

THE GOLDEN EAGLES



Golden Contrails

August



2021



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Cover photos by John Clayton,
(former Editor of:)
The Golden Jet

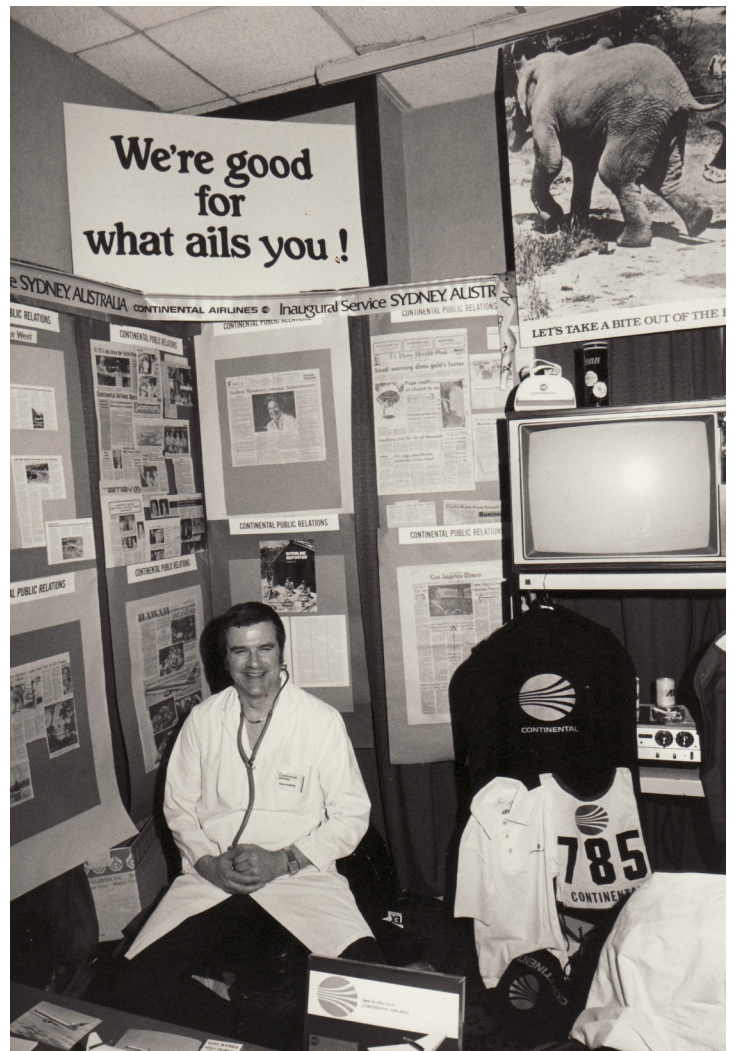
Front Cover:
Air Mike 727

Back cover:
First DC10-30



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Editor's Notes

This is the second “digital only” edition of the Golden Contrails. For our new members, we shifted away from the traditional paper versions at the end of last year as a major cost-savings measure, which in conjunction with eliminating FORMAL annual conventions allowed us to eliminate annual dues (except for initial new membership fee).

Many of our “old timers” (and let’s face it...most of us ARE) would naturally prefer “paper”, but the elimination of annual dues also saved our most labor-intensive activity, which persuaded your volunteers to remain “in harness” a little longer. Besides...these “electronic magazines” are still formatted so that they can be sent to your personal printer or even off to an Office Max or Fedex Office for printing.

This edition benefits from a good number of Crew Room reports from our fellow pilots on what they have been doing since we last saw them in person. Most pilots are competitive “I can top that” personalities, so the “floor” is open for you to add YOUR exploits to the next edition. Having spent time in the “office”, I am familiar with a variety of “creative truths” so let nothing stand in your way of providing the next Tall Tale!

Credits this time to Bill Knowles for his “Flight Over Iwo Jima”, Jerry Hunsinger for the “D.B. Cooper” piece, Dick Capp for a cool “bikers” travel log in Alaska, and as always, to Kathy Haynes for the permission to reprint her father’s Len Morgan series. John Clayton continues to dig through his files for useful memorabilia tidbits and we have the two cover photos from his archives (I call them shoeboxes at my house).

Gary

All past editions of the Golden Contrails are available at:

www.thegoldeneagles.org

Golden Contrails Downloads

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Reports

President

At mid-summer 2021 we seem to FINALLY be out of the “lock downs” that defined much of the past year and a half. We had to cancel our last formal convention due to Covid, which was to be held May 2020 in Denver, and although we have not reached the point of enough confidence to get committed to a plan of future reunions, we have started to give them some thought.

To be honest, there has been some internal debate on what a reunion should look like in terms of member appeal and availability. The current consensus seems to be that to provide some funding from the treasury, a reunion should include some form of “hospitality suite” or other ongoing common meeting venue and span at least one overnight to make out of town travel worthwhile.

The obvious locations would seem to be our former convention venues of Denver, Houston and Las Vegas. Vegas is pretty easy with the number of hotels and attractions in a “walking distance” criteria. Denver’s downtown offers some “walkable” hotels and attractions, although a lot of the normal office and business activity was drastically reduced during the pandemic leading to an increase in homeless and other transient petty (and not so petty) crime. The Houston area has a lot of everything, but a venue needs to be found that would appeal to local as well as distant travelers to show up for more than a quick meal.

By all accounts, the Hill Country LAC held a very enjoyable gathering last fall, even in the midst of covid with beer, Bar B Que (what’s not to like about that?) and lot’s of “campfire” stories. The “Party Barn” venue provided by Ray and Mary Booth illustrates that there are ways to “think outside the box” if there is enough interest in a gathering.

The concept of reunions rather than formal conventions was to encourage de-centralized planning of these events in any location that would seem to attract more than a handful of members. Besides Texas and Colorado, we have good concentrations of members in Florida, Arizona and southern California, and the Northeast. Your “volunteers” can assist any serious efforts to plan an event with blast mail communications, data collection and provide some “seed money” funding.

Dave Newell has been doing a great job of keeping us updated on industry and travel news. Travel Chairman (and Social Media Coordinator) Jim Morehead has been “testing the water” recently with non rev travel and it appears that things are starting to return to normal, with hopes of the “Feds” lifting the “mask requirement” sometime in the fall.

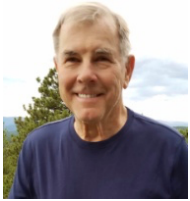
Best wishes for continued perseverance of the remaining covid restrictions. It’s time we had something new to gripe about when this is over.

Gary



If you can't think of a word say “I forgot the English word for it.” That way people will think you're bilingual instead of an idiot.

Executive Vice President/Email Coordinator Report



Greetings to all our Golden Eagles members. We hope you are having an enjoyable summer so far and that with the pandemic spooling down you will be able to enjoy your pass travel privileges once again.

As the email coordinator for the Golden Eagles, my job of keeping our members informed of important information regarding life as a retired, or soon to retire, Continental/United pilot is made much easier if the members remember to keep us advised of their current contact information. Please use the roster update form on the Golden Eagles website, Membership section for this purpose.

As those of you who bother to read the "Monthly Updates and Reminders" know, we attempt to provide information that is interesting, pertinent and useful to you as a retired airline pilot or family member, and naturally we attempt to slant the information to appeal to those who have been associated with Continental Airlines. If there is any way this monthly email can be improved in your opinion, please pass on your suggestions to the Email Coordinator at davebnewell@gmail.com.

To continually improve the product we provide our members, the decision has been made to include notices to our members when the spouse of a member passes, if the member provides the information and requests that it be shared with the membership. This notice will be added to our normal practice of providing notice of our members and other Continental pilots who fly West. We feel that many of our members know and are friends with the spouses of other members and would like to know when they pass on. We will limit these notifications to the spouses of Golden Eagles members only.

Best wishes to all for a safe and enjoyable summer,

Dave



more "wisdom" from Dave Newell

The inventor of gymnastics died at the age of 57
The world bodybuilding champion died at the age of 41
The best footballer in the world, Maradona, died at the age of 60
And then..KFC inventor dies at 94
Inventor of Nutella brand died at the age of 88
Cigarette maker Winston died at the age of 102
The inventor of opium died at the age of 116 in an earthquake
Hennessy XO inventor dies at 98

How did doctors come to the conclusion that exercise prolongs life?
The rabbit is always jumping, but it lives for only 2 years. The turtle that doesn't exercise at all, lives 400 years.

