

A Trans-Pacific flight.

ARCH WERNER

8833 OAK TRAIL DRIVE • SANTA ROSA, CALIFORNIA 95409

2/16/90

Hello Sam

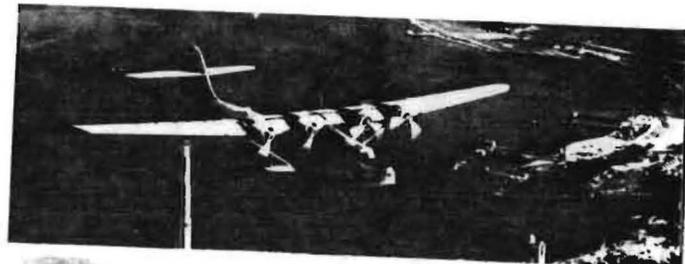
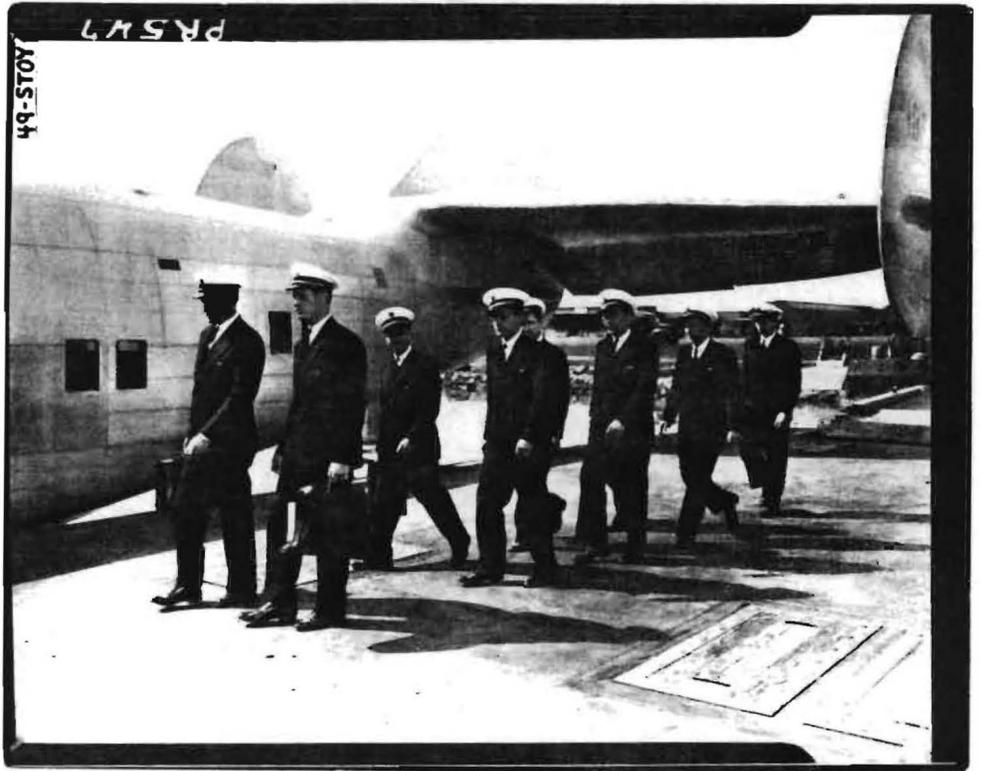
I AM A MEMBER OF  
UFO'S - NOW PV & STILL  
FLYING - MY GOOD FRIEND  
FRED E. WALTERS - RETIRED  
PAA CAPTAIN GAVE ME  
THE DATA ENCLOSED - HE  
FLEW THE 314 - WHY  
NOT CONTACT HIM AND  
PERHAPS HE CAN GET  
MORE DATA & INFO ON THE  
314 - I WAS ON THE 314  
DURING WWII - BUT THAT  
IS ABOUT IT.

Good luck with  
FRED - HIS WIFE WAS  
A STEWARDESS FOR PAA.

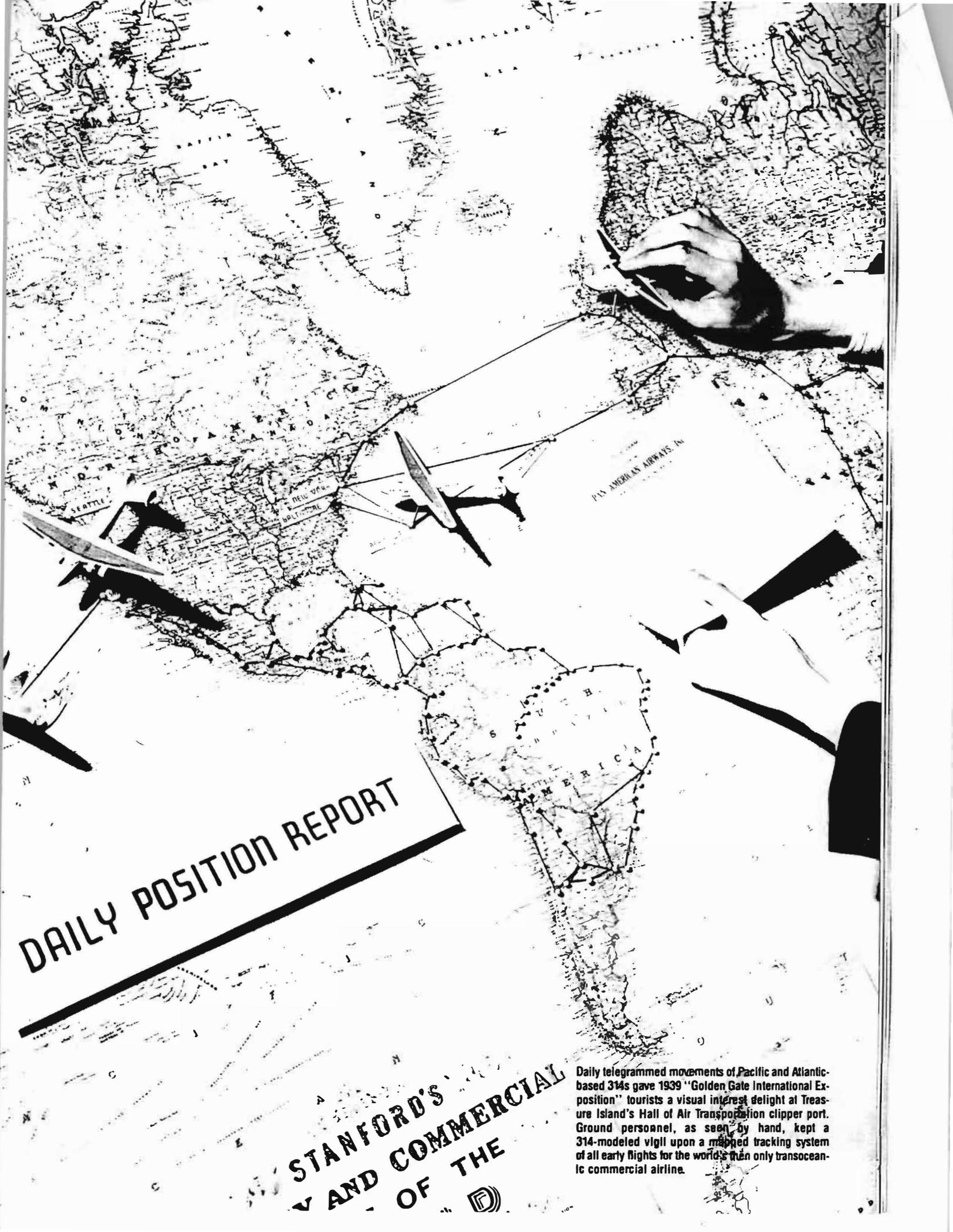
Arch

Fred is not old enough  
for UFO.

FRED E. WALTERS  
P.O. Box 250  
OCCIDENTAL CA 95461







**DAILY POSITION REPORT**

PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS INC.

**STANFORD'S  
AND COMMERCIAL  
OF THE**



Daily telegraphed movements of Pacific and Atlantic-based 314s gave 1939 "Golden Gate International Exposition" tourists a visual interest delight at Treasure Island's Hall of Air Transportation clipper port. Ground personnel, as seen by hand, kept a 314-modeled vigil upon a mapped tracking system of all early flights for the world's then only transoceanic commercial airline.

