



GOLDEN CONTRAILS



... and off' the setting sun is pleased to trim the clouds with molten sails,
and lace the way of passing jets with golden condensation trails. **December 2008**



TO FLY

By Dennis Pistoll

THIS ISSUE OF GOLDEN CONTRAILS IS ABOUT FLYING

CAPTAINS CORNER

September in Houston makes for an interesting month. Oh, I know the convention was in LAS this year, but. Where do I begin? I'll give you the short story. A nasty guy by the name of IKE decided to drop in on us. He huffed and he puffed and he did blow some houses, trees, power lines and sign boards down. I know that by now you have all seen the pictures of Galveston and other areas that were destroyed.

Now for my sad tail of whoa. We were very lucky. It hit the Conroe area about 0200 and we lost electricity a few hours later. I had planned to leave for LAS on Monday and play golf for a couple of days, hit the tables, enjoy the hospitality room and do what any normal conventioneer would do. BUT NNNNOOO. Instead I was getting the generator on line, running the electric cords, driving 30 miles away from my home and being in a gas line for 4 hours to keep that generator running.

I did however remember that I was to hold a business meeting and host a convention. I kept in constant contact with our savior and local residents Ken and B. J. Bellerue. Trust me, I'm not sure we would have had a convention without them. THANK YOU Billie Jo and Ken.

Enough of my story. I made it to LAS Wednesday afternoon. I want to start by thanking my wife Carol for releasing me from generator duty. On Tuesday she told me to go ahead and go that she would take care of the home front and care for my 94 year old Mother.

As in any convention many need to be thanked. The Bellerues for about everything. The Grovers for the golf tournament. Don Ballard for giving the invocation and benediction, Jim Gamble for the excellent entertainment, Don Gentry and his helpers for the raffle. Chris McKenzie, Sharon Clough, Pam Meyners and Francia Gentry for working the welcome table. Terry Owens, Roland Brown, Jim and Carmen Minor and all of the others that tended the bar in the Hospitality Suite. Any time you have a list you forget someone and I apologize, so THANK YOU TO ALL THAT SERVED.

A special **THANK YOU** to the Ladies Auxiliary for the decorations and their help to B. J. during her times of need.

All in all it was a good convention. We had five first timers this year. Thanks for coming. Hope you enjoyed yourselves enough to come back. Bring someone new with you to Houston.

It was voted at the Business Meeting to donate \$5000 to the Continental We Care Fund again this year. That donation hasn't taken place as we speak but will in the near future. This is a good thing we do and I hope the tradition continues.

Next years meeting will be in **HOUSTON**. The vote was unanimous to move the convention to October. I have been in negotiations with the Airport Marriott and the tentative dates are October 8, 9, and 10. We will play Golf on the 9th, in the morning and have the business meeting and banquet on the 10th. Rooms would be available at the convention rate on the 8th as well.

Sid Alexander will be the golf tournament chairman, so be prepared it is hard to tell what he will come up with.

By the time this is published, the website www.thegoldeneagles.org will have been updated. The Coair website will also be updated. Take a look at both and if you have feedback, well you know my email address.

Last but not least is that 2009 is about on us. I would remind everyone that the dues of \$30 are due in January. When you finish reading the Golden Contrails, make your check out and send it to Charlie Starr.

Carol and I would like to wish everyone a **HEALTHY AND HAPPY 2009** and a *MERRY CHRISTMAS*.

Thank you for your support.

Bob Shelton



To Fly

Why do we desire to fly? It's a seemingly simple question but as life shows us, simple questions do not necessarily yield easy answers.

For starters, flying gives us perspectives not attained by any other means. Even after the exhilaration of summiting a mountain one is still tethered to mother Earth. Seeing the ground far below with nothing beneath us, with the ability to sustain ourselves in flight or swoop down at will is a feeling unlike any earth-bound activity - it is the stuff of dreams. Powered airplane pilots feel this as do balloonists adrift in the prevailing breezes. It is a visit to a magical realm unique to the human experience and rewarding to those who dare participate.

At heart and by DNA, we are ground dwelling earthlings and, that is our lot in life. We are physically constrained to drum out our days schlepping the byways, countryside and meadows of our terrestrial habitat. But we can look up and dream of being in the air. Actually getting into the air heralds an opportunity to enhance one's appreciation of the Earth itself. Astronauts have waxed poetic of the views of Earth from space and their pictures have become instant classics. Becoming airborne is a spice that heightens life's experiences to levels only imagined 100 years ago... and perhaps even further back then most would imagine.

Dr John Lienhard's magnificent book, The Engines of Our Ingenuity, recalls that one of oldest intimations of flight was revealed from research conducted in the Cairo Museum. An Egyptian doctor named Khalil Messiha was studying a collection of early bird models and he found all but one was similar and that one was made of sycamore wood. It got his attention because he was looking at them through the eyes of the young modeler he was in his childhood. The other models had legs; this particular one had none, the others had painted feathers; this had none. The other models had horizontal tail feathers and this had none. And this is the most important difference because birds do not have to be stable in flight as they can correct their direction; but a model airplane needs a vertical stabilizer. This model had a tapering vertical fin. This was not a bird at all; it was a model airplane... and that was impossible. From the small model one can also see that the wing has an airfoil cross-section. It was aerodynamically correct. Too much about the model was beyond coincidence. Messiha's brother, an engineer, reproduced it in balsa wood and launched it. It flew!

The model was unearthed from a cache of artifacts from the third century B.C., which meant it came from the Hellenistic age of invention, eighteen hundred

years before Leonardo da Vinci was trying to invent flapping-wing airplanes and cork-screw driven helicopters.

