this. He now has those same type of computers in the unlimited hydroplanes, the big jet boats, as a side business to his electronics designing of computers.

After San Diego... well I met Betty while I was in San Diego and our honeymoon was going to helicopter school in Pensacola Florida. It was a really good honeymoon. We had some time off at Thanksgiving and Christmas and went to New Orleans. A very memorable experience in very many ways.

I remember the futility of the helicopters when we first got in them. They aren't like fixed-wing at all- you just feel spastic. To non-helicopter pilots I'll explain that hovering one of them is probably the most difficult phase of flying a helicopter, other than that ,they're pretty

much like flying an airplane. We went out to this large green field with the instructor on our first flight for hovering them and he tried to show us how to hover and we were just spastic all over the place. I felt really inept. So to make it even better, he takes out a cigarette and smokes it while I'm sitting there struggling, flips it out the window of the helicopter into the grass, and then says I'll take it a minute and puts one finger on the stick that I'd been struggling with, hovers the helicopter over to where the cigarette is smoldering, taps it out with the skin of the helicopter and is sitting there grinning at me all this time. It just made me feel like an absolute fool, but it did make me realize that with practice and skill you can do a lot of things with those helicopters. I'm sure that's how he got his pleasure running around with idiots that couldn't fly the things yet. But that was a lot of fun.

In San Diego, I asked for duty in Kodiak Alaska for two reasons: number one was flying down here in the California sunshine, which I've now returned to, didn't make you a very good instrument pilot. You can put a hood on, but mentally, in the back of your mind, to practice was always the feeling that if everything goes to the worse, I can always flip the hood up. But when you're really in the clouds and the ice and the rain and other interesting stuff, there's no flipping the hood up and it's a mental difference, like playing poker for match sticks or playing poker for every cent you've got. There's a big difference. I asked for Kodiak because I thought I'd get good instrument experience up there. Well, that's an understatement. I got more than I ever hoped to get. It was a good basics for the beginning of my career, being my second tour going to Kodiak. The second reason I wanted to go to Kodiak was I loved to hunt and fish. So we got transferred to Kodiak, and the very first hunting season that came around, just before it started, got told I was going on the *Northwind* on a research trip off the coast of Siberia for a period that just exactly coincided with the length of the hunting season. So I wasn't too happy about that, although flying the helicopter off the *Northwind* was a very interesting experience.

S : What year was this?

P: The fall of '60.

S: Wacey?

P: Admiral Wacey, yes. Then Captain Wacey. And Glen Smith was the other pilot when I was aboard there. So I went on that, and that was very very interesting. Not one that I want to repeat, but very interesting at the time. The thing that stood out in my mind was, I hadn't been on a ship since I'd been in aviation, and we boarded there at the dock and we're steaming out of the harbor, seemed like we'd been aboard a long time, I was already bored and I remember thinking- I wonder where we're at? So I looked at my watch and heck, we could have been clear down the Aleutian chain if I'd been in an airplane. I looked up on deck to see where we were and we hadn't cleared the harbor yet. That was my impression of ships. They spent more time docking and undocking than we do going on a flight, coming back, and going home. It isn't confined to Coast Guard ships, it's just a tradition in the seagoing service, to waste as much time as possible, tying up at the dock and getting people on and off the ship. It just galls me to this day.

My present wife Sunny and I were on a two week cruise on Holland American Lines in the Caribbean and South America, every port you get into they put up one gangway and everybody lines up like mice and goes ashore. You have only a few hours ashore in each of those ports and the ships are so horribly disorganized they can't get the people off and then you have to go back on. I just can't conceive that intelligent people are still running junk like that! I'm biased you see. I'm the opposite of my Skipper that wanted to keep me from going into aviation.

When we got that icebreaker in rough water- going up through the Aleutians- I don't know who designed that, but that's the most uncomfortable thing in the world. They aren't made to be in rough water. They are very comfortable in the ice, but that damn rolling. The only thing an icebreaker should run in is ice. I had to admire the people who ran them, but there again, if it had been an airplane designed the way that ship was, we'd have died. We're on an icebreaker, designed obviously to work in fairly cool water because ice doesn't exist anywhere else, so we put the boats over the side- they used to put the boats in the

water when we launched the helicopters to rescue us if we went in the drink- well, the boats won't run in cold water because their cooling systems freeze up. Ice plugs up the inlets and they won't run, they overheat. What a brilliant design, to put boats aboard an icebreaker that won't run in cold water. I was just dumbfounded. If we had an airplane designed like that, the wings would fall off right after you took off, right when you needed them.

Of course, there's another side to that. The Coast Guard doesn't do well always in aviation either. I remember at one point when I was flying the Grumman Albatross, we'd had so many engine failures that they put out a notice that we weren't allowed to carry anybody at the rank of commander or above aboard an Albatross. All us pilots looked at each other and said- guess who's expendable? We're spending our lives in these things and they won't even let a commander or above fly in one. In my career, I lost seventeen engines. Some of them were very interesting experiences.

Finally they did find out what was happening and why we were losing all these engines. What they were doing, they were on a Navy contract for the overhaul of the engines. The Albatross was very reliable until they started sending these engines during one time period to the Navy overhaul facilities in Pensacola, I think. What they do, they take the engines, take them all apart and they clean up all the parts. Then they put them back with pistons out of one engine in another engine and so on. What was happening was, they didn't know it at the time, but there was a high time life limit that was unknown on the pistons, so you could take one very overtime engine and put all its pistons in an equal number of different engines, and if it was overtime and it was apt to come apart they all came apart. The piston would be fatigued and it would split at the pin and the piston would come apart. Well, that just trashed your engine. It just tore itself to pieces.

I remember coming out of San Diego and just at lift off, the thing just went- pftt - and we aborted on the runway and came back and we didn't have any compression in any cylinder of the engine. It just scrapped itself. And I had a few more of them over time. One of them down in the Aleutians. One later, in Kodiak. So we're not without fault in aviation either.

So I went to Kodiak and I really enjoyed the tour. I didn't get some good hunting up there. I was initiated to flying in Alaska on the very first couple flights.

I got to Kodiak in December and Betty had a miscarriage almost immediately when we got there and was in the hospital for a few days. I'd gone to town and gotten our housing and everything arranged. Then, at work, they said- we've got a flight going to Anchorage, a total of two hours, you want to go? I said- sure -they gave us all the survival gear that we always carried there. Everything was big. They just grabbed a bag marked large, which just hung all over me. We flew to Anchorage, but then the weather went bad and we didn't get home for three or four days. So my wife was supposed to be released out of the hospital while I was gone, but I had neglected to tell her where our housing was, so she stayed an extra day in the hospital. That was a good introduction to her of flying out of Kodiak.

S: At that time Kodiak was a naval station?

P: Yes. The Coast Guard was a tenant on the naval station and the most active tenant ,I might add.

S: Would it be Charley Tie as CO?

P : No Captain Richmond, later Admiral Richmond. Finest pilot I ever knew; finest skipper I ever had. A really good man. We were flying in a very dangerous environment with some experienced and a lot of very inexperienced people in a very tough period- during the Cuban missile crisis. When we were laying out locations for Loran sea all over Alaska, I flew many times into places where there hadn't been anybody since WW2 for a first group of engineers who were going to go in to look at sights for the Loran sea stations and so on. A very, very hazardous environment flying out of there. We didn't have the equipment suited to it either in many ways, but he had a very strong safety program. When you got transferred to Kodiak your aircraft commander standing was automatically canceled until you'd gone through a rigorous training. He didn't care where you'd come from- whether you were a JG or a

commander- it was canceled and you didn't get it back until you had been through a very rigorous training program and been to every station we served a minimum of twice. I always wondered about twice. After I was there awhile, I realized why twice- because the weather was never the same any two times you'd go there so if you went twice, the odds were you'd see it under bad conditions at least once, probably twice, but at least once. I never saw the island of Kodiak for two or three months, cause I got there in December, and the weather was down on the island.