Clipper reaches Midway Island, 3703 air miles from San Francisco. Impressive 314's wing span covered nearly half of a city block. (Pan American Airways)

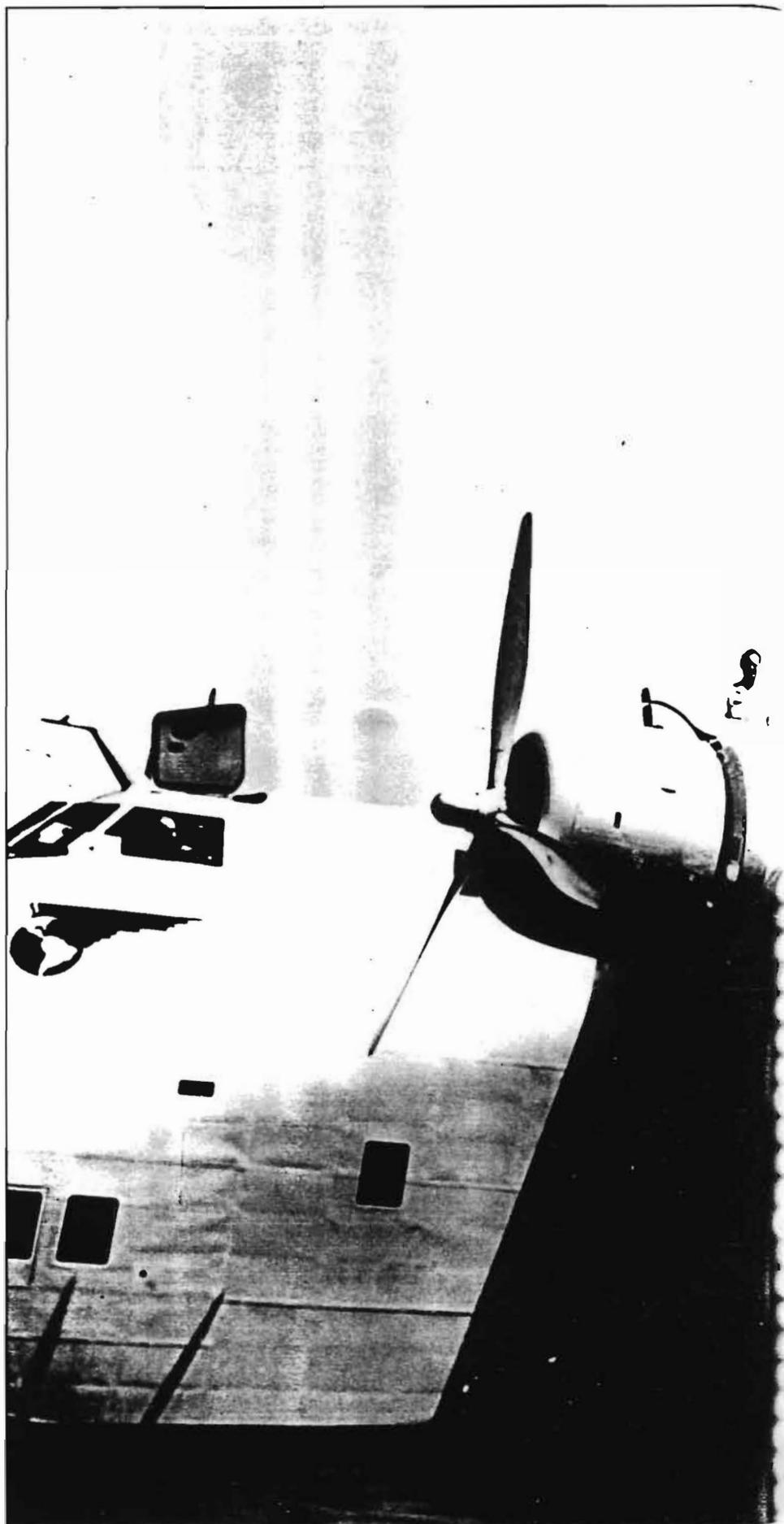
ous canned goods. The sheet, covered by the food arrangement, resembled a floral-draped coffin. Over laughs it was dubbed "The Body of the Deceased." Such an amiable way of serving was well understood and appreciated by all. Stewards worked extra hard in setting up the lounge for the formal dinner out of San Francisco. Their more casual approach in the forward passenger cabin not only relieved them of additional work, but was considered by many as a unique and welcomed change.

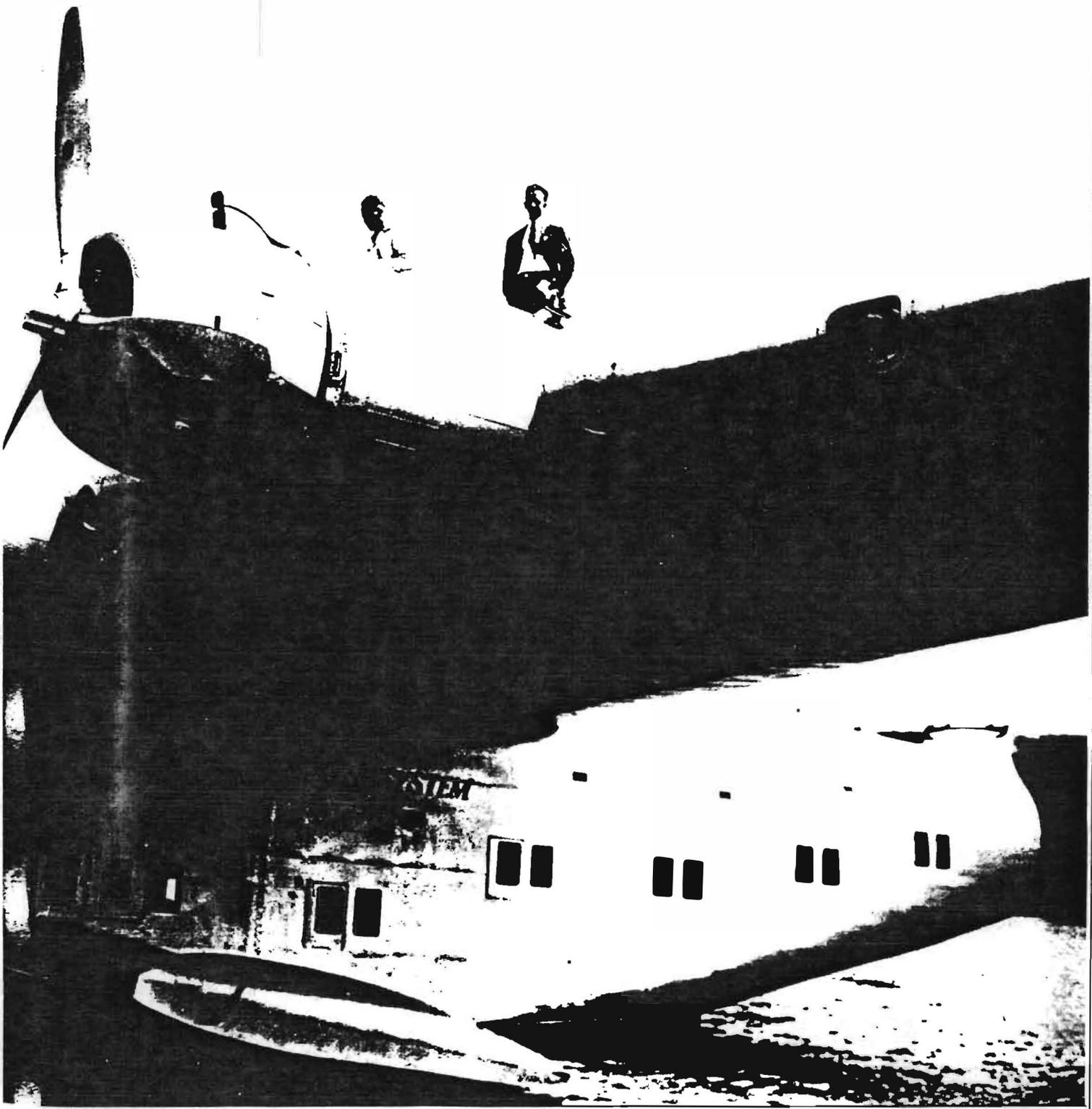
Late in the afternoon the Midway Islands were spotted in the distance. They are part of a reef barrier that forms an 18-mile circumference, a U-shaped atoll enclosing two land masses known as Eastern and Sand Islands that are close to the 180th meridian — exactly midway around the world from Greenwich Meridian. Sand Island is the larger of the two is about 1-1/2 miles long by three-quarters of a mile wide.

