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TURNING FINALS - TRISTAR

By John A. Marshall

It was difficult to mistake the startup of an L1011. It didn't matter where you were, in the cockpit of a neighboring airplane, in the employee cafeteria in the bowels of the terminal building, or even strolling through the terminal itself. It began as a visceral rumble, low and deep in the gut, as the big Rolls-Royce engines struggled into life. It was a sound like no other. If you were fortunate enough to see the airplane in question, the visual cues were unmistakable. Great billows of smoke issued from the tailpipe of the offending engine, and more than once I heard children in the terminal cry out in fright, "Look, Mommy! That airplane is on fire!"

Once brought to life and under way, however, the Lockheed L1011 was one of the true pilot's airplanes of its generation. The flight deck was like your living room transformed, spacious and airy, with picture windows in virtually every direction. It was an arm's reach to the overhead panel, where essential switches and controls were located. I sometimes felt that the arena would be better served with a selected array of hanging plants at the cockpit entryway. The unique triple-spoiled engines delivered a sublime combination of power and unbelievable silence. It was an irony that the engine that should provoke such attention on start-up should provide an equally quiescent experience when at full power. Hard to describe, the big Rolls' brought forth a very satisfying sonic experience; it was a combination of deep growl and satisfied hum that like its beginning, could be mistaken for no other.

The L1011 had some innovative features, not the least of which was a diabolic invention known as Direct Lift Control, or DLC. I marveled at the engineering mind that thought this one up. I picture a be-spectacled, slide-rule carrying, engineering nerd, forever denied the pilot's seat of anything, thrust into a defining role in

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Please note - we have changed the access to the online newsletters so that you will need a password to access them. We're hoping this will help past members who haven't paid their dues to do so, in order to read the newsletter. This password will also give you access to the membership & phone list. GO TO OUR WEBSITE AT: www.clipperpioneers.com.

The username will remain the same: panam. The new password will be: captain.

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the ultimate design of the ultimate airliner. Here was his chance to take the measure of every pilot that would ever struggle with this magnificent flying machine on final approach. What we can do, he thought, is arrange it so that no one will ever be able to sit in smug satisfaction on a stabilized final approach and make subtle, finger-tip corrections to the flight path of the airplane. No, we can make it so that every minute pitch correction made in the traditional way; that is, tiny corrections with the yoke, will not just result in an elevator movement, but will move the spoilers as well! With no perceptible change in pitch, the airplane will actually sink below the glide slope with the destruction of lift. Let's see them cope with that! It took some getting used to, believe me.

The airplane was designed as a Mach .84-.85 airplane. For some unknown reason that I spent several years trying to fathom, the technical types at my airline decided that operation at Mach .83 would result in much improved fuel economy with negligible sacrifice in trip time. The end result was an airplane that pushed its way through the sky in much the same way as a water-skier resisted the water, leaning back on its haunches, reluctant. A three-degree body angle in cruise gave one the feeling that you were always on the verge of slipping off the back end of the power curve. At about the same time I was cutting my teeth on the new Lockheed, a close friend and colleague at British Airways was going through what he called the "Tristar course," giddy in his appointment to the first piece of equipment his airline had purchased since the Dakota that was not British. His standing joke was that BEA (partial forerunner of the present British Airways) stood for British Equipment Again. He was like a child with a new toy with the new airliner, and we frequently compared notes.

"Mach .83!" he scoffed. "We program Mach .84, and I always fly it at 85. Makes absolutely no difference in the fuel!"

So I tried it. I was getting tired of the habitual complaints of the flight attendants that they spent half the trip walking uphill, so that by the time they reached the far side of the ocean they felt as though they had walked across it. (It made a convenient excuse for declining attendance at the evening's crew party.) I kept careful logs of the fuel consumption on a succession of trips, and concluded that there was indeed very little difference, and that as a rule we could shave eight or ten minutes from an oceanic flight plan.

My initial checkout in the airplane was a departure from the norm. The Lockheed was being hustled into service, and besides yours truly, there were three other check airmen who would be the bow wave of the newly qualified pilots on the Tristar. We would then undertake the checkout of the line pilots that followed. Ground school was a sublime exercise. The print shop had all it could do to keep up with the publication of chapters in the systems course; piles of barely dry manual inserts were delivered daily to the classroom just in time for the day's instruction. The plan was for the four of us to fly directly to Palmdale to finish the flight training and rating in Lockheed's own flight simulator. However, the best laid plans ...