The first flight I went out on, as co-pilot, I don't remember what the mission was, we were coming back. It was with the Exec and we were doing a night GCA. It was half-raining, half-snowing. There was six inches of solid ice on the runways with standing water on top of it. When we flew down with the landing lights on to make the landing, we continued on into the runway, we were making our approach, and it seemed like we were several feet in the air and we hit the ground- we bounced so hard and high and the nose pitched up and the runway disappeared and at the end of the runway there's a mountain. You can't wave off on Kodiak's main runway. I realized right then and there that we've got to crash it right here or we're really in trouble, so I just reached over without being told, because the pilot was very busy, and I just hit the flaps up. The next time we came down really hard and we stayed on the runway and when it was all over, I turned to him and said I didn't know whether that was right or wrong but I couldn't see anything else left to do. He said that was right and there was no time to discuss it. What had happened was, there was standing water and the wind wasn't blowing, which was unusual for Kodiak, the standing water on top of ice formed a mirror, so we were like flying into the face of a mirror and had the impression that we were way up in the air when we hit the ground nose first. We hit it on the nose wheel. We put the plane into inspection for whether we'd wrecked it and they found we had broken one wheel. That's the only wheel I've ever heard of breaking on a Grummand. Grummand really built them because the fact that we didn't stick the wheels and everything else up through the wings is a real tribute to the Grummand., I really have a lot of respect for that airplane after that because you can't believe what we did to it. My first two or three hour flight lasted three or four days, my second flight was that one, then my

third flight I went with the operations officer down to Cape Shelikof and we got into what we called the Port Hayden "elevator" going down up around ten to eleven thousand feet. When the wind was blowing in the chain there was a big down draft, so you'd be sitting there on instruments getting bumped around in the turbulence and you'd hit what they called the Port Hayden elevator. You'd put the power full up and you'd start coming down at 1000, 1500, 2000 feet a minute and everybody told me they never hit the bottom and I thought- I hope they're right. You couldn't maintain your assigned altitude, the plane just wouldn't do it. Pretty soon you'd fly out of that and go on.

So we went on down to Shelikof and the wind was blowing and the runway was all icy and snowy and a strong cross wind and we landed. We never got the plane within 30 to 40 degrees of the runway heading. We were sliding down the runway sideways and we stopped and off loaded the cargo as though this was routine and took off the same way. Had to cock it into the strong wind and sort of half-skid and half-fly and pretty soon it flew and off we went. I thought- I'm going to get a lot of experience I never would have gotten in San Diego.

Those were my first three flights and as I say, I never saw the island in three months, cause the weather never lifted and all of a sudden one day it lifted and it was a beautiful island. Gorgeous island. I really enjoyed Kodiak.

Another time I remember we had a boat that had broken loose down in one of the ports south of Kodiak Island, and the winds were a hundred miles an hour and there was another boat that left port under those circumstances to go out and try and save his friend. Well, launching at night with 95 per hour winds didn't make a whole lot of sense for an airplane, but it didn't make a whole lot of sense for this guy to go out and try to save his friend either, so we went.

When we took off, the turbulence was so bad that you couldn't even read your instruments. The plane was shaking, you just felt like it was going to come apart. Once we got away from the island and got down there, the turbulence wasn't too bad and we found the boat. We started dropping flares for them because the other boat had come up to him and was going to try to put a line on him. Well, it was pitch dark and there was only one man on each one of these large fishing vessels.

We flew upwind and dropped the flare so that it would drift across them and we'd immediately do a tight circle and come back for the next position, and then we'd fly for awhile to get back to the boat. The wind was blowing, his anemometer was reading 95 mph when we were talking to him, or 95 knots. The seas were horrendous and at one point the rescue boat ended up poised above the one he was trying to rescue, probably 20-30 feet in the air above him. The bow went up over him and he was suspended in space and we thought -this is the end of this-and somehow the thing slid and fell off to one side and missed him. He finally got a line on the boat, and we kept dropping flares and getting the heck beat out of us. In talking to him, we asked if the flares were a help and he said- oh yaw, they were very helpful. We said- we thought at one time it looked pretty bad there- and he said- oh yaw, I thought we'd lost it. That was the Kodiak fisherman. You gotta' recognize that in one season up there, 5 % of the fisherman on the island died in one particularly bad winter. That was a really hazardous occupation there during the winter.

From Kodiak, I went to engineering school at Shenute Airforce Base in Navy Memphis to become an aircraft maintenance officer. Memphis was fairly hot in the summer and our little boy got a rash. I didn't like the heat down there at all. It seemed like I always got transferred out of Kodiak into hot weather. Then we went to Shenute. I remember when we got our orders, we'd been "overseas" in Kodiak, it was considered that at the time, we got orders and we were sent to the Philippines. My wife nearly cried. She was so anxious to have a tour of the States. We had our son and wanted to visit relatives and here we were going overseas again. So we thought it would be fun to go on a transport to the Philippines instead of fly over. Well. I didn't know that the transports weren't air conditioned and the prevailing wind was from astern of us on the way out, so it was sweltering. The relative wind was zero. The speed of the wind was exactly the speed of the ship so there wasn't a breath of air over the ship the entire time. It was a hot, miserable trip.

The Philippines were fun. We had five Loran stations we supplied, two of them were water landings and two were dirt fields. I remember one of the dirt strips was so short that if you ever lost an engine, you were going to lose the airplane, so we used to load the jado all the time,

figuring that if we lost an engine we could hit the ^{JATO (jet assisted) ¹⁹ takes off} jato and clear the palm trees at the end of the thing. The other land landing was on a hill so steep that when you turned around to taxi back, you bumped the engines into reverse and still ride the brakes as you were coming back down the hill. That was my first taste of I guess you could call it tropical bush flying-little did I know at that point how involved I'd get in that at some point in my life. And then the water landings were real interesting. I remember we ripped the bottom out of one helicopter on a coral reef one day. I don't think the accident board still believes what happened, but we'd always used charts dating from the 1800s because that area hadn't been surveyed since then, so a coral reef had grown up in the middle of where we'd been landing. I think they thought we didn't know where we were, but I know to this day where we were. As maintenance officer, I was in charge of salvaging the thing, we went and brought back the marstan matting that the natives I'm sure had stolen from somebody out there in the Pacific and built a little ramp up the beach. We got a buoy tender down there, put a block and tackle around some trees up in the beach, and we winched the airplane up on the beach on its wheels, flew down a couple gas-powered compressors, put a patch on the slit in the belly and saved the airplane.

S: Where was your base of operation?

P: It was at Sangley Point, across the bay from Manila. It was a Naval station, but not anymore. It's been turned over since then to the Philippine government, as have all the Loran stations. I don't know if they even function anymore, but not too many years after we'd been there they were all turned over to the Philippines to supply.

That was an interesting tour. No rescue work involved there at all. Some of the water landings were hairy because certain times of year the prevailing swells would roll in. We used to get to fly to Hong Kong on R&R trips once every three months, or so. I did end up doing a lot of the water instructing there as a pilot, instructing the newer pilots. As a result of my experience in Kodiak, where I eventually did learn to fly out of the water, I was frequently put in charge of training the newer pilots that had come out of the fair weather areas. With the bad water at one of the

sites you really had to know what you were doing in the water or you were going to wreck the airplane.

