

HYATT
REGENCY
HOUSTON AIRPORT[®]
AT GEORGE BUSH
INTERCONTINENTAL AIRPORT



GOLDEN CONTRAILS

... and off' the setting sun is pleased to trim the clouds with molten sails,
and lace the way of passing jets with golden condensation trails.

AUGUST, 1999



BOEING 777



**Continental
Airlines** 

CAPTAIN'S CORNER

Greetings:

Our annual reunion in Houston at the Hyatt Regency Houston Airport Hotel is just around the corner. The dates are Thursday, October 14th. and Friday, October, 15th. Being able to hold our convention in the headquarters city is really fantastic. We are looking forward to a large turnout.

Our company continues to make great progress in new aircraft and routes. We look forward to having Mr. Bethune as our speaker at the banquet dinner.

We have some limited rooms available on Wednesday, October 13th. The golf itinerary with more detail is elsewhere in this issue. Also in this issue is a full page reservation form from the hotel. The important thing to remember is the RESERVATION CUT OFF DATE OF THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23RD. All reservations after that date will be space available.


The cocktail reception will be held in the courtyard pavilion at 6:00 PM on Friday, October 15th. We plan on having the raffle at this same time. The banquet dinner will start at 7:00 PM.

Our business meeting will take place at 9:00 AM on Friday, October 15th. At the closing of this meeting Ed Gorman, our current president-elect, will become president for the following two years. The election of a new president-elect will be an agenda item for this meeting. Members please consider filling this position. We will also conduct our normal committee reports and consideration of future convention sites. We will be returning to the Tropicana in Las Vegas for 2000. Please submit any additional agenda items to me.

I have really enjoyed working with each and every Board member, our fantastic volunteers and dedicated members these past four years. They are the very best and make everything we do worthwhile. Thank You.

See you all in Houston.

Best Regards,



Gary Wilsey



Fuel Tank Capacities

Tank	Gallons	Pounds *
Left Main	9,560	64,000
Right Main	9,560	64,000
Center	26,100	174,900
Total	45,200	302,900
*Usable fuel at level attitude, fuel density = 6.7 pounds per US gallon.		

Reserve Captains Corner



As this August issue of the Golden Contrails is received the membership will note several items of interest for the upcoming Houston convention.

First, we will welcome, as our banquet guest speaker, Mr. Gordon Bethune, Continentals aggressive and innovative CEO. Our President, Gary Wilsey was able to arrange this and we look forward to hearing Mr. Bethune's comments concerning CAL's progress to date and plans for the future.

Second, the DC3 will be available for sight seeing flights around the Houston area on the afternoons of both Thursday and Friday of the convention days. We are grateful that Captain Jim Minor who conducts the flights has been able to work us into the busy DC3 schedule. Qualitron is a short distance from our hotel and they have agreed to permit the flights to be handled from their ramp facility. Transportation for those interested will be arranged. Here's your chance to experience a bit of history and/or renew memories of airline travel right out of the past.

Third, We will be conducting the election of a new "president elect" who will move into the number 2 position as I move into the presidency, replacing Gary Wilsey. We will be accepting nominations during the regular Golden Eagles business meeting on Friday morning of the convention. Please have your nominations ready in order to assist in expediting the election proceedings.

As always new memberships and/or dues payments should be directed to Captain Ken Alrick who continues to do an excellent job as Treasurer. And of course any and all donations to the postal fund are welcome and appreciated.

This should be a great convention in Continentals headquarters city, so let me encourage all who can possibly make it, to be there!

Ed Garman

GROSS WEIGHT LIMITATIONS

WEIGHTS	POUNDS
Maximum Ramp	650,000
Maximum Takeoff	648,000
Maximum Landing	460,000
Maximum Zero Fuel	430,000

EDITORS' CORNER



THIS ISSUE.... This issue celebrates the 65th anniversary of Continental Airlines by comparing the Douglas DC-3 with the Boeing 777, both of which are in daily operation and beautiful to behold.

FRONT COVER.... The graceful Boeing 777 depicted en route to some exotic destination. Interior configuration is 48 First Class (Business First Seating) and 235 Coach. There are presently 11 of these aircraft in service with 5 more scheduled to be delivered and options for 9 additional.

CENTER FOLD.... The Continental DC-3 is pictured at the Houston (Hobby) airport. Please take note of Ed Gorman's report on the DC-3 availability to us during the Houston convention. We might add that the aircraft seats 22 passengers and to ensure that we have a full load for every flight it is requested that you sign up for a trip as soon as you arrive. Flights of one-hour block time are planned. For your comfort refreshments will be served during the flights.

"I DO NOT HAVE HOLLOW BONES".... This unusually descriptive article comes to us from Courtney Hudak who, since she has only flown in the Seattle area, has yet to fly on a sunny day. Thank you, Courtney.

BACK COVER.... Pictured is the Honeywell version of the B-777 Flight Deck. Compare this to the cockpit of the Lockheed 18-08 Lodestar featured on the back cover of our last issue.

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION.... Once again we include a copy of Golden Eagles Application for Membership. We are hoping that you will copy this several times and take the copies with you when you travel, facilitating your drawing your favorite people into membership.





Dear Ladies;

HAPPY SUMMERTIME!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Here are the plans for our gathering in Houston;

Ladies Luncheon Menu:

Tortilla Soup
Smoked Chicken Salad with Southwest Vegies
Citrus Slices and Ancho Honey Dressing,
trimmed with tortilla strips.
Orange Raspberry Rum Cake

\$15.00 PER PERSON

[price includes tax and gratuity]
send your check to Ken Alrick

Tour following the Ladies Luncheon: Chelsea Kitchen at Cont'l Airlines
"Why is Cont'l's flatware magnetized?"find out why on this tour.
Transportation provided from the Hyatt to the kitchen. The tour is free.

The Hospitality Suite: Room 717

Hours of operation: Thurs.Oct.14th 1:00-5:30PM open again after the
gathering at Derricks.....Fri. Oct.15th 7:00-9:00AM/1:30-5:30PM open again
after the banquet.....Sat.Oct.16th 7:00-10:00AM

The Raffle: Some great items have been donated.....BUT.....'COME ON
FOLKS, I know there is alot of talent and spirit out there!

See you in October!

Fondly,


Gail Grover

EX OFFICO

July 14, 1999

Greetings Members:

We are all aware of the fact that once we retire and leave the property information about the company is hard to come by. We are happy to inform you that this is in the process of changing. Again, thanks to Mr. Bethune's and Mr Brennerman's style of management retirees are now being brought back into the information cycle. This is evident by the inclusion of the updated Employee Travel Chart recently furnished to us by the company and enclosed in your Golden Contrails.

