



GOLDEN CONTRAILS

... and oft' the setting sun is pleased to trim the clouds with molten sails,
and lace the way of passing jets with golden condensation trails. **December 2004**



KILIMANJARO

**MIKE AND AROHANUI ON THE SUMMIT CRATER
19,012'**

CAPTAIN'S CORNER

The 2004 Golden Eagles Convention in Las Vegas was a great success this year with the largest turnout ever, 206. We made the change in hotels to the newly remodeled Sahara and what a great move. The hospitality room was fantastic and the hotel staff could not have been nicer.

Our entertainment this year was a change also as we had a well known tenor from the Las Vegas area, Ben Litvinoff, who provided us with a variety of great songs.

I wish to thank all of the volunteers for their hard work. Special thanks go to Ina Domengeaux, Pam Meyners, Robin O'Quinn, Linda Meier, Sharon Clough, Laverne Battley, Gail Grover, Renelle Humphries, B. J. Bellerue, Carol Bartel, Joanne Genrty, Cynthia Starr, Carolyn Farrow, Karen Cox and the entire Ladies Auxiliary for their outstanding banquet decorations and the operation of the hospitality suite. I would also like to give a special thanks to my wife, Chris for all of her hard work. The hospitality room could not function without the help of Lee Meyners, Bud Battley, Ed O'Quinn, Don Gentry, Dave Clough, Clyde Domengeaux, Butch Meier, Terry Owens and many others.

Thanks to Paul & Gail Grover for hosting an outstanding golf tournament and having the golf social at their beautiful home.

Charlie Starr has given countless hours in making our organization operate, not to mention all his preparation for each convention. Thank you, Charlie

At our business meeting we agreed to help sponsor the CONTINENTAL WE CARE PROGRAM. I am pleased to announce that we have made our first donation of \$2,000. We have established the GOLDEN EAGLES CARE account for your tax deductible donations. Please send your donations to Charlie Starr.

Thanks to Dick Grigsby and his staff for the Golden Contrails, Birdie Bertrand for the Web site and Don Griffin, who will serve as the new Widow's Aid chairman.

Happy 94th Birthday Capt. Cliff Pleggenkuhle, Sr. He is truly an inspiration to all of us.

There were four awards presented for outstanding dedication to the Golden Eagles. The Hall of Fame Lifetime Membership award was presented to Roland Brown and Charlie Starr. Gene Newman received the Golden Eagle Statue for serving 25 years as the Widow's Aid Chairman. Amous Cann received an award as the founder of the Golden Eagle Golf tournaments.

Our next year's convention will be in Houston at the IAH Marriott, September 24TH & 25th, 2005. Mark your calendars now and save the date.


Ben McKenzie



GOLDEN EAGLES CARE



Pictured Ben McKenzie, Maria Alba and Bud Battley

AT THE CONVENTION IN LAS VEGAS WE VOTED TO EXTEND A HELPING HAND TO THOSE OF THE CONTINENTAL FAMILY WHO ARE IN NEED.

THE WE CARE PROGRAM IS AN INDEPENDENT PROGRAM THAT PROVIDES FINANCIAL ASSISTANCE FOR BASIC NECESSITIES SUCH AS RENT, MEDICINE, FOOD AND CLOTHING DURING UNEXPECTED EMERGENCIES. THIS YEAR THEY HAVE AWARDED ABOUT 425 CAL FAMILIES WITH ASSISTANCE WHICH IS PAID DIRECTLY TO THE CREDITOR. A DOLLAR DONATED IS A DOLLAR GIVEN FOR ASSISTANCE AND IS TAX DEDUCTABLE.

I AM PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE THAT WE WERE ABLE TO DONATE \$2,000 IN DECEMBER TO THE WE CARE PROGRAM.

**PLEASE HELP; SEND YOUR TAX DEDUCTABLE DONATION TO:
THE GOLDEN EAGLES CARE
C/O CHARLIE STARR
4328 SUNSET BEACH CR,
NICEVILLE, FL. 32578-4820**

GOLDEN EAGLES LADIES AUXILIARY

Dear Ladies,

Wow! What a great convention in Las Vegas.

The Presidential Suite of the Sahara Hotel was a wonderful hospitality room for us and was large enough to hold a huge crowd.

Our ladies meeting is always fun and this one was no exception. The new slate of officers elected to serve for the next two years are: President, Judy Brown; Vice President, Ina Domengeaux; Co Vice President, Linda Meier; and Secretary, Cynthia Starr.

We had the largest attendance ever at the Ladies Luncheon and the Golden Eagles Banquet. The banquet was beautiful with our colorful and festive Fall Mardi Gras theme carried out by Ina Domengeaux and volunteers. I would like to thank Alice Powers once again for all the beautiful ladies gifts for the banquet.

I would like to thank to my husband, Ben McKenzie along with my officers and their spouses, Robyn & Ed O'Quinn; Pam & Lee Meyners, Ina & Clyde Domengeaux. Some of the many volunteers include Bud & Laverne Battley, Butch & Linda & Meier, Charlie & Cynthia Starr, Dave & Sharon Clough, Don & Joanne Gentry, Judy & Roland Brown, Paul & Gail Grover, B. J. Bellerue, Renelle Humphries, Carolyn Farrow, Carol Bartel and Karen Cox.

It has been my privilege to serve as your ladies auxiliary president for the past two years. See you next September 23rd & 24th, 2005 for the Golden Eagles Convention at the Airport Marriott in Houston, TX.

Chris McKenzie

**Chris McKenzie
Past President**



EDITORS' CORNER

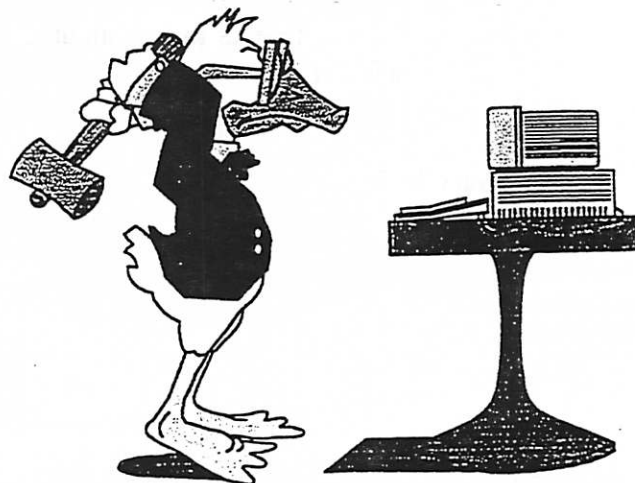
FRONT COVER... Mike Bender and Arohanui dramatize their adventurous climb of Mount Kilimanjaro.

MICRONESIA... Gary Wilsey and Art Henricksen finish up their Air Micronesia tale, "Against All Odds."

CENTERFOLD... Displayed here are pictures taken during the September Convention in Las Vegas. We are grateful to Shaun Ryan (along with his stand-in photographer, Ron Watson), Charlie Starr, James McMekin, and Roland Brown for supplying them to us.

Pictured here are, left to right and top to bottom of left page: Shaun Ryan... *New Ladies Auxiliary Officers*, Judy Brown; Ina Domengeaux; Linda Meier; Cynthia Starr... Gomo Greer... *a group picture of new convention attendees*... back row left to right, Bob Appleton; Mike Roche; Dave Randolph; unknown; Ron Decurtins; Gary Small; Hank Dubuy; Dennis Duffy; Bob McKinney... front row, Mike Sayan; Jim McMekin; Dick Floreani; Jack Grady; John Henthorn; Neil Smith... then, Gene Freeman; Neil and Linda Smith; Don Morris; Maxine Capua; Jessica Stearns; Dave Chambers; Neila McMekin; and Jo Allen. Same drill, right page: Kathy Allen w/ father Tommy Thompson; Sue Tyree; "Red" Stubben; Ed Cox; Doris (companion to Bim Richards); Penny Watson; Amanda Lively; Flora and Pleggie; Bonnie and Al Templeton; Leva and John Blackis.