While in the Philippines, I knew that the engineering billet in Kodiak was coming up, so I wrote the following note to personnel in headquarters: if you're looking for some poor sucker to take the maintenance job in Kodiak, I'll take it. I got my orders within less than two days. I guess they were looking for some poor sucker to do that. Most people did not want that job, it was one of the hardest working stations in the whole Coast Guard maintaining planes over vast areas under bad conditions. It wasn't a choice assignment, but I thought it was a real challenge. I enjoyed it. We had a good crew. Primarily in Kodiak you had those that hated it, never wanted to set foot in the place, but the bulk of them had asked for it because they either liked the hunting and fishing or were challenged by the flying or something. It was a good experience. It was my second tour up there. Paul Buecker and I bought a light plane together. He lived on the lake in town and we kept it there. He was a mechanic, although I had an FAA license, I didn't know nearly what he did about maintaining planes, so I taught him to fly and he maintained the airplane. It was a good arrangement, he became a very good pilot. Unfortunately, years later he founded an air taxi and died in an accident up there. His wife thought he had a heart attack. From that point of view, I regret ever having taught him to fly, but the FAA indicated he was an outstanding pilot.

Our first year up there, we left with our two-month old and drove the Alcan Highway in December. After all the horror stories I'd heard, it was the most interesting and enjoyable trip I ever made. There wasn't much traffic in the middle of December and it was so darned cold that the roads weren't even slippery, the ice was almost sticky. We didn't shut the car down if we stopped someplace to eat or even get gas. You didn't shut the engine off cause you'd never get it started again. It was so cold, forty below in some of the areas. If you didn't have electric or a heater to plug into, you didn't get your car going again.

During the second tour was the first time that I absolutely disobeyed a senior's order. I'd done a lot of rescue work in Kodiak, had a lot of experience, and we'd just gotten the new H52 helicopters. There was a bad storm over on Shelikof Straits and there was a fishing boat

that called that they were sinking. They'd broken down and were drifting. Shortly before that there had been a couple accidents in the Coast Guard where the helicopters had towed. They switched the tow boats with the helicopters. We did a lot of training with that in San Diego, not with the H52 but with the old H4S. Commander Waters that was our -- officer, and he would do a lot of training towing the 40 footers around the harbor, all kinds of things. So I had experience at it. The captain walked out of his office as we were going to the helicopter and he said there had been an order out not to tow with the CH helicopters, period, because they'd had some flip upside down in the process and lost them. I'm not sure they ever did agree with our towing but they wouldn't vouch for the engineering that this would even work. Well, I knew it worked since I'd done it. The last thing he said was -don't tow them. Yes, Captain.

So we got out there and I had no intention of towing them, but when I got there, because I was relatively newly transitioned to the H52 and the co-pilot had been an instructor in H52 school in Memphis, I knew he could fly the helicopter a whole lot better than I could, even if I was aircraft commander, so I put him in the pilot's seat and I took the co-pilot's seat. We got over there, and here was this boat drifting down Shelikof Straits and there was an island there with a vertical rock cliff. The way the wind was and they were drifting, and there was a huge sea breaking at the foot of these cliffs. They were going to hit right at the bottom of the cliffs and get destroyed right in front of us and there was no way we could get in and hoist them or anything up against that cliff, it just was impossible. I looked at that and remembered what the captain said and forgot what the captain said. I said- we're going to tow it. I'm not sure the co-pilot or anybody was very happy about this, but I said- you do the flying, you'll be smoother at it than I will, and I accept the responsibility for it if it goes wrong. We probably aren't going to survive anyway, so it didn't make much difference. But he did a real good job, so we came in with a big coil of line and we weren't rigged to tow, but we had a coil of line aboard so we came by the bow, hovered a little bit and dropped one end- didn't give them all of it because sometimes they'll tie you off short to the helicopter- and let the line out and ran it through a ring. We didn't want to put too much stress on it

because we really didn't want to flip this helicopter upside down. We towed and towed and towed and the wind was blowing so strong. We had to tow into the wind, but slightly off the wind to get him out of the line so he wouldn't hit the island after we cut him loose. We towed and towed. It surged up and down. Finally we thought he was clear of the island so we cut him loose and he just barely missed the island, got blown up into a quiet bay and dropped his anchor. So I came back having absolutely violated a direct order. I felt good about it, because it turned out right, but I had mixed emotions about the reception I'd get when we got back. The captain really didn't say anything. He was glad we'd succeeded in what we did and he never called me on the carpet for having not done what I was told.

I did several other rescues during that period of time too. The airforce had what they called the Didalian Society, in which they honored people in Alaska for their contributions to search and rescue. People like Reeves from Reeves Aleutian Airlines, and Don Sheldon, who wrote *Wager With the Wind* and used to land on Mount McKinley and was one of the most renowned bush pilots in the world, had been selected for this. People I had read of and admired. Well, lo and behold, the airforce selected me as the most outstanding person that season for contributing the most of anyone in the state of Alaska to search and rescue. The captain and I got invited to go to a dinner with the airforce generals and I was awarded this silver bowl. There was a perpetual silver bowl in which they engraved my name. To get my name with the likes of aviation history in the state of Alaska was quite a thrill. I'm not sure there weren't a lot of other Coast Guard pilots that deserved it more than I did.

S: You're the one who was selected.

P: I was the first and only Coast Guard pilot that I know of ever selected for it. I felt that it was an honor for the Coast Guard, that the airforce would acknowledge the Coast Guard- that's what I really felt good about. It kind of raised our stature in their eyes and they recognized a little more what we did.

The Coast Guard career was so exciting that when you start reminiscing about it, it brings back other things you never thought about. I left several things out about my tour in Alaska... one of them that got a lot of publicity- we had a local airline there that ran Twin Grummond Gooses and Widgeons and things like that and just before Easter week-end one time their plane just vanished returning from a flight to the other side of the island. We set out on a Friday to search for them. We had the Bell helicopters then, we took one of them and started out up the other side of the island to go down to a cannery on the south end where they departed from to search what we could along the way. The weather got so bad on the route, the snow, that I had to go in and land on a beach. Then the tide started coming in, the beach was disappearing, and there was a little shack there. It was all tall trees, no place to put the helicopter, wasn't on floats. I went up in the garden of this cabin and paced off the dimensions of the helicopter and it would just exactly fit, but you couldn't watch your tail rotor very carefully. So I stuck a stick in the ground and figured if I could put the front of the skid and bring it straight down to the stick, it would fit in that spot and the tail rotor would just clear some obstructions. I went back to the helicopter, flew it up there and set it down in this hole that way. The tide was coming in and it looked like it would get dark before we could get out of there. You couldn't see your hand in front of your face in this terrible snowstorm going on at the time.

It did break a little bit and we were able to get on down to this cannery just before dark. Got down there and a horrible storm was forecast to come in with 90 m.p.h. winds and I thought: we're just going to wrap this thing up in a ball. They had a lot of heavy lines at this cannery. It was kind of a swamp between a couple of their docks, so we put some planks out in the swamp-like area and tied the helicopter down. It looked like a spider web on it. During the night, it howled and shook and everything else, but in the morning the helicopter was still there.