The company has two publications which are available to employees. The CO Times which is put out monthly and the CO Quarterly which recaps items of importance for that period. We are in the process of hopefully securing these publications for retirees also.

If the publications become available and are mailed to you and should you feel you do not want the material, there will be a tear-out sheet for you to fill out and return to the company advising them you do not wish to receive the material and to remove your name from their mailing list.

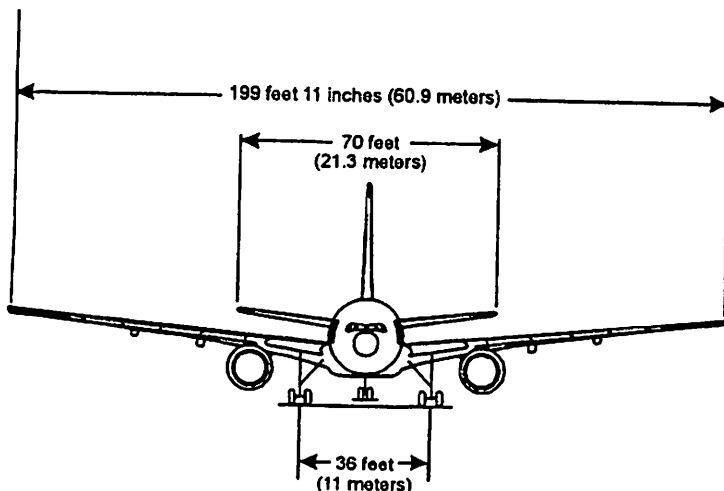
Again our thanks to Mr. Bethune and mr. Brennerman, not only for all they have done to save our company, but also for their efforts on behalf of the active employees and now the retirees.

Hope to see alot of old familiar smiling faces in Houston in October.

Regards,

K. D. Thompson

PRINCIPAL DIMENSIONS



Golden Eagles Treasurers Report 7/15/99

Balance 1-1-99	\$11,147.64
Income 1-1-99 to 7-15-99	
Dues	\$4,600.00
Postage Fund	\$1,009.00
Total	\$16,756.64
Disbursements	
Golden Contrails	(\$2,663.52)
RAPA Dues	(\$312.50)
Memorials	(\$100.00)
Tropicana Prepay	(\$500.00)
Total	(\$3,576.02)
Balance 7-15-98	\$13,180.62

New Members

Robert Hanzel	Dick Mills
Jessica Stearns	Wes Chowen
Roger Bortel	Leon Hayes
Bob Hutchins	Dick Woodson
Larry Coy	Chris Sheppard
Arthur Kidder	John Pulis
Ed Hardaway	Ron Skrmetta
Bob English	Jim Jeter
Mike Dunne	Nick Rondolone
Robert Swan	Gene McQuillin
Jim Crabtree	Carl Armani

Your mailing label denotes your dues status.

Please note the number at the bottom.

Those members who are in arrears, (Paid through 1997 only), are subject to removal from the mailing list after Jan. 1st of 2000

Your Dues are \$20 Per Year-Payable Jan.1 each year

I have been advised that some members are not aware of the dues structure.

Please note the above

Please send dues payments and/or corrections to:

Golden Eagles
c/o Ken Alrick-Treasurer/Membership
30339 Channel Way Drive
Canyon Lake, CA 92587

Make Checks Payable To:
Golden Eagles

Postage Fund Contributors

As treasurer, I am happy to report that our financial condition remains solid. We have been able to hold the line on our dues, and publish this high quality news letter. Much of this is due to the generosity of those who contribute to our postage fund. It is my pleasure to list the following contributors.

Joe Dentz
Phil Nash
Ray Combest
Doc O'Brien
R.S. Grigsby
Bernie Hallee
Tom Redmond
Andy Whittlesey

Bob Greer
Bud Dixon
George Cramp
Tom Buckley
John Hodge
Tom McGar
Jim Stephens

Norm McGowan
Joe Henry
A.J. Cann
Bob Curtis
Joe Masini
Gene Newman
Ken Duncan

Joe O'Neill
Doug Kricken
Robbie Robbins
Chuck Cheeld
Harold Lawson
Chris Sheppard
Jerry Dixon



Retired and Over Fifty
Application For membership
(Please print or type)

Two pertinent paragraphs of The By-Laws are quoted:

Purpose: To maintain and continue the close friendships and associations of the members, and to promote their general welfare, as well as to assist those active pilots who are approaching retirement in the problems relating thereto.

Membership: Regular Membership shall be limited to Retired Continental Airlines Pilots , and to active Continental Airlines Pilots over the age of 50 years.

An active pilot is defined as one who is on the Company Payroll as a scheduled Airline Pilot.

A Retired Pilot is defined as one who flew as a Scheduled Airline Pilot, and who was on the payroll in such capacity at any time for Continental Airlines., or any of its predecessor companies.

Name _____ Nickname _____

Wife's name _____ Nickname _____

Street address _____

City and State _____

Telephone (Area Code) _____ (Number) _____

Date of first employment with CAL or PAL, et al _____

Applicant's Signature _____ Date _____

Dues \$20.00 Annually:

Make check payable to: Golden Eagles:

**Please note retirement
or age 60 date _____**

Send to Treasurer/Membership

Ken Alrick

**30339 Channel Way Drive
Canyon Lake, Ca. 92587**

I DO NOT HAVE HOLLOW BONES

By Courtney Hudak

It's cold - I'm not wearing any gloves. I'm new at this, so I walk slowly around the plane. A Piper Cherokee. A two-seater, single engine, low-wing airplane. It is tiny and old and clunky and absolutely the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. I run my hands over the plane's moveable parts.

I'm pre-flighting. Looking at it, feeling it for anything out of the ordinary. Checking the pins in the rudder and the aileron. Clearing the gas of any debris. Sliding my numb, dry hands over the propeller, checking for any suspicious bumps. Kicking the tires. This is the vehicle that gets me there.

I climb in over the wing and settle into the left-hand seat. The pilot's seat. I'm terrified in a strange, warm, excited way. Starting the engine, I prepare to taxi. My small feet on wide rudder pedals, steering left, then right. From the textbook: rudder controls yaw - side to side movement. I hold my hands in my lap to keep them still. It's difficult not to want to steer with my hands. Driving cars has ruined me a little for flying. Right foot to pull out of the parking space, past the other planes parked and waiting. Straighten out with my left. The wind is from the south, so I head that way. I turn right and head toward runway 16.

