



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.

APRIL 2005



CAPTAIN'S CORNER

CONVENTION DATES SEPTEMBER 23rd & 24th, 2005

THE GOLDEN EAGLES CONVENTION WILL BE HELD IN HOUSTON AT THE AIRPORT MARRIOTT HOTEL. WE WERE ABLE TO GET THE SAME ROOM FOR THE HOSPIATLITY SUITE THAT WE HAD IN 03 (WHAT A GREAT VIEW).

LARRY KELLNER, THE CHAIRMAN AND CEO WILL BE OUR SPEAKER AT THE CONVENTION. WE WISH HIM THE BEST AS THE AIRLINE IS GOING THROUGH SOME MAJOR CHANGES AND WE HOPE THAT THESE CHANGES WILL HELP MAINTAIN THE AIRLINE.

THE GOLDEN EAGLES WERE ABLE TO DONATE \$2000 DOLLARS TO THE WE CARE PROGRAM OF CONTINENTAL AIRLINES IN DECEMBER OF 2004. WE NEED TO CONTINUE THIS PROGRAM AS IT HELPS THOSE WHO ARE IN NEED THAT WORK FOR THE AIRLINE. LAST YEAR 382 FAMILIES WERE HELPED. PLEASE SEND YOUR TAX DEDUTIBLE DONATION TO CHARLIE STARR AND MAKE YOUR CHECK PAYABLE TO WE CARE PROGRAM. MARIA ALBA, DIRECTOR OF THE PROGRAM WILL BE INVITED TO OUR BUSINESS MEETING TO ANSWER ANY QUESTIONS.

BOB SHELTON HAS AGREED TO RUN THE GOLF OUTING WHICH WILL BE HELD ON SEPTEMBER 22nd & 23rd AT THE LAKE WINDCREST GOLF COURSE. PLEASE SIGN UP AND REMEMBER THAT YOU DO NOT HAVE TO BE A REAL GOLFER TO COME OUT AND HAVE FUN.

I WOULD LIKE TO THANK BIRDIE BERTRAND FOR KEEPING THE WEB SITE UP TO DATE AND REMEMBER THAT TO FIND INFORMATION SIGN ON AT WWW.THEGOLDENEAGLES.ORG.

MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS EARLY


Ben McKenzie





Reserve Captain's Corner

Here I am at age 66 and recuperating from a complete hip replacement. I approached this operation with a great deal of anxiety and exited with no discomfort and no pain. I went home from the hospital on the 2nd day following my surgery and was driving myself around town in two weeks. I have had a lot of time to consider how lucky I am and what a great life I have had.

All I ever wanted to do was fly airplanes. Looking back at my dual careers(Continental and AZ Air National Guard) I can say that I succeeded beyond my dreams. I not only had a great flying career but I am now living in a comfortable retirement and enjoying the memories of 40 years of flying jets and being paid for it. I was lucky – I was in one of the top paying jobs in the airline industry and ended up with great benefits and a retirement check that allowed me to live comfortably. However, there are a lot of people I worked with that did not fare as well. This is what I am writing about today.

During our last Golden Eagles Convention in Las Vegas, we voted to start a program called The Golden Eagles We Care . This is a program designed to help those active Continental employees who were on a different pay level than we were as pilots and who have suffered financial losses due to circumstances beyond their control. Our Golden Eagles program ties in directly with the Continental We Care program and will be disbursed by them. For those of you that are not familiar with the We Care program, let me acquaint you with what it does and how it does it.

In 1984, a group of employees in the accounting department began to salvage and sell computer paper to help the department's Christmas Party.

When one of the employees in the department became ill and could not afford to buy food for her two small children, the party money was loaned to her. As the fund continued to grow, the employees became aware of other assistance needs, and the We Care Program was born.

Continental recognized We Care in the late 1980's and allowed payroll deductions to the fund. In the early 1990's the Legal Department provided assistance with obtaining the necessary charitable organization status from the IRS.

Over the years the fund has helped employees who have been affected by Hurricane Andrew, the Northridge earthquake in Los Angeles, the mudslides and floods in Nicaragua, Honduras and Venezuela as well as more recent disasters such as the typhoons in Guam and the latest Florida hurricanes.

The We Care program is guided by a Board of Directors who serve in a totally voluntary position with no expenses being paid by the fund. They evaluate all applications on a weekly basis and their funds are dispersed as a "last resort" and do not include help for such things as credit card bills, funeral bills and telephone bills.

Gentlemen, we have had the best of the best. Let's chip in and help those who helped make our careers as successful as they were and now need help from us. Make your checks separate from your dues and payable to Golden Eagles We Care. Thank you.

Shaun



Dear Ladies,

Plans are in the works for another great convention in September, and we look forward to seeing you there. Ina, Linda, Cynthia and I have something special planned for you.

Just a moment of your time, if you can, to talk about a \$5 bill. It won't buy much today, but we are still interested. Multiply that \$5 by our overall active membership and you have a sum that isn't small at all. For your convenience we will place a contribution box on our sign-in desk at our business meeting. The Ladies Auxiliary's donation to the Golden Eagles Care Fund will be greatly appreciated by our Continental family.

We hope you are planning to volunteer your time to work at the convention. The Auxiliary needs and appreciates your helping hands.

Ladies, if you know that one of our members could use our good thoughts or congratulations, please let me know. Also, if you have a suggestion or concern I would like to hear from you. All correspondence is welcomed. My phone number and email address are listed below.

Gentlemen, if you have read to this point, I hope you won't forget to share this article with your significant other. Thank you.

See you in September!

Warm Regards,



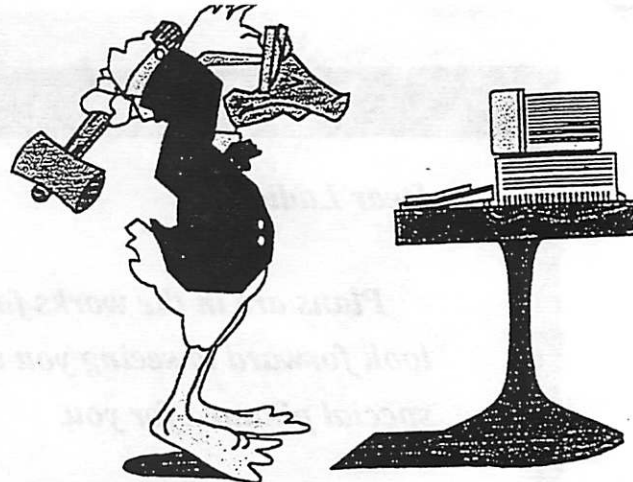
Judy Brown

Email: judith11@mac.com

Phone: 512-301-3825



EDITORS' CORNER



FRONT COVER... Color illustrations from Advanced Training Systems International lead us in to the fine article by Captain Don Duffer within.

