

THE GOLDEN EAGLES



Golden Contrails

August



2019



Continental DC-10

Shaun Ryan 2000



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Can you identify this



Air Mike Crew?

Editor's Notes

The August Edition returns to the normal publication cycle after “sliding” the “April Edition” to May in order to accommodate Convention 2019 photos. Depending on future convention schedules, we may do so again in the future.

On the cover...The “banner” (top of front cover) this time features the venerable Boeing 727 in 2005 livery. This replaces the DC-10 from the last publication. Who knows which fleet type will appear in December? The main photo was provided by Shaun Ryan, our former Golden Eagles President and Golden Contrails Editor. Shaun could have been a professional photographer instead of an Airline Pilot, but then he would have missed out on the free hotel soap, pens and note pads.

Just in...we have a VERY interesting piece from our Secretary, David Rossetter on his return from the Solar Eclipse 2019, seen in the southern hemisphere on July 02. The viewing site was the Atacama Desert in northern Chile, which is the driest spot on earth (so no clouds blocking the view). Get the full story on page 8. Also, we are fortunate to have some actual flying events recounted by Golden Eagles member Sonny Logan to present over the next few editions. Look for the first in this series on Page 36.

As there seems to be continuing interest in our “Air Mike” heritage, I am featuring a rather detailed article with photos of a “recent” ride on the “Island Hopper” produced by CNN for one of their online Travel Features. I am complementing that with an article from our Len Morgan (Braniff) collection of anecdotal stories about a transpacific trip operated some years earlier.

The Crew Room has an unusual entry this time (see Page 38)...actually our Crew Room feature is suffering from neglect, since none of you have chosen to “share” your current or recent experiences with us this time. Since I’m a “glass half full” sort of guy, I’ll keep hoping to shame some of you into “playing nice” and giving us the goods. After 32 years at Continental, including a few “in the office”, I never expected such bashfulness from PILOTS! Go figure!

Gary

**MY WIFE JUST STOPPED
AND SAID,
“YOU WEREN’T EVEN
LISTENING WERE YOU?”

I THOUGHT...
“THAT’S PRETTY WEIRD WAY
TO START A CONVERSATION.”**

**"Cheat to get into college and you go to jail,
cheat to get into the country and you get to go to college."**

Golden Eagles Domain Email Addresses:

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These addresses will “flow” to our eventual replacements when our terms are up to allow for better continuity of contact. Please make an effort to use these addresses for Golden Eagles correspondence.

Officers' Reports

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Greetings from New Hampshire. I hope you all are having a great summer. I have been busy planning the 2020 convention which will be held at the Doubletree by Hilton Denver.

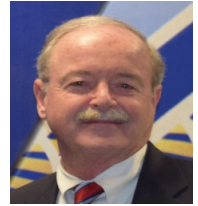
BE SURE TO SAVE THE DATES MAY 14-17.

At the convention in Vegas, we had discussed holding next year's event in April; however, after further consideration of spring weather in Denver, we opted for May. This is the same venue where we held the 2014 convention. We chose this venue again because of its proximity to the United Training Center. It is our hope to be able to schedule time in the simulator or, at least, a tour of the museum. I have been in contact with the President of the United Historical Society and he is working towards helping us make this happen. As more details develop, they will be made available through blast e-mails and on the website.

Enjoy the rest of the summer. Looking forward to seeing everyone at the next convention in Denver.

Tom Doherty

President@thegoldeneagles.org



LADIES' AUXILIARY

Plans are underway for the 46th annual Golden Eagles Convention. We will be gathering in Denver May 14-17, 2020 for a fun "Spring Fling". Details will be provided on the website as they develop. I hope you will save the dates and plan to join us as we make some Rocky Mountain memories!



JAMIE DOHERTY

LadiesAuxiliary@thegoldeneagles.org



President-Elect

Last edition, I was on a bit of a rant about the “challenge” of making the annual convention as pleasing as possible for the highest percentage of attendees. It looks like we have just finalized the venue for the NEXT convention (2020) to be held in Denver. There will be additional details released in the coming months as we have the opportunity to resolve them. The banquet and Ladies’ Lunch meal prices will be more “affordable”. The “new” Stapleton area has several developments containing trendy or fashionable restaurants and shopping, but not within walking distance. Now would be an excellent time for anyone considering attending to become acquainted with services such as Uber and Lyft. Even when we drive to Denver to visit our daughter, we use one of those services more often than not to avoid the hassles of parking in the downtown areas, and this would probably be the most convenient and affordable means to enjoy these new venues.

On another note, and not wanting to ENTIRELY contradict the age old military wisdom of “never volunteer for anything”...the Golden Eagles NEEDS volunteers to exist. Your current “Executive Committee” terms expire at the next convention. The Executive Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer do not have term limits, but the President and President-Elect DO! Consequently, we need at least ONE new volunteer to “step up” to assume a position by next May. The organization could theoretically run short of one member (although I don’t think it ever has), but not two. If you can do email, then you have the minimum basic skill to help the Golden Eagles continue. Please consider helping out.



Gary

A new supermarket opened near my house. It has an automatic water mister to keep the produce fresh. Just before it goes on, you hear the sound of distant thunder and the smell of fresh rain. When you approach the milk cases, you hear cows mooing and experience the scent of fresh hay. When you approach the egg case, you hear hens cluck and cackle, and the air is filled with the pleasing aroma of bacon and eggs frying. The veggie department features the smell of fresh buttered corn. I don't buy toilet paper there any more.

Secretary Report

What a busy spring and summer. To be honest, I’ve only been doing my regular data entry for the Golden Eagles for most of that time. However, Gary Small covered for me for much of June and early July as my wife (Pam) and I took advantage of retirement to take a couple of trips. First, three weeks in Jackson Hole, Wyoming where our family and friends there said our final good-bye to my mother. Then to Chile to enjoy the Atacama Desert, big telescopes, and the total solar eclipse. We had so much fun! Thanks, Gary, for allowing me to not worry about GE stuff.

Now, home in Tucson, it is time to get back to work helping out our organization. My home office has great views of the Catalina Mountains which allows me to enjoy the outdoors in air conditioning (105F out there!) while getting some work done. I hope you all are enjoying your summer!



THE GOLDEN EAGLES TREASURER / WEBMASTER UPDATE *Bruce Sprague*

HOME MEMBERSHIP LAC CARE CONVENTION TRAVEL CONTRAILS INPUT STORE CART(0)

We are well into the long hot summer! Everyone stay safe. I continue to work at my 737 simulator job, ConAir flights, taking care of grandkids, and some travel to Europe. I am looking forward to the cooler Fall days, my favorite time of the year.

As of 7/8/19, our **Bank of America** accounts have about \$42,736 on hand, and the CARE account has about \$618 in it (a good cause to donate to).

I know, we sound like a broken record....but remember, your annual dues are due by the end of this year (December 31). You can really help us beleaguered volunteers by please paying your dues well before then, so that we don't have a crush of work to do right around the holidays. Also, paying two or three years or more **ahead** will really help us (and you as well). Check your dues status in the current Roster online. Those of you that let your membership lapse, then pay later to rejoin, cause a considerable amount of computer work to accomplish this! Also, be sure to pay your dues via our STORE online....*please.....no checks!*

We are always adding new and updated material to our website. Check under the **HOME** menu, then select "**Photo / Video Archives**", scroll down to "**Videos**", then select the new posting called "**Now and Then**". This is a *You Tube* video showing our legacy Continental heritage up to the United merger. Jim Farrow sent this to me, and at the end, it says it was produced by Bob Sherwin, who obviously did a labor of love on Continental's history. It is 45 minutes long, but well worth a watch to bring back many memories of our wonderful airline.

POSTAGE DONATIONS: (4/1/19 thru 7/8/19)

"Thank You!"

James Killen, Karen Kahn, Jimmie James, David Ross

CARE DONATIONS: (4/1/19 thru 7/8/19)

"Thank You!"

Loyd Robeson, Rick Kolker, Mark Sheprow, Tom Doherty, Bob Warner, James Killen

NEW MEMBERS: (4/15/19 thru 7/8/19)

"Welcome Aboard!"

Hank Thompson, Greg Chapman, Michael Martin, David Ross, Fidel Sanchez, James Evans

I hope everyone is having a great summer with family and friends,

Bruce



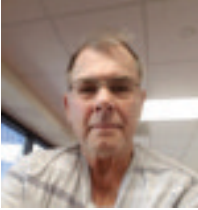
www.thegoldeneagles.org

email: brucesprague@mac.com

NEW PASSWORD

yaw (all lower case)

You **DO NOT** need this password to login to our website!
It is **only** for the "Roster", "Golden Contrails", "Officer Documents",
and the "Archived Blast Emails"



Executive Vice President/Email Coordinator Report

Greetings everyone,

It is time for our tri-annual issue of the Golden Contrails, and our editor, Gary Small says I have to submit an officer's report.

As the Email Coordinator, my job is to keep our members informed of items of interest via blast emails. As often requested, it is important that you keep your contact information updated using the Roster Update Form in the Membership Section of our website so that you will be able to receive these emails. Also important is that you need to remit your annual dues prior to May 1 in order to remain in good standing and therefore be included in our communications. If you should find that you are not receiving the normal "barrage" of emails from us, it is likely that you have failed to remit your dues by the May 1 cutoff date. If this happens to you, we want to enable you to reinstate your active membership status and once again be eligible to receive our communications. The use of the "Roster Update Form" and payment of dues using the "Store" on our website will accomplish this. You may have to re-subscribe to the database and if necessary we will send you a link to a form you will need to complete and submit online. Obviously, it is much more convenient to simply pay your dues prior to the end of the grace period of May 1. If you are unsure of your dues status when this happens, either check your personal records or contact one of our officers to get your status. As an inactive member, you will no longer be able to access the Full Data roster to check your dues status since a password is required and it will be changed as of May 1.

As the Executive Vice President, my report is rather brief. Nothing much to report in that regard except to wish everyone a pleasant Summer and happy trails in your travels.



Dave Newell

Unstable Friends

Just because someone doesn't love you the way you want them to, doesn't mean they don't love you with all they have.

Ralph and Edna were both patients in a mental hospital. One day while they were walking past the hospital swimming pool, Ralph suddenly jumped into the deep end. He sank to the bottom of the pool and stayed there.

Edna promptly jumped in to save him. She swam to the bottom and pulled him out.

When the Head Nurse Director became aware of Edna's heroic act she immediately ordered her to be discharged from the hospital, as she now considered her to be mentally stable.

When she went to tell Edna the news she said, 'Edna, I have good news and bad news. The good news is you're being discharged, since you were able to rationally respond to a crisis by jumping in and saving the life of the person you love. I have concluded that your act displays sound mindedness.

The bad news is, Ralph hung himself in the bathroom with his bathrobe belt right after you saved him. I am so sorry, but he's dead.'

Edna replied, 'He didn't hang himself, I put him there to dry. How soon can I go home?'

Ed. For anyone reading this in the paper magazine, these photos ARE in full color on the website

Eclipse 2019 – GMT Site, Atacama Desert, Chile

By David B. Rossetter

I've been an active amateur astronomer for 25 years. Since moving to Tucson after retirement three years ago, my wife, Pam, and I have become quite active in the scientific community here. We attend many lectures, get to meet local scientists associated with the University of Arizona, and do lots of public outreach – me through the local astronomy club and Pam as a docent with the Arizona-Sonoran Desert Museum.

