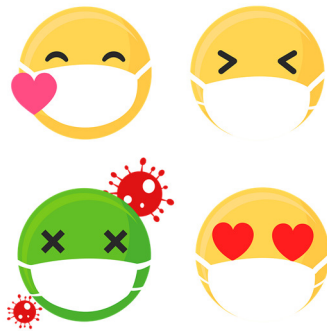


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OCTOBER MAY GO THE WAY OF AUGUST . . .

Currently in Hawaii, our Covid-19 cases are increasing and an October meeting is highly unlikely. After all this time of limited movement and contact with friends, we may need to focus on the little things that we used to enjoy in our spare time; find a good book, find treasures in that recipe drawer, make a jigsaw puzzle, and above all, keep in touch with others, if only by phone.

FAREWELL TO THE 747

It seems that all over the world, people are saying "Farewell" to the 747. There are YouTube videos and Facebook stories of these "Sorry to see her go" articles. Recently I was sent a link to an article in the Australian *Guardian* (July 22nd issue) on the occasion of Qantas' last 747 flying off to the Mojave desert. The story was written by Brigid Delaney and the photographs were taken by Carly Earl.

Delaney reported that the CEO of the Qantas Group said the 747 was significant as it brought lower fares and nonstop flights. She quotes the CEO, "It's hard to overstate the impact that the 747 had on aviation and on a country as far away as Australia. . . It put international travel within reach of the average Australian and people jumped at the opportunity."

Delaney found that the plane was loved by crew members as well as engineers. She quoted a pilot who had had 40 years on the aircraft, Ewen Cameron: "It's a great airplane. It's so heavy but really stable. You point it in one direction, it keeps going in that direction. It's very forgiving. . . The passengers love the A380 but there's more nostalgic love for this one. . . It looked cumbersome when I first saw it—I was struck by the pure size. I have a fair understanding of aerodynamics, but watching it take off you think, 'that shouldn't happen.'" Delaney added, "It shouldn't, but it did. Over and over again."

Delaney was part of a news team invited to tour the aircraft before its departure. They started at the back, at the flight attendant bunkroom. The 747-400 was not the first aircraft with a bunkroom for flight attendants. The 747SP had one but it was in the middle of the passenger cabin behind the right side galley and in the first class cabin. The walls were thin and it was pretty noisy. The 400 bunkroom was located in the back of the fuselage, above the last



rows of seats and the aft restrooms. It was accessed by a small sliding door opposite the aftmost restroom on the right side of the aircraft. The photos above are a little dark but it is a very small area and would be difficult to photograph well. The photo on the left was taken in the bunkroom looking down to the cabin below. This is a slightly different configuration than that on the UA 747-400, with which I am familiar. We did not have the luxury of our own restroom. There was only a mirror to check if one looked presentable before grabbing a toothbrush and hoping a cabin restroom was free for your use. In the photo on the right, an upper and lower bunk can be seen straight ahead on the left side of the fuselage under the lights. On the left two curtains cover two more bunks. On the right the open alcoves of two more bunks are visible, with the upper one slightly lit up. Two more bunks were on the right side of the fuselage, not visible here. A large mirror was hung from the wall on the outside of those bunks on the UA configuration.

Delaney wrote, "It's like the basement in [the movie] *Parasite*. You have to ask yourself how anyone could sleep up here without having a panic attack." Any United flight attendant can tell you it was heaven to us. We had never before had a place to rest that was so quiet. In addition, until the 747SP came along with its noisy bunkroom, there was no official place to rest though Pan Am Passenger Service agents would try to hold seats in the last row for us if possible. Of course before the SP, our longest flights were only about 9 to 10 hours in duration. *

After checking out the cockpit, Delaney and her crew took a bit of time to sit in a business class seat. She described the experience: It was "a big old leather (or leather-feel) chair that had a scotch, cigar and fireplace vibe. Once you sank into it, it was difficult to get up." Then Delaney and her crew were invited to the bridge of the hangar to watch the plane depart. She writes: "The scene in the hangar, as the plane was towed out, felt reminiscent of a funeral procession, where people line the roads and pay respects as the hearse rolls by slowly. But here, engineers and maintenance workers stood on the bridge, watching the plane roll out, their arms outstretched, filming the departure on their cameras. It was a moment that almost seemed to be choreographed, it was so like a salute."