I'm crawling along slowly, in control. At the head of the runway I stop for one last check before I go. Runup. Hold the brakes with my toes; they're just above the rudder pedals. Run the engine up to 1700 rpms with a push on the throttle. The plane shudders hard - I push my toes on the brakes harder. I check the carb heat, the oil pressure, the magnetos, the gas gauge, the suction. I pull the throttle back and the plane quiets again. Now I can finally check the flexibility of the controls, touching the wheel for the first time before the flight. Pulling it all the way out and turning it as far as it will go in either direction. The plane's flexibility pleases me. It feels so immensely satisfying, as if I were stretching my own stiff arms. In the end, the plane looks and feels good. It usually does. But I follow the run-up checklist, step by step, every time. If I miss even one tiny problem, my hurry to reach the sky won't have done me any good as I hurry to get down again.

It's finally time. Every surface, every control has been double-checked. Push the throttle all the way. My feet are tense and stiff, holding the plane straight, following the centerline down the runway. The plane picks up speed. It shakes and roars as if it would crumble under the pressure.

This is the moment I feel least in control. All I'm doing is holding straight with my feet, not touching anything, and power is coursing through the plane as it readies for lifting off. It seems impossible that this metal cylinder will hold me up in the sky.

But the plane goes faster, faster - NOW - just the slightest bit of backpressure on the wheel, and I'm up.

The tires lift off the ground and I'm on my way.

Climbing. Slowly. I can barely see over the nose. I wonder if, at 5'2", I'm simply too short. Can basketball players see over the nose during take-off? The angle of the plane has completely obscured the ground from my view. There's nothing but emptiness as far as I can see... no person, no building between me and that emptiness. I reach about two thousand feet, and I'm there. I've reached the place that I most want to be.

All I can hear is the white noise of the engine. The sound reminds me of having a ringing in my ears, the noise of the engine taking up all the background space of my hearing. The wind takes up the foreground, sometimes whistling, now humming, and most often just a constant mid-range rush past the plane's metal body. It's that rush that holds me up here... the power of the air pushing past the wing, over and under that perfect airfoil, producing lift. Because of that rush, my plane doesn't want to fall out of the sky. I remember this when I get frightened. I don't trust the plane as much as I trust myself. My imperfect, incomplete, fallible knowledge scares me. But remembering how much my plane wants to be here soothes me. The rush keeps the forces of fear and gravity at bay

The lack of familiar sound isolates me from the world I just left. I hear no sounds of traffic, no phones ringing, no people talking. The ground seems miles away. It isn't hard to ignore the tiny patterns of land and cement and buildings down on the ground. I can give myself up to the wash of sky surrounding me.

Looking past all the controls, the dials and switches that are constantly in motion, telling me where I am in this unfathomable emptiness, I focus on the hundreds of shades of gray. No clouds, no sun, just smooth quiet vastness. I haven't yet flown on a bright, sunny day. These waves of slate blues and purples are what I know, the dark whites and light blacks always moving, but so slowly and silently that unless I'm here among them I don't notice their motion. There is no emptiness like this anywhere but here. Which is why I can think of no place I'd rather be but here. Separate from the world, detached, but focused... on my controls. Without my controls I like to think I'd lose myself completely to the sky. Just disappear forever into this rolling, cloudy horizon. But the dials drag me back in. There is the compass, which reminds me that though I've left the ground, I still have a place on it. Then there's the heading indicator, with a little airplane on its dial showing me my position on the horizon. And my vertical speed indicator, to gauge my climbs and descents, closer to and further away from the ground. These instruments combine with all the others in front of me to force me to think. They force me not to let go entirely in this sky that it seems would swallow me so peacefully.

But I know the sky would never have me. It teases, washing around me and the plane so quietly, almost welcoming me. But the sky is kind. Birds have hollow bones that identify them as locals up here, confirming this sky as the place where they belong. My thick, marrow-filled bones keep me moored to the ground, confirming my status up here as a stranger. I'm just a visitor who resents her density. Icarus' problem wasn't simply his proximity to the sun. Even if he'd been more careful, his bones would have revealed him as an impostor. Neither he nor I could ever be swallowed.

I don't fly to get somewhere. I fly to lose myself in concentration. I fly for the pure, simple pleasure of being in the air. Of being off of the ground, away from the flat earth, and pushing my way through the seemingly never-ending emptiness of the sky. Feeling completely free, and completely focused at exactly the same time. I have found nothing else that makes me feel so entirely taken up. Nothing else that brings every thought I have to the same place, at the same time. It is exhausting and exhilarating, and absolutely fulfilling.

And after about an hour, it's time to land. I turn to an easterly heading, 080, and do my best to fly straight and level at 1400 feet back toward the airport. The flight back always seems to go quickly, like driving home after a particularly good day. I notice the ground more on the flight back, preparing myself for my return there. I'm taking the time to separate from the sky. Without the return time, landing would be too much dissonance. I'm reluctant to leave this place - the sky - and the way I feel here. But by the time I see the water towers ahead and to the south, I'm ready to enter the landing pattern.

The landing pattern. It's the most reassuring, and the most stressful part of my flight. The pattern is regular and simple. Watch the windsock, check the wind direction. Then simply fly in a regular, rectangular pattern over the runway, landing directly into the wind. Once lined up with the runway centerline in front of you, just descend and touch down. Written down, step by step, that's basically what a landing is. Under ideal conditions, for a seasoned pilot, there's not much more to it.

I am not a seasoned pilot, and I have yet to fly under ideal conditions. For me landing is a tangle of tasks that need to be completed seemingly simultaneously. Watch the rpms. Cut back the power - slowly. Lower the flaps, inch by inch, at precisely the right moments. Scan for traffic.

Listen for other pilots over the radio. Lower the nose just the right amount. Turn on the carb heat. Watch the dials, the switches, the sky, and the runway. And speak. My clenched teeth have a hard time letting go, but I have to announce my arrival to the airport traffic. Without a control tower to mediate, I am responsible for telling other pilots where I am, who I am, and what I'm doing.

A Condensed History of the DC-3

The DC-3 boasts more than 60 years of aviation fame. A legend in its own time, the Douglas DC-3 airliner ranks among the greatest developments of the 20th century.

There are DC-3 fan clubs in many countries - DC-3 aficionados are literally everywhere. More books have been written about this historical aircraft than any other aircraft in history. It has been featured in movies and television shows, and is the subject of at least one complete film, "Sentimental Journey."

From the introduction of the DC-3 in 1936 until the start of World War II in 1939, U.S. air travel increased about 500 percent. DC-3s and DC-2s carried nearly 90 percent of all U.S. air traffic and were operated by 30 international airlines.

