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TURNING FINALS: CRAZY CARGOS

By John A. Marshall

Winter in Anchorage can quite often be less than fun. On one particularly obnoxious February night, several of us were sitting in the Operations Office watching the sleet and wet snow falling and making a general mess out of everything. Don was preparing to brave the muck in order to take a heavily loaded freighter to Seoul. He was deeply engrossed in the performance section of the Operating Manual, trying to determine just how much weight his aircraft could legally lift off the contaminated runway. The slush was deepening by the minute. He scanned the load sheet carefully. The Korean loadmaster handed him the Dangerous Goods Notification sheet; a document that lists in detail all the hazardous materials loaded aboard. This particular list covered the entire spectrum of dicey material. There were all manner of flammable liquids, solids, poisons, corrosives, explosives — the lot.

“Explosives,” Don exclaimed. “What kind of explosives?”

“It is an elephant tranquilizer gun, Captain,” replied the loadmaster.

Don scanned the long list carefully, and then cast a baleful eye at the diminutive Korean. “Is there by any chance an elephant on board that I should know about?” he asked.

Also on the manifest were five kilos of 24 carat gold in one kilo ingots. They were in a sealed box

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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.

Click on the “Members Only” button on the righthand side. The password will be: captain.

Dues are \$20 a year or \$60 for the 3 remaining years. Make them payable to Clipper Pioneers, and mail to Jerry Holmes at 192 Foursome Dr., Sequim, WA 98382.

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placed carefully behind the captain's seat. Don said, "Well, if anything happens on this takeoff, I'm just going to hold my breath, grab the gold, and run like hell!"

We carried all manner of cargo on those flights — loads of over one hundred tons of payload were not uncommon. On one flight we carried six thoroughbred race horses from New York to Seoul; they were bound for stud in Japan. It fell to me to carry them onward from Anchorage, and as I passed the incoming crew they briefed me on what they felt could be a potential problem. The horses had been pretty well behaved except for one big grey stallion that had an emphatic dislike for turbulence. The captain told me that they had had a smooth flight from New York except for a fifteen minute period during which they encountered some light chop over northern Canada. It wasn't much, but it was enough to set off the grey horse. They could hear him whinnying and stomping in his stall and when he kicked the sides of his enclosure the whole airplane shook. "I sure hope you have a smooth flight," he said. "That brute is liable to get loose if he's scared enough." Just what I wanted to hear. I took a second look at the weather charts and couldn't see anything that looked like trouble, but on the North Pacific in winter, you never know...

When we got to the airplane I sought out the grooms, one for each pair of animals, and asked which one was responsible for the big grey stallion. A short stocky drover with dirty boots and an Irish tam on his head stepped forward and held up his hand. I told him that we weren't expecting any weather problems, but I expected him to calm his charge if we encountered any rough air.

"Fat chance," he said. His brogue was as thick as a slab of Irish bacon. "That 'orse got a mind of 'is own, 'e does." He looked around the cavernous interior of the big freighter and scuffed his feet noisily on the metal deck. Over the top of his stall the grey horse nodded his head up and down nervously, eyes wide and startling white. His nostrils flared angrily. I was left with a curious feeling of ambivalence, wondering whether I could rely on the grooms to take care of things in case of trouble.

There was nothing for it but to take the plunge and hope for the best. We took off into the cold, calm winter night and after an uneventful climb to altitude I made contact with a Northwest flight that was just twenty minutes ahead of us on the same track and at the same altitude. I told him about our problem, and he promised to give us warning of any turbulence ahead. The gods were smiling on us that night, because we flew all the way to Seoul without so much as a ripple. We touched down gently in the early morning, and as we deplaned the Irish groom said that the horse slept most of the way.

On another flight I reported to Operations to be informed that the day's cargo consisted of 110 head of elk — stags, does, and yearlings. They were the entire load; there was no room for anything else. When I

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Pan Am Historical Society has a Facebook page. You can view it here:
<https://www.facebook.com/pages/Pan-Am-Historical-Foundation/226994925218>

**REMINDER: CLIPPER PIONEERS NEWSLETTER'S
LAST PRINT EDITION WILL BE DEC. 2018**

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boarded there was no question as to the nature of the cargo. The smell was overwhelming. It followed us all the way across the Pacific, and permeated my clothes for weeks afterward.