BACK COVER... This Sectional Chart of the Denver area requires some study to realize the wealth of information which was available to navigate safely in the early days of mixed contact and instrument operations. Thanks to "Casey" Cameron for the fine article dealing with those exciting times!



Air Micronesia - 1968

I have some clarifications and corrections from my last article. Our 727, aircraft 475, was going through the required modifications at Pacific Airmotive in Burbank. These included the gravel kit, Teflon coating and Doppler installation. The timetable for completion was being compressed with the requirement to satisfy the FAA with the Doppler certification and ferrying the aircraft to Honolulu for the proving run. Art Henriksen has a wonderful follow on story concerning the Doppler certification and the flights to Guam.

Bill Knowles was the captain for the Doppler certification and ferry flight as well as the proving run to Guam. Barney Barnwell was the F/O on the ferry flight to Honolulu which turned out to be an adventure. This was the first 727 flight from the mainland to Honolulu. They arrived the day before the proving run. Capt.'s Henry and Streit did fly some segments from Honolulu to Guam. A correction to the passenger list, Don Wilson was not on board and Art Henriksen was.

When the airplane landed in Majuro on the proving run Father Hacker and his bare footed boys band marched around the airplane 3 times and said a prayer. Father Hacker had been a prisoner of the Japanese during WWII in Manila and his favorite drink was Canadian Club. This was proven at a later date when the good father and Bill Knowles shared 2 or 3 bottles at his house.

After landing at Kwajalein a major boarded the airplane and advised Capt. Knowles that the Base Commander wanted to see him. Red Stubben and Bill went to see the colonel who went into a tirade stating, "you will never land on my island again, now get your fuel and get going." On arrival at Guam Red called Dick Adams who called Bob Six who then called Harvey Wexler who contacted the Defense Dept.. On the way back through Kwajalein on the inaugural flight to Honolulu we found that the colonel had been posted to Vietnam.

Correction on the airport dog at Saipan, he was not there in 1968. I want to give full credit for the 727 takeoff picture at Truk on the back cover of the August issue. It was taken by Ed O'Quinn in June 1971 when he and Keith Jaeger were on a dive trip to Truk.

Dave Streit was the captain on the May 16, 1968 inaugural flight from Saipan's Kobler Field to Honolulu.

A very special thanks for the input into this article from Bill Knowles, Terry Owens and Art Henriksen.

Gary Wilsey

MICRONESIA

Since Continental was already certified to use Doppler as the primary means of navigation on the Boeing 320 we did not anticipate any problems in using Doppler throughout Micronesia. However we had never used Doppler on a Boeing 727 and an entirely new installation had to be made including new fibre glass covers and teflon coating for the antennas to protect them from any corral that might strike the bottom of the aircraft on landing. For this reason we had to get the installation approved and certified by the FAA. and they insisted that we fly a triangle route to prove the accuracy of the system. They instructed us to lay out a route of about three hundred miles in each segment, calculating each heading and distance and then flying the entire course with out any updating and then on landing taking the final readings which had to be within their prescribed tolerance to prove the accuracy of the system.

The route it was decided would be from LAX to OAK, then to a point three hundred miles west over the Pacific and then back to LAX. When the day of the flight arrived Capt's Bill Knowles and Don Straight were to be in charge of the flight, Art Henriksen Mgr of Navigation and Ken Moore Dir. of Engineering would be along as well to check on the equipment. An FAA inspector was also assigned to observe and to give the final approval.

The morning of the flight as we started to board the aircraft the FAA inspector who was also a pilot asked Bill and Don who was going to fly the trip and he was informed that they were. He let it be known that he had hoped to get some flight time in and was very disappointed in not being able to. On take off the inspector sat back in the passenger compartment and in fact he remained there and sulked the entire trip, not coming into the cockpit at all. The flight took off as scheduled and the entire trip went as planned with the equipment performing beautifully. On coming into LAX I was monitoring the readouts and we were a little out of tolerance, feeling the inspector was not really too interested in the outcome I reached over and adjusted the readings so they would be as they should be. On landing he finally came into the cockpit and asked how it went, we informed him that all was perfect and he departed. The next day we recieved the approval. .So much for the expense of a two hour trip.

The morning finally arrived when we were to ferry A/C 475 to Honolulu to start service in Micronesia. We were to meet in LAX operations and plan the trip. When I arrived Red Stubben, Barney Barnwell, Bill Knowles and Don Straight were already there. When I walked in I could tell something wasn't as planned everyone was going over the weather charts, the winds to Honolulu did not look to helpful, in fact they did not look good at all. There was a fifty knot head wind forecast and with that it appeared that we couldn't make Hawaii direct. It was felt that we would have to fly Los Angeles-Seattle-Cold Bay-Honolulu. I was asked to take a look at it and in going over the weather I suggested that since we were

ferrying the A/C and only company personell were on board we could go without having the usual required fuel reserves. With that in mind and feeling that the winds would not increase, but only decrease we could go to and depart from Oakland. This would save some distance. We could then take off and fly out to near the point of no return and if things went well continue on to Honolulu..If not we would return to OAK and then go up through Cold Bay We departed LAX and went to OAK. where we refueled. After leaving OAK and continuing out towards 30N 140W we found the winds to be light and variable so we proceeded to HNL and knocked off about thirty minutes from the original five hour plan, so we landed in excellent shape and happy that we had made it non-stop.

On the proving flight when we made our first stop at Majuro we taxied up to the gate and after everyone deplaned. A Priest with a group of boys showed up and asked if they could bless the airplane and after giving a prayer they marched around the aircraft several times singing and at the end giving another prayer. Some of us went into the small gift shop they had there and I noticed some stick charts for sale. These are navigation charts made from strips of bamboo curved and fastened together so as to show the main ocean swells. Then on the charts they have sea shells anchored to represent the location of the islands through out the area. I asked the old native lady on duty if they were really accurate. She assured me they were, so I bought one. She then asked me what I was going to do with it? I explained that I needed a good chart to help me navigate the airplane the rest of the way to Kwaj. and Guam, this made her a little nervous and she said they could not guarantee that it was that good. I still have the chart and when I see it, it brings back many good memories.

When we landed in Truk and taxied up to the ramp there was a couple of thousand natives to meet us. They stood there quietly taking in the sound of the jet engines and you could see the astonishment of an airplane with no propellers in their eyes. They had never seen or heard a jet before. As we got off and were standing in the shade of the wing to keep cool and waiting for refueling to begin we noticed that one of the natives seemed to be in charge. He was tall and carrying a long shaft of some kind, all of a sudden he lowered the shaft a yelled something and the whole crowd started to charge the airplane. I heard Red Stubben say "Well there goes the airplane" They came right at us and the Flight Attendants ran up the rear steps as fast as they could with natives right behind them. In fact they filled the airplane and try as we could we could not get them out. Finally the rear steps were raised and everyone was locked in until the refueling was completed. Finally they were getting tired of being closed in and when the rear steps were lowered they went down and out. We were then ready to depart for Guam. While in Truk some of our sovenier hunters came across one of the biggest items there-LOVE STICKS- these are pieces of wood anywhere from six to twelve inches in length and they are carved by a native boy in front the girl he is in love with. Hopefully she will study the design and have it in her mind. At night the young suitor will slip up to the thatched hut where the girl lives and he will push it through the sides of the hut. The girl will realize what is going

on and take ahold of the stick and feel it. If she remembers the carving and wants to meet the boy she will pull the love stick into the hut and he will follow. If she has no desire to meet him further she will push the love stick back out and that is the end..

As we left Truk it was getting late and since they had no runway lights it was arranged for the natives to have torches and line the runway. I have never forgotten the sight of the palm trees and the runway lined up with several hundred natives lining the runway with lighted torches to bid us farewell. I feel this was one of the most exciting trips of my life and I will always remember it as long as I live.