This past winter we heard there were two slots open with the University's "Galileo Society" (a fundraising arm of the College of Science) on their guided trip to the solar eclipse in Chile this summer. Did we want to go? After contemplating our answer for three or four...seconds, we said yes! Absolutely! Take my money!!

The package deal included everything except transportation to Santiago and back. That worked out well. We knew of this airline that would give a great deal to us retirees. Mighty convenient! We searched for UA fares and found that not only could we get down there for a significant discount over regular fares on any airline, business class was available for not much more. The IAH-SCL-IAH legs are overnight so the idea of being tucked into a lie-flat seat sounded really good. Knowing how IAH weather behaves in the summer, I scheduled a six-hour layover for the trip down. I wasn't going to miss that flight!

The trip down went as expected. Gate hold in TUS for thunderstorms in IAH. We got in three hours late but still had three hours to hang out in the Polaris lounge (brand new and really nice!). They served us a decent, sit-down dinner in the lounge with wine (all free) and we got some work done on our computers using the lounge's fast WIFI. The 767-300 had the new Polaris seats. Gotta say, they are very comfortable. The only downside is that one's spouse cannot be sitting right next to you because of the design of the seats. Still, she was just across the aisle and we waved to each other. The food, wine, and service were all terrific. I got rather full after eating in the lounge, but I just had to try everything including the ice cream! I fell asleep watching "The Big Bang Theory" reruns which seemed appropriate since we were on a geek's dream vacation.

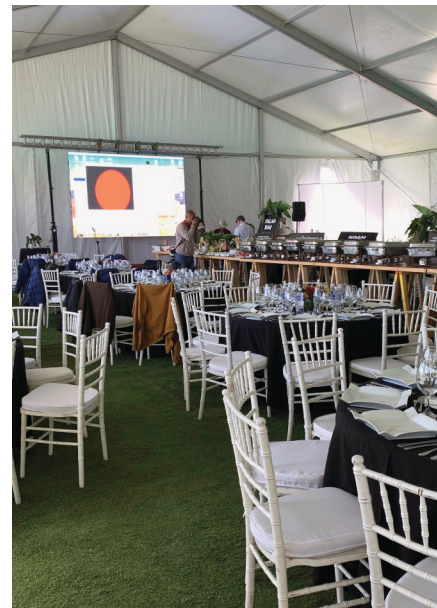
We were both well rested on arrival in SCL. I cannot say enough about how comfortable those seats were. After surviving some very long lines through customs (apparently, many international arrivals had been delayed by the winter fog in SCL earlier that morning), our pre-

arranged van took us into town to the Signature Hotel, which is a wonderful place to stay in Santiago. Then we hit the town running (or walking fast). The clouds lifted and the Andes came out in their full splendor. What a beautiful city! We got back in time to meet the rest of our group for an afternoon bus tour of the Presidential Palace and the Museum of Art, which specialized in native cultures (Chile before Chile). Then had an evening reception on the roof of the hotel to meet some scientific bigwigs.

A couple of things I need to stress. First, it was winter in Chile. We spent much of the time bundled in warm winter jackets. Second, this trip was with a lot of scientists from the University of Arizona, the Giant Magellan Telescope Organization (the mirrors are being made by the U of A's mirror lab in Tucson), and the Carnegie Institute (which owns the Las Campanas site in the Atacama Desert, current home of the Twin Magellan Telescopes and future home of the GMT). We met some brilliant, leading-edge astronomers and physicists as well as some very accomplished supporters. I felt the "imposter syndrome" coming on strong as I am mostly just a science groupie. Fortunately, my wife is a REAL scientist (PhD microbiologist/environmental scientist) so that helped.



The next morning was an early van to the airport to fly north (Chile's Sky Airlines) to La Serena, a nice coastal town at the foot of the Atacama. The bus ride to Las Campanas climbed eight thousand feet into the high desert and took about three hours. The dorms were normally for the construction workers (later, astronomers) but managed to be quite comfortable. We met to watch the sunset over that amazing landscape. Pam got to see her first "green flash" when the top of the sun turns bright green at the last few seconds of setting. That portended a good next few days.



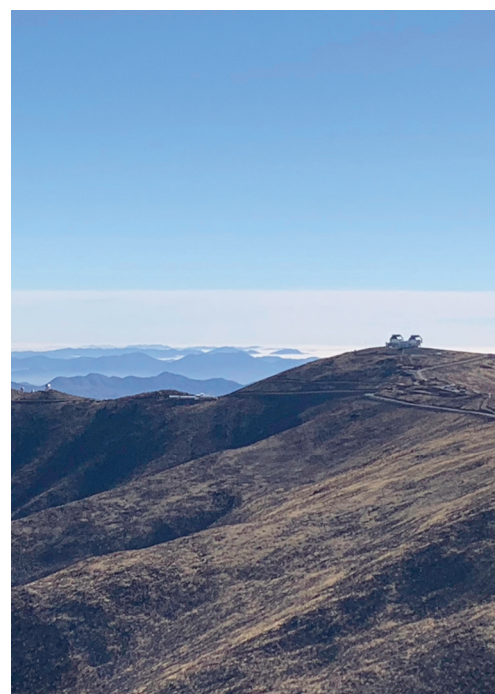
They served us a terrific dinner. In fact, the food was great the entire trip. The joke was the astronomers always eat that way. Apparently, not true. Then the first of several lectures by prominent astronomers followed a nighttime tour of several of the smaller scopes on the mountain. The best part was standing outside taking in the blazing southern Milky Way. I brought a pair of astro-binoculars which were perfect for touring our galaxy. Pam also got her first view of the Small and Large Magellanic Clouds – dwarf galaxies that orbit our galaxy and are only visible from the southern hemisphere. And yes, we did get to use an eyepiece to look through the 100" DuPont telescope.

The next day was eclipse day. But first we toured the Twin Magellan Telescopes – two 6.5-meter telescopes sitting next to each other. Then we headed down the mountain to our viewing area in the center of the path of totality. Las Campanas was on the edge of the path and would not have allowed a very long view (just a few seconds).

There was a big tent set up for us (and several other groups) and we enjoyed an amazing lunch with pisco sours. After, we gathered outside for the eclipse. The weather warmed up nicely and we had to take off most of our layers. The sky was perfectly clear. The moon took its first bite of the sun at 1523 local time. I had solar filters for my binos and could watch the eclipse through them. Of course, they supplied us with high-quality solar glasses to use as well.

At 1639 the moon covered the sun after a "diamond ring" flash and we had a little under two minutes of totality. The sun's corona was visible (protection is not needed during the total phase) extending out to the upper right and lower left. Lots of oohs and aahs and cheering followed by a period of silence as we took it all in. The sun/moon were fairly low in the west and there was quite a bit of color (like a sunset) below. It did not seem to be as dark as previous eclipses I had been to. But it sure was pretty.

Then the diamond ring flashed, and we all put our protection back on the moon moved off of the sun. Laughter, cheers, and tears came from everyone. What an emotional event. Life changing, really.





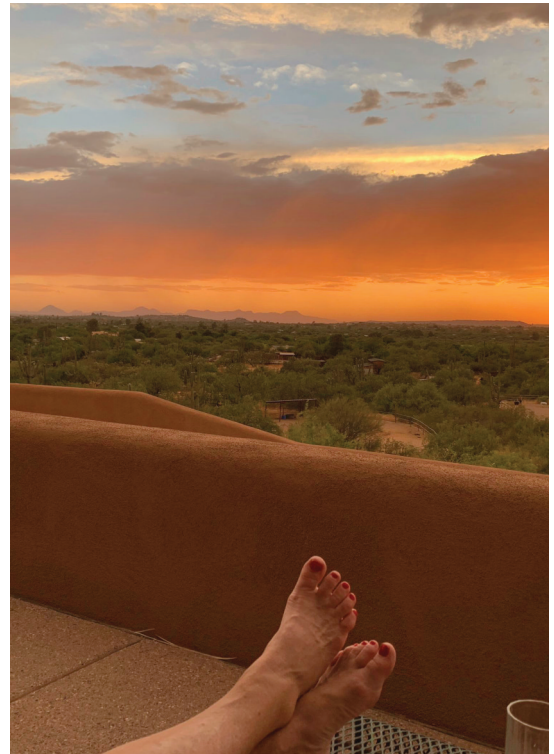
This was my fourth solar eclipse. Only one was weathered out, which is a pretty good percentage. There's another next year further south in Chile. Hmmm....

It is hard to remember what we did after. I know we got to look through one of the 6.5 meter Magellan telescopes that night. That is unusual as one seldom uses an eyepiece on a big telescope. And there was a good lunch in the coastal mountains west of La Serena the next day followed by a flight back to Santiago. And a great wine tour the following day in the Casablanca Valley. The flight home was without problems (standard business-first, nice to sit next to Pam but not as comfortable).

But coming home was (as always) wonderful. We picked up the dogs, took a long nap, and enjoyed one of Tucson's famous sunsets from our front patio. Even the Atacama can't match a Tucson sunset!

So, retirement, enjoy it. Go out and do some adventures. Not every adventure has to be an eclipse. But make an

effort to use your bennies and see some of the world. Go find a big view. Enjoy a dark sky. Go hear your favorite musician. But once, at least once, find a way to see a total solar eclipse. There will be a good one in the US in 2024. Get your tent or camper and get under it. You Texas folks, you'll have the best view! And I'll see you there.



**Every family has
one weird
relative.**

**If you don't know
who it is, then
it's probably you.**

Campaigning

While walking down the street one day, a presidential candidate is tragically hit by a car and dies. His soul arrives in heaven and is met by St. Peter at the entrance. "Welcome to heaven," says St. Peter. "Before you settle in, it seems there is a problem. We seldom see a high-ranking official around these parts, you see, so we're not sure what to do with you."

"No problem, just let me in," says the politician.

"Well, I'd like to, but I have orders from the higher-ups. What we'll do is have you spend one day in hell and one in heaven. Then you can choose where to spend eternity."

"Really? I've made up my mind. I want to be in heaven," says the politician.

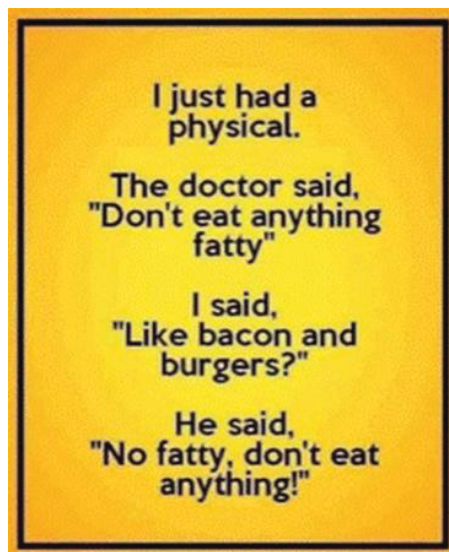
"I'm sorry, but we have our rules." And with that, St. Peter escorts him to the elevator and he goes down, down, down to hell. The doors open and he finds himself in the middle of a green golf course. In the distance is a clubhouse, and standing in front of it are all his friends and other politicians who had worked with him. Everyone is very happy and in evening dress. They run to greet him, shake his hand, and reminisce about the good times they had getting rich at the expense of the people. They then dine on lobster, caviar and the finest Champagne. Also present is the devil, who really is a very friendly guy and who is having a good time dancing and telling jokes. They are all having such a good time that before the politician realizes it, it is time to go. Everyone gives him a hearty farewell and waves while the elevator rises. The elevator goes up, up, up and the door reopens in heaven where St. Peter is waiting for him. "Now it's time to visit heaven ..."

