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China Clipper II - The Odyssey - Epilogue

by Lyman Slack

Although the official China Clipper II event was technically over, the participants had a blank check as to how they wished to return home. Some went via China, some toured Japan. Because of time restraints, all we could fit in our calendar was to play tourist for the Thanksgiving weekend in NYC. We flew from MNL, transited Tokyo (NRT), and then boarded our Clipper flight to JFK via the Polar route. Even those old FLCL sleeper seats made this long leg more tolerable!

Immediately after clearing formalities at the World Port, we hopped in a cab and went to our hotel in Manhattan. We checked in, freshened up a bit, and managed to catch the tail end of the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade. I might add it was a gray drizzly day. Back then, no one objected to the big guy in the red suit saying *Merry Christmas!* Wandering around afterwards, it was interesting to see some of the floats and balloons being dismantled on side streets. About all we could manage to stay awake for the rest of the day was to look at some of the window displays (Saks Fifth Avenue and FAO Schwarz being the best). Though difficult to locate a restaurant open on holidays in the Big Apple, we did find Peartrees, a bistro on the East Side that was serving a traditional Thanksgiving dinner.

One more day and we continued to discover that visiting New York and actually playing tourist was a lot more fun than staying there on a layover or being there as a commuter! Now rested, we set off towards Macy's and shopped for some trinkets, passing by Santa as he was no doubt saying "*You'll Shoot Your Eye Out*", to some young boy. Next shopping spot was Tiffany's where an appropriate charm was purchased.

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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.

Dues are \$20 a year or \$80 for 5 years. Make them payable to Clipper Pioneers, and mail to Jerry Holmes at 192 Foursome Dr., Sequim, WA 98382.

China Clipper II - The Odyssey - Epilogue

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Returning towards the hotel, the skaters were out n full force at the GM Plaza at Rockefeller Center. As we watched the huge tree being set up there, Marilyn was interviewed by a reporter from the *NY Daily News* who was doing a story on the traditions of the holiday. Our last night of this adventure had us dining in the theater district before enjoying a production of "CATS" at the Winter Garden Theater, the concierge at the hotel having acquired tickets for us.

During checkout at the hotel the next morning, a copy of the *News* was purchased and sure enough, there was Marilyn's interview in quotes! Departing JFK to return home to MIA in the first class cabin, the Purser pointed out that once again, and for the final time, we were listed as VIP passengers. This wonderful trip was one of the many great memories that I cherish from my twenty-five years in the cockpit with Pan Am. I have one small memento that I carry in my wallet – a collector's card from Wings Cigarettes showing the Martin M-130 "China Clipper".

Retired Captain Tommy Carroll recently created a Tribute to the 75th Anniversary of the China Clipper'. This wonderful video history is available for viewing at <http://vimeo.com/26086480>

Blue Skies – Lyman (Comments to lyslack@bellsouth.net)

Pan Am in World War II

When the Japanese attacked on December 7, 1941, four Clippers were in the Pacific. The Hong Kong Clipper was set afire by Japanese and was destroyed.

Pan Am flew more than 90 million miles for the US government carrying military personnel, cargo, ferried bombers and aircraft.

Pan Am trained thousands of British military pilots, navigators and mechanics.

Boeing 314s were the world's only aircraft that could carry payloads across an ocean. So the government promptly took over all of Pan Am's over-ocean aircraft, crews and operations. Boeing 314s served by transporting military personnel and supplies to the war zone as well as carry most of the leaders of the Allied Nations to important strategic missions in all continents. Boeing 314s played a role in the development of the atomic bomb. They flew uranium for the bomb to Leopoldville.

NOTICE!!!

**If you received an envelope date ends with 2013,
your dues need to be paid for 2014.**

**This is your last newsletter if your envelope date ends with
2013, and we don't see any money from you!**

TURNING FINALS - ENGINE OUT FERRIES

by John A. Marshall

One of the more unusual duties that befall supervisory pilots of the world's major airlines is that of ferrying a crippled airliner from its place of demise to the nearest port where repairs can be made. As often as not, the problem requiring the ferry is that one of the aircraft's engines has given up the ghost; for whatever reason, the power plant will not properly function, and the airplane must be flown onward with its normal complement of engines minus one. (Naturally, this exercise is only undertaken in airplanes with three or more engines.) Nevertheless, it is a quick and efficient way to get the aircraft back into service, when for various reasons, it would be either impossible or impractical to effect repairs on the spot.