To make the DC-3 passenger transport into the C-47 cargo plane, Douglas designed modifications that included a large double cargo door with an integral passenger door, beefed-up floor with tiedown fittings, folding bench-type seats along the sides, and a stronger landing gear. Other changes were made as an aid to mass pro-

duction to keep pace with the military demand for C-47's. Additional assembly lines were set up at new factories in Long Beach, California and Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. Production at all facilities accelerated rapidly, ultimately reaching 573 planes per month or 18.5 per day. The C-47 had many names and many functions. It was known variously as Skytrain, Skytrooper, Dakota, Tabby, Gooney Bird, Spooky and Puff the Magic Dragon.

Operating in the battle zones throughout the war, C-47s provided a variety of supporting roles, such as cargo and staff transport, training and communications, and medical evacuation. Airlifting supplies and troops was its principal job.

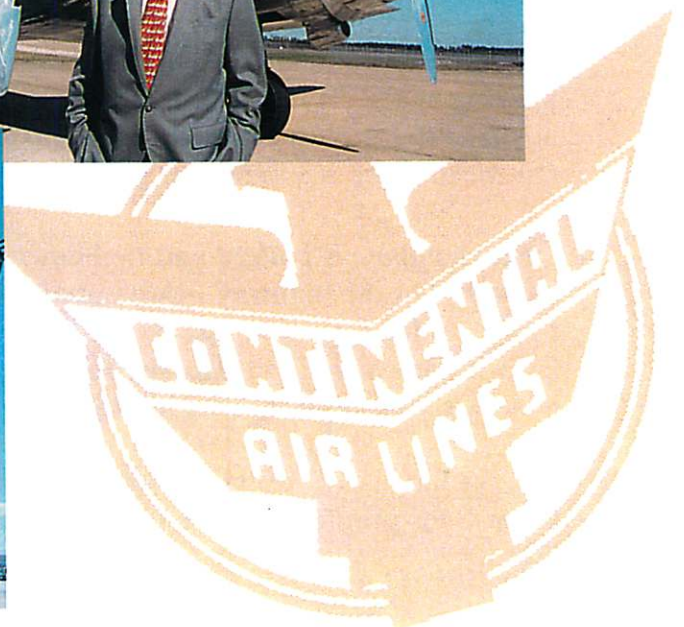
The DC-3 legend expanded through the late 1940s and into the 1950s with virtually every airline in the world operating the ubiquitous

C-47 conversions. It was the aircraft that put many operations in business as air carriers. From 1935 to 1945, the Douglas Aircraft Company built 10,629 of the aircraft. In addition, 146 DC-3s were manufactured as Super DC-3s, with the last one being delivered to the U.S. Navy in 1953. Foreign licensees built more.

After a half-century of flying throughout the world, through three wars and a police action or two, the DC-3 still adds to its legend for durability and achievement, which far surpasses its design limits. It serves as a lasting tribute to Donald W. Douglas and his team who conceived it. The dependable, versatile DC-3 appears destined to fly into the next century, bringing along a rich and diverse heritage.



A Look Back in Time and History



"Auburn traffic, this is Cherokee niner, niner, eight four Juliet, landing on runway 16, Auburn."

Sometimes I think landing wouldn't be so intimidating if I could just keep my teeth clenched. Still, I like hearing my voice over the radio. The lone female sound amid scratchy, gravelly, radio men. I force my voice to be strong and smooth, just as confident as those men. They sound as if there is no doubt that they belong here. I want to sound like that. I have listened for other women's voices and haven't heard them yet. I know there are women pilots out there, but I have yet to hear the sound of their voices announcing arrival or departure. I speak loudly so that anyone listening for my voice won't be able to miss it.

I turn final, and descend towards the runway. Ahead of me are the power lines, the last physical danger between me and the ground. The men who spend all day in the airport office, "hangar rats", have stories about pilots who misjudged a landing and lost a wing, or their landing gear on the way down. I don't want to be added to their list of pilot horror stories. I want them, the hangar rats, to watch me and know I'm good.

I stare hard at the four red and white lights on either side of the runway that warn me of my landing position. "Red on white, you're all right. White on red, you are dead." The lights say I'm all right. The ground slides up closer. Just before touching down, there's a feeling of buoyancy. Ground effect. It's a result of a change in the air flowing around the wings. When I reach ground effect, I pull back on the control wheel very slightly, holding the front tire off the ground for as long as possible. Finally, first the main, back tires and then the front one slowly, eventually touch down. Someday I'll have smooth, perfect landings, but not today. The wheels wobble and the plane takes a couple of screeching hops before finally settling down.

The speed of the air bleeds off quickly. Using the runway to taxi is bad flying etiquette, so I quickly turn off onto the taxiway and head back to the plane's parking space. It feels like I've been gone much longer than the 1.2 hours that the airplane's clock has counted. I feel anxious to get out of this huge, metal container. On the ground, it's useless to me.

Once the plane is parked and tied down, I can start the long drive home from the airport. On the highway I think about how much I hate knowing what's out there. I have to drive, go to work, eat dinners, live a normal, grounded life, all the while knowing it's out there. The sky that terrifies me and fascinates me and won't let me go now that I know what it has to offer.

But the long road stretching out ahead of me reminds me that this is where I come from. This ground is where I belong. I do not have hollow bones.

GONE WEST:

MARCUS O. SCHELLENBERG died at his home, on May 17, 1999, from the effects of a severe stroke, complicated by pneumonia. **MARK** was born on Feb. 6, 1916 in Aspen, Colorado. In 1936 **MARK** flew a Cessna DC6A at 23,000 feet above sea level, photographing U.S. forest areas in Colorado. Later **MARK** was Chief Pilot for **RAY WILSON's** Flying School in Chicasha, Oklahoma. Hired by Continental on Aug. 9, 1943, **MARK** flew the Lockheed Lodestar, Boeing B-17 and B-727, Convair 340-440, and Douglas DC-3 and DC-9. In 1946 **DICK GRIGSBY** and **MARK** (who possessed an A & E Mechanic's Certificate) bought what they thought was one of the best of 300 surplus AT-6's for \$650.00 at Cimarron, Oklahoma. In all, at one time or another, the pair owned two AT-6's (the other purchased from **RAY MELBERG**), and two Stagger-Wing Beechcrafts.



MARK's love for aviation continued after he retired at age 60. He worked as test pilot and mechanic for Frakes Aviation in Cleburne, Texas. **MARK** also helped **HARRY HANSEN** rebuild antique aircraft. **MARK** is survived by his wife, **MARYLEA SCHELLENBERG**, a brother, **CARL SCHELLENBERG**, along with step-sons, nieces, nephews, and grandchildren.

JOHN M. LEGGIO died on June 27, 1999. A photograph of **JOHN** and **JIM HOOPER**, which was taken in 1943, leads your editor to believe that **JOHN** flew the hump with **JIM**, and another photograph of **JOHN** in the Phillippines indicates that he also flew in the Pacific Theatre.

