

AIR WEST





The plane also is the first to bear the new Air West logo and colors

It had to happen.

A new shape has appeared in the West.

A comprehensive airline criss-crossing the western third of the United States, serving every major city west of the Rocky Mountains, a land of twenty-eight million people.

Air West.

With the President's formal approval April 9 of the merger of three pioneer western airlines—Bonanza, West Coast and Pacific—a many-faceted mechanism of consolidation was set in motion.

Merging departments and their subsidiary functions; reassigning personnel; completing procedural manuals; painting the new name Air West on aircraft and printing it on stationery: these and a hundred other activities, many of them begun months earlier, swung into high gear.

Some of the job of merging three local carriers into a super-regional airline is only skin deep. It's the sort of thing both customers and employees notice as it occurs. Air West's distinctive new aircraft livery already is visible. Totally unique in concept, it marks a complete departure from contemporary aircraft exterior marking schemes. In the next few weeks its application will be extended to other equipment, to employee dress and the multitude of objects that help form a corporate image.

IT HAD TO HAPPEN

Airport ticket offices and other ground facilities will soon be getting the Air West look. Signs are coming down. New ones going up. A striking ensemble of employee uniforms will begin to appear this summer. All of these have been designed with an original freshness and exciting good taste about them.

In addition to the army of paint brushes at work all over the 8,800 mile Air West system, a small group of key personnel is bringing to completion an operating schedule for the new airline. Of all projects, this is probably the most important, as well as the most complex.

It is a matter of joining some four dozen planes together in a daily operating pattern. Some will fly to Calgary in Canada, and some will fly to Puerto Vallarta, way down the west coast of Mexico. Others will move Los Angeles businessmen to Phoenix, and Phoenix businessmen to Los Angeles. Over a quarter of a million travelers every month, coming and going among more than a hundred cities.

Translating the total Air West schedule plan into reality will take many months, and involve a few changes in the traveling habits of customers of the three constituent airlines. But through all of this redevelopment and reshaping of the airline schedule, one thing will remain constant: we are determined to provide the best possible pattern of dependable and convenient service for each

of the cities on the Air West route map. While this is a staggering objective, we are confident our resources in terms of flight equipment and potential market growth are more than a match for the complexity of the task.

Air West will take delivery of five 99-passenger Douglas DC-9 jets early this summer. These new airplanes, plus the eleven more coming later, will facilitate many refinements in schedules and services. Cities currently without jet service will join the jet set in the next few months. Other markets will benefit by increases in frequencies and improvements in departure times.

New uniforms. New airplanes. Expanded schedules. These are the visible and the exciting projects. What Air Westerners don't see going on is even more impressive, infinitely more complex. A completely new corporate organization is being constructed. New lines of responsibility have to be established. Corporate-wide training programs are underway for virtually all categories of employees. Quality control systems are being implemented. Computer programs being rewritten and modified.

By early summer, when our three constituent airlines begin to operate as one under the Air West aegis—we will be ready.

This is how a great new airline takes shape.

Air West, the airline that had to happen.

—J. N. Bez, Jr.

Bonanza Air Lines went in like a lion at Tucson, Arizona, as March ended, then followed up with early May blossoms when that city became the Air West gateway to three Mexican resort cities.

The roaring entry of Bonanza—part of the recently approved new airline known as Air West which comprises West Coast, Pacific and Bonanza airlines—marked the inauguration of service to Tucson as granted by the Civil Aeronautics Board.

That authority provided Tucson with new air links to cities throughout the Southwest. When merged operation of Air West begins, Tucsonans will enjoy even better service to an increased number of points.

Mexican service started April 30 with a northbound flight originating in Puerto Vallarta to Tucson and Phoenix via Mazatlan and LaPaz. Guaymas is to become part of the route later.

Looking back, Bonanza's entry into the Tucson market followed a hectic week of publicity and sales blitzing in the Arizona city.

All Tucson was told Bonanza's DC-9 'Funjet' would be at the International Airport Saturday, March 30, for public inspection. Special guests were given courtesy

flights that morning.

And that night, more than two hundred persons attended a special 'Welcome Bonanza' dinner at the Ramada Inn.

Hosted by Tucson business organizations, the dinner was aimed at expressing the appreciation of the city to Bonanza for persevering efforts to win authority to provide the new service.

One day before dinner, the Tucson Daily Citizen ran an editorial headlined, 'Welcome Bonanza'.

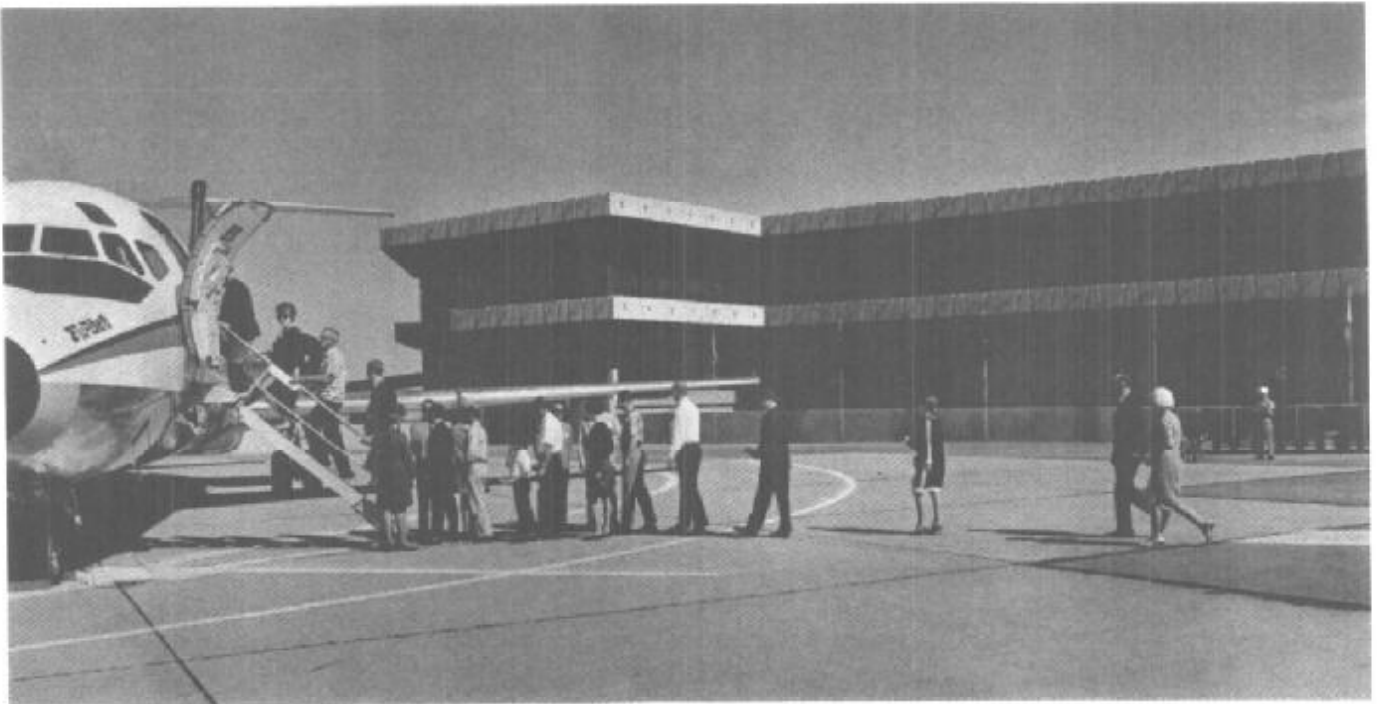
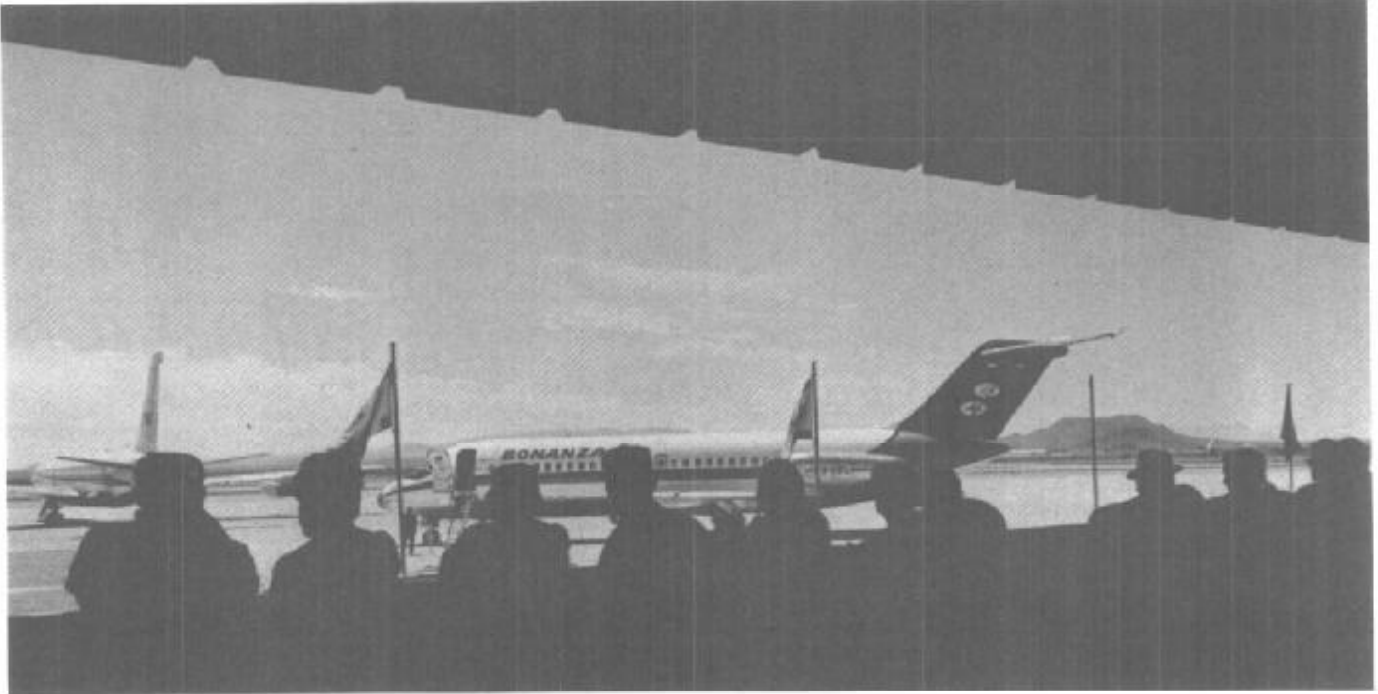
'The welcoming dinner is certainly appropriate', the editorial said.