In the early days of jet transports, the engines that powered the Boeing 707 and Douglas DC-8 were the familiar Pratt & Whitney JT-3. They were huge by the standards of the time, but not so large that one could not fit onto the cargo deck of a 707 or DC-8 freighter. It was only exceptional circumstance that required a 3-engine ferry of one of these early birds, because it was every bit as practical, to say nothing of considerably safer, to carry the engine to Mohammed, so to speak.

The advent of the JT-9 family of gargantuan behemoths that powered the huge new B-747, though, was another story. Along with its cousins, the Rolls-Royce RB-211 series, and the General Electric CF-6, these beasts were too large to fit snugly onto the cargo deck of the older freighters, and took up so much weight (which equaled revenue payload) in a 747 cargo ship, that airlines began to search for other alternatives.

One solution, which was applied to the 747 by several airlines, was an ingenious innovation known as the 'fifth pod'. Boeing and its engineers, at the behest of the airlines, began researching the feasibility of actually carrying another engine slung under the wing and ferrying it to wherever it was needed. The engine was carefully prepared and enclosed in a fiberglass cocoon, which was then fitted to an attaching point under the wing between the number two engine and the fuselage. Snugly housed, it got a free ride to wherever it was needed. More than one passenger did a double-take after a casual glance at his chariot revealed another engine!

There were several disadvantages to this system, however. The sacrifice in allowable weight (payload), and the penalties in altitude and speed were considerable, and of course, there had to be a 747 going in your direction anyway in order to make it worthwhile. To fifth-pod an engine as the sole reason to dispatch an airplane would seldom have made economic sense.

The alternative solution was almost an afterthought. The airplane was certificated to fly on three engines at virtually all gross weights and under every conceivable condition; why then, if the conditions were right, couldn't one take off on three in the first place, and if one of the four was ill, transport it in situ to where it could be repaired? It was an ideal solution, and the airlines soon adopted the practice as, while not exactly routine, one that had such practical implications that it could not be ignored.

I have been involved in several engine-out ferries, on both the Lockheed 1011 and the Boeing 747, and they were all memorable. At Pan American, these trips were always flown by supervisory pilots, after much diligence and consideration of the circumstances; they were undertaken usually as a last resort, when the logistics dictated. They were not taken lightly. The pilots were required to practice the maneuver annually in the simulator, and there were very strict protocols to be followed. All unnecessary galley and cabin equipment was removed, and the airplane drained of water. No supernumeraries were permitted; only the bare essential operating crew was permitted aboard. The maintenance manual dictated an intricate and lengthy procedure

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TURNING FINALS - ENGINE OUT FERRIES

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to make an engine ready to be carried inert. A flat plate insert was affixed to the front of the engine to prevent it from rotating, and many of the accessories were removed. The finished product looked very much like a plucked chicken.

The performance engineering wizards produced special charts and tables to reflect the reduction in takeoff performance, and the flight operations department developed the procedures and techniques needed to make it all work. The finished product was a procedure that was as safe as it could be. I was involved in a couple of three-engine ferries of B-747s that were just a bit outside the norm.

The airplane in question was an ancient 747-200B of colorful lineage that had been resurrected from an Old Airplane Home in the desert and flown to southeast Asia, where she would serve one last glorious enlistment to fly a Haj -carrying pilgrims to Mecca. She was reluctant from the start, and eventually contracted a near-fatal affliction in her number three engine. After worrying us for several days, it had failed to start during pushback for a routine scheduled flight. Its disease was eventually diagnosed as a split in a fuel line that was nestled deep in the innards of the engine itself; the cure would require the virtual dismantling of the engine. It was a task far beyond the capabilities of the personnel and the facilities at hand. It fell to me, as one of the chief pilots of the operation, to undertake a three-engine ferry from Jakarta's Halim Airport to the huge maintenance facility in Singapore for repairs. (The fact that I was the only captain at hand who had ever flown an engine-out ferry in a 747 no doubt had a bearing on the selection process.)

