

Penny: "25 male Indians? you better start from the beginning!"

Clair: "I better! I've been busy. It seems for the last 3 days I've lived in the air. Time Walker and I got back early in the morning. I was to call California about the films. Appointment was for 4:30p.m. in Universal City to pick up the films. The Company was not interested in the big deposit to protect, so I had to promise to return them. After picking them up, having given the hanger number in Phoenix, I was to wait till some visitors would come and was to approve their coming and boarding my plane, to the front gate. An old dusty Pick Truck pulled up and 25 of the roughest and toughest looking Indians I ever saw got on, and looking out- I could see red flashing lights and sirens. Every security guard in Phoenix was heading this way. Confused, I just sat down and waited. Flash lights and guns were pointed into MY PLANE!!!! I screamed and a big Indian- I mean a big Indian stood up! He looked like it was five feet across his huge shoulders, almost seven feet tall. He walked over to the door and gave a look. I swear!!! the looks on the security faces!!!! you could swear they were looking at the face of death. Outside you could hear feet running car tires screeching- it was clear-"Lets get the hell out of here!" repeated time and again.

One of the Indians leaned over and said: fly to Albuquerque. Once over Tulsa, ask for a change to Cheyenne. Land and go to the far end of the runway. We will get off. You are also to give us the film. It will be returned to your house in Santa Fe. You are to refuel and fly onto Buffalo, New York where you will meet some friends of yours who will tell you what to do.

I did just that...except in Cheyenne.."

Buddy: "What happened in Cheyenne?"

Clair: "Well! my plane was being refueled and one of the service men came to the door and said:"Maam! we have troubles!" I went to the

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