*See following story

BEFORE BUNK ROOMS

The crew workday was longer than the flight time involved and, in many cases, had little to do with actual flight time. Multi-segment days could be very long. On one routine R&R schedule on Pan Am in the 60s, the crew was picked up at the hotel in downtown TYO and bused out to Yokota AFB, which took at least 2 hours at that time of day. Waiting for us at the base was a Pan Am crew on board a 707 ready to turn their duties over to us to take their passengers on to some city in Vietnam.

Thus we embarked on the first of 4 flight sectors, always with full passenger loads: Yokota AFB to Vietnam; Vietnam to Bangkok or Taipei; back to Vietnam; and finally Vietnam to Yokota AFB. We

served hot meals on all flights. The segments to and from Taipei or Bangkok were very short, sometimes under 2 hours, and we hustled to get the steak dinners, thawed, cooked and delivered, and trays picked up in time for landing. Many a time we could see the airport tarmac passing by as we rushed to get into our jumpseat seatbelts. The Vietnam/Yokota sectors were over 3 hours and we did not have to rush so much.

At arrival in Yokota, we were relieved by a fresh crew who would take the passengers on to the U.S. We were hot and tired by the time we boarded the bus that would take us to the hotel. Often the pilots would ask the bus driver to stop at a store just off base so they could buy some cold beverages for the long ride to the city. Though it was tempting, some of us did not want to risk sitting in traffic even longer than expected. Indeed, when we finally arrived at the hotel around 4 p.m., there was often a dash to the door to get to a restroom. We arrived at the hotel 24 hours after we had left it.

The flight time of the four segments totaled about 12 to 14 hours but put in 10 to 12 hours of ground time. After 24 hours of rest, we would repeat the process. I doubt that any of us looked much like the smiling, smartly dressed stewardess in the Pan Am ads when we entered the hotel lobby after the second grueling assignment. We felt anything but glamorous!

OUR STORIES

I have received positive feedback from our readers about the personal stories contributed by our members. Currently, as we are unable to hold meetings, this newsletter appears to be our only way of connecting. Your stories amuse us, interest us and give us something else to focus on during a time of social distancing, with its attendant curtailing of our normal activities. I hope the following stories will cause you to consider using your stay-at-home time to put some thoughts on paper about your memories. I'm not looking for a Pulitzer Prize quality of writing. I do edit and work with you on the story. Our readers would love to hear from you, too!

A HOARDER STORY



Some of our members may remember Denise Mazzanti who once spoke at one of our meetings about down-sizing and estate sales. She has her own business, It's Your Move, in which she helps people who want to move, or want help readying a parents' home for sale after both have passed, etc. She is a good friend of a member who often brings her to our meetings. She recently shared a story. I liked it and asked if I could use it. I hope you enjoy it. Denise is pictured at left.

I started my business 12 years ago and have now worked with many clients in various income brackets with different needs in downsizing or re-locating.

About 11 years ago, I worked with a woman who was in need of downsizing in order to move...she was a hoarder. It was my first occasion to work with someone in this situation and I wanted to be as respectful as possible. In going through the mountains of stuff, I came across several baby food jars with dead crickets inside of them. The outside of the jars had masking tape on them and very faint writing (which appeared to be names that were almost rubbed out). The lids had no holes and as I said the crickets inside were dead. I put them in the trash thinking that I was doing the "right" thing by discarding these jars, along with many large bags of obvious trash.

It was a few days later when I received a frantic call from this woman who was screaming at me that I killed her children! I was taken aback, and really not sure who I was getting this call from and what in the world she was yelling at me for! After several minutes, I got her to calm down, and I finally figured out that she was referring to the "crickets" in the jars. She told me that when she played her ukulele, they would sing with her. She had named them all (the tapes on the jars). I apologized profusely and explained to her that the crickets were dead because there were no air

holes in the lids and I couldn't see any "names" as the tape was so faded.

This didn't seem to matter to her, as she was still very upset. I didn't know what else to do so the next day I sent her a bouquet of flowers as a condolence for the children. That was because, even though I thought I was being respectful I never asked permission to throw them away. This is a lesson I have followed to this day in my business...no matter what the item is, even though I might think it is rubbish, I always ask now if I may toss it. As the saying goes "One man's trash is another man's treasure."

MY PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS EXPERIENCE

Contributed by Eleanor Young

I am forever grateful that I was part of the legendary Pan Am team when commercial aviation was in its most glorious period. Pan Am was known as America's Flag Carrier. Although my experience was brief, memories of that experience will remain with me forever.