WE CARE PROGRAM... Ben McKenzie's message as well as Shaun Ryan's and Judy Brown's emphasize Golden Eagles involvement with the well established Continental Airlines "WE CARE" effort. Your editors as well as your secretary/treasurer, Charlie Starr, are enthusiastically in support of this caring plan.

RETIRED --- BUT STILL FLYING THE A-4 SKYHAWK... This one-of-a-kind story by Captain Don Duffer is one to keep for the grandkids. There will never be another to match it!

MASTER PILOT AWARD... The picture of Bob Stunkard receiving the Wright Brothers Master Pilot Award is also one for the books. Congratulations, Captain Stunkard!

GUNS IN THE COCKPIT... Thanks to "Casey" Cameron for the interesting tale of hunting in Great Bend, Kansas.

REUNION... You had better have Kleenex at hand when you read Rachel Firth's touching poem!

BACK COVER... This reproduction of the front cover of Aviation Week @ Space Technology, August 4, 2003, as well as the color copy of the ATSI logo and that of the flight line of 13 A-4 Skyhawks on the front cover are re-printed with permission of Mr. William B. Scott, Rocky Mountain Editor, Aviation Week @ Space Technology, writer of the very comprehensive article PHOENIX AIR FORCE. Thank you, Mr. Scott.

RETIRED - BUT STILL FLYING THE A-4 SKYHAWK

(Or, how to get out of the house occasionally)

During our career, most airline pilots use Aviation Week and Space Technology magazine as a valuable source for current and helpful industry information. But, who would have thought that the front page of the August 4, 2003 edition, titled "RED AIR FOR HIRE", would picture a flight of fully operational Advanced Training Systems International, Inc. (ATSI), A-4N Skyhawks with a retired Continental Airlines pilot as the flight leader. The AW&ST magazine front cover picture was taken by "Skids" Donnelly (a furloughed United Airlines pilot) with "Stretch" Armstrong (Chief Pilot, Honeywell Corp., Phoenix) as the wingman, while flying over the Rocky Mountains on a return flight to WGA (Williams Gateway Airport, Mesa, AZ -- old Williams AFB) from the Canadian Fighter Base Cold Lake, Alberta, Canada.

I must give my son, Mark, all the credit for my AW&ST front cover picture since he was responsible for my participation with ATSI commencing in February 2001. Mark, (now Major Mark Duffer, USMC, a F/A-18 Hornet pilot based at MCAS Miramar, CA) was in flight school at NAS, Meridian, MS., when he called one day and told me that a former Navy pilot was attempting to purchase some A-4 aircraft from Israel and was searching for someone to assist in the planning and implementation of the startup company. ATSI was to be based at Williams Gateway Airport and would employ the A-4 in the air-to-air, air-to-ground and electronic warfare roles as well as make the platform available for other military uses as required. The concept was unusual since the concept of providing "RED AIR" to the military services utilizing A-4N Skyhawks manned by civilian pilots was not universally accepted. I made the call, had an interview and immediately employed as a pilot as well as the recruiter of pilots to fly our Skyhawks.

Using advice from some of his old Navy friends, the CEO of ATSI determined that the US military was experiencing a tremendous shortfall in Red Air sorties and the A-4 was a nimble and dependable platform to fill the requirements. However, the only method of obtaining any A-4 aircraft was an outright purchase from a foreign government. Therefore, after some long discussions with our investors, the decision was made to purchase 9 A-4Ns (single seaters) and 3 TA-4Js (two seater trainers) from Israel. The aircraft were surplused from the Air Force of Israel, overhauled in Israel by technicians from New Zealand and flown to Williams Gateway Airport. The A-4Ns were nonstop flights across the north Atlantic via the Azores, Canada and on to WGA. Due to their fuel capacity, the TA-4Js were flown via the UK island hopping across the North Atlantic.

As a civilian company, ATSI operates under specific FAA rules that require pilots to be qualified and current in the A-4 prior to flying any missions. I had no problem with the qualification portion of the FARs, however, the currency requirement to have 3 landings in the past year posed a serious problem since I flew my last A-4 flight in 1983. To overcome the currency issue, I traveled to an Israeli Air Force base in Southern Israel in time for the first TA-4J to complete the overhaul process and be operationally ready for flight. After a short briefing by my "Check Pilot" (a former fighter pilot who had several MIG kills to his credit during his time in the Israeli Air Force), I taxied the "Scooter" out to the active duty runway for my first takeoff in an A-4 in over 18 years. During those 18 years, as I continued to fly the B727, B737 and B777 for Continental Airlines, I thought many times how much fun I had during my US Marine Corps career flying

the F-8 Crusader and the A-4 Skyhawk and how much fun it would be to continue to fly either of those wonderful flying machines again. I would have never dreamed that my wishes would come true at a stark fighter base in Israel.

At Hazerim AFB, I have to admit that the adrenaline was pumping when I finally pushed the throttle forward for my takeoff, however it was nice to know that the instructor was in the back seat of the TA-4J – just in case. My instructor pilot was unusually helpful in answering all the questions that I had while we were briefing for the flight. However, as each of us has experienced, there is sometimes a sudden realization that there are other questions that we failed to ask. The little bird was as docile as ever as I broke ground, retracted the gear and flaps and accelerated to a comfortable speed. After reaching 15,000 feet or so, I was astounded that three of the border areas of Southern Israel could be easily seen. I quickly understood why the Israeli fighter pilots normally logged less than one hour of flight time during each of their combat flights. Climbing to a comfortable altitude brought back lots of old memories of flying the “Scooter” with the likes of Neal Dyer, Birdie Bertrand, George Fox, Dave Lynn, Bill Vaughn, John Richter just to name a few of the Continental pilots that I served with while in the US Marine Corps Reserve. At altitude, I completed a comfort check that included a couple of gear extensions and retractions, some acceleration and deceleration exercises and some moderate hard turns. After completing the comfort check, I descended back to Hazerim AFB and entered the airport area to complete the required 3 landing to fulfill the currency requirement. Again, lots of memories came flooding back as I recalled entering many, many military traffic patterns with some of the above guys on my wing, or vice versa. Prior to my currency flight, someone told me that flying the Scooter again would be just like riding a bicycle – you never forget. It was much easier that I had initially thought but I had already spent lots of time “in the books” and several hours in the cockpit of the TA-4J as it was being prepared for acceptance. After exiting the aircraft, I had to think that I was one of the luckiest guys around to be able to fly B777s while flying A-4s again in all aspect of it capabilities.

