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Turning Finals - Air Rage

by John A. Marshall

Much has been written recently about the growing problem of a phenomenon that for lack of a better word, or words, can be called Air Rage. The term passenger unrest could be substituted here, but by any other name it is a growing and serious problem. There was a time when travel on a big airliner that was operated on transcontinental or over-ocean routes that implied a certain cachet, a je ne sais quois that carried with it a gentility, and civility that said in so many unspoken words that you not only had arrived, you had availed yourself of the most sophisticated and exclusive means of transport available. You were above the fray, as it were, and envied by your peers who for whatever reason; fear, or cost, or another hidden intangible, did not or could not avail themselves of this unique, most efficient means of travel. Travel by air was the utmost in civilized living, pure and exotic.

If you were one of the fortunate, you boarded in a relaxed, civilized manner, and were shown to your seat by an air hostess, or later on, a stewardess. Your coat and hat were stowed in the convenient shelf over your seat. (There was really no other word for it; it was, in fact, merely a shelf. It could safely hold nothing heavier than a mink coat.) Any other luggage that you may have carried aboard was stowed under the seat (some things never change) or the stewardess always seemed to find room for it in a closet somewhere.

The print advertisements of the time showed mother and daughter cozily ensconced in a pair of adjoining seats, blankets tucked up under their well-fed chins, smiling innocently while an attentive stewardess hovered attentively nearby. Oh, were it all that simple! Of course what the ads could not convey, and heaven forbid would not, was the ten hour cross-country flight in the DC-7 or Constellation, with the throb of the big reciprocating engines.

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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 \$80 for the 4 remaining years. Make them payable to Clipper Pioneers, and mail to Jerry Holmes at 192 Foursome Dr., Sequim, WA 98382.

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pounding in the ear and assaulting the senses, or even worse, the twelve hours from Los Angeles to Frobisher Bay for refueling and a crew change, and that was just the beginning. It was another eight hours to London.

Even in the first days of the jets, it was civil. People behaved. Life's pace was still relatively civilized; we had not yet adopted agendas that had us enslaved by the cell-phone and the fax, and the internet was still years down the pike. The flight attendants of the time were called stewardesses, or sometimes hostesses. They were all young, trim, and unmarried. They wore perky little caps and white gloves, and they smiled all the time. Then, something happened. Somehow, civilization was left behind.

Midnight on an eastbound Polar flight is usually a quiet time. The airplane is asleep, dinner put away, movies over; lights dimmed and curtains between the compartments gently swaying in the darkness. People slept; the lone flight attendant (no more stewardesses) on duty passes through the cabin on his/her regular beat, taking note of the lonely reading lights here and there, like beacons on a desert island; the passenger who couldn't, or wouldn't sleep. Here and there a sonorous snore splits the air, audible even above the drone of the engines. We are five hours into the flight, six hours from London, at the end of a very long day. Below stretches the distant horizon of an alien landscape, an inhospitable wasteland that sometimes makes me shudder to think how close, how really close, we are to the unthinkable cold. Seven miles, thirty-five thousand feet, is all that separate us from being an insulated, comfortable cocoon high in the cosmos, to the status of stranded refugees marooned on an endless stretch of ice. It is not a comfortable thought.

I stretch languorously in the left seat of the 747; it is nearly time for my break. On flights of this length we normally carry an augmented crew, consisting of an extra pilot and flight engineer. We rotate through the seats on a prearranged schedule, the idea is that everyone will get a rest break, and we all will be clear-headed and alert for the landing. Occasionally it works that way, and sometimes it doesn't. Tonight was to be one of the doesn'ts.

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NOTICE!!!

**If your envelope date ends with 2014,
your dues need to be paid for 2015.**

**You should find a self-addressed envelope enclosed with your newsletter
for convenience in making your payment.**

Don't miss an issue of the Clipper Pioneers' newsletter - send in your check today!

**Make payable to: Clipper Pioneers
c/o Jerry Holmes, 192 Foursome Drive, Sequim, WA 98382.**

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

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The third officer had appeared on the flight deck, rubbing sleep from his eyes. Except for a brief period after takeoff, he had been sacked out in the last row of the upper deck, where seats had been blocked for off-duty crew. With no reluctance I relinquished my seat and squeezed against the panel while the third took my place. I donned my uniform jacket and exited the flight deck, gently pulling the cockpit door closed behind me. It was my habit to make a circuit of the big airplane when night had descended and everything was quiet. There was something very satisfying about passing through the darkened cabin, the sleeping passengers offering mute testimony to the trust they had placed in not only my airline, but in me, an unseen and unknown entity to which most of them had never given a second thought. Somehow that made it even more gratifying. I glanced around the darkened upper deck where nothing moved; the only light was the faint glow from the galley at the top of the stairs. I started down.