We have no evidence that anyone actually built a large version of this, yet no one could have come this close to the real shape of flight without working on a larger scale. Archaeologists have never found a prototype but it is clear that even then the dream, if not perhaps the reality of flight itself existed far into the past of human civilization.

Freedom is another descriptor frequently associated with flying. But how free are you when you are in un-powered flight and the motive source of becoming airborne is tied to a specific geographical feature such as a ridge line or the vicissitudes of thermal generations? Well, quite a bit as it turns out.

My first encounter with hang gliding was in the early '70s in Makapuu, Hawaii watching the gliders plying the high ridges of the Koolaus for hours at a time. It was a riveting spectacle. The sport was in its infancy in those days peopled, I learned, largely by the surfing crowd who gradually migrated to become the flying crowd. The gliders were comprised of different iterations of the Ragallo wing - crude by today's standards - and flown by pilots of high pioneering spirit, many with little or no aviation know-how. But they were pioneers in the truest sense and explore they did! But why, what drove them to fly?

Despite my longing to join this select band, I balked. I balked because of my attendant responsibilities to a family and raising two young children; I was in my 30's at the time. Accidents were another significant factor keeping me at bay. They were more common than not in those days giving rise to the label of "extreme" to the sport which carries, quite unfairly, even to this day. Nevertheless, every accident made bold print in the Honolulu Advertiser, creating more than a few dinner table discussions on the wisdom of embarking upon such a risky venture. If I had had the pioneering gene within me, it remained well subordinated. Our dinner table conclusion was to wait until after the family was raised and I have retired. YIKES, that was a life time away, but that was our decision. And through the years of that life time, though the flames of desire dimmed somewhat, the embers managed to remain aglow. But why, what kept this desire alive for more than three decades?

Time passed, and with our children now raised and retirement upon me, I set out on a diligent foray into the sport of hang gliding. My quest had all the giddy feelings of a kid let out for recess, silly of course, but that was my mind-set. In some respects my search resembled that of a wacky anthropologist traveling from the hinterlands to investigate the doings of an

indigenous species. And what I found was nothing short of amazing.

In re-introducing myself to hang gliding 31 years later I felt like Rip Van Winkle awakening from a lifetime slumber to be completely nonplused by the immense changes that had taken place out of my awareness: There were hang gliding schools with a syllabus of requirements, exams, ratings, rules, site protocols and more. Gliders were no longer constructed and modified in garages with materials from the local hardware store - they were certified aircraft. And the gliders were not only going cross country but doing aerobatics as well - who could have imagined? The world as I had known it had changed, the sport had matured. My journey of discovery eventually led me to the Lookout Mountain Flight Park, in northern Georgia. The school at Lookout reinforced my highest expectations of what serious flight training should be; professional, methodical and consistent. But the most interesting revelation was the people. Those with whom I met and visited were not dare devil extremists with a latent death wish, far from it. They were mature men and women, intellectually enlightened, remarkably fit and shared an irrepressible passion for the sport. Why was this and what exactly kindled these passions to fly?

Flying hang gliders is a solitary activity, or so I thought. In reality, it's actually very communal with locals dispensing valuable info on the particulars of the site; stuff not necessarily intuitive or appreciated on a first visit. Launch help is also at hand with conducting hang checks - the rudiments of insuring that the pilot is correctly tethered to the glider - inquiries by others if you did a hang check and still others double checking what you said you did. Although the pilot is solely responsible for his own safety, it is nevertheless a ritual of reassuring redundancy. On the ramp there is a 'wire crew' if needed for establishing stability under windy conditions prior to launching and others advising as to the traffic as well as the wind direction and velocity.

After landing in the LZ and roosting in the warm camaraderie of those who landed before you, there is the opportunity not only to share the glories of flight but garner feedback on one's approach and landing. And in-turn, to share your observations with those who follow. This is an invaluable interlude. Critique is not always warmly embraced but, welcomed or not, it is an indispensable tool with which to grow and learn. Post flight discussions, for the most part, are proffered forthrightly and with the best of constructive intent. Regardless of who you are, there is always room to improve. One will be short-lived in this sport if you show up with a big ego encased with a thin skin.

Now an intermediate (H-3) pilot I am thoroughly enjoying the sport that long

ago saw me enviously looking up from that sun drenched beach in Hawaii. Still, during introspective moments I ponder the "whys" that drives us to this unique endeavor. What inspires us to fly? Are we attempting to best the elemental forces of nature? As people who run rivers, climb mountains or sail far beyond the safe boundaries of land will quickly attest, we never conquer anything in nature – like the very essence of life itself, we endure and with God's good grace, we survive. As world distance record holder Mike Barber drolly languageed it, "we are a leaf in the wind. Other than the speed of our glider, the only thing we really control is our own judgment."

So what drives us to fly? What motivates some to exclaim they had a great day after traveling 4 hours to a launch site, only to miss the thermalling window and fly a 10 minute descending glide to the LZ before heading home. The answer to that question, which began in the very earliest of civilizations, spanned the Renaissance, and has endured well into the Space Age of today, is not a puzzle wrapped in an enigma at all, but lies within the very words of the question itself... it is simply, to fly.

Dennis Pistoll



Two Great Men

I cherish fond memories of my seven years as flight attendant with Continental Airlines in the sixties and early seventies. Five of these years were on the MAC routes. A sense of comfort in belonging to an all embracing family of the crew members led to life-long friendships with many of them. While lots of stories can be told of those days, some funny, some heart warming, and some of close calls on the ground or in the air, one event stands out for me. It exemplifies the deep, almost parental commitment of one captain to the individuals entrusted to him as he faced the challenge of an equally caring and committed base commander at Da Nang airport in Vietnam. Two great men confronted each other one-on-one in the noble display of leadership that does not seek rewards, fame or glory, but focuses solely on the welfare of their charges.

