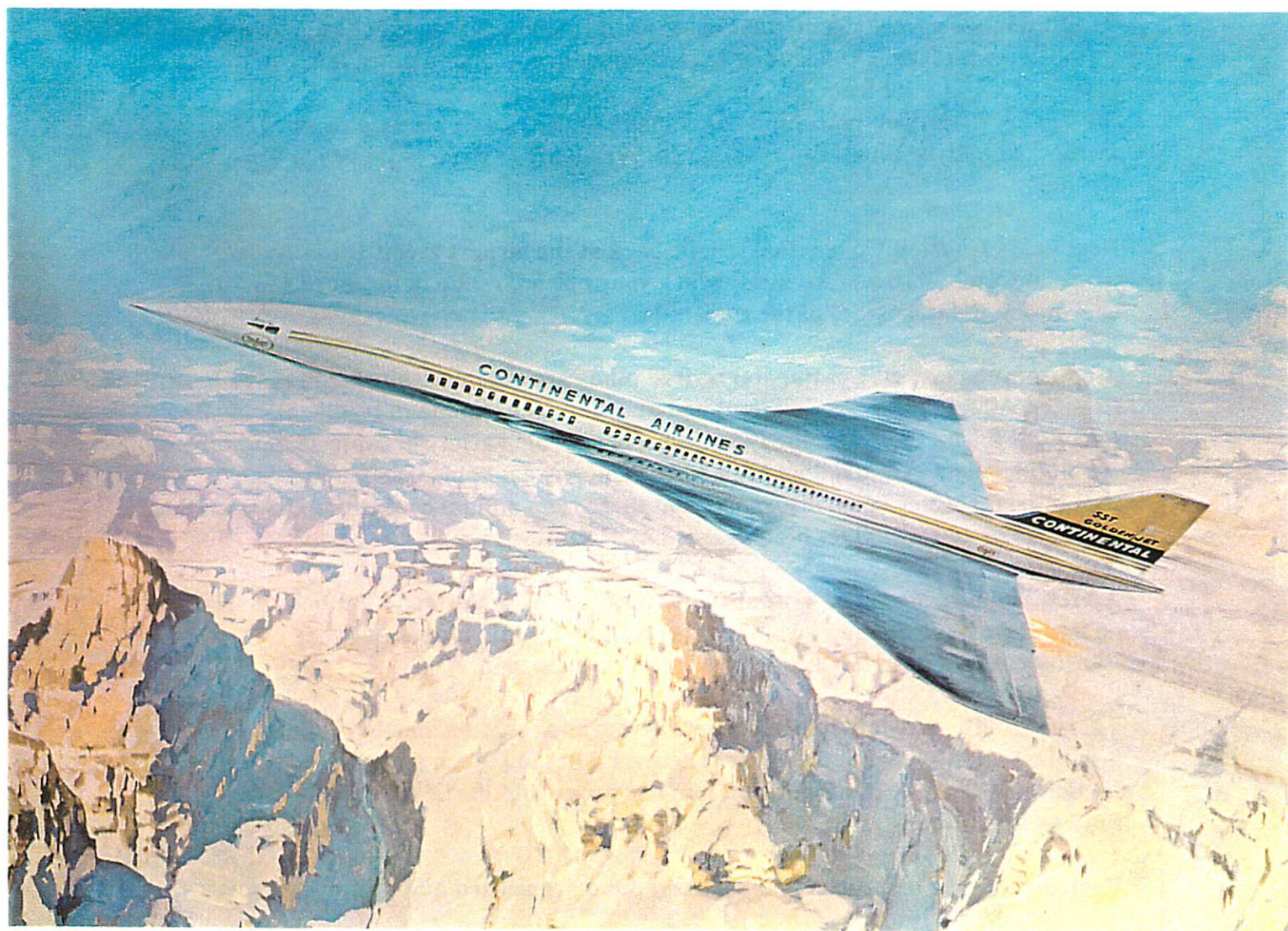




GOLDEN CONTRAILS

... 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.

December, 2000



**Continental
Airlines**



CAPTAINS CORNER

Convention 2000 was a success; the hospitality room, as usual, a delight. Gail Grover once again created all the decorations which were unique, fun and delicious, too. Attendance was in excess of 170 with the addition of several members of the TI retiree group.

At the business meeting Charlie Starr was elected Treasurer, replacing Ken Alrick who leaves that position after over six years of service. Shaun Ryan was elected Secretary replacing Paul Grover who completed his two year term.

Ken Alrick was unanimously elected as an Honorary Lifetime Member.

In addition we agreed, again unanimously, to extend a blanket invitation to all members of the Texas International retirement group and to any eligible pilot who flew for Continental from any predecessor airline or merger partner, to come join the Eagles. Please note the application blank in this issue of the Contrails. If you, the membership know anyone in that category, encourage them to join us and share in the fun!

Next years Houston Convention will be back at the airport Hyatt Hotel and will take place on October 18 and 19, 2001. Mark your calendars. Look for more about the convention in later issues of the Contrails.

A note of interest: all Continental retired pilots are automatically members of RAPA (Retired Airline Pilots Association) and are therefore eligible to receive the RAPA RAPPORT, an excellent publication covering a wide variety of subjects especially for airline pilots. Annual dues are \$20.00. There are notable benefits for RAPA members, including some insurance, and there is an annual convention. If you would like to learn more, contact the Eagles Capt. Bob Hiemstra.

A Web Site is being set up for our membership. Berdie Bertrand has been working on it and we have applied for a site domain. The E Mail address will be [thegoldeneagles.org] Hopefully it will be available soon.

There are still many eligible pilots out there who should be members of our organization. I appeal to the current active Eagles to launch a personal drive to encourage these pilots to come out, join our group and participate in the convention fun and activities.

Remember, your donations to the postage fund are needed and deeply appreciated.

My best to the membership. Thanks for helping make the Las Vegas convention a great success.

Ed Gorman



Reserve Captain's Corner

Another great convention in Las Vegas this year, especially for the Longs, who hit **two jackpots** while playing the slots! More accurately, that's what Dee did while Tom was "taking care of business!" If we could all do that, our convention attendance figures would probably go through the roof! Merry Christmas, Dee and Tom!

Under the capable direction of our Golden Eagles President, Ed Gorman, all the many things required for a good convention came together nicely. The President of the Ladies' Auxiliary, Gail Grover, did her always wonderful job with planning and production of decorations, hospitality room, banquet table centerpieces and on and on. Thanks also to all the many people who helped with all the "hands on" work that was done. Thanks also to Paul Grover for another great golf tournament, and for his two years service as the Golden Eagles Secretary.

Thank you to all those who contributed prizes for the raffle, those who sold the tickets, and thank you to Continental Airlines for the trips donated for the raffle. A great time was had by all, as we "maintained and continued the close friendships and associations of the members." Thanks to each of you who attended and made your convention the nice affair that it was. To those of you who didn't attend this year, we missed you and look forward to your joining us next year for Convention 2001.

We welcome our new Secretary, Shaun Ryan, and our new Treasurer, Charlie Starr, and look forward to working with them. After six years, Ken Alrick will step aside as Treasurer, but will continue to operate his E-mail "Eagle Info Network" to keep us up to date with happenings among our members. Congratulations to Ken upon his election as a new Honorary Life Member.

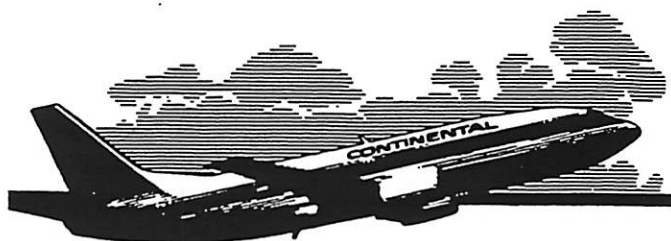
Our thanks to "Birdie" Bertrand, who is working on establishing a Web Site for us. Advance previews indicate it should help us to keep in touch with you, the members, and provide a colorful place displaying our pertinent information and giving us great exposure on the World Wide Web. Watch for more news on this as it develops.

Now the holiday season is here; that will keep us busy through New Year's Day, then it's time to restart our calendars for the the coming year - 2001! Time does fly! In accordance with our new procedure, our convention rotates back to Houston for 2001. Mark your calendars and we'll look forward to seeing you there.

Happy Holidays and a happy and prosperous New Year to us all!

Roland Brown

Roland Brown



EDITOR'S CORNER



FRONT COVER.... An artist's depiction of the **CONTINENTAL CONCORDE** showing its colors over **GRAND CANYON**. Much could be said about grandiose plans come to naught, but we'll leave the dreams, the regrets, and the nostalgia up to each individual. We do wish, however, to make a record of those efforts before they fade into obscurity.

CENTERFOLD.... Color pictures displayed were provided to us at their expense by Gail Grover, Shaun Ryan, Ed Gorman and others. Thank you, all of you!. Pictures not used in this issue will appear in the next issue now scheduled for April, 2001. The rest of them will be placed in our albums for viewing at the next convention. Pictured here are, left to right, top to bottom of the first page: Alice and Ed Gorman, Tom and Penny Schuchat, Rex and Annette Buchanan, Gail Grover, Cynthia and Charlie Starr, John Blackis with Norm Meyer, Don and Sue Griffith, Chris McKenzie, Ellie and George Cramp, Pat and J. J. Morin, Ken Alrick, Lou and Oveda Cuthbertson, Dave Streit with Bert Lynn, Penny Heddingly with Betty Ireson.