Four days before our departure for the coast, the Palmdale simulator suffered a major meltdown. It was not terminal, but for our purposes it might as well have been. No simulator, no training; no training, no rating. The final implications were obvious. What to do? In a frantic maelstrom of activity, we tried in vain to procure some simulator time, anywhere, at any cost. TWA, Air Canada, Delta, Saudia... anyone and everyone who had even the remotest access to an L1011 simulator was contacted, begging for time. It was all for naught. Airplanes we had, proving runs to fly; miles to go before we sleep.

A decision had to be made, and it was that we would use our own airplanes and just do it the Old Fashioned Way. The four of us would get the rating in the airplane, without benefit of simulator. It was a daring and innovative plan, particularly in view of the fact that we had by that juncture virtually abdicated any concession to doing any training in an airplane. God forbid!

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We each would get four hours in the left seat, live flying, under the auspices of a Lockheed instructor pilot. Ours was a laid-back, taciturn gentleman with a shock of white hair and a marvelous way of teaching named John Wells. He and I developed an instant connection because he had been attached to BEA earlier on and had instructed my British compatriot when he checked out. Not only that, but when we got to reminiscing we resurrected a rare and sublime evening that mostly transpired in a pub, the name of which mercifully escapes me. I had spent a rare day and night in that delightful corner of Britain with my friend, and the Lockheed contingent was very much in attendance. Suffice it to say that we hit it off early on.

But I digress. Miami in April can be perfectly dreadful, weather-wise, or it can be enchantingly and enticingly pleasant. To our everlasting relief, on this occasion it proved to be the latter. We clamored aboard the big white and blue airliner, virginal in her cleanliness and new-airplane smell. Like kids with a new toy we explored every corner, every nook and crevice, sharing her with flight service personnel and the ever-present maintenance types. It was time to fly, and fly we did. What Wells didn't know about the Tristar wasn't worth knowing, and we hung on every word, every tiny bit of advice, trick of the trade. We were shown not just an approach to a stall, but the real thing. Wells sat placidly in the right seat as I pulled the straining yoke back into my gut. At the stick-shaker, every instinct in my body cried out to break the impending stall, but we weren't through yet. With the airframe shuddering and bucking like a wild animal, I cradled the wheel against my chest, muscles taut and straining. The nose fell placidly through the horizon, and the stall finally broke itself. It was a wonderful exercise in self-confidence.

The training was fast-paced, done in real time. Every minute counted. We were not burning simulator time, but real fuel, and wear and tear on the new airframe. The four hours that each of us spent at the controls flew by, and suddenly we were pronounced Ready for the Rating Ride. Incredible! Our minds spun at the thought; our final training flight blocked in at close to ten at night; our report the next morning for the Moment of Truth was to be seven AM. My training partner, who would later go on to be the Vice- President of Flight Operations at the airline, and I were sharing an apartment and a rented Ford Mustang. Despite the late hour after our last flight, we stopped at our habitual watering hole and wound down with a couple of very dry martinis. It was a much-needed interlude. The morning dawned soon enough, and it was really Crunch Time.

The day of the rating ride dawned clear and cloudless; the FAA inspector a known quantity: tough and unyielding. Six and a half hours later we were through, drenched and exhausted, each of us in the seat for nearly three hours. Up to 10,000 for the steep turns and the stalls, then up to 33,000 for the emergency descent for one, then back up to altitude for the same maneuver again. Down into the bowels of the hot and humid traffic pattern at Dade-Collier for all the approaches. I thought it would never end. But end it finally did, and when we blocked back at the hangar at Miami we were both full-fledged, card-carrying Lockheed 1011 pilots. Happy hour came early that night.

Now it was time to impart our new, hard-won knowledge to the line pilots, who were the backbone of the airline. Scheduled service was inaugurated to Caracas from New York, and then on to San Juan. The fledgling L1011 line pilots in the left seat with us weren't the only ones learning; our own curve was still steep enough. On every leg we discovered something new. FAA inspectors were frequent passengers in our cockpits; each new captain required an observation from an inspector before he could be turned loose. Maintenance types from the airline were often along as well, squeezing in wherever they could.

Just prior to one Caracas departure for New York, it was suddenly discovered that the captain's clock was inoperative. It took only a few seconds to confirm that his wasn't the only balky timepiece, but all three flight deck clocks were stopped, dead as corpses. A quick run through the MEL (Minimum Equipment List) gave us the bad news: at least one clock with a sweep second hand was required for flight. The maintenance tech

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then made our day by revealing that all three clocks were slaved from a master unit deep behind the instrument panels, and there were none available in Caracas. What to do? The airplane was rapidly filling up with passengers, the fuel was aboard. The ever-present FAA man stood stoically in the rear of the flight deck, watching silently. We would be ready to close in just a few minutes.