At the old airport on Lagoon drive, we could walk right up to the plane, "lei" our friends and give them a hug before they departed for mainland colleges. I was mesmerized by the beautiful Pan Am stewardesses and flight deck crew walking to the plane to start their flight duties on America's Flag Carrier. My desire was to become a Pan Am stewardess after my graduation from the University of Hawaii and I accomplished that goal in 1965.



Eleanor Young

Six weeks of stewardess training in Miami was intense and fun. I met amazing guys and gals from all over the world—quite an experience for an Island Gal who had never traveled beyond San Francisco! Whenever we walked through the hangar for disaster training, we were met with a barrage of complimentary whistles and shouts. My training flight was to Guatemala with an overnight in Merida. Little did I expect that our bags would not be off-loaded in Merida. No bag, not even a toothbrush or toothpaste. After much thought, I agreed to use my roommate's, after washing it thoroughly both before and after with lots of soap and water. A lesson learned! After training ended, I was fortunate to have first choice of bases offered and I chose San Francisco, a very senior base and also where I lived.

Tokyo was an exciting layover city, especially with the dollar equal to 360 yen. The Pan Am team was so helpful to neophytes. On my first Tokyo layover, I opted for the bath, steam, and in-room massage for just 360 yen! I was a bit self-conscious when I had to remove all clothing and toss it into a basket held by a waiting employee, then get scrubbed and washed, bathing in a furo. The massage in my own hotel bed was fabulous. All in all, I enjoyed it and went back for more on future layovers.

I was proud to work many of the R&R flights. We transited cities and military bases such as Saigon, Cam Ranh Bay, DaNang, DMZ, Anderson Air Force Base (Guam, with a layover in Agana), Yokota Air Force Base (with a layover in Tokyo) and Travis Air Force Base near San Francisco. It was in Guam that I was first introduced to the incomparable Red Velvet Cake—delicious!

I thought my career with Pan American would never end. Sometime in October 1967, I was approached by the Grooming Supervisor, Ms Gross, after a pre-flight briefing. She had noticed that my skirt was just above my knees. I was four months pregnant. At that time, there was no such thing as pregnancy leave and I had to end my Pan Am career. My beautiful baby son was born on February 12, 1968.

CORRECTION

In our August 2020 issue, I wrote of the untimely death of John (Jack) Campbell, who passed away on March 29th after a brief illness. The cause of death was a malignant skin cancer. I stated that Jack was a retired lawyer. His widow, Karin, has informed me Jack had been a judge when he retired.

WWII PEARL HARBOR SPY

*As I write, Honolulu is preparing for the 75th anniversary celebration of the end of war with Japan. Unfortunately it cannot be as big an event as originally planned because of the pandemic. WWII fighter planes and bombers have been brought in for special flyovers. Among the articles relating to the Pearl Harbor attack that are currently appearing in the Honolulu Star-Advertiser, was one by **Bob Sigall**, author of the five The Companies We Keep books. He also writes a weekly column for the Star-Advertiser, which is titled "Rearview Mirror," and looks back on happenings of bygone days. On Friday, August 21, 2020, he wrote about interneers and espionage in Honolulu in December 1941. The following segment on espionage is reprinted here with his permission.*

There was spying in Hawaii leading up to World War II, we know, so who did it? It turns out the Japanese had just one man, Takeo Yoshikawa.

Yoshikawa (1912-1993) graduated at the top of his class from the Imperial Japanese Naval Academy in 1929. In 1941 he was sent as vice consul to the Japanese consulate in Hawaii, said Ron Laytner, who interviewed him 30 years after the war in 1976.

The Americans were very foolish, Yoshikawa told him. "As a diplomat, I could move about the islands. No one bothered me. I often rented small planes at the John Rogers Airport in Honolulu and flew around U.S. installations making observations. I never took notes or drew maps. I kept everything in my head."

Yoshikawa was a good swimmer, and swam in Pearl Harbor. No one bothered him.

"I completely surveyed the harbor installations. And my favorite viewing place," recalled Yoshikawa, "was a lovely Japanese teahouse overlooking the harbor." It was called Shunchoro and was in Alewa heights. In 1957 it changed its name to Natsunoya, and it is the last teahouse on Oahu.

Yoshikawa tried to recruit local Japanese, Laytner wrote, but all professed loyalty to the U.S., leaving him to work alone.

"I knew what ships were in, how heavily they were loaded, who their officers were, and what supplies were on board," Yoshikawa said.