JOHN was hired by Pioneer Airlines on Jan. 7, 1946, and continued as Captain when it was merged with Continental in 1955. He flew Martin 202's, Douglas DC-3's, DC-9's, DC-10's, and DC-10-30's, Convair 340's-440's, and Boeing 707's, 720's, 727's, and 320C's. **JOHN** is survived by his wife, **ANN**, and two sons, **LARRY**, and **JERRY**. **LARRY** and his wife, **JOAN**, are helping **ANN** in her time of need.



DICK GRIGSBY received the following copy of a poem about **JOHN LEGGIO** that **HARRY** and **DONNA WATSON** sent to **ANN LEGGIO**:

DEAR ANN:

**JOHNNY'S LAST FLIGHT WEST
HAS JUST FADED INTO THE SUNSET.**

**THE FAINT SOUND OF TAPS
BREAKS THE STILLNESS OF OUR
MIND.**

**IN THIS HOUR OF GRIEF
OUR THOUGHTS TURN TO YOU.**

**IN TIMES LIKE THESE IT IS
DIFFICULT TO UNDERSTAND THAT
ALTHOUGH THE SUN SET, IT RISES**

**AGAIN;
FRIENDSHIP AND FAMILIES
ENDURE;
OUR SORROW'S REST, OUR
BROKENNESS MENDS.
THE GRIEVING OF WINTER
MELTS INTO THE WARMTH OF
SPRING
AND OUR TEARS OF SADNESS
MAKE MEMORIES BLOSSOM INTO
NEW JOY.**

**MAY YOU LONG REMEMBER
JOHNNY'S LOVE AND HIS SMILES
IN YOUR TEARS AND YOUR PAIN,
AND THE JOYS AND SORROWS YOU
SHARED.
MAY THESE "LIVING REFLECTIONS"
BE YOUR STRENGTH IN YOUR HOURS
OF GRIEF.**

**PLEASE HAVE COMFORT IN
KNOWING,
THAT AS LONG AS ANYONE OF HIS
FAMILY,
HIS RELATIVES AND HIS MANY,
MANY FRIENDS
ARE STILL ALIVE,
THERE WILL ALWAYS BE SOMEONE
LEFT
"TO REMEMBER WITH".**

HARRY & DONNA WATSON

June 1999

ILLNESSES/SURGERY:

DICK GRIGSBY is doing very well after his heart attack. Recently **DICK** and his wife, **SUE**, took **GENE** and **ERMA NEWMAN** out to dinner at the beach in Pacific Palisades. **DICK** will soon complete eighteen sessions of intensive physical therapy (three times per week for six weeks), and then will begin another

eighteen sessions, which will terminate about September 1, 1999. Best of all, **DICK** feels well enough to return to full-time work as Editor of the **Golden Contrails!**

LEM BELL had an accident several months ago and spent some time in Parkland Hospital Burn Center. He has been home for a while but was very confined. He is not able to get out, and he is healing, but it has been a slow and painful process. **LEM** says he is not sure just what happened; he was using an outdoor smoker and fell, possibly tripped, turning over the smoker, with the hot drippings and coals falling upon him.

JOAN JONES is doing well, but is still minus some strength. (The last two items above are reports from **LA VERNE THORNBERRY**).

**READERS ARE INVITED TO SEND
NOTES OF SYMPATHY,
CONDOLENCE, ETC.**

THIS'N THAT:

Cupid has struck again! **JACK DANIEL** married **LO OUITA** last Easter Sunday in Palm Springs. After **JACK** sold his home in Fallbrook he decided to buy a condominium in Palm Springs, and **LO OUITA** showed him some properties. Eight months later **JACK** and **LO OUITA** were married, and they now reside in the condominium the **JACK** bought at 25 Malaga Drive, Rancho Mirage, CA 92270. (760) 728-2705. **HARRY PARKER** had a party for **JACK** and **LO OUITA**, attended by about forty guests—most of them Continental Pilots and wives!!!

GENE and **ERMA NEWMAN** took a delayed five day honeymoon trip to Honolulu in April—First Class on Delta, and ocean view room at the Royal Hawaiian, compliments of **ERMA's** Delta

Airlines' cabin attendant daughter, KAREN JANCZAREK, and her boyfriend! GENE and ERMA hated to leave Hawaii, but a fishing trip to Minnesota in June helped keep them happy!

NORM MEYER was unable to send any News Notes at this time, but a contribution which was not published earlier, will appear in its usual spot in this issue.

ROBERT WEIKART is still working as a Flight Instructor (now for Boeing Corp. since the Boeing-Douglas merger). His wife PATSY WEIKART has been nominated for the Clara Barton Spectrum Awards for Outstanding Women In Orange County. PATSY presently serves: Second term as Regent of Clara Barton Chapter, CA.; State Special Chairman, (Press Book), State Library Docent; DAR Volunteer Specialist, (Computers); All American Chorus Member; and has been named the 1998 California State Outstanding Chapter Regent for the D.A.R. The WEIKART's have three daughters and one son.

CURT TOPPEL, son of HALDUS RAUCHFUS TOPPEL, has been an outstanding volleyball player at Loyola High School, located near LAX. As of mid-April, the 6' 9" senior has been instrumental in helping Loyola High remain undefeated, and he will play for Stanford this fall, having won a volleyball scholarship!

NOTES TO DICK GRIGSBY

Don't let this get you down—I've had four of them—I am 83 years old and got married again last Sunday at Easter—So just get well and forget it!!!! Jack & Lo Ouita Daniel 4/19/99

Speedy, complete recovery, please! You must take it easier. Pleased you two enjoyed a vacation. Maybe allow yourselves more! Concern, with Love. Darlene & Freddianne Gray 4/8/99.

Wow! I heard the news that you'd joined me spending 24 hours a day in the hospital...but that you have more sense than I, and have gone home! I wanted to call but decided to respect your wishes about cards only...I'm on Orcas Island now, starting my last 3 weeks of the family practice clerkship. It's a beautiful island, and it seems the doctors here might have a more balanced idea about the number of hours per day required of me. Today is Sunday and since I had to move from my old pad to my new one today, I had the day off. I start tomorrow. I'm really excited about one of my electives, starting in 2 months...I've been accepted to study traditional Indian Medicine with a Native American healer. It's rare for this knowledge to be shared outside the Native people—I feel very privileged...Mendwell...listen to your body...it holds a lot of wisdom! I love you lots Freddianne (Gray) 4/99?

I hope you are back in super health and doing the things you love to do.....We had a big air show at McChord AFB yesterday. I'm working at the VA across the freeway so I got a chance to see the Thunderbirds fly. They flew some very smooth formations. Freddianne (Gray) 6/27/99.