'Seldom has any city awaited an airline as eagerly as Tucson has awaited Bonanza. The highly regarded airline will provide Tucson with fast, direct flights to presently hard-to-reach-from-here places as Las Vegas and several cities in Baja, California.

'Merger of Bonanza with Pacific Air Lines and West Coast Airlines eventually will give Tucson more frequent connections with California, Oregon and Washington cities.'

As obviously happy as Tucson was, Air West was even more pleased.

Tucson International Airport



All aboard for the jet flight



The DC-9 fanjet was especially fascinating to Tucson's younger set.

Gordon Kent assisted flight attendants Yungie Casillas and Erica Bramefelt, in welcoming Tucsonians aboard



Yungie and Bobbi Gahan dispensed refreshments,



and Robin Converse, Tucson sales representative for Air West, passed out souvenirs to future stewardesses

THE ROPAR AIRLINE

In Seattle a little while back a small group of men met in an arciform hangar on the east side of Boeing Field. Their mission was to weigh the progress made by a paper airline to increase aircraft reliability.

The name of their 'airline' was Ropar, and it wasn't so much an airline as it was an efficiency program.

Present was Robert K. Jorgensen, then vice president of maintenance, West Coast Airlines, who is coordinator as well as a member of the Ropar board of governors established by the nine participating local service carriers.

With him was Al Anthony, vice president of maintenance and engineering for Trans-Texas Airways, who is on the board along with Jorgensen and Lewis E. Knerr Jr. of Bonanza; E. E. Book, of Ozark Air Lines; and Rocco J. Masiello, of Allegheny Airlines.

These five airlines have quality control representatives on a nine-member technical committee along with Caribair, Hawaiian, North Central, and Southern airlines, and committee members at the meeting were the chairman, Francis Hutchison, superintendent of maintenance planning for Ozark; Stanley J. Anderson and Jack O'Dell, directors of quality control for West Coast and Bonanza, and John Flitton, West Coast service engineer, who assists the coordinator.

These are all top-flight veterans in the specialties of aircraft maintenance, but the physiqe of Ropar is

such that it will appeal immediately to an efficiency expert of any breed—passengers not excepted.

Its objectives are based on the simple statistical fact that in order to determine the condition of twenty-nine horizontal stabilizers of like manufacture, it is not necessary to tear twenty-nine of them apart for inspection.

The nine Ropar partners all operate Douglas DC-9 fanjets, and so it made sense that they ought to pool their maintenance and inspection efforts. Headed by Jack A. Vidal, then vice president of maintenance for West Coast Airlines and now vice president of engineering and maintenance for Air West, the companies went to the Federal Aviation Agency last year with a new concept they called 'Regional Operators Program for Aircraft Reliability'. With typical efficiency, they called it Ropar, and won approval of the plan in the fall of 1967.

The FAA agreed, in effect, that if the airlines would coordinate their inspection activities, it would accept findings submitted on a sample of only three DC-9's as evidence of reliability (or need for overhaul) of the airframe parts in the rest of their fleets.

At that time there were twenty-nine Douglas fanjets in the combined fleets, and this action meant that the airlines, if everything checked out satisfactorily,

an inspector at work on DC-9 stabilizer



The actuator unit he is inspecting is about 28 feet above the hangar floor

could bypass certain sample inspections on twenty-six of their DC-9's. Now there are sixty-five ships in the sampling program, and the number increases every month.

Jorgensen and his Ropar associates say the results have been spectacular.

'We have found, for example, that what Douglas told each of us about the reliability of their product was true,' he relates. 'In only a few months, we have received approval to increase the time between airframe inspections by fifty per cent.'

The economy involved in overhauling or inspecting a piece of equipment once every two years instead of every year, whether it is a threshing machine or an airplane, is readily apparent. Ropar accomplishes that and then some.

'By the start of this summer,' says Jorgensen, 'we expect to gain FAA approval for an interval of seven thousand hours between major airframe inspections, exactly twice as long as we originally were permitted less than a year ago.'

In terms of aircraft life, this is about eight hundred days instead of four hundred, since each fanjet under the Ropar system presently is logging an average of eight and one-half hours in the air daily.

'Obviously, greater aircraft utilization is one of the major products of this program,' Jorgensen points out. 'The less time in the shop, the more time our planes can spend carrying passengers and cargo.'

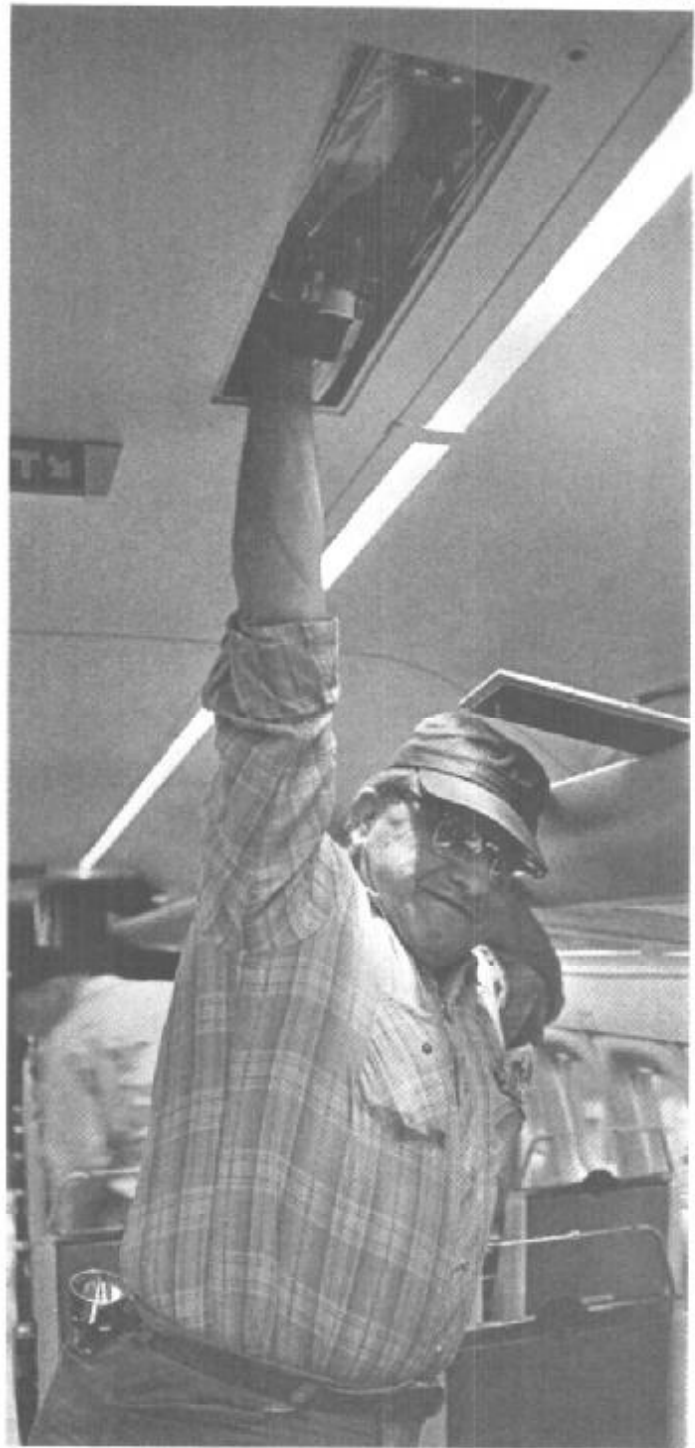
Keeping the show on the road is going to be increasingly important as member airlines expand their fleets.

Two of the Air West partners—Bonanza and West Coast—gained a big jump on merger maintenance problems by adopting these industrywide sampling methods. Air West has placed orders for sixteen DC-9 jets beyond the eight it already has in service. The sixteen will cost more than seventy million dollars.

To say that nothing is too good for the care and upkeep of that kind of investment is to understate the case. But, with Ropar on the job, the Air West DC-9s can be expected to last as long as their granddaddys, those durable DC-3s, and do four times as much work in the process.

