

Chuck Wooten

Left VC-8 and went to Atlanta to become a recruiter for pilots, that sucked So got out of Navy to become an airline pilot with 800 hrs, that didn't work. Got divorced. Was able to get back in the Navy as VT-4 instructor pilot, P'cola. Flew there for 5 years mainly cq, guns and low level. Married Dona who I had known pre-high school. Navy finally found me and was shipped off to Sigonella and flew the CT-39G for 3yrs... 1100 hrs in heavy multi-eng jet.

Tranfered to NAS Millington and flew C-12 , started running into friends that were all pilots at this place called Fedex, uhg freight company with no adoring passengers to worship pilots. Got thrown into steel cage with a rabid wolverine called Capt Fato, chief pilot, and while in Miami with PanAm got a phone call from Mr. Smith telling me that Fedex could not survive unless I joined and flew as a S/O on a B727-100. 20+ later, retired as MD-11 Capt. Did all the normal stuff: bought a Harley, Corvette, saw 3 Dogs, Northern Lights, Southern Cross, but never invested in any of the many get rich overnight deals, pizza long haul trucks, China cell phone, grd floor on that one. So not walking I-40 picking up beer cans for cat food/making ends meet. Normal boring life.

Chuck

Only place ever got shot at was Beirut while picking survivors of Marine bombing, oh, and when the Spanish destroyers cut my Tdu-22 cable 500 ft behind me with 2 miles of cable strung. Greatest accomplishment: never spent a night on a Navy boat!!!!!!!
FLY NAVY!