

In Memory of
Captain Beau Fields
April 4, 1937—September 14, 2000



Beau passed away from a massive heart attack while in Honolulu. He and his wife, Colleen, were celebrating their twelfth anniversary.

Beau started his career on December 7, 1960, as a ramp agent for Piedmont Airlines in Cincinnati, Ohio (CVG). He was also based in Rocky Mount, N.C. (RWI) and Tri-Cities, Tenn. (TRI), which was closer to home for him. It was in TRI that he and his cousin, Captain Donnie Campbell, decided it would be fun to fly. So, they bought a Tri-Pacer and learned how to fly.

I met Beau in the crew room in Atlanta, Ga (ATL). Beau was one number senior to me. Beau was not in my class; he was a class of one. The Company called him on a Saturday in 1969 to go to Norfolk to start his pilot career as third man on the B-737. Someone once said there is no stronger bond of friendship than a mutual goal, and our goal was to get off that jumpseat!

Finally, we checked out as First Officers on the B-737. The Company required six hours of observation time before we could fly right seat. Beau, remembering all his jumpseat time, put down 1,500 hours plus 6 hours observation time. The FAA asked, "What is this?" Beau replied, "I guess I'm a little slow; but when I get it, I got it!"

His first Captain bid was on the YS-11. Everyone liked to fly with Beau. He was part of the Roanoke base that was so notorious for the pranks they pulled on fellow pilots. He was the unassuming one, so you never knew what part he played. Beau was a true Southern gentleman.

Our lives are different without him, but the memories he left are legendary. Beau's attitude was as Will Rogers once said, "We can't all be heroes, because someone has to sit on the curb and clap as they go by." He was my hero.

Goodbye, old friend.

Jim Hamilton
Retired