Returning to WGA, I found myself immediately scheduled to fly the first revenue generating mission for ATSI utilizing the A-4N Skyhawk. The mission profile was an intercept mission utilizing the W-291 warning area off SoCal that overlays the islands of San Clemente and Catalina in which I was to be the blocking force for a flight of US Navy F/A-18 Hornets operating from an aircraft carrier located west of San Diego whose target was NAS Pt. Mugu. The flight went as briefed except for the double take as the US Navy F/A-18 Hornets passed close abeam. I feel certain they were very surprised to see a flight of camouflaged A-4s in the exercise. The flight was my first A-4 flight in a single seater since March of 1983. With a thrust of over 11,000 pounds and an empty weight of approximately 10,000 (in the ATSI configuration), a take off does not use much runway. I have to admit the first takeoff was – well, the word interesting come to mind. By the end of the flight, however, I was feeling much more comfortable with the Scooter and had no problem with the return to WGA and final landing. The navigation was much different from 18 years previously since we use a GARMIN 530/GPS navigation system which is much like what I used on the B737/B777.

After establishing a reputation for performance, ATSI was requested by the Canadian Air Force to provide Red Air for their F/A-18 fighter force as well as Close Air Support for their ground forces. During 2002 and 2003, I spent many weeks at Canadian Fighter bases in Comox, Cold Lake and Bagotville providing Red Air for the Canadian training squadrons, their fighter weapons instructor

courses as well as their ground forward air controller trainee school. Operating in all seasons of the year posed some very real challenges for the A-4, as well as for the pilots and crew chiefs. With many days of temperatures well below zero, lots of care was taken to prevent any type of accident due to the cold weather. The A-4 operates well in all temperature extremes but, without anti-skid, care must be taken on slick runways and taxi ways.

During last spring, I participated in the annual Maple Flag Exercise held at CFB Cold Lake, Canada. Fighters, transports and electronic warfare aircraft from the USA, Canada and several foreign countries participated in the exercise. On one of the memorable Red Air flights during Maple Flag, I was the flight lead for a 2 plane flight of Scooters tasked to provide radar jamming for 4 F-16s. After the radar jamming phase of the flight was complete, we joined the F-16s as they attempted to defeat the F-15s (providing fighter cover for the strike aircraft) as well as seek and destroy the French, Belgian, Canadian and Australian aircraft involved in the strike and paratroop drop flights. Although the flights are flown with some very specific safety rules, any where I looked I saw fighters in mock combat. Flying in the same flights with F-15s, F-16s, F-18s, Mirage 2000s and others will certainly keep you young at heart -- even if your body is screaming to stop it!

ATSI has provided support in several exercises at the request of the USN /USAF in roles other than the traditional RED AIR missions. Currently, we are involved in an ongoing program with the USAF heavy transport (C-17 and C-130) community who has utilized us to provide Red Air for their low altitude target ingress/egress training. Red Air support for the Fighter Weapons School at Nellis AFB was also recently demonstrated. We have previously provided aggressor training off the SoCal coast for the USN battle groups prior to their Pacific tours.

For more background on the ATSI mission and it's pilots, please get a copy of the August 4, 2003 edition of AW&ST or the July 2004 edition of the Smithsonian AIR & SPACE magazine. The articles will explain more of the technical details of the company and how missions are flown. As well, the articles will detail the continuing training we are providing to pilots from the United Arab Emirates (UAE) as a lead in to their acceptance of some of the latest F-16 aircraft.

During the course of my 35 year career with Continental Airlines, I participated for 27 years in the US Marine Corps Reserve flying almost every model of the A-4 that was built for the US Marines. The Continental Airlines Flight Operations division was always very supportive during the 17 years that I flew the A-4 as a US Marine Reservist -- for which I will always be grateful. The FAA Age 60 rule closed one door in my flying career -- but another door opened. No matter, I'm delighted to be back flying the A-4 Skyhawk. It's not a B777, but it's a terrific way to spend my retirement years (and occasionally get out of the house).

Warm regards,




Don R. Duffer, Sr.
E-mail: exf8jock@aol.com



Here are a couple of photos that may be suitable for what you need. Signed by the FAA Administrator and presented in December, it is called the Wright Brothers Master Pilot Award, which recognizes 50 years of service in the aviation industry. One of the requirements to qualify for the award is to pass a proficiency check in the last two years. The obvious bad requirement, I'm getting older.

During my employment with the FAA I have maintained currency on the B-747, B-737, and MD 80 series, and I have been very fortunate to be asked to be a member of several flight standardization boards that aided in the certification of new aircraft models. In that capacity I have had the opportunity to fly and evaluate the B737-800, B-717, and Gulfstream G-450 during their certification process. The B-737-800 assignment was a result of my flying the B-737-200 and B-737-300 for six years at America West, and surprisingly enough, the G-450 and B-717 flying resulted from the FAA wanting someone not qualified in a Gulfstream and DC-9. Those two assignments resulted in type ratings on both aircraft. The G-450, in particular, was a real joy to fly. It is a "latest state of the art" cockpit that includes four 14" display units, HUD display, infra red Enhanced Visibility System projected on the HUD, and an electronic flight bag that allows you to pull up approach plates, airport taxi diagrams, checklists, etc. on a display unit. Funny thing though, that airplane makes me appreciate even more that I began my flying career in the USAF soloing a Piper Cub and began my airline career flying the venerable DC-3. What an aviation spectrum I have been privileged to experience during my career.

Sincerely,



Bob Stunkard



WE CARRIED GUNS IN THE COCKPIT IN THOSE DAYS TOO!

G. M. "Casey" Cameron

At one time in the late 1950s, CO decided to terminate the Westbound DC-3 trip in GBD (Great Bend KS) instead of at HUT (Hutchinson KS). Since the late arrival of the trip and the early morning departure of the return trip did not permit the crew to "turn around", the inbound crew was destined to spend a long day and two nights in GBD.

GBD in those days (and probably these days also) had little to offer in the form of recreation or even shopping. The local movie house did not show movies every night and matinees were offered only on the week-ends. Even the library was limited in subject material and in variety. So it was left up the individual crew to find their own diversion.

One crew made the acquaintance of the Ranger in charge of the Cheyenne Bottoms Game Preserve which was located to the NNW of GBD. The crew often enjoyed trips on the Ranger's airboat, traveling through the edges of the preserve to observe the various species of migratory birds and other wildlife. This was a great experience and enjoyed by the crew who made friends with the Ranger. Unfortunately, not all the crews either knew about this or were not invited to participate so the diversion was limited to just a few.

One evening on arriving at GBD, we were approached by the Airport Manager who suggested that we might enjoy a night time rabbit hunt on the airport. The airport was a "left over" WW II training base and was only used intermittently by the Navy as an auxiliary field. CO served the city with two trips each day in each direction. The triangle shaped field was farmed and was presently covered with a nice crop of alfalfa. This attracted the rabbits in great numbers and they were creating a problem for the Airport Manager. They burrowed into the ground along the sides of the runways and often cut the lines between the runway lights. The rabbits also attracted coyotes and foxes in great numbers and this also created a hazard for light aircraft landing at night.

The Airport Manager suggested that when we returned on our next trip that we bring our .22 Cal rifles with us and we could have a good time hunting these pesky rabbits. So, on the next trip, the Captain and I carried our rifles in the cockpit (in cases) and placed them behind the cockpit seats. No one questioned us about them or seemed to be concerned about us bringing them aboard (certainly not like today)!