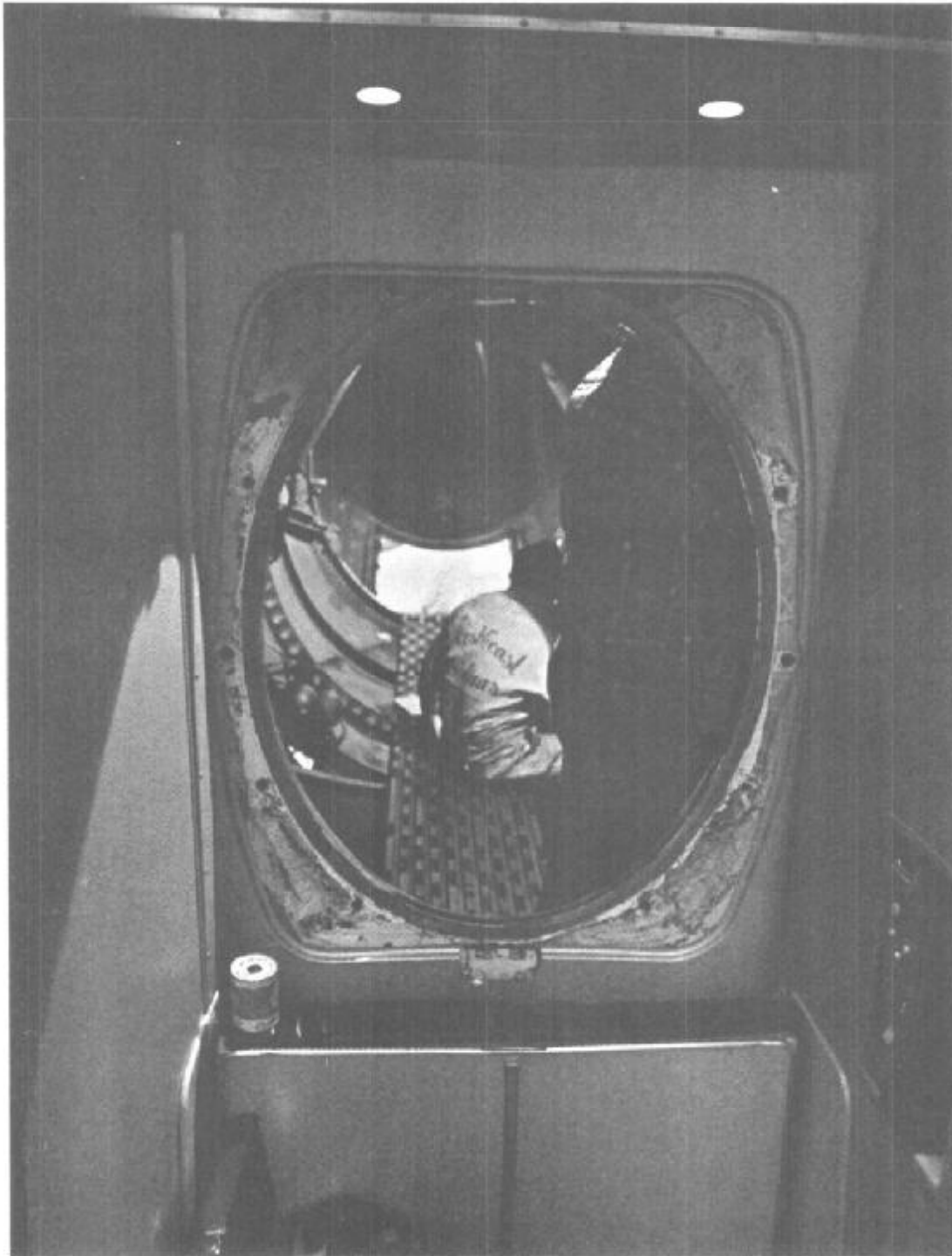
—Gooding

Replacing the rotary red safety light atop the DC-9 fuselage



Ingeniously positioned access panels hasten the Ropar inspection process

Interior tail section aft of the cabin's pressure bulkhead

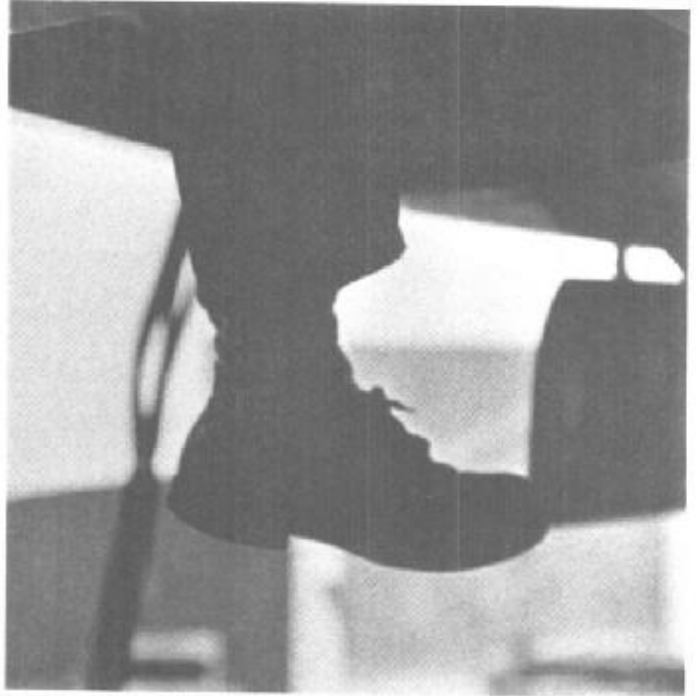


Compartment at root of vertical stabilizer is accessible from two directions
Mechanics are working on rudder power controls and hull inspection

such as behind the cockpit instrument panel,



and to hang by the seat of their pants

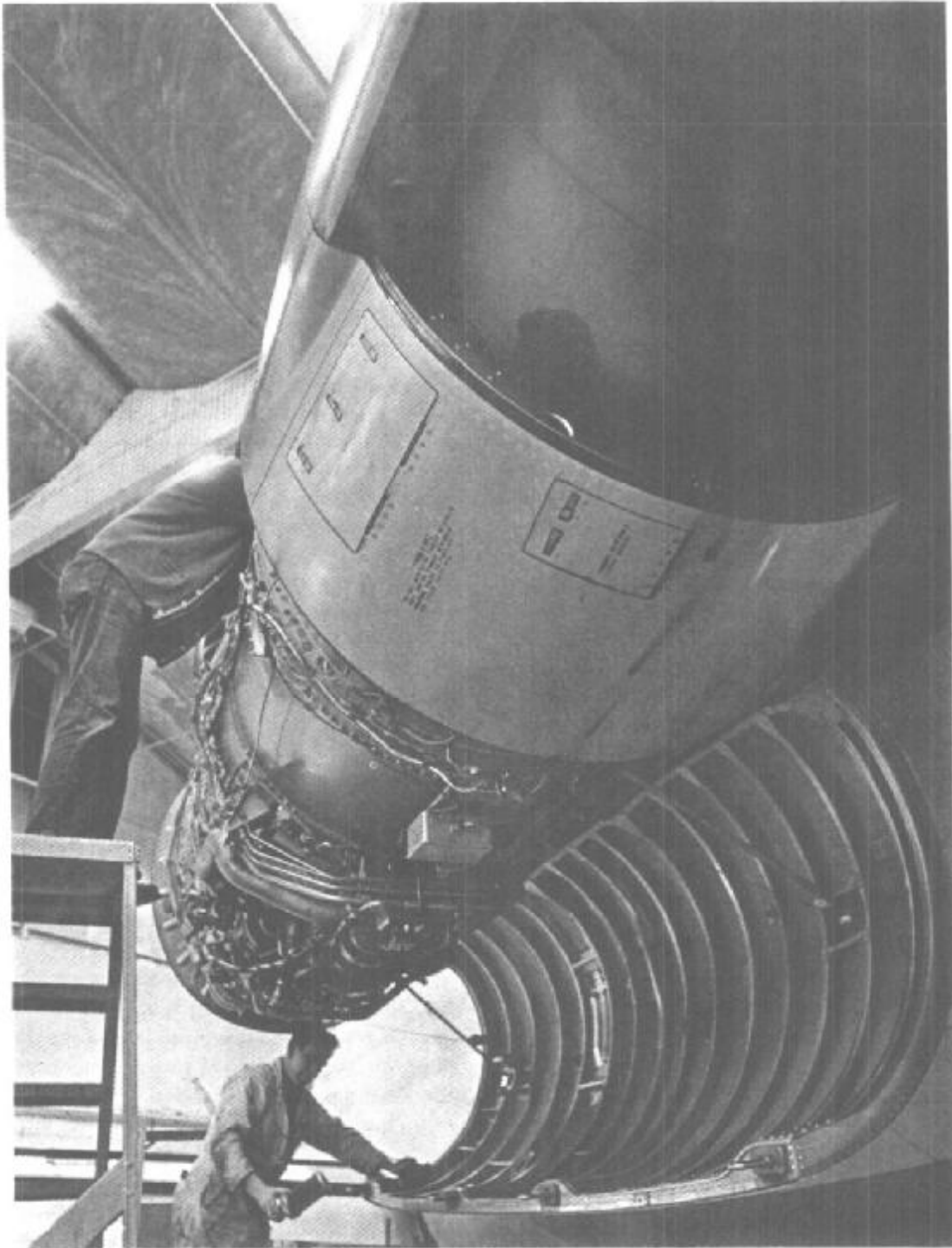


Teamwork on high



Robert K. Jorgensen and John Flitton

The reliable Pratt & Whitney jet engines are not overlooked, either



These worthy JT8Ds cost more than a quarter of a million dollars each.
Two of them can propel a fanjet 550 mph.

GRAY'S ARK

by George Rhodes

Animals are flying farther than the average passenger on the nation's airlines today.

Ask Roy Gray, owner of Gray's Animal Shelter at San Francisco International Airport.

On any average day, Gray and his assistants handle at least fifty animals enroute to or from San Francisco International. And many of them make a brief stop there for inspection, cleaning, exercising and occasional medical treatment before being shipped out again on an interline carrier.

Most of the flying animals are domestic pets. One day recently the count totaled fifty-four dogs, thirty-five cats, six monkeys, one python, four hundred exotic tropical fish, a race horse, an ocelot and a Peruvian llama.

The day that I spent at this flying ark headquarters, two fifty-foot whales, a pair of dolphins, two penguins and assorted smaller denizens of the deep landed at San Francisco International after a nonstop jet cargo flight from Philadelphia.

Quite obviously, the United Air Lines flight set several records. It was the first all-animal (whales are mammals, you know) nonstop transcontinental jet flight in history.

Each of the whales was wrapped in layers of gauze in which attendants kept saturated with sea water. And each was nested in a specially constructed cradle-like container about sixty feet long, padded with foam rubber.

The dolphins also were cradled in smaller containers and similarly kept moist with sea water. Unfortunately, one of the whales died shortly after arrival.

An autopsy disclosed that the giant mammal had died of an unsuspected disease.

The remainder of the unusual air cargo shipment was trucked southward about thirty miles to a new Marineland near Redwood City, another major tourist attraction in Air West's San Francisco Bay region.

'The biggest surprise came one night when I got a call from one of the trans-Pacific carriers, asking me if I could give them a hand with five hundred monkeys which had just landed from Bangkok,' Gray recalled.

'It was the last thing I wanted to do. But we are in this business of handling animals around the clock—in effect as partners of the airlines. It took quite a while to haul all those cages over to our area, clean them and feed that tribe of chattering simians.'

Gray, a husky retired Army sergeant, fears no animal. But he's cautious with the unusual types. Like the coiled up python that one of the airlines discovered in a soldier's footlocker when the shipment arrived from Vietnam about six months ago.

'The carrier called me for help again when their cargo employees refused to go near the locker, which had arrived with only a piece of wire wound around the hasp for security. I made a new, roomier shipping crate for the twenty-four-foot python,' Gray relates.

'Then came the job of transferring the big snake to his new container. I couldn't convince anyone to help me, so I spiked down two ends of a heavy sack to the edge of a large table. The python wouldn't come out of the footlocker easily, bracing his coils against the sides.



'So I just tipped the locker on its side and finally the big snake started to slither out.