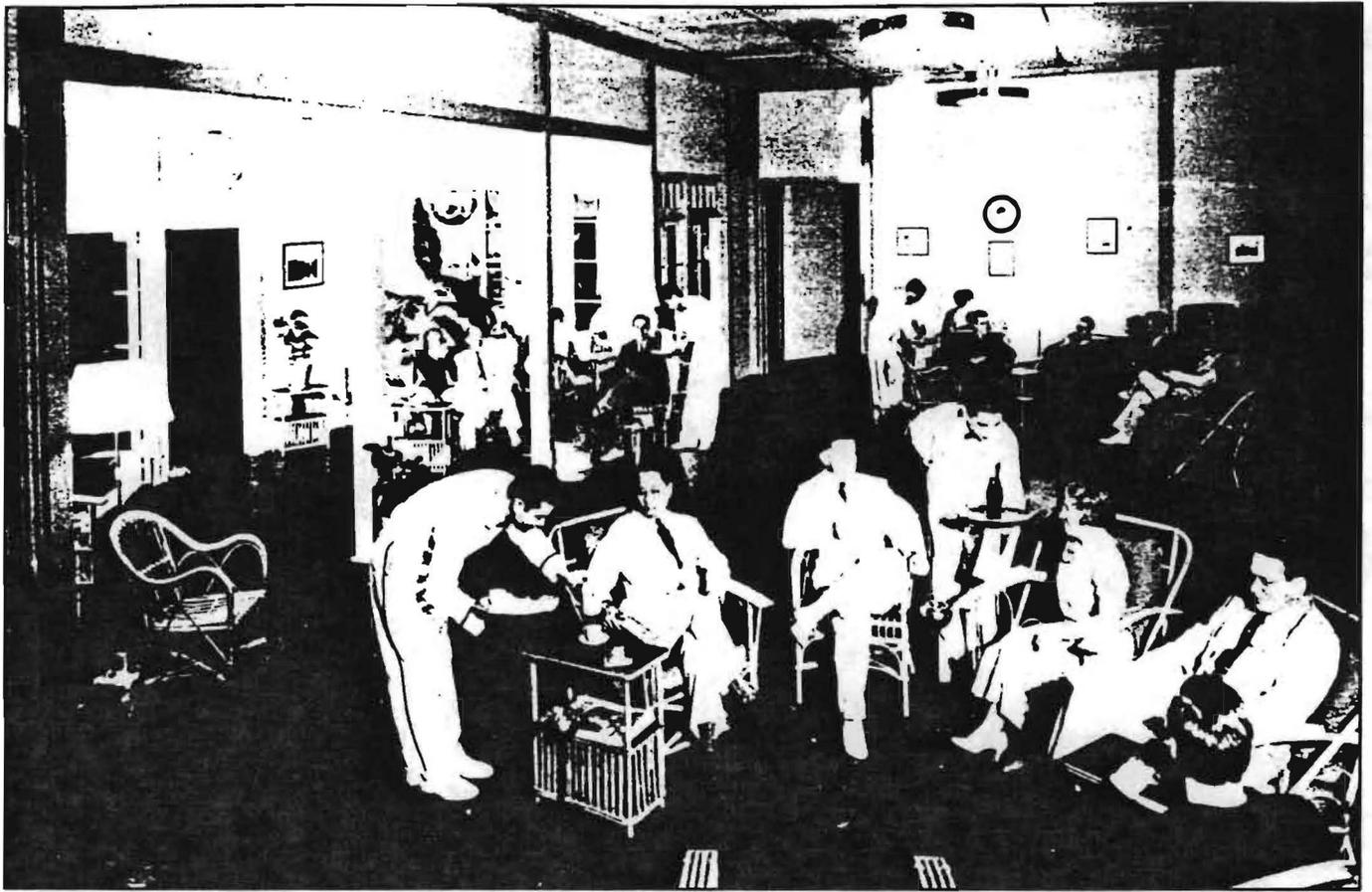
Passing over the spectacular reef, Capt. Tilton skimmed the Clipper over the deep blue lagoon to check for any floating debris and then flew over Sand Island, the latter marked by twelve yellow-painted buildings with red roofs, a radio antennae, two water towers and a lengthy pier. Circling back, Capt. Tilton swooped the plane low over the opposite side of the island growing thick with trees where, since 1903, the Pacific Commercial Cable Company's relay station was maintained. Gently, NC-02 touched down into the lagoon, 3790 miles from San Francisco. As in Honolulu, a rowboat came alongside, its crew having taken a tethering line from a 314 officer in the prow to help swing the flying boat into position for mooring to the large and partially housed barge.

Light clothing was the call for the day when passengers felt the blast of heat striking their bodies. Dispirited, due to the near suffocating heat, they walked up the pier towards the Pan Am Inn following a short launch ride to shore. Inside the hotel's lobby, with its rattan furniture and touches of Art Deco decor, the heat was less in intensity due to the slow-whirling overhead fans that barely circulated the air.

Signing the register that read like another "Who's Who," the small band of arrivals was shown to their night quarters. All rooms had comforts of home with all-metal furniture finished in walnut. Traveling clothes to be cleaned were given to Chinese houseboys who also brought in luggage from the tractor-pulled sand sledge. It was still unpleasantly warm. Showers were mildly







Transpacific air passengers were catered with spirits in lobby of Pan Am's Midway hotel. Japanese-colored glass fishing buoys, often found washed ashore, hang from ceiling to left. Beyond, opened French doors led to dining room. Rattan furniture added to tropical atmosphere. (Pan American Airways)



Pan Am's Midway compound showing groundcrew and storage quarters. It took 120 hired airline construction workmen to complete coral-atolled bases in Pacific. Note "Goonie" birds along sand-swathed isle. Reef base, among other facilities, included a power house, refrigeration plant, warehouse and hotel, the latter duplicated on Wake Island. At time of clippers, only two automobiles were on hand at Midway that carried passengers and crew over a sandy road to hotel. (Pan American Airways)

refreshing, but the partially refined sea water, piped in from an outdoor holding tank, was still reported as being "brackish" to the touch. Donning swimsuits and shirts to keep shoulders and backs from sunburn, some passengers went on a tour of the sun-baked isle.

Fourteen Pan Am men ran the marine station they called "Gooney-land," named after the black and white Laysan albatross that freely roam about. Sand is thick; it's of pure-ground lava and coral and is difficult to walk through. Boardwalks connected the pre-fabricated buildings built in 1935 for the original M-130 Clipper service. All drinking water was shipped in. Hot running water was made possible through the use of windmills and a solar heating system that harnessed both sun and wind.

Ground station crew offered all flying guests a guided tour of the compound about an hour before dinner. Leading the way, they took the tourists across the island to the cable station which, at that time, was run by 23 US Marines. Goonies were everywhere: Midway to this day is a US Government bird sanctuary. Cats and dogs were not allowed at Midway. Fearless of man, many goonies followed, clacking their beaks and waddling about. Deep holes in the sand path were made by another breed of sea bird, the shearwater. The thicket of scrub trees, seen from the air, was filled with other varieties that included boobies, bosuns, canaries, frigates and rails. Many mainlanders were surprised to see that the cable company had cement sidewalks, concrete buildings, a vegetable garden, more than 2500 tons of imported soil, imported trees and a tennis court for recreation. Watching out for holes, it was back to the inn and a many-coursed dinner.

Sipping tall cool drinks and pecking at the food because one normally was still sufficed from all the "heavies" served aloft, interesting island facts were generally hashed over. Marines, by mid-1941, were beginning to take over the island, and airline passengers would soon not be allowed to roam freely about for security reasons. Midway was directed by a strong-jawed, red-faced Col. Pepper. He was having difficulty with commercial laborers to turn the island into a Pacific military fortress. Builders of barracks, breakwaters, gun emplacements, oil storage tanks and the like, didn't want to stay on Midway for more than three months — even at \$600 per month salary. The heat was overbearing and the island was considered very depressing. Uncle Sam's men had to stick it out under military oath at \$21 a month. Pan Am alternated their ground crew every six months. Natch, they didn't mind the heat for their pay was much higher!