On arrival at GBD at the end of the day, the Airport Manager met us with his pickup and was ready to take us on our hunting trip. The Capt and I stood up in the back of the pickup with our rifles laid out over the cab. After crossing the N/S runway and entering the alfalfa field, we began to see numerous rabbits in the headlights of the pickup. In fact, there were so many that it was hard to determine which one to shoot. The Airport Manager would stop and each of us would shoot a

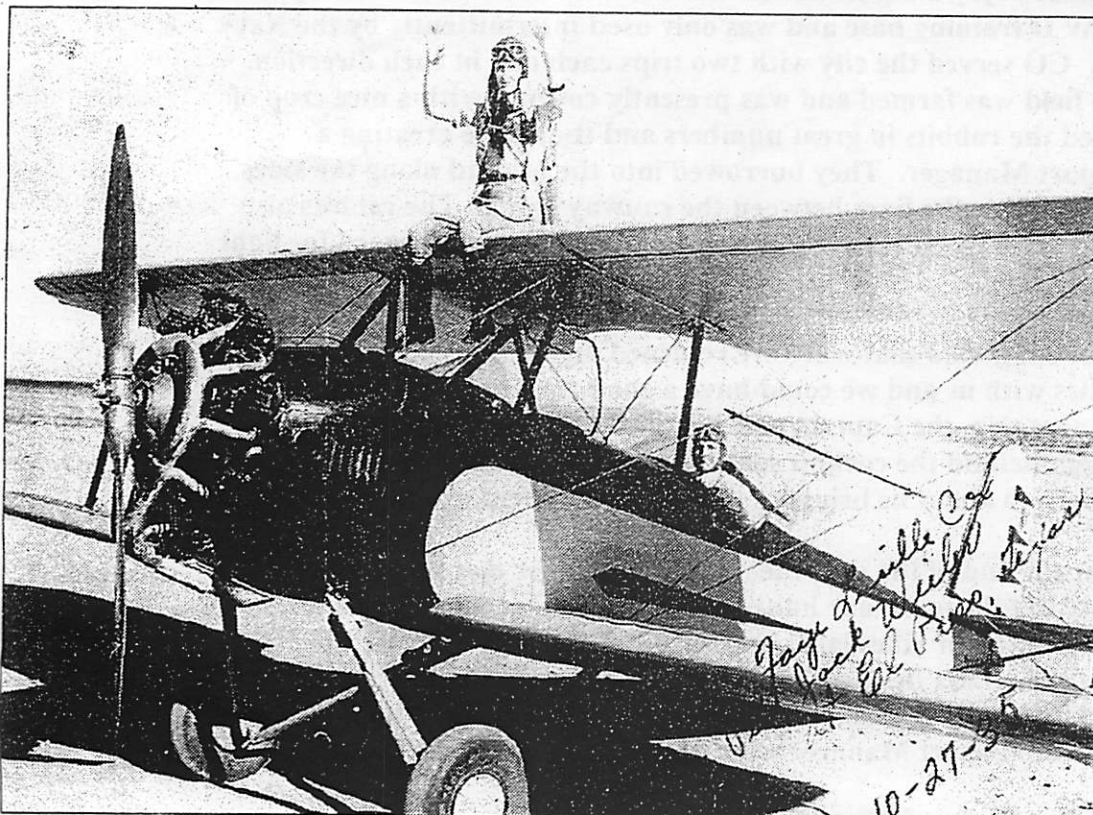
couple of rabbits outlined in the headlights and then we would move on only a short distance and there would be another large group of rabbits. I have no idea how many rabbits we shot that night but we finally ran out of ammo for our rifles. Most boxes of .22 Cal shells held 50 and I am sure that we each had at least a box, maybe even two boxes and seldom did we miss a shot so one can just imagine how many we shot. But it made little or no dent in the overall rabbit population for as we were returning to the terminal, we saw just as many as during our initial sweep.

We had the pleasure of this venture only twice before the company decided that the GBD turn-around was not a good idea and changed the layover point back to HUT where it had been previously.

So much for carrying guns on the aircraft in "those" days!



GROVER M. CAMERON (CASEY)
April 10, 1953



This picture of Jack Weiler, before he became Chief Pilot, comes to us courtesy of Captain Norm Meyer. It is the earliest picture we have of the man who structured Continental Airlines' professional pilot force and who inspired proficiency for 25 years.

Special to The Denver Post

Barnstormer Faye Cox sits atop a plane during a stop in El Paso in 1935. During her 16-year parachuting career, she landed on cars, in trees, in rivers, on a picket fence and astride a cow, according to the Colorado Aviation Historical Society, which inducted her into its Hall of Fame in 1974. She also broke her right arm, her right leg twice and her right foot three times.

THE REUNION

by Rachel Firth

Autumn leaves rustling, together to the appointed place, the old warriors come,
pilgrims, drifting across the land they fought to preserve.
Where they meet is not important anymore. They meet and that's enough for now.
Greetings echo across a lobby.

Hands reach out and arms draw buddies close. Embraces, that as young men
they were too uncomfortable to give, too shy to accept so lovingly.
But deep within these Indian Summer days, they have reached a greater
understanding of life and love.
The shells holding their souls are weaker now, but hearts and minds grow
vigorous, remembering.

On a table someone spreads old photographs, a test of recollection.
And friendly laughter echoes at shocks of hair gone gray or white, or
merely gone. The rugged slender bodies lost forever.
Yet they no longer need to prove their strength.

Some are now sustained by one of "medicine's miracles," and even in this
fact, they manage to find humor. The women, all those that waited, all those
who loved them, have watched the changes take place.
Now they observe and listen, and smile at each other, as glad to be
together as the men.

Talk turns to war and planes and foreign lands. Stories are told and told again,
reweaving the threadbare fabricate of the past,
mending one more time the banner of their youth. They hear the vibrations, feel
the shudder of metal as engines whine and whirl, and planes come to life.

These birds with fractured wings can be seen beyond the mist of clouds,
and they are in the air again, chasing the wind, feeling the exhilaration of flight
close to the heavens. Dead comrades, hearing their names spoken, wanting to share
in this time, if only in spirit, move silently among them.
Their presence is felt and smiles appear beneath misty eyes.
Each, in his own way may wonder who will be absent in another year.
The room grows quiet for a time.

Suddenly an ember flares to life. Another memory burns.
The talk may turn to other wars and other men, and of futility.
So this is how it goes. The past is so much present. In their ceremonies, the
allegiances, the speeches and the prayers, one cannot help but hear the deep
eternal love of country they will forever share.

Finally, it is time to leave.
Much too soon to set aside this little piece of yesterday, but the past
cannot be held too long, for it is fragile.
They say "Farewell"... "See you another year, God willing."
Each keeps a little of the other with him forever.
Check six!