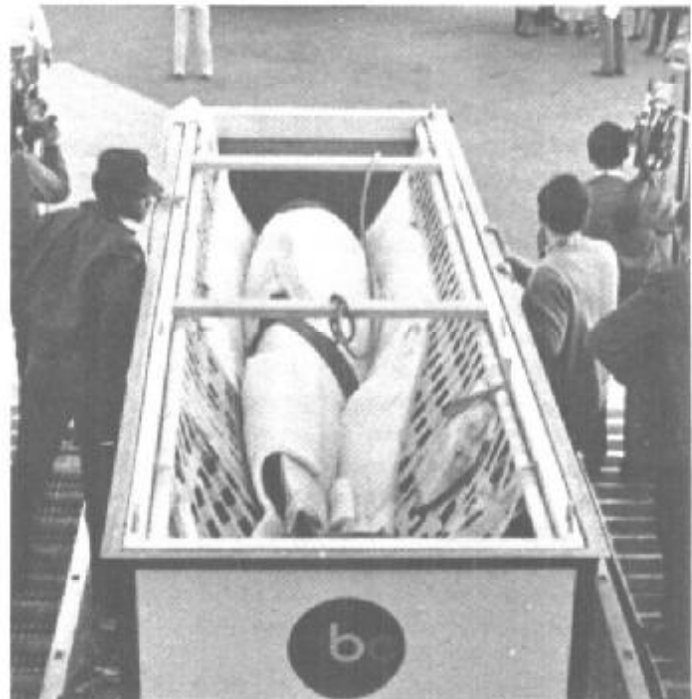
'When I figured enough of his length was out so that he couldn't brace himself again, I gripped his head and the middle of his twenty-four-foot length and struggled with him to the sock. The rest was easy. Fortunately, the python had been well fed before he was shipped to Alabama so he was just sleepy enough to handle.'

But Gray's day is usually a routine one, handling pet dogs and cats of air travelers who love their animals. Since animals are shipped on a weight and cubic volume basis including their containers, most shippers purchase the lightweight wood and wire containers from Gray. Cost of shipping a medium size dog from Seattle or San Francisco to Chicago about sixty dollars, including the container and handling charges.

The happiest people who visit Gray's Animal Shelter are the children who accompany their parents to retrieve their pet dog or cat after a long flight.

On international shipments to the United States the biggest problem Gray encounters is clearing exotic tropical fish through customs, which requires that each fish be identified by both its popular and scientific name.

That's why the husky ex-sergeant sits up nights reading volumes on ichthyology. It's about that time of year when thousands of tropical fish will be arriving from the South Pacific aboard Boeing 707 jets, destined for America's aquariums.



This big piece of bait took peacefully to jet travel

MONTEREY PENINSULA

by Dolly Connelly

Way back in 1897, my newlywed mother and father pedaled bicycles out to the coast from Stanford University where both were students, followed the long quarter-moon curve of Monterey Bay, and came last to the fabled Seventeen Mile Drive, then a carriage road for visitors to the old Del Monte Lodge.

They were on a honeymoon, and seventy-one years later the Seventeen Mile Drive still is the perfect spot for lovers. First honeymoon, ninth honeymoon, who cares? This heart-stopping coastline of mysterious pine forests, great heaped sand dunes covered with the fuchsia frosting of ice plant, the gnarled and ancient cypress trees, offshore rocks alive with cormorants, loons, gulls and sea lions; the restless meeting of seven ocean currents at Point Joe, the exquisite perfection of Fanshell Beach, has the same effect on everyone who sees it.

It is romance, expressed in rock and tree, sand and surging wave.

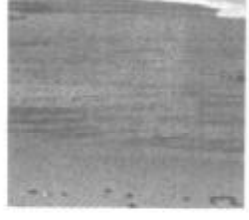
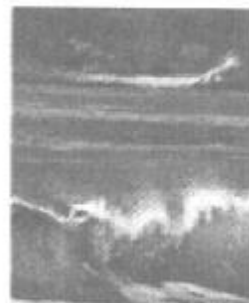
More than a hundred miles of beautiful bridle trails wind along the Seventeen Mile and through its forests. Six great golf courses meander unobtrusively. Kids fly kites, clamber on the rocks, explore the tidal pools and hike the trails. Skin divers pry succulent abalones from the tidal rocks off La Punta de los Piños. And all are lost in the dream of perfect meeting of land and water.

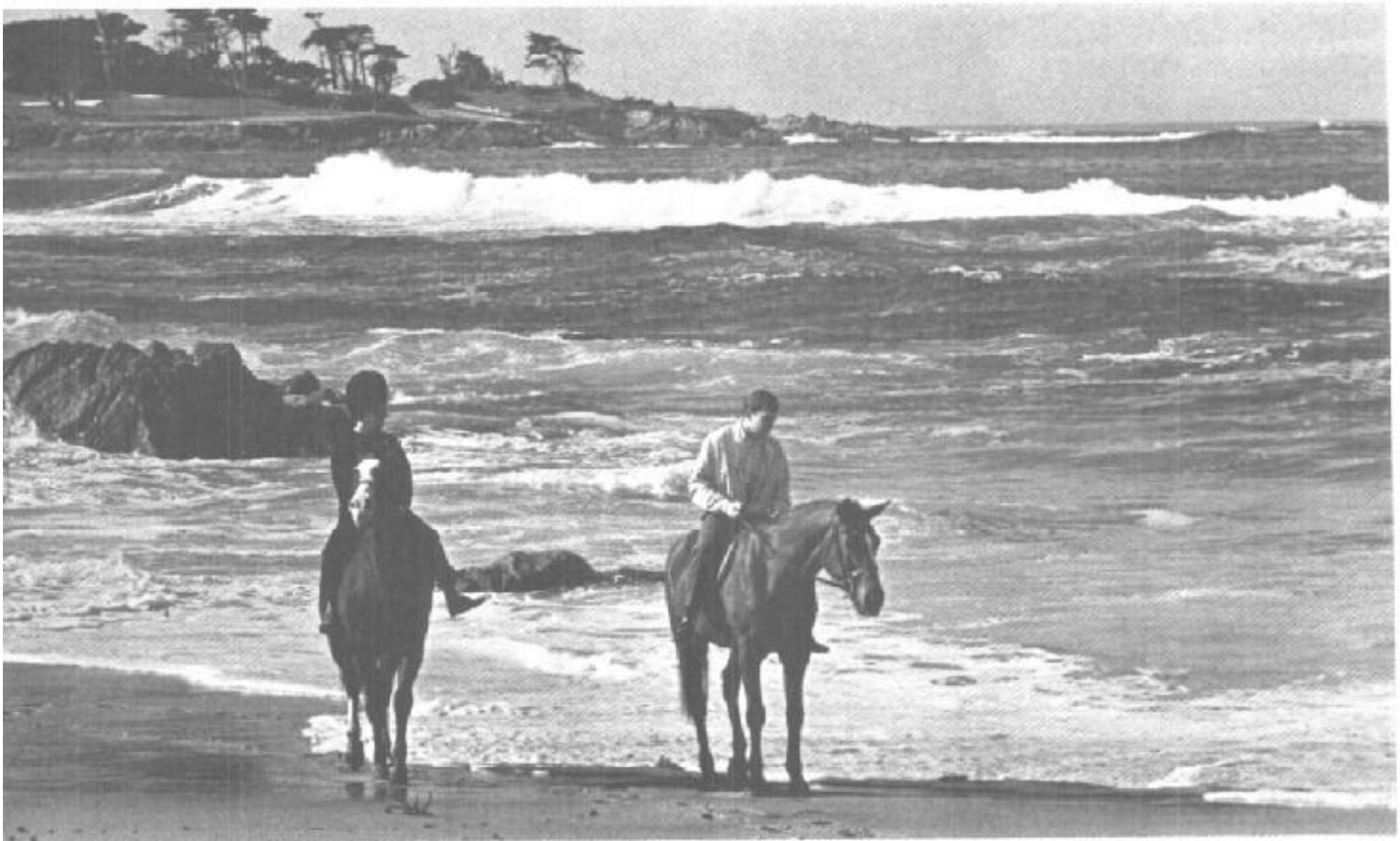
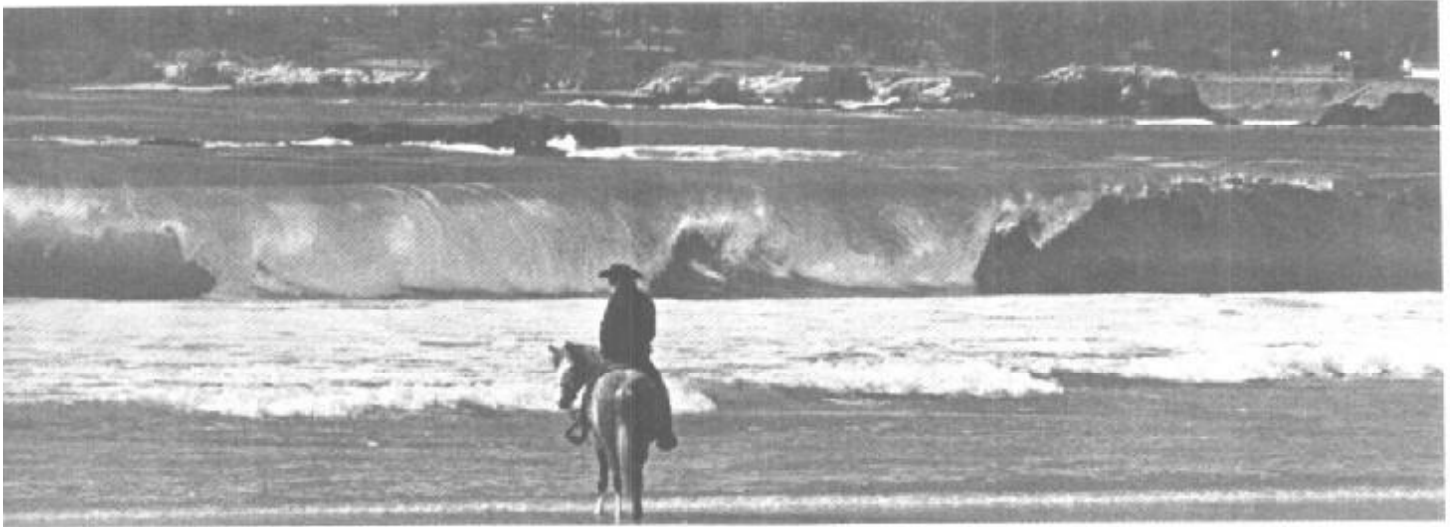
There's always been a Seventeen Mile

Drive around the peninsula, starting at Pacific Grove, continuing to the Carmel Mission and climbing back over the hill to Monterey, in the nineteenth century. It once was sole link between Pacific Grove, the prim Victorian Methodist retreat on the north side of the peninsula, and Carmel, the swinging Bohemian artists' village on the south shore. It delights me that the two communities founded for such disparate reasons still share the Seventeen Mile Drive and passionate devotion to the natural beauties of their enchanted land.