SoHave a drink Take a nap

If you wake up, have bacon & eggs!!

We are all now in the dog days of summer, and I hope everyone is trying to stay cool! We will be traveling up thru New Hampshire and Maine in August to get out of the Houston heat. Now that the pandemic is starting to get under control (I hope), we are making plans for some cruises in the upcoming years and also do more travel to see family and friends. Speaking of family, we just had our ninth grandchild arrive.

I still run the B-737 simulator for a few days every month or so up at DFW, which keeps me busy "doing something". Teaching young pilots getting their ATP license is very rewarding as our generation passes on the baton to the new generation of airline pilots.

One of my favorite events is attending our weekly Kingwood pilot breakfast, and the quarterly Houston area pilot lunch gathering. Always great to get together with our fellow pilots. If you are near one of our LAC events, you need to come and join your compatriots...it will make your day. Time is running out.

And, of course, I still have my day job as the Golden Eagles Treasurer and Webmaster!

With my Treasurer cap on....I can report that all is well with our Golden Eagles finances! Right now we have about \$43,850 in the bank, and all the bills are paid up.

With my Webmaster cap on...I can also report that all is well with your Golden Eagles website! For many years I have been pointing out all the website features. Hopefully you have checked out all the website pages for the many important Golden Eagles functions available to you.

NEW and RE-JOINED GE MEMBERS: (March 11, 2021 thru July 16, 2021)

James Buhl, Arnold Scotto, Charles Hatten, Wesley Zimmerman, Darrell Johnston, Robert Keenan, Rob Remley, Norman Edson, Charles Farrell, John Williams, Charles Moore, Ibrahim Garba, Les Mayer, Mark Kelly, Rick Wahl, James Owen, Ken Larson

"Welcome Aboard!"

Everyone have a great Fall season!

Bruce



www.thegoldeneagles.org
email: brucesprague@mac.com

NEW PASSWORD: *landing* (all lower case)

- > You **DO NOT** need this password to *login* to our website!
- > It is **only** needed for the "Roster", "*Golden Contrails*", "Officer Documents", and the "Archived Blast Emails".
- > The password changes three times a year.

The Golden Eagles Secretary Report

22 July 2021

I hope you are all enjoying your summer and are able to travel and visit loved ones. Pam and I have been driving to Colorado and Wyoming from Tucson to visit family and friends. We don't feel ready to tackle the airport/airline chaos until things settle down a little bit more.

While home, I enter membership data into the Golden Eagles' database. While on the road, I fall behind and you might be seeing some delays in your newly submitted information. I would apologize, but I'm sure you understand the need to get out and clear our heads. Thanks to Gary for covering for me some. Of course, he needs to get out too! Rest assured, things will get entered.

In the meantime, enjoy the GE communications and newly restored get-togethers. I hope to see many of you in the near future.

David Rossetter
Secretary, The Golden Eagles



**Me at 16: This radio
station is playing my
song.**

**Me at 21: This bar is
playing my song.**

**Me now: This grocery
store is playing my
song.**

What Happened To People Express Airlines?

Reproduced from Simple Flying by Mark Finlay

Launched in the corner of Newark Liberty International Airport (EWR) in an abandoned terminal in 1981, People Express was the brainchild of former Texas International Airlines CEO Don Burr. Inspired by Britain's Freddie Laker and his low-cost Skytrain flights, People Express offered fares lower than its competitors.

It was able to do this by making its employees owners of the airline. This meant that no matter what your title was, you would help out where ever necessary. Pilots would help load luggage while sales personnel would help out at the check-in counters. This allowed People Express to have one of the highest employee productivity rates in the industry. People Express used Boeing 737s Operating using a Boeing 737-100, People Express first flew from Newark to Buffalo, New York before adding flights to Columbus and Cleveland, Ohio, Norfolk, Virginia, and Jacksonville, Florida. By December of 1981, People Express had 42-weekday departures to destinations up and down the east coast and midwest.



People Express operated out of Newark Airport.

Unbundling the various components of air travel People Express allowed passengers to pay for what they wanted and, more importantly, not pay for what they did not want. One carry-on item was free, but if you wanted a checked bag, it would cost you \$3. Likewise, the food and drinks that other airlines included in their fares were add-on items with People Express, who charged a dollar for a beer and 50 cents for a can of soda.

People Express gambled that passengers without baggage and those who were not so keen on airline food would be prepared to fly People Express to save big on the airfare. For the first three years in business, it looked like Burr, and the others who set up the airline were right. For once, following the [deregulation](#) of the industry, People Express was letting the marketplace dictate the policies and prices. Not only was People Express offering low-cost tickets, but it was also forcing other airlines to cut their ticket prices as well.

People Express took on the big three

Despite its initial success by flying routes with little or no competition in the United States, People Express got too big for its own boots and decided to take on the bigger established airlines. Soon the low-cost carrier was offering flights to Chicago and Dallas despite United Airlines and American Airlines regarding the two cities as belonging to them. When People Express began offering flights to Hartsfield-Jackson Atlanta International Airport (ATL), Delta Air Lines was not too pleased.

In 1983, People Express, much in the same way as [Freddie Laker](#) had done, became a household name in air travel when it introduced \$149 one-way flights from Newark Liberty to London Gatwick (LGA) on May 26, 1983. Using a leased former [Braniff International Airways](#) Boeing 747-227B People Express flights to London were an instant hit with flights almost always fully booked.

Now on everyone's radar and having annoyed the big three carriers in the United States, People Express began to learn what it was like to play in the big league. The first lesson for People Express was that American Airlines, United Airlines, and Delta Air Lines do not surrender their home turf easily.

When you take on the big three, you are no longer competing solely on price as they will match your fares dollar for dollar no matter how low you go. You will also find yourself competing with their automated booking systems and codeshare agreements with other airlines. Lastly, and perhaps more importantly, you are competing with their frequent flyer programs.

People Express bought Frontier Airlines. Now fully on the radar and knowing what they were up against, most people expected People Express to back off and concentrate on

secondary markets that American, Delta, and United were not interested in. Instead of this, People Express did the opposite, purchasing Denver-based Frontier Airlines for \$300 million in 1985.

At the time, Frontier was on its last legs following a bitter fare war with United Airlines and Continental Airlines that Frontier was losing. The move by People Express had analysts wondering had People Express made a brilliant business move or a massive blunder.

Buying Frontier Airlines not only burdened People Express with debt it did not need, but it also alienated Frontier Airlines passengers with its no-frills approach and caused labor struggles with Frontier Airlines employees. With its heavy debt load, People Express decided to change its philosophy and lure lucrative business travelers. Cabins were redesigned to include a first class section, and a frequent flyer program was introduced as People Express looked to copy mainstream carriers.

In the end, massive debt proved to be the downfall of People Express, with the airline forced to work with an investment bank as it looked for a buyer and a way out of trouble. People Express was bought by Texas Air Corporation and merged into Continental Airlines in February 1987. Headed by Frank Lorenzo, Texas Air Corporation paid around \$125 million in cash, notes, and assumed all People Express debt.

According to the aviation enthusiast website Planespotters.net, People Express operated a fleet of 17 Boeing 737-100s, five Boeing 737-200s, and ten Boeing 747 aircraft during its brief six-year life span.



People Express offered flights to London for \$149



People Express bought Frontier Airlines in 1985

Flight Over Iwo Jima

Bill Knowles
Green Valley News & Sun and The Sahuarita Sun

Off and on during my adult years I have associated with members of the United States Marine Corps and these short interludes have been worthwhile in all respects; most recently I have shared a mutual volunteer chore with a retired member of the Marines, a local guy by the name of Master Gunny Bob Duerden. Another great member of the “Corps.”

For Bob and the rest of our local retired Marines, here is a story about 165 Marines on their way to war!

[From this airline's Captain]: During the years 1963 to 1971, I had the privilege of managing the flight of a 13-plane fleet of Boeing 320C aircraft carrying troops and/or cargo from United State's shores to SE Asia and the conflict known as Vietnam. When carrying Marines, our flights progressed from the USMC base at Pendleton, in Southern California, to Honolulu, thence to the Marine base in Okinawa, and then to Da Nang in Vietnam, where the Marines would board their own helicopters to proceed to their in-country posts.