Centered on the opposite page is Timothy Curtis Didlake with his Dad and Mom, George and Mae Didlake right below. Then, left to right and top to bottom are: Virg and Jenine Hemphill with Dick Dahse, Ann Park Pleggenkuhle with Pleggie, Sr., Pleggie, Jr., Kellee, and Flora Pleggenkuhle, Judy and Cass Zabriski, Bob Shelton, Pete Linzmaier, Mat Bomis, "Bud" Dixon with Ed Melone, Lanetta and Gary Wilsey, Sharon and Dave Clough, Pat and "Rif" Revisky, Frank and Arlene Rhodes, Pat and Dave Newell.

TIM DIDLAKE "My Days With The Airline.".... George and Mae Didlake supplied this piece written by Tim, remembering how it was to fly with his Dad in the "good old days."

DICK HAGUE E-MAIL... this piece came to Dick Hague from a retired Eastern Airlines friend. It went out to all Golden Eagles' e-mail addressees, but we include it here so that you *all* may enjoy it.

BACK COVER.... Captain Norm Meyer is shown maneuvering his C-180 around the Conifer, Colorado airfield. The photographer is off in the distance with a telephoto lens camera and in radio contact with Norm. Norm said he made so many passes that the neighbors were about ready to shoot him down! He and Blondie used this montage as their Christmas Greeting last year.

T.I.R.P.A MAILING.... In a meeting subsequent to our October Convention, the Texas International Retired Pilots voted to affiliate with Golden Eagles. It has been decided to mail this December issue to a list of about 300 of them, many of whom have been out of contact. We are hoping that they will respond with at least enough annual dues and postage contributions to offset the increased cost of these mailings. A revised membership application form is inserted for their use.





Greetings To All,

VIVA GOLDEN EAGLES..... Our gathering this year in Las Vegas was "OVER THE TOP". I do believe our largest turnout ever, and I had such a good time helping to make it a grand time for all.

So many to thank.....The Gormans, Ed and Alice, so gracious with all of the must do's along with the Battley's....always such hard worker bees. The Hospitality Suite is the Great Meeting place and it takes alot of time and energy to provision and hands on to keep it open and moving. My special thanks to the following members who really made my job easier. Tom Russell, Pete Linzmeyer, Ben McKinzie, Moffit Tinsley, Tom and Penny Schuchat, Dena and Jim Bryant. Alice Powers, once again, you provided us ladies with a wonderful surprise at the banquet.

The new Ladies Auxiliary Board for the coming two years will be,

President	Penny Schuchat
Vice-Pres.	Margie Kricken
Co-Vice-Pres.	Chris McKinzie
Secretary	Casey Thompson

What a fabulous, hard-working and creative board to continue the great support given by the Golden Eagles Ladies Auxiliary.

I thank you so much for the thoughtful gift certificate. I've added a stunning Nutcracker to my collection from the Neiman Marcus Christmas Shop, which will hold a very special spot in my heart.

My very best wishes and support to the new Ladies Board for the continued success of this most worthy and special organization, The Golden Eagles.

Happy and Safe Holiday's to everyone.



Gail Grover

CAL Orders 3 Concorde SSTs

Continental has signed an agreement with France's Sud Aviation and England's British Aircraft Corporation for the purchase of three Mach 2.2, 1,450-mile-per-hour supersonic jet Concorde aircraft.

President Robert F. Six said that the three, 104-passenger transports are slated for delivery following acceptance by Pan American World Airways of the six Concorde's that company recently ordered. Continental's planes will provide the first supersonic service within the United States, he said.

The SST's, as with any new aircraft, must be certificated by the Federal Aviation Agency.

Six said that the aircraft, which will cost in excess of \$30,000,000, would be paid for substantially through internally generated funds. Continental's policy of depreciating its subsonic jets in just 10 years will result in the company's four Boeing 707s being fully written off while the company's five Boeing 720Bs will be within two years of final write off when the Concorde's are delivered, he said. At the same time, Continental's present short term debt will have been retired while present long term institutional loans will be paid off by the end of 1972.

"Actually," Six said, "addition of the supersonic equipment will be far less of a financial burden to Continental than was the initial move from piston aircraft to subsonic jets in 1959."

The purchase of the supersonic aircraft has been approved by the Chase Manhattan Bank, Continental's lead bank, and by the company's other lenders.

"We expect that the Concorde's will be able to operate at seat mile costs at or below those of our subsonic jets over our present routes and will substantially enhance Continental's profit position in the 1970s," he said.

"Our initial plan is to place the planes in service on one or more major routes we now serve. Our subsonic jets on these routes will continue to provide much needed lower fare and cargo services, guaranteeing many years of useful economic life after they have been fully depreciated," Six said.

"We believe that there is room in world markets for both the French-British Mach 2.2 supersonic transport and a bigger, faster U.S. Mach 3 transport. The U.S. model, as proposed by the President of the United States, will become the world's basic intercontinental transport while the smaller Concorde will be operated as an intracontinental transport."



By the time the U.S. Mach 3 aircraft is certificated and ready for service, Continental will be in a position to buy a limited number if the company's route system at that time warrants their addition. Six said.

The Concorde's will reduce flight time between Chicago and Los Angeles to less than two hours. If used on other routes, the Concorde's would cut Houston-Los Angeles and Kansas City-Los Angeles flights to 1½ hours and lower Chicago-Denver and Denver-Los Angeles flights to just over one hour, Six said.

Los Angeles-Honolulu flights, if the company is successful in winning the route in current proceedings before the Civil Aeronautics Board, would take just 2½ hours, he said.

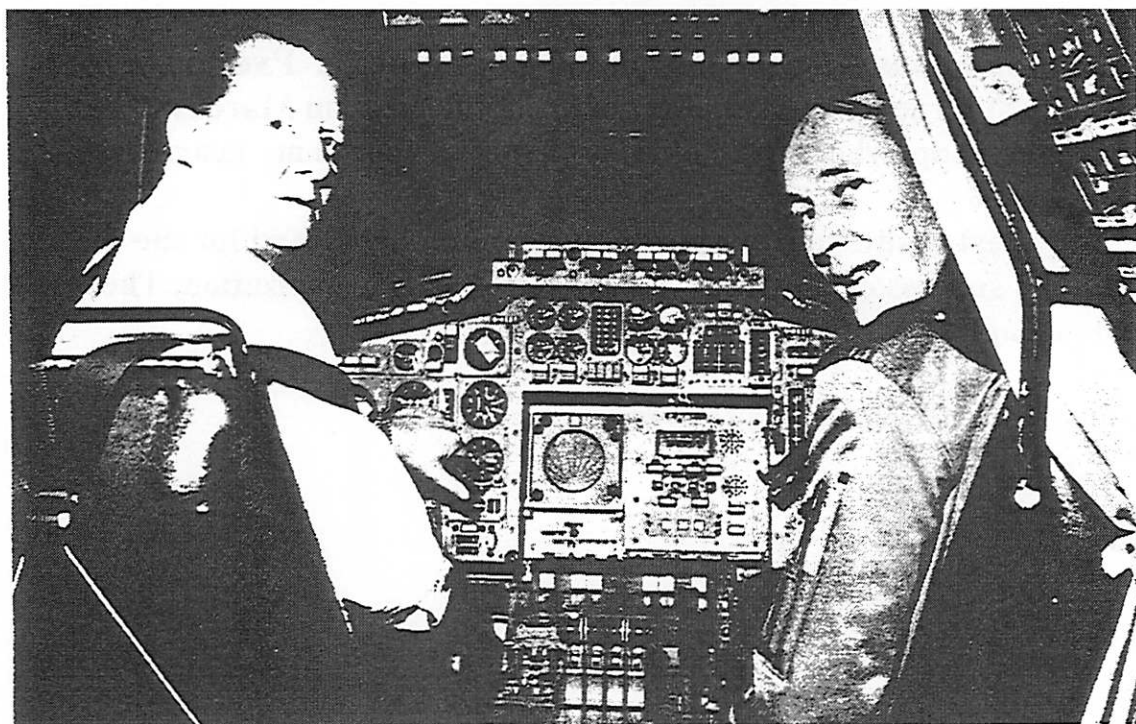
The 265,000-pound aircraft will be slightly heavier than Continental's Boeing 707s (248,000 pounds) or Boeing 720Bs (230,000 pounds), but are lighter than intercontinental subsonic jets and will be able to use present jet runways, Six said. To avoid ground noise problems, the aircraft will be operated subsonically up to 40,000 feet, then climb to normal supersonic cruising altitude of 50,000 to 60,000 feet.

The planes will be 180 feet long and have a wing span of 78 feet compared with a length of 144 feet and a wingspan of 131 feet on the company's 707s. Range will be in excess of 3,000 miles. Passenger seating will be two abreast.

Continental long has been interested in supersonic transports, Six said, pointing out that the company proposed future operation of SSTs between the mainland and Hawaii in its initial application to serve the Islands in the Trans-Pacific Route Case which started in 1959.

At the same time, the company formed a supersonic committee of top management and technical people to keep abreast of developments in the field. The committee has been meeting regularly for the past four years.

Continental hopes for still further expansion of its Los Angeles operations, Six said, pointing out that in cases still pending before the Civil Aeronautics Board the company is seeking a Los Angeles-Honolulu route as well as one-stop authority between Los Angeles and Cleveland and two-stop authority between Los Angeles and both Philadelphia and New York.



V/P C. M. Stubben flying the Concorde SST Prototype with John Cockran of British Aircraft. 1971.

EX OFFICIO

When the DC 3 came down from Dallas Love Field to Houston last October it was a great opportunity for our members and ARICA to take short rides in the airplane and share some fond memories.

It was mentioned at that time that there were plans for a West Coast tour some time in July of 2000. For those of us that are still flying, operating in today's environment can be very frustrating, it wears you down on a daily basis with congestion and delays.