Suddenly the check engineer, who had been following the dialogue with an anxious ear, stood and said, "I've got an idea. I'll be right back!" With that he plucked his hat from the rack and ran from the airplane. Up the jetway and into the boarding lounge he sped; I watched his progress through the plate glass window with increasing puzzlement.

In a few moments he returned, clutching a small package. He burst into the cockpit. "OK, get me some speed tape!" He hastily unwrapped the parcel in his hand, revealing a small pocket alarm clock, with a sweep second hand! It was taped in place on the captain's panel, and we all stood for a moment in mute admiration. I glanced over and caught the eye of the FAA inspector, who had been watching the proceedings with detached amusement. He grinned and shrugged his shoulders. We had met the letter of the MEL. We were soon under way, landing at Kennedy ten minutes ahead of schedule. The next time I flew with that check engineer I bought dinner.

Every new pilot had trouble with the Direct Lift Control. It took some getting used to. Some airmen caught on quickly, resisting the temptation to fall into old habits on final approach. They caressed the yoke gently, making tiny corrections with the pitch trim, thus keeping the movement of the upraised spoilers to a minimum. Once in the slot, on speed and on the glide, it was relatively easy to do. If you forgot yourself, though, and began the traditional pitch corrections with the yoke, the DLC was waiting, lurking, like a highwayman, to ambush your careful attempts at a smooth approach. There were a few pilots who never did seem to get the hang of it, and every trip down the ILS with them at the wheel was an adventure. Not unsafe, per se, but just a constant struggle.

I spent nearly four years on the Tristar, and loved every minute. It was without doubt a pilot's airplane. The flight deck was roomy and comfortable, with visibility unlike any other. It was like sitting in your living room. The overhead panel was just that, overhead, and nearly an arm's stretch away, not perched squarely on top of your vulnerable pate like some other airliners I could mention. We often joked that we should decorate with some hanging plants just inside the entry door in. It was as though I had never been away, and as I reluctantly disembarked I silently mouthed a platitude to the Tristar. If we are only allowed one airplane in heaven, the L1011 will be it for me.

Surviving spouse of retired Delta pilot could receive annuity

A fund at Delta Airlines that apparently still exists and has well over a billion dollars in assets may be available for widows of Delta pilots, according to Jim McFarlane, who recently stumbled across the little-known information. It is called the Delta Pilots Disability and Survivorship Plan. As Jim interprets the postings at the various websites, "the surviving spouse of a retired Delta pilot should receive an annuity from this plan regardless of the survivorship option that had been selected by the pilot prior to retirement. According to some postings, it is maintained that this pension would or should equal the annuity that was paid to the retired pilot. One may also substantiate this fact and have this annuity calculated by calling Delta Employee Service Center.

China Clipper II - Prologue

by Lyman Slack

The year was 1985. At the helm of Pan Am was Chairman C. Edward Acker. Remember those briefings and meetings asking the employees for concessions and give-backs and recruiting the *Acker-Backers*? And we did make concessions, both in dollars and work rules. Did all of that actually slow the demise of our famous Blue Ball? That's a subject for another day.

Sometime around September, I was in GIG operations preparing for the return half of a "Rio Rocket" back to MIA. I stopped in the hallway just outside the second floor ops office to read the daily Employee Newswire.

As I started reading, *what to my wondering eyes should appear* – oh, sorry, that's another story, isn't it? What did catch my eye was the announcement that there was to be a lottery of sorts to select seven company employees to go along on the upcoming historic 50th Anniversary China Clipper II flight. The historic flight had been announced in the September Clipper newspaper. The employees would consist of one each from the U.S. Division, the Latin America Division, the Atlantic Division, the Pacific Division, as well as one each from the old Flying Boat Division, the Cockpit Group, and the Flight Attendant Group. I submitted my name as instructed to do.

The flight itself was to replicate the original China Clipper flight plan as flown fifty years earlier by a Martin M-130 starting in San Francisco and proceeding to Honolulu, Midway, Wake, Guam, and finally arriving in Manila.

Some time after the flight had been announced, I was on my patio in Miami Lakes when I received a phone call from Jeff Kriendler, VP Corporate Communications. He informed me that my name had been drawn from the Cockpit Group and that details of the trip would be mailed to me. In the meantime, he advised me to contact crew scheduling; they had already been informed of my selection and that they were to accommodate any trip changes necessary to insure the time off (even including pattern protection if necessary). The Clipper newspaper reported that over 5,000 employee entry cards had been received before the drawings.

