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June 2017 - Clipper Pioneers Newsletter

Vol 52-5 - Page 1

EMERGENCY AT 35,000 FEET - A 747 Flight Anything But Routine

by Stu Apte

*A chapter from my memoir, "Of Wind and Tides", which I published in 2009.
- continued from previous issue.*

This was a serious warning—a death threat! A broken high-temperature high-pressure duct from one of the engines on that left-wing could possibly cause enough structural damage to have our left wing collapsed... making it a bad day to fly. Immediate and correct action was required.

While Dennis was getting out the abnormal procedures portion of the aircraft manual, I had already started retarding the throttle for the number one engine, the first step in the abnormal procedures for a wing overheat light. Dennis had quickly isolated the engine bleeds, from both engines on our left wing. These bleeds have many important functions within the airplane, the air-conditioning and pressurization just to name two.

By now the cockpit flight deck was crowded. The other First Officer and the Second Engineer were now out of the bunk beds and wanting to know what was happening.

Meanwhile the on-duty Flight Engineer was reading the abnormal procedures out loud. "Slowly retard either throttle on the overheat wing, and if the overheat light goes out, continue to operate the engine at that power setting."

That was exactly what I was doing. Unfortunately, the light did not go out until I had the No. 1 engine throttle all the way back to idle power, which hardly contributes any thrust. Now that the light had been extinguished, our next step, reading from the abnormal procedures, was to reintroduce the bleeds from No. 2 engine into the system.

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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 per year. Once you've paid through 2018, no more dues are required. Make them payable to Clipper Pioneers, and mail to Jerry Holmes at 192 Foursome Dr., Sequim, WA 98382.

EMERGENCY AT 35,000 FEET

(continued from previous page)

For some unknown reason, when Dennis opened the bleed valves, the number two engine stalled, silently, without a *boom* like a backfire. The first indication was a bouncing EPR gauge and an erratic N1 tachometer gauge, then number two engine fire warning light came on, with the bell ringing loudly.

Now I recited the emergency engine fire drill verbatim, while the Engineer and First Officer did each of the procedures I called out, shutting down number two engine and shooting both fire bottles into the engine area, extinguishing the flames.

We are now 50 miles off the Kamchatka Peninsula, and I quickly told Vince Miller who was currently the on-duty First Officer in the co-pilot seat, "If we have anything else happen, I don't care what it is, immediately start broadcasting a Mayday on HF long-range radio guard frequency to the world, telling them what has transpired and that we are turning north to fly into the Kamchatka Peninsula of Russia to make an emergency landing at the Russian Air Force fighter base. It's where the fighter plane shot down the Air Korean 747 two years ago because it flew into their airspace."

I knew two things for sure: One, even if nothing else happened, our work to make this flight have a happy ending was cut out for us. Two, I did not intend putting our airplane and passengers in the North Pacific Ocean.

Now began four and a half hours with me literally glued to my seat flying the 747 on two engines. At a much slower airspeed, we were burning more fuel and could not climb to our programmed fuel saving higher altitude. Our fuel computations, however, kept showing the numbers we needed: We could make Tokyo, shoot a missed approach, if necessary, and still go on to our alternate, Yokota on the northern coast of Japan.

We were in VHF radio contact with Tokyo Control when we were 150 miles out. We knew then that the Tokyo weather was not going to do us any favors. On the contrary, it would add difficulties to our plight.

It was storming in Tokyo with low clouds, heavy rain and gusting winds creating a landing problem due to the low visibility. A precise instrument landing system (ILS) approach would be needed.

When made aware of our engines-out situation, Tokyo immediately wanted to know if we needed to declare an emergency, clearing the airspace of other aircraft as we got closer to the airport, giving me priority to land.

"Tokyo control, Clipper 801 affirmative," we called, "we are declaring an emergency and I would appreciate clearance from my present position, INS direct to the Narita airport outer marker beacon, for an immediate ILS approach."