It was about December of 1970 with the Vietnam war escalating. The Vietcong had sophisticated their warfare. Airport perimeters, previously secured, were routinely breeched. The runway at Saigon airport had been hit for the first time by mortars a few weeks earlier. We were ferrying a Boeing 320 to Okinawa with a nine-member cockpit and cabin crew but no passengers, a rare event in those days. As the flight passed near Da Nang we were asked to divert and land. Another Continental flight was grounded with a bullet hole in the wing and fuel poring out of it. 165 GI's were waiting at the terminal to go home. According to scheduling rules, the crew of the grounded plane was to work the flight and we were scheduled to deadhead out along with the military passengers. While the plane and paperwork was being readied for boarding, several of us "girls" gladly accepted the friendly airbase commander's invitation to tour the base on the back of his open jeep. Our naiveté allowed us to think that we were being shown the base, when in reality we were being shown off to the troops, but more about that later.

We returned to the aircraft and found that the boarding of passengers was delayed. The base commander and the outbound captain were engaged in a heated argument at the bottom of the stairs. As the debate escalated so did their voices. "I am not leaving the crew members behind that brought you this airplane" the captain stated with firm determination. "They are civilians in a war zone without military pay" he continued, "and you can not guarantee their safety. We already ended up with a bullet hole in the wing." The commander maintained his authoritative stand: "I have 165 GI's with mud on their boots coming out of the field, they are here to go home and I am not leaving any of them behind to put your crew members in their seats. I am in command of this airport and you are not leaving without taking all of the GI's." The captain took a step back and standing very straight he stated in a booming voice: "This is a civilian aircraft with civilian crew members, you have no jurisdiction over this aircraft, I am in command and you can not prevent me from leaving. I am taking these civilians out of here. Be thankful that they brought you this airplane!" In a desperate attempt to gain sympathy in a losing argument the commander pleaded: "Look, these GI's have been in the war, they have not seen a round-eyed female in a year, I took your girls around the base to give the troops something to look at. You have no idea what disappointment is like for the nine guys who will be left behind." I was dumbstruck by the commander's reference to our "sight seeing" trip and felt strangely insulted by the notion that we had been on display but I also quickly realized that these were acts of compassion and care – no harm done.

My fellow crewmembers boarded, occupying the front row seats and any available jumpseat. The military personnel followed. As we took off into the darkness of the night sky, I felt uneasy. The departure clime was unusually steep. Below, muzzle fires flashed brightly from guns aimed at us. The plea of the base commander hung heavily over my conscience - I occupied a seat meant for someone else. At the same time, I was tremendously grateful to the captain who had managed to fly us out of an increasingly dangerous war zone. I was praying that there would be no attack on the airport that night so that the GI scheduled for my seat would get home unharmed the next day.

I feel privileged to have witnessed this magic event: two great leaders, each with responsibilities over millions of dollars of resources and life and death decisions over many, facing each other without the benefit of a board of directors, advisors, secretaries, or telephones. Each argued out of concern for the wellbeing of their people. Alone, they drew from experience and knowledge, argued without insult, applied rules and regulations, and pleaded with compassion. Two great men.

Walter Rauehfer Trappell



To those who understand the world of flying.

You see them at airport terminals around the world. You see them in the morning early, sometimes at night.

They come neatly uniformed and hatted, sleeves striped; wings over their left pocket; They show up looking fresh.

There's a brisk, young-old look of efficiency about them. They arrive fresh from home, from hotels, carrying suitcases, battered briefcases, bulging, with a wealth of technical information, data, filled with regulations, rules.

They know the new, harsh sheen of Chicago's O'Hare. They know the cluttered approaches to Newark ; they know the tricky shuttle that is Rio ; they know but do not relish the intricate instrument approaches to various foreign airports; they know the volcanoes all around Guatemala .

They respect foggy San Francisco . They know the up-and-down walk to the gates at Dallas, the Texas sparseness of Abilene , the very narrow Berlin Corridor, New Orleans' sparkling terminal, the milling crowds at Washington . They know Butte , Boston , and Beirut . They appreciate Miami's perfect weather, they recognize the danger of an ice-slick runway at JFK.

They understand short runways, antiquated fire equipment, inadequate approach lighting, but there is one thing they will never comprehend: Complacency.

They marvel at the exquisite good taste of hot coffee in Anchorage and a cold beer in Guam. They vaguely remember the workhorse efficiency of the DC-3s, the reliability of the DC-4s and DC-6s, the trouble with the DC-7 and the propellers on Boeing 377s. They discuss the beauty of an old gal named Connie. They recognize the high shrill whine of a Viscount, the rumbling thrust of a DC-8 or 707 on a clearway takeoff from Haneda, and a Convair. The

remoteness of the 747 cockpit. The roominess of the DC-10 and the snug fit of a 737. They speak a language unknown to Webster

They discuss ALPA, EPRs, fans, mach and bogie swivels. And, strangely, such things as bugs, thumpers, crickets, and CATs, but they are inclined to change the subject when the uninitiated approaches.

They have tasted the characteristic loneliness of the sky, and occasionally the adrenaline of danger. They respect the unseen thing called turbulence; they know what it means to fight for self-control, to discipline one's senses.