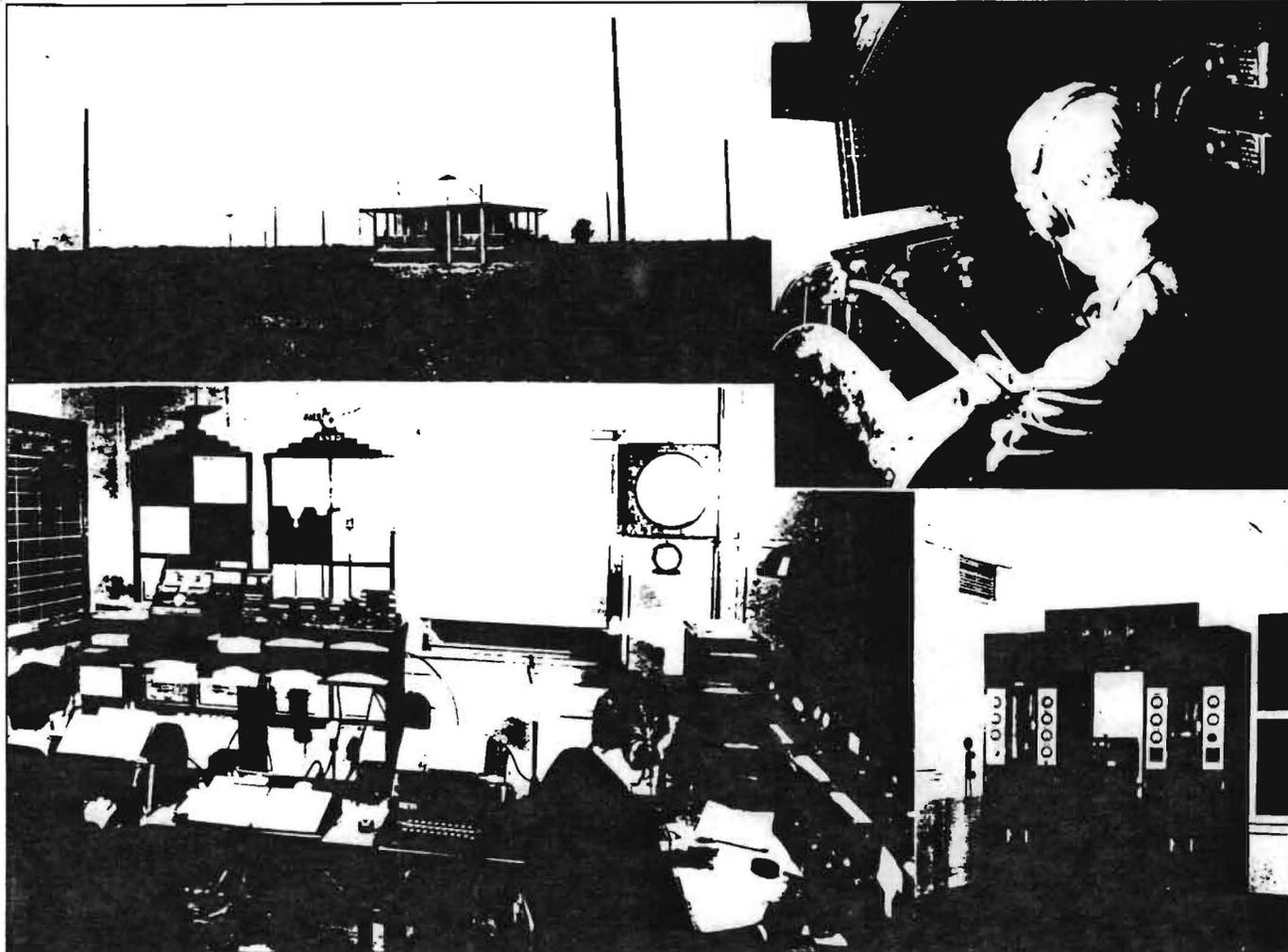


Dwarfing Patricia Weisel, former Boeing employee, is one of two huge 600-gallon wing gas tanks that fueled 314s across the Pacific. Four smaller tanks, with a 750-gallon capacity, were installed in flying ship's hydro-stabilizers (sea-wings). Photo taken at Seattle plant on 28 October 1937, during a time when the first 314 Clipper was under construction.

Unaware at the time, passengers, by early 1941, could no longer be permitted to make a vacationing stopover on Midway or Wake where they had been charged ten dollars a day (meals included) for singles and \$15 for doubles for a two-week stay. By the summer of 1941, the islands became top-secret military strongholds. Because the soldiers depended on the Clippers for their mail, and the Clippers on the islands for fuel stops, the commercial sky route through Midway and Wake was kept open. Clipper passengers were hurried into the hotels and not allowed to leave the premises until departure time. Window blinds aboard the planes were drawn before the liners landed or took off. Washington, DC officials had become extremely sensitive in guarding their military secrets in preparation for war.

Before retiring for the night, luggage was placed outside the hotel's doors to be taken back to NC-02. Shoes to be shined were also set out in the hallways, just as passengers had done outside their Clipper berth curtains en route to Honolulu.

Four-thirty in the morning came too soon when a hand roughly ran knuckles up and down slatted doors. Saltwater showers were not too pleasant at that hour. Dressed, passengers adjourned to the inn's dining hall where an all-out American breakfast was enjoyed. At 6:30 am, the Clipper was off for another nine-hour flight to Wake Island, 1260 miles southwest of Midway. Stomachs told many to hold back on the quantities of food offered aloft by the friendly stewards. Breakfast had set heavy and another large dinner spread would be prepared at Wake.



Airline communication centers on Wake Island, 4893 Clipper miles from California. A long-range directional finder system, designed by Hugo Leuteriz, guided Clippers on a navigational path across the Pacific. Wake's DF center is shown in upper left corner of photo. (Pan American Airways)

Droning through a sky flecked with cumulus clouds, NC-02 crossed a calm sea unmarked by even the tiniest island. She wandered along but was not lost.

Fifty-five minutes out of Midway number four engine began to run rough and was temporarily shut down, its 14-foot-diameter, three-bladed steel propeller feathered. Fortunately, due to the massive 314's explicit design characteristics, NC-02's flight engineer was able to crawl out, via a catwalk, into the huge wing and repair a broken magneto alternator. In 26 minutes the minor problem was corrected and the engine restarted. The Clipper continued to fly at cruising altitude along her sky course to Wake where a permanent repair was given to the faulty engine during the overnight stay.

Six and one-half hours out of Midway the Clipper crossed the International Dateline where today becomes tomorrow. First-time passengers were called to the lounge where a steward had stretched a blue ribbon across the cabin's "Tango Rust" carpeted deck. Officiating the ceremony was Capt. Tilton

in his ocean-liner-designed uniform. Upon stepping over the ribbon, passengers were awarded a certificate signed by Tilton.

At 2:30 pm having gained a day and two more hours, Wake, a coral atoll much like Midway, was approached. A reef envelopes three islands, Peale, Wake and Wilkes, that, from the air, look like a gnome's legs doing a jig. Later, at dinner, Capt. Tilton stated that the atoll was abandoned until the airline built its aerial road across the Pacific. Where Midway is noted for its birds, Wake is famous for the remarkable selection of tropical fish. Many colorful species abound to fascinate oceanographers the world over.

The pier, from which many fish could be seen, jutted 400 feet out into the lagoon. Human bodies seemed weighted from the unbearable heat as they were taken by auto taxi over the extensive pier's redwood-spiked planks toward the sparsely shaded 45-room Pan Am Inn, the same type of construction as seen on Midway. Iced drinks were willingly accepted on the wide veranda.

Changing into swimsuits, a few Clip-

perites dashed off for an ocean dip. Robert "Bob" Biggers, Pan Am's Wake manager, suggested they wear tennis shoes — if they had them — since coral is extremely dangerous to walk on. Later, a game of tennis on the cemented court worked up a terrible sweat. Then it was back to the lagoon for another cooling swim off the 2-1/2 square mile land mass.

