



TALOIA NEWSLETTER MAY HAVE TO BE DISCONTINUED

Transocean Air Lines people tend to be active, interesting people who come equipped with two traveling feet. Therefore, our annual Taloa Alumni Ass'n. payment of \$5.00 often is overlooked as we "get on with the living!" I know that's certainly true of me.

"He was filled with creative ideas as he always was," she said. "He flew pregnant Danish cattle to the midwest to establish heads there, spent some time flying German tourists to Talma de Mallorca, and once attempted to implement one of his other ideas - working out a ship/airline vacation package like those that are popular today."

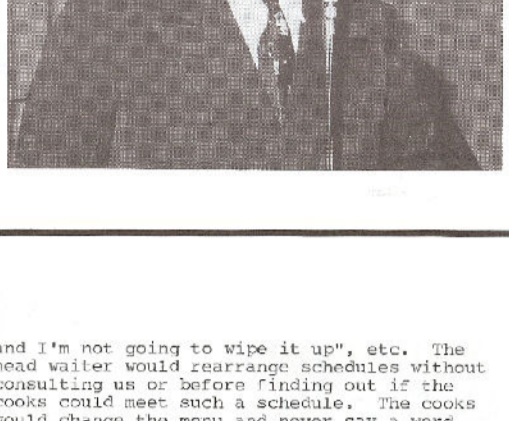
He was trying to establish this as a low cost alternative to scheduled air services, said Edith. But, as usual, he was a man ahead of his time and the plan never got off the ground.

Once, when fighting for the deregulation of airlines in Washington, D. C., Orvis asked for time off from a Senate hearing because he couldn't catch his breath, the first sign that something was amiss. The meeting was adjourned and later rescheduled.

Later on, after taking only a few flights of tourists for the non-skied branch for Marpati Air Rail, he died.

Whether one agreed or disagreed with him, Orvis Nelson was clearly a unique individual as well as a pioneer in the aviation industry. And he is missed.

When asked if Orvis ever commented on the fate of Transocean Air Lines Edith replied, "He said he wouldn't have missed the experience for the world."



THE YEARS AFTER TRANSOCEAN AIR LINES

Many of us have often wondered what Orvis Nelson did in the years between the demise of Transocean Air Lines and his own untimely death.

A recent telephone interview with Edith Nelson answered the lingering question.

THE SPOTLIGHT'S ON.....

Every Taloon who touched down on Wake Island knew Hazel Sorensen and her husband Martin, better known as "Mom" and "Pop" to the many people they served at the Commissary.

Here is how Hazel described their first few months at Wake in an article for her hometown newspaper:

Everyone knows that the first few months on a job are the worst so when my husband and I landed on Wake Island one March night in 1951 we had no illusions.

We were told it was going to be a tough job and it was. There had been more or less in-different supervision or none at all in the commissary department of Transocean Air Lines and we had our orders -- clean the place up - get out good food - keep things in order and running smoothly so the planes could be kept flying.

Our staff consisted of fifty more or less indifferent Filipinos, one Chinese cook and a Japanese baker, all of whom worked when, where or as they pleased. When a group that large has had their own way so long it was something of a problem to insist on new and better ways of doing things.

Martin, my husband, being a Dane, cleaned up the place first. The order of the day was, "Wop it up, NOW." The general attitude was, "Yes, Pop, I'll do it after awhile", which usually ended in it not being done at all. Sweep and mop, scrape and scrub, wash and wipe, scour and polish, he kept them at it for weeks until the place passed military inspection.

Revising cooking habits and changing the seasoning of food was next in order. What was simpler than opening a couple of gallons of cooked pork and beans or spaghetti and meat balls when a plane came in?

The first thing he did was eliminate the soy sauce and three fourths of the garlic. Well seasoned and well cooked food was ordered ready for the passengers when the plane arrived. Menus for a week in advance served as a plan for action. New American foods were prepared and served neatly. Compliments began to come in and we knew we were on the right track.

Last but not least, we attacked the general attitude of our men. When we came it was every man for himself. Never a day passed but what we heard, "I didn't spill the water

and I'm not going to wipe it up", etc. The head waiter would rearrange schedules without consulting us or before finding out if the cooks could meet such a schedule. The cooks would change the menu and never say a word. The baker argued with the cooks as to who used which oven, and to get even either was capable of turning up the heat to ruin a batch of bread or burn a prime rib roast.

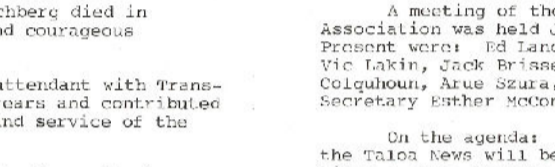
The sign by the door said, "No Admittance. Kitchen Help Only." It didn't mean a thing. That was the shortest way to the Filipino barracks so every brown lad traipsed thru the kitchen stuffing his pockets with whatever he could find enroute. The mechanics and the dispatchers had been used to going into the walk-in ice boxes and ordering whatever they pleased.

That all changed when "Mom and Pop" came. But it wasn't easy. Every requested change had to be followed up with personal supervision, and in some instances requests were followed by demands and by strong arm persuasion. Hardest of all was to get the highway out of the kitchen. Threats of knifing didn't stop us demanding that the sign meant what it said, "Keep Out". But it took Martin standing firm in the doorway one evening and telling two husky young men, "You cannot go this way." Hot words followed resulting in us firing one of our best men, but that ended the trouble.

There were many instances when we just didn't know what plan of action to follow next, and there were many nights when I couldn't sleep just wondering if a knife would come sailing thru the screen.