Due to other scheduling requirements and commitments it appeared that I would in fact miss the airplane entirely. It was the middle of July and suddenly I really wanted to ride on one of those legs between cities. I was at San Francisco and watched the airplane taxi from the executive area to the concourse to pick up passengers for their 40 minute segment. The airplane was weaving around on the taxiway between every piece of equipment from the 737/MD80 through the 747. From taxi time to takeoff was 60 minutes.

Toward the end of the week, after many phone conversations with Jim Minor, I made my way up to Seattle. The next morning I met up with the crew, Joe Bowyer and Blake LaMar. They were headed to Salt Lake City for the next tour stop.

The airplane was at Boeing Field on the Museum of Flight ramp, a perfect place to start this trip. These guys have to do all their own preflighting from checking the oil, removing the control locks and chocks. Blake and I laughed, forty-one years ago we were new hires in the same class having just checked out as co-pilots in the DC3 that April.

Starting the airplane brought back lots of old memories. I watched them do blade counts, boost, primer and mixture. Those engines came to life, settled down and we went through the warm up period.

Taxi out for Runway 13 using the tailwheel lock, differential power and brakes. For takeoff, lock the tailwheel, trail the cowl flaps. In the air climb at 120 knots to 11,000 feet which was our lowest cruising altitude for IFR on Victor 4 and Victor 101. During the climb after breaking out on top, Mt. Rainier was visible on the right side. After leaving the coast it was clear the rest of the way. The route of flight was from Boeing Field to Yakima, Pendleton, Baker City, Boise, Burley, Ogden then Salt Lake City. Total distance was right at 630 miles which took us 4:30. Blake made a beautiful landing, just like the old days.

The airplane seems to float through the air. It did seem to be more relaxing and less stressful than today's route segments. You had more time to look out the window at what was going on down below.

This airplane does a great public relations job for the company as it travels throughout the system. It is a perfect way to show younger generations the way it use to be.

Larry Wilsey

readers' verse

*You've flown a lot thru snow and ice
and often when it's raining
but the time has come again, my
friend*

to bust your butt while "training."

*First, there comes the oral
and, like I told my pard,
the questions are all easy
it's the answers that are hard.*

*They've simplified the mental quiz
and they've plugged a lot of leaks
so if you hit the books real hard
you can get it—in two weeks.*

*Now, if you pass the oral
you've gained a little ground
but you get another chance to flunk
when you do the walk-around.*

*What is that? What's in there?
How much air is in those tires?
Makes a person long again
to hear the wind sing thru the wires.*

*What's behind? What's up front?
You nearly, almost guessed
this is the one that's standardized
different from the rest.*

*Now, if you pass the walk-around
try and conceal your fright
you now have won the golden chance
to go up for your flight.*

*The time has come to do your best
and, to keep from getting fired,
you have to demonstrate your skill
to someone that you hired.*

*The flight is always lots of fun
there really is no heat
the reason that you sweat so much
is cause you like to eat.*

*You have to do the stalls while clean
and then again, while dirty
which is just about like it was
back in nineteen thirty.*

*Watch your heading! Hold it straight!
Don't you know your proper powers?
How in heck did you slip by
for twenty thousand hours?*

*Your past is all forgotten
and your future ain't too bright
if you should flub the contest
on the ground or up in flight.*

*But, if you're full of answers
then you allay their fears
and you're allowed to carry on
what you've done for thirty years.*

Capt. C. H. Ferguson (AWI, Retired)



RAPA REPORT

The Retired Airline Pilots Association (RAPA) held its annual convention in Toronto, Ontario, Canada, on October 16-19, 2000. We were guests of the Canadian Retired Airline Pilots Association.

Considerable time was spent on two hard issues, namely:

- 1) finding someone to replace the retiring RAPPORT editor, Ted Larusson, of United's RUPA
- 2) devising some method by which RAPA can better communicate with the individual pilot-retiree members of RAPA

Everyone who has read the RAPPORT in these years that Larussen has published it has marvelled at the superior quality that Ted has developed into this publication. The magazine is quite worthy of being sold on public news-stands.

The effort that Larussen has expended is huge---it's quite difficult for any of us to comprehend how much effort is required to edit and publish a news magazine such as RAPPORT or the CONTRAILS

Ted has now decided that he must spend more time on his family and on other obligations or pleasures and we are having a very difficult time finding a worthy replacement editor.

The problem of taking RAPA to the individual pilot-retiree member of RAPA is equally complex and difficult. We wish that we might do it by sending the RAPPORT to every member, however, that just isn't financially feasible.

For some time now Shad Shadowens of Flying Tiger has urged that we can best reach the individual pilot-retiree by establishing a web-site or web page. Believing that that is our best hope, we proposed that a committee determine the practicality and advisability of proceeding via the computer route. A five-man committee has been established to look into the proposed computer operation and, also, to find a new editor for RAPPORT.

I have delayed writing this report, hoping that we might get some information re: the progress of that committee in time for this issue of the CONTRAILS, but it looks like we'll have to wait for the next issue.

I am enclosing a couple of pages from the RAPA 2000 Insurance Report in the event that there is room in this issue of CONTRAILS for this information.

Best regards,

Bob Hiemstra

RAPA Insurance and Benefit Programs

In early 1997 Alexander & Alexander became part of Aon Corporation. Our insurance consultants Howard Wincele and Sonia Blumenthal now have an office with Aon Consulting in Miami, Florida. Ms. Rosy Fernandez is available on a daily basis to handle problems for RAPA members. The new address and phone numbers are as follows:

**Aon Consulting
1001 Brickell Bay Drive, 10th Floor
Miami, Florida 33131-4937**

Toll Free:	800-314-1860
Switchboard:	305-961-5900
Rosy Fernández:	305-961-5919
Sonia Blumenthal:	305-961-5917
Howard Wincele:	305-961-5939

1. Delta Dental Plan
2. Pharmacy Benefit Card
3. Discount Vision Services
4. Hartford Medicare Supplement Coverage (billed directly by Hartford since 1/1998)
5. Aegon/Monumental Medicare Supplement Plan
6. CNA Long Term Care Coverage
7. Group Cancer Policy
8. Travel and Home Accident Policy

REVISED: 10/25/00

Greetings Members,

The following was received from the Company:

“Continental is rapidly moving to a paperless environment. E-Ticket, “the express lane to the plane”, is now the preferred method for pass travel, both space available and business.

Retirees can get the convenience of an E-Ticket when listing for a flight through Reservations.

Several enhancements have just been released to facilitate retiree travel. Call the Continental Pass Line (CPL) to create, change, or cancel an E-Ticket. The phone numbers are (877) 324-PASS outside Houston and (713) 324-PASS in Houston. Your password is your birth date (MM/DD/YY).

Log on to coair.com (www.coair.com) and use INTRANET RES to make and change listings, check availability, and check flight loads. Select INTRANET RES. Log in with your Continental Employee ID number (password is the last four digits of your SSN). Select “Availability” to create an E-Ticket. Select “existing PNR’s” to change or cancel an E-Ticket.

The CPL and INTRANET RES are not yet available to former employees who retired prior to 1987 and for those who participated in an Early Out after 1987 and who have since retired. This is being addressed and additional information will be mailed out to retirees in the future”.

Of course what this means is that you will no longer have to go to a ticket counter and stand in line to have someone write you a pass.

Also, the company is now posting a computer printout of standby passengers for each flight. This printout will list standbys in boarding priority and is to be posted at each gate check-in or podium area. After checking in you can check the list and monitor the boarding process in order to be prepared when your name and boarding status may be coming up. This should eliminate the need to check with the busy agents.

At the convention in Las Vegas three items were brought up for company response:

- 1). Possibility of having service date entered with our SA-4R listing instead of current year, SA-4R-00, etc. for boarding date. “Company advises no plans to change”.
- 2). Retirees being authorized one pass a year with higher boarding priority such as the active employees now have for vacation. “No plans at this time”.
- 3). Buddy Passes for retirees. “The company has no plans to provide Buddy Passes for retirees at this time”.

K.D. Thompson

FROM YOUR NEWLY ELECTED TREASURER

As the newly elected treasurer of the Golden Eagles, I thought it would be appropriate for me to introduce myself to those of you who were not at the recent Las Vegas convention and don't know me. But first, let me express my appreciation for the warm welcome my wife and I received from all of the Golden Eagles members during our Las Vegas stay. It became quickly apparent to me what a first class organization this really is. Though I knew many members only by name from past issues of *The Golden Contrails* - having come to Continental from one of the many airlines that now make up Continental Airlines - within minutes of first arriving at the hospitality suite, I felt like I had flown along side of these gentlemen for years. Further, having served several years as an officer of the Texas International Retired Pilots Association (T.I.R.P.A.), I could instantly recognize and appreciate the huge amount of work and the organizational efforts that your officers have expended in making the *Golden Eagles* the organization that it is. And believe me, having "been there" - it does take more time and energy than you can believe to make any organization successful.

My flying career actually began by washing airplanes and cutting grass at a small airport in Kentucky and being paid in flying time. Later, after a short two years of army service in Korea with a helicopter outfit, followed by a couple of years of instructing and charter flying back in Kentucky, in 1956 I was hired by a small regional airline in Texas - then known as Trans Texas Airways - flying DC-3's around Texas, Arkansas and Louisiana. As the "trunk" airlines gradually pulled out of smaller cities, giving these routes to the "locals and regionals", these smaller airlines picked up the routes and expanded. Trans Texas was one of these, adding cities and aircraft to its routes. Trans Texas changed names several times - to TTA and eventually to Texas International; and added routes that eventually stretched from Los Angeles on the west coast to Baltimore and Washington in the east as well as from the Canadian border into several cities in Mexico. The DC-3's gave way to Covair-240's (eventually converted to turboprop CV-600's) and DC-9's.