Over the next few weeks, some details of the trip emerged. The specific airplane had been designated well in advance, a 747-212B, N723PA. The aircraft had been in the process of a heavy service. It most certainly appeared to have been completely refurbished inside and out; engine nacelles polished, and the fuselage repainted with its new name *China Clipper II*.

The primary cockpit crew was announced. Capt. Don Pritchett, VP Flight Operations was to be in command. In the co-pilot's seat would be Capt. Bill Frisbie, regional chief pilot, Pacific. Check engineer Dick Killer was to perform flight engineer duties. Relief crew members were to be announced at a later date.

A letter arrived advising me and my wife Marilyn to select when and how we wished to get to San Francisco as well as our choice of the return from Manila. The travel was all to be covered by Pan Am with few limitations.

When the November bid lines and awards had been posted, I ventured to MIA Crew Scheduling and talked to long-time friend and crew scheduler Mike Strickland. I swapped one trip with more time at the start of the month but had to drop another that conflicted with the China Clipper II event. I received fixed pattern protection, a rarity indeed!

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Keep the memories alive! Send in your stories to sue@clipperpioneers.com

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More news trickled out. After the invited guests had been confirmed, reservations were opened to the public. FLCL seats went for \$5,500, and remember this was 1985! They sold out almost immediately. The rest of the available seats sold out soon afterwards.

Just prior to the event, we were mailed our travel documents, which included our tickets, special baggage tags, and the actual itinerary. Marilyn and I had elected to fly MIA/SFO a full day early, November 20th. As we checked in at the counter at MIA, we discovered the first of many surprises. When the traffic rep saw the special China Clipper II luggage tags, she immediately recognized them and commented that they had been briefed to expect us. We were issued FLCL boarding passes and were told to proceed to the Clipper Club. When the flight was called, we were welcomed aboard and offered Mimosas. Talking to the Purser later, we discovered that her SIL (passenger list) showed us as VIP. That designation held true the rest of the legs.

After checking into the designated hotel near San Francisco airport, we used our free time wisely by browsing around a nearby mall and then partaking in the first ever «*Le beaujolais nouveau est arrivé* » celebration at T.G.I. Friday's – waiters in typical attire, balloons, and even TV coverage!

Departure ceremonies were scheduled for 0800 November 22nd at the departure gate. We were told to leave our bags in the room. After our hotel checkout, we boarded the special coach; the bags were all lined up for us to see before they were loaded aboard. Arriving at the airport, we proceeded directly to the departure gate area.

Story to be continued in the next issue.

These Prizes Were No Gems

It's exciting news — the caller says you've won a new car, a boat, jewelry, a fabulous vacation, or a cash prize. All you need to do is buy some vitamins — for \$300 to \$500 — to claim it.

But this "promotion" from American Health Associates is really just the latest scheme from a repeat scammer, the FTC says. A scheme that's now been stopped, thanks to the FTC.

People who paid got nothing but vitamins, or were sent "prizes" like cheap costume jewelry or lithographs worth a lot less than what they had paid.

So how can you tell if a prize or sweepstakes is the real deal? For one, you shouldn't have to buy or pay anything to win. In fact, telemarketers are legally required to tell you that.

From <http://www.consumer.ftc.gov/blog/these-prizes-were-no-gems>

MORE ON THE CLIPPERS PIONEERS WEBSITE!

Check out the Clipper Pioneers online www.clipperpioneers.com - for up-to-date announcements, videos about Pan Am, and other interesting articles and photos! The "In Memory Of..." page features more information about those who have passed on than what we can print here, and the current list of members is also available for paid members. ***Having trouble viewing the membership list online?*** When you open the list, go to the top of your screen - you should see that it is set at a percentage. Click on that to make it larger.

*...and God will lift you up on Eagle's Wings, bear you on the breath of dawn,
make you to shine like the sun and hold you in the palm of His hand.*

IN MEMORIAM

PAA pilot Capt. Herbert G. Petty (Herb) passed away peacefully surrounded by his family at the age of 92 in August 2013. Herb was a pilot for Pan American Airways for thirty-nine years retiring at the age of 60 as an executive check captain. Herb started his career as fourth officer flying from San Francisco to Honolulu on the China Clipper that took off on the water from Treasure Island in the San Francisco Bay. Captain Petty was part of that truly pioneering epoch as a member of the flight crew on the fabled Pan Am Clippers.