It was a typical lovely Sunday that we departed Honolulu bound for Okinawa; there were three cockpit crew members, eight cabin flight attendants and 165 members of the USMC in our gold-tailed Boeing 320C Intercontinental jet [likely Continental Airlines charter] capable of flying nonstop some 13 hours and more than 6,000 miles. Over the Pacific Ocean the skies were clear and the ride was smooth ... most of our passengers quickly fell asleep. Some seven hours later, a smidgen of light coming up on our tail suggested the arrival of the morning sunrise; I called the first stewardess to the cockpit and asked about the well-being of the passengers and when she was planning to awaken them for their breakfast.

“We have a small gift for the Marines coming up in 20 minutes but I need them all to be awake.” She answered that she would awaken them now and serve breakfast when I advised her. During flight planning, before departure from Honolulu, the en route winds and weather suggested a route that took us directly over the islands of Iwo Jima — these islands were deeply etched in the history of the USMC in World War II — and forecast winds would result in a flight

faster than the normal for this route. I called the first flight attendant on the intercom and advised her that I would be making a PA to the passengers in about 10 minutes and that after that please do not serve any beverages until we had passed Iwo Jima. A short time later our weather radar picked up the Iwo Jima Islands on the nose 40 miles ahead; I made the following PA to the passengers:

“Gentlemen, I hope that you have been comfortable ... we are ahead of schedule and we have a small gift for you this morning ... in about 12 minutes we will pass directly over the islands of Iwo Jima where earlier members of your Marines fought so gallantly in World War II. We will circle the islands two ways so that all of you will have a great view of the islands.

The Pacific Ocean six miles below was glassy smooth and deep blue, it was an outstanding morning. As we started our circle of the islands below, the first flight attendant came into the cockpit saying, “Captain, look back through the cockpit door at the passengers.” She opened wide the cockpit door.

The First Sergeant had every Marine aboard standing up, at attention and these 165 proud warriors were singing the Marines Hymn as we passed over these Iwo Jima Islands where so many of their brothers had earlier fallen.

The cabin of the aircraft had taken on all those qualities of a land-based church; I really do not think that, including the cockpit, there was a dry eye aboard this flight, on this morning, so far from home. The hymn from 165 Marine voices reached every nook and cranny of this largest of Boeing aircraft on this peaceful morning ... never to be forgotten.

Later, arriving at Okinawa, where the Marines would spend a week or so before heading for Da Nang to join their fellow Marines, as our crew descended the steps after the passengers has proceeded us, we heard a great “Thank you, crew” from 165 proud Marines. It was a gratifying moment! Of my 157 flights across the Pacific, that particular trip — with 165 of the nation's finest — will live forever in the memory of this flight crew member.

Dr. Anast's Clinic:

An old doctor became very bored in retirement and decided to re-open his medical clinic. He put a sign up outside that said: "Dr. Geezer's Clinic. Get your treatment for \$500, if not cured, get back \$1,000."

Doctor "Young," who was positive that this old geezer didn't know beans about medicine, thought this would be a great opportunity to get \$1,000. So he went to Dr. Geezer's clinic.

Dr. Young: "Dr. Geezer, I have lost all taste in my mouth. Can you please help me?"

Dr. Anast: "Nurse, please bring medicine from box 22 and put 3 drops in Dr. Young's mouth."

Dr. Young: Aaagh !! -- "This is Gasoline!"

Dr. Anast: "Congratulations! You've got your taste back. That will be \$500."

Dr. Young gets annoyed and goes back after a couple of days figuring to recover his money.

Dr. Young: "I have lost my memory, I cannot remember anything."

Dr. Anast: "Nurse, please bring medicine from box 22 and put 3 drops in the patient's mouth."

Dr. Young: "Oh, no you don't, -- that is gasoline!"

Dr. Anast: "Congratulations! You've got your memory back. That will be \$500."

Dr. Young (after having lost \$1000) leaves angrily and comes back after several more days.

Dr. Young: "My eyesight has become weak --- I can hardly see anything!!!!

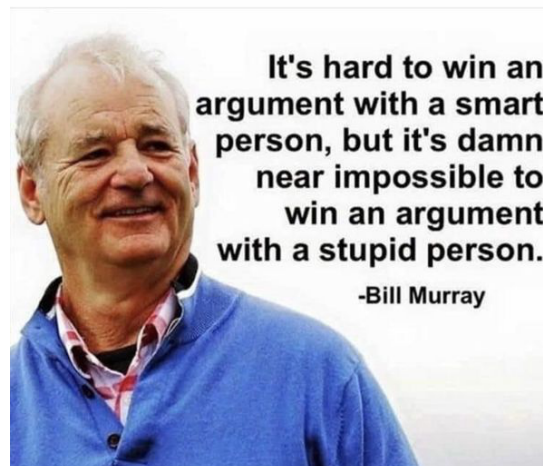
Dr. Anast: "Well, I don't have any medicine for that so, here's your \$1000 back." (giving him a \$10 bill)

Dr. Young: "But this is only \$10!

Dr. Anast: "Congratulations! You got your vision back! That will be \$500."

Moral of story -- Just because you're "Young" doesn't mean that you can outsmart an "old Geezer"

Remember: Don't make old people mad. We don't like being old in the first place, so it doesn't take much to tick us off.



Subject: D.B Cooper ~ You Decide!

I received this from a Delta pilot friend of mine. Interesting hypothesis on the D. B. Cooper Hijacking Mystery.

Well, here it is. I will state my case. I started this over fifteen years ago, and while I have a nice stack of files on this case, I have not gone into them in ages. That being said, I will be telling you some things as best that I remember them without digging up the files.

I fell from a ladder while trimming a tree a few years before my official age sixty retirement from Delta. That put me out on disability with a fractured spine and spinal fusion. When my age sixty rolled around in 2002, I officially retired. In retirement, I was on a website called PCN Death notices. This site sends out the passing of fellow Delta pilots. The site was run by a lady named, Carol Faulkner. She and her husband were living in Arizona and both were retired from Delta. I think that Carol was from Human Resources. She still runs the notification site.

Well, one day, Carol sent out a death notice of a Delta pilot, a Donald B. Carter. She said that she had little background information of his passing, and further, she said that she could find any records of a Donald B. Carter being a pilot for Delta. Records did not show up at ALPA either. I found that fascinating and could not imagine how a multi-billion dollar airline corporation could not have one of its pilots within its records. Carol did say that there was another Delta pilot, a Roy P. Sandness, who had the same birth date as this Donald B. Carter. She closed by asking if any of the pilots could supply any further information about either of these two individuals.

As I sat at my computer reading this, I noticed that Donald B. Carter had the same initials as D.B. Cooper. I was making no connection between the two people whatsoever, it was just something that came into my mind. I was trying to remember what entailed the D.B. Cooper event, and with nothing to do at that moment, I Googled D.B. Cooper hijacking and started to read. My reading included the police and FBI reports. As I went through those reports, I was shocked to see how many items of evidence, which a pilot would certainly have questioned, were totally overlooked by the FBI. I found it astounding.

I am going to mention here just a few of the items of evidence in the reports, and then you can make your own conclusions as we go further into this.

1. The hijacker checked into Portland Airport for a Northwest Airlines Boeing 727 flight to Seattle. He checked in under the name of Dan Cooper. Later at a press conference the FBI said that they were looking into a low life minor criminal in the Portland area with the name D.B. Cooper. The press ran with that and the name stuck until now. We will come back to the alias Dan Cooper later.

2. The man was middle age, had a tan, wore sunglasses, and wore a black tie with a white shirt. Several things stand out here. This hijacking took place in November in Portland. People in Portland do not have tans. People in Portland probably do not own sunglasses. This is not a Portland resident. This is somebody from the south. Who wears a coal black tie? An undertaker, a bus driver, an airline crew member. So, what does the FBI report say? Possibly he was a Mormon missionary.

3. Enroute to Seattle, he demanded \$200,000 in cash and two parachutes. He had the plane circle until the parachutes and the cash had been gathered. He carried some kind of a wired device that he said was a bomb. As they circled, he pointed out McChord AFB and Tacoma airports to the flight attendant. This guy was familiar with the area as viewed from the air. FBI report says possibly military.

4. The flight landed, all the passengers and all the flight attendants but one were allowed off the plane. The money was gathered along with the two parachutes. The hijacker asked that enough fuel be loaded to go to Mexico. He also wanted the pilots to take off with the aft stairs extended. Obviously, he had no intention to go to Mexico. When Northwest said that they would not allow the aft stairs to be down for takeoff, the hijacker responded that that was Ok, he would lower the stairs inflight. This guy knew his airplane. FBI report: maybe he was familiar with the 727 from Vietnam; maybe he was a disgruntled flight attendant. When the refueling was taking longer than usual, he commented on it. He knew his airplane and he knew how long a refueling should take.