GOLDEN EAGLES TREASURER'S REPORT



11/6/04 – 3/10/05

From Your Treasurer – *Charlie Starr*

| | |
|------------------------------------|--------------|
| Balance from 11/05/2004 (Checking) | \$ 15,732.92 |
|------------------------------------|--------------|

Income 11/6/04 – 3/10/05

| | |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------|
| Dues Received | \$ 4,060.00 |
| Postage Fund Contributions | 925.00 |
| Interest Income | 2.51 |
| Eagles Cares donation (for transfer) | 10.00 |
| TOTAL INCOME THIS PERIOD | \$ 4,997.51 |

Disbursements 11/6/04 – 3/10/05

| | |
|--|--------------------|
| Banquet Refund | \$ 86.50 |
| Memorial donations | 200.00 |
| Advance loan for 2005 golf | 200.00 |
| Postage/office supplies | 30.44 |
| Golden Contrails printing/postage | 4,066.66 |
| Web site registration | 218.95 |
| Transfer to Eagles Care Fund | 2,010.00 |
| TOTAL DISBURSEMENTS THIS PERIOD | \$ 6,812.55 |

| | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------|
| BALANCE (CHECKING) 3/10/05 | \$ 13,917.88 |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------|

| | |
|--|--------------------|
| Balance Golden Eagles Cares Account | \$ 2,319.76 |
|--|--------------------|

A VERY SPECIAL WELCOME TO OUR NEW MEMBERS

Gerry Carley
Bruce Copp
Wayne Curry
Joseph Dole
Darby Kelly
John Meury
Jim Meyers
Marty Noonan
Gary Rovetto
Juan Ruth
James "Mike" Wade

A NEW NOTE ABOUT YOUR DUES

In spite of how I think I've made the determination of member dues status simple, evidently I've still managed to confuse a great many people. Let me try to explain it once again. **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; "CT along with a number such as 04" 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 were due by January 1st. While most have already paid; have you? If not, 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.

YOUR TREASURER'S REPORT - CONTINUED

A SPECIAL THANKS TO OUR GENEROUS POSTAGE FUND CONTRIBUTORS

Your postage fund contributions go a long way in helping with the ever increasing costs of mailing The Golden Contrails magazine and other important notices. Our sincere thanks to the following members who have donated to this cause.

Bob Appleton
Mike Bender
Frank Benedict
Ronald Bennett
Jim Bryant
Ray Combest
Jim Crabtree
George Cramp
Louis Cuthbertson
Joseph Dole
Carl Domschke
Spike Duncan
Ray Durden
Bob English
Tom Folwell
Thomas Frazier
Richard Grigsby
Bernie Hallee
William "Bill" Henry, Jr.
Walt Honan

Jerry Hunsinger
Marion "Chris" Imboden
Jim James
Russ Kincaid
Doug Kricken
Larry Kruchten
Kenneth Lakes
D.J. Lehman
Jim McDonald
Ben McKenzie
Russell McKnir
Jim McMekin
Butch Meier
Chuck Michaelson
Frank Mills
Merril Moore
Ralph Musser
Jerry Navarro
Larry Nelson
Leonard Nikolai

L.E. (Doc) O'Brien
LaRue Pierce (Johnson)
Frank Rhodes
Juan Ruth
Shaun Ryan
Paul Sanwick
Tom Schuchat
George Seifert
Charlie Starr
Delbert (Kelly) Steele
Art Swanson
Cal Templeton
Allen Timms
A. Scott Tomlinson
James Waters
R.B. Wilson
Lin Wright

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

If making a donation to The Golden Eagles Care Fund, please make a separate check payable to **Golden Eagles Cares Fund**, and mail it to the address above - Thank you!

GONE WEST:

RON PUFFER died of natural causes on December 19, 2004. An e-mail mentioned that RON had "served as an instructor and Check Airman on a variety of aircraft, during his career at Continental and People Express, most recently the B777." (**JAY ELLZEY**) Another e-mail stated that "RON was a member, joining in 2003. He was the instructor that took everyone in the 777 simulator, when we were in IAH". (**BOB SHELTON**)

GLENN EDDS died December 28, 2004, after a long illness.

GLENN began flying for Pioneer Airlines on December 1, 1947. He continued his career as a pilot when Pioneer merged with



Continental, and he flew the Martin 202, Convair 240, 340, 440, Boeing 707, and 720, and the Douglas DC-3, DC-6, DC-7, DC-9, and DC-10. **GLENN** retired Jan. 4, 1975, with 28,000 hours.

After retirement, **GLENN** taught

Aviation at Aims College in Greeley, Colorado, and with his wife **JOY** he enjoyed living on his 72 acre ranch near Berthoud, Colorado.

Just before **GLENN** died, Ken Alrick sent the following e-mail, 12/27/2004: "I just had a call from Walt Loflin. He has been keeping tabs on Glenn Edds for several years. Glenn has been in a home for the aged during that time. Walt informed me that Glenn is failing rapidly, and not expected to last more than a

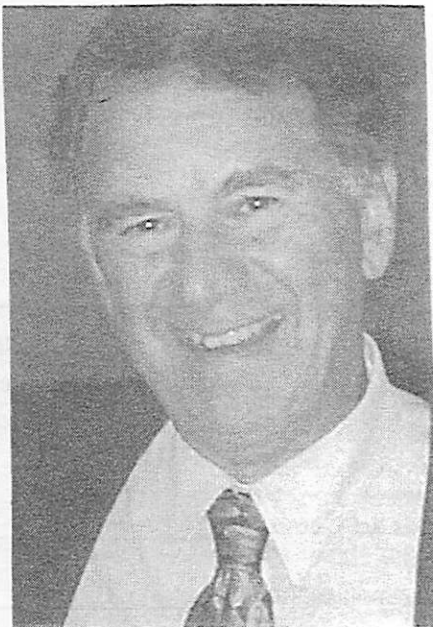
week or so. He was able to communicate only by hand squeezing. He has promised to keep me informed on Glenn's condition."

DAVID A. OROZCO passed away on February 4, 2005, due to brain cancer.

His obituary (edited) follows: "**DAVE** attended several elementary schools and three high schools, because his father's Government job moved the family to many different locations. He managed to get to Modesto for the senior year, where he met Sandra, his wife of 41 years.

They were married in 1963, just after Dave graduated from Naval Flight School, and was commissioned an Ensign. Dave was assigned to VS-33 aboard aircraft carrier USS Bennington. He flew the S-2, designed for anti-submarine warfare during three cruises near Vietnam.

Dave left the Navy in 1967, and joined Continental Air Lines. He retired at age 60, a Captain on the 777, flying from Houston to London, Paris and Tokyo.



After retirement, Dave and Sandra chose to live in Tehachapi, because of nearness to family, clean air, and small town atmosphere. (But also for the Willow Springs Raceway, since Dave loved his motorcycles and racing.)

However, a "tip over" while exiting a turn resulted in a broken collarbone and ended his racing days, so Dave went back to his youth, and played softball on Tuesday and Thursday evenings!