"Roger, Clipper 801, squawk Ident on transponder code 0423, I have you in radar contact Clipper 801, you are cleared from your present position, direct to the Narita outer marker beacon for the ILS approach to runway three four left. You are clear to descend to 15,000 feet at your discretion, call leaving level 350. Be advised; landing conditions at Narita are reported to be occasionally below landing minimums by the last aircraft making a missed approach."

Not wanting to prematurely go to a lower altitude where we would burn fuel more rapidly, I decided to wait until I was about 75 miles from the airport before starting my descent.

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EMERGENCY AT 35,000 FEET

(continued from previous page)

After informing the other four members of the crew what my intentions were, I called for a pre-descent check and briefed everyone on the ILS approach procedures for runway 34 Left. I made an announcement on the PA to the passengers, telling them that we were starting our descent, and should be landing in about 25 minutes; also telling them about the poor weather conditions at the airport. I told the co-pilot to call Tokyo Control, informing them that we were leaving flight level 350.

The in-flight service director and the purser working in first-class were the only members of our cabin crew aware that we were having any problems whatsoever. As long as I was continuing the flight to our original destination, there was no need to create unnecessary anxieties among the passengers or crew. I could imagine my friend, Leon Chandler, back there in business class wondering why his old friend Stu had not come back to chat with him, as promised. When I had left Leon after our lunch, I had promised to return later into the flight.

Our meeting on this trip was entirely by happenstance. Leon had hailed me as I walked through the crowded passenger waiting area, and he was pleasantly surprised to find that his fishing buddy was Captain of the flight. [Another surprise for Leon came after the plane's doors were closed and I was able to have the purser move him from one of the worst seats on the plane in the very rear up to business class.]

As we began our descent, my thoughts focused on the challenge ahead: An instrument approach on two engines with the weather right on the minimums. Pilots train constantly in simulators for this sort of emergency, but this was for real.

"Clipper 801, switch to Narita Approach Control on 126.1. Happy landings."

"Roger, Tokyo Control, thanks."

On calling Narita Approach Control, we are further cleared to descend at our discretion for the approach to runway 34 Left, and they had us in radar contact.

Because of the yaw created by only having thrust from engines No. 3 and 4 on the right wing of the airplane, I was forced to hold a considerable amount of right rudder-pedal pressure to keep us flying straight ahead and not skidding off to one side of the ILS track. With my heart pumping a fast cadence and my mind speeding along as my eyes scanned the flight instruments, I was able to keep the crosshairs on the ILS instrument centered, indicating I was right on track and on glide path.

The minimum descent altitude is the point where the pilot must have some visual reference to the runway or execute a missed approach and fly to the alternate airport. As I approached the minimums, the rain was coming down in heavy sheets, pushed by gusting winds. This would be a difficult enough approach to make even with all four engines operating. I made a split-second decision to continue the approach slightly lower than the published minimum as long as I had the ILS centered, showing me I was exactly where I should be.

The first officer yelled out, "I've got the rabbit!" The flashing strobe light leading to the runway strobe light is known as a rabbit. "You're right on center line for the runway ... fucking fantastic."

~ TO BE CONTINUED IN THE NEXT ISSUE

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

The Thirty-Second Annual
Clipper Pioneers' Luncheon

Thursday, June 15th, 2017

ARRIVAL BY SEA:

- 1) 9:30 AM arrive Bridgeport; park in new area just off the Ferry Access road
- 2) Identify yourself as part of Pan Am group prior to departure

Ferry leaves Bridgeport promptly at **10:30 AM, arriving at 11:45.**

(Check: www.bpjferry.com for changes.) or call 1-888-44ferry

In Port Jefferson, walk across the street to "**Schafer's**", formerly Papa Joe's

Lunch will be from 12:00PM to 3:00 PM For those who would like to "walk off" their delicious meal, Port Jefferson is a restored village with many nice shops.

