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In Berlin

by John Marshall

Living in Berlin while flying the IGS in the '60s, when the Wall was still very much a part of daily life, sometimes presented its own unique challenges. Leaving Berlin by surface in those days was a monumental undertaking. In order to drive out by car, the first order of business was to obtain an East German transit visa, procurable only through the Swedish Travel Bureau in West Berlin. Once in hand the visa was good for a week, and was valid for one round trip through the zone. One was only permitted to travel on one of three specified routes through East Germany, digressing from the autobahns was strictly verboten. Once begun, your journey was timed by the East Germans. When you reached the checkpoint at the other end your arrival time was noted. Too much elapsed time and you had some explaining to do as to just what took you so long; too little and you were cited for speeding. The speed limit on the East German autobahns was a frustrating 100 kilometers per hour; tantalizingly slow by western standards and very tempting to exceed, but you did so at your peril. The police were not known for their sense of humor, and the penalties were severe.

Getting the visa was only the first step in this grim little charade. Physically getting into the car and heading for the border marked just the beginning of what was always a frustrating journey. One always carried deep in one's breast the hope that today, hopefully, the lines would be mercifully short and the

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In Berlin

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delay at the checkpoint minimal. Then you drove around the final bend only to see the line of cars snaking back from the checkpoint and your heart sank. It was going to be a long day.

The first step was to park in front of the somber gray building and go stand in line to have the visa stamped. The communist bureaucracy moved at its own pace: frustratingly slow. Blank-faced functionaries wordlessly inspected each page of the passport, then passed it without comment through an anonymous slot into another room. Now the waiting began in earnest. An endless procession of unsmiling slate-green uniformed Vopos and dull gray garbed border police came and went, to no seeming purpose. It was all considered a deadly serious exercise, a game in which they held all the cards. On the wall the only adornment was the ubiquitous portrait of Walter Ulbricht, the East German premier, gazing sternly down at the proceedings below.

The minutes stretched and the patience thinned, the hard wooden benches got harder and harder. Finally your number was called and you retrieved your passport from its purgatory and returned to the car. Now the fun started. Back at the wheel, you pull into line and inch your way forward, and begin another wait. Car by car, foot by foot, the line creeps toward the barricade that is the ultimate goal. Here are the guards that will give you the final clearance and send you on your way. You are lured into thinking that this is a mere formality; nothing could be simpler, right? Not a chance! As you reach the barrier a gloved hand stretches across the lane and you are asked to disembark from the vehicle. Credentials are minutely examined again, and as you climb down mirrors on wheels slide underneath the car and the guards peer closely at the images below. They reach into the back of the car and remove everything that is stashed there. The pile grows on the ground beside us. The final items to be removed are the seats, and they join us beside the car. It is now a skeleton, a metal frame bared to the essentials. The hood is opened and the engine examined, and then at last we are finally released to continue our journey. We reassemble the car, with no help from the Vopos, and climb in. The unsmiling guard hands the passports through the window, and we are free to go. In this context however, free is a relative term. We are free to observe the constraints of the East German autobahn, plodding along at 100 km per hour until reaching the opposite border.

Years later, shortly after the fall of the Berlin Wall, I returned to the city for a brief visit. My brother was the Berlin bureau chief for the Los Angeles Times, and he invited me to join him on a quick visit to a village on the Elbe that was, until three months earlier, deep inside East Germany. The old borders were slow to disappear, and we passed through a control point just north of the city on the road to Hamburg. It was manned by guards wearing the uniform of the dying regime, and after a few moments

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Bank balance as of June 28, 2024 was \$18,919.25. The opportunity to renew your membership with your donation is on a form on page 4 of this newsletter, which will go toward continuing forward. Thank you to the those who have mailed in your donations in 2024 already! Be sure to clip and send in your check if you'd like to continue to receive the newsletter. Thank you!

In Berlin

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it was plain that they were just going through the motions. They greeted us with a smiling welcome to East Germany, and while my journalist brother had press credentials, I had nothing other than a passport. There was a bad moment of déjà vu while we waited for approval. In less than a minute the young guard reappeared with the passports, handed them through to me and wished us a "Schöne gute reise." As we cruised northward at about 130 km per in my brother's BMW I thought back to my first trip through the Zone, 26 years earlier. The contrast was so great as to be almost inconceivable.

Excesses and Furloughs

by Ash Cutchin

Someone might have submitted a similar story in the past, but if not, your readers may find this little trip down memory lane enlightening. Those of you who read my earlier story about my interview, and the situation changing daily (or even hourly) may have experienced something like this.