Pacific Grove was founded as a center for 'life of teetotalism, religion and health'. Up until very recent years there existed an ordinance requiring that bathing dress, of opaque material, be worn in such a manner 'as to preclude form from above the nipples to below the crotch, and all such bathing suits shall be provided with double crotches or with skirts of ample size covering the buttocks'.

The bikini did that one in, but still on the books—and likely to remain there forever—is the penalty for disturbing butterflies: five hundred dollars, six months' imprisonment, or both. Butterflies possibly are the only citizens of prohibitionist Pacific Grove who ever get smashed. The nectar of the famed butterfly trees on which they feed from October through March is so intoxicating that they stay looped to the gills through their winter sojourn!

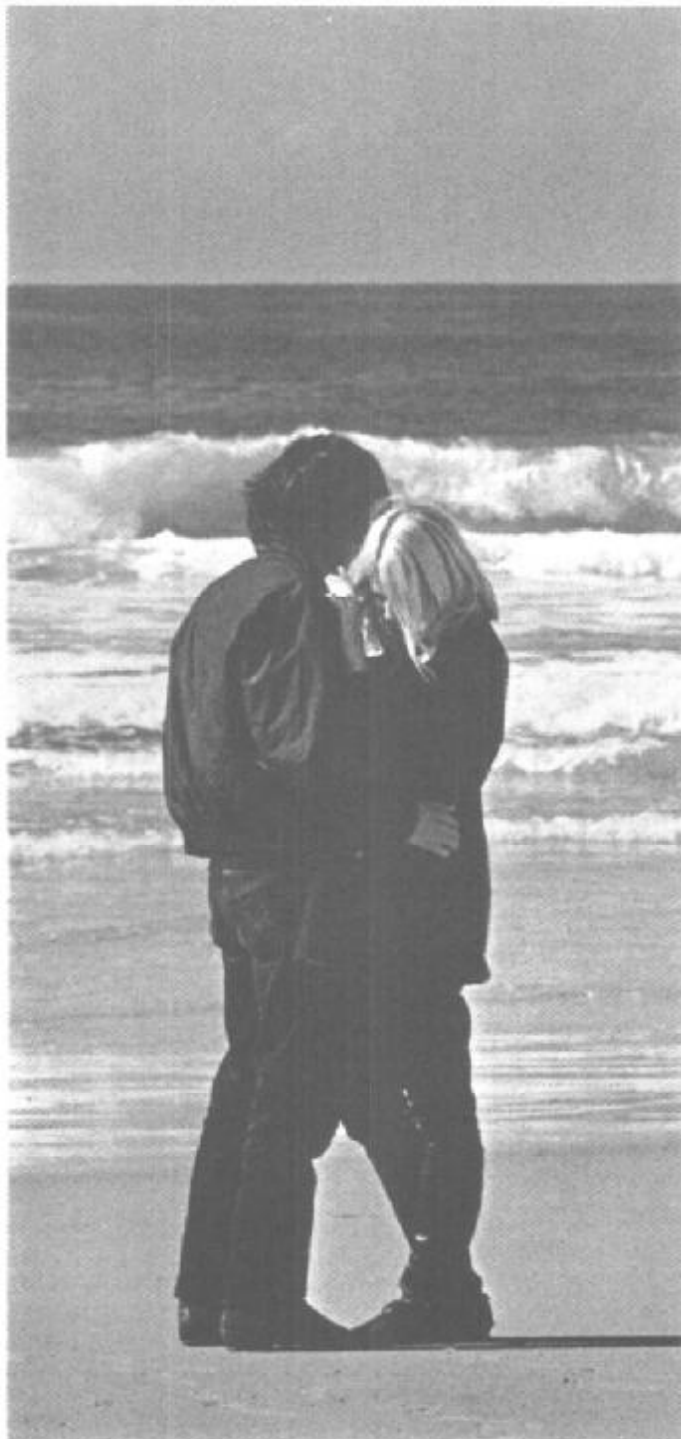




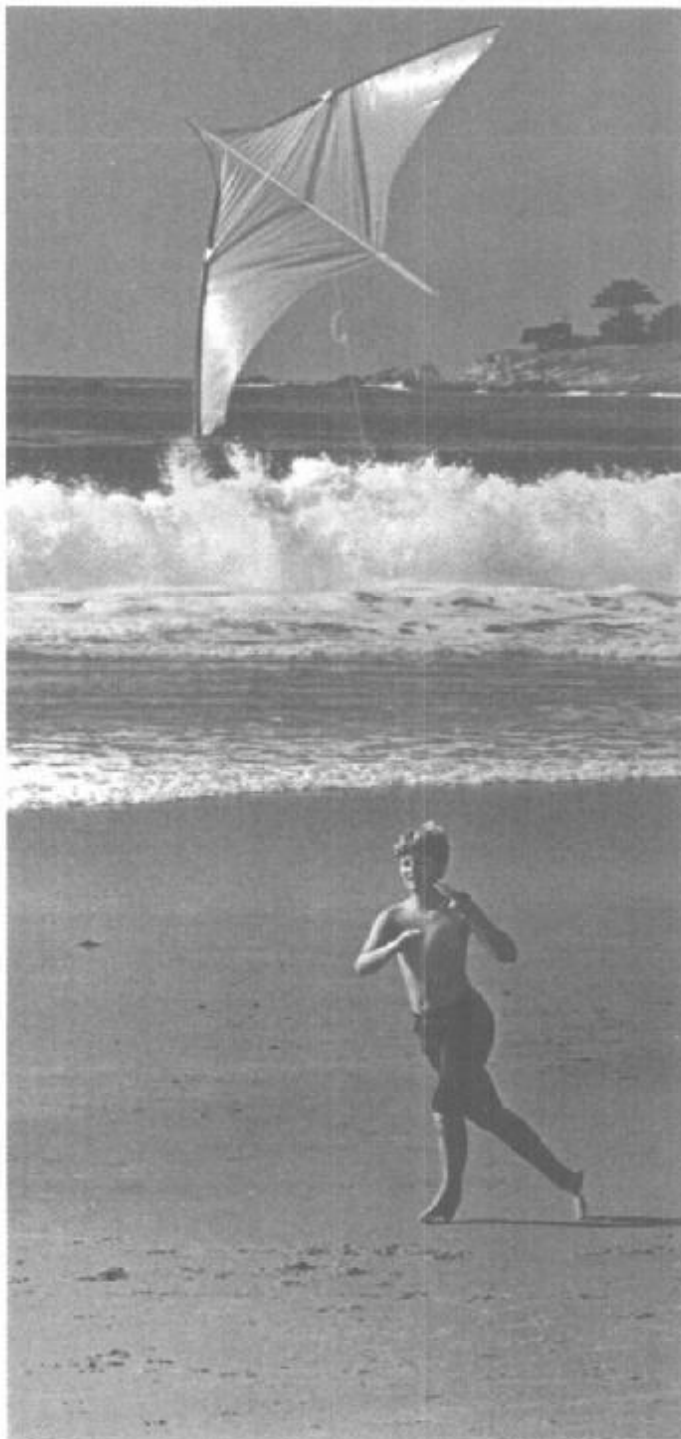
Hugh Stratford Photo

A pair of cowpunchers dip their feet in the broad Pacific.

Carmel —
Where the bold winds fan bold passion,



and the kites fly over the surf's roar,



Dolly Connelly Photos

and skindivers prey on abalone and other quarry found in the Carmel surf



Dolly Connelly

the alcalde of monterey

I'm one of the positive thinkers, a practical person. That's the way I get things done.'

So says Monterey's alcalde, Minnie D. Coyle, a plump and engaging strawberry blonde whose firmest conviction about her city is that it is alive with the strength of the sea and its vivid history. In her office just off Friendly Plaza at the heart of town, Mrs. Coyle is the balance wheel in Monterey's struggle of the opposites, its never-ending warfare between old and new, between those who would sacrifice the present for the past and those who would sacrifice the past for the present. It's no mean trick.

Says Minnie,

'We're not a museum, not shielded off by red velvet robes. Our lovely old adobe buildings are lived in and used just as the Royal Presidio Chapel in Monterey and the Mission in Carmel have been in almost constant use since their founding. We know that to live, people must be able to make a living, but we believe it can be done without heavy industry and loss of our pleasant pace of life.'

The first meeting of the newly formed ayuntamiento or council of the City of Monterey in the Mid-Nineteenth Century was a pretty pallid affair. Vaqueros were prohibited from racing their horses on the main street and slaughtering cattle within one mile of Colton Hall, where the California Constitutional Convention met in 1849. As an afterthought, all citizens were required, on dark nights, to expose lanterns on their low, narrow adobe homes. With that the council adjourned for six years, as nothing of surpassing importance came up in the interim. Today's Monterey council meetings may be the liveliest, best attended and most erudite of any city of its size (26,700) in the nation.

'You wouldn't believe it,' says Mayor Minnie. 'When we have an esthetic problem that needs moral support they come from all over the Peninsula, hundreds of them. They care so much that they give their time and nationally-known talents without thought of payment. Landscape artists and architects serve on advisory committees; members of the planning commission, architectural review board, highway advisory commission and city council are heroes, putting years of effort into the careful thought that is retaining the dignity of the Spanish and Mexican eras in a busy modern city.'

'Let me tell you about one elderly man who chose the banks along the sea from Pacific Grove to the Point Piños Lighthouse to express his love of Monterey Peninsula. By himself, he planted miles of gardens, putting in shrubs and trees and ground cover until the ice plant now has spread so widely that from a plane it looks like a great coverlet of magenta spilling into the bay. It had worried him that his lilacs did not have the fragrance of eastern lilacs because they lacked the cold, dormant season. In early springs he hauled ice to them to delay their blooming, just so California people could smell their glory. He was a fine example of life on our peninsula, of the freedom to live and work.'

Now in her second voluntary term, Minnie was elected to city council in 1959 over her stand on the freeway proposal for 'a horrible octopus, five levels high, at the intersection leading to Monterey. Can you imagine this monster at our front gate?'