The vintage buildings and rural, laid-back atmosphere of the regional field seemed to shrink it, to make it smaller than it actually was, and our huge airplane dwarfed it even more. It was bucolic, with native villages pressing tightly to the boundary fences of the airport itself. It seemed more suited to Charles Lindbergh and Amelia Earhart than to a preposterous 747. The taxiways were narrow and constricted, the turns sharp and unforgiving. It was plainly evident that the airport was born long before the concept of the Jumbo jet. The runway was long enough -just - to accommodate a full airplane on four healthy engines, permitting liftoff in its confines with fuel enough to fly its mission.

An engine-out ferry was another story. We had access to operating manuals not only from the manufacturer, Boeing, but from two different airlines. We pored over charts and tables to determine whether we were indeed mad, or merely foolish. The airplane would be stripped, right to its bare essentials, so that the term Basic Operating Weight actually meant something. She would carry only essential crew, and enough fuel to fly the two hours to Singapore with bare minimum reserve. The weather was seldom a problem.

The three healthy engines started, we taxied carefully to the very end of the only runway. The charts reassuringly showed that we would lift off with many meters to spare; once aloft, second-segment problems didn't concern me. The rural areas surrounding Jakarta, and in particular the vicinity of Halim Airport, were thankfully flat. Of course this was predicated on everything operating perfectly, with no hiccups from any of the remaining systems. The actual takeoff procedure was deceptively simple.

The bad engine was an inboard, obviously the most favorable scenario. We would turn onto the runway, using every available inch of concrete, and once turned down its length, set the brakes.

The two outboards would be set at maximum takeoff thrust, and the lone inboard, number two, set at seventy percent RPM. (We used N One, the primary compressor stage. It would result in roughly 70 percent of maximum thrust.) The brakes would be released, and as speed gradually increased, the number two would be carefully brought up to max power. The trick was to bring the thrust to bear at the same rate that the rudder provided enough authority to keep the aircraft on the straight and level.

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TURNING FINALS - ENGINE OUT FERRIES

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It was a heart-in-the-mouth exercise, fuelled by the thundering heartbeat of the healthy three engines, and the prayer that they remained so. As I released the brakes I said a silent prayer to the Gods of Pratt & Whitney and eased up the throttle (now they are called 'power levers') on the number two. The rudder was against the right stop, to match the asymmetrical thrust, and after agonizing seconds that seemed like long minutes, I was able to ease the rudder, and wait for Vee One. The multitudes of villagers that attended every takeoff raced by, a blur in my peripheral vision.

Finally we flew, and the rest of the flight was an anticlimax, remarkable only for the fact that we flew so slowly and at such a low altitude. Singapore was soon in the windscreen, and after a routine landing, we were directed to one of the massive hangars that made up the maintenance base. By the time we had deplaned the cowling was off our reluctant engine, and the wrenches were hammering at the innards of the big Pratt.

The second verse to the same song was played out about a month later, and this time fate again placed me at the controls. It was the same airplane, but the opposite inboard this time. It had ceased to share its burden of the load about halfway from Jakarta to Abu Dhabi, and we nursed our sick companion gingerly across the Arabian Sea to a landing on the wonderfully long strip at our destination. (A tale related in a previous Turning Finals.)

After a day of frantic phone calls back and forth across the Atlantic, an engine was located in Chicago; it would be airlifted to Paris Orly where the Air France maintenance facility would do the change. All we had to do was get our sick friend to Orly.

We ran the numbers; the flight would take nearly eight hours, at an impossible altitude and speed. It would feel like flying a twin Cessna to Paris. A major obstacle was the lack of charts and approach plates. We covered the Middle East and southeast Asia pretty well, but Europe and the Mediterranean were large blanks in our route manuals. I spent a long morning at the Garuda Operations office laboriously copying reams of plates from every airport along the way that could conceivably be considered an alternate.