July, 2004 was the turning point. Dave was diagnosed with a malignant brain tumor. All of the technology and doctors at UCLA Medical Center could not help him. He passed away very quietly at home..."

ROLLA E. (TOMMY) THOMPSON died March 10, 2005. On March 7th TOMMY was taken to a hospital, after a small tractor had fallen on him. TOMMY had been pinned under the tractor and had remained there for a half hour before the fire department people were able to free him.

At the hospital, the doctors determined that TOMMY had a couple of broken ribs, but a possible abdominal aneurysm caused his death.



Before he joined Continental on June 5, 1951, TOMMY was a railroad engineer, began to fly, and built up his flying hours barnstorming and instructing.

During his 29 years with Continental, TOMMY flew the

Convair 240, 340, 440, Boeing 707, 720, and the Douglas DC-3, DC-6, DC-7, and DC-10.

After retirement, TOMMY worked as a Construction Engineer, with particular emphasis on concrete work. TOMMY also enjoyed country music, gardening, and his tractors...

TOMMY had so many friends that, at his memorial service, the Chapel had standing

room only. His fellow pilots will greatly miss the well loved TOMMY....

TOMMY is survived by his wife of 59 years, ADELINE; and daughters, JOAN, HOOPES, JANICE HILLENBACH, , and KATHY ALLEN.

As a tribute to TOMMY, and for the benefit of a many members who have not read the original issue, your editors plan to republish (in our next issue) the story about TOMMY's flight with a big Swede lying on the left wing of an open cockpit biplane!

-----end-----

ILLNESSES/SURGERY

Ann (Pleggenkuhle) Park wrote us, and advised that her dad and mother, (Cliff Pleggenkuhle, Sr. and Flora), have had their share of health problems, including a hospital visit for her mother, and vascular surgery for her dad. "But, at age 94 and 93 we are truly blessed to have them in our lives.. In October, the entire family had the privilege to attend the Breeder's Cup in Dallas, Texas. (Husband Skip works in Veterinary medicine at Santa Anita, Hollywood Park, Pomona, and Del Mar Race Tracks).

Connie Petterson included Tom Frazier in a "Spring letter" saying that Howard (Pete) Petterson suffered a severe stroke on Christmas eve. As a result, Pete's right side is disabled, and the 88 year old Pete is cared for in a "very good residence."

Pat Johnson had some hernia repair surgery in December, but has recovered sufficiently to visit Rube Cage in January, for Rube's 83rd birthday!

E-mail from Ken Alrick, 12/24/2004: Gene (Hersche) is in an East ELP hospital and unable to walk or speak at this time. Things don't look good at this point and it appears to

be a stroke, with our limited info....Will up date when we learn more and at this point, a prayer is best any one can do!

E-mail from Walt Honan, via Ken Alrick, 1/1/2005: I didn't get in to see Gene yesterday, but Harold Spores called this morning, and they have moved Gene to Highlands Regional Rehab. Center in El Paso. Apparently this place will not take patients just to occupy a bed, but only if they feel that they can do something for them. So I guess that's a good sign for Gene. I'll keep you posted...

E-mail from Walt Honan, via Ken Alrick, 1/05/2005: Went to see Gene today in his new Rehab Center. Mentally he's 100% better. He actually used a couple of whole sentences, and they have him up in a wheel chair.

E-mail from Walt Honan, via Ken Alrick, 1/17/2005: Good news—Gene is showing steady improvement and has most of the use of his right hand, with a very good grip, and he can feel on his right side. He still seems a little bewildered, but can make much more conversation.

Bad news—last week he lost his oldest daughter to cancer. He wasn't told until yesterday, and as you can imagine he took the news very hard.

E-mail from Walt Honan, via Ken Alrick, 1/31/2005: They brought him (Hersche) home last week but that didn't last but a day or two, because he started to run a high fever, so they put him back in the hospital, and discovered that he had blood clots in both lungs. I called the hospital this AM, and they said he was out of ICU and in a regular room, and doing satisfactory —whatever that means.....

E-mail from Virg Hemphill, via Ken Alrick, 02/06/2005: Enclosed is the info to visit Gene Hersche in the 'rest house'--- when I receive the telephone number, will forward it. Visiting hours are 9AM thru 5PM—driving info: East on I-10 to Lee Trevino off ramp—North (left) on Charles Owen to large house at 1629 Charles Owen (left side of

street), and your are there!

Mailing address C.E. Hersche, 1629 Charles Owen, El Paso, TX 79936.....

—end of e-mails about Gene Hersche—

E-mail from Walt Brand, via Ken Alrick, 2/22/2005: Frank (Oster) had a brain tumor which was cancerous, but the story I have is they got it all in the surgery.

E-mail from Walt Brand, via Ken Alrick, 2/22/2005: Frank Oster has been back at this house for a little over a week now, and he is on the mend. He has been very busy seeing friends and meeting appointments, and hasn't had a whole lot of time to himself (from what I can tell). I spoke with him yesterday and he was on a three mile walk with his son Scott, and he seemed to be upbeat about his situation. As far as I know there has been no discovery of any additional cancers, so we hope he is in the clear. One thing pretty certain is that he won't be doing the coast-to-coast bicycling trip he had planned for late in the summer, but knowing Frank, it wouldn't surprise me if he still tried to make it (A la Lance Armstrong).

I don't have his address handy, but I will pass it along so you can send him a card if you like...

E-mail from Walt Brand, via Ken Alrick, 3/06/2005: Frank Oster is now undergoing chemotherapy and radiation. It is a tough regimen and but he is a tough guy, and he says it's not that bad. He appreciates all the well wishes that have filtered down and apologizes for not being able to respond just now.

If you'd like to send a (very welcome) card, Frank's address is:

6305 West 78th Street.
Los Angeles, CA 90045

E-mail from Elle Straight, 3/13/2005: Don (Straight) had a heart attack on October 29th. (During) the surgery he had two stents put in

his arteries... He is doing great, with cardiac rehab. three times a week. The doctors say that he will be ready to ski in about 12 weeks!

E-mail from Jerry Hunsinger, via Ken Alrick, 3/13/2005: For the dissemination to the membership, at your discretion, and in the interest of informing those suffering with a bad back, I offer the following:

Six days ago, March 7, 2005, I underwent my fourth back surgery. This time it was extremely serious, very nearly killed me, and was the direct result of my previous surgery performed May 5, 1996, by a neurosurgeon here in Grand Junction. Briefly the man made a hash of my lumbar spine, and I have suffered severe lower back pain as a result. His procedure caused the eventual collapse and misalignment of three lumbar vertebrae that made this last surgery a necessity, as the damage was slowly crippling me.

This last surgery was to have been 6 ½ hours in duration. After my surgeon opened my back for 18", from the sacrum to T-9, he found the damage to be so severe that repairs took a total of 9 hours. He installed two titanium bridges, and 20 screws to secure this assembly. I now am completely repaired, bionic, I am sure, and after a long convalescence I expect a better quality of life than I have had for the past 35 years, when I had my first surgery.