But here is where his knowledge really stands out, he specified the route of flight, told the pilots what speed and what flap setting to use when enroute. He specified the altitude. This guy knows this particular plane well.

5. While on the ground in Seattle, the hijacker asked the cockpit to order "crew meals" to be brought to the aircraft. Notice, it is not a generic "food" or "sandwiches," but "crew meals" This is someone intimately familiar with airline jargon and "crew meals" availability.

6. After takeoff, the hijacker went to the back of the airplane, read the instructions for lowering the aft stairs, and lowered the stairs. I have more than a few thousand hours on the 727, and while I know where the handle is to lower the stairs, as a cockpit crewmember, I would have to read the instructions on the placard. A flight attendant most likely would not have to do that. While lowering the stairs, it became evident that the air stream was preventing the stairs from totally extending. He then called the cockpit on the cabin intercom, and told them to lower more flaps so he could lower the stairs. This guy knows his airplane. How easy would it be for someone not on the 727 to feel comfortable in making the required selections on the cabin intercom to connect to the cockpit?

In summary, I believe the evidence clearly indicates that this was not some ex-military guy who knew the 727 in Vietnam; this was not some random airline employee or some flight attendant. This was a fully qualified Boeing 727 pilot. And certainly, this was not a Mormon missionary.

Now, let's go back to that alias that he used to check in: Dan Cooper. The FBI did check that name out and they did come across the fact that a Dan Cooper was indeed a character in a European comic book. They should have followed that clue further. The character in the comic book, Dan Cooper, is a Canadian Air Force test pilot- remember that. This comic book was never published or sold in the United States. It was only sold in Europe and Canada. And, furthermore, this comic book was published in French. The FBI summary is that perhaps the hijacker was ex-US military and was familiar with the comic book while serving in Europe. This comic book was published by a well-known Belgian illustrator. Now, just for a moment, ask yourself, without help, how does a Belgian comic book illustrator come up with story-lines month after month about a Canadian Air Force Test Pilot? It stretches credibility that he did it on his own. Interestingly, the last issue before the hijacking involved Dan Cooper, Canadian Air Force Test Pilot, jumping out of a civilian airliner. Stick with me; this is all going to lead back to our Delta pilot.

Only one flight attendant remained on the plane the whole time. She was the last person to see the hijacker, and to see him when he jumped. Shortly after the hijacking, she entered a convent, and has never granted an interview or talked about this.

7. The hijacker jumped on a segment of the air route just north of Portland and near the Columbia River. The weather was IFR, but it would have been easy for him to define this point as the airway takes a very sharp bend at that point. If indeed he were a pilot, an old rusty Boy Scout compass would have indicated the point. He jumped at a point near the river called Tina Bar. The FBI summary said that this was a guy who had to have been totally comfortable in the wilderness. That is true. They also indicated that he was probably a "loner" as nobody reported a husband, son, friend, etc. missing after the hijacking. He had been gone for several days, and there seemed to be no family asking where he had been.

So much for the evidentiary material, let's get back to our Delta pilot.

I took the information that Carol Faulkner put out and did a search of Donald B. Carter, who did not appear on any Delta records, and this Roy P. Sandness, the guy with the same birthday. What I found was that indeed a Donald B. Carter had gone to court and affected a legal name change. Now, some people who are baptized Brunhilda or Torkel, may go to court to change a first name that they do not like, and after a divorce, an ex-wife may go back to her maiden name, but what motivates someone to go all the way from Donald B. Carter to Roy P. Sandness?

I tracked this Roy P. Sandness back to his place of death, it was either North or South Dakota, I can't remember. I read his obituary, and it said that he was being buried in Canada. I was actually able to go to the church website and see the tombstone. It reads: "Donald B. Carter/ Roy P. Sandness." They are one in the same. They are one and the same Delta pilot.

I then tried to trace this Donald B. Carter. He was raised north of Winnipeg on the edge of a huge National Forest. He had no father. He had a brother: Dan Carter. This Dan Carter was a test pilot for the Canadian Air Force and died in an airplane accident. Our Donald B. Carter was also a Canadian Air Force pilot. He hunted and fished, loved the outdoors, flew as a bush pilot. He would also have been familiar with the French comic book. He also would have been familiar with parachutes. He was a loner. He never married until after he retired from Delta.

This Donald B. Carter made his way across the U.S. border and went to work flying for Northeast Airlines in Boston. I have talked to a Northeast pilot who remembered him. He also had a girlfriend in Boston. She worked for Northeast. When we tried to interview her, she said that if it had anything to do with Donald B. Carter, she would not discuss it. Can you imagine that after all these years? Donald B. Carter eventually qualified as a captain on the Boeing 727 with Northeast. He subsequently went to Delta when Delta bought Northeast.

It appears that he was based in Atlanta, but there is also some information that he was also in Miami. Remember the guy with the tan and the sunglasses? Subsequent to the hijacking, he went to court and changed his name. He then went out on medical with Delta and later retired. FAA records show that, though he had no medical after leaving Delta, he bought a seaplane. Records also indicate that he had owned a seaplane in Canada years earlier, and at the time of the hijacking.

So, why and how did he do it. Except for the one package of money that has been found at Tina's Bar on the Columbia River, none of the money has ever turned up. The FBI had the serial numbers for each and every bill and all the banks were on alert. This was not done for the money. He was a wealthy airline pilot, no kids, no family; he did not need the money. He did this to prove to himself that it could be done. One of the loose ends in all this is the comic book illustrator in Belgium. I just wonder if Donald B. Carter was

not feeding him story lines. After all, his dead brother had been a Canadian Air Force Test pilot, and the comic book character's name was used to check in for the hijacked flight. I believe that Donald B. Carter never got over the death of his brother, and I believe he was the source of the comic book lines for the Belgian illustrator.

Regardless of how much we are at attention for our cockpit duties in flight, we all daydream somewhat. I think that Donald B. Carter did a lot of this. I think he daydreamed of how someone could hijack a civilian airliner and jump out of it. He knew exactly how the stairs operated. He knew exactly the flap settings and speeds. He knew the route that he wanted and the jump point.

I found some relatives of Donald B. Carter/Roy P. Sandness and interviewed them over the phone. They were very cooperative. I was upfront with them and said that I was wondering if their now Roy P. Sandness could be D.B. Cooper. They said they would not doubt it. They also told me that Donald B. Carter had a cabin on a lake in Canada just over the U.S. border near Seattle. They said that the cabin was only accessible via seaplane. They said that nobody had been back to the cabin since Carter had died. And, there is the second loose end. A trip to that cabin may be in order. You just may find the parachute or even some money.

So, in summary, what do I think? I think that Donald B. Carter never got over the death of his brother. I think he was the source for the comic book story lines for the Belgian illustrator. I think he had spent a lot of time planning this hijacking. I think he was totally familiar with the Boeing 727. I think he probably flew from his cabin in Canada down to the Portland area and landed and tied up the airplane somewhere on the Columbia River. He then got on the hijacked flight and carried out exactly what he had imagined would be necessary to accomplish the feat. He did not do this for the money. This was something mental. He exceeded the boundary of what he had only been imagining and tried to put it into reality. He was totally comfortable in the wilderness. He was familiar with parachutes. He would have owned a black tie. He was based in Miami at the time and would have had a tan and owned sunglasses. He was a loner and nobody would have reported him missing or asked where he had been. I believe that after the jump, he made his way back to the seaplane on the Columbia River and flew back to his cabin on the Canadian Lake.

I believe the single pack of money found near Tina Bar years later was something that he accidentally dropped.

When he first went to Delta, Delta was not flying to Portland, so he did not have to show up in that airport where someone might recognize him. However, later on, Delta did start service to Portland, and I think at this point it became a risk if he were to return to that airport and be recognized. It is at this point that he goes out on medical, changes his name, and disappears from Delta records.

That's it. I hope you enjoyed the read.

WE ALL GET OLD IN THE END....

I changed my car horn to gunshot sounds. People get out of the way much faster now..

Gone are the days when girls used to cook like their mothers.
Now they drink like their fathers..

I didn't make it to the gym today.
That makes five years in a row.

I decided to stop calling the bathroom the 'John'
and renamed it the 'Jim'. I feel so much better saying,
"I went to the Jim this morning".

Old age is coming at a really bad time. When I was a child I thought
"Nap Time" was a punishment. Now, as a grownup, it feels like a small vacation.