So, 24 hours pass with the politician joining a group of contented souls, moving from cloud to cloud, playing the harp and singing. They have a good time and, before he realizes it, the 24 hours have gone by and St. Peter returns. "Well, then, you've spent a day in hell and another in heaven. Now choose your eternity."

The politician reflects for a minute, then he answers: "Well, I would never have said it before — I mean heaven has been delightful — but I think I would be better off in hell." So St. Peter escorts him to the elevator and he goes down, down, down to hell ... Now the doors of the elevator open and he's in the middle of a barren land covered with waste and garbage. He sees all his friends, dressed in rags, picking up the trash and putting it in black bags as more trash falls to the ground. The devil comes over to him and puts his arm around his shoulders.

"I don't understand," stammers the politician. "Yesterday I was here and there was a golf course and clubhouse, and we ate lobster and caviar, drank Champagne, and danced and had a great time. Now there's just a wasteland full of garbage and my friends look miserable. What happened?"

The devil smiles at him and says, "Yesterday we were campaigning, Today, you voted."



How Boeing Got Here: It's Not The Story You Have Been Hearing Lately

Loren Thompson Contributor Aerospace & Defense

This year marks the 85th anniversary of the day in 1934 when Bill Boeing resigned from the aviation enterprise he had founded only 18 years earlier. Congress decided companies shouldn't be allowed to both build and operate commercial planes, so the government moved to break up the business. Boeing decided that he'd had enough, and departed aviation forever.

Coming as it did in the depths of the Great Depression, the breakup and loss of its founder was a major blow to the company. But it wouldn't be the last by a long shot. For instance, there was that time during the Nixon administration when demand for jetliners collapsed. Boeing's commercial airplane unit saw its workforce shrink from 83,700 to 20,750 in three years.

So today's crisis surrounding the 737 jetliner is far from unprecedented for the world's biggest aerospace company. Building airplanes has always been a turbulent, challenging business. What stands out about Boeing (a contributor to my think tank) is not how challenged it has been, but how successful. It is the first aerospace enterprise in history to reach \$100 billion in annual sales, and it is frequently ranked as one of the world's most admired companies.

However, nobody is thinking about those achievements at the moment, either inside the company or outside. The torture of dealing with two tragic accidents has imparted a somber cast to everything. Employees cry in meetings. When they take their kids to soccer, they have to fend off questions from other parents about what went wrong. And they can't relate what little they know because management wants them to remain mum until all the facts come out. It is not a good time.

Given the drumbeat of negative media coverage, it is easy to lose sight of how Boeing got to this point. It didn't survive for a century in an unforgiving marketplace by cutting corners or offering mediocre products. It succeeded by repeatedly disrupting the competitive landscape with novel products that competitors couldn't match. Not just once or twice, but repeatedly throughout its history. So here's a little perspective on what Boeing has meant for America.

Boeing is the greatest innovator in aerospace history. And it has over 13,000 patents to prove it. Boeing built the first commercially successful jetliner (707), the first jetliner to surpass 1,000 sales (727), the first jetliner to surpass 10,000 sales (737), the first widebody jetliner (747), the first jetliner developed entirely on computers (777), and the first jetliner to be assembled mainly from composite materials (787). And that's just on the commercial aircraft side. Various corporate antecedents now assimilated into the Boeing culture built the first geosynchronous communications satellites, the first GPS satellites, the Apollo spacecraft, and the Space Shuttle. Boeing also developed the nation's only fully successful ICBM, the Minuteman.

Boeing is the survivor of brutal market forces. Dozens of companies have sought to compete with Boeing over the years, and they are almost all gone now. Boeing survived constant competitive assaults and the world's most demanding regulatory environment by continuously innovating and exhibiting extreme discipline in its management practices. The same cannot be said of Airbus, its main competitor in the commercial transport business. The World Trade Organization has ruled that every plane Airbus ever brought to market was illegally subsidized, and that the company might not exist at all in the absence of 40 years of unfair "launch aid" from European governments. So you could say Boeing is a market survivor, whereas Airbus is a market distortion. Boeing is the biggest contributor to U.S. trade competitiveness. It isn't just the nation's biggest exporter; at a time when the U.S. trade balance in many tech categories has turned decidedly negative, Boeing is the main reason America's aerospace trade continues to generate big surpluses every year. Even though Boeing generates 80% of its commercial aircraft sales outside the United States, 80% of its suppliers are located within U.S. borders. Boeing builds every one of its planes, both military and commercial, in America. There aren't many big manufacturing enterprises in the U.S. that can say they build all of their signature products here, even though the products are often destined for foreign markets.

Boeing is a huge customer of small and medium-size U.S. manufacturers. Boeing has over 13,000

suppliers in the United States, who collectively generate \$45 billion in revenues annually from doing business with the company. Roughly 1.3 million jobs in the U.S. are tied to Boeing's supply chain, and that's not even counting the company's own workforce. Boeing thus is an engine driving much of the U.S. manufacturing sector, and the jobs associated with aerospace typically pay more than those in other sectors. In states such as Alabama, Iowa, Kansas, Ohio and Pennsylvania, Boeing suppliers comprise a sizable component of the local workforce.

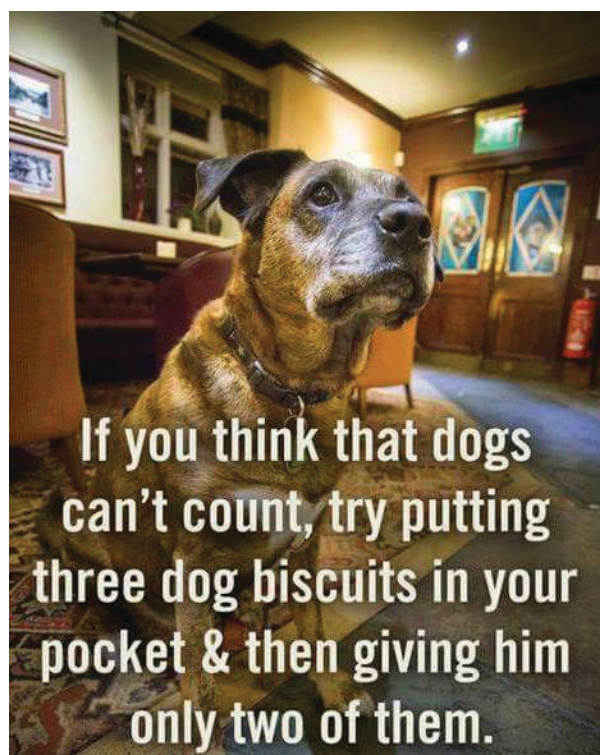
Boeing is the sole guarantor of American leadership in global aerospace. There was a time when multiple U.S. companies built jetliners, but that was before Airbus came along. Now there is only Boeing. There was also a time when half a dozen companies built fighters for the military, but now there are only two and Boeing is one of them. What that means is that if the Boeing enterprise falters in some significant and prolonged fashion, America's dominant role in global

aerospace will be over. Other countries are straining to get into aerospace, and Boeing has been the biggest obstacle to realizing their aspirations.

So whatever you may think about the current challenges facing the company, when you talk about Boeing you are also talking about America's future in the global economy. This all tends to get lost in media coverage of the present crisis. But there's a reason why every one of the original Dow Jones industrial companies has now been removed from the index (GE, the last survivor, was dropped in 2018). No matter how imposing big industrial enterprises may seem, they are inherently fragile. Unforeseen setbacks can permanently hobble them. Let's hope that is not the case with Boeing, because the consequences for America's economy and trade balance would be devastating.



Well guys, I hate to break it to you, but we were way late at flying in Vietnam. Meet Valerie Andre. She started as a Medical Captain in Indochina in 1948, already a qualified parachutist and pilot, in addition to being an army surgeon. While in Indochina, she realized that the most difficult part of her duties was retrieving the wounded, who were often trapped in the jungle. She returned to France to learn how to pilot a helicopter, then flew one to Indochina. From 1952-1953, she piloted 129 helicopter missions into the jungle, rescuing 165 soldiers, and on two occasions completed parachute jumps to treat wounded soldiers who needed immediate surgery



Ed, upon reading this article, I immediately downloaded the Smart Traveler App. It is VERY useful...and FREE!

RUPA Pass Travel Report June 2019

Reprinted courtesy of the RUPANEWS

Captain Pat Palazzolo rupapasstravel@rupa.org

**Employee Travel Center (ETC) +1 (877) 825-3729 etc@united.com
or Help Hub or Flying Together**

Hello fellow aviators,

Three items in this month's column:

- 1) Like to travel overseas? You need this free app. It has everything! 2) A new airline has been added to our list of ZED carriers.
- 3) The deadline for changing your enrolled friends is at the end of June.

Smart Traveler App: If you like traveling overseas there's a great app just for you. Its free and it's produced by the State Department. It's called "Smart Traveler" and it has everything you would ever want to know about traveling to or through another country.

When you select one of the countries (and it has every country on the face of the earth), it'll give you a menu of items for that country such as Entry, exit and visa requirements, Health and Safety, Embassy and Consulate information, precautions specific to that country, laws specific to that country of interest to travelers, etc.

If there are parts of the country they recommend you avoid, it will tell you, such as Mexico, where they tell you which parts are safe and which parts to avoid. At the beginning of each country's information is a yellow band designating the State Department's advice for travel to that country. It ranges from Level 1, such as Ire-

land, that says "Exercise normal precautions" to Level 4, such as North Korea, that says, "Do not travel."

The app is updated regularly and I never leave home without it!

Vistara, a new ZED carrier has been added to our list of ZED carriers. Vistara is a carrier in India with an expansive network throughout India and a large hub in New Delhi. Employees, Retirees and Parents can all travel on the Low ZED Fare.

Deadline for changing your enrolled friends is at the end of June. Go to the Travel tab near the top of Flying Together and then click on "Manage Pass Riders."

Remember, if you do nothing, your existing enrolled friend selections will roll over to the new 6-month travel period.

One helpful tip that you may not know:

If you don't know by the end of June who you want to be your enrolled friend, no problem. Just make sure you have removed anyone from that slot so they don't roll over.

An empty enrolled friend slot can be filled again at any time. You don't have to wait until the end of the six month travel period to add a person to an empty slot. If you decide in July or August that you want to add someone to that empty slot, you can. But remember, once you add someone, you cannot remove them until the end of that six-month travel period.



Ed. This article reproduced from a CNN Online Travel Feature.

Pacific Island Hopper

The world's most scenic flight?

50 year anniversary: 2018 marks half a century since the route was first flown. Back in 1968 Continental Micronesia was the carrier.