We all know the story of the merger of CAL and TXI, and I certainly won't dwell on it. But eventually, as it all played out over the years, I was fortunate enough to be able to fly the B-727, DC-10 and the B-747 for Continental Airlines before turning 60 in 1992. I continued to fly as a S/O on the DC-10 until retiring in 1997. My wife, Cynthia, and I now reside in Florida, where I continue to fly corporate aircraft and I'm busy building my own kit airplane. I served four years as the president and treasurer of T.I.R.P.A. from 1992 - 1997, so I well recognize and appreciate the efforts that your officers give to this organization.

The present management of Continental Airlines, under Mr. Bethune, has brought Continental back to a leading place in the industry, just as it was many years ago. And The Golden Eagles enjoy being able to work with the Company in bringing many benefits and advantages to the retired pilot group that were unheard of in the past. Your support and participation in Golden Eagles helps make this possible.

I was most gratified by the resolution and vote of the October convention, specifically inviting **ALL ELIGIBLE PILOTS OF ALL AIRLINES** THAT MAKE UP TODAY'S CONTINENTAL AIRLINES to join the Golden Eagles. I urge **ALL** - whether you came from Continental, Pioneer, TTA/TXI, Peoples Express, New York Air, Frontier, or wherever - who aren't members of Golden Eagles to join this worthwhile group now, and be sure to attend the 2001 reunion convention in Houston next October.

My predecessor, Ken Alrick, has served the Golden Eagles admirably for many years, and his dedication will be a hard act to follow - but I promise that I will give this office my best efforts and try to further the tradition of the Eagles.

Charlie Starr

Golden Eagles Treasurers Report 11/17/2000

Balance 1/1/2000	\$9,915.58
Income 1/1/2000 to 11/17/2000	
Dues	\$5,840.00
Postage Fund	\$2,400.00
Convention	\$6,760.00
Raffle	\$1,015.00
Kitty	\$346.00
Total	\$26,276.58
Disbursements	
Contrails/2 Issues	(\$4,763.25)
Speaker	(\$500.00)
Stationery	(\$64.81)
RAPA Dues	(\$312.50)
RAPA expense/2yrs	(\$400.00)
Convention Expenses	(\$2,556.02)
Banquet Refunds	(\$228.00)
Website Fee	(\$39.98)
Tropicana	(\$6,687.22)
Total	(\$15,551.78)
Balance 11/17/2000	\$10,714.80

New Members Since Last Issue	
Jim Farris	Bill Ferree
Wayne Voss	Lou Wehner
Bob Hulse	Bob Pearse
Jack O'Barr	Eric Mahnerd
Reinie Greve	Randy Quinn
Mike Quaintance	Tom Folwell
Dan Greco	Dave Devine
Bob Swan	Van Beathard

Your Mailing label denotes your dues status.
Please note the number on the bottom of the
label. Those members who are in arrears. (Paid
through 1998 only.) are subject to removal
from the mailing list after Jan. 1st of 2001

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:

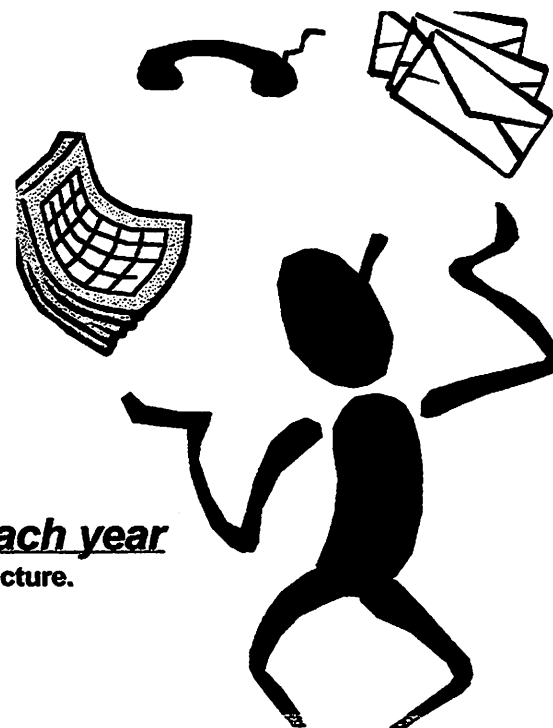
Golden Eagles
c/o Charlie Starr/Treasurer/Membership
4328 Sunset Beach Circle
Niceville, FL 32578
Phone 850-987-0898
E-Mail cws1932@home.com

This year was something different for me. We elected a new Treasurer.
Charlie Starr and I will be changing hats as of the publication of this
Golden Contrails. .

It has been a pleasure to serve, but time marches on
Please note the new address for all dues and address information.

Again, I want to thank those of you who contribute to the postage fund. This
enables us to continue with this high quality news letter. This medium of
communication fills a need which is the very basic reason for the existence
of the Golden Eagles..

Ken Alrick,
Treasurer

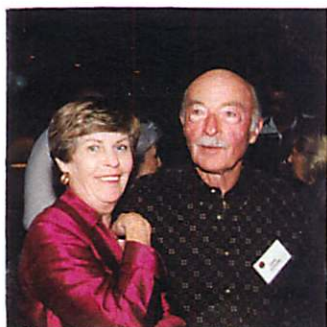






Timothy Curtis Didlake

1962 — 1999



757-300



Richard Grigsby

From: Richard D. Hague <rdhague@lvcm.com>
To: rsgretco@worldnet.att.net
Subject: "The Professionals"
Date: Tuesday, November 28, 2000 4:42 PM

'Evenin', Captain Dick:

I have found the source of "The Professionals"; the article that I sent out a few weeks ago that was so well received by yourself and other Golden Eagles. The link to the web site follows immediately followed by the piece in its entirety.

I might add, parenthetically, that I'm delighted to have found it through the kindness of an EAL/QB buddy. Somehow, the impression was given that I was the author, and the credit belongs to Corwin Dodge, PAA. I hope that your Thanksgiving Holidays were wonderful and that Christmas will be, too.

Sincerely,

Dick Hague

<http://www.avace.com/> <<http://www.avace.com/>>

A few months ago, while on a hotel van in Boston, someone brought up the name Pan Am. A young Continental flight attendant said, "What's Pan Am?" She manage to say a great deal with that question.

Ladies and Gentlemen, our great aviation legacies are dying and are worthy of our respect and honor. On this slow news day, I thought you may like to read "THE PROFESSIONALS", by Corwin Dodge, Pan Am. It may lift your spirits and rejuvenate your pride. Older pilots will have fond memories of Dodge's images. I hope the younger aviators will enjoy it, too.

>>>>>>> **THE PROFESSIONALS** <<<<<<<

By Corwin Dodge, PAA

You see them at airport terminals around the world. You see them in the morning early, sometimes at night. They come neatly uniformed and hatted, sleeves striped; they show up looking fresh, well-slept, crisp. There is a brisk, young-old look of efficiency about them. Except near dawn. Then there may be a faraway expression in their eyes. They may carry an air of aggressiveness about them, for it is hard to be in New York and Paris, Rome and Rangoon, Seattle and San Antonio, only hours apart. They arrive fresh from home, from hotels, carrying suitcases, bags, battered briefcases, always briefcases, black or brown, pregnant-looking, bulging, bulging with a wealth of technical information, data, filled with regulations, rules, overflowing. Overwhelming in abundance, mass; every last period, every cipher, sacrosanct. All of it. They know the new, harsh sheen of Chicago's O'Hare and immediately think of Midway. They know the cluttered approaches to Newark; they know the tricky shuttle that is Rio; they know, but do not relish, threading the needle into Hong Kong. They respect foggy San Francisco. They know the up-and-down walk to the gates at Dallas, the Texas sparseness of Abilene, the Berlin Corridor, New Orleans' sparking terminal, the milling crowds at Washington. They know Butte, Boston, and Beirut. They appreciate Miami's perfect weather, recognize the danger of an ice-slick runway at JFK.

They know the crowded vastness of our airways. They pray the situation will be rectified, and soon. They note that planning, and more planning, produced London's airport. They have high hopes for Houston's Jet era, now building. They understand about short runways, antiquated fire equipment, inadequate approach lighting, but there is one thing, they will never comprehend: poor airport maintenance. Nor complacency.

They remember the work-horse efficiency of the DC-3's, the reliability of the 4's and 6's, the trouble with the 7's. They discuss an old gal named Connie, pro and con, depending. They recognize the high shrill whine of a Viscount rumbling thrust of an 8 or 707. And a Convair. They know how the Electras were lost, but they still fly them with confidence. They speak a language unknown to Webster. They discuss ALPHA, EPR's, fans, mach and bogie swivels. And, strangely, such things as bugs, thumpers, crickets, and CATs, but they are inclined to change the subject when the uninitiated approaches. They also discuss stewardii. And "The Probable Cause." They have tasted the characteristic loneliness of the sky, and occasionally the adrenaline of danger. They respect the unseen thing called turbulence; they know what it means to fight for self-control, to discipline one's senses. They buy insurance-life insurance-but make no concession to the possibility of complete disaster, for they have uncommon faith in themselves and what they are doing. They concede that the glamour is gone from flying; they deny that a man is through at sixty. They know that tomorrow, or the following night, something will come along that they have never met before; they know that flying, like making love, requires perseverance they know that they must practice, lest they retrograde. They realize why some wit once quipped: "Flying is year after year of monotony punctuated by seconds of stark terror." They laugh, but are not amused. As a group, they defy mortality tables, yet approach semi-annual physical examinations with trepidation. They are individualistic, yet bonded together. They are family men, yet rated poor marriage bets. They are reputedly overpaid, yet entrusted with equipment worth millions. And lives, countless lives. At times they are reverent. They have watched the Pacific sky turn purple at dusk; they know the twinkling, jeweled beauty of Los Angeles at night; they have seen snow crawling up the Rockies. They remember the vast, unending mat of green Amazon jungle, the twisting silver road that is the father of Waters, an ice cream cone called Fujiyama. And the hump of Africa. They have sat watching a satellite streak across a starry sky, seen the clear, deep blue of the stratosphere, felt the incalculable force of the heavens. They have marveled at sunstreaked evenings, dappled earth, velvet night; spun silver clouds, sculptured cumulus. God's weather. They have viewed the northern lights, the Southern Cross, a wilderness of sky; a pilot's halo, a bomber's moon, horizontal rain. Contrails. They have learned to accept the physical challenge in every day, realized a complete removal from earthy attachments, and reveled in a sense of high suspension. Only a pilot experiences similar moments of grandeur.