In the late sixties and early seventies, after a flurry of hiring, yearly furloughs became commonplace. I'm pretty sure I went from having about 300 pilots below me on the seniority list to as few as 100. It seems like every October brought more bad news for us junior guys. Such was the case with my classmates in October 1970. We received notices that we were "excess" in San Francisco. I made the choice to bid to relocate to JFK instead of MIA, mainly because it looked like I would not be quite as junior (relatively speaking). I was still an RCO/Navigator.

Because I also dabbled in real estate in Sonoma County during my time off, I had a few connections, and so selling my house outside Santa Rosa was not very difficult. I was the listing agent and thereby saved myself part of the commission. As an aside to this "excess" story I mention that the sale of one small ranch I had listed closed while I was in London and my broker took care of the closing in my absence. The buyer paid cash ... \$100,000 in small bills in a brown paper grocery bag. I don't think he planted grape vines on the property, but a more profitable crop.

In January, 1971 I was in the process of moving back East. A moving van was parked in my driveway with about 99% of our furniture in it.

I was in the spare bedroom (also my office) with nothing else in the room but our one remaining telephone and the wet mop I was holding when that phone rang. My wife was in the kitchen wiping the counter tops. "Hello."

"Good morning Mr. Cutchin, this is Hank Evans. How are you today?"

"Just fine, Captain Evans. I'm not in trouble again, am I?"

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Excesses and Furloughs

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"Well, no. The reason I'm calling is ... How would you like to remain in San Francisco?" An awkward silence. No house. No furniture. Sold my pickup truck. Sold our camper. What should I do? I asked myself. He continued. "It seems we are not quite ready to go 100% INS on the 707s and we still need some navigators. You are now the senior one on the excess list, and you have first choice if you wish to stay. If you decide to go ahead and transfer to New York, I will call the next man on the list. Sorry for such short notice."

" Well sir, uh, uh, I uh ,, I think I'll have to discuss this with my wife. We have sold out house and our furniture is in a truck in my driveway. May I call you back?"

His answer was, "Yes, but don't take too long. I need to know today." So Ginna and I discussed it briefly and decided that if we stayed, we would probably have to go through the same thing in a few months. Also, we would have to look for another house in Santa Rosa. So, we decided to go back home, and look for someplace to live where a commute to JFK would not be too difficult, perhaps even in our beloved Virginia. I called Captain Evans within an hour and told him we would go to New York.

That night we stayed at a friend's house and the next day, after being based in SFO 4 years and 3 months, we began our long drive back to Virginia. In an unbelievable twist of fate, that moving van had an accident in Georgia, rolled over, and our washer fell onto our dryer, which fell onto our TV, which fell onto our dresser. And two large cardboard wardrobe boxes of silk cocktail dresses and evening gowns disappeared. What a mess!

I believe about another year went by and my remaining classmates who stayed behind in SFO were also excessed to JFK, and not long after that many of us were in Flight Engineer training, having accumulated 1,200 hours or more and passed the ATP written exam. I guess you could call that progress. Somehow, I managed to avoid a furlough, unlike many of my friends, who spent a few years away from Pan Am.

Traveling in Style

from Clipper to China - Pan Am's Martin 130s in the Pacific by Ed Davies

Glenn Martin, pilot, designer and aircraft builder, enjoyed a financially successful national exhibition tour during 1911, flying one of his own Model 12 pusher biplanes. Returning to Santa Ana, California, he formulated a plan to fly from the mainland coast, 30 miles (48km) out over the Pacific to Avalon, on Catalina Island. The flight had enormous publicity potential, because at that time, the world record for an over-water flight was held by Louis Bleriot, for his 20-mile (32km) crossing of the English Channel. A large pontoon was built and fitted under the Model 12, and shortly after noon on May 10, 1912, he took off, and 37 minutes later landed on the waters of Avalon Bay. Despite damage to the pontoon, he flew back to Balboa the same afternoon, and made headlines in the following morning's Los Angeles and Santa Ana papers.

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Traveling in Style

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On May 10, 1937, Martin returned to Avalon for a testimonial banquet and civic reception, celebrating the 25th anniversary of his record-breaking flight. This time he went in style, a guest of PanAm, in his own *China Clipper*. The pilot was Captain Musick, and Martin's beloved mother Minta was along for the ride. During the late afternoon of the following day, the Clipper returned to her more serious business, taking off for Manila with a full load of eleven passengers, mail and express freight. On her return trip later in the month, she took on yet another role, that of a flying ambulance. George Sommers, a New York broker, and his friend Richard Berlin, a publishing executive, were involved in a motor accident while vacationing in Manila. One broke his back and the other had broken ribs - they were accompanied by a doctor and nurse for their return flight to the US.