HNL -- MAJ -- KWA -- KSA -- PNI - TKK -- GUM.

That's Honolulu -- Majuro -- Kwajalein -- Kosrae -- Pohnpei -- Chuuk -- Guam.

You'll definitely want a window seat.

Aviation geeks call it "the holy grail of flight routes." For contractors it's one of the world's most picturesque commutes, while for islanders across the region it's a lifeline.

Welcome aboard United Airlines 154, the Island Hopper, a Boeing 737-800 from Honolulu to Guam (and vice versa) which connects seven islands in a truly unique 16-hour flight, four times weekly.



Early morning in Honolulu.

This year marks half a century since the route was first flown. Back in 1968 Continental Micronesia was the carrier, starting a service to connect the remote communities across the vast Micronesia region of the Western Pacific.

Today, United flies direct from Guam to Honolulu, seven hours on a 777. But taking this route means missing out on some of the world's most remote and beautiful countries and territories.

The Island Hopper has become a bucket-list must for aviation fans keen to discover the tiny airports dotted across this expanse of Pacific. They're happy to fly the route even though most never get further than the tiny, modest airports along the way. Most regular passengers tend to do no more than a couple of legs, but many of them have fascinating stories to tell about why they're taking the flight, while multiple factors make this one of the world's most unusual routes.

Four pilots



Captain Fitz Fitzgerald on one of his last Island Hopper flights before retiring.

Firstly, there are four pilots on board. Two fly from Honolulu to Majuro in the Marshall Islands, while the next two then fly the legs from Majuro to Guam.

First Officer Fitz Fitzgerald has just retired after 31 years with United. He's been flying the Island Hopper for four and a half years, after flying 747s for much of his career.

"I jumped at the chance to live on the island (Guam)," he tells CNN Travel during one of his last flights. "I'm from Colorado, it's a long way from the beach! I just fell in love with it."

"I chose to work the Island Hopper almost exclusively. It's a lot of fun, and as a pilot, it's also challenging. This is what flying is all about, from the seat of your pants -- almost.

There's no radar, no control towers and GPS gets you within about two miles of the runway, then you've got to find it and line yourself up."

All the smaller islands have short runways with quick turns, while at every stop a fire truck is manned and ready by the side of the runway as they're needed to douse the tires and cool off the brakes between stops.

Cabin and technical crew



Victor Williams and Anthony Diaz who work on the Island Hopper plane.

Although neither look old enough, Victor Williams has been working the Island Hopper for 34 years and Anthony Diaz a mere 29.

Most crew need at least a quarter century under their belt before they're considered for the much sought-after route, as flight attendants get a two-day break in Honolulu before the return leg -- a rare perk in the world of modern aviation.

Things may soon change, however, so there's a chance that crew may no longer be able to work the entire 16-hour route. Unlike the pilots, they don't rotate.

To say they know the route -- and the passengers -- is an understatement. When they started flying it, aboard a 727, there were just two flight attendants for 70 passengers over seven stops -- one more than today.

As Williams explains: "There was no inflight entertainment. We were the entertainment! The back half of the cabin was 70 passengers, the front half was cargo so there could be anything from pigs to chickens to vegetables. We've watched people grow up. We're the only one to have this type of routing in the whole airline industry. It's definitely a family."

For the sectors from Majuro to Guam, United also has a Field Technical Representative on board -- a specially trained mechanic -- along with a number of spare parts in the event that a technical fix is needed while on the islands. A plane with 160 people getting stranded overnight on tiny Kosrae is not an option.

There are also complicated computations of both people and cargo at each stop, with both needing to be precisely loaded to maintain weight balance.

Leg 1 Honolulu -- Majuro



The flight leaving Hawaii.

By far the longest leg, this five-hour flight takes off from the Reef Runway at Honolulu's Daniel K Inouye International Airport.

But not before dozens of cool boxes and white boxes of mail are loaded. The cool boxes are bringing food -- particularly meat -- for residents of the remote islands where fresh meat is scarce and expensive. The mail boxes are another indication of how the route is a lifeline.

At the gate, posing for a photo, are two airline employees. Based in California, they're heading to tiny Pohnpei for a few days' vacation before then flying on to Guam. They are flight attendants who have always wanted to fly this route.

The flight takes off on Sunday morning but arrives in Majuro on Monday morning because it crosses the International Date Line, taking us forward a whole day.

For the entire flight, there's nothing outside but 50 shades of blue.

Majuro, The Marshall Islands



The harbor in Majuro, the Marshall Islands.

Yokwe! That's the local greeting in the Republic of the Marshall Islands, a country of more than 100 islands and islets. It receives around 5,000 visitors a year -- 1% of the number who visit North Korea -- almost all of whom arrive on the Island Hopper.

As the aircraft starts to descend, a thin ring of atoll emerges suddenly in the distance. It looks barely wide enough to support a road, let alone a runway.

As the brakes are forcefully applied on landing, the waves of the ocean lap gently just meters from the runway. It's a reminder that the country is at enormous risk of rising sea levels, with the average altitude being just seven feet.



Ginny Turner, a British teacher arriving to spend a year in the Marshall Islands.

Underneath a sign announcing The Gateway to Micronesia, at the tiny baggage claim where many of those cool boxes reappear, is a woman carrying a British passport.

Ginny Turner explains she's just arrived to work as a teacher volunteering with World Teach for a year. She deliberately chose somewhere far removed -- geographically and culturally -- from her home and the school where she teaches near Ipswich, in eastern England.

There's no chance of getting lost in the Marshall Islands as there's only one road that runs the length of the island. As for shared taxis, they're a bargain at 75 cents per person, regardless of how far you go.



Boarding from Majuro for Island Hopper onwards.

Inside the museum there's a moving reminder of the plight of many Marshallese, as it chronicles how inhabitants were forced to leave their home islands in the 1940s and '50s when the United States tested dozens of nuclear weapons across the region -- most famously at Bikini Atoll. A few hundred yards away, next to the island's Post Office, a sign announces the building housing the Nuclear Claims Tribunal.

Leg 2 Majuro - Kwajalein

Back at the airport for the series of flights that eventually reach Guam, the next stop an hour away is the island of Kwajalein, but not before all the passengers are briefed.

It's home to a US Army installation, the Ronald Reagan Ballistic Missile Defense Test Site. That means no photos of any sort are allowed either on approach, while on the ground, or on takeoff. Everyone deplaning -- including dozens of contractors -- also has to remove any headgear before they do so.

On board is one of the rare leisure visitors, a Ukrainian diver joining a number of other specialists to explore some of the region's numerous World War II wrecks. Sites including Prinz Eugen, the escort ship to Germany's legendary Bismarck battleship, have made it a sought-after destination for experienced wreck divers. On landing he'll get on a boat for a 26 hours journey to Bikini Atoll.

On the next takeoff 45 minutes later, the Ukrainian diver's seat is taken by a laid-back electrical contractor from Montana who explains that he works "on missile silos" -- without divulging much more.

Leg 3 Kwajalein - Kosrae



The descent into Kosrae.



The firetruck on standby at Kosrae Airport.

Next stop is Kosrae, an island of the Federated States of Micronesia which is only visited in three of the four weekly Island Hopper flights. On approach, there are breathtaking and picture-perfect desert islands surrounded by aquamarine waters dotted across the ocean, before suddenly mountains appear on the horizon and a lush green island comes into view, fringed by golden stretches of sand.



Kosrae International Airport.

The brakes slam on as the aircraft touches the 5,750-foot airstrip -- less than half the length of a runway at Heathrow.

As passengers stretch their legs -- and some aviation fans ask immigration officials if they can get a passport stamp despite not officially entering the country -- it's time to stock up on snacks.

Passengers bemoan the lack of food on board the Island Hopper -- in coach, breakfast is served from Honolulu to Majuro, but then there's only a light snack from Chuuk to Guam around seven hours later. While logistics factors doubtless come into play, it's a complaint heard time and again from passengers -- that and the cost of the ticket, around \$2,300 round trip, subject to seat availability and seasonality. (The return leg from Guam to Honolulu can be taken on a 777 as a direct flight).

It also means that regular fliers stock up with snacks in advance and along the way. In Kosrae, it's fair to say there are pretty slim pickings. Aside from some chips and candy, one table offers a sole spam musubi -- that's rice topped with spam and wrapped in seaweed, sushi-style -- a number of small bananas and local coconut oil in plastic bottles.

Leg 4 Kosrae - Pohnpei



The scenery of Pohnpei island.

In common with all the islands en route, beautiful Kosrae is a tempting place to spend a few days. But there's no hanging around. Next up is Pohnpei, one hour behind Kosrae but still part of the Federates States of Micronesia.



Pohnpei from the sky.

Once again, after descending over multicolored patches of atoll, a runway appears out of nowhere, while mist-covered mountains have more than a touch of "Jurassic Park" about them. Parts of Pohnpei are some of the wettest on earth, with Mount Nanlaud receiving around 400 inches of rain every year.



Parts of Pohnpei are some of the wettest places on Earth.

Pohnpei is also home to the mysterious Nan Madol ruins, called by some the Venice of the Pacific, as it was a city of man-made islands built around channels filled by the oceans, a site that once housed an ancient civilization.

Captain Fitz Fitzgerald, joining passengers on a walk around the departure area, recommends picking up two local specialties from the small stall -- flavored salts and coconut oil.

Back on board, the flight attendant Williams approves of the latter purchase, saying his 84-year-old father swears by it.

Leg 5 Pohnpei - Chuuk

Even splitting up the Island Hopper journey with a night in the Marshall Islands, fatigue definitely sets in after three takeoffs and landings.

The penultimate stop comes at Chuuk, another destination that is world-renowned among divers. That's due to more than 60 wrecks of both aircraft and ships, known as the Ghost Fleet of Truk Lagoon, which serve as a reminder of brutal battles in World War II.



Lifeline: When needed, part of the plane can be curtained off to carry patients to hospital.

It's also where another pilot explains the lifeline often played by the Island Hopper. In such remote islands with very limited medical infrastructure, UA154 is often used to transport patients to and from hospitals in Guam. When needed, there's even a special curtained-off area to allow stretchers to rest across the front row of seats in coach.

Leg 6 Chuuk - Guam



The view of natural reefs from the Dusit Thani Guam resort.

The final flight of the Island Hopper takes us to the US territory of Guam, the largest island in Micronesia and home to around 160,000 people.

All of a sudden, blue swimming pools and neat white houses, a green canopy of forests, highways and golf courses appear below.



Local Guam dishes

"Hafa Adai!" is the oft-heard welcome to an island that boasts incredible reefs, rolling green mountains, countless beaches, intriguing local dishes and fascinating history.

Those reefs allow guests at the Dusit Thani Guam to walk out from the beach and snorkel safely in just a few feet of water, seeing a remarkable diversity of marine life close to shore.



A local Guam speciality of fresh coconut and wasabi, served sashimi style.

Indigenous Chamorro culture on Guam then provides fascinating historical insights, including the unusual but ingenious latte houses. Stones known as "latte" used to act as the base of these one-story houses, the oldest of which date back to around 800 CE, while they are still found dotted across the island.