FIRST DOMESTIC SST: Continental will become the first U.S. domestic airline to provide passenger service with supersonic transports. This was assured Tuesday, July 30, when the firm placed an order with British Aircraft Corp. and Sud Aviation of France for three of the 1,450-mile-an-hour "Concorde" SSTs being built jointly by the two manufacturers. The 265,000 pound aircraft will carry 104 passengers and cruise at between 50,000 to 60,000 feet.

MY DAYS WITH THE AIRLINE

By Timothy Didlake

It's rush hour in Los Angeles as my car idles on the 405 freeway. I look up and see the many different emblems on the planes flying into LAX. For me, there was a time when there was one airline and only one airline: Continental, the proud bird with the golden tail. That was then. Now, many other airlines have come and gone, finding themselves out of business seemingly overnight, the paint on their fleets still wet. And as these revamped airplanes pass overhead I think of how many years have gone by since I've been in the cockpit. I ask myself, "Will I ever again be able to sit by the controls and look out at the amazing blue sky and blanket of bright white clouds?" The memories of those days long ago come back to me. I realize how much I miss flying and the fondness I still have for my days with the airlines. Granted, I was only a child and my dad was the pilot, but I can't think of anything I enjoyed more than going to work with him. It seems like it always started out the same way, in the wee small hours of the morning.

THE WAKE-UP CALL

Mom comes into my room and gently wakes me. The sun isn't even up yet and the only light I see shines in from the hall. My adventure is starting. I take a speedy shower and jump into my suit. My coat hides the pilot wings my Mom has stitched over my shirt pocket. I find Dad already dressed in his uniform and packing some last minute things; a shaving kit, instant coffee, a mug, and alka-seltzer. Before he throws in his bottle of aftershave, we both get a quick splash, the alcohol burning into my skin. I love being a grown-up! Then Mom brings in some uniform shirts that she has lovingly ironed. I say, "lovingly", but everything she does is done lovingly. Mom is truly a silent hero. She says her good byes, and her men are off to work.

CARPOOLING

Wearing a black cardigan sweater, Dad loads the car, then puts his uniform coat on a hanger behind him and tosses his hat in the back seat. As we get closer and closer to the airport my excitement level gets so high that I'm surprised I never explode. Occasionally I check under my coat to see that my wings have not somehow disappeared. We listen to the radio, hearing, "KFWB news time 6:45." Ten minutes later, "KFWB news time 6:55." Driving to the airport feels like an eternity, and when we finally pull into the giant employee parking lot, all of my senses go on full alert. The never-ending sea of cars are all different except for a small company sticker glued to each bumper.

PRE-FLIGHT

Sliding his flight bag and suitcase from the trunk, Dad and I start our hike to the general office, or "G.O". He carries the bags in a particular way, always very relaxed, with a little swing as he sets them down. I carry a bag of my own, but wish I could carry two bags like he does, for then it would be easier to copy him. I always try to act just like Dad, from walking up stairs to how he does his paperwork. We find our way into "Ops" where we check out the weather and do our flight plan. I loved it when I knew fellow pilots who were there. They'd greet my dad, "Well hello, George." Our paperwork done, we'd go outside to wait for the shuttle. I remember waiting for it one winter night layover in Chicago. I thought that if I touched my pants they would shatter.

Our transport arrives to pick us up. Here at LAX, the shuttle is an old school bus, painted with the Airline's colors. It's hard to imitate my dad with the giant step I have to take to get on board. But my size is an advantage when we take our seats. Everyone else has to sit sideways or find their knees in their nose.

Our bus winds it's way back through the parking lot maze and out onto the concourse, with all its wonderful creaks and squeaks singing at every bump and turn. I love these sounds, but they drive Dad nuts. Our bus driver motors us down an alley between large jets parked at the terminal.

There's an array of oddly shaped vehicles surrounding each plane. The "Sky-Chef" catering truck with its scissor lift has its tail end extended high to the galley door, delivering the in-flight meals. Two trucks, with their umbilical cords attached to the plane, empty tanks or add jet fuel. The jet's baggage compartment is opened and a strange car with a conveyer belt, inches to the hold. A tractor with a train of flatbeds pulls up with the passengers' luggage. The tug is a squatty pug-nosed vehicle that just looks like it's packed with power. The jet-way is telescoped to the plane's entrance, linking the gate to the cabin. The jet-way rolls on two large wheels that resemble the plane's. One time I went on a "walk around" with the second officer, to check out the aircraft. I thought it would be funny to kick the jet-way tires. I couldn't believe he actually thought I didn't know the difference. I mean, I was a veteran with many hours in the air.

We descend from the bus and walk to our assigned aircraft. The smell of diesel is in the air, the smell of travel! Now comes the most dangerous part of flying, climbing the metal jet-way stairs. Each step is razor sharp and resemble that part of a cheese grater that's never used. I know if I ever fall I could be shredded into a billion tiny pieces!

At the top of these stairs is a door that feels like it weighs a ton. Mechanics' greasy hand prints are smudged around the knob. After the giant door slams behind us, the loud noises from outside disappear and the jet-way floors bounce with every step we take. Inside our aircraft the sounds of galley doors click open and shut, as the metal boxes containing the in-flight meals are unloaded. A cleaning crew, working at top speed, vacuums the well-worn carpet, sprucing up the cabin for our guests who have yet to arrive. Flight Attendants are stowing their gear, chatting with each other, and a member of the flight crew sits alone in first class calmly going through today's newspaper from Chicago. I can feel the plane humming a quiet welcome.

The smells enclosed in the aircraft's cabin are always the same; coffee brewing, the aroma of the in-flight meals, stale cigarettes and a touch of must. I love this combination of scents, for to me it means adventure.

The cock-pit has another smell all its own. It was always in Dad's clothes and his in-flight bag: electrical leather. I strap myself into the jump seat, directly behind Dad. He's very relaxed; it shows in his neck and shoulders. Calm, but ready for anything. The ground crew starts to move their slew of trucks off the ramp. The jet-way glides out of harm's way, and a pre-flight check-list starts, "No smoking sign - 'on'. Fasten seat belt sign - 'on'." The tower gives us permission to taxi to the runway. The tug pushes us slowly away from the gate. After we're disconnected, a member of the ground crew gives us a quick salute before running back to the ramp. We roll along the taxi-way, with more of the check-list. Switches are pushed. There are replies, "Check, flaps up" everyone speaking in a low monotone voice, until the first officer announces "Pre-flight check-list complete."

TAKE-OFF

Then the moment of truth as we stare down the runway. The plane before us heads off to its destination and we are cleared for take-off. My dad's hand slowly pushes the throttles forward. The first officer calls off our speed; "10 knots, 20 knots, 40 knots, 80 knots." Faster and faster until the magic speed is met. Dad's left hand gently pulls back the wheel and calls out "Gear up." The engines are heard pulsing, reaching towards the sky. Now both of his hands are on the wheel as he and the plane seem to play a game of give and take. What a rush!

IN-FLIGHT

Once airborne, I can explore the plane. Let's talk a minute about one of the most unique parts of the aircraft, the lavatory! The wonderful stainless-steel sink that sucks out water like nothing else on this earth, the tiny bars of Camay soap, a slot for used razor blades, the hostess call button (I don't know who would have the guts to call her, or why?), and of course the toilet, with its strange hieroglyphics on the inside lid. For years I tried to decode it, but all I could ever figure out was that you're not supposed to do your laundry in it.

One time I searched the lavatory compartment and found a great box to carry the little plastic planes I was crushing in my pocket. When I proudly showed my mom, who was along with us, she quietly smiled and told me to put it back. I don't know what the trouble was. The box just said something about sanitary napkins on it. On another trip with my mom, she was brushing her hair when one of her clip-on earrings was eaten by the toilet. After we landed she got it back; a man with very long rubber gloves was able to find it. I try not to imagine what his search was like. I'm sure Mom was sorry it was ever fished out, because any time she wore it, I would tell people where it had been.