Flying freighters was always an exercise in curiosity - one never knew just what the next load might bring. Reporting for duty one midnight at the cargo hangar in Los Angeles I thought I had stumbled onto the private quarters of the Barnum and Bailey Circus. There were cages scattered all around the tarmac, caning all manner of exotic fauna. One held two Bengal tigers, and as I approached, my curiosity piqued, they paced angrily back and forth within the confines of the cage, their four yellow eyes never leaving mine. On the next pallet were half a dozen caged chimpanzees, chattering noisily at the big cats. Up front, ahead of the wing, was a portable stall which held four Lilliputian ponies, each so small it looked like a real horse viewed through the wrong end of a telescope. Handlers bustled around readying the whole menagerie for flight. And, as I soon learned, that is precisely what it was — a traveling circus enroute to the Far East for a series of performances. Once again we carried a crew of handlers, and I asked one of the men if they ever had any trouble shipping their animal charges all over the world. He had a drawl like a Texas cowboy. “No, suh,” he said. “They all pretty well behaved.” He paused. “ ‘Cept when they ain’t.” That was a subject I declined to pursue.

One of my oddest experiences with unusual cargo occurred one morning, again in Anchorage. My schedule called for my pickup of the daily freighter from Los Angeles and transport it to Seoul, a hum-drum routine operation. Pickup from the hotel was at 5 AM. Except that today the van driver, a grizzly old Alaskan that we were fond of kibitzing with, took an unusual turn out of the driveway and headed in a direction totally opposite from the airport. Before I could ask, he volunteered the information: Today we were operating from the Air Force Base at Elmendorf. No further explanation was forthcoming, and I knew better than to ask.

We were waved through the front gate in the lonely early morning darkness, and I began looking for the Operations Building on the ramp. Our driver didn’t pause as we traversed the length of the ramp, passed the darkened Ops Center, and turned across the long stretch of runway toward the nether regions of the field. Peering through the gloom I searched the night for something familiar, and finally spotted it — our big 747 freighter, sitting lonely and alone on the most remote pad on the base.

As we approached I spotted armed guards patrolling under the wings of the airplane, they were like ghosts, dim and indistinct in the darkness. The only light came from the front entry door; perched on the top of the airstair was the Korean Ops Rep. Clearly, this was not going to be a routine flight. I was hastily briefed as we clamored aboard. Great shapes hunkered in the gloom of the main deck, the pale overhead lights cast ominous shadows on the bulkheads. Each pallet of cargo was tightly covered with a dark green tarpaulin; each one identical to the one before, peas in a pod. The rows of pallets stretched aft into the darkness.

The Ops Rep glanced nervously around the interior, anxious to have this maverick lot off his hands. He thrust

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the sheaf of papers at me, and only then did I get a good look at the load manifest. The 747 was loaded chock-a-block with Patriot missiles; each of them capable of annihilating an incoming SCUD or any other threatening ordnance. This was not your ordinary load of butter and eggs. A quick glance at the flight plan revealed that we were not going to Seoul at all but to a military field on the southern tip of the Korean peninsula. It was odd how little information was forthcoming; it was as though they were going to slip one by me. If we don't tell him anything, then he won't be the wiser. The formality of the paperwork was brief and to the point. Great emphasis was placed on the weather, since there was none to speak of.

We took off into the Alaskan morning, with the skin crawling on the back of my neck. During the entire ten hours across the Pacific I could almost feel the presence of the destructive power we carried on the deck below. It was a feeling I hadn't experienced since my days as a shavetail B-52 pilot touring the polar regions with nuclear weapons in the belly. That was a long time ago.

We landed at Kimhae in the early morning, and were directed to a far corner of the airport where we were met by battalions of huge trucks, along with the usual heavy loaders and fork lifts. It was an exercise in military efficiency; the missiles were off the airplane in less than half an hour, and we were free to ferry our empty 747 the short distance up to Kimpo. Even the aircraft seemed relieved as we prepared for the 30 minute hop. As I was climbing the stairs to the upper deck a scrap of paper caught my eye. It had been trampled and mangled, and was barely legible, but the bold print nonetheless was hard to miss. "URGENT!", the notice said. "CRITICAL NOTICE TO CAPTAIN!" It went on to describe the cargo in intimate detail, along with minute instructions on just how to proceed. Overflight of populated areas was prohibited, it said. We had just made our approach over the heart of the city of Pusan, a metropolis of probably two or three million! How nice to have known!

2016 Clipper Pioneer Cruise & Pan Am Reunion

Clipper Pioneers is sponsoring a cruise next year to Alaska. More about the cruise will be available in a short time from Captain Stu Archer, the Clipper Pioneers, president and cruise coordinator.

On another note:

Pan Am Captain Don Cooper (coop@maxthrust.net) and Margaret O'Shaughnessy (margaret@flyingboatmuseum.com) have been working together on plans for a Pan Am reunion at the Foyes Museum next year. Details are not available yet, but bus tours around Ireland are planned. Contact John Madden (jmadden@asktravelworld.com) about tours.

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.