The biggest lie I tell myself is... "I don't need to write that down, I'll remember it."

I don't have grey hair; I have "wisdom highlights" I'm just very wise.

Don't ever ask me to bend down and touch my toes. If God wanted me to touch my toes, He would have put them on my knees.

Last year I joined a support group for "procrastinators" We haven't met yet.

Yes, Of course I talk to myself; sometimes I need expert advice.

At my age "Getting lucky" means walking into a room and remembering what I came in there for.

Actually I'm not complaining because I am a Senager.. (Senior teenager)

I have everything that I wanted as a teenager, only 50 years later.
I don't have to go to school or work. - I have a driver's license and my own car. - I get an allowance every month. - I have my own ipad (although I can't recall where I kept it) - I don't have a curfew.

Life is great.

Flying the Atlantic during the late 1930s

Clipper passengers took their meals at real tables, not their seats.

For most travelers, in the 21st century, flying is a dreary experience, full of inconvenience, indignity, and discomfort.

That wasn't the case in the late 1930s, when those with the money to afford trans-oceanic flight got to take the Boeing Model 314, better known as the Clipper.



Even Franklin Roosevelt used the plane, celebrating his 61st birthday on board.

Between 1938 and 1941, Boeing built 12 of the jumbo planes for Pan American World Airways. The Clipper had a range of 3,500 miles — enough to cross either the Atlantic or Pacific, with room for 74 passengers onboard. Of course, modern aviation offers an amazing first class experience (and it's a whole lot safer), but nothing in the air today matches the romanticism of crossing the oceans in the famed Clipper.

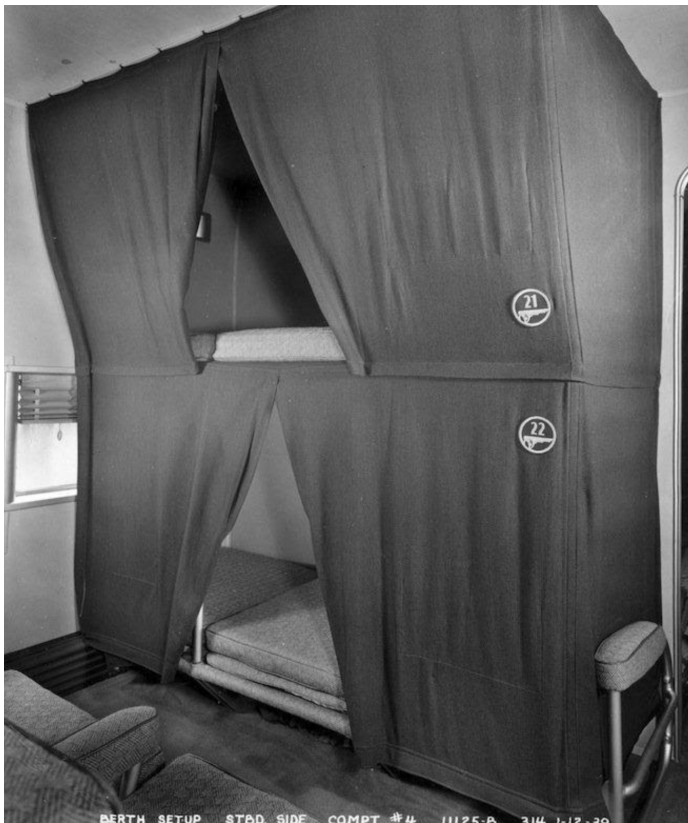
The nickname Clipper came from an especially fast type of sailing ship used in the 19th century. The ship analogy was appropriate, as the Clipper landed on the water, not runways.

The Clipper made its maiden trans-Atlantic voyage on June 28, 1939. But once the US entered World War II, the Clippers were pressed into service to transport materials and personnel.

On the Pan Am flights, passengers had access to dressing rooms and a dining salon that could be converted into a lounge or bridal suite. The galley served up meals catered from four-star hotels.



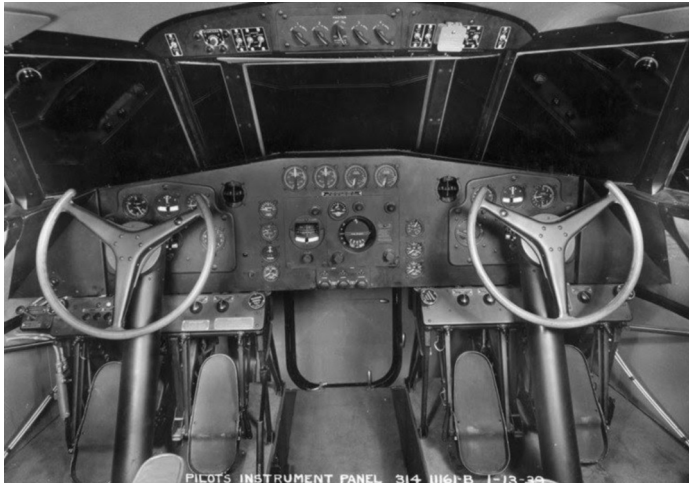
If you want to sit at a table to eat with other people these days, you have to fly in a private jet. There was room for a crew of 10 to serve as many as 74 passengers.



On overnight flights, the 74 seats could be turned into 40 bunks for comfortable sleeping. The bunk beds came with curtains for privacy.

On the 24-hour flights across the Atlantic, crew members could conk out on these less luxurious cots.





Unlike some modern jets that come with joysticks, the Clipper had controls that resembled car steering wheels.

Navigating across the oceans required more manpower in the air.



The lavatory wasn't too fancy, but it did have a urinal — something you never see in today's commercial jets, where space is at a premium.

The ladies lounge had stools where female passengers could sit and do their makeup.



POSTSCRIPT:

Prior to WWII, the Japanese Military became very interested in the new Pratt & Whitney radial engines that powered the PanAm Clipper. On a flight from San Francisco to China, a Clipper landed on Truk Lagoon to be refueled by Japanese authorities. Later, the Clipper was assumed lost over the Pacific. Years later, it was revealed that the crew and passengers were arrested and executed, the engines were retrieved and sent to Japan and the Clipper was sunk in deep water off Truk Lagoon.

Luxury from a bygone era

Agency: "Sir, we found 3 candidates as per your requirements. How do you want their placements?"

Manager: "Put about 100 bricks in a closed room. Then send the candidates into the room and close the door, leave them alone and come back after a few hours and analyze the situation: If they are counting the bricks, put them in Accounts department.

If they are recounting the bricks, put them in Auditing.

If they messed up the whole room with the bricks, put them in Engineering.

If they are arranging the bricks in some strange order, put them in Planning.

If they are throwing the bricks at each other, put them in Operations.

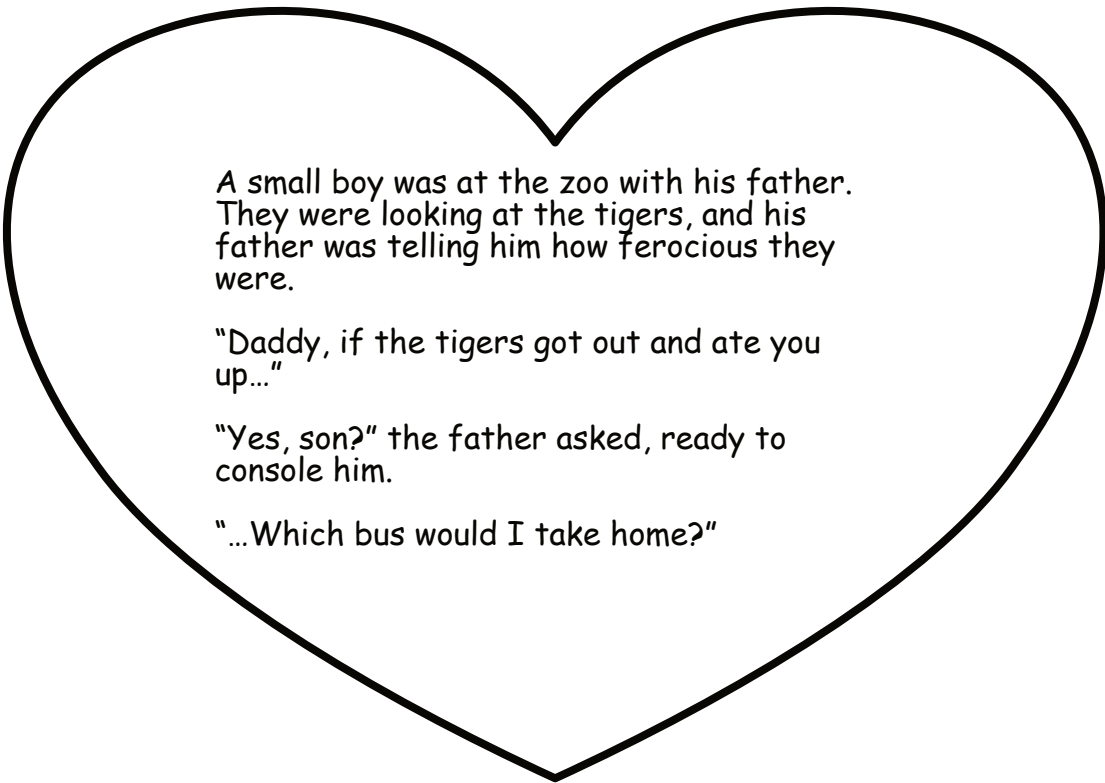
If they are sleeping, put them in Security. If they broke the bricks into pieces, put them in Information Technology. If they are sitting idle, put them in Human Resources.