Ferry leaves Port Jefferson promptly at 3:00PM and 4:15PM (your option)

Sea Leader-AL VALE (203-778-2993), will have ferry tickets and roster at Bridgeport.

ARRIVAL BY LAND:

Parking:

- 1) Early Birds, in the restaurant parking lot
- 2) Shopping Mall lot south of "Schafer's."
- 3) Parking on the street (West Broadway) where allowed.
- 4) Municipal lot across from "Schafer's", fee charged.

LIRR-Reduced fare for Senior Citizens, Short cab ride from the Port Jefferson Station to the Restaurant.

RESERVATION:

Tear Off and enclose with Check Made Payable to: D. D'Angelico

Send to: D. D'Angelico, P.O. Box 661, Jamesport, NY 11947-0661

EMAIL: SJEFENDAN@AOL.COM

BY SEA \$57.00 per person, includes ferry, lunch, tax and gratuities

BY LAND \$42.00 per person, includes lunch, tax and gratuities

Choose ONE selection per person; Entrée, Dessert and Salad Dressing. Receive a complimentary glass of wine.

Entrée

- ☐ Pepper Steak
- ☐ Chicken Marsala
- ☐ Pan-Seared Salmon

Dessert

- ☐ Triple Layer Chocolate Cake
- ☐ Cheesecake New York Style

Dressing

- ☐ Raspberry Vinaigrette
- ☐ Caesar
- ☐ Bleu Cheese

NAME(S) for roster and name tag:

D. D'Angelico, P.O. Box 661, Jamesport, NY 11947-0661

Pan Am Cruise Reunion set for 2018 - Royal Caribbean's Navigator

Mark your calendars for April 22 - May 6, 2018 for the next Pan Am Cruise Reunion. Once again we prepare for our next and much welcomed Pan Am reunion cruise. Our last TransAtlantic cruise was such a success, we are honoring the many requests for a repeat with new and wonderful ports of call. The Navigator of the Seas departs from Miami to Southampton, England. We begin with six relaxing days at sea where you can melt away land-based stress with a spa massage, build a scrapbook of memories, or simply relax poolside. Reach out to old friends, participate in shipboard activities, galley tours, wine tasting and much, much more. Expect no less than a great time! Call to reserve now: a deposit of \$450 per person will lock in the current price which may increase in the future. Inside from \$799; Outside from \$1099; Balcony from \$1859.. Contact Stu Archer, former Pan Am pilot and cruise consultant at 305-238-0911, or email: stunjune@aol.com. Watch future issues of the Clipper Pioneers for more information.

Pan Am Philadelphia Area Pilots (PAPAP)

We meet the second Tuesday of every quarter at the Continental Inn in Yardley, PA at 1200 for a bit of BS before going to our private conference room upstairs for lunch.

Been going on since 1992 and it's a great way to stay together. Contact: Chris Blaydon [215 757 6229](tel:2157576229) or cblayd@aol.com

Come Join the Santa Rosa Breakfast Group!

The Santa Rosa Breakfast group meets about every six weeks. They have 17 pilots, FA's and FEO's that get together to discuss the old days. Anyone in the Sonoma, Napa, and Marin county areas north of San Francisco who would like to join them should email Dave Criley at davecriley@comcast.net, and send your email contact. They started out with 5 and have grown to 17. ~from Dave Criley

Request for Information - Rolex Pilots Watch

Dear Fellow Clipper Pioneer News Letter Readers: My Dad had a Pan Am's Rolex Pilots watch in the late 1950's, I believe the model was the GMT with a rotating 24 GMT time bezel and additional hand for keeping track of the time back home. I am looking to replace it and if anyone may have one or know someone that does, it would be greatly appreciated. Thank you in advance, Michael Eisenbrg. (310) 748-5410.

Share Your Memories

Please send your stories to Jerry or Sue by email to: sue@clipperpioneers.com.