Do you have an upcoming event that would be of interest to the other members? Please forward the information to sue@clipperpioneers.com.

Remembering the famous Will Rogers' sayings

Will Rogers, who died in a 1935 plane crash with his best friend, Wylie Post, was probably the wisest man this country has ever known.

WORDS TO LIVE BY:

1. Never slap a man who's chewing tobacco.
2. Never kick a cow chip on a hot day.
3. There are two theories to arguing with a woman ... Neither works.
4. Never miss a good chance to shut up.
5. Always drink upstream from the herd.
6. If you find yourself in a hole, stop digging.
7. The quickest way to double your money is to fold it and put it back into your pocket.
8. There are three kinds of men: The ones that learn by reading. The few who learn by observation. The rest of them have to pee on the electric fence and find out for themselves.
9. Good judgment comes from experience, and a lot of that comes from bad judgment.
10. If you're riding' ahead of the herd, take a look back every now and then to make sure it's still there.
11. Lettin' the cat outta the bag is a whole lot easier'n puttin' it back.
12. After eating an entire bull, a mountain lion felt so good he started roaring. He kept it up until a hunter came along and shot him. The moral: When you're full of bull, keep your mouth shut.

Online bill pay scams hit hard

The convenience of online bill paying has a dark side. A barrage of scammers posing as mobile communications companies send unsuspecting victims emails requesting an online payment. When victims click on a Web link, their computer is infected with a data-stealing program or they are asked to provide their banking account information. Scammers then siphon victims' information – and their accounts. If you receive an email from your provider, don't click on the link. Go to the authorized provider homepage to verify the authenticity. For more tips on keeping your information out of the wrong hands, join millions of Americans in celebrating Data Privacy Day.

TIPS FOR STAYING ACTIVE

1. **Look after your bones.** Weight-bearing exercise can reduce your risk of bone loss and osteoporosis as you age.
2. **Improve your heart and lung fitness.** Opt for moderate intensity exercise for maximum benefit. As a general rule, aim for activity that means you breathe hard but are not left feeling breathless.

Pan Am Flt Eng / Pilot Picnic scheduled for September

Ladies and Gentlemen:

The stars are aligned, the moons are rising, and it is time for another gathering of the Nor Cal Picnicers of Pan Am (see the schedule below).

I hope you will find the menu satisfactory. The previously utilized caterer closed his doors and the other choices were significantly pricier so I decided to go simple – pizza and salad – it doesn't interfere with the BS stories running throughout the crowd and allowed me to lower the price.

I look forward to seeing all your wrinkled faces and bald heads (with the exception of the Ladies, who have aged so gracefully) smiling and chatting a mile a minute. You are a special group that made a special airline what it was, and its demise was in spite of your magnificent efforts. No one matched us before or since!!!!

Dan A.

**Pan Am Flt Eng / Pilot Picnic Thurs 9/24/15 The Villages Golf and Country Club, San Jose, CA
- 10:00 10:00 AM to 3:00 PM \$20 pp**

Lunch at 12:00 PM includes: Caesar Salad and Four (4) different style Pizzas Dessert (Costco Cookies), Beer, Wine, Soft Drinks, Water. Two Bocce Ball Courts Available for entertainment. There will be a prize for "Best Fitting Pan Am Uniform" and furthest travelled east and north. (Yours truly sole judge.)

PLEASE respond with check by Friday September 18, 2015!

Send check payable to: Dan Affourtit (acting for PAA Picnic Chairman Emeritus Pete Ryden), 7851 Prestwick Circle, San Jose, CA 95135-2143, and marked for "Pan Am Picnic". My E-Mail is dan_a4t@live.com; 408-723-2397. Include your E-Mail if changed recently.

DIRECTIONS: To get to "The Villages" from Hwy. 101 North or South exit at Yerba Buena Rd., proceed East (left turn) to the 4th or 5th stoplight (San Felipe Rd.), turn right and proceed to the 1st stoplight (Villages Parkway), turn left to The Villages and follow the signs for "Visitors" (Left side of entrance). At the Gate tell the guard you are attending the Pan Am Picnic. He will check your name on the "Invite list" and direct you to the Picnic Grounds (Gazebo Park), which is straight ahead and just past the 2nd STOP sign on the right side. Upon arrival please check in and get a name tag.

Thank you. Dan A.

Share the Memories...

You are a part of this wonderful "family". Are there memories you've written down that you'd like to share with us in this newsletter? Please send them to Jerry or Sue by email to: sue@clipperpioneers.com.

Have you come across an interesting article that you'd like to share with us? Send that along, so others can enjoy! We'd love to hear from you!