I am telling you all this because over the years many of you have come to me to ask about back surgery. Since I have now had four of them I feel somewhat conversant on the subject, and wish to share a huge mistake I made, in the hopes you will not suffer as I did. First of all, and most importantly, get more than one opinion—I did, but from the wrong people—and DID NOT get an opinion from a neurosurgeon. I did that three times actually—they subsequently operated on me— and my back was destroyed as a result. Instead, obtain your opinions from orthopedic spine surgeons.

They have a completely different methodology to achieve a similar end. The big difference is their fix will be permanent and the neurosurgeons will not be permanent.

My surgeon fixed my wife, Phyllis' 30 year bout with severe neck pain two years ago, and he just fixed my back. Recently a young girl was brought here, to Grand Junction, CO, from Mongolia, for crying out loud, with a 93 degree curvature of the spine, and he completely repaired this horrible problem with two surgeries. The man is a master, and I would be proud to forward his contact numbers to any of you who might have need of his expertise.

That's it; sorry to have been so verbose, but I wanted to share this with you, my many old friends, especially those of you who still limp around holding that old worn out back. Best Regards,

Jerry Hunsinger.

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

THIS'N THAT:

PETER M. ANDERSON sent a \$120.00 check to the Golden Eagles in payment for possible underpaid dues by his father, and mentioned that he would like to receive the "Golden Contrails". In response, Treasurer CHARLIE STARR added Peter M. as an Associate Member, and Peter M. now is paid up until 2012 !!

TOM FRAZIER suffered with Shingles last August. He mentioned he had about 60 "sort of like cold-sores" on the right side of his body, and that they were "very painful". His immune system was "wiped out" as a result of the Shingles, and he came down with pneumonia. At age 85 he is better now, but not completely recovered....

E-mail from Birdie Bertrand, 11/29/2004:
(summarized) Our web site has undergone major changes, adding a "Hall of Fame" page, additions of new information, conversion of normal documents to Adobe.pdf format, Contrails information, and other new pages.

(The reason for using the pdf. format will allow you to make a copy of the article).

Continental Airlines has a website for its main store facility, <http://istore.coair.com/> For sale are shirts, jackets, caps, cups, glasses, pens, flight bags, model airplanes, and much more, with the Continental Airline Logo....

E-mail from Mike Bender, 2/27/2005: Hi Dick (Grigsby) - a very belated THANK YOU for the extra copies of the Golden Contrails. I've put them to good use as recruiting propaganda for a couple of our ex-CO guys that haven't joined the Golden Eagles. I hope to see some results.

Thanks again for all your work you do for the rest of us. Regards. Mike Bender

E-mail from Bob Wampler's son, via Ken Alrick, 3/09/2005: I am Bob Wampler's eldest child, and also an ATP flying the Gulfstream G200, on international (mostly to Europe) and domestic corporate trips.

Bob has recently moved from Arizona to Friday Harbor on San Juan Island, Washington, to be closer to the family. Here is his new mailing address, and phone number for your files.

Capt. R. M. Wampler
510 Hemlock Court
Friday Harbor, WA 98250
PH 360-378-494 9

Bob's 85th birthday is April the 8th. Maybe you can get the word out to those who flew with him, and get some cards to him. I know he would like to hear from you all.

E-mail from Norm Meyer, via Ken Alrick, 3/14/2005: The History Channel show featuring the move of our historic cabin here on the ranch is now scheduled to be aired here in our time zone at 21:00, 9PM, on next Tuesday, March 15th, and again 4 hours later at 1:00 AM. The title of the show is Mega Movers, so you can look it up on your local TV Guide. Cheers Norm Meyer

For those in the LA area, I looked it up and it will air at 11:00PM on Tuesday. That 23:00 hours. Ken

Editor's Note: This is too late for our readers to use, but the e-mail is included to indicate the great historic interest in Norm Meyer's Ranch.

FROM DICK GRIGSBY

THIS IS WHERE I CAME IN

Effective September 1, 2004 the FAA approved rules governing a new category of Sport Aircraft, and Sport Pilot.

Anyone having at least 20 hours of flight experience, and holding a valid drivers license can be a Sport Pilot. A Sport Pilot is limited to flying only in daylight hours, and with at least 3 miles visibility. Ten Thousand feet is the maximum authorized altitude. A Sport Pilot may not operate for hire.

Several pre-world war two aircraft, notably the Piper Cub, Aeronca Trainer, Ercoupe, Luscombe, Interstate Cadet, Taylorcraft, and Porterfield meet the criteria, and may be found beautifully restored, for sale or rental. Undoubtedly aircraft manufacturers and kit suppliers will rush to fill the gap which will exist as the demand for Sport Aircraft grows. Imagine how fast they could turn out wood and fabric airplanes today, if they outsourced the work.

I learned to fly in 1940 in a Luscombe E, using an auxiliary landing field, near Milliken,

CO. The aircraft had no electrical system...no battery, no starter, no radios, no lights, and it didn't need any. It held two occupants, side by side. It had a 65 hp engine, with dual ignition. It cruised at 100 mph. No way could it get to 10,000 ft without the help of updrafts!

So here I am, back where I started. I have the required 20 hours and then some. I hold a valid driver's license, and I'm only 83 years old. So, what's to stop me from heading into the wild blue yonder on a bright, sunny day in Southern California, or anywhere else?

Richard S. Grigsby,
Captain, Continental Airlines, Ret.

NOTES TO DICK GRIGSBY

Once again, thanks for the "Golden Contrails. I really appreciate it. Hope this helps on the stamps....Happy Holidays to you and your wife. LaRue (Hart) Pierce

Dear Dick and Susan,

Thank you very much for your card and Christmas gift.....I am working for the Navy and am temporarily assigned to Norfolk, Virginia. We have a mandatory work shutdown from Dec. 23 to January 2, so I've decided to go hosteling in New York and Washington, DC. Hopefully I'll be back in Seattle soon—I've applied for 3 jobs and am being considered for them. I prefer not to receive the radiation exposure I'm getting, and I'd like to a bit better wage—at least better than what I made when I graduated with my bachelor's degree years ago! But I'm glad to have a job at all and I'll have fun seeing New York and Washington, DC. Thank you, thank you! Been thinking of you and wishing you the best. Fredianne Grey

FROM PAUL SANWICK

On December 16, daughter Claire and I went to Winter Park to meet sons Scott and

Jim, who came from Steamboat Springs to ski with us. Claire, who has M.S., has been sit-skiing for several years, and enjoys it so much. Also, our two grandsons from Tulsa joined us there.

To my great surprise, an 85th birthday party for me had been arranged, including a beautifully decorated cake and T-shirts, and caps for the guests, saying on them "85 YEARS AND STILL SKIING." There were many friends there—some I had taken skiing with our own children many years ago. After "Happy Birthday" was sung, many strangers in the lunchroom came over to add their congratulations.