Elected by the people over the gentle opposition of the Peninsula Herald, which didn't believe that a lady-mayor could be tough enough for the job, Minnie Coyle, woman, mother and grandmother, took up ban-



ners in behalf of many projects. First among them was freeway planning to keep seas of cars from destroying the leisurely pace of the city. With the fishing industry at an all-time low, attention was turned to expansion of tourism, military and education facilities, light industry, and marine and oceanographic research.

'The sea holds much of our future,' says Minnie. 'I would not want the sardines back. Sardines saved us during the depression and now that time is gone. But I never want to lose the flavor of Cannery Row, a strong statement of our history.'

A vast upheaval is occurring along the waterfront where a highway disrupted access to the storied old Custom House, Fisherman's Wharf and the Municipal Wharf and Marina. Blighted buildings have been removed and a two-and-a-half-million dollar tunnel is being built to carry waterfront traffic underground. On top will be a waterfront plaza designed by famed landscape architect Lawrence Halpin. This will be a walkers'

mall with repertoire theatre, charming gardens, small shops and facilities for the leisure life. Mayor Minnie glows when she speaks of it.

'We love what we have. It comes back to people, to caring for people. You take our shabby old wharf that we fight so hard to keep just as it is. We do everything we can to give the fishermen incentive to keep their waterfront markets open. We keep the city's rents so low that two of them are still in business even though many housewives have been trained to buy seafoods in little frozen packages instead of fresh squid and octopus, crabs and red snapper.

'I love nothing better than to start at the wharf and just walk, up Huckleberry Hill to the fishermen's homes, the poisonous gardens bordered with abalone shells, along the arc of the bay on hard, wet sand. All the fire and adventure of our past are here. Monterey isn't fake. It's real. That's our strength.' — Connelly

CANNERY ROW

by Dolly Connelly

You still can get into a terrific argument in Monterey about what happened to the sardines. They vanished totally from the oil-fouled waters in 1945, setting off hue and cry of search that at one time employed a Navy blimp in grid-mapped scrutiny of the Pacific off the California coast. Cries of pain rose from the throbbing heart of the city in a babel of Japanese, Mexican, Chinese, Portuguese, Spanish, Italian and American.

In the same strange year of the death of Monterey's leading industry a wonderful thing happened. A Montereyño named John Steinbeck wrote a book titled 'Cannery Row', and then another, 'Sweet Thursday', which detailed lives of the denizens of Cannery Row, a solid wall of sixteen sardine canneries and fourteen reduction plants extending seven blocks along the coast,

'a poem, a stink, a grating noise, a quality of light, a tone, a habit, a nostalgia, a dream'.

Steinbeck knew them all: Dora, operator of the Bear Flag Restaurant, an old-fashioned, honest, one-price sporting house; Mack and all the boys of the Palace Flophouse and Grill; Doc Ricketts of the Western Biological Laboratory; Lee Chong whose jumbled gro-





Photographed by Hugh Stratford

cery offered every commodity but that which could be had at Dora's; the bums snoring in rusty lengths of pipe and discarded cannery boilers in the weed-grown vacant lots; the fat and feral cannery cats grown sleek on endless rotting fish heads washing at the sea's edge.

Steinbeck had heard the screams of the cannery whistles, each distinctive, each summoning its own flock of workers down from the hillside to Tortilla Flats as the silvery pilchard poured in from the laden seiners, and he knew the peculiar economy of retail merchants in the sardine capital of the world. During the full of the moon when the boats did not go out and the cannery whistles were silent, Monterey lived on credit, until the bright moon waned and the sardine schools again could be followed by their phosphorescent trails.

People read and people came, not a few, but thousands to stare at the dilapidated, silvery buildings that had throbbled with such life.

Monterey, slow to appreciate the value of the sardine in print, took a while to realize that tourists had replaced the fish. The ghost town of abandoned factories linked by conveyor bridges to warehouses, of mussel encrusted piling and mute whistles, exerted as powerful a lure to the visitor as the Path of History to town's beautiful Mexican adobe buildings.

So, Cannery Row Properties Company was organized to transform these silent monuments to the sardine industry into groups of restaurants, shops and art galleries.

Today, the exteriors remain the same, but the smell is gone and in the interiors of the buildings a miracle of sorts has occurred.

Doc's Lab, a weathered clapboard of 800 Cannery Row, now houses a men's club. Lee Chang's now is Good Old Roy's Den of Antiquity and Art Gallery. Flora's, which serves good food and cold draft beer in an atmosphere unmistakably patterned after Dora's Bear Flag; the Warehouse, Kalisa's and Neil de Vaughn's carry on the Row's reputation for great food and hospitality.

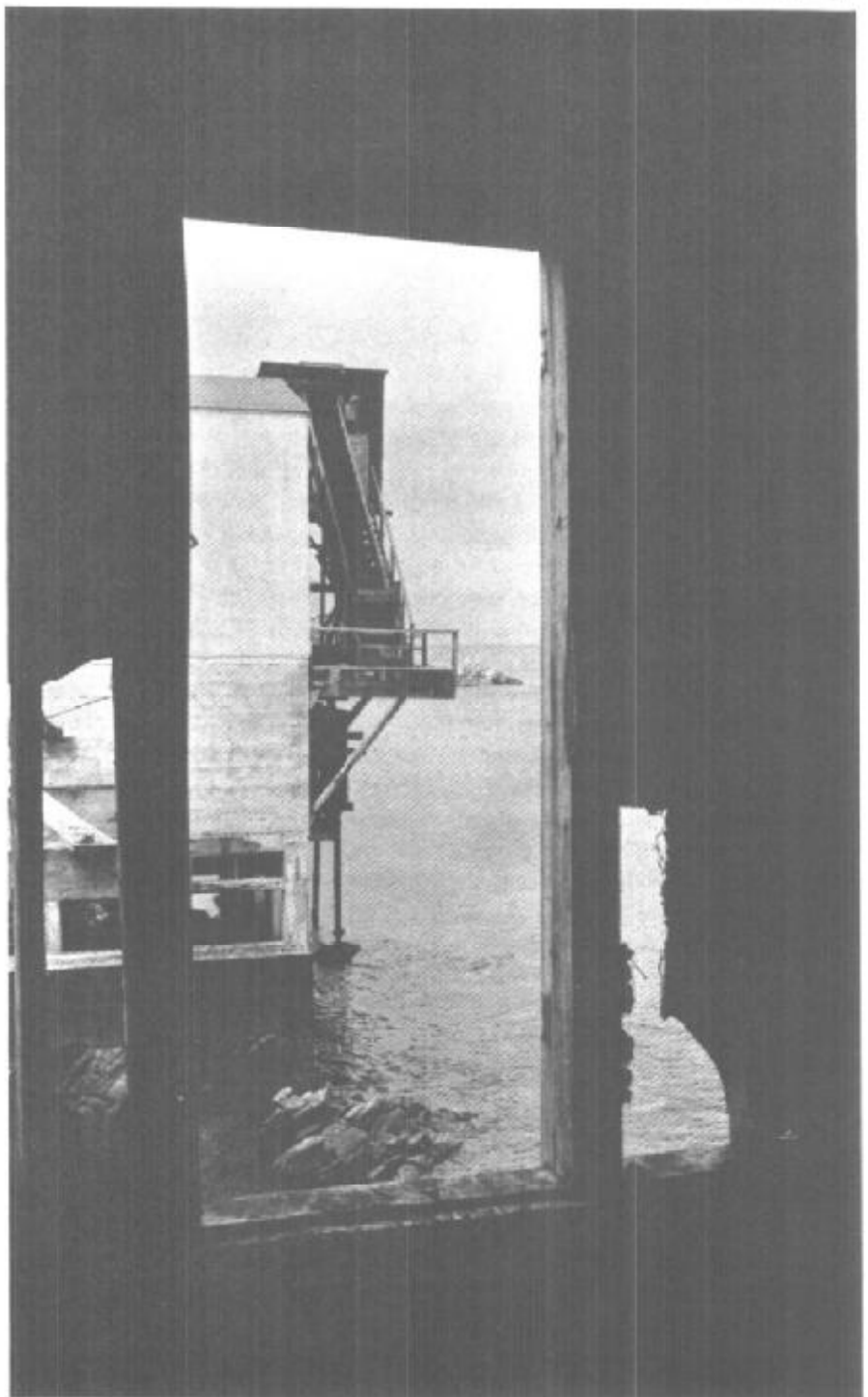
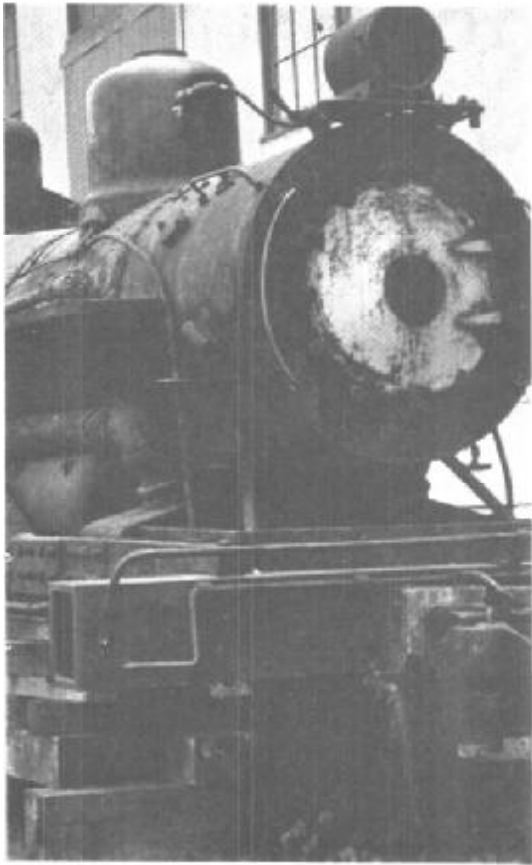
Gordon Reid, manager of Mark Thomas' Outrigger at 700 Cannery Row, presides over the gem of the restoration, a plush Polynesian restaurant in a fantastic setting of marine grandeur in full view of forty-mile-long Monterey Bay. The Steinbeck Plaza, inserted between two canneries, is the setting for a theatre specializing in foreign films. Around the corner is Bob Wind's butterfly shop, book stores, liquor stores, Cannery Row Museum. Ancient walls of upper floors have been knocked out to bring in north light to artists' studios reached by rickety stairs through the echoing interiors of old warehouses.