Suddenly I heard the sounds of abrupt, violent activity below. Exclamations and epithets rose from the first class cabin, accompanied by unmistakable sounds of struggle and exertion. I started down the stairs and was met halfway by a very agitated young woman. She stopped and looked at me sharply, taking in the uniform and the stripes that I wore. "Are you the captain?" she asked. Her voice was shrill with anxiety.

Adorned in jacket and hat, I could no more deny being the captain than to deny that the airplane was flying. I had scarcely opened my mouth to admit my status when she continued on, quickly, the words tumbling from her lips in rapid confusion. She spoke of conflict and confrontation, of fists threatened and thrown. There was heavy stuff going on below that demanded my immediate attention.

She backed slowly down the stairs, with me following. I was greeted with a scene from the Marquis of Queensbury. Two opposing camps had squared off in pugilistic combat; at the head of each was a burly leader, flailing the air with great ferocity. At the fringes their vocal supporters urged the gladiators on. The first class section of my airplane had become an arena, as credentialed as Madison Square Garden. I could scarcely believe my eyes.

I stepped immediately into the fray and separated the ringleaders; my uniform stopped the proceedings in its tracks. I stood between the two pugilists, the referee in this absurd maelstrom. I glanced around the first class arena. Everyone was out of his seat, spectator to this ridiculous action. The fighters had removed their jackets; each had once sported a necktie which was now carelessly askew. Chests heaving, arms hanging heavily at their sides, the two glanced warily back and forth at the other, then at me. Suddenly everything stopped: there was no sound, no movement. The purser and two of the flight attendants peered

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**You are invited to the
2014 Clipper Pioneers Christmas Luncheon
on Friday, Dec. 12, 2014 from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. - \$45 per person -
at the Poplar Creek Grill, 1700 Coyote Point Drive, San Mateo, CA.
For more information contact Mike Kaufmann,
831-464-1396 or email mpkpaa@cruzio.com.**

**Keep the memories alive! Send in your stories to sue@clipperpioneers.com.
If you know of upcoming events, can pass on good stories by others that
you think our members would enjoy, or any other information,
please pass that along to us too!**

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warily from the galley; the rest of the passengers waited anxiously. I broke the silence. "What in the hell is going on here?"

The dam broke. Everyone began shouting at once. Gradually I pieced together the chain of events. A group of six businessmen traveling together had availed themselves of the Clipper Club's hospitality even before boarding, and hadn't stopped once airborne. Wine with dinner and cognac afterwards had fueled their exuberance and unleashed whatever inhibitions were left. The cross-aisle conversations got louder and more profane. Several of the more civilized customers took offense, and the simmering brouhaha erupted into full-fledged combat.

I grasped each of the two ringleaders by the arm and propelled them into the first class galley and pulled the curtain. By then I had a pretty good account of what had transpired. I glared at them, locking eyes with each in turn. "Look," I said, the anger sharpening my voice, "I want each of you to go back and sit down in your own seat, and if I hear another word out of any of you, I'll put this airplane down at Frobisher Bay and put you off. What's more, I'll see that your name gets put in "The Book."

Surprise registered on their faces, eyebrows raised. "The Book?" one of them asked. "You got that right," I replied. "The Book."

~ continued in the next issue.

On the Lighter Side...

Frankfurt Control: 'AF1733, You are on an eight mile final for 27R. You have a UH-1 three miles ahead of you on final; reduce speed to 130 knots.'

Pilot: 'Roger, Frankfurt. We're bringing this big bird back to 130 fer ya.'

Control: (a few moments later): 'AF33, helicopter traffic at 90 knots now 11/2 miles ahead of you; reduce speed further to 110 knots.'

Pilot: 'AF 33 reining this here bird back further to 110 knots.'

Control: 'AF33, you are three miles to touchdown, helicopter traffic now one mile ahead of you; reduce speed to 90 knots'

Pilot (miffed): 'Sir, do you know what the stall speed of this here C-130 is?'

Control: 'No, but if you ask your co-pilot, he can probably tell you.'

ATC: Pan Am 1, descend to 3,000 ft on QNH, altimeter 1019.

Pan AM 1: Could you give that to me in inches?

ATC: Pan Am 1, descend to 36,000 inches on QNH, altimeter 1019

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

GREAT OPPORTUNITY TO VISIT NORMANDY AND OMAHA BEACH!