After a pizza lunch, we all rode the lift to the top of Winter Park, where Scott handed his cell phone to me. On the phone was a friend who at that time was leading flight of P51's over Kill Devil Hill during the celebration at Kitty Hawk of the 100th year of powered flight, begun by the Wright Brothers. Don wished me a "Happy Birthday," which was quite a thrill as Pres. Bush, Congressmen, Cabinet Members, Astronauts, etc. were there for this very special occasion.

This is my 23rd year as a ski instructor at the National Sport Center for the Disabled (NSCD), which has been a very rewarding and satisfying endeavor for me as a volunteer.

—end—

MEMORABLE FLIGHTS follow (Roughly in the order received)

MEMORIES

By Hal Wrightson

My life's autopilot is steadily taking me around to a heading of due west. The rate of turn is much too fast. The autopilot won't respond to my efforts to slow the turn down and the disconnect is inop, so I try and ignore the fact that fate is at work. Like everyone else who has done something for a long time,

I've had my share of experiences, both good and bad. Naturally, I remember the good ones better !

My most vivid memories are of things I saw from that glassed in front porch that we worked in. One sight that keeps coming back to me is breaking out on top of a solid layer of clouds into a night full of stars, and a full moon! It was enough to make a poet out of a pauper.

An experience in my military career that has stayed with me as though it happened yesterday. It was my last flight over Japan. B-29's from Guam, Tinian, and Saipan flew to rendezvous areas, and formed up - squadron by squadron - group by group - then flew over Tokyo Bay during the peace treaty ceremonies. It was called a "Show of Strength" mission. It was my first time over Tokyo in the daytime, and I was shocked at what I saw. It was square mile after square mile of desolation...nothing left but the streets. It was a sobering sight mixed with a feeling of elation because the war was over and the rebuilding of the world could begin.

We took off from Honolulu on a beautiful evening in a CAL 707, bound for Los Angeles.

We were assigned a cruising altitude in the upper thirties, and when we leveled off we could see just a reddish orange slice of the moon coming up over a slightly curved (imagination?) horizon. Some time early in the flight, we picked up the jet stream and rode it for several hours, giving us an incredible speed over the water. The moon rose like it was being pulled up on a string. It was like a computerized special effect that you see on the screen these days.

It's time to close the hangar doors. One memory triggers another, and I had better get back to tinkering with the autopilot. Hopefully, I can get it to shallow out the turn onto final approach.

—end—

A RIGOROUS HUNT

By Norm Meyer

In the late 40's our president, Bob Six, decided to take his friend, Henry (Hank) Van Schaack, on an elk hunting trip to the T O Ranch, 20 or 30 miles east of Raton, New Mexico. I was chosen to fly the excursion because I had a 16mm movie camera and was somewhat of a photographer. George Seifert was my copilot and the airplane was 442, CAL's cargo utility version of the DC-3. We landed on a stretch of gramma grass prairie near the ranch headquarters and tied down.

This was a deluxe hunting trip, no roughing it here. Each morning a chartered Cessna flew out from Raton, scouted the location of the elk herd, and briefed the hunters and ranch hands. After a fine breakfast, the saddle horses and cowboys were then loaded onto stake trucks, and driven out to the vicinity of the herd, while the hunters and their photographer followed in a pickup.

On site, Bob Six and Hank Van Schaack seated themselves on a ridge overlooking the valley where the elk were grazing. I sat on a rock behind the two fearless hunters. From there my film captured the cowboys rounding up the elk and driving them to within good shooting range of the hunters, who blazed away.

After suitable trophy bulls had been bagged, ranch hands appeared with a Dodge Power Wagon, field dressed the elk and loaded them onto the truck. By noon, we were all back at the ranch house having a hearty lunch.

That evening, after a leisurely cocktail hour, we sat down to enjoy a sumptuous dinner. During that repast, with my degenerate cunning, and misguided attempt at some sort of humor, I said "Gee, Mr. Six, this sure beats those Skimpy cold meals we get on the evening flights down to Oklahoma City."

My boss, in true Bob six style, turned to me

and growled "Aren't you enjoying this trip?" I believe I managed to keep my lip buttoned throughout the rest of the excursion.

MEMORABLE FLIGHTS

By Norm Meyer

Two of my flights for Continental were memorable because of being at opposite ends of the duration scale. The longest lasted twelve hours and forty five minutes, the shortest took less than two minutes.

The lengthy one was a MAC Flight, an empty cargo ferry, from Clark Field in the Philippines to LAX, with only a deadheading cabin crew aboard. Being so light, we could, of course, climb rapidly to high flight levels and cruise with very low fuel consumption, making such a long flight possible. Our flight time was extended by our having to hold in thunderstorms north of LAX, and then to do a midnight, back course, over ocean approach (black as the inside of a goat) to land to the east at LAX.

My shortest hop ever was also an empty cargo ferry. It was an Army Cargo Flight in a C-47 during WW II. We had unloaded freight at Lowry Field in Denver and needed to ferry over to Municipal, or was it already Stapleton? The north-south runways at both airports nearly lined up with each other and were only a mile or two apart, so we got clearance to land before taking off! The flight, without even retracting the gear, lasted about one and a half minutes.

—end—

CAPTAINS PETE ANDERSON AND FREDDIE GREY

By Peter S. Anderson
(Submitted by his son, Peter M. Anderson)

After Continental's move from Denver to

LAX many of us moved to different areas in Southern California. Jean and I picked the desert. We bought 2 houses in Palm Springs—one for ourselves, and the other a rental. Ours was on a the golf course.

Late one afternoon my son came running into the house and told us that there was a (Cessna) 172 buzzing the house. Well, I went out to the backyard and here it came again, about 100 feet over the house. The next thing I knew it landed on the fairway, and taxied up to the back of the house. Out jumped Freddie. "Have you got a drink and a place for the night?" " Well, of course," I said, "but you can't leave that thing in my backyard.". "I know," he said, "Have your son pick me up at the airport. Get that drink ready . I'll be right back."

Well, that sounded great, but he had one small problem. The fairway was about 410 yard long, with a desert "high wall" wash at the end, and beyond that, power lines at about 50 feet. Well, off he went, over the wash and under the power lines!

My son had him back from the airport in 15 minutes, and his drink was cold and waiting. We had a great time that evening— lots of old stories and reminiscing!

Those were the days. Can't do that anymore!

Capt. Peter S. Anderson

(Editors Note: Capt. Peter S. Anderson's death was reported in our last (December, 2004) issue, and this story, written before Pete died, was mailed to us after his death by his son, Peter M. Anderson).

LAVERNE THORNBERRY NOTES From the Golden Tale

ALICE POWERS had a trip to Texas recently to attend the wedding of her grandson, Kurt Powers Leslie, to Natilee Lawrence.

LIN WRIGHT continues to play king, in "The Promise."

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