So good to hear of your rapid recovery. Now we'll look forward to your return to the production of the Contrails. The Eagles need that.... We're now packing for our return to Thousand Oaks at the end of this month. We'll be at 12 Falcon Court, T.O. 91360—just across the street from the California Lutheran University Campus. Our return to T.O. was/is caused by strong, cold Pacific winds and a need to be closer to what's going on in the world. Bob (Hiemstra) 5/3/99

I hear you are doing better—keep it up. I retired from Wal-Mart in April after 5 years—they want me back for the Christmas rush. Isabel's doing fine after her operation....I drive all over in the Twin Cities, and

everyplace else. Keep up your good recovery. As Ever, Bob and Isabel Current 5/99?

We hope that you will be home very soon; enjoying life as much as ever—maybe with less work and more fun!! Love, Erma and Gene (Newman). 3/30/99

I sincerely hope and pray this card finds you well and steadily improving....Get well soon!...You have always been up on that pedestal you know~!!! Bruce Webb 5/99?

Thank you for your kind words and sweet thoughts. Marylea Schellenberg 6/99?

Pleased to know you are well on your way to total recovery. That is good news! Warmest wishes, Tom Dempsey. 4/99?

Please know that our prayers are with you...May the light of the Holy Spirit fill you with love and bring with it a healing. See you in Houston In October (our first time!) John & Nola Koontz 4/27/99.

Hope you're recovering from your illness. We, "Continental family" have you in our prayers. Hope to see you in Houston. Gerrie McCall & I are going to try to get there. Pearl Kelly 4/27/99

Hope this finds you on the mend... Heard you were one sick puppy! Pleggie, Jr. & Kellee 4/99?

Get Well Wishes....Need you to shape up and get well so we can roast "some weenies". Bob and Jan Kinsey. 4/99??

Sorry this took so long to get to you—I have been in northern Arizona in pursuit of the wiley trout.....I'm glad to see that you are home already—get lots of rest and hopefully we will see you in Oct. Sean Ryan 5/99??

What a surprise! A man like yourself must not create a "notch" in your heart. Get plenty of rest and don't worry about anything. We all love you. Keep 'em flying! Gene Oliver 4/8/99

I just found out aboutyour situation. What a bummer!.... Both Alice and I are hoping and praying that you'll have a complete and healthy recovery.received

the mail of Golden Contrails—thank you—(and) thank you for all the delightful letters....everything has been so nicely done.

Take good care. Love, Walt and Alice (Bybee) 4/9/99

We want you to know that we are thinking of you and that you are on our prayer list!!....We are really feeling settled here back on the lake, and are enjoying the nice spring wx. I caught 2 catfish yesterday which we will have for lunch today. The final act of moving from PHX has transpired, also. We flew our Beech Sundowner back, arriving yesterday, and put it in a newly acquired Cleburne hangar. We had good wx the whole way—the first day a 60 kt tailwind, making our ground speed 172 kts part of the time—we were really going!

These cross country trips are always a very learning experience for me, for being just a private pilot. I'm not exposed to all the ins and outs, plus Max's knowledge and expertise are very valuable to me. The Cleburne hangar is large and new and very much at a premium. We felt so fortunate to even get one....

We will be leaving to go North in the motor home when it starts getting hot...Continue to get well, and we'll look forward to seeing you in Oct. Best wishes Max and Nona Meinen 4/12/99

Why did you wanna go and do that for?? (Probably the same reason I cracked my skull again!! Didn't wanna.) I hope that by now you are at home, and planning to go flying! I ran into Walt and Flo Hogan last week and we had about a ten minute visit. I've always liked them so much....Heard Lem Bell was not too well—tried to call him, but the old number wouldn't ring... You are on my prayer list, very dear friend....Mary Stone Huffman 4/11/99

Thinking of you, and hoping you're feeling better...I heard that you planned to make the QB meeting, but that good judgement dictated a call-in. Would have

enjoyed seeing you out and about, but pleased that you are taking care of yourself. See you soon! Don (and Elle) Straight 4/23/99

(Card showing Lucy giving advice for 5 cents, saying "get well") As you can see, I paid top dollar to get you this consultation. So please heed the advice....Hope your problem wasn't due to the demands we "Eagles" put on our Editor. Best wishes for a successful and rapid recovery... Tom Russell 5/99?

I hope you can read this. We are on the way to LAX at 5:00 AM to attempt to go to Scotland for 7 days. The loads are really heavy.... We sure hope you are recovering quickly, and home soon. We have you in our thoughts and prayers. All our love, Ann Pleggenkuhle Park (plus Skip, Laura and Lindsay). 4/12/99

(Card stating "Thinking of you and wanting you to know") We were so sorry to learn of your recent illness, Dick, but happy to know that you are doing so well. Keep up the good work! Our best wishes to Susan, too! Jeane and Harold Spores 5/99?

This has been a bad news—good news day. The bad news: Learning of your illness, and the good news: Learning you're doing so well. You're fortunate to have had such prompt and good treatment. Best wishes for a speedy recovery. Sincerely Jane Thorn 5/99?

Wishing you a quick recovery from your misfortune. Remember, we still have a DC-3 to fly. See you in Houston. Your old co-worker. Burt (Lynn) 4/99?

We were sorry to hear about your emergency health problem. We are thinking of you and praying that you are feeling stronger each and every day. We feel that each day we have is a gift from God. Hal and I are still recovering, also. He had surgery again 4 weeks ago. Hoping he will feel much better after April 23rd when they remove his catheter. Hal and Jane Ross

4/99. Sorry to hear about your tucker trials, but J. Worley's report to me stated that the paramedics responded in 4 minutes! If so, or anything close to it you should have an excellent chance of getting back to your old (young) self. We hope so, and send our best wishes for a speedy recovery. Norm and Blondie (Meyer) 4/99?

My wife, Patricia, and I extend our heartfelt wishes for your early, complete recovery. Look for the best—it is always there, and know you're loved eternally by His Grace, no matter the frailties and follies of our physical world. Best Wishes for you, Sue, and all your family. Forever your friends, Dean and Patricia (Maxwell) 4/2/99

P.S. I should finish the manuscript copy (typed) of my novel by July, and with another final review of every sentence, I hope to have the copyright, and be attempting to market it by Sept-Oct. The double spaced typed manuscript form exceeds a thousand pages. In the latter part of the story you will be reading about our determined, but cautious, stepping away from the secular world of atheism, agnosticism, etc., toward the truth of the Spiritual Eternity. DM 4/2/99

Dear Susan and Dick, Marge and I are very sorry to learn of Dick's heart attack. On the other hand, we are extremely happy to learn of Dick's progress on the road to recovery. Dick, many years ago, and many, many times, I would be looking up at you and exchange salutes with you, indicating all is OK for you to continue your flight. Captain, I salute you today and pray I am receiving yours. GET WELL SOON!