Charles (Chuck) Appleton, captain, passed away at age 96 in August. He was healthy until just 11 days before his death.

William J. Donnelly, Jr. passed away on August 23, 2013 at the age of 77. He was a PAA/DL retired pilot Captain William J. Donnelly Jr., USNR (ret.). Captain Donnelly hired on with Pan Am 03-28-1966.

David Bruce Haman, 74, of Johns Island, husband of Edith Haman, passed away at home, after battling cancer, on Monday, August 19, 2013. From an early age, David was drawn to aviation. After attending Gettysburg College, he considered himself fortunate to be accepted by the US Navy as a fighter pilot. He continued his flying career for another 34 years with Pan American and Delta.

Masao Abe, 96, passed away on August 6, 2013. He was a PAA mechanic.

Captain William A. Stevens (b. 1934) passed away July 24, 2013 after a battle with Pulmonary Fibrosis. After leaving the Air Force in May, 1960, Bill joined Southern Airways for 4 years before coming with Pan Am in July, 1964. After the doors closed December, 1991, Bill flew for Middle East Airlines & then for Connie Kalitta until his retirement.

Captain David H. Quinn, Jr passed away on August 5, 2013. He worked for Pan American starting in 1956 and served on DC-4, DC-6, DC-6B, B-377, B-707, and B-747.

Bernard Giere, age 74, of East Quogue, NY died July 31, 2013. He graduated from Coe College in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and joined the USAF in 1962. Mr. Giere served in Viet Nam as an F-4 Phantom pilot, and flew for Pan Am and Delta Airlines.

Capt Larry Hunsberger PAA/UAL (Ret) passed away peacefully on August 5, 2013. His family was by his side.

Richard Pierce "Dick" Joy passed away on June 28, 2013. He was employed as a flight engineer for Pan Am.

PQ (Paul Quentin) Cotton passed away Tuesday, July 16, 2013.

For more information about each of these friends who will be missed, click on "In Memory Of..." at our website: www.clipperpioneers.com. Know of someone from Pan Am who has passed? Email the obit to Jerry Holmes at jerryholmes747@gmail.com

Tips to Protect Yourself from Scams

Millions of older adults fall prey to financial scams every year. Here are some tips to help protect yourself:

1. Always tell solicitors: “I never buy from (or give to) anyone who calls or visits me unannounced. Send me something in writing.” Don’t buy from an unfamiliar company and always ask for and wait until you receive written material about any offer or charity.

Neighborhood children you know who are selling Girl Scout cookies or school fundraising items may be an exception, but a good rule of thumb is to never donate if it requires you to write your credit card information on any forms.

It’s also good practice to obtain a salesperson’s name, business identity, telephone number, street address, mailing address, and business license number before you transact business.

And always take your time in making a decision.

2. Shred all receipts with your credit card number. Identity theft is a huge business. To protect yourself, invest in—and use—a paper shredder.

Monitor your bank and credit card statements and never give out personal information over the phone to someone who initiates the contact with you.

3. Sign up for the “Do Not Call” list and take yourself off multiple mailing lists. Visit www.donotcall.gov to stop telemarketers from contacting you.

Be careful with your mail. Do not let incoming mail sit in your mailbox for a long time. When sending out sensitive mail, consider dropping it off at a secure collection box or directly at the post office.

You also can regularly monitor your credit ratings and check on any unusual or incorrect information at www.AnnualCreditReport.com.

To get more tips on protecting yourself from fraud, visit www.Onguardonline.gov, which has interactive games to help you be a smarter consumer on issues of related to spyware, lottery scams, and other swindles.

4. Use direct deposit for benefit checks to prevent checks from being stolen from the mailbox. Using direct deposit ensures that checks go right into your accounts and are protected. Clever scammers or even scrupulous loved ones have been known to steal benefits checks right out of mailboxes or from seniors’ homes if they are laying around.

5. Never give your credit card, banking, Social Security, Medicare, or other personal information over the phone unless you initiated the call. Misuse of Medicare dollars is one of the largest scams involving seniors. Common schemes include billing for services never delivered and selling unneeded devices or services to beneficiaries.

Protect your Medicare number as you do your credit card, banking, and Social Security numbers and do not allow anyone else to use it. Be wary of salespeople trying to sell you something they claim will be paid for by Medicare.

Review your Medicare statements to be sure you have in fact received the services billed, and report suspicious activities to 1-800-MEDICARE.