***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***

My I.O.E. in the 747 in June 1990

By David Albert

Finishing my 28 day transition from the A-310 to the B-747 in June of 1990, I was assigned to operate some 25 hours of I.O.E. under the watchful eye of Check Captain Crump. Capt. Crump had excused the normal First Officer and proceeded to occupy the right seat for all our subsequent flights. Departing on June 2nd from LAX to LHR on the Polar route, my first actual flight in the 747 went smoothly. After an 18 hour layover (much of it spent attempting to find a decent meal after hours in London), the next leg was London to Frankfurt then, the day following that to operate from Frankfurt to Washington Dulles...or so we thought.

The trip to Frankfurt went well during which Check Captain Crump, in the time honored litany of IOE's, quizzed me on routes, aircraft systems and various problems to be faced and surmounted in future. He didn't sound so good: nasal while sniffing and sneezing. This was our 4th day together. Engineer Weiss complained of not sleeping well and experiencing a headache.

We had a light passenger load out of Frankfurt: some 80 to 85 pax if memory serves. Climbing above an undercast en route to our Oceanic outbound fix I looked down at the roiling clouds with images of lightning embedded looking like camera flashbulbs at a movie preview.

We had passed over Glasgow and were proceeding west on UN 563 at FL 280 when the senior purser entered the cockpit. She came forward to the center console and stated, "we have a problem." She went on to explain that a passenger apparently of Middle Eastern or Indian origin had moved from his assigned seat to a row of center seating to sit beside an African American lady in Army uniform.

He proceeded to demand she talk to him volunteering that he had a bomb strapped to his body(!) Said Army lady went immediately to the nearest Flight Attendant to describe what had occurred, adding that she was a military policewoman not given to exaggeration.

Captain Crump in the Right seat looked over at me and gave me the, "whachou gonna do now?" stare. I said I thought it likely it was a deranged individual with doubtful explosives, not a group planning to blow up the aircraft (19 months earlier, on Dec. 28th, 1988, Pan Am 103 was blown out of the sky close to our present position) or why would he tell someone about having a bomb and insist on talking to her?

Further, the German security was more than adequate with search procedures. A pressure detonator also seemed unlikely. Regardless, I was not about to proceed out over the North Atlantic with a madman claiming to be wearing an explosive vest in the cabin. I told Capt. Crump I intended to execute an emergency descent to land in Prestwick. We had a pilot on the jumpseat behind me; I ordered him to take the crash axe out of the container on the inside of the back wall, hide it under his raincoat and proceed aft to sit immediately behind the threatening passenger...in the event he appeared to be detonating any sort of device, I ordered the jump seat rider to hit him behind the ear with the crash axe and that I would take the heat from any injury to the miscreant that anyone found to be excessive.

Then I instructed Capt. Crump to declare an emergency, request ATC clear any aircraft below us between our present position and Prestwick.

I was reducing power. Capt. Crump suggested we advise ATC to have CID meet the aircraft - good idea. We were light so no fuel dump was necessary. (Not many pilots perform an emergency descent procedure during their career much less on the third flight of their IOE. Most do it in the simulator for their annual or six-

(continued on page 8)

*...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

John Minor recently passed away. More information to follow.

Joseph (Joe) C. Roise passed from this world on April 19, 2017 holding hands with his family. He was the only child of Hilda and Joseph P. Roise. Born in Minneapolis, MN on July 16, 1926, the family moved to Silverdale, WA when Joe was 10 yrs. old. He joined the Army Air Force in 1945 and proudly served in WWII and again when recalled during the Korean War. He leaves behind his wife, Marcelle (Marty) Roise, two daughters, Megan and Erika and four grandchildren. Joe flew for Pan American Airways from 1955 to 1988 starting out as a pilot/navigator on the B-377 Stratocruiser and progressing to Captain on both the B707 and B747 aircraft. He was also a B707 Flight Instructor and Check Captain. Joe played a key role as instructor pilot during the introduction of the B747, being one of the first pilots qualified on this airplane. READ MORE >>>

Elliot Schreider passed away Jan. 13 2017 in Medford, OR. He was 96 years old.