If they say they have tried different combinations yet not a single brick has been moved, put them in Sales.

If they have already left for the day, put them in Marketing.

If they are staring out of the window, put them in Strategic Planning. And...

If they are talking to each other and not a single brick has been touched, congratulate them and put them in Top Management."



A small boy was at the zoo with his father. They were looking at the tigers, and his father was telling him how ferocious they were.

"Daddy, if the tigers got out and ate you up..."

"Yes, son?" the father asked, ready to console him.

"...Which bus would I take home?"

What I did last week,

by Dick Capp

With the opening-up of travel restrictions, I flew up to Alaska and took a MotoQuest motorcycle tour of the Kenai Peninsula. I flew to Phoenix then Anchorage (using wonderful airline credits). We met the next day in Anchorage at the MotoQuest facility for all Alaska tours, and picked up my Suzuki 650.



We had 12-riders from all over the states, with a guide (actually 2-for awhile for OJT) and a support truck called "Jethro," its Alaska license plate. Jethro carried the luggage, lots of snacks, water, some gas and an extra motorcycle; the driver was also a mechanic.



The Anchorage temperature was a very warm 73-degrees the first day, with clear blue skies.

Since things were not quite fully open, we often stopped at supermarkets to pick up lunch at the deli isle, and ate along the way. Dinner was always near our lodging; lots of salmon, halibut, even some reindeer sausage (actually pork with 10% reindeer to give it the "wild animal" flavor).

We started off toward Hope on the Glenn and Seward Highways and stopped to view one of many glaciers. Had to pass through the Whittier Tunnel to get to this spot. There were strong mini-climates (very cold winds descending off the glacier into the valley).



Here is my trusty steed for the tour; we stopped at one of the glacier spots.

We stayed at Moose Pass; the motel-like facilities were very "Alaskan," primitive but clean and adequate with a great food and a well-stocked bar. Park right outside your room; watch for bears and moose.



The lodging was on a wide, smooth part of the river where sea-plane pilots could get their annual proficiency checks. Alaska has many planes with floats; here's a Piper on floats.

We rode all the way to Seward, with some great views of the peninsula.

Went all the way south-west to Homer; stayed 2-nights.

Visited an original Russian town, established in the 1800's before Seward arranged for US to buy the land from Russia (\$14m I think - what a bargain).

Met with a real community character who had a fascinating curio shop; she dressed us all in the official garb so we could take pictures. She also made good Russian dumplings for lunch.





We also stopped at Anchor River SRA, the furthest west point of the American highway system:



Some adventurers were launching for a fishing trip...



Thank goodness for Jethro...



The Golden Contrails



The last day we went the last 210-miles back to Anchorage. Unfortunately it was raining most of the time...

But the Anchorage hotel was warm and dry, and our farewell dinner was delicious (Tenderloin steak with Key Lime Pie for desert, and a beer or two...). Back home now with weekly rides to San Pedro for lunches.



August 2021

In a trial, a Southern small-town prosecuting attorney called his first witness, a grandmotherly, elderly woman to the stand.

He approached her and asked, 'Mrs. Jones, do you know me?'

She responded, 'Why, yes, I do know you, Mr. Williams. I've known you since you were a boy, and frankly, you've been a big disappointment to me. You lie, you cheat on your wife, and you manipulate people and talk about them behind their backs. You think you're a big shot when you haven't the brains to realize you'll never amount to anything more than a two-bit paper pusher. Yes, I know you.'

The lawyer was stunned. Not knowing what else to do, he pointed across the room and asked, 'Mrs. Jones, do you know the defense attorney?'

She again replied, 'Why yes, I do. I've known Mr. Bradley since he was a youngster, too. He's lazy, bigoted, and he has a drinking problem. He can't build a normal relationship with anyone, and his law practice is one of the worst in the entire state. Not to mention he cheated on his wife with three different women. One of them was your wife. Yes, I know him.'

The defense attorney nearly died.

The judge asked both counsellors to approach the bench and, in a very quiet voice, said,

'If either of you idiots asks her if she knows me, I'll send you both to the electric chair....!!'

Ate salad for dinner. Mostly croutons and tomatoes. Really just one big round crouton covered with tomato sauce, and cheese. FINE, it was a pizza.... OK, I ate a pizza! Are you happy now?

A SHORT GUN STORY

A GUY WALKED INTO A CROWDED BAR, WAVING HIS UNHOLSTERED PISTOL AND YELLED, "I HAVE A 45 CALIBER COLT 1911 WITH A SEVEN ROUND MAGAZINE PLUS ONE IN THE CHAMBER AND I WANT TO KNOW WHO'S BEEN SLEEPING WITH MY WIFE."

A VOICE FROM THE BACK OF THE ROOM CALLED OUT,

"YOU NEED MORE AMMO!!"

Ed. Unfortunately, I do not remember where I saw this, or whom to credit for it...

Martha Raye

It was well recognized that Martha Raye endured less comfort more than any other Vietnam entertainer.



The most unforgivable oversight of TV is that her shows were not taped.

Somehow I just can't see Brittany Spears, Paris Hilton, or Jessica Simpson doing what this woman and the other USO women, including Ann Margaret & Joey Heatherton did for our troops in past wars.

Most of the old time entertainers were made of a lot sterner stuff than today's crop of activist bland whiners.

The following is from an Army Aviator who takes a trip down memory lane:

"It was just before Thanksgiving '67 and we were ferrying dead and wounded from a large GRF west of Pleiku.

We had run out of body bags by noon, so the Hook (CH-47 CHINOOK) was pretty rough in the back. All of a sudden, we heard a 'take-charge' woman's voice in the rear.

There was the singer and actress, Martha Raye, with a Special Forces beret and jungle fatigues, with subdued markings, helping the wounded into the Chinook, and carrying the dead aboard. Maggie' had been visiting her Special Forces (SF) 'heroes' out 'west'.

We took off, short of fuel, and headed to the USAF hospital pad at Pleiku.

As we all started unloading our sad pax's, a USAF Captain said to Martha.... "Ms Raye, with all these dead and wounded to process, there would not be time for your show!"

To all of our surprise, she pulled on her right collar and said "Captain, see this eagle? I am a full 'Bird' in the US Army Reserve, and on this is a 'Caduceus' which means I am a Nurse, with a surgical specialty.... Now, take me to your wounded!"

He said, "Yes ma'am.... Follow me."

Several times at the Army Field Hospital in Pleiku, she would 'cover' a surgical shift, giving a nurse a well-deserved break.

Martha is the only woman buried in the SF (Special Forces) cemetery at Ft Bragg..

Hand Salute! A great lady.



Hell on Earth

Ed. This was written by Captain Morgan during the "first Gulf War"



NEWS FROM THE PERSIA GULF STIRS memories for anyone who served in the Middle East in World War II. We remember the heat, the sand and much more. Our operations were mainly within Africa, the northern terrain and weather of which are similar to Saudi Arabia's. It's a parched, desolate region that will make our troops appreciate home as never before.

The heat was jolting, even for Americans from southwestern states, and a misery for the RAP people who were used to a temperate climate. At least we wore shorts, which are out of the question today considering the threat of chemical weapons.

The effects on flight operations were dramatic. Our "desert pink" C-47s, 2,500 pound heavier at takeoff than the stateside DC-3 maximum, rolled an alarming distance to become airborne and struggled for altitude at 100 feet a minute with head temps in the red. Under extreme conditions, high-performance types were launched at dawn or not at all.