There was so little cooperation those first weeks and months. They even petitioned the company to get us out. Many times we said to ourselves, "It isn't worth it. Let's take the next plane out." When some flight crewman would come in and tell us how much improved things were, another would say how good the food was now, and the military inspector would exclaim, "We never thought it possible." That would give us courage to stay on for another week.

In August, during our sixth month on Wake, things began to ease up. Order had come out of chaos and with it came the realization that with order, work was so much easier. Confidence in us began to develop and the first hurdle was over.



In Memoriam

Alice Martinez Hirschberg died in March 1984 after a long and courageous battle with cancer.

Alice was a flight attendant with Transocean Air Lines for many years and contributed much to the improvements and service of the company.

She lived in Westport, Connecticut, but her request was to be returned to her City by the Bay.

Alice was a dear friend to many of us. You will be missed, Alice. Goodbye,

Lori Landwehr

BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEETING

A meeting of the Taloa Alumni Association was held June 20, 1984. Present were: Ed Landwehr, Bill Leonard, Vic Lakin, Jack Brissay, Stu Jones, Jack Colquhoun, Art Murray, Ginny Costa and Secretary Esther McConnell.

On the agenda it was decided that the Taloa News will be published three times a year, Aug to continue editing and to invite guest editors for future issues.

Bill Leonard appointed Chairman of the Archives Committee, will explore possibility of a permanent home for the Taloa historical materials.

It was decided that dinners & picnics would be held alternate years. Jack Colquhoun appointed Chairman of the 1985 Spring reunion dinner, co-chairman Ginny Costa.

Board will meet three times a year, first Monday of Feb., June, Oct. Sec'y. will send meeting notices to Board & Comm. members.

Ed Landwehr, Chairman, reported only 87 of 299 members paid dues to date. Dues payable first of year. Jack Brissay volunteered to phone members whose dues are delinquent. Azue to put reminder in newsletter.

Stu Jones, 26, Chairman Ways & Means, has 24 tee shirts, 25 caps available. Flyers to be posted & notice in newsletter.

Resignation of Nadine Kendall accepted. The following were elected members of the Board for a two year term: Bill Leonard, Jack Brissay, Vic Lakin, Jack Colquhoun, Esther McConnell (Sec'y.)

Submitted by Esther McConnell, Sec'y.

Decensed

Marvin Richardson  
Martin Sorensen

NEW MEMBERS DRIVE

Ed Landwehr, Membership & Finance Chairman asks that each Association member try to find a new member to join us. Search out at least one former Taloon and have him/her contact Ed at his NEW ADDRESS: 1502 Shannon Court, Denicla, Ca. 94510, telephone: 707-746-5544.

Let's see if we can get the whole gang together again!

HIGHLIGHTS

A new aero museum is in the works for the Oakland Airport and Bill Leonard has been named to the Board of Directors. More about this exciting news in future issues. Hang on to your Transocean Air Lines memorabilia - we'll have a place to display our historical photographs and papers for future generations.

GET 'EM WHILE THEY LAST!

Stu Jones reports he still has available for sale 24 Taloa Tee Shirts and 26 caps. To reserve yours call Stu at 707-554-0882 or write to him - 505 Acron Street, Vallejo, Ca. 94590.

A stint with JAL also made lasting memories with Charlie Roach, John Zottarelli, Norm Johnson, Frank Kennedy, Beau Zantner, Paul Spellman, Art Ryan, Bill Murray, Al Gucci, Finnie Finlason, Bob Williams (Maint.), et al.

I sincerely apologize to all whose names I've missed, but you have to realize that I am not Herb Caen. However, there is one name that I do remember -- Valerio (Taloa Inspection & Maint.) -- I married her 26 years ago. And that is my relationship with Transocean Air Lines!

"Remember the Kats Caller"....Tom Moyle

Table with columns: Not Feeling Well, Don't Want to, Don't Think We Can Make It, Can't Find Time, Had to Get Up Too Early, Forget Myself, Lost Food/Clothes, etc. Includes a 'TOUGH STORY' card and a 'FLIGHT PERSONNEL' card.

FLIGHT PERSONNEL: Remember this "Tough Story" card?



Dee Wheeler/Edward Yamauchi Sign For Wake BRQ-Xmas 1952

No wonder this much loved lady is still being visited by Transocean people today at her home in McGregor, Minnesota!

Here is an excerpt from a recent letter she wrote to the Association:

I do enjoy reading the Taloa Newsletter. Last September two former employees came to visit me. What a thrill to be remembered! My husband and Mrs. Barney Neilsen and Jose Rimorin of Seattle, Washington. Barney's mother lives in Duluth and the Taloa Newsletter said I lived in McGregor so he called up and wanted to know if "Wake Island Hazel Sorensen" was answering the phone.

I - kind of puzzled - said, "Why I guess I could be called Wake Island Hazel

Sorensen. Who in the heck are you?" He answered, "I am Wake Island Barney Neilsen. My wife and I want to know where we can find where you live."

That wound up in a truly memorable visit - I hope it won't be the last.

Martin passed away in 1971 and I miss him so, but I feel comfortable in this home for the elderly. It'll be 88 years old Feb. 5th. I coach a Bible lesson every Wed. a.m. from 10 to 11 o'clock, belong to the Day Center, WFK Aux. and assist the nurse in blood pressure tests, etc., etc. Just call me Hazel Willy? I also play a wicked hand of cribbage. Must close. My pen seems to be tired or something.

Greetings to all, Hazel A. Sorensen



Hazel Sorensen Serving The Hazel Special-Wake Island

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