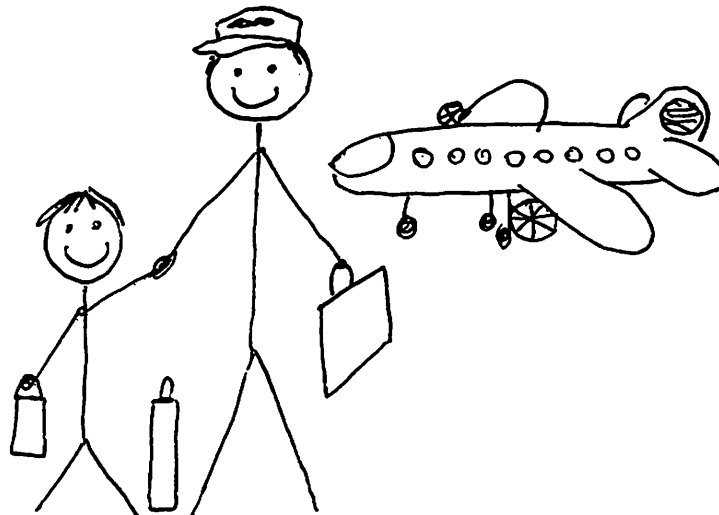
Besides Mom, I had other traveling companions. On one trip to Seattle, the first officer brought his son along. We were turned over to the first-class flight attendants, who thought it would be cute if we handed out the in-flight meals. We passed the trays out, row by row, continuing past the partition that divides first-class from coach. When the hostess realized what we'd done, our flight attendant training quickly came to an end. I wonder what those five people in coach thought as two little boys emerged from first-class with their unexpected feasts.

FINAL APPROACH

Back in the cock-pit, Dad has been carefully scanning the sky. I'm also on watch, studying what each pilot does. I can't see the airport, let alone the earth, but our request for descent is granted. We bravely go into the clouds below us. The blue sky is suddenly gone and the cock-pit window is surrounded by gray. If we're lucky, we get bounced around a little. The greatest bounce ever was over Florida. I felt like my brains had hit the roof! Coming out of the clouds we see our destination. It's overcast today, and I think the inhabitants must be totally unaware of the beauty that's above the gloom.

We're on final approach. We can see the airport's blue run-way lights glowing in the distance and the tower has cleared us for landing. Another check list starts. "Gear down and locked. Flaps down." As each command is given, sounds of little motors go to work. As if in slow motion, we get closer and closer to the runway until our speed becomes relative to the ground. Our jet rushes quickly past the strobe light markers, flashing like an arrow, just before the runway. The engines are put into a kind of neutral, as we glide with short anticipation, trying to feel the concrete below us. The rear wheels touch the runway, and then the nose gear hits. The throttles are jerked back and the engines roar to slow us down. I am pulled forward and the springs in our seats squeak in harmony with every bump. Marvelous!

We bounce along the taxi-way, Dispatch gives us our gate assignment and we see the ground crew waiting to attack the plane. The first contact we have is with a guy who'll wave us into position. His signals resemble that of a referee at a football game. He crosses his arms above his head, as we hit our mark and the brakes moan to a halt. The wheels are blocked to prevent rolling, and we wait inside the cock-pit for the passengers to deplane. By the time we get in the terminal, it's quiet except for the muzak that blares away from cheap speakers. I see the gate agent changing the ARRIVAL/DEPARTURE signs at the gate. Tonight's a lay over for us and tomorrow we'll be back in the sky on our way home, sorry to see the adventure end. Looking back is difficult, there are so many wonderful memories; from Micronesia to Florida. But I will always cherish my days with the airline and my adventures in the sky with my mom and dad.



GONE WEST:

Andrew John Camarata



ANDREW J. CAMARATA'S death was reported in our last issue. His mother, Rose Camarata Gaffney sent a photograph, along with additional information. **ANDY** won his wings as a Naval Pilot, before joining Continental, and he flew for CAL for 18 years. Next he flew for Wichita Airlines, and then for Korean Airlines, before retiring. His career with Aramak Uniform Services, untimely death, and Scholarship Fund, were mentioned in our last issue.

ANDY is survived by his loving mother, Rose, a brother, Lonnie Lowther, daughters Kelli, and Gena, son Tim, and step children Scott and Terri.

FRANCIS J. (JOE) HENRY died July 25, 2000, due to respiratory problems. **JOE** flew the F4U (Corsair) as a Marine in World War II, was hired by Continental on Aug. 1, 1948, and was recalled in the

Korean conflict, to fly the R5D.

During his career with Continental, **JOE** flew the DC-3, DC-4, DC-6, DC-7, Convair 240-340-440, Vickers Viscount, Boeing 727, 707, and the DC-10.

JOE particularly enjoyed his years in flying the Boeing 727 in Micronesia.

In the past few years **JOE** had suffered from ill health and

had been living in the "Assisted Living" facility in Sun City West, at the time of his death.



EUGENE A. (GENE) OLIVER died Sept. 5, 2000. **GENE** began flying in 1928 in the

Oakland, CA area, meeting Robert F. Six during that same year. In 1929 **GENE** flew a 180 HP Eagle-rock, and in



EUGENE A. OLIVER (GENE)

1933 he piloted a Lockheed Vega for Shell Oil Company. After a year or two as a copilot for United Air Lines, **GENE** joined

Continental on July 11, 1941.

During his 27 years with Continental the amiable GENE flew the DC-2, DC-3, Douglas DC-6, DC-7, and retired May 1, 1968, flying the Boeing 707. GENE was very well liked by all Continental people, including supervisors, pilots, dispatchers, mechanics, station agents, etc. He will be greatly missed.

GENE is survived by his loving wife, Anne Oliver, daughter Angelica Ngai, son, Robert Valente and sister, Eleanor Rosentreter-Reis. He willed his body to the UCLA School of Medicine.

LILA MAGEE (wife of CAPT. JAMES MAGEE) died Sept. 23, 2000 (more information later by LA VERNE THORNBERRY.)

ILLNESSES/SURGERY:

AL O'NEAL is ill with pancreatic cancer, so AL and BURT were unable to attend our annual reunion. AL had radiation and chemotherapy treatments, and while he is at home, waiting for indications of success, he would appreciate prayers and get well cards. (8870 Eddington, Rancho Palos Verdes, CA 90275)

During an August visit to the Honolulu Medical Clinic, TED HERBERT was advised to go to the Queen's Hospital Emergency Room, even though he had no pain, and very minor symptoms. He guesses that he may have had a heart attack, because after a three day stay, he had a stent inserted in one of his arteries, and little, if any heart damage! He would like to thank everyone for all the phone calls, "get-well" cards and e-mails....

JANE RICHARDS has been residing in the Beverly Convalescent and Rehabilitation Home for the past six months. Since JANE moves from her bed to a wheel chair with great difficulty, she

has lost most of her ability to walk. BIM RICHARDS visits her daily, usually at dinner time to help her eat, as pain in her shoulders hinders use of either arm.

NEE NEE EATON, wife of BILL EATON, had surgery last July, and is recovering at home, with BILL in constant attendance.

LA VERNE THORNBERRY had a heart attack in her Doctor's office and was unable to attend our Annual Convention because of her slow recovery. However, now she feels well enough to inform us about Texas folks again. LA VERNE's contribution will be printed in its usual space later in this column.

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

THIS'N THAT:

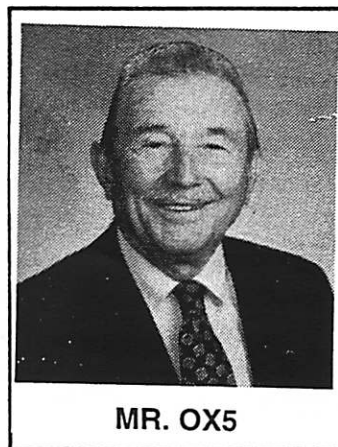
Approximately 170 members, wives, family, and friends attended our Annual Convention at the Tropicana Hotel in Las Vegas. Among those attending were: JOE and CYNTHIA ALDENDIFER, SID ALEXANDER, JO ALLEN, JACK and JEAN ALLEY, KEN and LUVARNE ALRICK, RON and SANDY ALVERSON, BUD and LA VERNE BATTLE, DON BALLARD, JOHN and LEVA BLACKIS, J.T.(BIRDIE) BERTRAND, MAT BOMIS, ROLAND BROWN, JIM and DENA BRYANT, REX and ANNETTE BUCHANAN, TOM BUCKLEY and PAULA STARR, BETTY CAMPBELL, JOHN and ANN CAMPBELL, AMOUS and LAVERNE CANN, BILL and AMY CHILDRESS, DAVE and SHARON CLOUGH, PAULA CLYMER, ANNETTE COLLINS, ED and KAREN COX, JIM and NANCY CRABTREE, LOU and OVADA CUTHBERTSON, DICK DAHSE, GEORGE and MAE DIDLAKE, JERRY

DIXON, STEVE ESH, DICK and MERCEDES FELL, GENE and PHYLLIS FREEMAN, DAVE and JACKIE FURULI, DON and JOANNE GENTRY, REINIE GREVE, DICK and SUE GRIGSBY, DON and SUE GRIFFIN, PAUL and GAIL GROVER, RICHARD HAGUE, ED and BARBARA HALLIDAY, STEVE and RAE HANE, JEAN HART, VIRG HEMPHILL, BOB HIEMSTRA, BOB and CAROL HULSE, JERRY and KAREN HUNTSINGER, BETTE IRESON, BOB and JAN KINSEY, BILL and SALLIE KNOWLES, MARK KNOWLES, DOUG and MARGIE KRICKEN, PETE LEVANDER and MAXINE ELLIOTT, PETE LINZMAIER, TOM and DEE LONG. BERT LYNN, DR. LARRY and JOAN MARINELLI, MONROE MATHIAS, TED McLARD, NANCY McKEEVER, BEN and CHRIS McKENZIE, GENE and LORI McQUILLAN, ED MELONE, and LEE BORDEN, NORM MEYER, J.J. and PAT MORIN, DAVE and KAY NEWELL, GENE and ERMA NEWMAN, ED and ROBYN O'QUINN, BOB PEARSE, DICK PECKRUL and PENNY HEDDING, ANN PLEGGENKUHLE PARK, ROBERT PEARSE, DAVE PERRY, CLIFF and FLORA PLEGGENKUHLE, CLIFF, JR. and KELLIE PLEGGENKUHLE, ALICE POWERS, BOB and JENNY RAWLS, HAL and JANE ROSS, BIM RICHARDS, FRANK and ARLENE RHODES, ROBERT (RIF) and PAT RIVISKY, TOM RUSSELL, SHAUN and LINDA RYAN, SHY and LEONA SCHEIHAGEN, HANK and EILEEN SCHNIEDER, BOB and CAROL SHELTON, TOM and PENNY SCHUCHAT, PAGE and KAY SEATS, HAROLD SIMPSON, CHARLES and CYNTHIA STARR, DON and ELLE STRAIGHT, DAVE and HELEN STREIT, WALT SMELICH, RED STUBBEN, BOB

and JOYCE SYKES, BILL TEAFF MOFFITT TINSLEY, K.D. and CASEY THOMPSON, R.E. THOMPSON, LANA TURNER, MARILYN and WILLIE WALKER, MARY WENHOLZ, GARY and LYNETTA WILSEY, DAVE WOOD, J. WORLEY, CASS and JUDY ZABINSKI, and JOHN ZETZMAN.

