

door, and outside, my plane was surrounded by men in full combat dress with automatic rifles about fifty feet away from the plane. Well! these Indians must of given me guts because I made like I was mad and shouted; 'WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON THERE?' A soft spoken man with Captain Bars came forward and said: 'Madam! with your permission, we would like to know who is in your plane?' ME AND MY FLIGHT CREW! I shouted. 'Madam! with your permission, may we see?' SURE! I shouted. He followed me in with a pimple face young Lieutenant bring up the rear. He looked everywhere but couldn't find what he was looking for. Finally he speaks: "Madam! what happened to the Indians you picked up in Phoenix?" I dropped them off down at the end of the runway. They needed a ride and they changed their minds and wanted to land here. Is there a law about landing here and- is there a law I can't give a ride to Indians?....."No Madam, there isn't any such laws. Do you know the names of the Indians you gave a ride too?" I answered; Of course I don't. there just Indians who needed a ride. With that they left running. they drove down to the end of the runway and you could see search and spot lights all over the place."

Buddy? "How long did you stay there in Cheyenne?"

Clair: "Not long! However I waited almost 24 hours in Phoenix before the Indians showed up."

Stranger: "Clair Andersen?"

Clair: "Yes!"

Stranger: "Please, my credentials! We have some forms for you to fill out." Clair gives them a quick glance.

Clair: "What do I put down, for giving some Indians who needed a ride, I had several men with automatic rifles ready to shoot me? What the hell is going on?"

Stranger: "Once you have filled the forms out, you will find our office

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