

Jean Joseph Gabriel Bouadana - Known to us all as Joe Bouadana.

Husband, Father, Grandfather, Brother and Friend. It is almost impossible to talk about the life of this man in minutes. All of us who knew and loved him have a Joe Bouadana story to tell.

He was born on August 9th 1939 in Casablanca Morocco. The eldest of 3 brothers, Hubert being the middle brother and Daniel the youngest. He always said his childhood was idyllic - he had everything - the Atlantic ocean that he loved, and his parents owned the largest bakery and pastry shop in Casablanca.

In 1958, when the French government relinquished control of Morocco, he moved with his family to San Antonio, Texas. He attended San Antonio college until 1960 and then with an urge to see the world he volunteered to join the US army. He was sent to Korea for 2 years - followed by 1 year in Fort Rucker, Alabama. In Fort Rucker he found his niche in the payroll department; where it seemed he ran some kind of Sargeant Bilco type loan scheme to the GI's who always ran out of money before pay day.

After 3 years of army discipline, he decided that he had enough. So in 1963 he left the Army with the unique distinction of enrolling with the rank of private and leaving with the rank of private.

After he left the Army, he moved to New York where he worked at several different jobs until he was hired by PAN AMERICAN as a reservation agent. Then finally in April 1965 he joined TWA as flight purser. He worked for TWA for almost 40 years.

His escapades with the company are legendary; as everyone who ever flew with him will attest to. Being around him was never dull - it was always an adventure. So many stories to tell, so little time to tell them, so we have chosen one of the more legendary stories that he was best known for.

Joe was working a flight from New York to Paris, and just as they approached the French coast line they heard that the French air traffic controllers were on strike.....again. So Paris airport was closed. All air traffic was being diverted to Geneva or other near by airports within Europe. Joe just happened to be in the cockpit as the Captain was talking to air traffic control, the crew were tired and had been looking forward to their good baguette sandwich and a nice cold beer. As you were all aware, Joe never took no for an answer. He asked the Captain for permission to speak to the controllers. He spoke to them at length in French and a few minutes later he said to the captain - "OK We Are Landing". The Captain, who did not speak a word of French, was amazed and intrigued as to what Joe had said to them; "I'll tell you later, just land the F#*king Plane before those suckers change their mind". So they landed at the deserted airport - the only transatlantic flight to get in that day. After the passengers had

deplaned, the Captain, who by this time was getting very nervous, walked to the back of the plane where he found Joe breaking the seals on the Duty Free liquor carts and piling 6 bottles of scotch into a bag. Now the Captain is really worried. "I promised the ATC guys 6 bottles of scotch if they let us in, so we got to pay up"! The Captain was just beside himself because he was giving away the company liquor. "Don't worry Captain, I will sort it out with them when I get back. They are gonna thank me for all the money I saved them on the gas and the hotel bills." Which is what he did when he got back to Kennedy with the help of his long suffering supervisor.

He was a man of many talents and had many hobbies and interests. He had a great interest in horses and horse racing. Very few people knew that he had his horse trainers license from the state of Oklahoma. Even though the license was for flat racing he really preferred harness racing which he had been involved in for many years in France and shared ownership in several horses.

He always lived his life to the full. He really loved his retirement to Florida to the Harbour Club, and his bridge club - which he would try and attend through hurricanes and even his illness over this past 6 months.

His love and knowledge of history was well known. Not just French and American, but worldwide history. He entertained the passengers with his PA announcements with his knowledge of the cities and areas they were flying over and always injected a little humor into them to make it fun. This love of history he also installed into his 2 sons, Jamie and Philippe, who maybe did not appreciate it at their young age, but on one occasion especially really took advantage of it.

He never minded spending money on anything that was to do with their education, but drew the line at anything else, namely video games! So Jamie tells the story about when he was 11 years old and Philippe 9. We both wanted 20 pounds to buy a new video game. So they devised a scheme to get the money. They printed out a dubious letter, supposedly from their school saying that the class was going on a history trip to Cardiff Castle and they needed 20 pounds for the trip. So Joe paid up without question - we don't know to this day if he ever found out the truth but I think he would have been proud of them anyway for following in his footsteps and probably the only 2 people to have fooled Joe Bouadana on more than one occasion.

We all know the Joe Bouadana trade mark of the Cuban cigar (fake, if anyone from US customs asks), dark glasses and last but not least, his obsession with VW Beetles. Over the years he owned about 8 of them - all in different colors. He often gave flight attendants lifts to hanger 12, it was nothing to see 3 flight attendants squashed in the back and front with suitcases piled on top. The beetle would go chugging into hanger 12 with clouds of cigar smoke billowing out of the side windows (Joe's Air

Conditioning system). Several uncomfortable looking flight attendants buried in the back seat. Then everyone knew that Joe Bouadana had arrived to take his flight.

I think we also have to mention Lenny Cagno, our crew bus driver at Hangar 12. Lenny's mission in life (besides driving the bus) was to try and steal Joe's Beetle. His ultimate goal was to get the keys and somehow lift it up at Christmas time on the ledge above the entrance of the hangar, as replacement for the usual Christmas tree, and cover it with lights! In the meantime he had to settle for something less. Each time Joe parked his car at the hangar and left for flight; Lenny, with the help of his mechanic friends would push the Beetle to a different parking location. So when Joe returned he would be walking up and down the hanger and muttering "That f#*king Lenny has been at it again"! You will be pleased to know that when Joe moved to Florida from New York he finally gave his Beetle to Lenny, who still has it to this day.

Joe made friends all over the world. Wherever he was, like the Pied Piper, he attracted people with his larger than life character. From the airplane cleaners in Paris and Tel-Aviv, to his dear friend the Prince of Cambodia, he literally was at home with beggars and kings.

He dearly loved his family - his wife Betty, married in 1975, he always said it was a marriage of beauty and the beast! He was so proud of his 2 sons Jamie and Philippe, and also his beautiful granddaughter Madeleine, the daughter of Jamie and Becky. He was also happy in the knowledge that Philippe and Amanda are expecting a boy in May.

From Jamie and Philippe: Pops, we always knew of your love of history, now you are part of our history and it will always be known to us as the Joe Bouadana years. We promise to have a family, which will be full of love and fun just as our life has been, and will tell the stories of our Pops to our children and they to theirs.

Betty said that of all the calls of sympathy she has received none of them touched her heart like that of the aforementioned Lenny the TWA crew bus driver. Our boisterous great big macho Italian friend! He left a message on the phone in a quiet emotional voice, he simply said, "Betty I am so sorry, I really loved that guy".

There is no better epitaph than anyone could wish for - to have given and received such an abundance of love from so many people is a precious gift; worth far more than wealth, power, or prestige.

So, our darling Joe: adios, au revoir, arrivederci and goodbye. We will miss your laughter, your bright light, and your presence. Your light might be dimmed, your voice is silenced, but your memory and love will live forever in our hearts.