Probably one of the most poignant, patriotic accounts involving Pacific-based Clippers was when the late Clare Boothe Luce, international celebrity and *Time-Life* heiress, wrote of her swim at Wake Island following a round-trip transpacific 314 Clipper flight in 1941: "This time I swim out to the end of the pier where the Clipper lies alongside and tread water under the angle formed by its seawing. On the underside of the great wing, just above my head, they have painted a great American flag. It casts its reflection on the clear water. The clear water casts its reflection on the flag, making it seem to wave silkily. The young secretary (Anthony Keswick, one of two personal

secretaries to Alfred Duff Cooper, Britain's information officer and later Singapore's coordinator of Far Eastern Defenses. Cooper, wife and party were aboard the same 314 Clipper as Luce, the former en route to the Far East and the latter for Manila.) paddles out into this Star Spangled grotto. He looks up at the banner that covers him. He makes no comment. Is one required?"

The reported European news flashes were not comforting! Lights out, land-tied passengers drifted off to sleep.

Dawn broke and the *California Clipper* once more lifted away west for Guam and ten hours of flying over 1560 miles of blue-gray ocean at 8000 feet. A few passengers got restless on the fourth day out. They moped in and about their staterooms, paced the promenade — anything to change the monotony of flying. Games became boring, magazines were only glanced at and food tasted the same and didn't seem to appease the foremost thought of getting to planned destinations.

Peeks at a number of Japanese-mandated islands were, at first, enthusiastically viewed to the south and north as the Clipper neared its next stop. Some aboard felt uneasy as they stared out the plane's portholes. A US Army major stated that Guam would possibly be

the first Pacific fortress to go under if the "Nips" started a war with America. Again, passengers gazed out windows and stared into space as though in a trance.

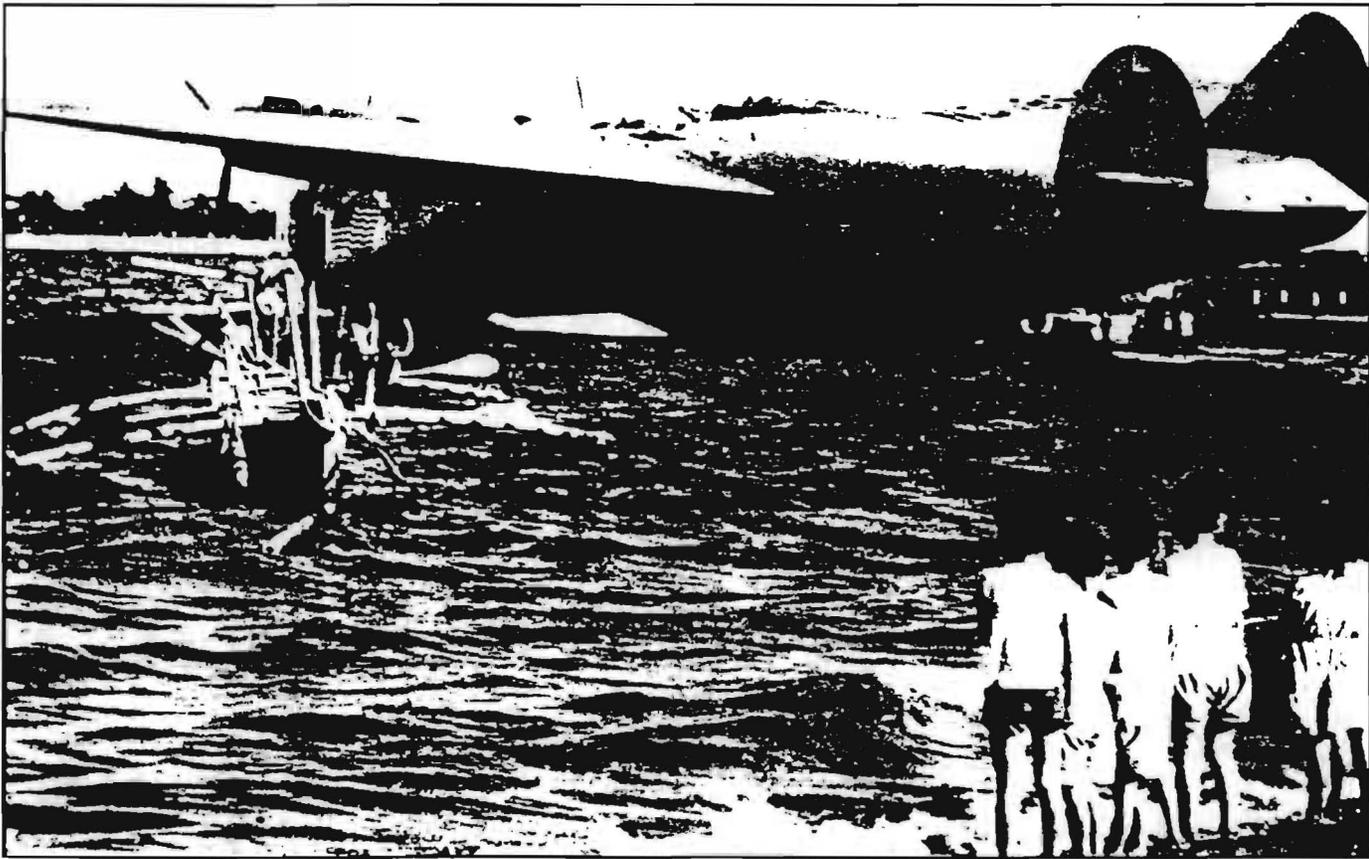
Thirty-mile-long Guam looked plush, like a continent, compared to Midway and Wake. The island stands 1300 feet out of the water at the southern end of the Clipper's approach. Flying low, banana and coconut plantations and rice paddies were seen as were "nipa" hut villages. Capt. Tilton flew the Clipper ten miles up the western coast, circled over the US Marine barracks near Sumay, and brought the sky liner down in the coral-infested Port Apra. Engines were cut next to the line's Skyways Inn specked with swaying palms and sloping green lawns. Dark-skinned natives, called "Chamorros," who are American subjects, lined the quay to wave NC-02 in. Arriving and departing Clippers were a big pastime for the fine Spanish-featured natives who lived close by. Stepping into a Pan Am launch, passengers and crew were motored to shore.

Humid and sticky, the weary hurried off for another shower. It was useless for comfort after the hour's hot drive north to Agana. Guam's principal city located twelve miles away. Agana was not much to view in 1939,