Except at the western desert bases of combat units, runway length averaged 4,000 feet, not enough for the ground-loving Martin B-26 when the temperature was 120° in the shade. Runway overruns bore grim proof that ignoring the thermometer was dangerous to your health.

Judging from the censored glimpses provided on TV, our forces in Saudi Arabia would have done well to take along a few aging British Eighth Army and USAAF Ninth Air Force vets. There have been shots of tents erected on the desert instead of in it. The first job 50 years ago was to dig in, leaving little of the tents exposed. Canvas is no protection against shrapnel. And while military equipment has improved since World War II, no one has come up with a tent that can survive sandstorms.

The Arabs called them khamsins. We had our own names. The occasional dust storm in Texas during the "seven-year drought" of the 1950s was a walk in the woods by comparison. You'd see it coming, a solid yellow-brown wall of sand that blotted out the sun and reduced visibility to zero. We'd hunker down with towels wrapped around our heads, unable to see tent-mates six feet away, and wait out the searing gale for hour, sometimes days. A khamsin took your mind off the constant miseries of sunburn, skin rash, sores that wouldn't heal and loathsome biting flies.

The air filled with grit and ocher dust with the consistency of flour. It got into your eyes, ears, nostrils, food, water, between book pages, everywhere. All activity ceased except that necessary to sustain life. It seeped into instruments, fuel tanks, pumps and radios. It pitted cylinders, reducing engine life to 200 hours, and peeled the paint off leading edges. Maintenance was a nightmare.

The airplanes of that day performed well despite the abuse, a tribute to their designers and our mechanics. But our equipment was simple compared with today's. It will be interesting to see how modern aircraft stand up under the same heat and abrasion.

Since computers apparently are assembled by workers wearing surgical gowns in air-conditioned, dust-free labs, the question: How will they perform under extreme temperatures and a coating of fine desert grit? Pilots of fly-by-wire airplanes with no manual control reversion will soon know. Presumably, every component was thoroughly tested at Edwards Air Force Base, but California and Saudi Arabia are quite different places.

One TV-shot view of a Saudi air base showed helicopters and multimillion-dollar fighters side by side in rows. Two C-5As in the background were parked together, unloading. It seemed a strafing pilot's dream. Are modern radar and missiles absolute defenses against air attack? If so, times have changed since World War II, or since Vietnam for that matter.

Something else bothers us old fuds: the maps. According to the newspapers, our pilots have reported roads and airfields that are not shown on military charts. We had that problem. During the isolationist 1930s, few dreamed we would become involved in another world war, much of it waged in faraway places we knew little about. The trans-African route maps we got included broad "uncharted" areas. On moonless nights we climbed as high as the old girl would go and hoped to clear the sizable rock hills known to lie ahead. Elliott Roosevelt, son of the President, was sent over to update terrain data.

What's the excuse now? The Gulf crisis was no great surprise; the Middle East has long been a tinderbox. What about these surveillance satellites that, they claim, send back images so sharp we can tell what paper a comrade is reading in a Moscow park? How could cartographers have missed Iraqi airfields? Of course, the story may be untrue. Some of what reporters wrote about us was pure invention.

A rash of accidents during the first 10 weeks of Operation Desert Shield prompted a 24-hour

stand-down. Lt. Gen. Charles Horner, chief of USAF operations, grounded his 400 aircraft and ordered a review of the "entire flying program." The safety figures were disturbing. Aviation deaths were running about 10 times the peacetime rate.

Despite the rigors and frustrations of the life, Middle East troops in World War II enjoyed amazingly good health. Out of every 100 men, 94 on average were fit for duty, a higher percentage than among those back in England, where the climate, food and diversions made "desert rats" shake their head in envy. Today's troop should do as well, health-wise.

There was something about desert life that maintained good humor. The usual grouching became more voluble when the sand blew, but there was little discord. There was pride in simply being there and making the best of it, and the situation was not without humor. An RAF bigwig appropriated a captured Luftwaffe Stuka as a personal hack, painted roundels over the crosses and flew it to Cairo, where he was jumped by a Hurricane. The ensuing chase around and between the famous pyramids was something to watch, they said. The Hurri pilot knew perfectly well who the "German" was and decided to give him a scare.

Our mail was a joke. Four months after reaching Egypt I got my first letter from home; in fact, I got all the letters sent during my first three months overseas. News stories about meatless Tuesdays and other home-front hardships brought laughs all round. A letter from the draft board advised I had qualified for prison by failing to register. I wrote back that there was no draft when I enlisted, but I would happily report upon receipt of a ticket back home. The chairman wrote that my record had been cleared, and he wished me well. His reply and another khamsin arrived the same day. If you've got a man or woman over there, write often. And send pictures.

A sidebar reports that our troops fed camels hot peppers as a joke and found that they loved them. A camel is keenly aware that the next snack may not come for days; he'll eat anything. At a remote fuel stop in 1942 a curious camel peered into a high C-47 cockpit and was rewarded with a ham sandwich.

Thereafter he ignored the steady stream of bombers and fighters but came to attention at the sound of a Doug and had to be tied until engines were shut down. Regulars were ready with handouts. It was the effect his close-up, demanding glare had on new crews that was fun to watch.

Pray with me that heat, sand and panhandling camels are the memories our troops bring home, and that the dead region they occupy is not once again turned into the place of death it was half a century ago.

Mildred, the church gossip, and self-appointed monitor of the church's morals, kept sticking her nose into other people's business.

Several members did not approve of her extra curricular activities, but feared her enough to maintain their silence. She made a mistake, however, when she accused George, a new member, of being an alcoholic after she saw his old pickup parked in front of the town's only bar one afternoon.

She emphatically told George (and several others) that everyone seeing it there would know what he was doing.

George, a man of few words, stared at her for a moment and just turned and walked away.

He didn't explain, defend, or deny.

He said nothing.

Later that evening, George quietly parked his pickup in front of Mildred's house... walked home... and left it there all night.

You gotta love George

My wife standing naked, looked in the bedroom mirror and says 'I feel horrible; I look old, fat and ugly. I really need you to pay me a compliment.'

'Your eyesight's perfect.' I replied

On the first day, God created the dog and said, sit all day by the door of your house and bark at anyone who comes in or walks past. For this I will give you a life span of twenty years.

The dog said, "That's a long time to be barking. How about only ten years and I'll give you back the other ten?"
And God said that it was good.

On the second day, God created the monkey and said, "Entertain people, do tricks, and make them laugh. For this, I'll give you a twenty-year life span."

The monkey said, "Monkey tricks for twenty years? That's a pretty long time to perform. How about I give you back ten like the dog did?"

And God again said that it was good.

On the third day, God created the cow and said, "You must go into the field with the farmer all day long and suffer under the sun, have calves and give milk to support the farmer's family. For this, I will give you a life span of sixty years."

The cow said, "That's kind of a tough life you want me to live for sixty years. How about twenty and I'll give back the other forty?"
And God agreed it was good.

On the fourth day, God created humans and said, "Eat, sleep, play, marry and enjoy your life. For this, I'll give you twenty years."

But the human said, "Only twenty years? Could you possibly give me my twenty, the forty the cow gave back, the ten the monkey gave back, and the ten the dog gave back; that makes eighty, okay?"

"Okay," said God, "You asked for it."

So that is why for our first twenty years, we eat, sleep, play and enjoy ourselves. For the next forty years, we slave in the sun to support our family. For the next ten years, we do monkey tricks to entertain the grandchildren. And for the last ten years, we sit on the front porch and bark at everyone.

Life has now been explained to you.

If you are looking for me I will be on the front porch.



The Crew Room

Darrell Johnston

Took the early out last August and turned 65 in February. Had not flown for a year and I had promised to take the Kids and Grandkids to Hawaii on my Retirement flight and I hated missing that. I did not know that a year ago would be my last flight so I gave the leg to the FO. ☐. Retired on the 777.