One cannery still processes fancy fish packs, operating sporadically. The bums still slink into deserted buildings out of the night chill, and set them afire with routine regularity.

Twisted pipes and rusted boilers rise out of the debris with a kind of stark beauty of their own. Plump cats, now fed by good-hearted restaurant chefs, scream with some of the old vigour of the cannery whistles. Ancient Chinese sit in the sun, and empty pint bottles of Old Tennis Shoes glitter in the weeds. At night Cannery Row again is brightly lit as it was when soldiers and cannery workers were directed to La Ida's, Clair's and the Lone Star by neon arrows discreetly pointing up alleys.



Leftovers



A door from Steinbeck's past

THE DOG WALKERS

by Dolly Connelly

We parked by the battle scarred cypress trees at the foot of Ocean Avenue and walked down sloping dunes of Carmel Beach to firm tidal sand, now reflecting the warm light of midday. Off in the distance there appeared a swarm of dogs, largely red setters and collies with a sprinkling of Dobermans and a feisty little terrier, more-or-less escorting an old man, bearded and bare-foot, his pants rolled wetly above his knees.

'Let's ask him,' I prodded Joe. 'He'll know when it was that the people of Carmel stopped tating jugs of dago red down to the beach to wash down stews of muscles and abalone and took to walking poodles. He might even know when it was that dogs became known by the family name, like Spot Johnson and Pal O'Keefe.'

We stopped him, and the dogs— all seventeen of them— came lolluping back from private exploration in seventeen directions and fell upon one another with happy snarls around the old man's knotty legs, making conversation a little difficult.

We learned that he is the Saint Francis of Carmel Beach, walking the shining strand daily from Pescadero Point to Paint Lobos to gather up lost and abandoned dogs and see to their welfare. At that point two setters flung themselves in matricidal leap at the throat of their mother, obviously in protest at our interruption of the daily safari. Saint Francis lifted his hands helplessly and loped off after them.

'So, let's go ask the editor of the Carmel Pine Cone,' I substituted. That's the pet-oriented paper which once carried on a lively controversy for weeks on the advisability of running the vacuum sweeper over long haired cats.

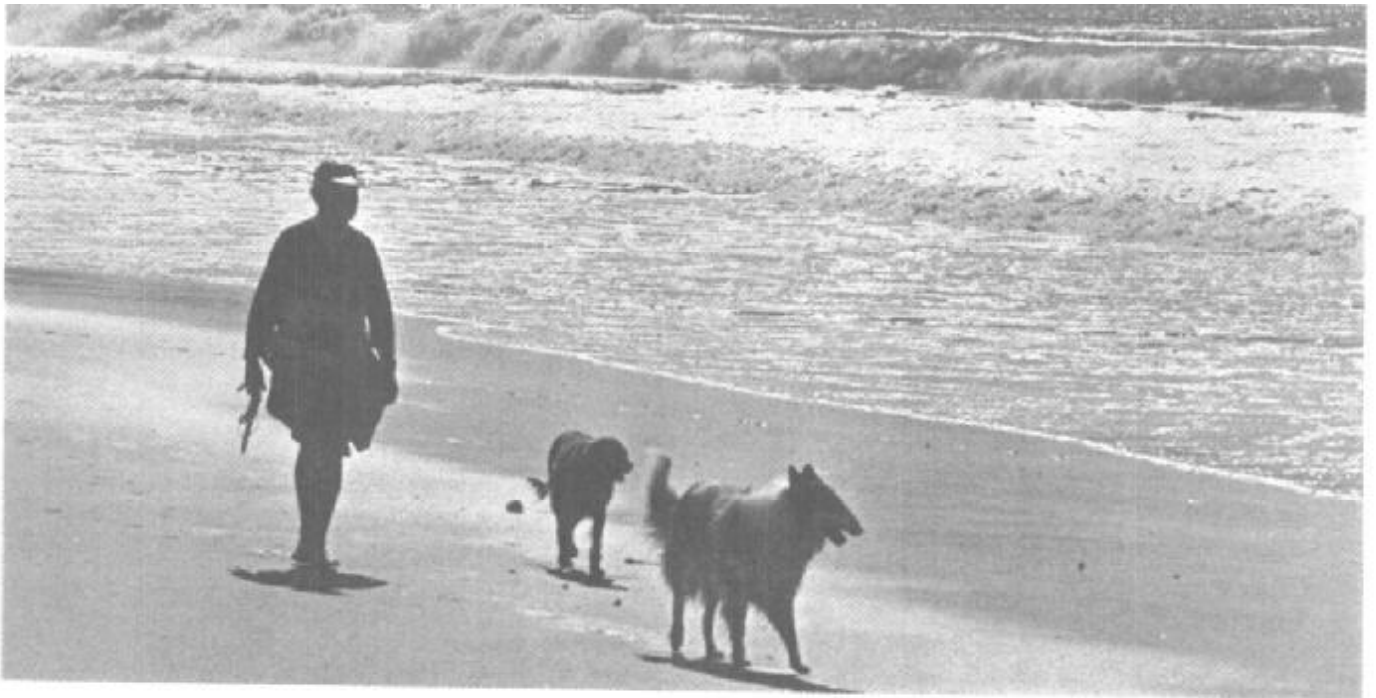
Bill Wells, a young man with an outrageous accent, is so newly come from 'Loosyana' that he digs the

pixilated happenings of Carmel-by-the-Sea. He had just learned with satisfaction that Amy Bingham's benches will be passed unanimously by the planning commission.

'Amy is one of the cutest and brightest of our matriarchs,' Bill told us. 'For years and years Amy and her dog have had this route from her house in the woods down to the post office every morning. But lately she's been kind of getting out of breath, so she let the city council know that she'd appreciate places to rest along the way. Now Amy will have her benches, and I feel pretty good about it. The Pine Cone was pro-bench.'

'Gee, I don't know when it started, but dogs are important citizens in Carmel. I guess you saw the little black Scottie who carries his squeaking rubber bone on walks with his master. At corners he stops and squeaks until he's picked up and carried across the streets. And then there was Biff Clark who used to wear a tag on his collar when his folks were out of town. It named his favorite dog food, so naturally everybody fed him until the Clarks got back.'

Bill mulled awhile. 'It's just that people aren't afraid to be themselves in Carmel. We had a fellow here in the early days, Perry Newberry, who ran for city trustee on the platform, 'Don't Boost.' He waged a spirited campaign for people to vote 'against' him if they wanted street lamps on the corners or had any other civic ambitions, like street signs and mail delivery to their wooded retreats. Carmel once threatened to secede from California if forced to abide by the number system on its homes. Just recently City Councilman Gunnar Norberg suggested putting a fence around Carmel and charging admission of everyone but the residents.



Sanctuary

Bill put the weekly to bed with one last item wedged in the Dog Column. It tells about two ladies in front of Birgit and Dagmar's in conversation about a mutual friend. Said one,

'She's so self-centered, always talking about her dog. Sometimes I like to talk about MY dog.'

We wandered past the Sow's Ear, the Tuck Box, the Galerie de Tours, Viennese Shop and a hundred others, each an exquisite miniature shop offering a staggering variety of goods.

'What do they do if they get four customers at once? Ask the other three to wait on the sidewalk outside?' Joe mused. Suddenly he shouted,

'Your beloved Carmel hasn't changed a bit.'

He pointed with joy to a firmly closed shop bearing the notice: 'Shakespeare's Birthday—back next Friday maybe'.

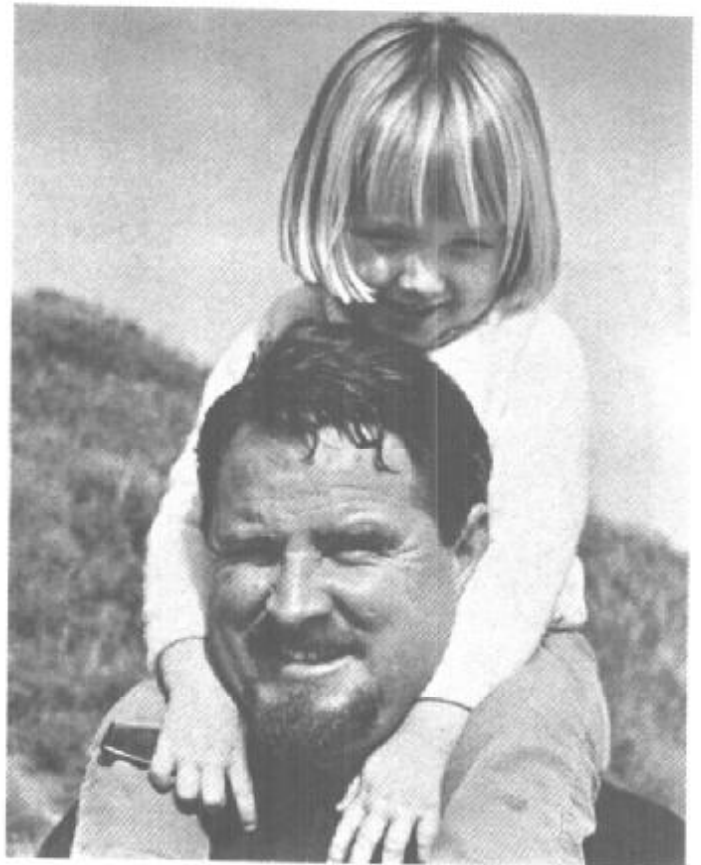
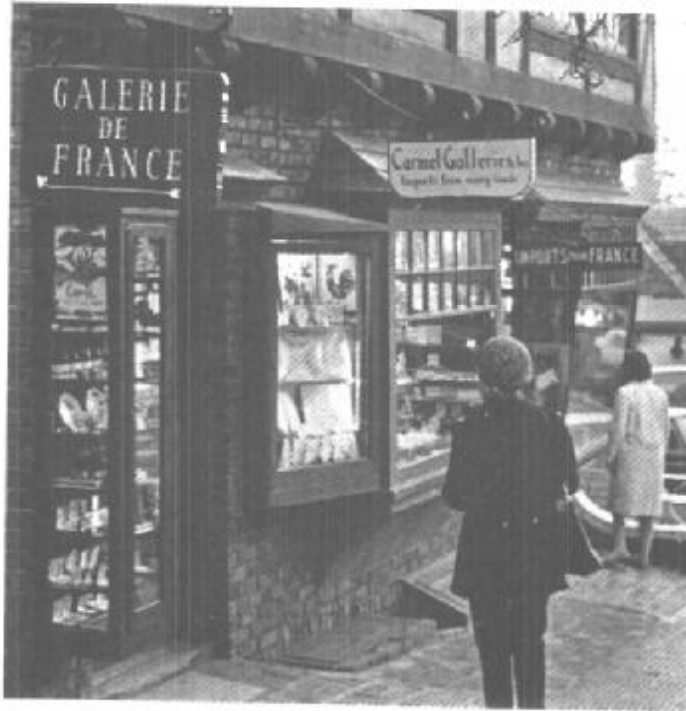
We bought a loaf of sourdough hearth bread, a chunk of Monterey jack cheese and a bottle of wonderful wine at the Mediterranean Market, walked through sea blue wild lilac and windsculptured pines to a great mass of black rock where Robert Louis Stevenson and Fanny Osborne may have sat above the pounding surf. We listened to 'the thrilling roar of the Pacific that hangs over the coast like smoke above battle' and fed the last of our crumbs to sandpipers, those busy little mechanical toys rolling in and out at the water's edge on ball bearings.