While our erstwhile sick friend, the number three engine, had behaved pretty well, we still didn't trust it completely. Like a recalcitrant child, it would cough or hiccup at inopportune moments, just enough to give us pause. In the back of my mind, I felt as though we were going to Paris on two and a half engines, and I wanted plates for every contingency.

The final obstacle was Orly itself. While Garuda did serve Paris, it was through Charles DeGaulle Airport, the huge new facility at Roissy. Orly charts were nowhere to be found in the Garuda Ops office.. Ditto British Airways, and Lufthansa. Air France was our last hope; surely they would have Orly charts? Of course they did, with the legends and notes entirely in French! No matter, the essential numbers were there, and I had been to Orly enough times myself that with a good forecast, which we fortunately had, we decided we would wing it.

We left at dawn. The impossibly long runway stretched out ahead of us, giving us the luxury of easing in the power and the leisure to carefully assess the health of our three operating engines before committing. The climb to twenty-three thousand took what seemed like hours, and once settled in at cruise we had plenty of time to enjoy the scenery as it slowly rolled by beneath. I made careful note of the usable airports as they passed by, keeping each in the back of my mind. The weather was picture-book, and even the French controllers in the Paris area seemed more laid-back than usual. In the gloaming of a late June afternoon we settled onto the runway at Orly, and even managed to find our way to the maintenance hangar with our Air France road map. It had been a long day, but a successful one.

Come join us as we embark once again on a fabulous reunion cruise!

We depart from Miami on 13 April 2014 and return 20 April 2014

The ship departs from Miami making it an attractive place to leave from and return home. You will be insured to receive all the best Royal Caribbean has to offer – World-class performers from across the globe come together to keep you entertained morning to night. Broadway musicals, the DreamWorks Experience, ice skating spectaculars – plus thrilling casino action, live comedy and music, bars, clubs and much more. Also, we have dedicated areas for our group in early and late dining where you can enjoy wonderful meals while sitting with your favorite friends from the past. All our Pan Am reunion cruises have been 100% successful and this one will be no less.

The ship will sail to St. Maarten, San Juan and Royal Caribbean's gem of a private island Labadee in Haiti. Excellent shore excursions are available for all which you can check out on Royal Caribbean's web site.

Make the call and make your reservation. Cruise rates are per person, based on double occupancy; singles pay 200%. A deposit of \$250 per person will lock in your price and is totally refundable if you need to cancel by or before Jan.26, 2014. We also encourage everyone to take travel insurance giving the unforeseen peace of mind; price to be determined by category type and fare you pay.

Inside cabins from \$439 /

Ocean View from \$539 /

Balcony from \$759.

Port charges and taxes are additional at \$276.31 per person

So, come join our motely crew for fun and surprises for all. Remember when you sail on our reunion cruises you add yet another layer of wonderful memories to your life. See you there.

Carmen – Pan Am Cruise Coordinator [888-592-7245](tel:888-592-7245) (toll free) [786-252-7838](tel:786-252-7838) Cell interlinetravels@yahoo.com

Stu Archer Pan Am Pilot and Cruise Consultant [\(305-238-0911\)](tel:305-238-0911) stunjune@aol.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***

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

Dave Stauffer died on Dec. 16 2013 at Pleasanton Ca. at the age of 80, surrounded by his family. He flew for Pan Am 26 years, based in SFO, JFK, and LAX. He was a Navy fighter pilot and retired as a LT CDR.

Stanley Anthony Roitz passed away suddenly and peacefully Sunday evening December 22nd. He was 80 years old. Stan was born in Trinidad, Colorado and attended Holy Trinity Elementary and High School. He also attended Trinidad Junior College. In 1954, he enlisted in the US Navy. Stan had the opportunity to fly for Pan American Airlines - his big dream. The family moved to New York, as Stan flew out of JFK.

Jim Crum passed away in December 2013.