One person that deserves a lot of credit is John Bender, seems that no matter what had to be done or what the problem was he either had it all arranged or would have it solved. I presume this was from his past Military experience. How fortunate to have him along

Art Henriksen



EARLY AVIATION NAVIGATION – US

By G. M. “Casey” Cameron

Early day aviation navigation was entirely by pilotage, that is, by direct reference to the terrain over which one was flying. Road Maps and buzzing Railroad Stations were often the only means of identifying the route. Needless to say, most routes followed established roads and railroads. And flying in these early days was strictly Daytime and under Visual Flight Rules (such as they were).

After WW I, considerable interest was shown by the Post Office Department in, at least, adding night time flying over the Air Mail Routes. The military had done some experimentation with lighted beacons and they turned over their little knowledge to the Post Office Department so that they could further this endeavor. Little progress was made before 1920 but in 1921, the Postal Service experimented with a continuous transcontinental mail flight. Actually, two flights originated, one from each the West and the East Coast, both destined for the opposite coast. The plan was to fly the first part in daylight and for the second part, bonfires spaced along the route would guide the pilot on his trip. The westbound trip ran into difficulties early but the eastbound trip made it as far as North Platte Nebraska during the daylight hours. At that point, Jack Knight took over and was to follow the bonfires along the route to the next station. The weather became rather minimal so the relief pilots did not think that the flight would continue and departed for home. Jack Knight, however, was able to continue the flight through the next three stops, all the way to Chicago before he was relieved. The flight continued on to the East Coast in the daylight hours.

Despite the problems of this trip, it encouraged others to provide a system for night flight of the mail. The first segment to be lighted for night navigation was the segment from Chicago to Cheyenne. It was felt that day operation at either end of the transcontinental route would allow the entire route to be flown continuously. Prior to this, experimentation of flying the mail during the day and then placing it on a train for the night run was tried but this proved to be quite inefficient.

Starting in 1923, the Cheyenne – Chicago Segment was provided with lighted beacons to enable the pilots to fly safely at night. By 1924, 289 flashing gas beacons were installed between the two terminals. 34 Emergency landing fields were also rented and equipped with rotating electric beacons, boundary markers and telephones. 5 Terminal landing fields were equipped with beacons, floodlights and boundary markers. To fly these routes, 17 planes (DH-4s) were equipped with luminous instruments, navigation lights, landing lights and parachute flares.

Although the gas beacons were later removed, the airway beacons were improved and remained along the airways for many years. These beacons were placed approximately 10 miles apart and had a rotating beacon emitting approximately 30,000 candle power of light. The light was positioned approximately one degree above the terrain and could be seen for over 40 miles in good visibility. The tower was 51 feet tall and had a lighted windsock attached and also transmitted a sequence code which was repeated every 10 towers. This enabled the pilot to tell

where he was in the 100 mile segment. The code letters on the beacon started in the west and south and went east and north (see the Pueblo-Denver Map). The sequence of the letters was remembered by the “ditty” - When Undertaking Very Hard Routes Keep Directions by Good Methods. The beacon flashed a red light if there was no emergency or regular field at that location. Otherwise a green light denoted a landing field. Course lights were also located on the tower showing the course to the next beacon. These beacons were powered by local power sources or by Delco power units where local power was not available. Each beacon tower was positioned on a 70 foot concrete arrow with the attendants shed on the feather end of the arrow. Some beacons were even powered by wind driven generators and all sources of power were switched off during daylight hours. The emergency fields were located approximately 50 miles apart and had boundary markers and 15 watt lights to mark the perimeter. Green lights designated the most desirable approach to the field and obstacles were marked with red lights. The beacon shed contained the power unit and usually extra fuel and a telephone. It is believed that the famous “100 key” that all airline crews carried would give one access to the shed and the telephone if needed. Regular terminal airports had very powerful floodlights to light the fields for landing.

As previously noted, the aircraft that flew these night runs were provided with two landing flares for emergencies. These flares could be released by the pilot and gave off a light of approximately 30,000 candle power. They burned for four to seven minutes and had a radius of illumination of approximately one mile at 1,000 feet. (Airline aircraft carried these flares for use in a night time emergency landing as late as the mid 1950s).

The airway beacons were expanded to cover the entire United States and served well for night flight. But still the problem of flight through weather was a big obstacle. Radio-telephone systems had been improving in the later 1920s. Two way communications (although limited initially to about 50 miles) allowed the pilot to receive weather reports while airborne, something that had not been possible up until about 1927.

Starting in 1928, experiments were started by the Aeronautics Branch of the Bureau of Standards toward developing a four course radio range station. This eventually became the Low Frequency Range station that enabled pilots to fly without visual reference to the ground. These “Ranges” proved to be quite satisfactory and from 1929 until the early part of 1950 were the primary navigation facilities for the airway system throughout the US and in fact for most of the world. A system of transmitting the letter “A” in code for two opposing quadrants and the letter “N” for the other two opposing quadrants created four legs with steady tones which was referred to as “Being on the Beam”. (Wasn’t the “N” quadrant always in the quadrant of true north?) These ranges, spaced along the routes defined the Red, Green and Amber Numbered airways. Instrument approaches could be made by using these ranges to as low as 400’ ceiling and 1 mile visibility in some locations. Marker beacons, generally located near a station provided a distance check for position. There were basically two types of marker beacons, the fan type and the bone type. It seemed to me that the bone type was narrower in width but was far less commonly used than the fan type.

In some areas, a non-directional homer was established which required a radio compass in the aircraft to utilize the facility. Continental maintained several of these types of stations for some years. The one that I recall was located at Great Bend, Kansas (Frequency 308). It was important to make a rather expeditious approach off of these homers or one stood the chance of the power unit on the homer running out of gas and going off the air.

As part of the navigation facilities, the Instrument Landing System provided a great improvement in making precision approaches at the airports where they were installed. They, of course, still remain the primary approach facility around the world. The Ground Controlled Approach System (GCA) used by the military was never adopted for use by the airlines although used to some extent by the airlines in Military Charter Operations.

In the late 1940s or early 1950s, a system of Visual Aural Ranges (VAR) was established and soon thereafter an improved Very High Frequency Omnidirectional Range (VOR) was developed. These new facilities utilized the Very High Frequencies which eliminated much of the static, skipping and night effect of the Low Frequency Ranges. They were, however, based on line-of-sight and therefore had some limitations for low flying aircraft and flying in mountainous terrain. Two types of marker beacons were associated with these new types of ranges, the "Z" or cone marker and Fan markers which emitted a distinctive code to indicate its geographical position relative to the airdrome. Newly designated Victor Airways were established using these navigational aids. Development of a Distance Measuring (DME) system was soon added to the VORs (designated as VOR/DMEs) and this made the complete system very satisfactory for navigation.

One system of navigation that was used some by Continental, especially during WW II Military Contract Operations was the Celestial Navigation System which required a Sextant and someone who knew how to operate it properly. This was the same system that was used for naval navigation and was quite accurate depending on the operator of the sextant and the smoothness of the air. I understand that even for a couple of years after the War, Continental required crews to make at least one "fix" a month and report it to Dispatch on HF just to keep in practice.

Airline navigation has now progressed through several other systems such as Loran, Omega, Doppler, Inertial Navigation Systems and now the extremely accurate Global Positioning System is being utilized. What will be next in this system of aerial navigation? One can only speculate!

Some of the details presented here are from the book "Saga of the U.S. Air Mail Service" published by the Airmail Pioneers Inc and from a report of The U. S. Centennial of Flight Commission. Special information provided by Merrill Moore.

MT. KILIMANJARO

... by Mike Bender

“KILIMANJARO” – The name of the highest, and most famous, mountain in Africa just rolls smoothly off the tongue, creating visions of exotic adventure. I first became aware of Mt. Kilimanjaro from reading Hemingway’s classic short story, “The Snows of Kilimanjaro”. I often wondered if the great author had ever climbed the mighty mountain (he did not), with no thought that some 50 years after reading his story, that it might actually be a reality for me.