In June, the attention moved to the East Coast, where the S-42-Bs were in the news again, operating the first passenger flights to Bermuda, and the first tentative steps in the survey flights across the Atlantic. Over the Pacific, Clipper passengers now frequently included mining engineers and speculators, involved in the precious metal mining boom in the Philippines. Worldwide attention, however, was firmly focused on the progress of Amelia Earhart on her round-the-world flight, accompanied by former PanAm Clipper navigator, Fred Noonan. The following month the news included both her tragic disappearance off Howland Island, and the completion of PanAm's first transatlantic flights.

Back in the Pacific, the Clippers chalked up their first 1,000,000 miles (1,609.30km) of safe ocean crossing, and *China Clipper* carried Mr and Mrs Emory Bronte to Hawaii to celebrate the 10th anniversary of Bronte and Smith's first civilian flight from the mainland to Hawaii. On July 28, Ben Smith, who had failed to make the inaugural Pacific flight, and lost his bet with Thomas Ryan, now got to ride the Clipper. A last-minute decision to "go some place", found Smith and his friend John Bickell of the Canadian Bank of Commerce aboard *Phillippine Clipper* (NCq4715) on the first leg of a flight to Shanghai. PanAm announced that in July it flew a record total of 33,333 passengers on its worldwide system.

Weather remained the principal cause of delays on the system. There were occasional engine failures, but spare units were on hand at each of the stations, and the normal time for an engine change had been reduced to a remarkable six hours. PanAm's maintenance system was thorough, and preventative measures included the automatic replacement of one of the Clipper's four engines after each third flight.

October 20, 1937, was the first anniversary of PanAm's passenger flights across the Pacific. In the early afternoon, *Phillippine Clipper* took off from Alameda for the 154th crossing. The enviable record of the Martin 130 flying-boats included over 2,000 passengers carried, more than 1,500,000 miles (2,413,950km) flown, hauling more than 479,944 lb (217,700kg) of cargo, in addition to the trans-Pacific air mail. On October 24, San Francisco dedicated its new state-of-the-art airfield at Mills Field. (Now San Francisco International Airport). The seaport here, that was planned but not yet built, would be the final base for PanAm's Pacific Clippers. Across the bay, the government took title to the site of the future Alameda Naval Air Station, that in a few years would swallow up the Clipper's base at Alameda.

(from *Air Enthusiast*, May/June 2000)

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 or cblayd@aol.com

Flying Boat Reunion clip now available for viewing

A 15-minute special that aired April 27, 2016 on Ireland's popular RTE TV show "Nationwide" is now available for viewing. China Clipper First Officer Robert Hicks (94); Merry Barton, daughter of Folger Athearn (Pan Am's station manager in Noumea, New Caledonia in 1941); Director of the Foynes Flying Boat Museum

Pan Am -- Personal Tributes to A Global Aviation Pioneer

The Pan Am Historical Foundation recently published the highly acclaimed Pan Am – Personal Tributes to a Global Aviation Pioneer, a book that caught the attention of Pan Amers and aviation enthusiasts around the world.

Flying Somewhere? Useful Tip for Air Traffic

FlightAware is a free flight tracker that will change what you think about live flight tracking and aviation data. It

Layovers for Pan Am

Check out Pan American layovers at www.paacrewlayover.com, where some 81 cities and over 161 hotels are shown in photos.

Check Out the Lockerbie Website

A website has been created for Lockerbie. It can be viewed at www.lockerbie103.com. It might be a worthwhile site to check out, especially for those who plan on visiting Lockerbie. Be sure to enter the web address in the browser (not Google Search, etc.) with the www. Otherwise, they will get hundreds of Lockerbies and 103s and may not find the web site after 15 pages. ~Claude Hudspeth

Enjoy Listening to the Pan Am Podcasts

Now in the third season, The Pan Am Podcast brings the history of Pan American World Airways to life through engaging storytelling and insightful interviews with Pan Am employees, passengers, authors, and aviation enthusiasts. <https://podcast.thepanammuseum.org/>

The PanAm World Fellowship Golf Classic is run by new people, still called Pan Am Golf. The new website is www.panamgolf.com. This year October 2024 will be in Las Vegas, Nevada.