Edwin Joseph Wright, 86, born on October 21, 1926, in St. Louis, MO, passed away February 1, 2013. He resided in La Quinta, CA with his wife of 63 years, Jacqueline Wright. A life long love of model airplanes, time in the Navy under Captain Ball on a B314 Seaplane until 1946, an Aircraft and Engine License at Northrop School of Aviation, a short time with Douglas Aircraft and then on to Flying Tigers working in the Flight Controls shop followed by a season of crop dusting in Calexico in his much loved Stearman. In 1955, the door opened for a chance to fly with Pan American Airways, he took it and never looked back, joining them as a Flight Engineer.

Jack W. Burke, longtime Pan Am pilot and resident of the Seattle area, passed away in Hospice care on Thurs., Dec. 5, 2013 at the Fleming House. He retired from Pan Am in 1982 after 40 years as an instructor, check pilot and Chief Pilot.

John Emmett Shanck, 86, of Fort Worth, Texas, passed away on December 17, 2013. John flew for Pan Am for 20 years, from 1955 until 1975, before medically retiring. He was a 707 captain flying out of JFK at retirement. He also flew for 20 years for the Air Force and Air National Guard. He is survived by his wife, Phyllis, three daughters and eight grandchildren.

Thomas John Flanagan Sr. of Madison and Ridgefield, Conn has passed away at the age of 92. Tom, in his 45 years of service with Pan Am flew everything from Flying Boats to the 747 and rose to the executive position of Senior Vice President of operations.

Robert Forrest Setterfield passed away peacefully in Carson City, Nevada, at age 95 on Mar. 16, 2013. He flew world wide for 35 meritorious years with Pan American World Airways. He met his wife to be, Marian, in Argentina. She was formerly of Helena, Montana, and working as a Pan Am stewardess out of Miami.

Captain David Robin "Bob" Berg died peacefully in Hospital January 18, 2014. He was born April 24, 1919 and worked for Pan American Airways from 1940 to retirement 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

Financial Scams Against Senior Citizens a Growing Concern

Financial scams targeting seniors have become so prevalent that they're now considered "the crime of the 21st century."

Why? Because seniors are thought to have a significant amount of money sitting in their accounts.

Financial scams also often go unreported or can be difficult to prosecute, so they're considered a "low-risk" crime. However, they're devastating to many older adults and can leave them in a very vulnerable position with little time to recoup their losses.

It's not just wealthy seniors who are targeted. Low-income older adults are also at risk of financial abuse.

And it's not always strangers who perpetrate these crimes. Over 90% of all reported elder abuse is committed by an older person's own family members, most often their adult children, followed by grandchildren, nieces and nephews, and others.

Review our list below, so you can identify a potential scam.

1. Health Care/Medicare/Health Insurance Fraud

Every U.S. citizen or permanent resident over age 65 qualifies for Medicare, so there is rarely any need for a scam artist to research what private health insurance company older people have in order to scam them out of some money.

In these types of scams, perpetrators may pose as a Medicare representative to get older people to give them their personal information, or they will provide bogus services for elderly people at makeshift mobile clinics, then use the personal information they provide to bill Medicare and pocket the money.

2. Counterfeit Prescription Drugs

Most commonly, counterfeit drug scams operate on the Internet, where seniors increasingly go to find better prices on specialized medications.

This scam is growing in popularity—since 2000, the FDA has investigated an average of 20 such cases per year, up from five a year in the 1990s.

The danger is that besides paying money for something that will not help a person's medical condition, victims may purchase unsafe substances that can inflict even more harm. This scam can be as hard on the body as it is on the wallet.

The FBI warns about two types of funeral and cemetery fraud perpetrated on seniors.

In one approach, scammers read obituaries and call or attend the funeral service of a complete stranger to take advantage of the grieving widow or widower. Claiming the deceased had an outstanding debt with them, scammers will try to extort money from relatives to settle the fake debts.

Another tactic of disreputable funeral homes is to capitalize on family members' unfamiliarity with the considerable cost of funeral services to add unnecessary charges to the bill.

In one common scam of this type, funeral directors will insist that a casket, usually one of the most expensive parts of funeral services, is necessary even when performing a direct cremation, which can be accomplished with a cardboard casket rather than an expensive display or burial casket.