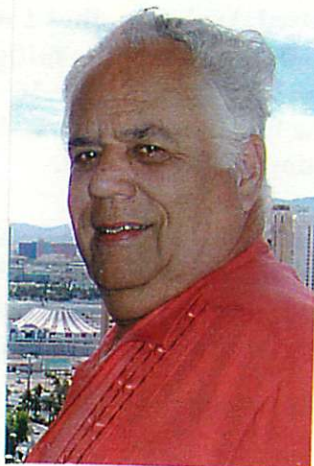
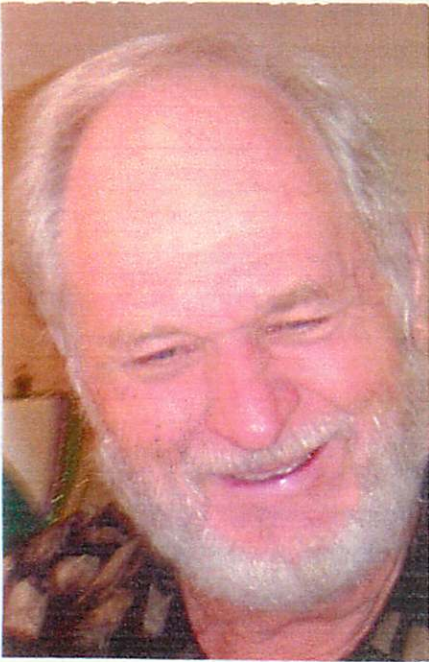
But before I describe my family’s African adventure, I must give credit where credit is due, and reflect back on the “history” of mountaineering at Continental Airlines. Mountaineering at Continental, and Dave Saas are synonymous. For many years, in the ‘60s and ‘70s, Dave, and Jerry Becker, would organize Mt. Rainier climbs for anybody who was willing to get themselves in the best shape of their lives, and ready to put out the maximum physical effort for a 2 – 3 day period in their quest to reach the 14,411’ summit. I climbed with Dave and Jerry on two of those climbs. During this period, Dave and Jerry climbed Mt. McKinley (20,300’), the highest peak in North America, and other major peaks around the world. In 1985, Dave was the co-leader of the 1985 American Mt. Everest expedition, which tackled the very difficult West Ridge route, coming up just short of the summit due to oxygen bottle/regulator problems. In 1986, Dave and I went to work at Alaska Airlines in their training department in Seattle, and Dave organized a climb of Mt. Rainier there. I conned my Kiwi bride, Arohanui, into doing the climb, and we were successful. In 1987, Dave and I moved in tandem to the training department at DHL, in Cincinnati, and once again Dave organized a successful climb of Rainier for that airline.

To bring everybody up to date where we all are now: I’m flying 747 Flight Engineer for UPS in the Pacific Rim, and know how lucky I am, because there are no available third seats in the cockpits of the passenger airlines. Dave and Jerry, both over the mandatory FAR age 60 retirement age, have dream jobs. Jerry is flying a executive 727 out of Paris, and Dave is flying a plush exec 707, doing everything from trips into Afganistan, to flying the Eagles on their Pacific tour.

Fast forward to 2004, and in a moment of delusion and bravado, I approached my family with the proposition that it would be a great family adventure to fly to Africa for a safari – and Oh, by the way, we’ll spend 8 days climbing Mt. Kilimanjaro first. After our 1986 Mt. Rainier climb, I had promised Arohanui, that I would never try to coerce her into climbing a mountain again. But, I guess time mitigated the pain and hardship involved, and she agreed to go for it, as well as our 16 year old son Matthew. I also conveniently forgot that I now had 2 bone on bone knees, from over 25,000 miles of running, which don’t operate downhill very well.

So in July, 2004 we were off to Tanzania on Northwest and KLM. A few facts about Kilimanjaro: The mountain is on the Tanzanian/Kenyan border, 150 miles to the south of the Equator. The summit is 19,341 feet, and the oxygen content at this altitude is about half that at sea level. This fact presents the most challenging

... cont’d after centerfold





Mt. Kilimanjaro cont'd...

obstacle in successfully climbing the mountain. We would climb through 5 distinct climate zones, starting in the tropical rain forest and culminating (hopefully) in an Arctic environment (barren and cold!!).

Our African adventure started as soon as we stepped off the plane. After about 24 hours riding airplanes, at 11:00 PM, we were looking forward to being whisked to a 3 or 4 star hotel for a hot shower and a cold beer. Instead, we drove for about an hour, first on the main "Super Highway" across the northern part of Tanzania, complete with speed bumps every few miles. Then we turned off on a secondary road that passed several lodges that definitely didn't look 4 stars, but at this point we were downgrading our expectations. Then off on the roughest 4 wheel drive road that I've ever been on, fully expecting this to be a 50 yard driveway to our hotel (1 star ?? - anything at this point). After 20 minutes we finally stopped - no lights except some people standing around with kerosene lanterns. (al-Qaida terrorist camp, anyone??). We then started a half-mile hike over a very rough trail in the dark, complete with stream crossings and waterfalls (Arohanui dunked a foot). Finally we found ourselves in a little complex of primitive bungalows (no electricity), somewhere in the heart of Africa, and a veritable mini Shangri-La. We woke up the next morning to find ourselves in the middle of the of the Chagga tribe village where most of the Kilimanjaro porters and guides come from. Turns out we were staying at the establishment of Simon Mtuy, recognized as the #1 Tanzanian Kilimanjaro guide. (Simon recently RAN, up and down, the 14,000 vertical feet to the summit in 11 hours – it would take us 8 days!). The stay at Simon's was truly a highlight of our trip – we really got the true feeling of Africa. Everything that we ate or drank, including the coffee, was grown and prepared on the premises.

The climb started at 5,000' on the Machame route, the more challenging of the two main climbing routes. It took us 6 1/2 days to climb, traversing across the mountain, climbing and sometimes descending, gradually acclimatizing to the altitude, with 5 campsites ranging from 10,000' to 15,800 at our high camp. On summit night, we got up at midnight for the final climb. This final 3500' is steep, and much of it on loose volcanic rock and sand. The effort is very exhausting as the altitude really gets to you. It's one step, breathe, one step, breathe, trying to suck in as many molecules of oxygen as possible, for about 8 hours. Matthew got hit hard by the altitude at 17,000, and returned to high camp. I know that he was disappointed, but we were proud of his efforts. Younger people tend to be effected by altitude more than older people. We continued up the mountain in single file, and I was at the tail end of the group. After another 20 minutes I saw the group ahead gathering around someone. Oh no – it was Arohanui. She was exhausted, her whole body trembling from the cold, despite adequate warm clothing, and had a vacant, glassy look in her eyes. She apparently was done! Our great Himalayan experienced guide, Mike Lindaas, cajoled her into resting a bit, then giving it another 15 minutes of effort, before turning back. He left her with our favorite Chagga guide, Ayumbwe. The rest of us continued, and I started feeling bad that I hadn't just insisted that Arohanui turn back, sparing her the further pain. About 1 ½ hours later during a break, one of the group looked over the cliff and down the

mountain, and hollered, "Here she comes!" Sure enough, Arohanui's Maori warrior ancestors had given her the will to continue. She was not to be denied! Then 500 feet below the summit crater, I bonked! The body just quit, and I couldn't get enough oxygen. Another one of our Chagga guides, Felix prodded me the rest of the way. So both Arohanui and I made the summit crater rim at 19,012'. The true summit is on the other side of the crater, but to get to 19,341 would have taken us another 1 ½ hours, and we were satisfied with our effort. The descent was a 1 1/2 day, 14,000' plunge that was tough on the knees and toes, as they jammed into the front of the boots. I was really sweating the descent as far as the knees were concerned. But with the help of about \$1000 worth of injections of Sinvis and cortisone, and a daily dose of Vioxx, I had no problems. Hallelujah for modern medicine.