The next day we were just getting ready to leave on our search and one of the planes had spotted this airplane on a snowy mountain face and the pilot was alive. But it was up on a higher level and the helicopter was really rated the way we had it equipped for hovering. So

we stripped it of everything, we took the fire extinguishers, left the crewman out of it and everything and flew down there and came into this bowl. Snow was blowing over the lip a little bit. He was out in the middle of this snow field, and there was really no place to land. I was trying to find some place where I could maybe put one skid against the side of the mountain, so he could crawl into the thing. We had no hoist capability. On the first pass in there I actually hit the side of the mountain with my skids. It was white-out, and to this day I don't know what I hit. I just felt it and pulled back out of there. Came back around and must have made a dozen attempts. The way the wind was blowing. I just couldn't hold the helicopter in against the hillside and each time I came back, there was another slice mark where my tail rotor had gotten into the snow. If you touch anything solid with your tail rotor, it's gone and so is the helicopter. I tried over and over again, and was just about out of gas and it was getting late in the day. He had staggered away from the airplane down hill and I knew he would never get back to it and he would die if we didn't get him out that night. It was a horrible situation. Got down to where my fuel warning light was on and I had five minutes of fuel left and I thought I had to do something. So I got downwind of him and went in and tried to land in this real fluffy snow. The skids just started sinking into this stuff. He came staggering down to the helicopter and I propped the collective up with one knee. I had to reach over and open the door and got the door open for him and when he arrived at the door, I was still half-flying. It was just a mess, and I reached over and grabbed him by the nape of the neck and dragged him in on his face onto the floor behind me and lifted out of there. I never even got the door shut. Went straight down the mountain side and landed in a creek bed. Because I knew it was going to quit any second, one of the other helicopters dropped some five gallon cans down and I was having an electrical problem with the helicopter, and knew if I shut down I wouldn't get going again. So I fueled the helicopter with it running and had to put the cans up sideways just below the rotating rotor because the filler cap was up in that area. It really wasn't a recommended procedure. So we got him and brought him back. He seemed fine, but then on the way in, the questions he was asking me, it was obvious that

he didn't know what time of the year it was, much less the date or time. He was kind of rattled and scrambled.

The Coast Guard got a lot of publicity over that rescue because we went down on Good Friday, he was found on the day of the resurrection- the whole Easter thing. So it picked up a lot of publicity on the national press all over the world about this miraculous rescue. It had a lot more to do with the timing of it than anything I did, but I did end up getting the Distinguished Flying Cross for that trip. I feel that there are a lot of other Coast Guard pilots that must have deserved it more, they just didn't get the publicity and I happened to be the lucky one. I can't say it wasn't a hairy flight- it sure as the devil was- a lot of the Coast Guard pilots never got recognized for what they did.

S: A lot of the Coast Guard people.

P: Yes, I shouldn't limit it to pilots. Oh yes, some of the things the ships did- without question- yes. It's almost a daily event operationally that someone is putting it all on then line in the Coast Guard with no recognition other than maybe their immediate shipmates.

Out of the second tour, I remember I got invited out to lunch one time by an airline owner when I was in Kodiak and I was due to transfer pretty soon and I think they knew it. They were quite insistent that I go to lunch with him that day, so I went to lunch with him and found out that they wanted to hire me to be not just a pilot with the airline, but to head up their operations at a promotion of about triple the wages I ever made in the Coast Guard. I had never thought about doing that. I went home and told my wife about it and we sat down and figured the retirement and no matter how you sliced it, it was about triple the money I'd ever make in the Coast Guard. That was really tempting

S: How many years did you have in at that time?

P: Ten to fourteen, somewhere in that vicinity. The next morning, I got orders as commanding officer of VIP unit in Washington, flying the flag officers and the secretaries and cabinet officers all over. I knew that we were getting the Coast Guard's first jet at that period. There was no

question how to answer the previous lunch- I turned it down, obviously. Here was, to me, the plum of all Coast Guard aviation assignments- to get assigned as skipper to a VIP unit. All the people there are hand picked from out of the Coast Guard- to fly the Coast Guard's first jet was just a dream beyond belief. They were so insistent that I go to lunch with them that day- they must have done a background check on me before they made me that offer. To this day I don't know whether they knew I was going to get those orders or not. The timing was more than coincidental. Absolutely uncanny.

So I went to Washington DC and got to fly the mark 404 airliners and the Grummond Gulfstream turbo prop, at that time the Coast Guard had no turbo prop. Guess they still don't. Then we eventually got the Gulf stream 2, which was the Coast Guard's first jet and that was a real thrill. I eventually got to fly the Secretary of Commerce all over South America for three weeks. I took the Secretary of Transportation literally around the world. During the Vietnam war we landed in Saigon. He went for President Nixon to several conferences. And we went to Bonn, Germany, to talk about transportation and auto safety and all kinds of things. It was a real hardworking trip for the Secretary. I don't think he ever worked less than fourteen hours a day and I witnessed most of that. We get back and Jack Anderson wrote up the trip as being a plush vacation- type trip for the Secretary and his wife. Of course he took his wife, she had to attend a lot of the social functions. I've never believed anything Jack Anderson has ever written since, because he took the itinerary and took all the destinations, like Bonn and Saigon and deleted them and only named places like Paris and Honolulu. Picked a few out and said how much this cost the taxpayers. Just an absolute fraud. He wrote us up twice and both articles were totally and absolutely fraudulently misleading. The man is worse than a liar, because he doesn't lie, he deals in half-truths. He's absolute scum. I see his articles now and I read them and wonder what really happened. He might be castigating somebody that I might agree with him if I hadn't known his background.

S: Was Bobby Wauldron on either of those trips?

P: No he wasn't. It was during that command that I violated another order. The only two I ever violated in the Coast Guard. We took the Commandant to London. We got there in the evening and somehow ended up having to deliver Mrs. Commandant's baggage to her hotel room. I don't remember how it happened, those kinds of trips you did a lot of things. So we got back to the hotel real late, went out to have some supper about 11 at night, got back to the hotel around midnight and the crew was all standing around the hotel desk looking kind of nervous. They said we had to leave at some ungodly hour the next morning from Heathrow and I said: what are you talking about? We'd be violating every safety article written on flying if we do that. Well then I had a phone call and talked to the captain who was head of European theater. What it boiled down to was somebody had made a schedule error in headquarters on the Secretary of Transportation's schedule and he had to fly the next day and we wouldn't be back in time to fly him, so they wanted up to turn right around and fly back. It's not that simple- we had a slot at Heathrow assigned to us. The same people at headquarters who write all these directives saying that you have to have so much rest after flights are telling us to violate all this stuff. So I told the captain we couldn't do that- we hadn't even been to bed yet. This just doesn't make any sense. So he says: what do you want to say to him? And I said: Just tell him we'll depart as scheduled for safety reasons. And he said: You can't say no to the Secretary. I said: I just did. He said: But it's your decision to make. And I said: I know it's my decision to make and I just did. Send it. He argued and argued with me. I go to bed and I'm getting phone calls from everybody about this. At this point it's almost impossible to arrange it if we wanted to. Finally the last call I got was at 3:30 in the morning. This is the flag duty officer in Washington, some lieutenant, he said: I just want to make sure that you understood this message. And I said: yes, did you get my reply? And he said: Yes sir- have it right here. I said: Would you add a third paragraph to it? He said: Yes sir- what is it? And I said: Put this statement down- I stand ready to be relieved of my command on the spot. He said: Yes sir. And I never heard another word about it.

Well I heard more about it, but indirectly. This gets into the politics of the Coast Guard, which I never got involved in very much,

except in Washington. I found out later from some of my classmates that people that knew me in aviation had started taking bets in headquarters that I wouldn't follow that directive and they were waiting at the teletype to see what I'd send back.