Those attending the Convention had a wonderful time, enjoying the atmosphere in the hospitality room, visiting old friends, meeting new members, etc.——

CLIFF PLEGGENKUHLE SR. was National President of the OX5 Aviation Pioneers in 1997. Now, in their "Year 2000 National Awards", CLIFF has been designated "MR. OX5", in recognition of his national reputation as a



MR. OX5

pioneer in aviation prior to December 31, 1940, and his outstanding contribution to the cause of general aviation.

BOB and ISABEL CURRENT celebrated their 61st wedding anniversary, according to an item in the ARECA Golden Tale. And, after about his sixth retirement, BOB is back at Walmart! BOB will be 90 years of age on Dec. 26, 2000!

We hope you found it interesting that so many Golden Eagles (JOHN CAMPBELL, JOE DENTZ, DICK GRIGSBY, DON STRAIGHT, BIRDIE BERTRAND, and JOE O'NEILL) were able to help WES COSS discover the fact that the "Lost Marine", Lt. Col. Harry W. Reed, was killed by enemy troops, after his plane was shot down over North Korea. (Not during

leading a squadron on a flight near Colorado Springs). WES COSS's e-mail on the "Lost Marine" was published in our last issue, and WES is researching the activities of Lt. Col. Reed, his "friend of early flying days," in case a book about the Colonel's life might be written.

The October and November issues of the ARECA "Golden Tale" mentioned former CAL Pilot, JIM GAMBLE. More than ten years ago JIM began entertaining youngsters and "young-at-heart" adults, with an original puppet show. Now, JIM's 20 member company performs 1800 shows annually for schools, trade shows, theater venues, and private events. JIM has produced 10 award-winning videos in his "Musical and Holiday Classics" series. And out of 20 nations represented, JIM won the "Grand Prix" for his one-man performance in Brest, Belarus. During the recent Democratic Convention in L.A. the Belarus Ambassador formally presented JIM the prize and trophy at his home in Palos Verdes, CA. That afternoon JIM and his wife MARTY, showed the Ambassador and his wife the picturesque area, including the Pacific Ocean. JIM's company has recently moved into a new Studio in Harbor City, CA, and Golden Eagle members are welcome to visit, provided that he is not out of town. His office number is 310-541-1921. He may also be contacted:

web site: www.jimgamble.com

e-mail: Jim@jimgamble.com

NOTES FROM DICK GRIGSBY

Editor's Note: An apology, because the following "Mira Slovak Anecdote" was supposed to appear in this column in our last issue, as a fitting conclusion to the poem "Take Care Mein Herr".

Flying the regular schedule of DC-10

flights, #603/#600, my crew and I would often arrive in the LAX area just about the time the fog was moving over the field, requiring near minima approaches to be conducted.

One particular month I had chosen to fly the outbound #603, leaving the return #600 to my regular co-pilot, Mira Slovak.

I noticed that Mira never used the flight director nor the auto-pilot when conducting these actual IFR approaches, preferring it seemed, to fly the approaches manually, using raw data. I questioned him why he might prefer this to the use of either the autopilot or the flight director computers, not that his approaches were inaccurate, but quite to the contrary, they were smoothly and accurately performed by him.

Mira answered, "Captain, Sir, whenever I turn on the automatics, everybody has just become a passenger."

I betcha "Chuck" Yeager felt the same way!

Dick Grigsby

BRYCE CHAPIN (is) Pilot Recruiting Manager..... I issued Bryce an invitation to join Golden Eagles and to attend our next reunion with his lady.

The address for Pilot Recruitment Referral forms is: Continental Airlines, Inc.

P. O. Box 4942,

Houston, TX 77110-4942

Dick (Grigsby)



Varney Air Transport Lockheed Vega
(VAT became Continental Airlines)

E-MAIL TO GENE NEWMAN

Don and I received our copy of Golden Contrails today. And, as usual it brings back lots of memories.

As I was reading through it I noticed that you received an e-mail from Pat Starke Brown. She was my supervisor when I started flying in 1964 (don't tell her she's older than I am) and when I quit in '83 she had gone back to flying. In any event I would love to have her e-mail or address if you happen to have it....Hope this finds you and your bride well and happy. Our fondest regards,

Don and Patti (Preese) Burrows 08/05/00



NOTES TO KEN ALRICK

Here's my 2000 dues and 2001 also. I always seem to be 6 months behind, so I'll pay ahead this time. Keep up the good work! Still work for Flight Safety Boeing, in the MD-11 simulator, and occasional flying, moving DC-10's around the world. Many thanks for your good work, and take care.

Dick (Capp) 08/22/00

The Golden Eagles organization was very important to Ray and is to me, too. As you

may know Ray passed away in 1994 and I remained on Widbey Island until recently. Our home on Race Lagoon sold and our daughter said, "Mom, you really should think about moving closer to me in Olympia or Chris in Anchorage." It was not a difficult choice. I arrived July 3rd and was volunteered for a Congressional Campaign July 11th. It has been a busy summer and I'm far from unpacked but I'll have all winter to do that. November 7th comes first. Please change my address and telephone in the records because I want to keep in touch with the many great people I know and the others of whom Ray spoke so highly. I'm not sure if I can make the Las Vegas event but will make a decision soon. In the meantime I look forward to the Golden Contrails and include this bit of postage. With kindest regards to all.

*Joan Houchen,
6726 Garrett Court NE,
Olympia, WA 98506
360-754-1163*

E-MAIL TO KEN ALRICK

I must have been having senior moment when I called you Frank. The good thing about a bad memory is that you soon forget that you have forgotten something. Oh well, I can remember my golf score....

Here are the details for membership:

*Bill and Angela Ferree,
18 Richard St..
Macomb, Illinois 61455
309-837-6271*

Angela finished her PHD at the University of Texas four years ago and is a professor here at Western Illinois University and now I'm a kept man—retired last year and am a great house boy. Send me your address, and I will forward you a check for \$20.00.

Thanks, Bill Ferree 07/15/00

I was up in Eugene Oregon for a couple of days for a college reunion of sorts. I

called Jim Bauer who lives just outside of Elkton, Oregon. Its high up in the Coast range—50 miles south of Eugene. Neat place.

To make a long story short, I drove down to his ranch and spent the night with him. Before I went to his ranch...he told me when I drive there—"do not get out of the car until I get 'Kaiser', the dog, under control. This dog is a cross between a German Shepard, Husky, and Wolf. Helluva an animal. I think he is part BAUER. Follows Bauer around like he's tied to him. I waited in the car—honked my horn for 5 minutes and finally Jim looked out the window and saw me—I damn sure was still in the car. The dog was in the window making sure I stayed in the car. I think he would have jumped through the window if I had exited the car. Jim came out with Kaiser and after a greeting he decided I was OK and we became friends. Wouldn't want him on my tail I can tell you that.

Jim looks good and he and Kaiser are a team. While drinking a bottle of vintage wine, we told so many lies that I thought the Lord would strike us both dead in the middle of the night. Next morning we went to Elkton and had a farm breakfast—coffee, 3 eggs, bacon, hash browns and some toast. Didn't have to eat till the next morning. At any rate it was good to see him and I'm sure he would like to get everyone's e-mail address.

Regards, Birdie 08/11/00

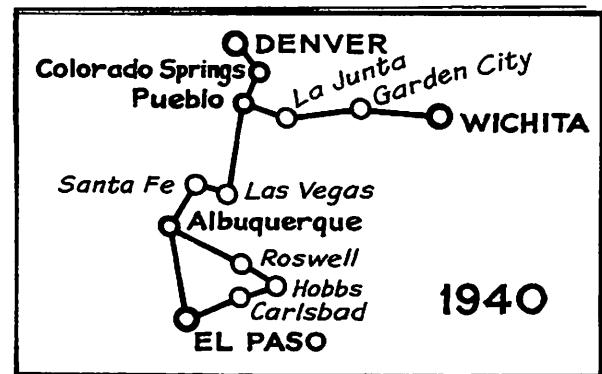
Thanks for all the good work you do for the Golden Eagles. Sorry I won't be able to make the convention. Don't quite feel retired yet, but will make it one of these days—maybe next year.