Now a confession - despite the physical effort that we had to put out individually, the climb was pretty plush. For starters, Kilimanjaro is not a technical climb, such as Rainier - so no ropes, ice axes and crampons required. We had 39 guides and porters supporting 7 paying clients! Lunch was waiting for us every day along the trail on a table with chairs. For breakfast and dinner, we ate in a dining tent, and the food was fantastic. In the morning, a porter would awaken us in our tent with coffee and a wash basin with warm water. After we left camp in the morning, and started climbing, the porters would pack up everything, carry it on their heads, and pass us on the run to set up the next camp before we arrived! For their 8 days of effort on the mountain, their salary was about US \$20. But this is big money in Tanzania, because there are very few employment opportunities in that part of the country. With our group, they basically doubled their salaries in tips.

We followed the climb with a 4 day safari. The lodges were really plush, with great food. Great R & R after the climb. We figure we'll save money not having to go to a zoo again for the rest of our lives! The most interesting safari location was the Ngorongoro Crater. The crater is about 15 miles in diameter, enclosed by a 2000' rim, and the animals are effectively trapped inside.

That's the long and short of our African adventure. Arohanui has made me promise that our next big adventure will be to the BEACH!



GOLDEN EAGLES TREASURER'S REPORT ↔ 6/30/04 – 11/5/04

From Your Treasurer – *Charlie Starr*

Balance from 6/30/04	\$ 18,055.59
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Income 6/30/04 – 11/5/04

Dues Received	\$ 2,270.00
Postage Fund Donations	720.00
Banquet/Luncheon Deposits (net)	7,928.00
Return of Golf Deposit	500.00
Donations to Golden Eagles Care Fund	820.00
Raffle & auction income	1,648.00
Hospitality Room Bar Donations	352.00
TOTAL INCOME THIS PERIOD	\$ 14,238.00

Disbursements 6/30/04 – 11/05/04

Contrails Printing & postage	\$ 3,044.14
Convention Advertising & Mailing	468.70
Convention Banquet/Luncheon Meals	7,178.49
Convention Decorations	362.06
Convention Beverages & Food	1,512.88
Convention Awards	351.11
Convention Suite/Room Rentals	444.40
Convention Entertainment & Equipment	636.00
Raffle Prizes Purchased	305.42
Convention Printing & supplies	127.52
Convention Misl. Expenses	60.00
Memorial donations	100.00
Web Site expenses	149.95
Transfer to Golden Eagles Care Acct.	1,820.00
TOTAL DISBURSEMENTS THIS PERIOD	\$ 16,560.67

BALANCE (checking) 11/05/04	\$ 15,732.92
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BALANCE GOLDEN EAGLES CARE ACCOUNT	\$ 1,820.00
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A NEW NOTE ABOUT YOUR DUES

Let's try a different approach to determining your dues status – effective with this issue. No matter how simple I think the system is, I still have managed to confuse a great number of people. So **PLEASE** take a moment to look at the mailing label on the envelope that this magazine came in. Next to your name you'll see some numbers in either red or blue. This number is the year through which you are paid!

If the numbers are in BLUE, then you are current in your dues status. If they are in RED, then you are in arrears and owe for this year's or past year's dues. If your numbers are in RED, please take a moment to become current by sending your check for \$30 per year (along with the update form found on the following page). Dues are annual - that is - due by January of each year. Some of you will notice that instead of a date in RED or BLUE, there are some other numbers or letters – such as "W" for a widow of a deceased member for which there are no dues; "CT04" meaning that you are an associate member and receive the Contrails magazine and have paid your \$15 subscription through 2004; "Lifetime" or "Honorary" which are self explanatory).

Now, having said all of that, remember – dues payments for 2005 are due by January 1st. While many have already paid, have you? Why not take a moment to make out your check, fill in the information update form (on the following page) and mail it today while it's fresh on your mind.

Your by-laws state that members more than one year in arrears in their dues will be dropped from membership and will not receive the Golden Contrails Magazine. The ever increasing costs of printing and mailing make it necessary that we start strictly enforcing this procedure. Please take a moment and make sure you are current. Don't miss out.

When you mail in your dues, please, fill out a member update form so that we can be sure that we have all of your information correctly. And, remember if you move, have a phone number change, or e-mail address change, it's important that you let us know. The post office will only forward your mail after for a short time and, of course, e-mails are never forwarded. If you know your zip + 4 zip code, please include that. We can get mass mailing rates for many areas if we can include these numbers on your mailing label.

Again, our thanks for all the postage fund donations; these really help defer from the ever increasing costs of mailing our magazine and other notices.

WITH GREAT APPRECIATION TO THE FOLLOWING POSTAGE FUND CONTRIBUTORS

Ballard, Don
Bartel, Roger
Bellerue, Ken
Benton, Jim
Brown, Roland
Casey, Guy
Childress, Bill
Clough, Dave
Cunningham, Jim
Cuthbertson, Louis
Donevant, Jerry
Freeman, Gene
Gamber, Marlan

Glau, Bobby
Goodwin, Carolyn
Grigsby, John L.
Hemphill, Virgil
High, A. J.
Jacoby, Max
Leeper, William
Lemon, Ron
Levander, Pete
Linzmaier, Peter
Long, Tom
Meyners, Lee
Moran, David
Newman, Gene

Pearse, Robert
Pleggenkuhle, Jr., Cliff
Powers, Alice
Randolph, Dave
Roth, Jack
Shirck, Sam
Simpson, Harold F.
Starr, Charlie
Stearns, Jessica
Steinbrink, Loren
Thompson, K.D.
Wilsey, Gary
Wooster, Darrell

A BIG GOLDEN EAGLES WELCOME TO OUR NEW MEMBERS

Benton, Jim
Brooke, Bob
Dubuy, Hank
Johnson, Dion
Kent, Joe
Lewis, Bill

Lucey, Sean
Mauritzson, Leif
McKinney, Bob "Crash"
Wooster, Darrell
Morris, Don
Olmsted, Mathew

"Roger" Pistoll, Dennis
Randolph, Dave
Schwarzkopf, Jean
Sheely, Ray
Zambrano, Al

cut or  tear

Dues Renewal or Information Update Form

Dues were \$20 per year through Dec. 2002 and are \$30 per year beginning in Jan., 2003

Associate Member Contrails magazine only - \$15.00 per year

PLEASE PRINT

Last Name _____ First Name _____ M.I. _____

Spouse Name _____ Phone No. (_____) _____ - _____

Address _____

City _____ St. _____ ZIP+ _____ - _____

E-Mail _____ Other Info _____

If making a dues payment or postage fund donation, please make checks payable to **GOLDEN EAGLES**, mail form to:

GOLDEN EAGLES
C/O CHARLIE STARR, TREASURER
4328 SUNSET BEACH CIRCLE
NICEVILLE, FL 32578-4820

phone: 850 897-0898
E-mail cws1932@cox.net

GONE WEST:

WILLIAM D. (BILL) WILBER died April 5, 2004 (late notice). Non-member **BILL** had recovered from prostate surgery, and was playing golf every week. He was receiving a second chemo treatment for removal of polyps from his colon when he canceled a golf game, account not feeling well, and he passed away the next morning.

BILL's Obituary follows: **BILL** was born in St. Francis, Kansas, and graduated from Kansas State University in 1953. In college **BILL** was in the ROTC, and after graduation he joined the Air Force and became a fighter pilot, flying F 86's. When he served his tour of duty, **BILL** joined Continental and flew propeller and jet aircraft, finishing in the DC-10.

Later **BILL** flew for Emery Air Freight, and helped organize a Grand Canyon sightseeing airline in Las Vegas. After the airline failed **BILL** worked as a slot machine technician and built computers for himself and his friends.

BILL is survived by his brother, Robert, of Golden, Colorado, and a cousin Mary Jean Paschen of Des Moines, Iowa.