Elsewhere, activities include a boat tour on the Talofofo river where a Japanese soldier Yokoi spent an incredible 28 years in hiding after the end of World War II, holding out in the underground cave he had dug until 1972. Today a museum is on the site by his hideout.



Some of Guam's "latte" stones date back more than 1,200 years.

Then there are local dishes not to be missed such as the ingenious coconut wasabi, where the flesh of a very ripe coconut is sliced, sashimi style, before being served with soy sauce and wasabi. It's much better than it may sound. Kelaguen is another uniquely Guamanian dish where fish, beef, or chicken is marinated in lemon juice, coconut and chili. The country is also rightly very proud of its own tradition of barbecue.

Ultimately there are many direct flights to Guam from around Asia, but in common with the other destinations it visits, the Island Hopper from Honolulu feels a special way to arrive there, a throwback to a gentler and very different era of aviation.

As it makes its unique journey four times a week, it continues to be filled by commuters, returning families, occasional tourists -- and the plain curious.

Flight Numbers Explained: How Airlines Decide Route Numbers



Featured image of Los Angeles Airport by Alberto Riva/TPG

Sitting in a bright corner office of the ninth floor of Chicago's Willis Tower, Patrick Quayle, VP of international network at United Airlines, beams as I walk in to meet him. Earlier this month, United Airlines announced new service between Newark and Cape Town, South Africa, one of the first carriers in the United States to ever offer that route, and the airline's only service into sub-Saharan Africa.

We're here to talk not necessarily about why United chose that route, but how the route number was selected: flight 1122 from EWR-CPT and 1123 on the way back.

But let's back up for a minute: each flight operated in commercial airspace has a number associated with it, a label that easily tells planners (and knowledgeable passengers) where an airplane is headed, and between what two airports. In many cases, those flight numbers repeat daily; flight 100 on American Airlines always goes between JFK and London Heathrow seven days a week, while 101 runs the same route in reverse.

In some special cases, the routes have a special meaning. Boarding flight 1 to any destination is often a matter of prestige. Whether it's British Airways's flight BA1 from London to New York — once flown by the Concorde, now by the Airbus A318 in all-business configuration — or United's UA1 from San Francisco to Singapore, flight 1 is often a flight of distinction, operated with a flagship aircraft and special service.

But how do airlines decide what route gets labeled flight 1, or how any particular route gets numbered? The answer lies in a complex set of tiers combining traditional and modern rules, tweaked to each carrier specifically. And while no naming convention is identical between airlines, there are some parallel trends as well as some red-hot flight numbers that most airlines tend to avoid.

At United, that process starts and stops at Quayle's desk. Together with Ted Novkov, United's Director — Network Planning and International Scheduling, and a team of route network planners, Quayle helps pick flight numbers via a combination of manual and automatic tools to ensure that there are no repeat numbers and potential safety issues.

At American, there's a similar setup. I tracked down Brent Alex, American's Manager of Global Airport Access and Network Planning, to chat about the same topic and figure out what goes into naming AA1 versus AA100.

Overall Trends - There are definitely similarities in the ways that many carriers select route numbers. In general, lower flight numbers are assigned to international flights, though the merger of multiple carriers over the years

has muddled many of the old delineations. At United, for example, flights 1 to 200 are assigned primarily to international routes from the Continental era, before the two carriers merged. 800-1000 are now United international routes. Google any flights in the low hundreds across American, Delta or United, though, and there's a high probability that that route will serve an international destination.

Where possible, adjacent numbers are often chosen for the same flight going in the opposite direction. DL6, for example, flies from Haneda, Japan to Los Angeles. Flight 7 is the same route in reverse.

There's also a bit of a trend in the way that flights are numbered by the direction in which the aircraft operates, though many of those old rules have also been diluted by mergers and growth, especially on the domestic front. "From a domestic system (point of view), that's true," says Alex at American. "Internationally, our flights generally are even going east, odd going west. And then odd going south, even going north."

Brackets for a carrier's mainline versus regional fleet are also typically used. At American, flights 1 to 2949 are all assigned to the mainline fleet while 2950 to 6099 are all reserved for swaths of regional partners such as Skywest or Envoy. Delta and United use a similar formula. This helps route planners and other staff quickly identify which carrier is operating a flight and often where it's headed.

How Flight Numbers Are (And Are Not) Selected

So what happens when an airline launches a new route and a new flight number is needed?

At legacy carriers, a combination of manual and automatic tools are used to figure out what flight numbers are open within a specific bracket.

American, specifically, uses a tool called FNOM, or the Flight Number Optimization Model, to automatically search for route numbers, consider the overall schedule and suggest possible numbers. "We use the automatic tool mostly for the domestic system where we don't have as much of a preference on what the numbers are," says Alex at American.

"In that automated tool there is a function where those international numbers will kind of be locked down so they can only be assigned to that route."

Lest one think that the tool simply picks the lowest available number and assigns it to the route accordingly, there's much more nuance to the process. "[United's tool] looks at things like consistency and what's being published. If a certain number is already published, let's keep it the same. It's very smart in the sense that it

doesn't create unnecessary schedule changes, and at the same time, we have our international flight numbers that we restrict, saying 'Don't use those because we have them for international'," says Novkov at United.

That careful balance between manual and automatic selection also keeps the airlines out of hot water when considering certain flight numbers across the network. At American and United specifically, flight numbers associated with the 9/11 terrorist attacks have been permanently retired. Flights that have crashed often have their number retired: Swissair eliminated SR111 after the 1988 accident when an MD-11 plunged into the Atlantic; Air France doesn't fly AF447 anymore, which crashed in 2009; and you won't find MH370 and MH17 — two flights that gained worldwide recognition for the wrong reasons — in the Malaysia Airlines timetable.

Route numbers to and from China are also often carefully picked. "The number eight is lucky for China," says Quayle at United. "If you'll notice, we have flight 88 which is New York to Beijing. We have flight 8 which is San Francisco to Chengdu. Because eight is a lucky number in China, we fly eights to China. But four is an unlucky number, so we make a point not to do that." Flight 666 is also generally avoided by air carriers unless its part of a marketing campaign like Finnair's flight 666 to Helsinki (HEL) a few years back.

Airlines can also organize flight numbers in blocks that indicate at a glance where they are going. For example, with typical German precision, Lufthansa divides the world by flight number: LH400 to LH499 are flights to North America, South America gets flights in the 500s, Africa from 560 to 599, the Middle East and Central Asia is the 600s, and Asia-Pacific the 700s. Even numbers are outbound from the home country, and odd numbers fly back. (British does it the other way; odd flights are outbound, starting from that BA1 to New York.) The geography-based model is in use at other airlines too: On Alitalia, for example, if your flight is in the 600s you know you're going to the Americas, and in the 700s to Asia.

As it turns out, United flight 1122 from Newark to Cape Town was chosen because that was the first date — November 22nd — that Quayle visited South Africa when he was a youngster. Meaningful to him and a handful of people in his network, of course, but most people flying across the Atlantic will never know the significance of that route number. Many more stories of how a particular route got its number may never get told.

Ed...It is the firm policy of the Golden Eagles to NOT permit advertising, nor to endorse any commercial products. However, this publication would seem to have potential interest to our group, and is written by one of our members. The Executive Committee decided that as a courtesy to our membership, we are advising you of the availability of this book...but with the express disclaimer that we do so without any official endorsement.

Air Micronesia (Air Mike) the Early Years

Air Micronesia (Air Mike) the Early Years is a story about the people of Continental Airlines, Air Micronesia and Micronesia who started a very unique airline operation to the islands of Micronesia, Guam, Okinawa and Hawaii in 1968. The airline was the vision of Robert F. Six, the founder of Continental Airlines. There were many who said it could not be done with the promises made to serve the islands with jet aircraft, employ and train the local people, build hotels and develop an economy based on tourism for all of the islands. This is a story of those who made it happen under some very difficult conditions and includes many special personal experiences of those people. We have included as many pictures as possible to share the unique type of airline operation as well as the people who made it all work. This book is the result of the efforts of many of the Air Mike family and my thanks and appreciation to all. Air Micronesia recently celebrated it's 50th year of operation and is currently operated under the flag of United Airlines with modern runways, terminals and aircraft but with the Air Mike spirit.

The book version is a larger size 8"x 10" and 275 pages with lots of pictures. It is now available on [Amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com/Air-Mike/dp/1493000000) - [Air Mike](https://www.amazon.com/Air-Mike/dp/1493000000)



Are we there yet?

Two guys grow up together, but after college one moves to Maryland and the other to Texas. They agree to meet every ten years in Florida to play golf and catch up with each other.

At age 32 they meet, finish their round of golf and head for lunch. "Where you wanna go?" "Hooters." "Why Hooters?" "They have those servers with the big boobs, the tight shorts and the gorgeous legs." "You're on."

At age 42, they meet and play golf again. "Where you wanna go for lunch?" "Hooters." "Again? Why?" "They have cold beer, big screen TVs, and side action on the games." "OK."

At age 52 they meet and play again. "So where you wanna go for lunch?" "Hooters. "Why?" "The food is pretty good and there's plenty of parking." "OK."

At age 62 they meet again. After a round of golf, one says, "Where you wanna go?" "Hooters." "Why?" "Wings are half price and the food isn't too spicy." "Good choice"

At age 72 they meet again. Once again, after a round of golf, one says, "Where shall we go for lunch?" "Hooters." "Why?" "They have six handicapped parking spaces right by the door and they have senior discounts." "Great choice."

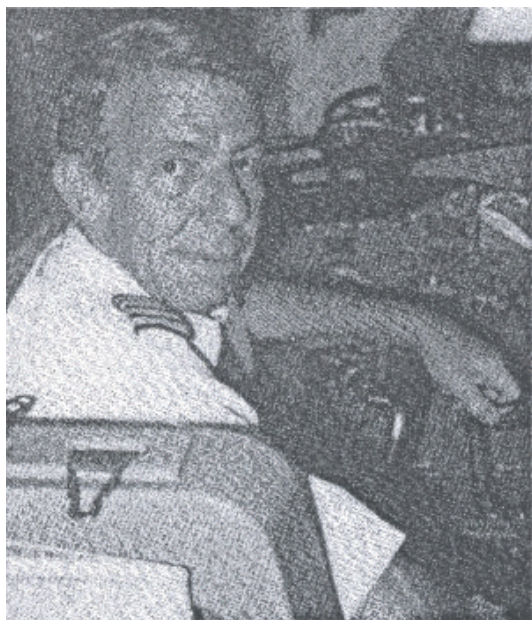
At age 82 they meet and play again. "Where should we go for lunch?" "Hooters." "Why?" "Because we've never been there before." "Okay."

Ed...Presenting this article from our Len Morgan (ret. Braniff) collection adds a bit of contrast to the modern Air Mike article featured in the previous section..

LAX-GUM Nonstop *By Len Morgan*

Crossing the Pacific in the blackness can be a journey into an entirely new world

SATURDAY NIGHT, 2230 local. Poised on 24L at Los Angeles International, we await the tower's nod. Recheck the big things – fuel, flaps, controls, trim, pitot heat. We got them at least twice during the preflight ritual, but once again is cheap insurance. One weakness in the checklist theory is that everything is in the same type. Large, red, underlined caps should emphasize the killer items. All else is foam on the beer.



