

had insufficient baffling, causing the fuel to slosh on take off and causing so much force that she couldn't handle it. The ship was brought back from Hawaii with wings off, lashed to the deck of a freighter. It was brought to the Lockheed plant, the fuselage tanks were reworked, with more baffles installed. Landing gear was replaced, etc.

My meager contribution to the repair was to replace the small skylight window in the lavatory, just a 6" disk-piece of plexiglas which was cracked. I replaced it, riveting it in with soft 2s aluminum rivets with the joint sealed with aluminum paste. I could identify it today, as one of the 3/32" rivet holes got too large in the drilling, so I increased the size of that one rivet to 1/8" 2s aluminum.

Her second attempt was made going east bound and she was lost on one of the last legs in the South Pacific, heading for Hawaii.

My Buddy George Thomson...

George Thomson had gone to Moscow, Idaho in the summer of '34. His uncle Chris Hagen was to put him through the University of Idaho in return for George's working for Hagen Packing Co. and retail store. We had kept in touch and when George found that Paul and I were working together, he wanted out of Moscow. He was paying dearly for his education with the 12-14 hour days he was working for Chris. Paul was still staying at his Aunts May's and Eva's in Huntington Park and I was at a boarding house close by. The commute was over 25 miles one way. Paul was furnished a cold breakfast (scrambled egg sandwich on coarse grain bread, as his aunt didn't want noise in the kitchen that early). Starting time at the Lockheed plant was 7 am. Paul had wanted to get an apartment for us closer to the plant but the two of us couldn't afford a decent one. Beginning in March '37 when George knew I was in L.A. and working at Lockheed, Moscow lost its glory. Aircraft work was available in most of the L.A. area factories. George came to L.A. in March and roomed with me. He took a quick course at Fletcher aircraft school and got a job at Douglas in Santa Monica, as Lockheed was at a low spot at the time.

We soon found an apartment in Glendale, only 15 minutes' commute for Paul and me but about 20 miles for George. We had a nice housekeeping apartment at 309 W. Colorado in Glendale.

It was continuous old-home week. I cooked, George made the lunches and Paul did the kitchen clean-up work. I got up at 5:15 am to get the show going and make a hot breakfast, which Paul appreciated. We were together there from Apr. '37 to May '38. We had a good time and good meals!