Another incident was when we got the new jet- we were testing it and it was a marvelous airplane but it had a Doppler Navigation System in it for over water navigation that wouldn't work above 30,000 feet over the water- our cruising altitude was 43. So I'd written a letter pointing out that it was totally unsatisfactory. We also had a fancy Loran C automatic tracking gizmo that didn't work at all- that was pretty well worthless for navigating because it took a genius to operate it. So we really had no good over water navigation system whatsoever in the airplane. So I'd written a letter and pointed out that the Doppler radar had a finite guarantee period that if it wasn't satisfactory that if we did something about it prior to its expiration we could get our money back- something like 26 thousand.

At the Paris Air Show, I'd gotten acquainted with the Litton people who put out the inertial navigation system -superb- all the airlines eventually ended up with this type of thing, and I recommended we get this inertial navigation system. They never answered my letter, much less turned it down.

Later, the Commandant was planning a world-wide trip to go visit all the facilities- a tremendous trip- and he knew we had a navigation problem and as soon as I saw this trip coming up, I composed a very strong letter to headquarters about this other letter that was never answered. We really couldn't navigate safely in parts of the Pacific the way we were configured. After work one time, the Commandant called me and he asked whatever happened about the Doppler navigation system not working and I said I wrote two letters and sent a message months ago saying that we needed to replace it. We have a million dollar airplane and aren't able to navigate it. I don't know how I could have made my letter any stronger without getting profane. And now I have on my desk a message that I'm pondering sending. So I read it, and basically it said that the airplane is grounded for other than airways flight and recommended that we install this inertial system.

I had called and checked with a guy from Litton and I said if we can get the money can we get one of these inertial navigation systems installed in time for the Commandants trip and he said you get the money committed we'll get the job done.

So I sent this message and I guess when it arrived saying that we'd just grounded this airplane eleven days in front of the Commandant's big planned trip, there were people running up and down the halls with lots of braid on their sleeves - the place just blew up. I got a phone call from this Admiral saying: I don't know what is going on, but I'm told you have 128 thousand to use for some navigation system. As soon as he indicated that we'd get the money, I called the guy back in California and said we're getting the money, how can we get going on this? He said his crew was in Texas and I said our airplane is all apart up in a Grummond hangar getting a modification put in. He said he had people ricocheting off the walls trying to figure out how to get this done. I said: you just told me it could be done and I laid my career on your word- you better get it done. I got an Admiral on hold right now- don't go away. And I hung up on him. and took the call from the Admiral.

S: Who was the Commandant at the time?

P: Smith. So everything was going crazy over there. My original letter now had very wide circulation. Turns out they decided we didn't have the money, but they never told me that. To make a long story short, we got the money, so I called back the people. They'd said: we're not going to move until we have something in money because we don't think the government can act that fast. So I called the Grummond factory. I knew they were a non-union company and I said: our airplane's up there being modified, due out in a few days, can we have the Litton people come up and install an inertial navigation system? He says: do you want some of our metal workers and I said: Litton's going to put it in, if they want to hire your people that's fine. They said they'd get it in. So I called Litton back and asked if we could have it flying in seven days and he said yes. Then I got a call late one afternoon from the Commandant again. He said: Paul, all my experts tell me that what you're trying to do is impossible. I said: Admiral, you pay me to run this station and know

what's going on here-I say it can be done. He says: I believe you. And so seven days later we test flew out of the Grummond factory and it worked perfectly.

Then I went on a trip to Miami and when I came back, I think it was at a cocktail party, somebody said: what do you think about your orders? And I said: what orders? They said somebody was coming over from headquarters to take my command and I was going over to the office in Washington. I said: I'm what?

The Captain that I worked for called me and he didn't like what was going on at all. He said something about orders and I said it was a surprise and I could tell he didn't like it and asked if I wanted some help. I said no, I think I can take care of myself. He said: I guess you can, but I'll give you some help if you want it. I said no.

Sure enough, I got another call from the Commandant, and he said: Paul, I've got a set of orders on my desk that says you want to come over here and we'll send somebody else over there. And I said: Admiral, I absolutely don't want to come over there. He said: that's what I thought. I'll take care of it. So I didn't know what would happen. He took care of it all right- what he did was sent it back to personnel written across the face of it: Commander Breed will not be transferred until a date four years away and he had the incoming Commandant sign it.

The very next morning, the Admiral in charge of personnel and his wife were sitting in the little lounge waiting for the flight departure and I walked in and she said: Oh Paul- how do you like your orders? Her husband jabbed her in the ribs with his elbow. I played dumb and said: I don't have any orders. She said: You're getting transferred. Now he was really going to break her ribs and he couldn't get her to shut up. He finally did. She was looking puzzled and he's looking madder than hell because he had the other Commandant undo what he had done and that was a real slap in the face. I didn't get transferred.

What I found out was- one of my friends had been a secretary in a meeting of some of the top brass over at headquarters- and the topic of the meeting was: what are we going to do with Commander Breed? And somebody asked: was he right or not? And he said: of course he was right but what does that got to do with it? And that's when they cooked up

transferring me out of there, which didn't happen. A lot of people don't know the whole background of that.

It was a marvelous experience with that airplane and with the caliber of people there. They were all hand-picked from all over the Coast Guard. At the end of four years we had delayed only two flights- one was a mechanical problem where a starter failed, when I was in Chicago with the Secretary of Transportation, and the other was another mechanical problem. So we had an almost perfect record there. In fact, the unit got a commendation from the Secretary of Transportation.

To show you the kind of loose network that you never got anywhere else in the Coast Guard, we didn't even have a time set to come to work. You could have a problem in Chicago that you radioed ahead, and as you taxied in, the hangar doors were open and there was an entire crew ready to jump all over that airplane as a matter of pride to get it out on time in the morning. The other side of that was when we didn't have anything to do. We didn't have musters- we had a monthly inspection and that was the only musters we ever had there. In fact, I told my captain one time: we're only operating at about 25 per cent of capacity because of all the strangling rules we've got. In most of the Coast Guard units, we could do a lot more. But there we got away with that. We worked different hours, but it worked out fine. Things got done.

Then I got sent to Annette Island and that was the exact opposite of the VIP unit at Washington. It was a station that they were looking to transfer to Sitka, the studies already done, so they wouldn't spend a cent on the place because they were going to abandon everything. We had the oldest equipment in the Coast Guard. We still had the Albatross and the H52s.

S: Didn't you have new barracks?

P: Yes. It was fine.

S: Admiral Rolland?

P: Yes. That was the finest building there. We had good housing there, which they eventually put on barges and moved to Sitka after my tour.

During my tour, no money could be spared and we were the dregs of the Coast Guard.

S: Did you still have the Quonset huts?

P: No, when they got new housing they got rid of that. I met the District Commander briefly before I went there and I got the impression that the unit operationally hadn't been performing real well. Can't blame the unit, it was their environment and a lot of things. He said he was told I was a man who could change that and that was the end of our conversation.

They published a statistical summary of their accomplishments and we were at the bottom of the list in most categories. A lot of what we had to do didn't seem important. We were flying in pretty bad weather, it was sort of hard on morale. In fact, the commanding officer wasn't even there when I reported in. So they were kind of taking it easy.

For the first couple weeks, I just flew along as co-pilot on a lot of the different missions to see what they were doing. Some of them were hairy as the devil, some of the night hoist missions. It was like being back in Kodiak. The weather wasn't as violent, but in some ways worse. They get 160 inches of rain a year in that area, so we had low ceilings and sloppy weather a lot of the time. Bad in a different way.

So I put in an intensive training program, modelled after Captain Richmond. Got to where if I assigned a crew to go on a fisheries patrol and they taxied back in and the engine wasn't running quite right on a Friday afternoon and canceled the whole thing- they didn't cancel. I told the officer to keep that same crew on that flight until it gets accomplished. Period. We soon cured that. Some of the people hated me I know that, but a good deal of them asked to be there because they knew I was gonna' be there. That's the way it went.