Cleared to go. Lights on, ease the handles off the stops and flip the switch. A black box somewhere takes over and works them forward to exactly right takeoff settings. The JT9s, almost inaudible until now, take up their familiar deep growl, and the 747SP rolls ponderously, gathering itself for flight. The airspeed needle eventually leaves the peg, creeps through 100 and casually advances toward the velocity that will, if the paperwork is right, insure lift.

We gallop heavily along between the white lights and regard with mounting interest the red ones ahead. Rotate. We rise, all 348 tons of us, sweep across the beach and plunge into absolute darkness.

Thirty-three minutes later we level at Flight Level 350, build speed to Mach .85 and punch the "CRZ" button. The thrust levers inch back individually, automatically. Fuel burn thus far: 23,600 pounds, right

on schedule. San Francisco is over the nose. True, the great circle lies somewhat west, but upper winds and traffic flow often dictate a more northern track. This is tonight's best road to Guam, so we will begin on 310 degrees, swing west-ward later and then fly the last segment on 210. Computer theory will be compared with actual progress throughout the run, with adjustments being made if necessary.

We leave land 100 miles beyond San Francisco, bend left to 282 degrees, make a final match of inertial nay gear with radial/DME fixes and add fuel readings. We are 1:10 into the trip and have burned off 36,000 pounds. There are 254,000 left, 3,000 more than shown on the yellow printout. Well and good. Ahead lie 5,004 NM to be flown, which we will span in 10:14, says the computer forecast.

Such numbers give me pause, for most of my time has been logged in short- to medium-range domestic work. Total hours divided by legs comes out at 1 :45. When compared with a Houston-O'Hare hop, this LAX-GUM thing is a different world.

Different, not more difficult. For all the mystery and romance surrounding long flights to faraway places, this duty demands no special breed. The work is more mental than physical. A DC-9 driver may do more in an afternoon of thunderstorm weather than his transocean senior does in an average month. This end of it is, for the most part, watch, wait, think, plan and, on occasion, sweat.

Waypoint 6, roughly 1,000 miles north of Hawaii and 900 south of Alaska, falls behind, 15 minutes late – an annoyance, not a worry. After repeated calls to Anchorage and Honolulu, San Francisco breaks through the static to copy our position and read the latest Guam sequence. We're now at FL 390 with 150,000 in the tanks, 5,500 behind flight plan. We'll watch that.

Waypoint 8 is 430 miles north of Midway. The 379 kc homer is unidentifiable, but the nervous needles seem to point in the general direction. Elapsed flying: 6:37; 3,105 nm lie behind, 2,317 ahead. We type in the remaining positions as new Waypoints 1 through 4. So far we have not seen a single light-ship, aircraft, anything or heard a word from another trip. Consumption is down to 20,000 pounds an hour, which is

remarkable; the largest 707 burns 13,000.

We press on through the dark, thinking of Ellen, a smallish typhoon that, for two days, has twiddled her thumbs 250 miles west of Guam. Should she decide to move east, her peripheral gusts could make our target unpleasant, even unusable. Ellen is growing, we learn, but has yet to make her move.

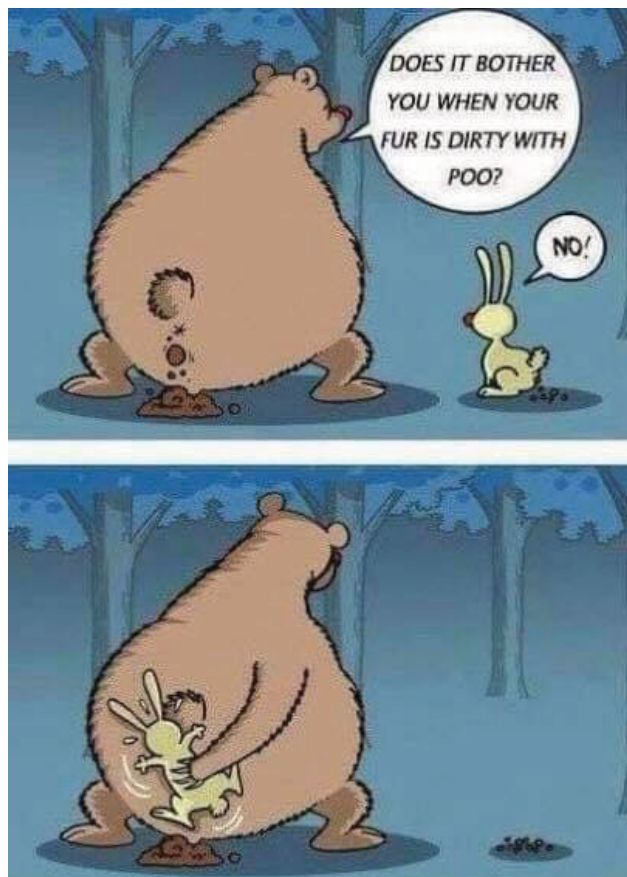
Should things go sour, Wake Island is our only out, and we must divert to it no later than (new) Waypoint 2, 2:20 short of Guam. There is nearby Andersen AFB, or Saipan, but typhonic winds often reach them simultaneously. Fact: if we continue, we must land for there won't be fuel enough for a retreat to Wake. Also, this trip will need an hour of ground time before it can escape.

Waypoint 2 finds us running 18 minutes late with 59,000 pounds aboard, cruising now at FL 430. The computer suggests diversion to Wake if fuel is 56,000. Check the weather. Guam has occasional rain showers, winds gusting to 20 knots, no change expected for at least four hours.

Waypoint 3. We're 436 miles out, having been in the air 10:19. Ellen is now moving north at 10 knots. No sweat. We've got it made. Twenty minutes later the VOR flags fall away, and we pick up the GUM 035 radial. The INS sets have done their jobs and positioned us within three degrees and 12 miles of where we should be. The Marianas come into view on the 300-mile radarscope, and we identify Saipan, Tinian, Rota and, dead ahead, the larger green blob that is Guam. Approach welcomes us, vectors us clear of a shower and onto the Runway 6L ILS. It is still pitch dark.

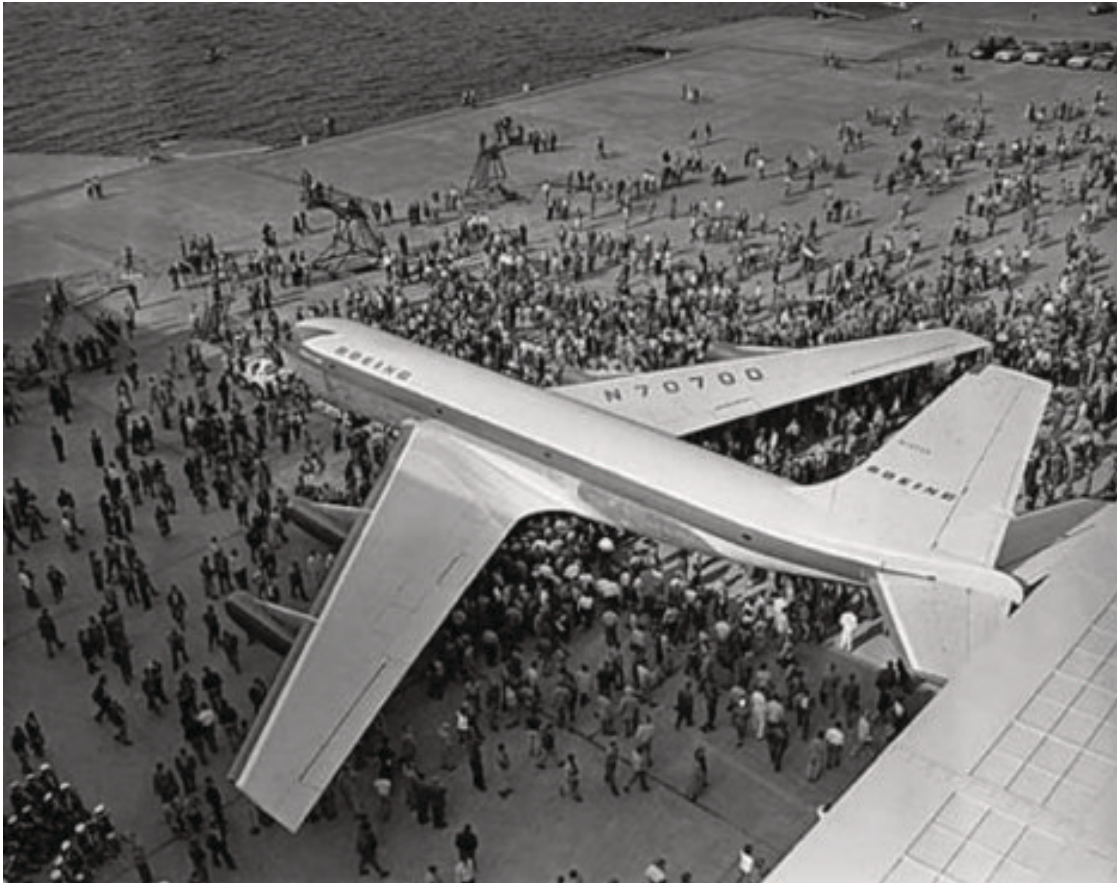
We land, carefully taxi down the narrow exit to the glistening ramp, set brakes and shut down. The fuel gauges total 21,500 pounds. Block-to-block time: 12:02. Back in Los Angeles it is 10 o'clock Sunday morning. Here, it's three a.m. Monday. We drive along dark roads lined with lush, dripping jungle growth to the hotel, sign in and order steaks. It's a different world.

You never know the hidden agenda!!!



The game-changing Boeing 707 jet debuted 65 years ago

BY FELIKS BANEL



The prototype for Boeing's 707 airliner and KC-135 air tanker, known as the "Dash 80," rolled out at Renton on May 14, 1954. (MOHAI)

As Boeing works to fix the grounded 737 MAX after two deadly crashes, the jet manufacturer quietly marked an important milestone of its role as a manufacturer of both civilian and military aircraft. It was 65 years ago this week when the company staged the rollout of its original game-changing jetliner, and cemented its decades-long role as the dominant economic and even cultural force in Seattle and the Pacific Northwest.

Author and former New York Times journalist Sam Howe Verhovek wrote a book a decade ago about the development and ultimate success of the Boeing 707 called "Jet Age." "The significance of the Dash 80 was Boeing leaped into the future and really ahead of either of the other big airplane manufacturers, Douglas or Lockheed," Verhovek said. "Boeing decided to bet the company on building a jet airliner before anybody else did."

The Boeing 707

The cool thing about the "Model 707" was that it was a prototype aimed to serve two very different markets.

One was as a civilian jetliner for sale to airlines, which was revolutionary in those years of trains and prop planes, and which made the \$15 million dollars (or about \$143 million in 2019) that Boeing invested in its development a risky bet. The other market was for military use, as an airborne refueling tanker to gas up those jet-powered, high-flying Boeing B-52 bombers that had been flying since 1952. This potential market made the Boeing 707 bet seem not so crazy after all.