Charles Wade was born in Booth Bay, Maine, he was 79 years old and died 19 Jan 2017 from a heart attack in his home in Key Largo, Florida. He had a degree in Electrical Engineering, went thru the Air Force pilot training program commissioned as a 2nd Lt and became a fighter pilot, flew with the National Guard and joined Pan Am in 1964. He flew in Miami and Berlin. He is survived by his wife Gunilla "Nilla" Wahlgren Wade a former Pan Am Flight Attendant.

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

New Medicare Cards are on the Way

Changes are coming to your Medicare card. By April 2019, your card will be replaced with one that no longer shows your Social Security number. Instead, your card will have a new Medicare Beneficiary Identifier (MBI) that will be used for billing and for checking your eligibility and claim status. And it will all happen automatically – you won't have to pay anyone or give anyone information, no matter what someone might tell you.

Is someone calling, claiming to be from Medicare, and asking for your Social Security number or bank information? Hang up. That's a scam. First, Medicare won't call you. Second, Medicare will never ask for your Social Security number or bank information. Is someone asking you to pay for your new card? That's a scam. Your new Medicare card is free. (*More information at ftc.gov*)

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.

Don't forget to check out our website at: www.clipperpioneers.com

My I.O.E. in the 747 in June 1990

(continued from page 6)

month check.) By now we were plummeting earthward with the IAS needle planted in the “barber pole”, shaking like a dog passing peach pits.

I had Capt. Crump get out his plates planning an approach to runway 13. Weather was heavy rain, a 23 knot crosswind, but suitable visibility. I turned the aircraft over to Crump and retrieved my own plates, took a look at the approach and took back the aircraft. I had Capt Crump advise PIK to have the passengers debark only through the forward passenger door and to have the authorities enter the rear door and be prepared to follow our suspect through the cabin and down the air stairs.

About this time we plowed into the weather I had been musing over earlier and the lightning flashes lit the cockpit surreally. I wrestled the '47 onto the runway and splashed onto the taxiway northwest bound pulling into the parking pad near one of the satellite terminals.

There was an uncomfortable delay while the ground personnel were wheeling up the airstairs. I took this opportunity to tell the passengers a white lie to the effect that we had some minor mechanical glitches and would be on our way shortly. I repeated this in German.

I hate lying to passengers, however, we had no idea if there were confreres of our bomber on board who might take the opportunity to cause even more mischief. From my cockpit side window from the left seat, I saw the last of the passengers disembarking.

Our self-proclaimed bomber was nearing the bottom of the air stairs with several bulky gents right behind him and several more waiting at the stair bottom. His foot no more than touched the tarmac when he was jumped on and in chains *tout de suite*. He was marched away.

The CID officer in charge met me as I disembarked, advising me his personnel would be vetting every passenger and this would take a while. He hurried away. Inside, the terminal had been closed prior to our emergency notification. It was cold and there was no food or refreshments. I answered questions from the passengers as best I could, after which I sent messages to New York in response to their queries.

After a couple of hours the CID officer returned stating the checked bag of our bomber had been located by his bomb squad, taken to the other side of the field and detonated with C4. Other than personal items there were a number of leaflets complaining that his sister had been refused entry into the US (wonder why?) and he was quite bitter about it.

Additionally, some of the same leaflets were found on him when he was strip searched. CID then asked if I would consider taking this man on to the US to be met by authorities there. I asked if a guard would accompany him. The answer was no and so was my pointed reply. After the passenger interviews were completed and flight plans received, I called for a crew meeting to ascertain if they wished to continue on to Washington or choose crew rest. They chose emphatically to continue.

The FBI met us in Washington. They were polite and had only a few questions. They had been advised of the action taken by us and were aware we were quite tired. By now myself and the Engineer as well as Capt. Crump had miserable colds.

I got an “up” on my IOE.

(David Albert transferred to Delta in 1990, weeks prior to the demise of Pan Am.)