They buy life insurance, but make no concession to the possibility of complete disaster, for they have uncommon faith in themselves and what they are doing.

They concede the glamour is gone from flying. They deny a pilot is through at sixty. They know tomorrow, or the following night, something will come along they have never met before; they know flying requires perseverance and vigilance. They know they must practice, lest they retrograde.

They realize why some wit once quipped: "Flying is year after year of monotony punctuated by seconds of stark terror." As a group, they defy mortality tables, yet approach semi-annual physical examinations with trepidation. They are individualistic, yet bonded together. They are family people. They are reputedly overpaid, yet entrusted with equipment worth millions. And entrusted with lives, countless lives.

At times they are reverent: They have watched the Pacific sky turn purple at dusk and the stark beauty of sunrise over Iceland at the end of a polar crossing. They know the twinkling, jeweled beauty of Los Angeles at night; they have seen snow on the Rockies .

They remember the vast unending mat of green Amazon jungle, the twisting Silver road that is the father of waters, an ice cream

cone called Fujiyama; the hump of Africa. Who can forget Everest from 100 miles away, or the ice fog in Fairbanks in January?

They have watched a satellite streak across a starry sky, seen the clear, deep blue of the stratosphere, felt the incalculable force of the heavens. They have marveled at sun-streaked evenings, dappled earth, velvet night, spun silver clouds, sculptured cumulus: God's weather. They have viewed the Northern Lights, a wilderness of sky, a pilot's halo, a bomber's moon, horizontal rain, Contrails and St Elmo's Fire.

Only a pilot experiences all these.

It is their world and those outside of it will never understand.

TIS THE SEASON - from your Treasurer, Charlie Starr

It's that time of the year again. I know that Thanksgiving has come and gone, Christmas and New Years are just around the corner – but that's not the "season" that I'm referring to. It's Golden Eagles 2009 DUES TIME! Remember, no individual dues notices are sent. This is the once-a-year, official notice that 2009 dues are due. Please look at the number after your name on the mail label of this magazine. If it is a number less than "2009", than we ask that you take a moment to fill out the renewal form below and send it, along with your dues check. Last year, your association had to expend several hundreds of dollars to send individual reminders to almost 200 members who failed to renew (in fact a second reminder was necessary for some). Please, don't make this necessary this time – it requires hours of time and wasted expenses for your association. Member dues remain \$30 per year, with dues for associate members (those not eligible for full membership) at \$20 per year. As always, donations to the postage fund are gratefully appreciated, and help defray the ever increasing mailing expenses. During this season of giving, let me also urge you to consider making a charitable donation to the Golden Eagles Care Fund. This charitable fund, again this year, was able to make a sizable contribution to aid families of Continental employees, throughout the world, who suffered catastrophic losses from such disasters as hurricane Ike. Your donation during this special time of the year will be greatly appreciated. I especially want to thank our Ladies Auxiliary for their CARE fund-raising efforts during the recent convention.

For those who missed the 2008 Convention/reunion in Las Vegas this year, you missed a great time. In spite of many of our Houston and Gulf-Coast members having to cancel at the last minute due to hurricane Ike, along with the difficulty of non-rev travel and the worsening economy, the event was very well attended. The hospitality room was a constant focal point for renewing friendships and exchanging stories. Though bar-kitty contributions were way down this year, raffle proceeds made up for this shortfall. The banquet dinner and entertainment were highlights of the event. A special thanks go to those members and their spouses who did so much to make the convention such a huge success. Next year's convention, in Houston, will be moved to October to hopefully preclude any interference from mother nature in the form of a Gulf hurricane. It's never too early to start making your plans to attend.

Usually, a complete roster, with addresses, phone numbers and e-mail addresses is published with this issue of Golden Contrails. It's been apparent over the past several years that most members who have changes or corrections only send these updates when they send their dues renewal in December; therefore the complete roster will be published in the next issue of Contrails and should prove to be much more accurate. Updates and corrections received since the summer issue are published with this edition. Please remember to send any changes to your information throughout the year.

Finally, let me once again remind everyone of the 2009 association dues – and to take a moment to wish each an everyone the very best of the Holiday Season.

cut or  tear

Dues Renewal or Information Update Form

Dues are \$30 per year

Associate members (those not eligible for full membership) - \$20.00 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

GOLDEN EAGLES TREASURER'S REPORT**7/12/2008 – 11/18/2008**

Balance (checking) 7/12/2008	\$ 16,203.98
Inflows (checking) 7/12/2008 – 11/18/2008	
Dues Received	\$ 1,080.00
Postage Fund Donations	510.00
Banquet Deposits	6,041.00
Raffle Proceeds	995.00
Bar Kitty Donations	211.00
Jewelry Sales	150.00
CARE Fund misdirected donations	140.00
Total Inflows this period	\$ 9,127.00
Disbursements (checking) 7/12/2008 – 11/18/2008	
Convention Notice Mailing	\$ 378.61
Contrails printing/mailing	2,804.28
Convention Banquet & Luncheon	6,166.53
Convention Hospitality Room Food/Bev.	1,497.94
Convention Decorations	560.14
Convention Sound & Entertainment	277.50
Convention Room & Misl. Rentals	1,837.00
Convention Misl. Expenses	175.25
Jewelry Purchase (for resale)	470.50
Misl. Printing and Office	62.52
Convention Cancellation Refunds	918.50
Remembrance Donations	100.00
Misdirected CARE Donations	140.00
Total Disbursements this period	\$ 15,388.77
Balance (checking) 11/18/2008	\$ 9,942.21