*...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

Harold Elton Lawrence passed away at his home in Conroe, Texas on Sunday, April 14, 2024, at the age of 89. He was born on December 18, 1934 in Lufkin, Texas to his mother, Daisy Lawrence, and father, James Lawrence. He is survived by his loving wife, Kate Lawrence; daughter, Stacy Blevins; son, Jeffrey Lawrence; brother, Norman Lawrence; five grandchildren; and ten great grandchildren; as well as numerous nieces, nephews, and cousins. Harold grew up in the Houston Heights with his sister Janice, twin brothers Stephen and Norman, and his baby sister Linda. He attended Rice University and University of Houston and was a proud graduate of The University of Texas with a degree in engineering. He served as a peacetime fighter pilot in the United States Air Force and the Texas Air National Guard. He later joined Pan American Airways in 1964, and remained Captain until Pan Am ceased operations in December 1991. He flew one more year for Taiwanese China Airlines as a Captain in their 747 fleet, before retiring in 1993. Harold and his wife Kate have resided in Conroe, Texas since 1993. He had a deep love for flying, travel, art, beautiful scenery, and volunteering. His family was everything to him. He will be missed by his family and friends and all who knew and loved him. A memorial service celebrating his life was held on Saturday, June 1 at 11:00 am at: St. James Episcopal Church, 1803 Highland Hollow Drive, Conroe TX, 77304. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to St. James Music Fund or a Charity of your choice.

For more information and full obituaries 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 Sue Forde at sue@clipperpioneers.com, or mail to: Clipper Pioneers, attn: Sue Forde, c/o P. O. Box 3457, Sequim, WA 98382.

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

RENEW TODAY!

In order to keep the newsletter and website going for the Clipper Pioneers, it's time for renewal dues of \$50 00 (or more if you wish to donate extra to help keep us going!). If you haven't already, please send it to: Clipper Pioneers, P. O. Box 3457, Sequim, WA 98382. Thank you!

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Thank you for your continuing support of the Clipper Pioneers!

PAN AM REUNION CRUISE - APRIL 28 - MAY 12, 2025

MIAMI TO SOUTHAMPTON ROYAL CARIBBEAN'S INDEPENDENCE OF THE SEAS

Dear Pan Amers:

Once again we prepare for our next much welcomed Pan Am reunion cruise. We honor the many requests for a Transatlantic cruise with lots of wonderful and interesting ports of call. Our 14 day cruise departs Miami visiting Kings Wharf (Bermuda), Ponta Delgada (Azores), 2 fabulous days Lisbon (Portugal), Vigo (Spain) then ending in Southampton (England). Take time to melt away land-based stress with a spa massage, build a scrapbook of memories or simply relax poolside. Four days for the crossing is a blessing considering the usual 6 - 8 days. Plenty of time to reach out to old friends, enjoy movies 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, sightseeing 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.

Call in your reservation now; 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, parties and the like. **DON'T DELAY !** Call Carmen at 786-252-7838 for prices

Insurance is available and highly suggested and is priced by your category chosen. Inquire on your price. More information will come with your invoice. Flights available through Air / Sea 844-278-9745

Call Interline Travels at Carmen's cell 786-252-7838. If line is busy please be patient and leave your message, I will get to you ASAP Email address interlinetravels@yahoo.com. 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. Carmen Jaquet - cell 786-252-7838 or 305-598-0363 Pan Am Cruise Coordinator

Date	Ports	Arrive	Depart	
Mon 28 Apr	Miami, Florida	-		Boarding
Tue 29 Apr	Cruising			
Wed 30 Apr	Cruising	-		
Thu 01 May	King's Wharf, Bermuda	8:00 AM	5:00 PM	
Fri 02 May	Cruising	-	-	Cruising
Sat 03 May	Cruising	-	-	Cruising
Sun 04 May	Cruising	-	-	Cruising
Mon 05 May	Cruising	-	-	Cruising
Tue 06 May	Ponta Delgada, Azores	9:00 AM	6:00 PM	
Wed 07 May	Cruising	-	-	Cruising
Thu 08 May	Lisbon, Portugal	11:59 AM	-	Docked
Fri 09 May	Lisbon, Portugal	-	5:00 PM	Docked
Sat 10 May	Vigo, Spain	9:00 AM	5:00 PM	Docked
Sun 11 May	Cruising		-	Cruising
Mon 12 May	Southampton, England	5:30 AM	-	Departure