ROWDY JOHNSON died July 22, 2004. He was not a member, but Birdie Bertrand wrote, "ROWDY was a Marine Vietnam Vet (VMA 311) and Ret. CAL pilot. I got a call from Jim Golden, a Ret. CAL and Marine F-8 Driver about 2000 last evening - then Kirby Schnell, a Squadron Mate and Ret. CAL pilot, called a few minutes later. ROWDY evidently quietly passed away while sleeping yesterday morning, sometime between 9 and 10 AM.

ROWDY was one helluva guy - tried to kill a water buffalo (a water carrier) with his fist in Vietnam. The water buffalo won the fight and ROWDY ended up with an arm in a cast. I remember him well. The last time I saw him was in Anaheim at our bi-annual squadron reunion."

EWR Intl. Flt Attendant Jo Allen, wrote, "ROWDY had Lou Gehrig's disease....Linda seems to be doing OK, so far. The address is 5225 White Oak Dr., El Paso, 79932. Phone 915-581-3239. From what I was told, he did not want a wake or services."

JAMES (JIM) HIGBY died August 19, 2004, of complications after a stroke.....

Born Jan. 1, 1918, **JAMES HIGBY** was a third generation descendant of a very prominent Colorado Family. His grandfather **GENE HIGBY** served in both the Colorado House of Representatives, and the Colorado Senate.

The Higby Cattle Ranch was so huge that the Air Force Academy now stands on a portion of the original Higby plantation. But **JIM HIGBY** loved to fly, and after three and one-half years at the University of Colorado, and after building up his flying hours, he was hired to train British Pilots, and later he joined Continental in September, 1942.



During his 35 years of service JIM flew various propeller aircraft from the Lockheed Lodestar to the Douglas DC-7, and jet aircraft from the Boeing 707 to the Boeing 747, retiring on the Douglas DC-10 with 35,000 hours.

After retirement, JIM considered it his responsibility to pass on certain legacies his father had started, including a commitment to education. As a result, JIM donated land for the Lewis-Palmer High School. But JIM received very little credit for this gift to the public, because this land was so valuable that the community couldn't believe that he would donate so much valuable land without some sort of compensation.

Eugene Higby said he'll remember his grandfather as "a great pilot and one of the finest gentlemen anyone's ever met." JIM's fellow pilots on Continental will all agree with that statement.

JIM is survived by his wife of 63 years, LOU HIGBY, two sons, James E. Higby, Jr. and Richard Gobble; three grandchildren and three great grandchildren.

PETER S. (PETE) ANDERSON died Sept. 5, 2004. PETE flew solo in 1932, advanced his aviation expertise, and in 1938 obtained a position as pilot of one of the best aircraft in those days—a Spartan Executive. Next PETE flew for United Air Lines, and on July 5, 1941 he joined Continental, and was soon promoted to Captain. In his 28 years of service PETE flew propeller and jet aircraft, finishing with the Boeing 707-320C when he retired at age 60 in 1968.

PETE's son, Peter S. Anderson, wrote, "My father passed Sunday morning, September 4, 2004 about 8:30 AM. He had been awakened by his nurses at 8:00, and wanted to make sure they had him dressed and ready for the day before 9:00. We were to have our Sunday breakfast together. In his last year we had breakfast

almost every Sunday morning and I would read the paper to him. Now blind, he still loved the world information, even though it was from the Los Angeles Times.

Let me go back to his retirement from Continental Airlines in 1968. In 1965 he lost my mother, his beloved wife Jean, to breast cancer, and I was in Viet Nam from 1965 to 1967, so his family was Continental until his retirement. After retirement he spent his winters in Palm Desert and summers in Denver enjoying his golf and small Real Estate business.

In 1973 he found a wonderful lady, Mary Alexander, from San Antonio, Texas, and later that year they were married and enjoyed three wonderful residences in San Antonio, Cuernavaca, Mexico, and Rancho Mirage. They both enjoyed traveling, and entertaining their friends from around the world...Life was great!



Like so many things, all things must come to an end. In 1993 Mary passed and again he was alone. Three homes were just too much for a single old pilot with a 1973 Cessna 210. So one by one they were all sold. However his beloved home in Rancho Mirage remained his only residence. His remaining years there were comfortable and he was still

able to play some golf and enjoy his country club. However his health began to deteriorate and soon the beloved Rancho Mirage house was sold. And he entered an assisted living facility. In 2003 I brought him to a great facility in Whittier where my wife and I could be close to him and spend more time together.

The last year was somewhat enjoyable for him. We had many meals together and some great holiday parties. Starting in January he entered the Hospital several times with different problems. And as these problems go he was in and out several times. The last time he was beginning to give up. We had several wonderful conversations about the "END".

About a week later it was time.....

Another Pilot from Continental has entered heavens gates.

Thank you..... Peter M. Anderson

— end —

ROBERT R. (BOB) RAWLS died November 11, 2004. BOB's flying career began in 1939 when he was attending college. He barnstormed in Texas, building up his flying time until he was hired as a civilian instructor for the Army, flying PT-19's. He joined the Army Air Corps in 1943, and flew the C-46, C-47, and the B-25 Mitchell Bomber. BOB joined Pioneer Airlines in 1946, which was merged with Continental in 1955.

Captain RAWLS flew prop and jet aircraft during his 34 years of service, ending up with the DC-10 on Sept 1, 1980. After retirement, BOB and his wife, JENNY enjoyed raising Polled Hereford Cattle on their ranch not too far from Dallas, Texas.

JENNY RAWLS died not too long ago, and BOB is survived by his sons, and daughters-in-law; Randy and Susan Rawls of Waxahachie and Michael and Janice Rawls of Rowlett. BOB also had several

grandchildren and great grandchildren.

— end —

ILLNESSES/SURGERY

E-mail from JIM MICHAELS, 07/25/04: George Vermef had a devastating fall on 12/27/02. He did a real number on 2 critical vertebrae on his lower back. The medical community decided he would not walk again. I am happy to report that George Vermef walked his daughter, Heather, down the aisle for her wedding. He was assisted by his son Morgan. George used arm braces and there was not a dry eye in the house. He still has a long way to go, but the progress is discernible and he has a lot of encouragement. Thanks Jim, for passing this on!

Gus Wenzel

E-mail from Ken Alrick, 08/03/04: Hi Ken, Just received some bad news about Moffit and Kenna Tinsley. Kenna has cancer and Moffit is suffering with Parkinsons. They need help with meals and transportation, etc. Shirley Rochan will coordinate and schedule. They live in the Manhattan Beach area. Would you send this out so we can get some help for Moffit and Kenna. Shirley can be reached: 949 916 1083 home: 949 292 4617 cell, or Shirley Rochan@cox.net. Thanks, Phil Owens

E-mail from John Passow, via Virg Hemphill and Ken Alrick, 08/15/04: About three days ago Tommy (Green) had a heart attack and has been in the Coronary Care Unit at Providence for the last few days. He had a pacemaker installed and is doing OK. He is kind of weak from laying in bed, but looking forward to coming home tomorrow - maybe. Dick and Farah are busy keeping him company. Visitors are welcome. I check him twice a day to keep the boredom from getting to him. He likes company... You have the list

of the guys , if you think this needs publishing.

Phone (505)997-217 John Passow

E-mail from Pleggie, Jr. 08/25/04: Hello Ken: I got your message and thought I better get you an update. My dad has been having a lot of trouble with circulation down to his feet. So finally, he had to get something done or lose his foot, or feet. The end of May, they opened up two arteries in his groin area to attempt to get blood down to the old feet. This was somewhat successful, but he still had lots of pain, so three weeks later he underwent the knife again to replace a vein in his leg.

This operation went quite well but he still has some pain. But the main thing is, he still has both feet! He is at home trying to get stronger by doing exercises and a lot of walking with his cart. His goal is to be at the convention in Las Vegas, and he will make it. My sister and I have been the nurse maids for the last few months, and we finally got him some help, so we could back home. He thinks the lady that helps them is mothers nurse, not his. He doesn't need help, so she thinks. A bit of a hard head. Well, I have rambled enough . Hope to see you'all in Las Vegas ...