Balance from 07/12/2008 (CARE)	\$ 906.09
Inflows this period 7/12/2008 – 11/18/2008	
Donations Received	\$1,462.00
Transferred from checking (misdirected)	140.00
Interest Earned	1.25
Total Inflows this period	\$1,603.25
Disbursements this period 7/12/2008 – 11/18/2008	
None	\$ 0.00
Total Disbursements this period	\$ 0.00
Balance (CARE) 11/18/2008	\$2,509.34

Golden Eagles Certificate of Deposit

Balance	\$10,153.60
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Postage Fund Contributions This Period

Don Ballard	Don Leseberg
Ken Bellerue	Peter Linzmaier
Roland Brown	Jim McDonald
Tom Buckley	Max Meinen
John Campbell	Gene Newman
Dave Clough	B.M "Bim" Richards
Donald "Jim" Crabtree	John Solomon
Jerry Donevant	Charlie Starr
Don Gentry	K.D. Thompson
Carolyn Goodwin	Gary Wilsey
Richard Grigsby	John Zetzman
Virgil Hemphill	

Land a New Member - Campaign

Just think, if every member would could get just one of their friends to become a Golden Eagle – our membership would double. Why not ask one of your Continental friends to become a Golden Eagle?

REMINDER – HAVE YOU RENEWED YOUR 2009 GOLDEN EAGLES MEMBERSHIP?

An email from Fred Gardner (fredgard@comcast.net) notifying us of Glenn Fox being involved in a serious motorcycle accident. Sent 11/2/2008.

I called Glenn this evening. It was great to hear his voice. Here's what I learned:

Sept 4th: he was N. of Ft. Collins, riding his Honda Gold Wing and was with others, on the way to the Red Feather Lakes area, and about six miles up the road after leaving 287. He'd made that trip several times and never noticed any gravel, dirt, etc. There are several miraculous stories within this injury event. The first- the car following him had trained medical folks aboard. One was a pulmonary specialist, employed by the hospital he didn't know he'd be headed for. Talk about a good fortune and a totally unexpected change of destination---

The accident was mighty serious, close to fatal. He broke all his ribs, punctured a lung, broke both wrists and broke his pelvis in 4 places. The responding ambulance took him just a mile or so to a helicopter transfer point. There was a time in the chain when he was "gone", (he just said it was "on the table") but they were able to bring him through that. Lots of surgery, a couple weeks in the ICU, two more at that hospital and 4 more in a rehab hospital. I didn't get the hospital names but got the impression it wasn't here in Denver.

He's been home for just two days, can get around with a walker, and is just starting to put some weight on the most affected leg. Lots of

healing and rehab work ahead. It sounds like he is up for it – and THAT sounds like Glenn Fox.

I'm sure he will appreciate all the prayers and support we can offer, but at this point a sudden burst might be a bit much. I hope we can be helpful in appropriate ways, for as long as it takes. -----

An email from Lew Aaronson regarding Dick Hoffman: I was in the Simi Valley this morning and thought I'd give Dick Hoffman a call. In recent years he's met Jim Athos and I for coffee in Marina Del Rey. His number was answered by a woman who identified herself as Dick's caregiver and she told me he passed away last Wednesday, October 8th. She gave me no further details or cause of death. A memorial service is planned for the coming Saturday, October 18th in the Simi Valley.-----

An email from K.D. Thompson regarding Dave Moran: Captain Dave Moran took his final trip westbound on September 23, 2008. Dave was Chief Pilot at the Dallas Love Field Pilot Base where he was fondly referred to as "Mother Moran".

Dave was born on January 29, 1933 in Wisconsin. He attended the University of Wisconsin, was in the R.O.T.C. Program and graduated in 1954 with a Bachelor of Science Degree. He joined the Air Force where he flew from 1954 to 1957. After discharge Dave started his career with Continental that same year. While in Dallas, Dave was the

youngest Chief Pilot in Continental's history. Dave finished his career at Continental with 40 years of service in 1997 and became a staunch Texan who loved to watch the Cowboys play football and to hunt dove with his cronies on their leased property.-----

A note from Shaun: I received a hand written note from Dick Grigsby that reads: " FYI – you know that I hand-picked Dave to succeed me as Chief Pilot-DAL. over many derisive comments from above – "he's only 29!" , "he has low seniority in the base". My answer was "Just watch!"

An email from Capt. Wes Coss (wescoss2@verison.net) : My wife Annette, joined her Father in Heaven Sunday Sept 14. She departed peacefully in her sleep as was the Lords plan.

Funeral services will be held at 10AM on Friday, Sept. 19th at St. Lawrence Martyr Catholic Church, 1900 S. Prospect Ave, Redondo Beach, Ca 90277

Donations may be made in her memory to Habitat for Humanities, 17700 S. Figueroa St. Gardena, Ca 90248----

An email from Jim Michaels concerning Louise Miller(Buchanan) sent Sept. 6th 2008:

Louise Miller, native of Ballinger, went to be with her Lord on September 4, 2008, passing at St. Paul Hospital, University of Texas Medical Center, Dallas, following a long illness.