We wondered if Carmel can remain forever a haven for the seven arts when its devotees' way of life, their fame, the climate and beauty constitute the subtle threat to their retreat. Some have moved away to Carmel Highlands and Partington Ridge above the Big Sur, still in quest of loneliness, beauty and creative communion with self. Carmel inevitably has achieved compromise among the artists, the senior bluebloods in their white gloves and peach basket hats, the retired military personnel, ordinary citizens and even the hippies who tinkle their bells and do their thing in the plaza.

But its Carmelishness hasn't changed, not really. It still is the most extraordinary village in America, a story-book hamlet in the forest. Sometimes I think I want nothing so much as a poodle and a P.O. box in Carmel.



Pals

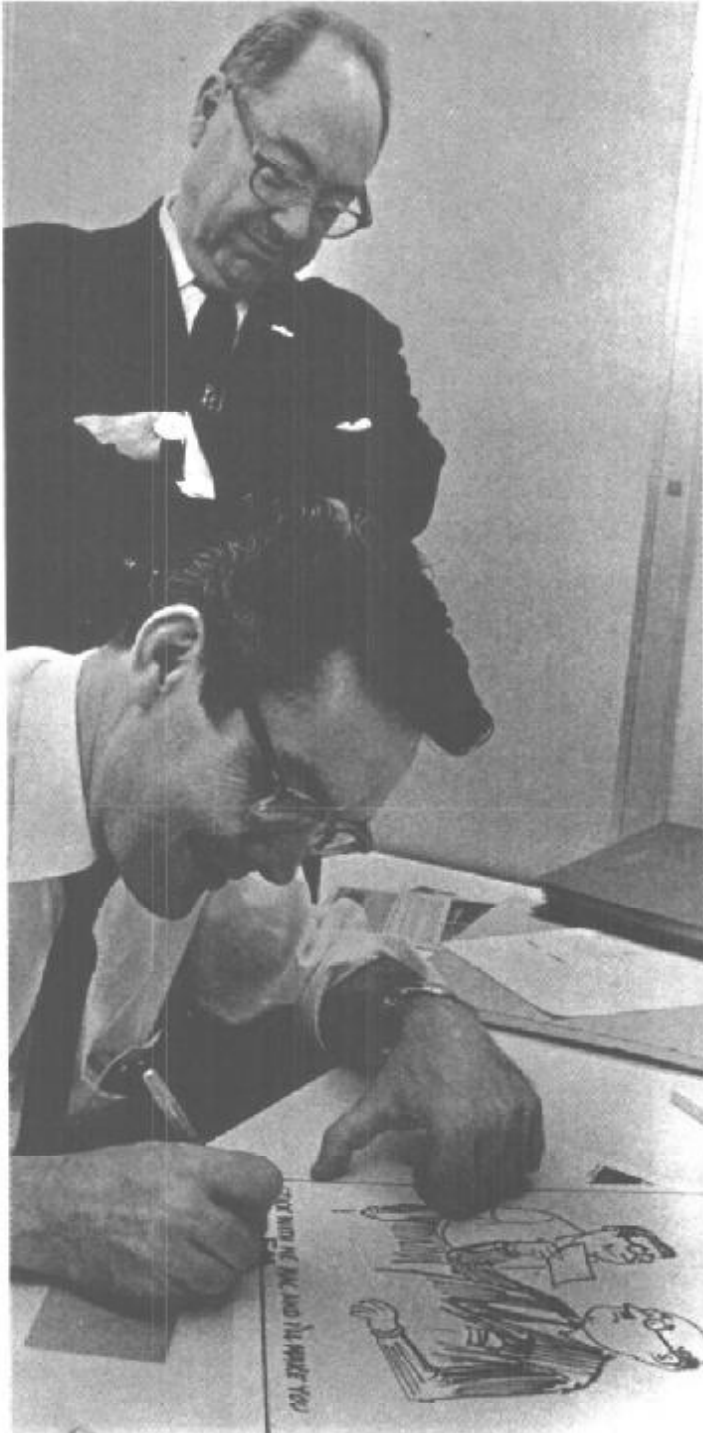


sophisticated shoppers

and men with beards

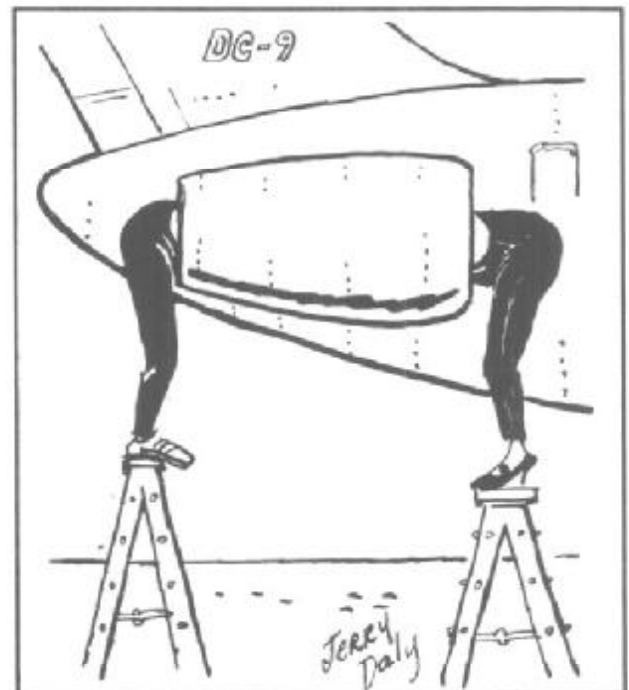


Stick with me, boss,



and I'll make you famous

'Glatz, there's something about you I like'



'Agatha, we can't go on like this'

by Herb Shannon

Life is a laugh a day for Jerry Daly, a happy-go-lucky presentations artist at the big bird farm in southern California where Air West's DC-9 twinjets are hatched.

Jerry can't stop laughing. It's a self-imposed requirement of his job.

Nat that there's anything automatically amusing about his regular work at McDonnell-Douglas Aircraft Division in Long Beach. Illustrating sales brochures and sketching flip-card charts is mighty serious business.

But about eighteen months ago, Jerry volunteered to draw a humorous cartoon for a daily newsletter circulated to workers in the DC-9 offices and assembly lines. Since then he has been translating occupational oddities into graphic guffaws five days a week.

Uncorking a comic idea every day isn't as difficult as it might seem, according to the cartoonist. A former flightline mechanic and jet engine overhaul expert, Jerry has a unique insight into the foibles of shop and office.

'I keep my eyes open and think funny. On a good day I can backlog a week of cartoons.'

The real problem is to shut off the funny-thinking apparatus when Jerry turns his talents back to no-nonsense tasks. He moonlights the excess products of his

runaway imagination to humor magazines and trade publications.

The consistent comedy of Jerry's work has captured the attention of upper echelon Douglas management. Howard Cleveland, divisional vice president of manufacturing, wrote the introduction for a collection of the cartoons recently published as a book.

Cleveland described the cartoons as 'humanly funny, sometimes wry, sometimes rueful, and always directed at the ones we should know best—ourselves.'

The message has a special meaning for Jerry's department head, T. D. (Mac) MacGregor. He has noticed a recurring character in the daily panel, readily identified by a receding hairline, distinctive mustache and horn rim glasses, who is the frequent victim of Jerry's jokes in the wry category.

Fortunately, Mac has a well-developed sense of humor in addition to a receding hairline, distinctive mustache and horn rim glasses.

'Personally, I don't see the resemblance,' he claims. 'Besides, the cartoons are hilarious.' So is his disclaimer.

This gives Jerry some of the finer things of life—rewarding work, and appreciative audience and a chance to poke a little good-natured fun at the boss.

Maybe that's what keeps him laughing.

As long as Mac keeps laughing.

FORTY SEVENTH ISSUE 1968

Photography

By Hugh N. Stratford: Tucson Gateway; Roper Airline; Cannery Row; Monterey Peninsula (two cowpunchers); Dog Walkers (part)

By Dolly Connelly: Peninsula (except cowpunchers); Minnie Coyle; Dog Walkers (part)
Pols by Bill Walls of the Carmel Pine Cone

Cartoonist by Roger Coor, photo manager, Long Beach, Calif. Press-Telegram
Gray's Ark by George Rhodes

DC-9 Series 30 with Air West logo by Douglas Aircraft Division Public Relations Department

Contributors

Tucson Gateway by Gordon Kent of Air West, Phoenix

George Rhodes is a veteran aviation writer for the S. F. Examiner

Herb Shannon is aviation editor of the Long Beach, Calif., Independent, Press-Telegram

Editorial

Published by Air West for distribution throughout the West. Twenty thousand copies this issue

Air West Editorial Board: J. N. Bez Jr. and E. N. Altman

Editor, Donald P. Gooding

Hugh N. Stratford, photographer; Dolly Connelly, staff writer; Harvey Kyllonen, printer

Air West, San Francisco International Airport, San Francisco 94128

Cover

Top: (left) G. Robert Henry, president, Air West; Ed Converse, vice chairman;

Nick Bez, chairman of the board and chief executive officer;

David R. Grace, chairman of the executive committee of the board,

Photo by Jerry Gruman Studio, San Mateo, Calif.

Opposite: Air West's first Series 30 DC-9 nears rollout time at Long Beach