I'm still flying sidesaddle with UPS, and having a great time flying the Pac Rim and Europe. I do a lot of activities on my layovers, last trip did an 11 mile hike over a 3500' pass outside of Anchorage, and this trip I was able to get into Stadium Australia

to see the track and field events at the Olympics. Trying to keep in shape at 63. I've kept track of all my running/jogging/hiking miles for the last 37 years, and just this summer reached my goal of covering the around the world at the Equator distance (24,884 miles). A lot of that mileage has taken place with Mickey Finnegan, who is also Flying F/E here at UPS. Wish everybody my greetings.

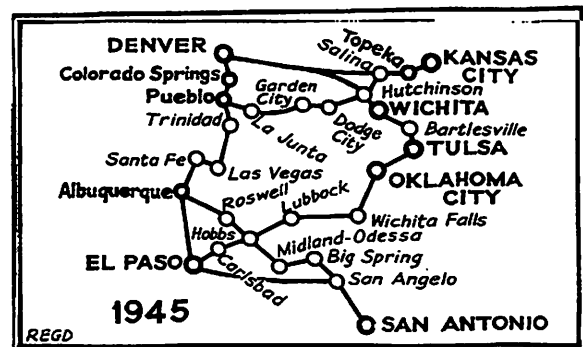
Thanks,

Mike Bender 09/25/00

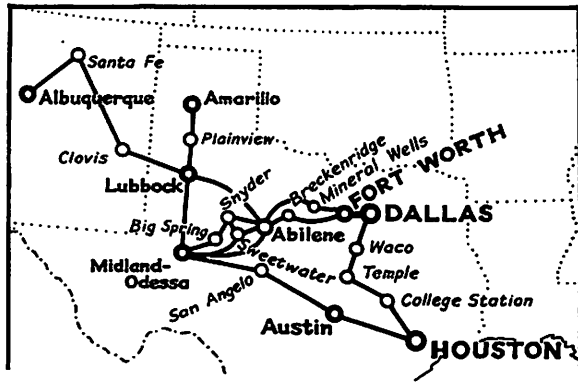


NOTES FROM NORM MEYER

Editor's Note: Norm sent your editor a note that stated "he will beg off (from) doing the news notes," but that "he will keep my ears open for any item of interest and will send same should they come to my attention"..... Your editors hope that a respite this time will result in more of his contributions in the future.....



Editor's Report: There will be no "Notes from Shawn Ryan" in this issue, account a necessary trip to visit his parents. We hope to print another of his interesting articles in our next issue.



1955 Merger with Pioneer Airlines gave Continental access to many Texas cities.

NOTES FROM LA VERNE THORNBERRY

(Dallas-Fort Worth Area)

HENRY ROGERS hosted our fall Bar-B-Que at the Sherman Fishing and Hunting Club which 23 people enjoyed very much. **BEN WILLIAMS, LEM BELL, LUCILLE 4 I.G. GORMAN, RITA & MICKEY SCOTT, JOHN WALL, PEGGY & NORM MCGOWAN, JANISUE RIGEL, MAVIS & WILLIE MORRISON, MARTHA & LIN WRIGHT, JIM MAGEE, CHARLIE HAYES, JOAN & HERB JONES, MAXINE CAPUA, LEON & BETTY GREEN, LYNDA ROGERS & HENRY ROGERS,— ALL** enjoyed good food and great fellowship.

BILL PECOR is working in the Republican campaign, says it is keeping him very busy. **CHUCK & BARBARA BEARDEN** are also working in the campaign and **CHUCK** is traveling with the workers.

RUBE CAGE is having some severe knee problems,— he is home and does not go out a lot. **KEN MORGAN** is recuperating from knee surgery but not traveling too far.

MARTHA LUSK's book, 'Fanball' is now published and will be all local bookstores. If

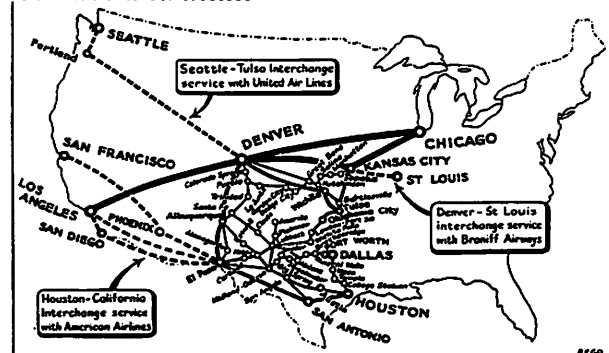
your store is out, the book can be ordered for you. **Martha** will have some signings possibly beginning in January 2001—what an exciting way to start the New Year. **CONGRATULATIONS MARTHA!** We look forward to reading your book.

You will remember we have read of **JOE HENRY's** death. **RICA REED** needs to locate his sons for insurance. If anyone knows where to locate either of them, please let **RICA** know; she is in Houston Office — 713-324-6986. (Editor's Note: Through the aid of **DON STRAIGHT, TED HERBERT,** and **GENE NEWMAN,** Rica has obtained the name and address of Joe's daughter).

LILA MAGEE (MRS. JIM) passed away September 23. She had been in a doctor's care with many tests, etc., but no complete diagnosis. **LILA** died suddenly at home, with **JIM**. She is also survived by a daughter, **Linda** and a son, **JIM, Jr.** She and Jim were married 54 years—she was 74.

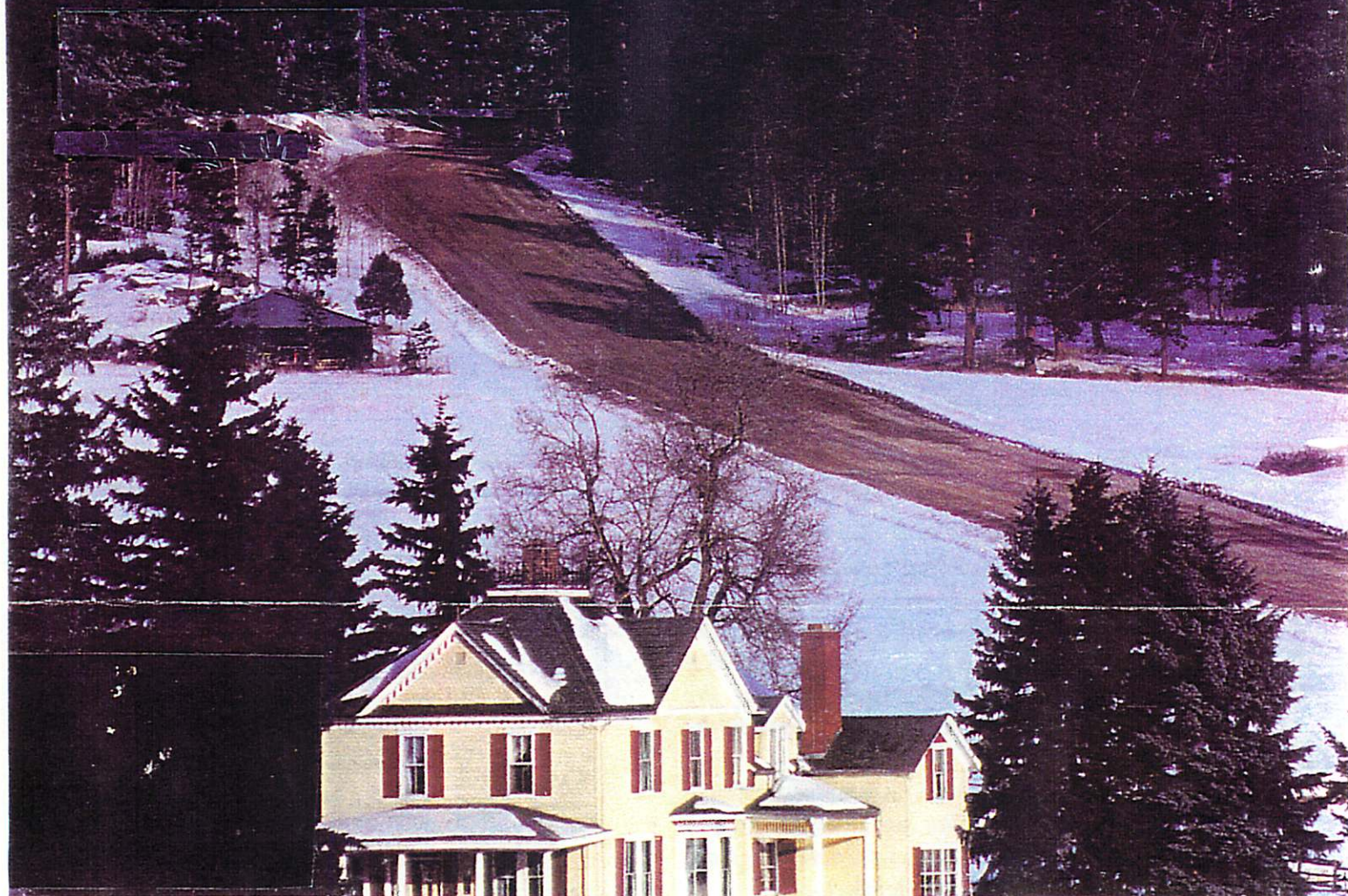
Communicating with each of you during my illness and recovery has been so wonderful—all of your calls, cards, and every thought of good wishes; please continue your prayers—I have more tests and 'whatever' scheduled this week. Thank you for all your good wishers and remembrance of me.

From D-FW area we wish you a Merry and Blessed Christmas and a New Year filled with Happiness and Good Health to all. Happy Holidays—don't forget Santa Claus' cookies and milk!



In 1955-1957 the C.A.B awarded Continental service to Chicago and Los Angeles. (Dashed lines are Interchange Routes)

Best airplanes for mountain flying



Norm Meyer in his Cessna 180 on approach to Conifer International Airport. This picture graced the cover of Wings West Magazine.