***Please update your email address and phone number if it's been changed!
Email or write to Jerry Holmes - 192 Foursome Drive, Sequim, WA 98382
or email to: jerryholmes747@gmail.com***

*...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

Ralph M. Shape was born on Easter Sunday 1936 and died on Fathers Day 2015. He made his home on the lake next to the SeaTac air port and loved every noisy minute. He fought cancer and heart disease , worked for charity , clubs, community till the end. He drove the Seniors Van, graduated to City Council and Mayor. Survived by his wife of 56 years Judie, two children Martin and Lorynn , two grand children Stefany and David.

Bobby Ray George passed away in the early morning of May 2, surrounded by loved ones. He was 83 years old. He was preceded in death by sons William 'Jack' George and Bruce Johnson. Bobby was born August 8, 1931 to Essie Virginia Ross and Andrew Jackson George in Bessemer, Alabama. From 1950-1954 Bobby was in the U.S. Air Force where he was a Technical Instructor, Aircraft and Engine Mechanic, Crew Chief, Senior Flight Mechanic, and Flight Engineer. In 1956, Bobby became a Flight Engineer with Pan American World Airways, New York., aircraft type DC-6 & DC-7. During his career with Pan American he served as Pilot, Flight Engineer, Check Flight Engineer, and Instructor. He retired in 1991 having achieved his goal of checking out as a B-747 Captain.

Stephen James Mecsery (Jim) son of Stephen and Shirley Mecsery of Cos Cob, passed away on Sunday June 21, 2015 of heart failure at Yale Hospital in New Haven, CT at the age of 68. Born in Greenwich, Jim attended the Greenwich Public Schools and later went on to graduate from Embry-Riddle Aeronautical University in Florida. He began his career in flying at the age of 15 as a U.S. Air mail employee. Jim was a flight instructor for Pan AM and Delta Airlines, and an engineer with Atlas Air flying 747 aircraft. Although his distinguished career as a pilot took him to all corners of the world, it was his home in Cos Cob that made him the happiest.

Joseph John Bloyder went to be with the Lord on June 13, 2015. After he graduated from St. Louis University Parks College with an aeronautical engineering degree in 1960, he went directly into the United States Air Force and pilot training. He flew F-102 jets, which he loved, and then, upon leaving the USAF, he flew commercially for Pan American Airlines, was chief test pilot for Falcon Jet Corporation and finished his flying days with Delta Airlines. Joe retired at age 60, after 39 years of living out his passion of being a pilot.

John William Bateman, 95, of Mathews, Virginia passed away on April 24, 2015. John was a native of Baltimore, Maryland, graduating from Johns Hopkins University in 1941 where he also started flying and obtained both his private and commercial licenses. He served in the Pacific theatre during World War II flying PBV's for the Navy and met and married his wife of 70 years, Patricia Albers in California. John continued his aviation career with Pan Am from 1946 until his retirement, as a 747 Captain in 1979.

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

A Text Message Message

by Kristin Cohen, Office of Technology Research and Investigation, FTC

Let me set the scene: your friend John is rushing to get his daughter from school and his son to the soccer field, and he still needs to stop at the grocery store because there's nothing in the fridge. In the midst of this everyday madness, he gets a text message from Google with a verification code. He thinks, "That's weird. Maybe I should log in to my email and see what's going on."

Before he has a chance, he gets another message. It says:

Google has detected unusual activity on your account. Please reply with the verification code sent to your mobile device to stop unauthorized activity.

What should John do?

It's quite possible that he might reply with the code — especially while he's distracted, and worried that he might lose access to his email. Unfortunately, if he sends the code, he'll be giving a hacker access to his email account.

Here's what happened behind the scenes:

1. A hacker who has John's email address and mobile number went to the email login screen, clicked "Forgot Password," and asked for a verification code via text message.
2. John got the verification code on his phone.
3. The hacker — pretending to be John's email provider — sent him a text message and asked for the code.
4. John forwarded the code to the hacker, and the hacker had everything he needed to complete the login process.

The hacker could gather a lot of information about John while snooping through his email. He also could change John's settings, so future emails sent to John are forwarded to the hacker. It could be a long time before John notices this change.

So, what can you do?

Don't send verification codes to anyone via text or email. Use these codes only on the login page. And if you get a verification code that you didn't request, let your provider know about it. That could be a sign that someone is tampering with your account.

If you suspect that someone has hacked into your email, here's what to do: (Watch this video here: http://www.consumer.ftc.gov/blog/text-message-mess?utm_source=govdelivery)

A History Tidbit...

In 1935, Pan Am inaugurates trans-Pacific airmail service from November 22 to 29 with the Martin M-130 China Clipper. The 8,210-mile flight was made in 59 hours and 48 minutes of actual flying time.

(from www.flyingclippers.com)