You'd come down on a weekend and all the planes would be in Charley status on the maintenance board and nobody working on them. So I got all the crew together on the mess deck and I'd kept a notebook of all the things that happened the first couple weeks I was there and I frankly said: this is totally unsatisfactory and I can outlast all of you guys. From now on, all I want to see is the airplanes up and in operating

status and our getting the missions out. 100% of the operating planes in operation, and all that has to be on base are those that are required to fly our scheduled flights and the duty section, everybody else can be home for all I care. But if we don't change this, you're not going to get home very often. I was fighting mad.

Within 24 hours, all our airplanes were up and operating. And within weeks, I had the maintenance people say: we'd rather not have this much time off, we'd rather work in a more orderly flow. I said: I made the crew a promise and I'm not going to go back on it. They said: the crew recognizes you're going to keep that promise, but they would like to change this. I said: fine, we can modify it.

Within months, when the next inventory came out, I underlined in red where we were the top within Coast Guard for that type of equipment. And the next time I saw the Admiral I laid it on his desk and said: you'll notice the whole page is red. That's what a crew can do for you if they're on your side. They were a fantastic crew.

S: You retired when you were stationed at Annette and started Flair Air-tell about that.

P: I had the only accident we had while we were there. Been out on a night training flight, coming by Ketchikan and saw the bright lights and turned to go up the channel toward Annette island. We asked for a weather report and unknown to us got an old weather report. The weather we got was very good.-the true weather was an intense snowstorm.

So we started down the channel, flying along the beach. It was getting very dark, and all of a sudden the beach disappeared- we'd flown into this intense snowstorm. I started a right hand turn away from beach to get out of the weather and looked out the side window to try to see water and got vertigo. Halfway through the turn, they gave us real weather and my first thought was: we're dead, because we were fairly low, down around 500 feet. I started to lose control of the helicopter and I hollered to the co-pilot: I'm losin' it- help me. So he got on controls and we got it under control and he was flying. I realized we were flying on a heading 45 degrees to the left, of where we had been flying straight into

the side of a hill. I said: let's start an easy turn to the right. We started coming back around and just as we came around there was a break in the storm and we could see that we were missing the tops of the spruce trees on the mountainside by about three to four feet. We continued around and were back on instruments. Then there was another break in storm, we had passed the first ridge, between the first and second, and could see two trees off to the right and just slightly below and I knew beyond that was water. So I took the helicopter and turned it and dove between the two trees and we went back on instruments, but I knew at least we were now perpendicular to the beach, heading out into the water. We couldn't go far because there was other stuff on the other side of channel. So I said: I'm going to land it. We hadn't practiced any night water landings, this was H52, so we're doing this all on radar. The altimeter was going through ten feet and we hadn't seen anything yet. He said: you want the lights? I said yes. He flipped the lights on and we were landing right into the frothy face of a swell. It was mostly a vertical descent at that point. I probably flared back a little bit because when we hit, unknown to me, we dipped the tail rotor in the water and lost it. I know in that helicopter there'd been accidents where they'd made bad landings and tried to go out and the design of the hull, it would suck in and turn upside down in the water. So when we hit, I threw my leg over the collective so there was no possibility that even the co-pilot could pull it. I felt this was a one shot deal- either we were going to live through it or we weren't. We got on the water and the crewman looked outside and said we didn't have a tail rotor. We were blowing up to the face of cliffs. For half an hour we tried to fly away from it. Made you sick to your stomach trying to do that. It was bad enough being down in the water in the dark and snow, not to mention rotating around and around, trying to keep away from the beach on Annette Island.

We got out a radio transmission and hauled a beacon out on hoist. Only part of the message was received, we got across the idea we'd lost a tail rotor, but they thought we'd lost it in flight. We didn't talk to anybody during the whole maneuver. Sounds like it took hours but it took only a matter of seconds. But it took all the skills both pilots had accumulated in a lifetime to survive that one. We made some stupid mistakes.

Got down on water and they sent the whole fishing fleet out to look for us. It was snowing so bad they were operating on radar and couldn't see us. By the time we got out on water, we had three inches accumulate on the floats- never seen it snow so hard. We didn't tip over, just kept going around. Finally rigged an anchor when we couldn't stand it anymore and there was a slight break in the storm and we saw the beach wasn't hostile. It was a decent beach, where if we did go up on it ,we wouldn't die-might wreck the helicopter. So we decided to try anchoring. It did hold. It was snowing so hard, we could hear the diesel engines of fishing boats idling by us, feet from us, and we'd fly flares and they didn't see them. They were operating on radar and we were just a rock to them. We were there three or four hours and eventually the snow lifted and they found us and took us off on boats, pulled the helicopter in, dragged it up the road to a net, put a new tail rotor on it and that was that. That was the most harrowing flight I was on.

My dream was to start an air service. I studied the history of aviation in Alaska, bought a used Cessna 185, called up the founder of Ellis Airlines, one of the two airlines that merged to become what is today Alaska Airlines. He was in his eighties. I asked if he was going to start a flying service in Alaska, where would he do it? He said Klawock. Klawock is a little city of 267 people. Why Klawock? because the west coast of Prince of Wales Island is going to boom and they need service out there. He opened his airline serving that area.

S: Bob Ellis?

P: Bob Ellis. I thought he probably knows what he's talking about, so I applied to get a certificate, bought a used Cessna 185, took the money I'd got from selling a house in Virginia, and put all my life savings into starting an airline with one used airplane. Ten years later we had 22 airplanes, 65 employees, were one of the largest regional carriers in the state of Alaska. It wasn't all that easy. We lived the first year in a 14' travel trailer- my wife, my son and the Labrador retriever. It was so small that to go to bed at night you had to take the dining room table down and make it a bed. We just decided whatever it took, we were going to do it and we did.

Actually, I flew more in that ten years than I did in my whole Coast Guard career; 6500 hours when I retired out of the Coast Guard and another 8000 plus in the bush flying, which turned out to be infinitely more hazardous than my Coast Guard career. I lost all my good friends in that business, friends that owned competing airlines. These guys were in their forties, fifties, died in those businesses. Reading the history of it, clear back to Bob Ellis, he and one other successfully retired out of that business without either being broke or dead. The other guy owned Webber Airlines.

We were one of three white families in a native village and we were about as welcome and popular as the Negroes must have felt in Alabama in the pre-Wallace days. We got the other side of the equation there. That wasn't a pleasant experience at the time, but in time, when they learned to trust us, it turned around to the extent that when Betty died we were well enough thought of that they offered to let her be buried in the Indian burial grounds there. She died of a heart attack in '78.

S: There was one other incident involved there- that day your son made his first flight.

P: I'd been teaching my son to fly. He wasn't old enough to fly legally, but I'd been teaching him to fly and the night my wife Betty had her heart attack and died, we had flown to dinner in Craig, which was about seven miles from Klawock. Those of you who haven't been to bush Alaska wouldn't understand why you would take an airplane to go to dinner, but it was easier than the road. So we flew over to Craig and my son flew and I was in the other seat and my wife was in the back. That was the first time she had ever been in the airplane when he was doing the flying. I was just sitting there with my hands folded. I knew he could fly well. We came in and he made such a perfect landing that you couldn't even tell when we were on the water. She was so proud. We went out to dinner there, had a good time sitting there in the restaurant overlooking Craig harbor. It was a beautiful day, one of the few days since we started the airline that both she and I had both taken the same day off. One of the few days either one of us had off.