What a great opportunity to visit all of Normandy and Omaha Beach. The Pan Am Reunion Cruise departing Boston 24 April next year has some great port calls, including 16 hours in Le Havre and 10 hour in Cherbourg, France. That gives you plenty of time to visit the Battle of Normandy Museum in Bayeux, the Airborne Museum in Sainte-Mere-Eglise, Caen's, Deauville and the beautiful village of Honfleur, plus much more.

We will be on Royal Caribbean's ship, "Serenade of the Seas", with additional stops at Cork, Ireland, Portland, Dorset on the south coast of England, Bruges, Belgium, Amsterdam, Netherlands (at the peak of the tulip festival), Gothenburg, Denmark and our final stop, Copenhagen, Denmark where you can visit as long as you like.

Flights returning to the U.S. in mid May should be a good time to travel; the tourist season has not begun.

Also sometime starting July, Royal Caribbean will make arrangements and publish return flights home. We still have cabins at great prices, a deposit will lock in the current price, starting at \$1279.00. Call Interline Travels at [1-888-592-7245](tel:1-888-592-7245) or Carmen's Cell [786-252-7838](tel:786-252-7838) or e-mail interlinetravels@yahoo.com. You can always call me at [305-238-0911](tel:305-238-0911) or e-mail stunjune@aol.com. This Cruise is for all the Pan Am folks and their friends, so help me spread the word , forward it to your friend. Thanks, Stu

2015 SERENADE OF THE SEAS ITINERARY

24-Apr	Boston, Massachusetts	5:00 PM
25-Apr thru 30 April	Cruising	
1-May	Cork, Ireland	9:00 AM - 5:00 PM
2-May	Portland (Dorset), UK 1	1:00 AM - 9:00 PM
3-May	Le Havre (Paris), France	7:00 AM - 11:00 PM
4-May	Cherbourg, France	7:00 AM - 5:00 PM
5-May	Zeebrugge (Brussels), Belgium	9:00 AM 7:00 PM
6-May	Amsterdam, Holland	10:00 AM 9:00 PM
7-May	Cruising	
8-May	Gothenburg, Sweden	8:00 AM - 5:00 PM
9-May	Copenhagen, Denmark	6:00 AM

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MORE ON THE CLIPPERS PIONEERS WEBSITE!

We've updated our website! Check out the Clipper Pioneers online www.clipperpioneers.com - for 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. There is also a great list of "resources" available.

***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***

PAN AM REUNION CRUISE ~ APRIL 24 - MAY 9, 2015

ROYAL CARIBBEAN'S SERENADE OF THE SEAS

Dear Pan Amers:

Once again we prepare for our next much welcomed Pan Am reunion cruise. We are honoring the many requests for a Transatlantic cruise with lots of wonderful and interesting ports of call. Our 15 day cruise, departing Boston to Copenhagen, starts off with six relaxing days at sea. Plenty of time to reach out to old friends, take a spa treatment, movies to watch and much, much more. Expect a great time.

Embarking on an oceangoing adventure like this will be no doubt one of the most exciting moments of any traveler's life. The old saying that it's as much about the journey as the destination has never been truer. Adventures await you at each port, shopping, exploring famous attractions or sipping a cool drink in a romantic café. So, welcome aboard, I know this cruise will provide you with a lifetime of memories to cherish. Family and friends are most welcomed.

Rates: Prices are per person, double occupancy, cruise only and based on availability at time of booking. Once our allotment is gone prevailing rates will take effect. Singles pay 200% of cruise fare and port charge. Port charges (\$240) and taxes (\$280.94) additional. Call in your reservation now; a deposit of \$450 per person will lock in the current price which may increase in the future. As usual, all major credit cards are accepted but checks are preferred in an attempt to keep down credit card fees and pass the savings toward our onboard amenities, onboard parties and the like. **DON'T DELAY !**

Insurance is available and highly suggested and is priced by category chosen. Inquire on your price. More information will come with your invoice.

Inside from \$1279 / Outside from \$1749 / Balcony from \$1979.

PRICES MAY BE INCREASED AFTER Nov. 25th. To check on this, contact:

Call Interline Travels at 1-888-592-7245 or
Carmen Jaquet's cell 786-252-7838 (Pan Am Cruise Coordinator).
Email **interlinetravels@yahoo.com**.

My line may be tied with many calls for this cruise;
please be patient and leave your message and I will get to you ASAP. Thank you.

Address - 456 MERLIN CT. , TALLAHASSEE, FL 32301

Feel free to contact Stu Archer former Pan Am pilot and cruise consultant at 305-238-0911.
Email stunjune@aol.com.