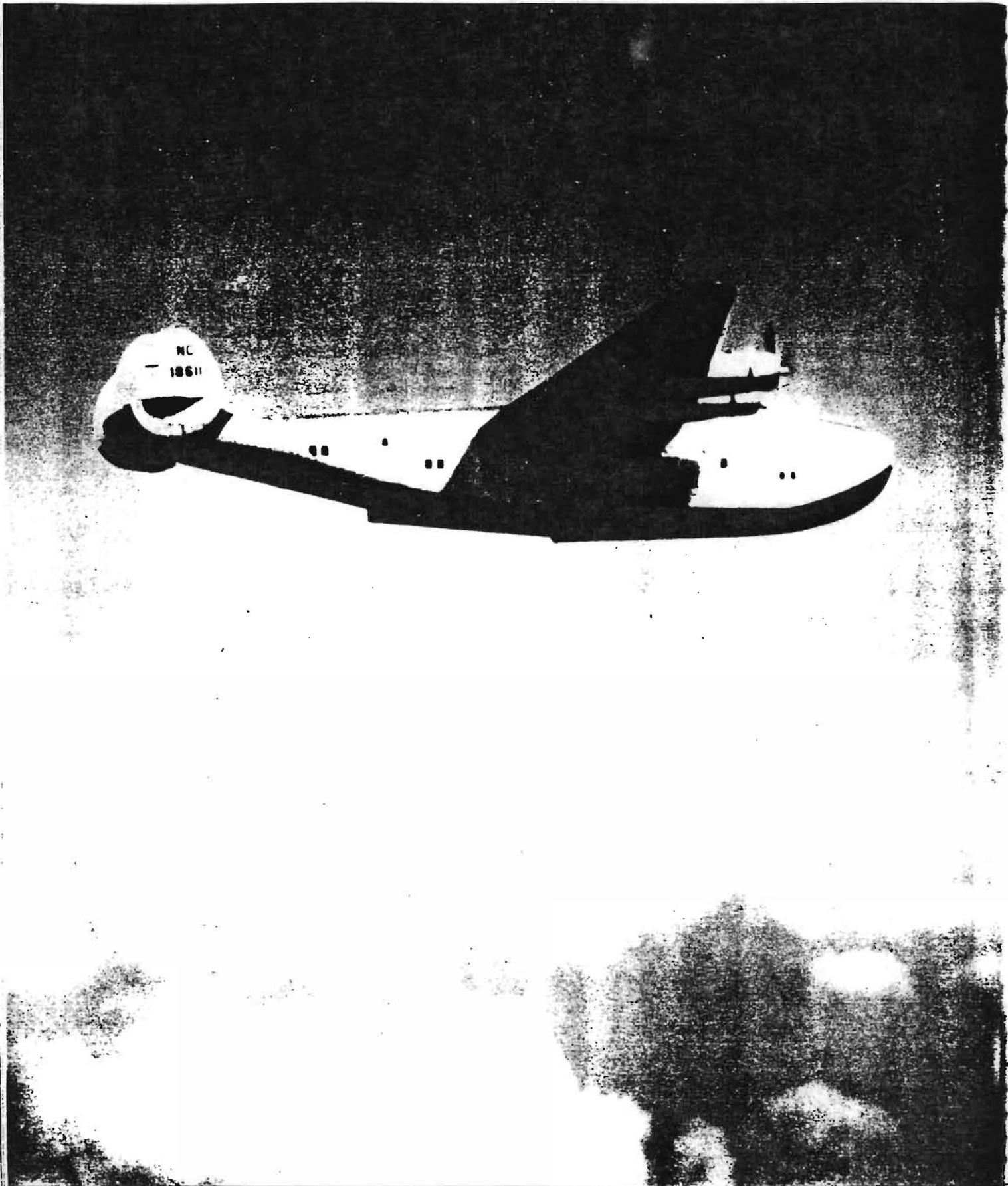
a few bank buildings, two motion picture theaters, a couple of auto supply stores and other small shops, the majority of which had only thatched and tin roofs. Refreshing spirits were to be had at the US Navy's Officers' Club perched high on a hill overlooking the sea.

At day's end, and back inside rooms before turning in for the night, was the chance to write another letter or postcard on Pan Am printed stationery. Mail was sent to the US on the next eastbound Clipper. Before the coming of the M-130 and B-314 flying boats, mail coming into Guam was first sent to Manila by steamer and then back-tracked to Agana. Out-going mail was first shipped to the Philippines and then on to the US and elsewhere. There was a noted waiting list for the next shipment.

While possibly writing a card or two, transient passengers noticed next to their table lamp *The Guam Recorder*, a monthly magazine published in Agana. One of the magazine's contributors, Margaret Saunders, put out a Hedda Hopper-like gossip format called "Clipping Through." Saunders' articles not only told Clipper fly-bys who was aboard the most recent Clipper but their pertinent reasons for travel as well. From the January 1940 issue: "4 November



Near journey's end, *California Clipper* at anchor on swelled Canacao Bay, a waterway inlet off Manila Bay, Cavite, 7880 air miles from San Francisco. Note opened astro-domed hatch centered atop wings. (Baylor Roberts)



Clipper, in her natural element, wings westward to Manila high over cloud-layered Pacific. Mighty 314 hulls, wings and tri-finned tail, as seen in this glorious colored shot, were sprayed with a silver-lacquered paint, the latter later removed to decrease weight and improve mileage performance. (Gordon S. Williams)

*Honolulu Clipper* with Capt. W.J. Barrows at the helm brought in seven passengers, six bound for San Francisco and one for Honolulu.

"Mr. Bruce G. Leighton, an official of Intercontinent Corp., is en route to the United States on a combined business and pleasure trip. His wife and attractive 16-year-old daughter, Janet, were also vacation-bound.

"Mrs. Lanette Brown, wife of a Standard Oil official in Hong Kong, is returning to the coast with her two children, Timothy and Laurel.

"Mr. William F. McCandlish, an executive of the Hercules Powder Co., is returning to Honolulu after his regular yearly business trip to the Philippines. Mr. McCandlish will take the *SS Matsonia* for San Francisco on 24 November. He is considered a commuter on the transpacific skyways, this being his sixth crossing via *Clipper*.

"Capt. R.J. Nixon, flying in from Hong Kong, brought several interesting passengers. A cablegram from Mr. and Mrs. Victor (*March of Time*) Jurgens, who were here in Guam for a time, heralded the arrival of their friend Mr. Oswald B. Steven on the *Clipper*.

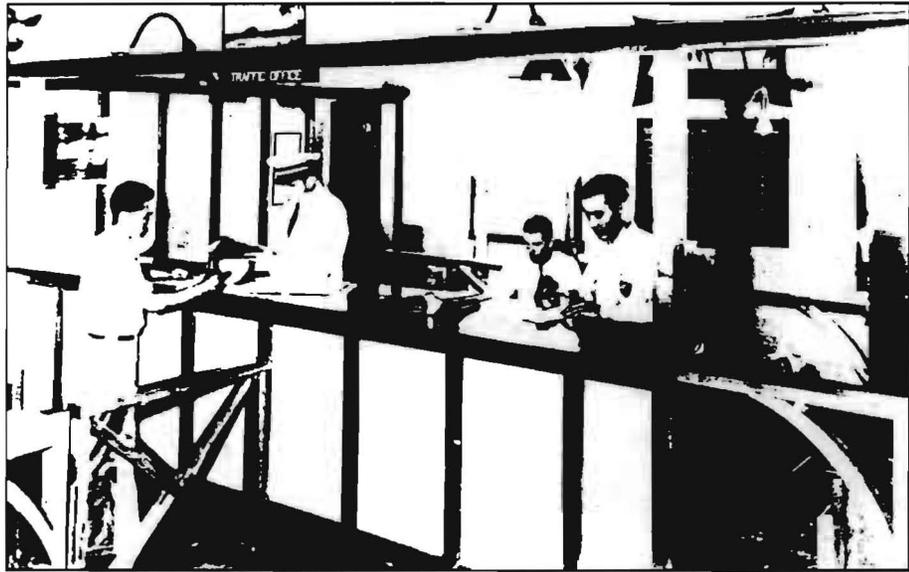
"The Jurgens are now on their way to the islands of the southern Philippine group. They expect to visit Mindanao and Borneo before going on to Singapore. Mr. Steven is manager of the American Oxygen & Acetylene Co., Inc., and is making one of his frequent business trips between his business establishment in Manila and his home in Honolulu.

"Transpacific crossing, Trip No. 345 — San Francisco to Hong Kong, *Philippine Clipper*, NC14715 — Capt. P.T. Adams — arriving Guam 19 November 1939, arrived with nine passengers.

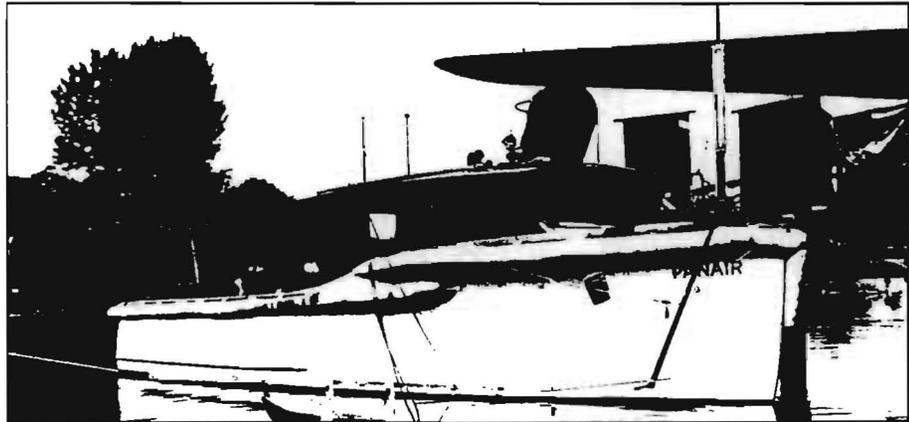
"The *California Clipper*, with Capt. K.V. Beer, came in 3 December with 15 passengers and a new skipper for this division. Capt. Joseph Chase, who has been flying PAA's South American run. As there were repairs to make on an engine this trip, we had ample time to talk to passengers on their five-day layover."