There will be a time of visitation at Lange Funeral Home in Ballinger from 7:00 to 8:00 P.M. on Saturday, September 6th. A funeral/worship service will be at First Presbyterian Church in Ballinger on Sunday, September 7, 2008 at 3:00P.M. with the Rev. Bert A. Bronaugh officiating, assisted by Pastor Kary Rawlings. The interment service will follow at Evergreen Cemetery in Ballinger. Memorials in lieu of flowers in memory of Louise may be directed to First Presbyterian Church, P.O. Box 67, Ballinger TX 76821 or to Meals on Wheels. Or to a favorite charity of choice.-----

Ruben Wyatt Cage – “Home is where the heart is and my heart is in Blanco”

Reuben Wyatt Cage, son of Reuben and Stella Cage, was born January 19, 1921 on Crabapple Creek in Blanco, Texas and passed away September 27, 2008 at the age of 87. A veteran of World War II, he attained the rank of Major in the U.S. Army Air Corps and was awarded numerous campaign ribbons and air medals while serving in Australia, New Guinea, and the Philippines’. During his duties in the South Pacific, he was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross and cited for heroism in flight and exceptional and outstanding accomplishments in the face of great danger above and beyond the line of duty. He went on to fly for Pioneer and Continental Airlines where he retired as a DC-10 Captain after 33 years of service. His work allowed him to live in San Antonio, Houston, Dallas, El Paso, Los Angeles and Honolulu before retiring on January 19, 1981, in Blanco, Texas.

He was a member of the Blanco United Methodist Church, Masonic Lodge, Golden Eagles, Areca of Continental and co-founder of the

Pioneer Airlines Buffalo Herders. Additionally, he served as South Blanco County Commissioner.

Survived by his wife of 31 years, Shirley Cage; sons Ray Cage, Bob Cage and wife Kay; daughters Cayce Cage and husband Chad Lissak,; Sheri Sanderson and husband Fed; grandchildren Chris and wife Lynn, Kodi and husband Taylor, Shea, Sunny, Stella, Lori and husband Caleb and Shelli; great-grandchildren Riley, Shea, and River; brother Claron "Bubba" Cage and wife Doris; sister Rae Wiley; nieces nephews and many good friends.

Memorials may be made to :

Blanco United Methodist Church Scholarship Fund, PO Box 339, Blanco, Texas, 78606

Or

Blanco Library Building Fund

1118 Main Street, Blanco, Texas 78606----

Note from Shaun: The Golden Eagles received a very nice letter from Shirley Cage which read: " Thank you so much for the memorial given in Rube's name to the new Blanco Library Building Fund. Rube used the library often and would be so pleased about the memorial. Also, thank you for all the caring messages that we have received. Rube so enjoyed his flying career and especially enjoyed his many airline friends."

Blessings, Shirley Cage and Family

From an email received from Bob Wampler's son, John ,
(captwampler@AOL.com)

Capt. Robert Morrison Wampler was born on April 8, 1920 and raised in Bloomington, Indiana. Bob passed away peacefully in Friday Harbor, Washington on August 30, 2008.

Bob was a pilot throughout the golden age of aviation. A B-17 and B-29 flight instructor during WWII. Bob was also a pilot during the Berlin Airlift as well as being an aircraft commander of the first C-54 in support of the Defense Early Warning Line landing on the frozen Greenland snowfields as a member of the Colorado Air National Guard in the 1950s. Bob was the recipient of the USAAF Air Medal and Distinguished Flying Cross.

Bob retired from Continental Airlines in 1980 after 34 years where he flew DC-3, CV240/340/440, DC-6, DC-7, VC-700/800, B-707, B-727, B-747 and DC-10 aircraft. As a pilot with Continental, Bob also flew MAC flights to Southeast Asia during the Vietnam conflict, sometimes under enemy ground fire, as well as flying as senior captain for Continental's subsidiary, Air Micronesia. Bob landed at HNL 30 minutes before his 60th birthday thus ending a brilliant flying career.

The consummate outdoorsman, during Bob's life he enjoyed trapshooting, camping, farming and sportfishing. Bob imported sportfishing boats from Holland and also owned a salmon gillnetter based out of Friday Harbor, WA. Bob was a life member of the NRA and was a member of the American Legion and Elks.

Bob is survived by his sister, Evelyn Cone of San Marcos, California; his children, Capt. John Wampler of Fort Lauderdale, FL; Susan Wampler-

Bryant of Friday Harbor, WA; Nancy Melbourne of Mount Vernon, Washington and Tom Wampler of Maple Falls, Washington. Bob also had 4 grandchildren and 1 great-grandchild.

Bob was preceded in death by his father in 1974; his mother, Malloy of Fort Lauderdale, FL in 1996 and his brother Glenn of Bloomington, Indiana in 2001.

In his last selfless act, Bob donated his body to further the research into the cause and remedy of Alzheimer and Parkinson's Disease. In lieu of flowers, the family asks that members make a donation to the Continental "We Care Fund."

To quote the last line of *The High and the Mighty* by Ernest K Gann, "So long...you ancient pelican."----

William Albert (Bill) Hart

William Albert (Bill) Hart passed away on July 28, 2008 in an Austin facility after a three week illness. Bill was born in Burbank, CA, February 6, 1921 to parents Jess and Ruth (Ramsey) Hart. He grew up in Sant Paula, CA and spent many happy years with his family and cousins on Solmar Beach, CA.

Bill was a vereran of WWII serving four years in the Air Force where he was very honored to have served his country.

Bill had a career as an airline pilot for 30 years with Continental Airlines beginning with the DC-3 and ending his career as Captain on a Boeing

747 flying between Los Angeles and the Hawaiian Islands – a route he loved.

Bill enjoyed golfing over 60 years and had lots of great games at the Onion Creek Club. His other interests since childhood were playing the piano and music.

Bill was a wonderful, devoted husband to his wife, LaNell Louise and he always enjoyed his family and friends.

He is preceded in death by his parents and his sister, Gertrude (Hart) Austin.

