

Daryl Bond

This Bond Flies High in Happy Retirement...and in His Rare, Restored Mustang

The sleek, black Mercedes – with California plates “007” – screams across the tarmac like the proverbial bat out of hell. Heads on the premises turn. *Who’s that?*

The name’s Bond. Daryl Bond.

Like the infamous secret agent whose name, if not suave, he shares, Bond has important business at hand. Her Majesty’s Secret Service might wish it had this Bond, Daryl, in lieu of that other if it knew as we do exactly what business this is. Because when it comes to owning and flying one of only 10 P-51 Mustang D-model planes ever made, a craft for whose dismantled bits he paid \$252,000 and then had reassembled into a rare and remarkable showpiece, this Bond has everyone exclaiming it:

How cool!

Daryl Bond isn’t wont to be cool, of course. As the retired founder and sole owner of family-run All-Coast Forest Products, Inc., a Cloverdale, California lumber and building materials concern, he is too caught up in the ongoing joys of his life to bother much about appearances. There is the upcoming 50th wedding anniversary he is excited to celebrate with his wife, Joanne, for example. There is also all those other family matters. “My oldest grandchild – we have six – is 23 or 24 and has a live-in girlfriend,” he says. “I wish to hell he’d get married. I want to be a great-grandfather!”

There isn’t a lot this Bond wishes that Bond doesn’t get – not since he was 10 years old, the son of a surveyor, and living with his large family in Beaverton, Oregon. Just across the river was an airbase where, around the time Pearl Harbor got bombed, he says, the skies were ablaze with dog-fighting P-38s, P-40s, P-47s and Mustangs. These were the craft training for work

overseas. He says: “I can still see him, plain as day. The guy who came in with a Stearman. He’s got the helmet, the goggles, the white kerchief. This was God to me.” However much Bond wanted to be that god, the boy who after high school worked any job that would have him – journeyman carpenter, apprentice machinist, barber-shop shoe-shiner, dishwasher, rototiller



operator – also wanted to be a doctor.

“I was age 19, it was the Korean War, and I knew damn well I was going to be drafted,” he says. So to avoid the Army I enlisted in the Air Force.” Boot camp in San Antonio, Texas (“God bless it”) spared him. “At the end of training they post your name on a board, and all these guys were going to Tokyo and Berlin,” he says. “There’s my name, Daryl Bond, assigned to the military medical center, right there in San Antonio.” The would-be doctor was trained as a surgical technician, and whatever it was – car wreck, plane crash (“I even delivered a baby in an ambulance

once”) – when the job called for sewing people up, Bond was the man. “I was much better than actual doctors at suturing,” he says, veteran of countless appendectomies and cesareans. Bond’s talents in the operating room earned him his next assignment: supervising recruits at an Arctic survival school found in the Sawtooth Mountains of Idaho. “Oh, man, fascinating!” he says.

“But cold. Eventually, I got fed up because it was so damn cold.” Yes, it was warmer climes – and medical school proper – that called. So after the Air Force in 1953 it was off to the University of Oregon, where, Bond laughs, “it took me exactly one year and six months of chasing girls and drinking beer to flunk out.” Certainly he wasn’t “an eight-ball that got sent to Korea,” but at age 22 and soon working the only job now that would have him – sweeping floors and loading boxcars at a sawmill in Eugene, Oregon – Bond wasn’t his own idea of winner either.

“One day, burned up, I just took my \$49, got in the car and took off,” he says. “I had no idea where I was going, I was just going.” Where that going got Bond, in time, was to southern California. By now he was married to “Jo”, expecting the first of their three children, and working his way up at another lumber company until it got sold, went broke – *whatever* – and let him go. Being at the bottom did not suit Bond at all.

“I said to my boss and another guy, ‘Let’s just start our own damn business,’” says the entrepreneur who today has passed to his son Kent, 47, management of a company that does \$180 million in sales and has up to 100-acre plants not only in Cloverdale and Chino, California, but also in Denver and Salt Lake City. His own “damn business” and not med school, after



all, proved to be the key to Bond’s stellar life trajectory, for to look at its mission and vision statements, to be privy to its established philosophy, is to understand the man behind the success.

“Do the right thing!” the philosophy declares. “People rule!” it proclaims. Remember always, “It has to be fun!”

Funny how fun just kept turning up. And when it arrived in the bits and bolts of the dismantled Mustang, this master of the art of possibility was on it. A pilot since 1982, Bond’s boyhood vision of a god in goggles and white kerchief took form on him as flyer of Cessnas (152, 172, 182), buyer of a T-6 Texan, and, ultimately, guy whose dual-control, gorgeously restored Mustang “D” is the envy of every admiring “VIP, general, admiral and CEO of this or that” who eagerly will pay for the privilege to take it for a spin. “Because so few were

made, hot shots like Eisenhower had one,” says Bond of the wartime “TF” (trainer-fighter) that his buddies, the restoration experts at Chino’s Planes of Fame Museum, loved, honored and respected back to glory. “They used it as a toy.” Hot shots like Bond, however, know that some toys are meant to be treated with special care. “Oh, I’ll race it, but not hard,” he says of such events as the Reno Air Races where he and “LadyJo” always turn heads. “I don’t want to burn out the engine.” Other toys – like possibly the Mercedes of “007” plates? – are fated for the kind of frivolous fun that also gets attention.

So, what did it cost to be the guy in California known on the road as 007?

Bond, with classic Bond suave, doesn’t blink.

“Fifteen dollars.”

How cool!



Bond & baby: “007” he may be on the road, but with Lady Jo the P-51 Mustang, the aviator is simply proud owner.