We stopped at a friend's house on the way home and she looked out the window and said: it's getting dark out, we should leave. She never finished the sentence beyond that- her eyes rolled up back in her head and she died right in the chair. I think she was dead before I touched her. At that point, I thought that my life had absolutely ended. I looked at her and said: my life is over. It was a massive heart attack. It wouldn't have mattered where she was, she couldn't have survived it.

S: I have one little incident to tell about your Flair Air. On occasion the Discovery, our boat, put in to Klawock, it was one of our transfer stations. People would fly into Ketchikan and you'd pick them up, bring them over to Klawock.

I had offered Betty some crabs, but she didn't pick them up that evening. So the next morning I thought: there's something funny here. I made a harness and put on several live crabs with string for a leash and I was walking these crabs along the float over to the office to Betty when you arrived with our next guests and it made a great impression on them.

P: Yeah, I can understand that. We used to look forward to your annual visits there and come aboard and have a drink with your guests- it was fun. If you think that bad, try this one...

We'd gotten a brand new Beaver, which was an eight passenger plane instead of four like the Cessna 185 was, and I'd flown it into Ketchikan in the winter. It was cold and icy and we just landed at the dock at the airport and let passengers off and then go over to the airport in Ketchikan to pick up the bulk of our passengers. As I was leaving the dock the wind was blowing and you've got to turn the plane around into the wind and get it fired off quick or you'll blow back into the dock. Well. I pushed the plane off, and jumped onto the float to start it, and the wind caught it and it was slippery and I completely missed the float and just jumped in the water right over my head. I came sputtering back up to the surface and my plane is now blowing into a big rock pile and I can see my entire net worth as crumpled aluminum any second, plus I'm probably going to drown. So I swam as hard as I could, got hold of the float, rolled myself up on it- it was all slippery and icy-

jumped up into the plane, cranked up the engine just before it hit the rocks, got headed into the wind and lifted off. I flew to the other side of the channel, pulled into my dock there where this group of people were waiting and out steps the pilot soaking wet from head to foot, takes off his red rubber boots, pours about a quart out of each one, wrings out his socks and says: Hi, I'm your pilot. Talk about looking like a darn fool. They flew with me- I don't know why. You build up an airline like that and particularly when we got bigger you've got a business card that says president or owner, and there's ways in that business to bring you right down to size.

Another time I had a group I was flying to the other side of Kodiak Island, it was about a 45 minute flight, and a lady had this little dog. We didn't follow all the rules up there. I knew dogs were supposed to be in kennels., but a lot of them were well behaved and flew with their families and we'd let them. Everything up to Labrador retrievers might sit back there and watch you fly. This little dog sat up in the front seat next to the pilot and I got in and we take off. We're airborne and this dog leans over in my lap and throws up all over me. You've got no auto pilot so I'm sitting in warm throw up for the next 45 minutes.

Another flight, Betty and I had been to town for some business meeting. We were all dressed up, which was unusual. I normally wore a flannel shirt, float coat and red rubber boots, but I had my business suit on, my top coat, she and I came back as passengers on our own airline, our own Beaver. We had a few planes by that time and other pilots. The weather got bad and we didn't make it through and had to land in the bay and taxi up to a floating logging camp and we had to spend the night with the crew. Uninvited hospitality is a rule in Alaska, we'd been dined well and welcomed at this logging camp. There were some forest service people there and the pilot that was flying us lived over in Craig, and it was a chance for him to go home. We didn't need both pilots weathered in on one side of the island with the airplane on the other side. They were going to take a boat down to the end of one of these road. So I said: Kirk. why don't you go on with them I'll fly the plane home in the morning. So he disappeared that night, and the next morning we went to get in the plane and there's five or six people. We taxied off in the morning and there was this wife and child going out to

visit the superintendent of schools in one of these isolated places. They hadn't been there before. And we're taxiing out and this little boy about eight years old sitting in seat behind me tapped me on the shoulder and said: Hey mister, do you know how to fly this thing? I'd been a passenger in the back seat and still had my top coat and suit on- I didn't look like a bush pilot at all. I said: no, but I watched that other guy yesterday- I think I can do it. His eyes got about as big as saucers.

Another amusing incident- I'd gone up to Petersburg to pick up some people- they were businessmen coming down here from the States- to fly them down to Klawock or Craig and this was their first ride in a light airplane. We're flying along over one of the lakes and up there they have these bright day-glow tarps in the forest service cabins, so if you have an emergency or get hurt, you can lay it out on the ground and any bush pilot who happens to fly over will come in and help you. Well, I was flying along over the lake and I passed over one of the cabins and see one of these orange tarps on the ground in front of it and I said: Oh, an emergency. So I turned around, shut the power off and just lit in the water right in front of the cabin. You do this all day long you get pretty good at it. I got on the water and looked at my passengers and they were white. Scared witless. I said: What's the matter? They said: What's the emergency? And I said: The emergency's in the cabin, not with us .

I taxied over toward the beach, and a guy came out of cabin. I said: what's the emergency? And he said: I ran out of food. I said: okay, give me a list of what you want. He said: I want a bottle of Jack Daniel's, two cases of beer, vodka, and a box of corn flakes. This was on the fifth or sixth of July and I said: what's the emergency? He said: the fourth is coming and I want to have something to celebrate it with. Needless to say I didn't put a high priority on getting his grocery list.

There's a sober side to that too, because lots of times you flew people looking for their sons or husbands missing on fishing boats and you know when its over, when there's no hope, and they're paying you to keep flying. That's your business, but you feel terrible about it. And when a father finally looks over at you and says: I guess we oughta' leave, there's no worse feeling in the world. I flew so many I could tell by the color of gray when we loaded them into the plane whether they were going to make it, and a lot of them didn't.

We loaded one like that one time, and his brother was sitting up in the co-pilots seat with me and we were trying to get to Ketchikan and the weather just got too bad, we just couldn't make it. What we do in the real bad visibility, we fly low along the beach, fly the beach line, and you had to be careful. When the beach started to disappear, you turned toward it because you were going to lose your reference, so you had to stay far enough off from the beach to have room to turn back into the beach to orient yourself. I made several of these attempts and had to turn back on every one of them. There were no instrument aids- they don't work well on seaplanes- you had to see to fly. I turned about several times, it was getting late in the day, and I turned to the guy whose brother we had in the back and said: we can't make it. He said: I understand. I just felt terrible about that. The weather broke one more time and I said: we'll give it one more try. It was a little better and I got down to the point where if it didn't stay the way it appeared, it was going to get dark before we got back and we'd be in real trouble. I just had a gut feeling that this time it was going to stay all right and I pressed on and it did and we did get through. We got him to the hospital but two or three days later he died anyway.

Even my own family -when Betty had her first heart attack, I couldn't get her to town, the weather was too bad. You have to be strong enough to say no and not commit suicide. It doesn't serve any purpose to commit suicide. You gotta learn that and have pilots that are strong enough to tell the boss: hell no- I won't do it, cause the boss can't be out there in the conditions they're under.

The first pilot I hired, I went with him on a trip and kept pushing him so bad, and he went as far as I thought was safe before he refused to go any further and I did this with him more than once. We got back to the dock and he was just about in tears and said: I really want this job, but not that way. I said: you got it. If you'd been willing to go one foot further, I would never hire you. I need people who have the guts to stand up to me or any other boss they ever have and say: I won't. That's the only way you live an that environment.

After Betty died, my best friend who was pall bearer at her funeral, he was killed in a crash. Never found the plane, just disappeared and there was an oil slick, two bodies and a wheel off this Grummond Goose.