Boeing CEO William M. “Bill” Allen spoke at the rollout in Renton. He pointed out how exactly 10 years to the day earlier, the 5000th iconic B-17 bomber had rolled off a wartime Boeing assembly line. Allen also explained the potential benefits of the company’s dual-market thinking in those early years of the Cold War and the dawn of the Jet Age.

“If we are right in our analysis, this airplane will mean much to us as employees of Boeing,” Allen said. “It will also give our Pacific Northwest community the prestige of leadership

in a new field and the potential of new business. Most significantly, it can add to the security of our nation and the ties of communication, which are a part of its growth.” Incredibly enough, it seems that Boeing was simultaneously building a flying sword and a flying plowshare.

The rollout in Renton

The rollout was a pretty brief event. Organizers timed it for 4 p.m. on a Friday, so the day shift and the swing shift workers could all be there. The Renton High School marching band performed, and an estimated 8,000 people were watching and listening.

Those 8,000 people witnessed the most poignant moment in the program, when William Allen described the vision and courage necessary to start an airplane company in the dark aviation ages of 1916. Then, Allen introduced the man responsible for it all: the company’s aging founder.

“Thirty-eight years ago, Mr. W.E. Boeing had that vision and that courage, and from it has grown the Boeing Airplane Company of today,” Allen said. “It is with the greatest pleasure that I present to you the founder of our company, W.E. Boeing.”

Applause erupted for Bill Boeing, and then quickly subsided. Boeing acknowledged the introduction, but he never spoke at the 707 rollout.



He’d left the company in the 1930s in bitterness, some say, after the government broke up Boeing into separate and independent airplane manufacturing, engine building and airline

companies. He was also ailing; he’d eventually pass away a little more than two years later, just shy of his 75th birthday.

But Boeing’s wife Bertha was also there in Renton 65 years ago, and just as she’d done for one of the company’s first planes back in the 1920s, she did the honors for the Model 707 with a bottle of champagne. “Mrs. Boeing,” William Allen asked her, “will you please christen the airplane?”



“Today, I’m really christening twins,” Bertha Boeing said. “This airplane has several possible uses, whether that use be military for our security or commercial for our welfare, I know that you will all join me in wishing her a glorious future.”

And then, just before the microphone picked up the unmistakable sound of a bottle of bubbly breaking on a Boeing 707, Bertha intoned, “I christen thee the Airplane of Tomorrow, the Boeing Jet Stratotanker, Stratoliner.” With that, the new jet was towed from inside a hangar and out onto the tarmac not far from the waters of Lake Washington.

The Model 707 prototype was supposed to fly for the first time later that month, but the left landing gear collapsed during a taxiing test at Renton on May 21, and the maiden flight was delayed until July 15, 1954. That flight and dozens more that followed were, fortunately, more successful than the taxiing test. Famed test pilot Tex Johnston’s famous barrel roll of the plane came a year later during Seafair festivities of 1955.

The jet age

The aircraft program went on to great success for Boeing in the late 1960s, both as the 707 civilian jetliner and military KC-135 tanker. And, it could be argued, all jetliners today still look like, and actually essentially *are*, variations on the now more than 65-year old Boeing 707.

Boeing launched several successful jetliners in the 1960s, including the 727, 737, and 747; as well as stumbled with the cancellation by the



federal government of the program to develop a “Supersonic Transport” or SST. When the Apollo astronauts covered serious miles on the surface of the moon, they did it in Boeing-built lunar rovers.

In 2001, after absorbing former chief competitor McDonnell Douglas, Boeing moved its headquarters to Chicago. Then, nearly a decade later and after long delays, the 787 Dreamliner debuted, and Boeing opened a second production line for that model – its first ever outside of Washington for jetliners – in South Carolina. Boeing is also poised to be a big part of NASA’s next phase of space exploration. Sam Howe Verhovek says that these are very different times than 65 years ago.

“[Boeing CEO] Bill Allen was fully committed to the Northwest and . . . Boeing certainly thought of itself as a Seattle- and Northwest-based company in the 1950s,” Verhovek said. “In today’s world, I think corporate loyalties to place tend to be more fickle.”



And what do changes for Boeing – and those fickle corporate loyalties – mean for Seattle and the Northwest? “I’ve thought a lot about this question,” Verhovek said. “And I don’t want to paint the 1950s Boeing in

an overly rosy way, because there certainly were labor disputes and threatened strikes from time to time. But, basically, when you look at that era, there was such a feeling of pride in what people were doing, and everybody was really focused on turning out this great airplane and were very proud of it.” And how has Seattle and the people who work for Boeing weathered the tough times?

“It’s been hard for Seattle as the home of this great company, it’s been hard to see the company get divided in this way,” Verhovek said. “They still turn out great airplanes and I think that this problem with the 737 MAX will be overcome, will be fixed, but nothing that anybody does is going to bring back the 500 or so people that died in these crashes.”

Until that problem is overcome, 737 MAX jets are still being assembled at the Boeing plant in Renton. And many of those idled planes are now parked on what this one-time “hometown” company – and the Northwest economy it helped build along with all those jets – might still be able to think of as hallowed ground. It’s the same spot where Bill Boeing and 8,000 Boeing workers watched Bertha Boeing christen the Model 707 exactly 65 years ago.



A Psychiatrist versus a Bartender

Ever since I was a child, I’ve always had a fear of someone hiding under my bed at night.

So I went to a shrink and told him: “I’ve got problems. Every time I go to bed I think there’s somebody under it. I’m scared. I think I’m going crazy.”

“Just put yourself in my hands for one year,” said the shrink. “Come talk to me three times a week and we should be able to get rid of those fears.”

“How much do you charge?”

“One hundred fifty dollars per visit,” replied the doctor. “I’ll sleep on it,” I said.

Six months later the doctor met me on the street.

“Why didn’t you come to see me about those fears you were having?” he asked.

“Well, \$150 a visit, three times a week for a year, is \$23,400.00. A bartender cured me for \$1000.

I was so happy to have saved all that money that I went and bought a new pickup truck.”

“Is that so?” With a bit of an attitude he said, “And how, may I ask, did a bartender cure you?”

“He told me to cut the legs off the bed. Ain’t nobody under there now.”

It’s always better to get a second opinion.

A story of the mighty 8th Air Force

author unknown

I was a pilot in the 95th Bomb Group, in late 1944 and early 1945, and what follows is a typical mission, as I remember it, from a crew member's perspective. Early in the evening, our Squadron Operations would post the names of the crews that were scheduled to fly the following day. There were two ways we could be notified if the Group had been alerted to fly. One was by means of lights on the front of the orderly room, and the other with raising of colored flags. If a green light was on, the Group was alerted, if a red light was on we would fly, and if a white light was on, the Group would stand down. The light was monitored frequently throughout the evening to learn our status and, normally, we would know before going to bed if we would be flying the next day.

On the morning of a mission, the CQ (charge of quarters) would awaken the crews about four or five o'clock, depending on takeoff time. The questions we always asked were, "What is the fuel load?" and, "What is the bomb load?" If his answer was, "full Tokyo tanks," we knew we would be going deep into Germany. Shortly after being awakened, "6-by" trucks would start shuttling us to the mess hall. We always had all the fresh eggs we could eat, when flying a mission. After breakfast, the trucks carried us to the briefing room. All of the crew members attended the main briefing, and then the Navigators, Bombardiers and Radio operators went to a specialized briefing. At the main briefing, in addition to the target information--anti-aircraft guns, fighter escort and route in--we received a sheet showing our location in the formation, the call signs for the day and all the information we would need to assemble our Group and get into the bomber stream. After briefing, we got into our flight gear, drew our parachutes and loaded onto the trucks for a ride to our plane. We were now guided by the time on our daily briefing sheet. We started engines at a given time and watched for the airplane we would be flying in formation with to taxi past, then we would taxi behind him. We were following strict radio silence.

We were now parked, nose to tail around the perimeter, on both sides of the active runway, and extremely vulnerable to a fighter strafing attack. At the designated takeoff time, a green flare would be fired and takeoff would begin. Every thirty seconds

an airplane started takeoff roll. We were lined up on the perimeter so that the 12 airplanes of the high squadron would take off first, followed by the lead and then the low squadron.

Each Group had a pattern for the airplanes to fly during climb to assembly altitude. Some would fly a triangle, some a rectangle and our Group flew a circle, using a "Buncher" (a low frequency radio station) which was located on our station. The patterns for each Group fit together like a jig saw puzzle. Unfortunately, strong winds aloft would destroy the integrity of the patterns, and there would be considerable over running of each other's patterns.

Many of our takeoffs were made before daylight, during the winter of '44 and '45, when I was there, so it was not uncommon to climb through several thousand feet of cloud overcast. Also it was not uncommon to experience one or two near misses while climbing through the clouds, although you would never see the other airplane. You knew you had just had a near miss, when suddenly the airplane would shake violently as it hit the prop wash of another plane. It was a wonderful feeling to break out on top, so you could watch for other planes, to keep from running into each other. To add to the congestion we were creating, the Royal Air Force Lancasters, Halifaxes, and Wimpys would be returning from their night missions, and flying through our formations. Needless to say, pilots had to keep their heads on a swivel and their eyes out of the cockpit.

After take off, the squadron lead would fire a flare every 30 seconds, so that we could keep him located and enable us to get into formation quicker. The color of our Group flare was red-green. The first thing you would see, when breaking out of the clouds, was a sky filled with pyrotechnics, so you had to search the sky for the Group flare, which would identify the lead airplane of your Squadron. Once you had it located, you could adjust your pattern to climb more quickly into formation with him. As each airplane pulled into formation, they would also fire a flare, with the lead plane, making it much easier for the following aircraft to keep him in sight. I think most crew members would probably agree that the pyrotechnic show, in the skies over England, in the morning when the Eighth was assembling, was a rare sight to behold.

The order of progression for assembling the Eighth Air Force was to first assemble the Flight elements, the Squadrons, the Groups, the Combat wings, the Divisions and, finally, the Air Force.

As soon as the four Squadron elements were formed, the high, low and second elements would take up their positions on the lead element, to form a Squadron. When the three Squadrons had completed assembly, it was necessary to get into Group formation. This was accomplished by having the three Squadrons arrive over a pre-selected fix at a precise time and heading. The high and low Squadrons were separated from the lead Squadron by 1000 feet and, after getting into Group formation, they would maintain their positions by following the lead Squadron.

Then it was necessary to get into the Combat Wing formation. We were in the 13th Combat Wing, which consisted of three Bomb Groups: the 95th, the 100th and the 390th. Whichever Group was leading the Wing that day, would arrive over a pre-selected point, at a precise time and heading. Thirty seconds later, the second Group would pass that fix, followed by the third Group, thirty seconds later. We were then in Combat Wing formation. The navigators in the lead airplanes had a tremendous responsibility, to ensure that the rendezvous times were strictly adhered to.

There were three Divisions in the Eighth, the 1st, 2nd and 3rd. The 1st and 3rd Divisions consisted of B-17s only, and the 2nd Division was B-24s. The B-24s were faster than the B-17s, but the B-17s could fly higher, therefore, the two were not compatible in formation. As a result the 1st and 3rd Divisions would fly together and the 2nd Division would fly separately.