Many times Marge and I recall the wonderful days of growing up with Continental. Among these recollections are Captain Dick Grigsby; always the gentleman; the Captain who always had time to say a kind word to the guys on the ground;

the Captain that was a pleasure to work with. a joy to see his name on the flight plan as it came off the teletype; the Grigsbys (Susan and Dick) who have done so much for Continental Airlines' Retirees; the truly "involved", priceless, precious couple. Thank you, Susan and Dick, for being who you are. Yes, you are thought-of—often, and very highly. Take very good care of yourselves and loved ones. Warm regards, Charlie (Brooks) 4/16/99

Sorry to read of your problem in the Golden Tale. Hoping you have a speedy recovery. Remember Salina (Kansas)! Andy Andrews 7/9/99

Sorry to read in the Golden Tale of your heart attack. I hope; that by now all is well! Dick Adams 7/99?

Similar "Get Well" cards from other CAL retired employees were sent to Dick Grigsby, including Dean and Erma Haney, Willie Morrison, and Alice Twichell Ward.—end of Notes to Dick Grigsby—

Notes to Ken Alrick
4/10/99; 07:47 AM; 21:20N, 157:15SW;
78 degrees F.; 55% humidity; wind NE 5-10;
(sunny). It's that time again, and notice that I am past the Jan. 1 deadline. So here's my check for \$60.00 (\$20 for 1999, \$20 for 2000, and \$20 for postage). All's well here and with families in N.J. and CO.

Stop by some day—don't wait too long. I'll be 1000 months Oct. 7, 1999, including my teeth and some hair. Maybe we'll make Canyon Lake before the big 2 Grand date line. Remember when we were a shade younger and the big subjects were: Sex—Salary—& Seniority. Now us old guys have changed all that to: Sleep—Social Security—& Survival. Sounds a lot more comfortable—
"Yea". Me Ke Aloha. Real Old George, and Very Young Ellie (Cramp)

Hope this catches me up. I really enjoy the magazine & hearing about the guys. We split our time between HOU in the winter (when its bearable), & Steamboat Spgs. in

the summer (when the trout are biting). I love retirement, but I seem to be busier than when I was flying. My wife, Nicky, suffered a heart attack last October and we have to stay close for a while until the Dr. fine tunes her medicine, and if he gives the OK, its off to Ireland in May. Hope to make the party in Oct. Best wishes Doc O'Brien 4/15/99

Ran into an interesting and disturbing request for info from Equitable. Seems like they had dropped my wife off from the life-joint & survivors benefits! After much "dust in the attic" we finally found the old certificate! It might be wise to advise all the "old guys" who had selected the joint benefits to put an inquiry to: Stephanie Cachez, at 201-583-2459 to confirm their records of your status.

Great to feel good again after several (3) times under the knife within past two years! P.S. My wife will (could?) outlive me by 15 years x \$15,000/yr. = \$225,000 from Equitable's pants pockets. There's real value in their losing their records! Stan Zimmerman 4/30/99

It barely seems like 4 years ago, I had my last flight as Capt. Time really does fly! I worked the Training Dept. For a couple of years, but with my involvement in other aviation areas, I resigned. I want to thank (all) for their efforts as to the info on the travel pass situation. As to me for any one who might remember, all is well. I am still an active FAA Examiner, as a CFI, I work a lot with the kids, (i.e. young Eagles), and the aviation section of the high school magnet program.

I am in better health than ever and lost a ton of weight (65 pounds to be exact) and married an honest to God "Gypsy Princess", who was a Las Vegas Showgirl most of her life. (Acrobat, High Wire Artist, Dancer, and much more). LIFE IS GOOD AFTER 60! I restored a 1950 L-19-A, and the "Gypsy" and I fly the heck out of it. Best Wishes to all and I only regret I did not

retire sooner. New Address is Robert C (Robbie) Robbins; 6121 Copper Crest Dr.; Las Vegas, NV 89130 (702) 396-4573 4/29/99

Looking forward to the gathering of the flock in Houston in Oct. I'm retiring at the end of May. Decided not to do the S/O thing. I'm going to ride my bicycle more....Char and I will call Austin home for the near term. Wes Chowen 5/5/99

E-Mail to Ken Alrick

Yes, please put me back on the (e-mail) list. This is about the only way for me to keep up on what is taking place.

Thank you for the information re: Don Beck. I did go to the chapel for that service but did not go otherwise. Don and Bob (Wenholz) were good friends and when Bob's final trip came up, the Company was cutting back and I wasn't going to get to go along until Don got into the act and said that the Company wasn't that broke and made arrangements for me to go. Mary Wenholz 4/28/99

I always look forward to the Golden Contrails, which I consider the best publication I receive. Harold Lawson 5/99?

Thanks for your message (Ken wrote Annette Collins offering to put her on the e-mail list and mentioning \$10.00 will put her on our Golden Contrails mailing list). It is always nice to hear from someone I worked with for so long, and I am glad I ran into Lew Aaronson who was kind enough to pass along my e-mail addr. Yes, I would like to be on both lists and also receive the newsletter, and will be happy to send \$10 to whoever, if you can let me know the address. I retired 2 years ago and do a lot of overseas and domestic traveling with my husband, who is still in the consulting business. Last year we went to Russia and Norway, among other places, which was very interesting. Best regards, Annette Collins 5/3/99

Got your e-mail yesterday. I would like to join, in order to get the newsletter, and see

where many of the people are whom I have not seen in years.... I enclose the following for your information. I have been with UPS the last 10 years (plus), and retired from the left seat the B-747 last January. I am now in the back seat of same A/C. (Hired by Continental May, '66, and wife, Jerri, flew for CAL for 8 years). Leon Hayes 4/17/99

Long time no see. I'm a 727 S/O for United Airlines now. I've been with them since 1989 and hit 60 Dec. '98. UAL was really good for me. I was in the training department for a total of 7 years. I instructed on the DC-10, A-320, and the B-727. I flew the line on the 747-400 and finished my flying as a Standards Captain on the A-320, which, in my opinion, was the best airliner I ever flew. I won't be at the Houston gathering, but hope to make them in the future. I'm looking forward to seeing you and the other Captains I had some great trips with. Thanks for all your work for the Golden Eagles. Guy Casey 4/11/99

-- end e-mail & Notes to Ken Alrick--

NOTES FROM NORM MEYER

The Origin of the Bad-Weather Term "Socked In" (from EA. Newsletter) It appears that in the early days of aviation, the French would dismount the wind sock from its frame and bring it inside, whenever the weather was below whatever they considered "minimums,—hence the term socked-in".

