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In 1892, my Grandmother, with her five young sons and her brother, moved from Pittsburgh to a town 15 miles east, called Wilmerding. It was there George Westinghouse started to manufacture the air brake, which he had invented. One of my Grandmother's sons became the constable of Wilmerding. The other sons worked for the Westinghouse Air Brake Company. The boys then built my grandmother a twelve room house with a stable for the horses and carriages. The house was situated on a hill in Wilmerding, with the Pennsylvania railroad between it and the Westinghouse plant. In three generations, my family had logged over 300 years working for Westinghouse.

I was born in that grand house on May 21, 1923. I was the fifth child of six children. My parents named me Sarah Jane, after my grandmother who had died in 1906.

My interest in aviation started at a young age. We lived on the final approach of our county airport, and I was fascinated when I saw a plane flying over. Flights at that time were few and far between. I'd sit on the porch and wait for one. I started a scrap book and clipped stories about Charles Lindbergh and Amelia Earhart.

In 1937, my best friend, Dorothy, died of leukemia, she was only fourteen. I couldn't understand why this had to happen. It was a sad time for me that summer. Then, as I entered high school, my thoughts turned to being a doctor some day.

At the age of sixteen, I would go to our local airport and watch the Piper Cubs take off and land. Upon graduation from high school, I took a job with Westinghouse and started ground school and flying lessons. My instructor talked of Teresa James, who had flown there before me. I knew what I wanted to do, so I increased my flying time to achieve the 35 hours required for the W.A.S.P. I was accepted in October of 1943 but was not called until the class of 44-9 formed in April of 1944. Upon graduation from W.A.S.P. training, I was stationed at Freeman Field in Seymour, Indiana. I have many fond memories of Avenger Field and Sweetwater, Texas. We had our ups and downs, but somehow, we persevered.

After the W.A.S.P. was deactivated, I met with classmates of 44-9 in Fort Worth for training as an air traffic communicator. Upon completion of this course, four of us were sent to work at the airport in Albuquerque, New Mexico. It was here that we heard that news that the Japanese had surrendered, ending World War II. The celebration was like every other town-WILD!!

I transferred back to Pittsburgh via Boston and was married in 1946. In the ensuing years, we started a business. I was blessed with four children: Glenn, Carl, Barbara and Scott.

In 1970, my husband asked for a divorce, which I granted. I then needed to find a job and was hired by McKesson Laboratories. I was one of five women in Pittsburgh to work a "pilot project" introducing McKesson's pharmaceuticals to the medical profession. This transition did not come about without the help of relatives and Roberta, a friend and neighbor. The ad was for a pharmaceutical representative. Seymour was where I was stationed as a WASP, in 1944. When I applied for the position, and the company learned of my history, they treated me like a long lost friend. Excited, I started working for Central Pharmaceuticals. Freeman Field had been transformed into an industrial complex. As Central's pharmaceutical representative, I worked the Southwestern Pennsylvania area for 21 years. For more than 10 years, I was the company's only female representative. I will always be grateful to them, because the opportunity gave me the means to meet the needs of my children and myself.

I retired at age 70. My children all seem to be happy in the paths they pursued. My three grandchildren are well and happy. I feel life has been good to me. It has been 60 years since my best friend, Dorothy, died. We haven't conquered leukemia yet.