Now that the Groups were flying in Combat Wing formation, it was necessary to assemble the Divisions. This was usually accomplished at the "coast out"--a city on the coast, selected as the departure point "fix." The Group leader in each Combat Wing knew his assigned position in the Division, and the precise time that he should arrive at the coast out departure point, to assume that position in the Division formation. The lead Group in the Division, which had been selected to lead the Eighth on the mission, would be first over the departure fix. Thirty seconds after the last Group in the first Wing passed that point, the second Wing would fall in trail, and so on, until all Combat Wings were flying in trail and the Division would be formed. One minute later, the lead Group in the other Division would fly over that point, and the Combat Wings in that Division would follow the same procedure to get into

formation. When all of its Combat Wings were in trail, the Eighth Air Force B-17 strike force was formed and on its way to the target. At the same time the 2nd Division B-24s were assembling in a similar manner and also departing to their target

Meanwhile, as the bombers were assembling for their mission, pilots from the Fighter Groups were being briefed on their day's mission. Normally, 600 to 800 P-38's, P-47's, and P-51's would accompany the bombers to provide protection against enemy fighter attacks. Fighter cover was not needed by the bombers until they were penetrating enemy territory, therefore to help conserve fuel, fighter takeoffs were planned to give them enough time to quickly assemble after takeoff, and climb on course up the bomber stream to the groups they would be covering. The combined strength of the fighters and bombers brought the total number of aircraft participating in a mission to approximately two thousand.

A major problem that presented itself, on each mission, was that the bomber stream was getting too stretched out. It was not uncommon for the headlines in stateside newspapers--in trying to show the strength of our Air Force--to state that the first Group of bombers was bombing Berlin, while the last Group was still over the English Channel. It made great headlines but was a very undesirable situation. It meant that the Groups were out of position, and not keeping the proper separation. Furthermore, it was almost impossible for them to catch up and get back into the desired formation. This made the entire bomber stream more vulnerable to fighter attacks. Finally, our planners figured out what we were doing wrong. When the first Group departed the coast out fix, it started its climb to what would be the bombing altitude. Then, as each succeeding Group departed that fix, it, too, would start climbing. The problem with this procedure was that, as soon as the first Group started its climb, its true airspeed would start to increase, and it would encounter different wind velocities. Now it would start to pull away from the Group in back of it, and the "stretch out" of the bomber stream would begin. By the time the last Group had reached the coast out, to start its climb, the first Group would be leveled off, with a true airspeed approaching 250 miles per hour, and the bomber stream would be really stretching out.

The solution to this problem that had been frustrating the Bomber crews for so long was pretty simple. We would no longer start climbing at the coast out, but instead, at a designated time, all Groups would start climbing, irrespective of position. This meant that we all would have similar true airspeeds and would be

influenced by the same winds aloft. That took care of the problem. It was still possible for a Group to be out of position, because of poor timing, but the entire bomber stream wouldn't get all stretched out. When you consider the way our Air Traffic Control system operates today, and all the facilities at their disposal to guide each individual airplane through the sky to ensure its safety, it's almost unbelievable that we were able to do what we did. To think of launching hundreds of airplanes, in a small airspace, many times in total darkness, loaded with bombs, with complete radio silence, and no control from the

ground, and do it successfully day after day, with young air crews, with minimum experience, is absolutely mind boggling. The accomplishments of the Eighth Air Force have been and will be reviewed by historians from World War II on. There never will be another air armada to compare to it. I feel confident that they will never cease to be amazed by our ability to assemble hundreds of heavy Bombers, under the conditions we were confronting, into the devastating strike force we now fondly refer to as, "The Mighty Eighth."

One day an Irishman, who has been stranded on a desert island for over ten long years, sees an unusual speck on the horizon.

"It's certainly not a ship," he thinks to himself. As the speck gets closer and closer, he begins to rule out the possibilities of a small boat, then even a raft.

Suddenly, emerging from the surf comes a drop dead gorgeous blonde woman wearing a wet suit and scuba gear.

She approaches the stunned man and says to him, "Tell me how long has it been since you've had a cigarette?"

"Ten years," replies the Irishman.

With that, she reaches over and unzips a waterproof pocket on her left sleeve and pulls out a pack of fresh cigarettes. He takes one, lights it, takes a long drag and says, "Faith and begorah! Is that good!"

"And how long has it been since you've had a sip of good Irish Whiskey?" she asks him.

Trembling, the castaway replies, "Ten years."

She reaches over, unzips her right sleeve, pulls out a flask and hands it to him. He opens the flask, takes a long swig and says, "Tis absolutely fantastic!"

At this point she starts slowly unzipping the long zipper that runs down the front of her wet suit, looks at the man and asks, "And how long has it been since you've played around?"

With tears in his eyes, the man falls to his knees and sobs, "Oh, Sweet Jesus! Don't tell me you've got golf clubs in there too."

FUNNY THINGS

Many strange things happened while I was flying for the airlines. Some events were funny and some were not. In dealing with the public in general many funny and humorous things happen along with some very sad events. You just had to be there to appreciate some of the things that happened.

I flew over the top of a hurricane at 25,000 feet and looked down into the calm eye of the storm. I banked the DC-9 so both sides of the airplane could see down. It was a strange sensation. I have flown over many a thunderstorm and observed the lightning from the top looking down into the storm. We had a double blip on the radar one night and ATC swore an object was following us in formation. We turned several times to see if it would follow and it did. We did not see a thing. Finally, the object just faded away. I never did know what the strange formation flyer was.

I was on take off at Lubbock one dark and stormy night in a DC-3, when a cylinder jug blew off the left engine. The piston went right up through the cowl leaving a hole belching fire out the top like a volcano. I quickly feathered the left engine. I did not have full flying speed. I was behind the power curve, meaning all the power I had left would not bring the airplane up to minimum flying speed. I needed about 90 knots to fly safely and have full rudder control. I could only get about 70 knots and that just happens to be the stall speed with a full load. Fortunately, the airplane was half empty and not really loaded. The only way to get airspeed was to sacrifice altitude. At 100 feet how much could I sacrifice? Not any because Lubbock was 3300 feet high and density altitude was a factor. I told the co-pilot to tell the tower of our situation and advise them I would probably land straight ahead in the cotton fields that I knew was below us. The night was pitch black and I could just get a glance of the ground in the landing lights. We were not very high. I pushed the nose over a bit and the airspeed picked up to 75. I just felt I could fly with that so I tried. But in trying to turn and get back to any runway the

airplane would try to stall and would really buffet and shake. I knew I did not want to stall so I quickly leveled out so the airplane would stop buffeting.

I slowly make a wide shallow circle back to the South runway and just before touch down called for gear down and full flaps. Everything arrived at the same time. Whew! In using full power on the right engine that long, I burned it up. They had to change both engines. That's was better than losing the airplane and people. I bet my fingerprints are still in that right throttle knob. I did squeeze the knob a bit.

Bob Swan was the co-pilot that night. Every time I run into him even today, he reminds me of that single engine take off at Lubbock. He remembers that night better than I do. Do you think he might have been a bit scared?

Airline flying has been described as hours and hours of sheer boredom, punctuated by a few minutes of stark terror.

On a return trip from Los Angeles one afternoon we had actress Betty Davis on board. She was sitting in an aisle seat. As I walked by her going to the potty she stopped me. I leaned over to see what she wanted and put my hand on the top part of her seat. She said to me "I am praying for a good landing". With that, she took my hand and kissed it. I was surprised to say the least. All I could stutter out was that I would do my best. I did make the best landing of my life. Can you beat that?

**"Life is the ultimate gamble. Look at Lady Godiva,
She put everything she had on a horse."**

W.C. Fields

Husband Store

A store that sells new husbands has opened in New York City , where a woman may go to choose a husband.

Among the instructions at the entrance is a description of how the store operates: You may visit this store **ONLY ONCE!** There are six floors and the value of the products increase as the shopper ascends the flights. The shopper may choose any item from a particular floor, or may choose to go up to the next floor, but you cannot go back down except to exit the building!

So, a woman goes to the Husband Store to find a husband. On the first floor the sign on the door reads:

Floor 1 - These men have jobs...

She is intrigued, but continues to the second floor, where the sign reads:

Floor 2- These men have jobs and love kids.

'That's nice,' she thinks, 'but I want more.'

So she continues upward. The third floor sign reads:

Floor 3 - These men have jobs, love kids, and are drop dead gorgeous.

'Wow,' she thinks, but feels compelled to keep going.

She goes to the fourth floor and the sign reads:

Floor 4 - These men have jobs, love kids, are drop-dead gorgeous and help with housework.

'Oh, mercy me!' she exclaims, 'I can hardly stand it!'

Still, she goes to the fifth floor and the sign reads:

Floor 5 - These men have jobs, love kids, are drop-dead gorgeous, help with housework, and have a strong romantic streak.

She is so tempted to stay, but she goes to the sixth floor, where the sign reads:

Floor 6 - You are visitor 31,456,012 to this floor. There are no men on this floor. This floor exists solely as proof that women are impossible to please.

Thank you for shopping at the Husband Store.

PLEASE NOTE:

To avoid gender bias charges, the store's owner opened a New Wives store just across the street.

The first floor has wives that love sex.

The second floor has wives that love sex, have money and like beer.

The third, fourth, fifth and sixth floors have never been visited.

The Crew Room

Sadly nothing in this Edition but a



Goose Egg

Think back to those epic yarns of “daring do” heard over the years in the crew room, in the lobby bar at Paris, the pool in Honolulu, or the pubs in London!

Who can forget the stories told by Pappy, Jim, Filthy and Ted? (You DO know who I mean!)

We are the guys (and gals) who made the “Continental” turn out of O’Hare...as REQUESTED by ATC (before the “other feds” lost their sense of humor).

Are there no story tellers left? Git off yer butts and send us something to bring back those “golden” memories!

Or give us an update of recent proceedings. Sorry, no details of gastric or dental peculiarities will be accepted. In this publication we are always in our prime!



Gone West - 2019

- *Denotes Golden Eagles member*

Harry Watson *	January 10, 2019
Almond Carroll	January 22, 2019
Thomas Steele	January 27, 2019
John Huber	February 27, 2019
Robert DeGrishe	March 05, 2019
Robert Hutten	April 06, 2019
Carl McGee	April 08, 2019
Charlie Walker*	April 14, 2019
Joe Portlock	May 01, 2019
Dan Brady	May 09, 2019
Hal Sheads*	June 03, 2019
Ray Bukovsky	June 2019
Warren Beckman	June 29, 2019
Ralph Bellerue*	June 12, 2019

High Flight

by John Gillespie Magee Jr.

"Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth,
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered
wings;

Sunward I've climbed and joined the
tumbling mirth of sun-split clouds -
and done a hundred things You have not
dreamed of - wheeled and soared and swung
high in the sunlit silence.

Hovering there I've chased the shouting wind
along and flung my eager craft through
footless halls of air.

"Up, up the long delirious burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy
grace, where never lark, or even eagle, flew;
and, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
the high un-trespassed sanctity of space,
put out my hand and touched the face of
God."

Golden Contrails

**C/O Gary Small
5504 Luna Del Oro ct. NE
Albuquerque NM 87111**

www.thegoldeneagles.org



Father's Day Morning Launch - Angel Fire New Mexico