Aviation as Explained by Kids (by John Russel)

The first female aviator was Kitty Hawk. The history of aviation is getting longer & harder all the time.

Lindbergh was the first to fly to Paris. He did it by the airplane method.

Lift in an airplane is the same as thrust—only just the opposite.

The navigator figures out the latitude and longitude. Latitude tells him where he is and longitude tells him how long he can stay there.

Only two problems yet remain in our

conquest of Mars. They are getting there and getting back.

So far planes have only been able to fly circles of no more than 360 degrees. This could be the next big breakthrough in air travel.

I know what a sextant is but I would rather not say.

—end of Norm Meyer News Notes—

From SEAN RYAN

This will have to be a general overview of what is happening with Continental as I have been pretty much tied up with all kinds of family obligations since I finished my second officer training.

The first order of news is that while going through DC-10 training for about the 4th or 5th time, I have to give the sad news that the old Bob Woodems hand-drawn slides are finally gone. The DC-10 training department has finally caught up with the rest of the fleet and is now using CBT (Computer Based Training). When I went through my S/O "upgrade" February and March, we had about half slides and half CBT, and the promise was that by the next class, everything would be CBT.

What this entails is that you sit in front of your own computer with a set of headphones on and go through different systems. The computer takes you through each system, step by step, and the systems are displayed on the screen, and all valves, relays, etc. are functional, and by clicking on the appropriate switch or knob on the screen, the system operates and illustrates how it works. You then take a system exam on the computer which will not let you progress to the next system until you pass. Basically, you progress at your own rate and can go back and review any subject that (you) wish.

This carries over to the new aircraft that we are acquiring which are all CBT and provides a very standard method of training. And speaking of new aircraft, I'm sure that most of you have seen the TWA advertising

campaign that proclaims that they are modernizing their fleet to the tune of one aircraft every 30 days. That sounds pretty impressive until you realize our own Continental is acquiring a new aircraft every 10 days!

The most impressive of our new aircraft is the Boeing 777. This is a two engine aircraft that is the most modern of all commercial planes. I will cover it in detail in the next issue, but just to whet your appetites, it is a two man crew (except on extended flights), two engine aircraft that we are currently using on our Houston-Tokyo and Newark-Tokyo nonstops, as well as Paris, London, Frankfurt and our most profitable destinations (in) Europe—Manchester, UK. It flies non-stop from Newark to Tokyo (14 ½ hours) with a capacity of 285 passengers, and if necessary, could fly a Newark-Paris turn without having to refuel. It has a fuel capacity of 302,900 pounds and is powered by two GE-90-90B engines providing 90,000 pounds of thrust each. (The cowlings of each engine is as big around as the fuselage of a 737). For all of us 707, 747, and DC-10 drivers used to crossing large expanses of ocean with minimal training, both the 777 and the crews have to complete ETOPS certification. (According to the crews, that stands for Engines Turning or Passengers Swimming) Not really, but I'll cover that as well more details on the 777 my next report.

Looking forward to seeing you all at the Convention Houston. Sean 7/07/99

—end of Sean Ryan's Notes—

From LA VERNE THORNBERRY

BEN WILLIAMS was our host for the day — another fish fry at his beautiful home at the lake with the summer breeze coming across the water. WILLIE MORRISON was chief fish fryer, and the tables were filled with other great food. There are some really good cooks in our ARECA group.

HERB JONES, our prez took the

opportunity to discuss some plans while he had the attention of 40+ in a 'bunch'. **CHUCK BEARDON**, entertainment, presented some ideas regarding our Christmas party — maybe a black-tie affair this year.

CINDA & CARL McGEE are taking their travel home to Oregon and Washington for a leisure vacation. Upon their return, **CARL** and **LEON GREEN** plan to have a hunting trip— just as in past years. While the guys hunt, **BETTY** and **CINDA** will have shopping tours.

MARJIE ROZELL had a wonderful 17-day trip to Italy with her daughter and grandson. **MARJIE** arrived home about 11:00 PM, and was on the walking trail at 5:00 AM. (Next day). Faithfulness to her exercise must be one of the things which keeps her looking so good.

PAUL SANWICK came to Texas from his home in cool, cool Colorado; tho' he had forgotten, he was soon reminded how hot the summer temps are.

LIN & MARTHA WRIGHT plan to attend EEA Air Show in OSHKOSH. **LIN** will be out of the cast of "The Promise" for this trip. He will be playing all season except these two weekends. If you want to attend, let him know and he can have your tickets ready for you upon arrival. **LIN** began using ultra-lights for errands that involved driving an automobile on previous occasions. His Kit-Fox should be ready to fly soon.

DICK DAHSE is flying out of Chicago with American Trans Air. He recently had a layover at D-FW, and gave his friend **RUSS HURLBUTT**, a call. **RUSS** and **ROSE** joined **DICK** for dinner and had a nice visit.

DON FAULL has sold their Carrollton home and they will be leaving Texas to live in Milwaukee. Their sons also live in Milwaukee.

LEON GREEN has been supervising the crew who are rebuilding their seawall; **LEON** says the concrete is more expensive than fertilizer and watering at home in the city. **BETTY** has been elected president of the Homeowners Association of their lakehome neighborhood. They are watching the turtle eggs and expect the little turtles to be rushing toward the water any day. **BETTY** found the mother turtle laying the eggs in a flowerbed.

—end of La Verne Thornberry's Notes—
From **DICK GRIGSBY**

KEN MORGAN and his crew were flight planning a B-320C from Kadena to Travis, or maybe on to El Toro, if the winds were right and they had enough fuel, since they were boarding 165 battle weary marines whose destination was El Toro.

A check pilot showed up in Flight Operations to ride with them. At that time there was a program on to conserve fuel, as happens every now and then, even though fuel at Kadena was only about 12 cents a gallon. **KEN** looked over all the pertinent information, then went over to the operations desk. "Everything ok?" asked the agent. "Yeah," replied **KEN**, "but gimme 10,000 pounds more gas".

The check pilot sidled up to **KEN** and said, "You know, Captain Morgan, if you take 10,000 pounds extra fuel, you'll burn 3,000 pounds of it just carrying it for 10 hours. "Yeah, I reckon that's so," **Ken** replied. Then to the agent, Gimme 13,000 pounds more gas," and walked away mumbling something about "The only time you got too much gas is when you're on faa'er".

Another **KEN MORGAN**: **KEN** once mentioned that his wife, **KATHY**, had "cut him off one year ago," but that he "just found out about it last night"!

—end of from Dick Grigsby—
—end of THIS'S THAT—

