

UP FORWARD



Captain W. C. Bowden, Jr.



First Officer J. W. Berryhill, Jr.

Way back in Dermott, Arkansas, in 19??, CURLEY BOWDEN drew his first breath. Mechanically inclined, Curley, as a kid, worked summers and after school in auto garages, played a little football, and when the school burned down, graduated. For the next five years, he did just about everything with a wholesale grocery company. Then CPT came along.

To enroll in CPT, Curley had to drive from Dermott to Pine Bluff each day, round trip, about 150 miles, but he made it. After completing primary, Curley went to Little Rock to finish up, where he first met Screechy Clement and Roy Brown.

After working as an instructor for the Army awhile, Curley joined the Air Transport Command, training in the same class with Zeke Saunders, Frank Nicholson, Hass Dobbins, Jack Pierce, Al Kyle, and others. After completion, he was assigned to the Battle of Dallas, ferrying fighters around the U.S. and Alaska. Luck ran out for Curley and he caught China duty, where he spent another year. At 6000 feet above sea level, take-off performance of C-47s loaded to 29,000 pounds wasn't exactly spectacular, breathtaking, maybe, but definitely not spectacular! Anyway, he made it, returned to the States, was discharged.

Back to the garage he went, not too well satisfied, but content, content until a letter from Clement and Dobbins put the gasoline smell in his nostrils again. Next thing Curley knew, he had a handful of throttles again, this time for Piedmont.

A Methodist, Scottish Rite Mason, Curley married a home town girl, Mildred, spends much of his time tinkering with his Crosley, riding herd on his two future Captains, Walter III, 3, and Warren, 2. Curley has about 10,000 hours total time, 7,000 in DC-3s.

JOHN BERRYHILL was in aviation from the beginning, for the dairy farm on which he was born is now part of the Charlotte Airport. This must have been an omen, for in 1943, Berrypatch joined the Navy, started in Cadets in '44. When he graduated in 1945, the war was over, and he was released to inactive duty.

Then it began. He flew a year for Southern Airways Fixed Base in CLT, sold insurance for a couple of years, flew copilot for a non-sked, worked as an agent for Eastern, and flew with a CLT Naval Reserve unit. Finally, in 1951, he came to PAI, was sent to Wilmington, where he has been ever since.

Johnny is married, and he and Jane have three youngsters, Rebecca, 7, Johnny, 4, and Arthur, 6 months. He has about 3,300 hours, 2,300 of it in Dougs. Johnny's a stocky, sandy-haired guy, serious looking, but with an infectious grin.

The Piedmonitor greets two nice guys, Curley Bowden and Johnny Berryhill.

HAMS HAMMER HURRICANE

RADIO BUGS JOHNNY ON THE SPOT

The value of the amateur radio fans to America was more than amply demonstrated on October 15, when Hurricane Hazel clobbered Wilmington. As is the case with most high wind storms, the first thing to go was the long lines, leaving Wilmington without telephone or teletype communications. Driving to work on the morning of the 15th, Walt Rollick was monitoring the North Carolina Network Control Frequency 3854kc, and learned of the communications washout. Walt contacted Captain Forrest Shelton, who also has a mobile unit, and Forrest, in turn, contacted W4VWN, the network control station in Wilmington. A mobile unit, W4AWQ, was dispatched to the Wilmington airport, so that instructions for the care of ship 46V could be relayed.

There was serious concern for the safety of the airplane when winds rose to 115 mph, but the instructions relayed by the improvised radio network saved the day with the loss only of a rudder. Worried Piedmont personnel, concerned for the safety of friends and relatives in Wilmington, checked on their situation through Shelton's cooperation.

One radio amateur in Raleigh had a mobile unit in his car which was in his garage. The garage blew down while he was on the air. His plugs got wet, shorting out his power supply, so he got out, dried off his
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