

Deer-hunting rifles prove undoing of plane's hijacker

Washington Post Service
WASHINGTON — The gentle deer that ramble across Dulles International Airport's 10,000 acres in Virginia proved to be the undoing of Arthur G. Barkley, the bare-chested gunman who hijacked the TWA airliner Thursday.

Because the animals stray onto runways, they are a hazard to planes. So Dulles is one of the nation's few airports where police are armed with hunting rifles and each year they bag several score deer.

Thursday night, two of the crack police marksmen, P. J. Farnham and George C. Armitage Jr., had a different target. Riding on a 2,500-gallon fog foam fire truck, their mission was to knock out the six 12-ply tires on the stretched-out 727 jetliner. Their fire immobilized the plane and was the key to Barkley's capture.

Barkley was in the cockpit, holding a .22 revolver in one hand and a razor in the other over the flight captain, Dale C. Hupe, and his first officer, Donald Salmonson.

The hijacker never saw the fire truck creeping up behind the plane and he never heard the shots from the high-powered hunting rifles because the plane's engines had been revved up on his orders for another takeoff.

This was precisely the way the scene had been planned by James T. Murphy, a former FBI agent who is deputy director of the Washington airports, and R. Daniel Mahaney, manager of Dulles. They had improvised their scheme Thursday afternoon

when TWA executives in New York gave them authority to prevent the plane from taking off again.

Barkley had commandeered the plane earlier in the day, had been given \$100,000 on his first landing at Dulles, but ordered the craft back again, this time demanding \$100 million in cash.

Murphy, Mahaney and the TWA executives had concluded that Barkley was so irrational that there was no possibility of meeting his demands. They determined the plane could not be allowed to go aloft again with its 50 other passengers and crew of seven.

Over the phone, they discussed and rejected several other schemes to halt the plane. One was to send an armed man into the craft to deliver the money bags (this time stuffed with shredded newspaper instead of bills). Another was to block it with fire trucks.

But both plans could be defeated by Barkley, holding his gun and razor at the heads of Hupe and Salmonson. The airport men determined that the plane had to be immobilized without Barkley's knowledge and they hit on the plan of the marksmen in the concealed fire truck.

When the plane came to a halt, Barkley sent Capt. Billy Williams and flight engineer James Hankins to the rear door to pick up the 40 "money" bags lying on the runway. Williams had come aboard when the craft first landed at Dulles in midafternoon because Barkley had de-

manded a pilot qualified to fly over international routes.

Passengers took advantage of the pause to scramble out the main cabin door up front, through the two left side emergency exits onto the wing, down the emergency chute in the rear and the stairway in the tail.

Four or five, however, stayed rooted in their seats and the three stewardesses knelt by them.

Williams, now in the rear, spotted Mahaney on the ground and signaled with his hands for a gun. Mahaney tossed up a .38 police special revolver. But a few seconds later, Williams returned to the emergency chute door, flipping the gun's cylinder to show it had no bullets. Mahaney dug into his shoulder holster and threw up another revolver, this one loaded.

Williams never had a chance to use it. A dozen FBI men under John McDermott, the agent in charge of the Alexandria office, suddenly appeared on the scene.

They ran under the plane's fuselage and to the main cabin door, up front on the plane's left side. Then, according to crew members in the plane and Federal Aviation Administration men on the ground, this is what happened:

The FBI men, wearing bulletproof vests, hoisted the smallest of their number up on their shoulders to the sill of the door, 8 feet 9 inches above the ground.

The little agent came up firing, then suddenly slipped back. Barkley, using the cockpit bulkhead as a shield, put out only his right, firing

hand and began pumping away at the FBI man from about 4 feet.

The little agent came back up to the door sill, firing again, and a shot nicked Barkley's right thumb.

The gun battle gave the two crew members their chance and they seized it. Salmonson grabbed Barkley around the neck; Hupe lunged for his waist. Barkley, a 200-pounder, wrestled Hupe into a seat and then, apparently, fired the shot into his intestines that has put the captain in the hospital.

Salmonson tore the gun from Barkley's grasp as three or four FBI agents, one after the other, clambered through the narrow door and piled into the hijacker.

Barkley struggled furiously, his nose was bloodied, and finally he was subdued and handcuffed.

The bizarre flight was over.

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Mon, Mar 11, 2019