8 years ago I bought a Cabin in the NC Mountains to get out of the heat for the summers. I spend about 6 months riding motorcycles and playing Golf where if it is 80 degrees locals think they are going to die. Just sold my house in the Livable Swamp and now building a winter place just south of Orlando to be near grandkids

Play golf 3 days a week and thanks to years of mentoring by CA Randy Sonnier getting better with age. Shot 71 yesterday ☐☐

Miss the Takeoffs Landings and Layovers and of course my Fellow Pilots. Hope this update finds you well

Kyle Reiser

Remember a couple exiting the aircraft in EZE. I was saying goodbye and wishing a great stay. This couple said they were on their 25th wedding anniversary! I said congrats and asked the flight attendant to present them a bottle of wine. They asked for white and were very pleased with the small gift. I said, "you know I have been married for 38 years! They were overwhelmed until I told them that was 3 different wives!!!!!!
kyler

Mark Kelly

Wife and I have been doing a lot of Caribbean cruises and highly involved in a large Corvette club doing road trips, racing, etc. Have rented a plane a few times in Conroe but it feels like being in a slow basket compared to jet life! We go each year to Daytona Beach for a week in late January for the 24 hour Rolex sports car race and make a visit to my alma mater Embry Riddle.

Clyde Domengeaux

After retirement, purchased a RV and started our travels around the USA, WHICH WAS awesome viewing up close and, being able to attend out of town/state sports activities provided by Grand-kids and their teams. Took some of them during summer vacations into Canada/Seattle/all states between Texas and west coast. Mountain climbing in Colorado; Float-plane flying as I got re-trained on floats, taking flights into pristine lakes out of SEA TAC , PLUS , out into Peugeot Sound, to islands. Backpacking in Olympic Mts were pleasurable views with Cori.

We traveled into all four corners of the USA. Made many friends in our travels.

Missing flying in early years of retirement as we all do, I was able to acquire a job for a private family out of Houston, where I was Chief Pilot/Planner/Dispatcher/Travel Co-coordinator/Manager and all that goes with it !

Truly BLESSED with my wife of now 60+years that supported a husband with jet fuel in his veins and wind blowing up the tailpipe. Even during the roller coaster career filled with it's up's and down's.

Present day activities: Boat sold/Airplane sold/RV sold/downsizing plans in effect. Flight planning future with a positive attitude, even though we see negative airways ahead with illnesses, loss of family members/friends.

Dana Floyd

Well, for most of us, retirement age came at 60 or 65. In my case, I chose to retire after just 20 years of service between New York Air and Continental. This was at the close of 2003. I was only 52 at the time, so many good productive years left ahead of me. There were many factors, including nine long years commuting from Denver following the opening of the New Airport there. I had a going business at home and thought it would be good to spend more time at home with my family. In the long run, the years since leaving Continental have been both challenging and rewarding.

One lesson I learned is that it's much more work to earn a comparable living outside the flight deck. Another lesson is that I was not a great businessman. Only took me about two and a half years to decide I needed to do what I knew best, flying. A short search led me to flying as captain on MD80s out of Dublin, Ireland. I also served as chief pilot for that fledgling operation. Not only was I flying all over Europe, but I had the chance to help train and standardize a gaggle of pilots from around the world.

At the end of the "Holiday Season," I was transferred to London to work with the parent company on expanding the fleet. My wife and I would likely have remained in London had Frontier not offered a chief pilot position for their startup regional airline, Lynx. Being just the eighth person hired in the company, I set to work with a small team to achieve FAA certification of a new 121 carrier; a task we completed in fourteen months. It was very challenging to say the least, but highly rewarding. I was privileged to take delivery of our first aircraft, a DeHavilland Canada DHC-8 Q400, and to fly our inaugural flight, Denver to Billings.

In 2009 I accepted the role of Director, Flight Safety for Alaska Airlines and Horizon Air. For nine years I worked with an outstanding team to enhance air safety. Part of my duties included oversight of both FOQA and ASAP programs. My last two years with Alaska Air Group was as Managing Director Safety for all of Horizon Air's operations.

In 2018 I retired from Alaska and moved to Salt Lake City to once again, spend more time with family. But I hadn't given up on flying yet. Currently I fly a Cessna CitationJet (CJ) for a medical practice in Salt Lake with remote clinics in the surrounding states. It's a great retirement gig, flying only a few days a month.

I know I'll quit and actually retire one of these days, but so far, I'm enjoying being able to walk up to the jet, do a preflight and takeoff. No commuting, no hotel vans, or hotels for that matter. No TSA to worry about either. Not a bad deal.

Frank Burch

I'm not gonna lie, it took a couple of years to settle in to retirement as I really missed flying. Fortunately I've always been an avid photographer and have kept busy with that hobby. Last year I took a 3-week expedition cruise that included 4-days in Antarctica as well as Patagonia and other amazing South American destinations. In the summer months I make my way up to the Grand Canyon North Rim and southern Utah to photograph the night sky and make time lapse videos of the milky way. More recently I've added drone photography to my list. The night sky photography requires very dark locations with very little light pollution so I'm always driving a 4x4 to these remote locations.

I moved into a very active retirement community a couple years ago and play a lot of golf. Additionally I have grandkids from 7 to 27 and they are a great source of enjoyment as well. So all is good!

David Goodman

Saving for retirement and having as much fun as possible before the body says STOP!

William Schneider

Living in Cody WY, fly fishing, fly tying and flying my Beech Sierra. Loving life and enjoying retirement to the fullest!!

Ed Neffinger

With five years to go, the merger with United was announced. Having spent most of my career in GUM and HNL, then EWR, we were ready for a change. The best part of the merger for us was when the company announced a SFO crew base. We took the company move to the Oakland hills and I spent my last two years as a 787 CA, commuting to work on BART. What a sweet airplane and a great way to cap a career. After about a year, the seniority list was merged and I did fly a few trips with pilots from the United group, retiring in 2017. Everyone kept telling me "you are really going to miss this job" but I have to say I have been too busy to miss it.

We have been doing an annual bareboat sailing trip with some former Air Mike co workers and I have been keeping up my flying doing instruction and flying a Van's RV-8 regularly with our local formation flying group. Keeping up with the three grandchildren as well.



Everyone is healthy, the virus ended my flight instruction but I kept up my weekly formation practice as a solo, with socially distanced briefs and debriefs. Now fully vaccinated, we are waiting for the virus prevalence to decline so we can make plans to travel again.

Jack Sosebee

Enjoying being a new grandfather and going camping with our new travel trailer. Travel by road is longer but certainly more scenic than looking at the landscape from FL350.

Bill Ebert

Wife and I upgraded our property size and we've adopted 4 abused Horses from the SPCA - built them a new Barn, expanded the number of grazing Pastures by fencing and simply want to give them a loving, safe home at which to spend the rest of their lives

Have also adopted 3 SPCA Dogs, for the same reason

"Working" the acreage and tending to the animals is having me physically work harder in retirement than any time in my 31 years at Continental - but I'm loving it

Lynn Rippelmeyer

I created a non-profit 501(c)(3) to continue transporting supplies to Honduras - something I did for most of my carrier while flying out of IAH to TGU and Roatan. The non-profit, ROSE's mission is to collect, transport, and deliver essential items to help the local people of Honduras.

More info at RoatanSupportEffort.org. I purchased a condo on the beach in Roatan to have a place to stay when there - it is for rent to family/friends when not in use.

Pilots, crew, and agents have been very kind getting boxes onboard to reach their destination. We were also able send to 500 pairs of shoes, lots of clothes and supplies to the folks hit hard on the east coast by the hurricanes in a container ship.

Please contact Lynn if interested in helping with this worthwhile effort.
LJRIPP@comcast.net 281-799-9866

Reed Sundine

Fly my beech MUSKETTER

Kaye Riggs

I've been running my wealth management firm (Saint Francis Capital) since June 2010.

We (Debbie and I) recently sold our motorhome and put those funds to the remodel of our home in Arroyo Grande, CA.

We volunteer at Woods Humane Society in San Luis Obispo, CA and sponsor the two biggest annual events there.

I am in the middle of my formation period for the Third Order Franciscans (SFO). If all goes well, I will profess around June of next year.

I am also serving an 18-month term on the San Luis Obispo County Grand Jury which will end in June 2022.

We are blessed and life is great! We pray all of you are, as well!



Since January 2021

• **Denotes Golden Eagles Member**

RLarry Camden *	Jan 21, 2021
Pete Hernandez*	Mar 15, 2021
Barry Levitz	Mar 25, 2021
Thomas (Ted) Daniel	Apr 8, 2021
Charlie Oligschlaeger	Apr 17, 2021
Gus Wenzel (notice received late)	Aug 24, 2019
Robert (Bob) Kinsey*	June 2021
Jack Johnson*	June 3, 2021
John Garrett	July 7, 2021
Larry Battersby*	June 27, 2021

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