Bill is survived by his wife, LaNell Louise; daughter, Pamela (Hart) Cole and husband Ron; granddaughter, Courtney Cole; brother, Randall E. Jaycox and sister, Karen (Hart) Erickson.

Honoring Bill's request there will be no services planned.

Arrangements under the care and guidance of McCurdy Funeral Home, 105 E. Pecan Street, Lockhart, TX.----

A note from Shaun: The Golden Eagles received the following note from his flight attendant daughter as well as a donation of \$500 to be used for our We Care Program: "Would you please pass this check on to the Golden Eagles in memory of my Dad. Although he had not attended for a few years he kept up with all the news through the *Contrails* and me. My Dad loved flying and always said if it had not been for my Grandfather and Continental Airlines he would have been a professional pin-setter in the local Ventura Bowling Alley.

His other great love was the piano. I took some of his favorite songs, with the arrangements and artists he emulated and put them on a CD.

If you know of anyone whose memories of him include the piano I would be happy to send them a copy. I know he would be happy to be remembered sitting in the cockpit of a 747, at the piano or on the golf course.(as long as he was shooting par!)

Fondly, Pam Hart

An email from Darryl and Bette Christian
(dbchristian777@comcast.net)

It is with sadness that report the passing of our dear friend and colleague, Marcie Murdock.

Marcie served the pilots of this great airline for 15 years as a secretary and administrative assistant in the Denver and Houston Chief Pilots Office. There are few, if any, of our pilots passing through those offices that went untouched by the kindness, laughter and *can-do* spirit of this fine woman. Her tireless and unselfish service to the pilot force was model for each of us.

Marcie succumbed to a long struggle with cancer this past Tuesday (Sept 2nd) while visiting and celebrating her mother's 89th birthday in Hamilton, OH.----

Marcie's obituary may be read at <http://www.webb-noonan.com/>

Note from Shaun: I have also learned of the passing of Jerry Navarro but have no details to pass along. Perhaps someone can forward a copy of his obituary in time for the next issue. Jerry was one of those

people that you just enjoyed flying with – he was a professional in every sense of the word and one of the nicest people I have had the pleasure of knowing. He will be missed.

On a happier note, I can forward a note from Gene Newman that was written to family of his deceased brother: “Thank you for the birthday card and thank you, thank you for the family pictures, and softball clippings that you sent Christine for use in my memory book. The pictures of me as a baby and of Phil and me are particularly precious!

I had a fine birthday---- an evening family dinner at the best restaurant in Madera, Champagne Lunch on my birthday at the home of Chris and Gene, Jr. – opening presents immediately after and then playing UNO for two or three hour. I usually lose, but this time I won!

I am pretty well situated in my apartment in this Retirement Community. I have a large living room/kitchen with lots of room for my four drawer filing cabinets holding a mahogany plank desk, adjacent to my computer desk and hutch cabinet for my computer. Add a bedroom with a walk in closet and a large bathroom with shower, and you can understand that I am quite comfortable.

I have pseudo gout---not from eating rich foods but from an invasion of particles that give me pain in standing up or in walking so I am forced to use a wheel chair. Medication of the gout is not possible since the medication is prohibited when taking a blood thinner(Coumadin) and I have been taking the latter for many years to help prevent strokes....Things could be a lot worse!” ----

Way to go Gene!



BLANCO UNITED METHODIST CHURCH
Rev. Ken Greene, Pastor
Rev. W. B. Hiller, Assistant Pastor