Saunders' lengthy articles made one drowsy, yet sleep was hard to come by. It didn't cool off! Mosquitoes also took their toll in the darkness.

Some passengers queried waiters the next morning at breakfast after being aroused at 4:00 am why there wasn't netting around their beds. They were told they should have used the rooms' fans to shoo-away nature's "Stuka" divers. Red-marked and itching *Clipperites* then planned to make seaway for Manila, 1600 miles northwest of Guam.



Many noted personalities, such as author Ernest Hemingway, heiress Betty Hutton, Japanese diplomat Saburo Kuruu and others, passed through Guam's Pan Am traffic and ticket office at Sumay. Kuruu was envoy to Washington, DC, just before the bombing of Pearl Harbor. Guam's base housed facilities for major *Clipper* servicing. (Pan American Airways)



A Panair launch sits idle on Lake Washington, Seattle, during early 314 testing. Craft was same type as used at Pacific bases to haul passengers and crew to and from flying boats moored in lagoons. (Boeing Aircraft Co.)

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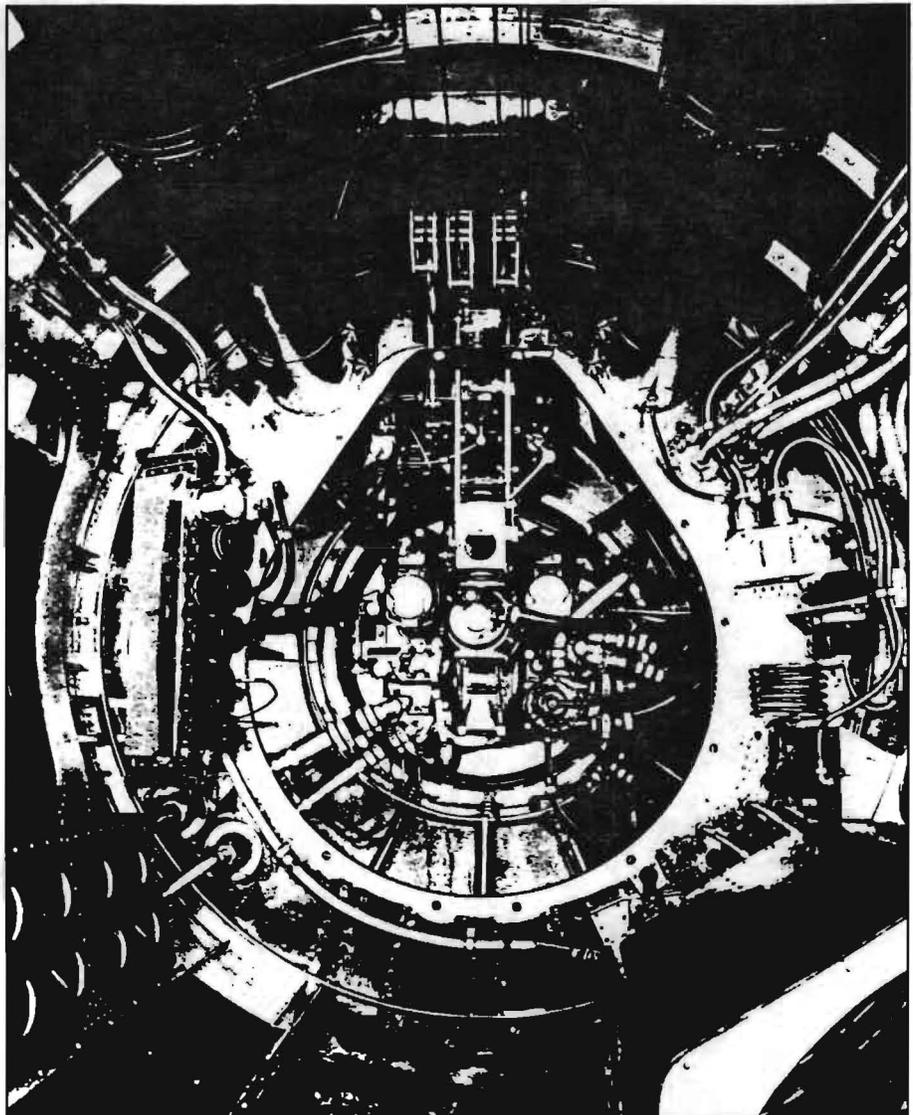
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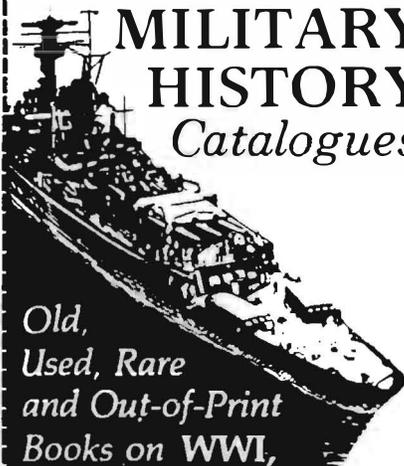
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With protective fire ("clam shell") door removed, forward view of 314's engine number one is seen. Nacelle was large enough to sit four men comfortably and reached by way of a wing walkway. (Boeing Aircraft Co.)

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While traversing the Pacific, passengers, who could afford the extra high cost, had hotel-like accommodations in the 314's deluxe aft suite. A one-way fare occupancy of the special cabin to Hong Kong was posted at \$1140 or \$2280 round-trip. Looking forward to port is seen the combo writing-dressing table. Door to right opened to steps facing down to promenade (Boeing Aircraft Co.)

In the lounge, drinking coffee and watching clouds float past, any air-minded enthusiast had the opportunity to read general Pan Am PR Pamphlet, upper operational facts from pamphlets put aboard at Guam to then replace nearly one-week old magazines. Partial S4 coverage from the narrow-folded brochures told of the types of air express items flown to Manila out of San Francisco. Some included polo balls for Manila games, tree and scrub cuttings for transplant, seeds, fruits packed in dry ice; insured jewels, upper dental plates, artificial arms and legs, medical supplies and hard-to-come-by prescriptions, newsreels, cosmetics, flowers, catalogues, coconut oil, Agag sweaters, shoes, and various types of appliances, such as hats, clothes, and wedding dresses for Manila bride.

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Second to last landing, *California Clipper*, with wing flaps down, glides into Macao Harbor as air launch speeds past beneath incoming 314. A 30-minute later flight concluded a six-day journey at Hong Kong Island off the China coast, the world famous port ceded to Great Britain in 1841. (Pan American Airways)

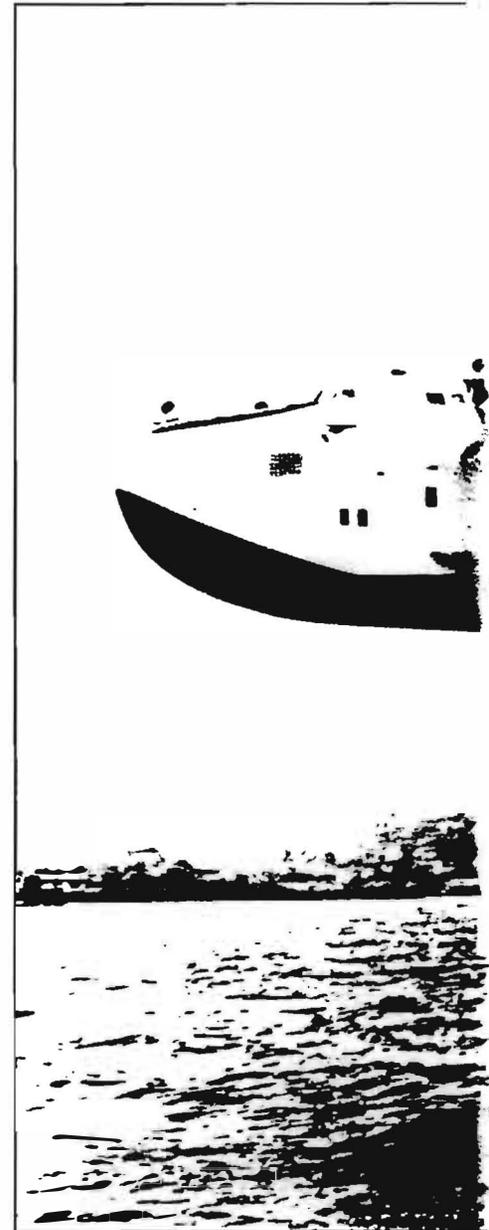
Gen. Douglas MacArthur, Far Eastern commander of US Army forces, and Adm. Thomas Hart, US commander of the Asiatic Fleet, were seen milling everywhere among the Filipinos. Boys with slanted eyes, and wearing Americanized shorts and sneakers, ducked in and out of the crowd to take pictures of arriving passengers. Reporters poked about the mass to get stories for local newspapers. Following a quick customs check, a one-hour car-shuttled drive around the shores of Manila Bay led to what was acclaimed in 1939 as the finest public lodging in the East, the Manila Hotel. Offshore, from Dewey Blvd., a rusting Spanish war-ship sunk by Adm. Dewey in 1898 was seen.