Regards, Pleggie Jr.

E-mail from Maureen Ingram, 10/29/04: Mom (Dottie Ingram) went to Emergency Oct. 21, and was admitted to the hospital. She had been treated with 2 antibiotics by her regular doctor for a bladder infection...The hospital cultured the bacteria and determined it was a staph infection in her urine....She has been getting better during the week, and is eating pretty well...(But) the doctor saw a little fluid in her left lung and decided to keep her in the hospital a few more days for observation. I meant to email all of you

earlier in the week, but I have been extremely busy at work....I will try to update everyone next week.

Thanks for your prayers. Maureen.

E-mail from Maureen, 11/05/04: Mom was released from the hospital on Monday, Nov. 1. She is back at Grace house and is doing better. She is confused and anxious, but that is caused by her dementia...They may have to add another medication for that. She is eating well and resting a lot. Thanks again for your prayers. Maureen.

In our last issue we mentioned that Denny Cleveland had a stroke in the Philippines, where he had gone to attend the funeral of his good friend, John Hubert. Since that time, Denny has been moved to Manila, to Idaho, and finally, to Florida, where his daughter, Monica, works as a nurse.

E-mail from Monica Cleveland, 08/30/04:

Hello Ken, Can't remember if I had written you yet....Dad is here in FL with me. He is at a nursing facility receiving physical therapy, and will probably discharge from there in about a week or so. He will be moving in with me for awhile. We are building an apartment for him next door to us. We do not have his computer here yet, but I print out all e-mails to him.

He is doing pretty good-taking at least three good steps himself, and able to get as far as 10 ft. or so, with some help. Left arm not doing much yet, but it is still very early in the rehab process. You can use my email address, and my mailing address for him.. POB 6115, Fernandina Beach, FL 32035. I have his name on my POB. Going to see him now—Jeanne is upon FL right now. Not much here—some wind and such...Will be driving toward storm to see Dad, because I have him down in Orange Park, which is in Clay County—I live in Nassau County.

Monica Cleveland

— end ---

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

THIS'N THAT:

This issue's column in the Golden Contrails usually concentrates on reporting our annual meeting in Las Vegas and LA VERNE THORNBERRY'S two paragraphs in the November issue of THE GOLDEN TALE, give a fine summary, as follows:

"The Golden Eagles gathered in Las Vegas for their 32nd Annual Reunion. This was the largest flock ever, with almost 200 reservations. President BEN McKENZIE with his group, and the Ladies Auxiliary President CHRIS McKENZIE with her group, gave a tremendous party using the Mardi Gras theme. The decorations, drinks, food, and such fun did not fall short of the theme; you could almost visualize following that Jazz Band down Bourbon Street.

The Eagles were again blessed to have patriarch and matriarch, our dear FLORA & PLEGGIE attending, with Captain CLIFF PLEGGENKUHLE, Sr., giving the invocation and benediction.

ALICE POWERS again brought favors for the ladies. Each lovely gift was tied with bright ribbons in the very fitting Mardi Gras colors. To each of you who worked to diligently and faithfully for MONTHS to leave us with such a happy and memorable celebration, we all say a big Thank You, Danke, Gracias, Grazie, and Merci! Congratulations and Good Luck to each of you brave enough to follow this act!"

Our Treasurer, CHARLIE STARR and his wife, CYNTHIA live about 35 miles inland from the Florida coast. Although Hurricanes IVAN and JEANNE threatened their home, CHARLIE felt obligated to attend our reunion, since he had all the paperwork, records, tickets, etc.

So CHARLIE braved the automobile

traffic congestion, and the possible overbooked Continental Flights; made it to Las Vegas, and admirably performed his duties as Treasurer; then returned to his home, to find it was one of the few that received little or no damage! Great Job, CHARLIE!!!!!!

CHARLIE's list of those attending the Reunion Banquet follows:

SID and BO ALEXANDER, JOE ALLEN, JOHN ALLEN, JACK and JEAN ALLEY, RON and SANDY ALVERSON, JUDY AMBROSE, BOB APPLETON, DON and DIANE BALLARD, ROGER and CAROL BARTEL, BUD and LAVERNE BATTLE, KEN and B.J. BELLERUE, JOHN and LEVA BLACKIS, ROLAND and JUDY BROWN, RICKI BUCKLEER, TOM BUCKLEY, WALT and ALICE BYBEE, AMOUS and LAVERNE CANN, MAXINE CAPUA, DAVE CHAMBERS, BILL and AMY CHILDRESS, DAVE and SHARON CLOUGH, RAY and ANNETTE COMBEST, H.A. (COOP) and BRENDA COOPER, ED and KAREN COX, MARY ANN CROCKER, LOUIS and OVADA CUTHBERSON, DICK DAHSE, JOEL and CHARLOTTE DANIEL, RON DeCURTINS, CLYDE and INA DOMENGEAUX, JERRY DONEVANT, HANK and SANDRA DUBUY, DENNIS and DIANE DUFFY, MAXINE ELLIOT, JEAN FALL, JIM and CAROLYN FARROW, DICK FLOREANI, TOM FOLWELL and RANDI SHEER, GENE and PHYLLIS FREEMAN, DAVE and JACKIE FURULI, MARLAN GAMBER, DON and JOANNE GENTRY, BOB and JOYCE GLAU, ED and ALICE GORMAN, JACK GRADY, DON and SUE GRIFFIN, DICK and SUE GRIGSBY, PAUL and GAIL GROVER, LARRY HALL, GEORGE HEMMINGER, VIRG and JENINE HEMPHILL, JOHN and DAWN HENTHORN, ROBERT and KATHRYN HIEMSTRA, NICK and

JEANNE HOOKE, BOB and CATHI HULSE, GARY and RANELLE HUMPHRIES, JERRY and PHYLLIS HUNSINGER, BETTE IRESO, ROSALIE JAUREGNI, BOB and JAN KINSEY, LARRY and KATHY KRUCHTEN, JOE and MARIE KUNZ, DON and MARIAN LESEBERG, PETE LEVANDER and MAXINE ELLIOT, PETE LINZMAIER, LEE LIPSKY, BEN LITVINOFF, BILL and JUDY LIVELY, WALT LOFLIN, SONNY LOGAN, SEAN LUCEY, GEORGE LYCAN, Dr. LARRY and JOAN MARINELLI, MONROE MATHIAS, GEORGE MATYK, BEN and CHRIS MCKENZIE, BOB and DIANE MCKINNEY, RUSSEL MCKNIRE, JIM and CORNELIA McMEKIN, CARY and SHEL McWILLIAMS, BUTCH and LINDA MEIER, LEE and PAM MEYERS, DON MORRIS, JOHN NELSON, LARRY and JAN NELSON, DAVID and KAY NEWELL, GENE and KATIE NEWMAN, ED and ROBYN O'QUINN, TERRY OWENS, ANN PARK, ROBERT PEARSE, DICK and PENNY PEKRUL, JIM PHILLIPS and MARDEE LYKINS, CLIFF, JR. and KELLE PLEGGENKUHLE, CLIFF, SR. and FLORA PLEGGENKUHLE, BOB and VICKI POLAND, ALICE POWERS, DAVE and TRISH RANDOLPH, B. M. RICHARDS and DORIS DIETEMANN, HAL and JANE ROSS, JACK and SANDY ROTH, SHAUN and LINDA RYAN, MIKE SAYAN, TOM and PENNY SCHUCHAT, RAY and JOYCELYN SHEELEY, CHRIS SHEPPARD, JOE SHERWIN, GARY and KERI SMALL, WALT SMELICH, NEIL and LINDA SMITH, HAROLD and JEANE SPORES, CHARLIE and CYNTHIA STARR, JESSICA STEARNS, C.M (RED) STUBBEN and SUE TYREE, ROBERT STUNKARD, BOB and JOYCE SYKES, CAL and BONNIE TEMPLETON, K.D. THOMPSON, TOMMY and KATHY ALLEN THOMPSON, LaVERNE

THORNBERRY, RON and PENNY WATSON, ANDY and AUDREY WHITTLESEY, GARY and LANETTA WILSEY, and JOHN ZETZMAN.