After Betty died, I pretty well grounded myself from flying for a while because I wasn't mentally in the right state to do that. I was sitting up in this lodge looking out over the harbor where our home was, having supper and got word that they had a plane missing. So I called the FAA and they told me everything. I found out who the pilot was. I asked how it looked and they can't tell you but I knew what the answer was. I walked out of the restaurant and down the road and it wasn't until three weeks later that I remembered I hadn't paid them. So I went back and they said: we figured you'd remember some day.

S: Was that at Klawock?

P: No, he owned the largest airline in Alaska in that area in Ketchikan. Eventually his widow called me and asked me if I wanted to come over and run the company, and I was really torn. I said yes, I would. I felt if the tables were turned they'd help Betty so I felt an obligation to go do that. It was going into the winter and they were going to lose a lot of money, all the outfits did in the winter. I advised that they put it up for sale. So we did and we had a certain date that if it wasn't bought in total, we would parcel it out. About two days before that deadline, friends of mine that owned a big construction company came in and said: Paul, we like the way you ran that airline, we need a good airline in town and don't like the others. If you'll run this and put your facilities up as your half, we'll put up the cash to buy out this other company. I said: we have a conflict of interest- I'm working for the widow and now I'm going to be one of the buyers- this isn't quite fair. I have a number which is the minimum I recommend she take- you go negotiate for the price and I won't be involved. That's what they did. They came back with a number and it couldn't have been a fairer price, so we merged the two airlines. We grew and eventually merged with another one and became the largest carrier in that area.

When I was running that company one day I get a letter from the Coast Guard that Webber Airlines, which I was now president of, they were going to fine us \$100 for polluting the water on the plane crash. I said: wait just a minute. I wrote a scathing letter back to the Coast Guard and said: we don't know that this wasn't an act of god, still don't

know why the plane crashed, and we're going to be fined \$100 for water pollution. I'm glad I'm not in the Coast Guard anymore. This was just absurd. They sent me back a letter and reduced the fine to one dollar. I said: I absolutely am not going to pay this one dollar- it's the principle. You're going to get the worst press for the Coast Guard nationally you ever saw in your life over this incident. I'm not going to pay one penny. And I never heard another word about it. I think the person who wrote the letter probably paid the dollar himself to get me off their back. I don't know.

I decided early on that I would probably retire in twenty years, but I'll tell you the incident that made me absolutely sure. I was at Kodiak and we had a flight group come through and a Coast Guard Admiral and the Captain called me in and said: the Admiral likes to fish, I want you to go get licenses, get boots, tackle, and take him fishing. We had the Buskin River come in right by the runway at the naval station. At that time it was perfect salmon fishing, schools of them came to the mouth of the river, you'd wade out, cast out into these schools and catch salmon like I've never seen anywhere in my life. We went down there and were fishing, it was kind of slow, then here comes a school, you could see them. People were just beginning to get strikes, the Admiral looked at his wrist watch and said: time to go. I said: time to go? He had to go to a cocktail party or something. I said: but they're right there. He said: I gotta go. So we left. No one caught any fish. I thought to myself: if an Admiral doesn't have any more freedom or control over his life than that, I don't want to be an Admiral. With my bullheaded attitude, I might not have been close to being on, but it wasn't worth it. I don't care if they had braided up to their armpits and were paid a million a year- not worth it.

Another incident regarding an Admiral I highly respect. I didn't disrespect the one who was fishing, but this was Admiral Ellis, a gunnery officer when I went through the Academy. Bill Ellis, and later he was an admiral. He was District Commander up in Boston. You may remember the incident where a Russian seaman jumped on board a Coast Guard cutter on a weekend and asked for asylum and the District Commander had asked the State Department for direction and hours went by and he got no answer. If you think I'm a fan of the State Department, I'm not.

They're worthless in many capacities. He didn't get an answer, so he took action and had the sailor returned and Monday morning quarterbacking, they didn't like the action. He was told to retire. I flew him on his last flight out of Washington on one of our planes and I got out of my seat to go back and tell him that I didn't care what the rest of the world thought, I had great respect for him. He made a decision which others didn't have the guts to make and there were a lot of people who felt the same way. I actually cried when I told him, I felt so strongly about it. I thought that was the most disgraceful incident I'd ever seen in the Coast Guard- the fact that they didn't back him up. The State Department screwed up, not him. He was a good man and I don't like to see people sacrificed politically, not at all.

S: Well, the President himself got involved in that.

P: Oh yeah, everybody got involved in that. I enjoyed my Coast Guard career. I enjoyed my Alaskan bush flying career, and I should add that I was a very lucky person- most people in their lifetime only meet one good woman. After Betty died, I met my present wife Sunny under very strange circumstances.

At one time I'd seen a blind ad in an aviation magazine indicating that if you'd done all these things in your career we'd like to talk to you- didn't even give a company name. It was like somebody had gone into my record and just written everything down: have you flown a Grummond Gulf stream 2, had this much command, etc. etc. A page full, and I fit every single one to a T. I didn't know who it was and they said name your salary. So I said to Betty: we've built this airline up, would you like to go somewhere? It indicated it would be an overseas assignment. Would you like to take a couple years off and go do something else? And she said: Sure, why don't you put in for it- it's written as though it's for you. So I did and I named some astronomical figure that I wanted, or it seemed so at the time. Then I forgot about it. A long time went by and I got a phone call. It was Rathyon Corporation in Boston wanting to know if I would come back to their plant in Boston for a job interview to be the private pilot for the Prince of Defense in Saudi Arabia and they had a Grummond Gulfstream 2. They provided

the missile system for Saudi Arabia but they also provided him this plane. So I lined it up so I was visiting my brother during the change of command when he was taking over as commanding officer of Governor's Island. While I was there, I met the late Admiral McClellan's daughter at a cocktail party. She was living in New York and I was going to be at my brothers for awhile. I'd gotten back to dating and felt real uncomfortable in that environment. I thought I'd call her up and we'd go out to dinner in New York, so I called her up and she said that would be great- she had a friend, Sunny, visiting her. I thought she meant Sunny was a guy. And another guy from Hong Kong and suggested we meet at a hotel and we'd all go out together. I thought I was going out with her and two other guys. The guy from Hong Kong didn't show up and Sunny turned out to be a gal and the two of them were classmates from Tufts University and Sunny was down in New York visiting another friend who was getting a seeing eye dog that weekend. So we went out on the town, me and the two of them, had dinner. When I took them back to their car, I said I was going to Boston for a job interview in the morning. Sunny looked at me and said: You are? I live in Boston- here's my phone number, I'll show you around town. Well, one thing led to another and we ran up an awful big phone bill from Alaska to Boston, hundreds of dollars a month sometimes. We dated by meeting in Chicago, Seattle and Boston. She was in college admissions at the time traveling all over the state giving lectures to high school classes to bring people to Tufts University. She came up one spring for about a ten day visit and it was the only decent ten days we had that whole spring. The sun was shining when she got there and her plane hadn't left the runway and it was raining again. I met her with an airplane at the airport and took her around and she liked that, went back to Boston, resigned her job, and moved to Ketchikan. I went back to Harvard Business School a couple winters to take a course for small corporation owners, those that have 3-75 million in sales-it was a very interesting course. Well, the second winter we got married in Boston at the conclusion of that. I've been very, very lucky.

S: And they lived happily every after.

P: Well. it's not all over yet. We're in southern California , very well and very happy and I'm very fortunate to have Sunny. Sometimes life is good and sometimes it's grim and right now, it's very good.

S: Thank you very kindly for a most interesting afternoon- you revealed much about yourself and the service and I thank you.

P: I love the Coast Guard and I love life- that's about it. And I hope to get to see some of my fellow Coast Guardsman's tapes at some point.