Standing in the hot hotel's marble-lined lobby while waiting to register, numerous nationalities meandered and sat in small clusters at wicker tables talking international banking and trade business along with threats of war. Many held gimlets, the most popular drink in Asia. Politicians, businessmen and military brass made up the boisterous and clattering groups. What little afternoon time remained after showering was usually spent shopping or touring through a small section of Manila filled with bicyclists, cars and mobs of pedestrians. Billboard signs in English, Chinese, French, Tagalog (one of two Philippine dialects) and Spanish plastered fronts of buildings. The humidity was high and very displeasing. Bodies dripped with perspiration.

Dinner was served early at the hotel. It was early to bed. At 4:30 am, knuckles of Filipino houseboys rapped up and down door slats. It was time to arise, shower, dress, eat breakfast and take another hour's drive to Cavite to clear customs. Eyes were nearly shut as continuing passengers stumbled about preparing for their last day aboard the *Clipper*.

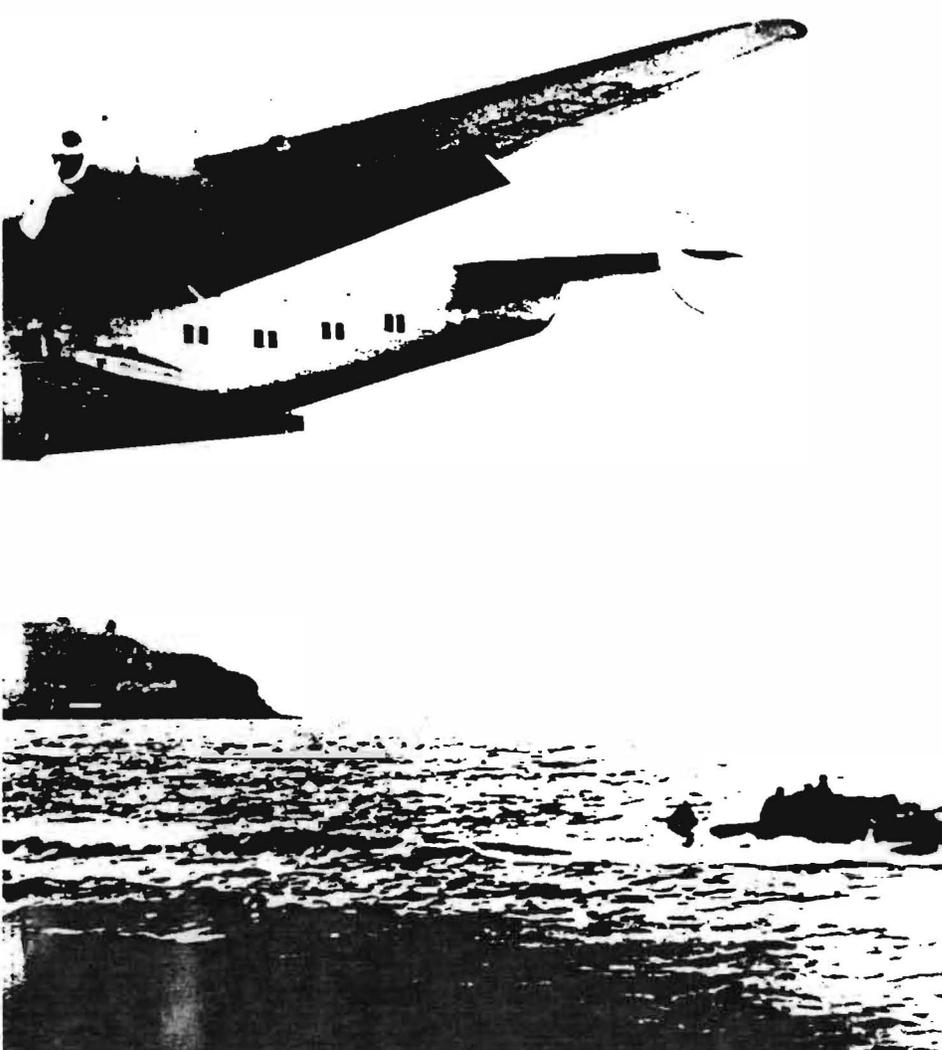
Manila Bay swiftly fell away when NC-02 soared upwards at 8:30 am for a five-hour flight to Macao, some 750 miles northwest of Manila. Magnificent white thunder clouds rose into the eastern sky as the 314 winged out to sea. New faces were aboard: three Chinese National Airlines (CNA) directors bound for Hong Kong; a French couple returning to Europe from an Asian honeymoon; three American executives; an English colonel and major destined for Singapore; a Chinese exporter and wife; and two Catholic nuns being transferred to a Hong Kong mission.

One and a half hours out, after having passed up coffee and rolls for more sleep, passengers dined at a formally set buffet



brunch. Drifting in a seemingly make-believe world, watches ticked to 2:00 pm. Hong Kong time, when Cinderella's sky-pumpkin made a 30-minute stop at Portuguese-mandated Macao. Forty-three miles away — and 30 flight minutes later — the *California Clipper* was anchored in Victoria Bay, known as the "Harbor of Fragrant Streams," off Hong Kong's Kai-tak Airport at Kowloon. Swarming about in the sea were junks, sampans, western and European ships and other sailing craft of all sizes and shapes. After some 60 hours of flight, and six days out of San Francisco, NC-02's passengers and crew were at the threshold of Asia in an area of diplomacy and international intrigue outstanding in the some 400 years of European co-existence.

Walking up the dock toward the customs shed, and the ferry to the Island of Hong Kong following a short launch ride to shore, the long-haul personages showed facial expressions related to air fatigue. Despite the



fact that many were relieved the long air trip was terminated, one still tended to stop, turn about and glance back at the far-off moored *California Clipper*. Immediate thoughts hailed the flagship that had mothered them 8749 Pacific air miles to a land of uncertainty.

Factually attested, the chronology of events covered here have been based on typical 1939-41 transpacific flight aboard a Model B-314 flying boat Clipper ship. As for NC-02, she was caught in Auckland, New Zealand, following a flight from San Francisco at the time the Japanese deployed their sneak attack on Pearl Harbor in early December 1941. Commanded by veteran skipper Capt. Robert Ford, the flight-planned liner, then under the guise of Pacific Clipper, was returned west to the US in a headline-making, near global circumnavigational fashion across the Indian Ocean to Calcutta, India, across Africa, the South Atlantic and north to New York. After arriving back in the US in early January, 1942,

the Clipper was camouflaged for war duty and remained at Pan Am's Atlantic Division until early May 1943, when she was returned once more to San Francisco following a spectacular US transcontinental flight via Miami, Florida.

When Pan Am retired the last of its B-314s in early 1946, NC-02 had flown more than a million miles. Then, after changing hands four times and never flying again, the former "queen of the skies," along with other Pacific-based sister ships, was stored at Lindbergh Field in San Diego. In 1951, her war-weary and corroding hull, wings and tail were torn apart and sold for scrap that yielded enough reported recycled metal to produce 580 50-gallon barrels, 10,000 one-gallon pails or one-sixth mile of stovepipes — not much salvable material left over from an original 314's tons of weight and an anticlimax to the once grand lady of the sea and air, a true air classic!

Aloha, *California Clipper!*

AC

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