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

Ron Hay passed away on Oct. 8, 2014 at the age of 89.

James A. Livers passed away on Oct. 21, 2014 in Bozeman, MT at age 93. He flew out of Kennedy, New York.

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

LETTER FROM A RETIRED PILOT TO HIS PEERS:

Here is a home study simulator course for those who, forced to retire at 60, still hunger for the romance and adventure of airline flying. That "Romance and Adventure" will all come flooding back to you if you follow the steps of this "practice trip" at home:

1. Stay out of bed all night.
2. Sit in your most uncomfortable chair, in a closet, for nine or ten hours facing a four foot wide panoramic photo of a flight deck.
3. Have two or three noisy vacuum cleaners on high, out of sight but within hearing distance and operating throughout the night. If a vacuum cleaner fails, do the appropriate restart checklist.
4. Halfway through your nocturnal simulator course, arrange for a bright spotlight to shine directly into your face for two or three hours, simulating flying an eastbound flight into the sunrise.
5. Have bland overcooked food served on a tray midway through the night.
6. Have cold cups of coffee delivered from time to time. Ask your spouse to slam the door frequently.
7. At the time when you must heed nature's call, force yourself to stand outside the bathroom door for at least ten minutes, transferring your weight from leg to leg, easing the discomfort. Don't forget to wear your hat.
8. Leave the closet after the prescribed nine or ten hours, turn on your sprinklers and stand out in the cold and "rain" for twenty minutes, simulating the wait for the crew car.
9. Head for your bedroom, wet and with your suitcase and flight bag. Stand outside the door till your wife gets up and leaves, simulating the wait while the maid makes up the hotel room.
10. When your spouse inquires, "Just what in the hell have you been doing?" just say, "Recalling the good old days of all night flying to romantic places." as you collapse into bed.
11. If you are a purist, make this a two-day trip instead of a turn-around, and do this two nights in a row.

Hope you enjoy your simulator session.

~G. E. McDonald (from RUPANEWS, Vol. 8, #6, August 2006, p. 9)

New Twist to the Telephone Tech Support Scam

The IC3 has produced Scam Alerts in the past advising the public of an ongoing telephone scam in which callers purport to be an employee of a major software company. The callers have strong foreign accents. The callers report the user's computer is sending error messages and numerous viruses have been detected. The caller convinces the user to give them permission to run a program allowing the caller to gain remote access. The caller advises the virus can be removed for a fee.

Intimidation tactics used in this scam have influenced victims to pay fees associated with the removal of alleged viruses. It has been reported to the IC3 an individual who paid the required fees, later received a call advising the victim the funds paid for the services went to India and were used to purchase weapons for ISIS. The call came with an additional request for money to remove the victim's name from a black list.

In a new twist to the tech support scam, cyber criminals attempt to defraud using another avenue. The scam is executed while a user is browsing the Internet. In this scenario, a website being viewed provided a link to articles related to popular topics. The user clicked the link and was redirected to a website which produced a window that advised the user's computer had been hacked. Another window was displayed that contained a telephone number to obtain assistance. The user reported all attempts to close the windows were ineffective. Upon calling the number for assistance the user was connected with an individual who spoke with a heavy foreign accent claiming to be an Apple representative. During the process the user's web browser was hijacked. Restarting the computer in an attempt to regain access to the Web produced another message with a different telephone number to obtain assistance.

The execution of this fraud is similar to what was reported in a Public Service Announcement (PSA) dated 07/18/2013. The PSA reports on a version of ransomware that targets OS X Mac users. This version is not a malware; it appears as a webpage that uses JavaScript to load numerous iframes (browser windows) and requires victims to close each iframe. The cyber criminals anticipate victims will pay the requested ransom before realizing all iframes need to be closed. The full PSA can be found at <http://www.ic3.gov/media/2013/130718-2.aspx>

If you are a victim of this scam or a similar scheme it is suggested:

1. To file a complaint at www.IC3.GOV
2. Resist the pressure to act quickly
3. Be cautious of clicking on unknown links

TIPS FOR SELF-PROTECTION - IN YOUR CAR . . .

- Always keep your car doors locked, whether you are in or out of your car. Keep your gas tank full and your engine properly maintained to avoid breakdowns.
- If your car breaks down, pull over to the right as far as possible, raise the hood, and wait INSIDE the car for help. Avoid getting out of the car and making yourself a target before police arrive.
- At stop signs and traffic lights, keep the car in gear.
- Travel well-lit and busy streets. Plan your route.