Reuben Wyatt Cage
January 19, 1921—September 27, 2008



Bob Wampler
1920 - 2008



Dave
Moran
1933-2008

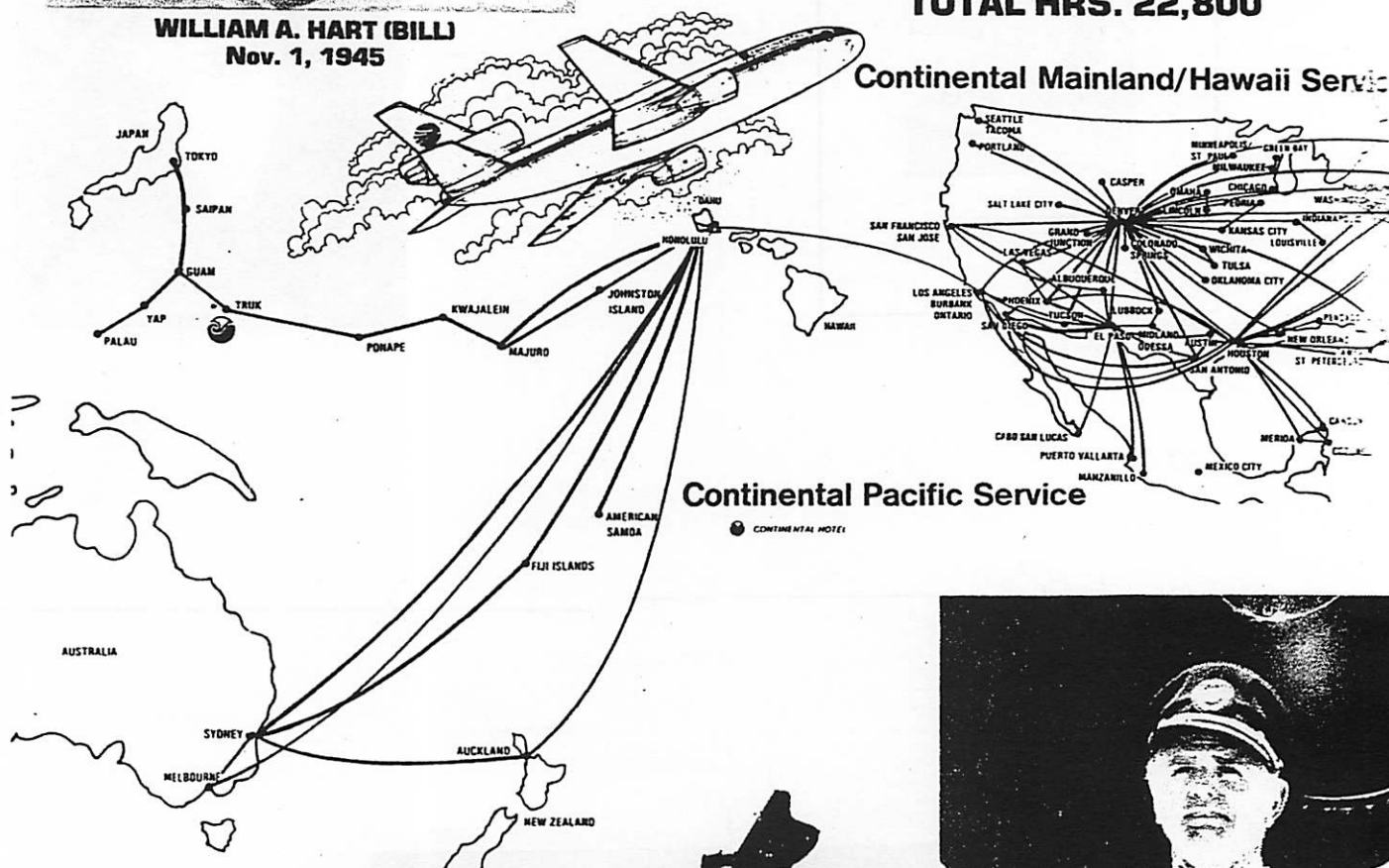
**PROP JET**

· BOEING 707
BOEING 720 B
BOEING 320 C
BOEING 747
DOUGLAS DC 1C

VICKERS VISCOUNT

26 YEARS OF SERVICE
TOTAL HRS. 22,800

WILLIAM A. HART (BILL)
Nov. 1, 1945



COMMENTS



Of great interest to me has been music and the piano.



Nov. 1, 1976





AIRCRAFT - FLOWN

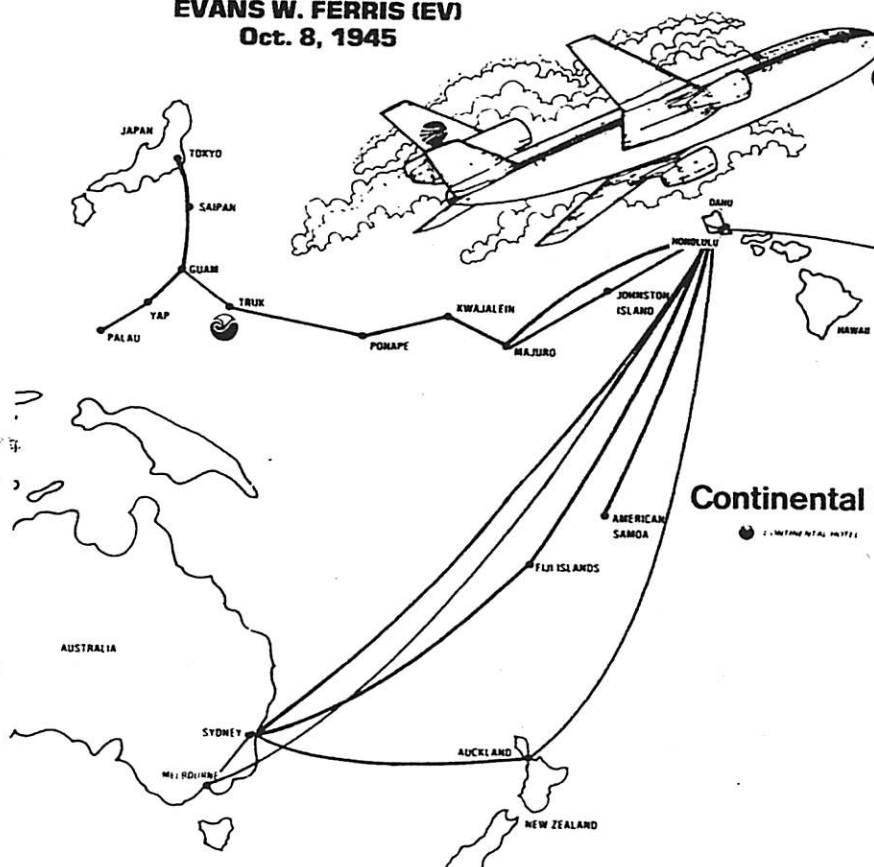
PROP JET

LOCKHEED LODESTAR
DOUGLAS DC 3
DOUGLAS DC 6
DOUGLAS DC 7
CONVAIR 240-340-440

BOEING 707
BOEING 720-B
BOEING 320-C
BOEING 747
DOUGLAS DC-10

VICKERS VISCOUNT

32 YEARS OF SERVICE
TOTAL HRS. 26,492

**Continental Mainland/Hawaii Service**

Continental Pacific Service[®]

COMMENTS



Evans (Ev) Ferris
Director

La Cumbre Golf and Country Club
Santa Barbara, California



EV

MYRTE

May 22, 1977

Age ε 

Dick,
I trust you got the notice of Ev Ferris passing. He was one of only four Captains I recall flying with who are still with us.. The others are you, Gene and Rex Buchanan. A long time ago, but nice memories.
Ken