ROLAND BROWN and CHARLIE STARR were elected Life Members of the Golden Eagles at their business meeting.

GENE NEWMAN retired as Chairman of the Widow's Aid Committee, and DON GRIFFIN has been appointed as the new Chairman.

AMOUS CANN won an award for his work in making golf tournaments for men and women an enjoyable part of each annual reunion.

E-mail from GUY CASEY to DICK GRIGSBY, March, 2004: I retired from UAL Nov. 1, 2000, after flying as 727 S/O for 3 years. I went to work for Netjets Jan. '02, and have been flying the Citation 5 Ultra ever since. I was quite fortunate at CAL, as I flew with individuals, including you, who taught and showed by example, the way to be a good Captain. One thing I noticed was that the good Captains rarely had a memorial flight. I have tried to emulate that, and so far, I haven't had any such memorial flight.

I moved back to the Los Angeles area in July '03 to help take care of my in-laws. Thanks for the opportunity to contribute.

Guy Casey

E-mail from TED RUTHERFORD, via Ken Alrick, 02/21/04: Hi All, Lori hurt her back some time back and could not ride her horses any longer. At first the doctors thought she had broke her back. Later it was determined that it was a severe strain and was advised not to ride her horses or run.

So we sold all the horses, trailer, and

tack, and decided to move last November. We have to move by the 27th of February. We will be homeless until the 8th of March. But we do have a place to stay until then. The Quality Inn in Bakersfield will be our home until we can move into our new home in Bakersfield. I have to admit, I am thrilled to be able to move back to Bakersfield. I think Lori has some misgivings regarding the move back there. Our new address is 10308 Salisbury Drive and Bakersfield. For those of you that know Bakersfield, it is in the Seven Oaks area, just to the west of the Market Place. We will have a pool with waterfall and Jacuzzi right outside the Master bedroom door. Our new phone will be 661-665-9308, and we will be connected March 9th. Our e-mail will be the same; however it will be off line from Feb. 27th until about the 9th of March. My son and daughter will be delighted as it will mean one hour less driving time from their respective homes, as opposed to the place we had in Bear Valley Springs. We made a lot really great friends up here and that I will miss greatly. Warm regards,

Ted and Lori Rutherford.

MEMORABLE FLIGHTS follow: (Roughly in the order received).

"I THOUGHT YOU WERE TOO LOW!"
by TOM GREEN

I had much respect for Eddie, somewhat older than I, and real pioneer pilot. I met him in 1940 while I was instructing on the CPT (Civilian Pilot Training) program and he was flying a Lockheed 12 for an oil company. He was instrument rated and flew in all kinds of weather. I was impressed!

I was later hired by CAL and I think he might have envied me somewhat. He came to visit me one day in Canyon Lake so I took him for a boat ride and lunch at the lodge. I had built a Starduster too, so I took him out

see my pride and joy.

I invited him to fly the plane and he said he would fly it in the air, but wanted me to take it off and land it. He had a camera and took a picture of the plane and wanted some aerial shots of Canyon Lake. I had an intercom in the plane but the mike for the front cockpit was in the radio shop, so I could talk to him, but he couldn't talk to me.

So we took off and at 1000' AGL I said "go ahead and fly it, Eddie." He took the controls and made a couple of gentle turns and I thought with a real "pro" flying I would relax and enjoy the trip. So I pulled my shoulder straps tight and started gawking at the farm we had just passed.

The plane continued on toward Canyon Lake and subsequently started a gentle left turn, the nose dropped and we picked up speed. We were headed toward a low ridge of hills, and I thought he better get the nose up, and the nose came up. The visibility from the rear cockpit is not nearly as good as it is in the front, so I'm really not worried.

We cleared the hills by a few feet, and I felt a sense of pride that he was having fun with my plane. So we continued back up to our 1000' AGL and original heading. Soon the plane does much the same thing, but didn't go as low, but now we are headed for a huge boulder on top another hill.

It looked to me like we had the boulder "bore sighted" and I unconsciously put a little back pressure on the stick. But I wasn't worried because Eddie is such a "pro".

We missed by inches!! Now we are back to our 1000', and on heading again. Soon, there on our left is a broad flat field, so down we go. I'm thinking "get the nose up" and the nose comes up, and we skitter across the field very fast (no one reduced the power). We're getting awfully low and I'm looking - and, at first, I'm not worried, but now I'm beginning to get concerned.

I take hold of the stick as we hit in a huge

explosion of dirt. I'm thinking we don't want to go straight up and stall, so I held it level as the speed bleeds off, and I drag the tail several feet and it settles into the dirt so softly - didn't even try to rock up on the nose.

The landing gear is gone, so it's on it's belly. I'm in the rear cockpit turning off switches, valves, etc. Eddie climbs out with dirt and blood down his front and he looks down at me and says, "I thought you were getting too low."

The left gear went up through the lower left wing, back of the aileron push tube. The right gear was sticking up in front of the right lower wing, and the engine was looking about 45 degree to the right.

The propeller looked like the horns on a bighorn sheep!

In debriefing Eddie said he had held up both hands to give me control, and I remembered looking back at that farm! Between the two of us we had an aggregate of 50,000 hours flying time, and 90 years of experience. We both sat there and watched the airplane fly into the ground!!!

He had a cut lip and I had no injuries. Eddie confessed that he, too, had applied some back pressure on the stick a couple of times. We both had too much confidence in each other! Complacency almost got us killed!

— end —

MY MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT!

By Tommy Green

CAL's 747's were brand new and created a lot attention wherever they went. I was one of the lucky people who got to fly Captain on it. One bright sunny day, probably on a weekend, I taxied up to the gate at O'hare. As I got out of my seat I discovered that my back had gone out. I was unable to straighten up or carry my flight kit and overnight bag. My crew kindly carried them

for me. We were obliged to walk out through the concourse, which was a wall to wall mass of people. We had to elbow our way through the crowd. I tried to straighten up and walk right, but I couldn't. I imagined every eye in the place was on me and my gold braid, wings, and scrambled eggs (here come da Captain)!! I also imagine that there was some speculation as to why I was walking so funny!!!_

— end —

LAVERNE THORNBERRY NOTES

From The Golden Tale

Our day in the country as guests of HENRI ROGERS FAMILY REUNION was splendid. The weather cooperated to give us a beautiful day of fun, fellowship, and tables laden with such good yummy food. Forty nine were in attendance, with the following ARECA members joining in: JIM BERG & son KEN & wife, FAY, BETTY & LEON GREEN, CHARLIE HAYES, JOAN & HERB JONES, JIM MAGEE, PEGGY & NORM McGOWAN, PENNY & TOM SCHUCHAT, RITA & MICKEY SCOTT, and guests, and LAVERNE THORNBERRY. Henri, we all send to you and your generous family, a big thank you for another great time together!

DON GRIFFIN has been doing lot of time at Frontiers of Flight Museum, which is in full swing in the new location....

SHIRLEY and RUBE CAGE had a lovely house guest, LINA WHITAKER STANLEY, who is a Studio Welfare Teacher, educating minor children who are in films. She communicates with the parents of the children regarding health, safety, and welfare. LINDA also works with the makeup artists, hairdressers, wardrobe, and the film crew on the set. LINDA lost her mother about two years ago, and now lives with her father, BUFORD R. WHITAKER, in Hermosa Beach, CA.



Airways Beacon located
On Sherman Hill between
Cheyenne & Laramie
Wy 1928 C-11 Stamp

Note Airway Beacon Numbers
Starting at Pueblo & continuing
On to Denver. Marked with a
* and a Morse Code Letter