"The trusting young officers who visited the teahouse told the girls there everything. And everything they didn't reveal, I found out by giving rides to hitchhiking American sailors and pumping them for information."

For a while Yoshikawa posed as a Filipino and washed dishes in the American naval officers' club, listening to their conversations.

As Dec. 7, 1941, grew closer, Yoshikawa handed a Japanese courier answers to 97 intelligence questions asked by Adm. Isoroku Yamamoto concerning ships, planes and personnel at Pearl harbor.

Yoshikawa reported that most ships were at anchor in Pearl Harbor on Sundays, so the attack was planned for that day of the week.

Yoshikawa was eating breakfast and still sleepy when the first bombs began to fall before 8 a.m.

"The consul and I listened to the shortwave radio bringing the news from Tokyo," he said. They heard the secret attack code. "East, Wind, Rain," the Japanese announcer said twice very slowly during the forecast. This meant that Japan had decided on war with the United States, the spy revealed.

Yoshikawa and the consul shook hands. The attack was on. They ran into their offices and began burning code books and secret diplomatic communications.

At 8:30 a.m. police showed up, followed by the FBI, putting them under arrest.

Yoshikawa and other diplomats were shipped to New York City before being sent back to Japan in a diplomat-prisoner exchange in August 1942.

When he got home, Yoshikawa met a woman and married. He continued to work with Japanese intelligence.

In 1955, Yoshikawa opened a candy business. But people knew who he was. They wouldn't buy from a spy whose country had lost the war, he said.

"They even blamed me for the atomic bomb," he declared with tears in his eyes. And he might have starved over the years if his loyal wife hadn't supported him by selling insurance.

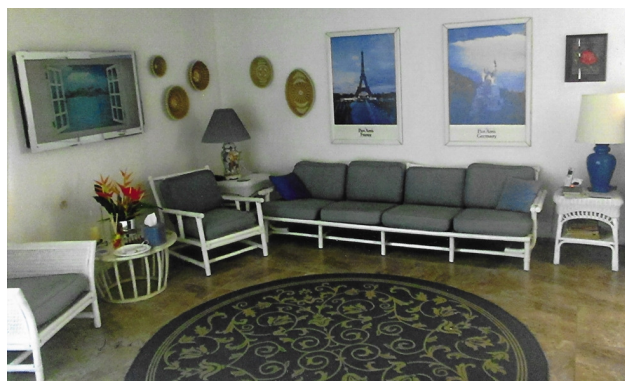
"I have been wiped clean from Japanese history," he told Laytner, who found him living on the island of Shikoku south of Tokyo.

"Five years ago, when I applied for a pension, they said they never heard of me. When I told them of my espionage assignment, of the long years working to become an expert on the American Navy and of my dangerous mission in Honolulu, they were without sympathy. They told me Japan never spied on anyone."

"My wife alone shows me great respect," said the former spy. "Every day she bows to me. She knows I am a man of history."

WE ARE HERE TO ENTERTAIN YOU

During this time of pandemic, our intention is to keep our members connected. I say "We" and "our" because I am including YOU. If you enjoy these stories, please consider sending me one of your own and become a part of this happy network. Your stories do not have to relate to Pan Am.

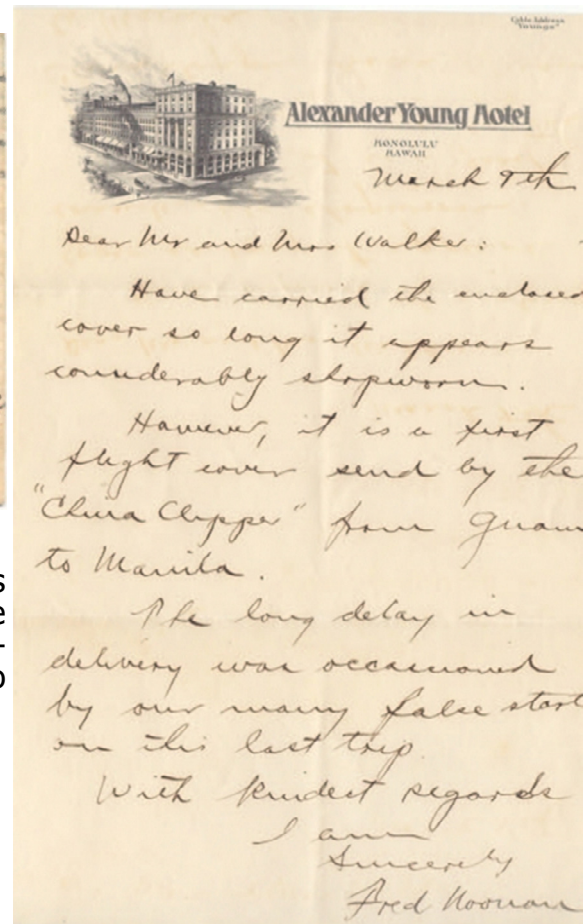


When **Jack Starks** (left) contributed an article in the July Issue, he had not included a photo. I recently received these three. At age 92, Jack is doing well. He still enjoys "everything Pan Am" as can be seen by the Kia Sportage which "sports" a Pan Am license plate, and in his "Clipper Club" which is the name he has given his family room. It tastefully "sports" Pan Am memorabilia. Jack wrote, "I always envied Paul Kendall having the Pan Am plate in Hawaii. When I moved to the mainland I immediately got one." Jack lives in Arizona.

Simply entertain us. What funny or interesting thing has happened to you during this pandemic? We need to look for the "fun" and positivity in everything, especially in these trying times. Here are some ideas:

Tori Werner, who is staying-at-home in Aliso Viejo, CA, is lamenting her inability to visit her homeland, Norway. This is only the second summer in the last 50 years that she has missed spending time at her summer beach house south of Oslo. Her relatives are keeping in touch through social media but it is not the same as sharing real time with them. However, she has found a new career: teaching Norwegian to interested members of her Daughters of Norway Lodge group via ZOOM. Preparing lesson plans and homework assignments keeps her busy.

Mike Lilly sent me a note after he received the May issue of the newsletter which had an article about Mike Mullahey. He wrote, "I have several first edition Pan Am letters/envelopes for those first flights in the Pacific. My grandmother, Una Walker, was a collector of first editions and loved planes and pilots and she would get to know the Pan Am pilots." Mike has inherited the collection and he included the photos shown here of one set in the collection, which is postmarked Nov 29, 1935 and signed by Captain Ed Musik and pilot R A D Sullivan in the upper left hand corner. It carries the "first flight" stamp below the signatures because it was the first Clipper flight between Guam and Manila. The letter, dated March 9th, was sent to Mrs. Walker and her husband in Manila by Fred Noonan. Mike added, "Note the letterhead, the Alexander Young Hotel. He apologized for the delay because of 'many false starts'. Noonan disappeared just two years later, July 2, 1937, with Amelia Earhart."



Not many of us can match a historic memory such as Mike's, but if we delve into our memories, we can come up with things we enjoyed doing on our travels or relating to fun with co-workers. In fact, you don't have to delve. Just let us know what's going on with you today.



Welcome to **Al Topping** who has joined our Aloha Chapter—PAA. Al now makes his home in Ocala, FL. Many employees know Al from his days as Director of Operations in Saigon. He was portrayed in the film, *Last Flight Out*.

Tentative Schedule

October ????

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Harold Chow	Director	hkychow@juno.com	988-7817

(Note: area code for all phone numbers is 808 unless otherwise specified.)

Newsletter Items:

If you have any news item that would be of interest, please call Diane VanderZanden at 200-4322 or send mail to 500 Lunalilo Home Road, #26-D, Honolulu, HI 96825-1734 or by e-mail: alohadvz@gmail.com.

Members, we encourage you to print this page and give the application below to your Pan Am friends who are not members. If you are a former employee and not a member of the Aloha Chapter of the Pan Am Association, we encourage you to complete and submit the application below and help keep our association healthy. Thank you.

PAN AM ASSOCIATION—ALOHA CHAPTER MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

Please check all applicable boxes and complete all applicable lines.

- ☐ Renewal

☐ New Member
- ☐ Retiree—Pan Am retiree who received lump sum pension or is receiving PBGC checks.
- ☐ Associate—All other former Pan Am employees
- ☐ Ohana—Surviving spouse, child or relative of above; sponsored person with close connection to Pan Am (subject to BOD approval).

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Would you like to receive the newsletter by e-mail, which is in color? Yes _____ No _____

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Ohana: Pls. state category & PAA sponsor (See above): _____

Annual Membership: ☐ \$ 30 US Residents ☐ \$ 35 Overseas residents

Lifetime Membership: ☐ \$150 US Residents ☐ \$175 Overseas residents

Please make check payable to **PAA** (Pan Am Association) and send with this application to:

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