

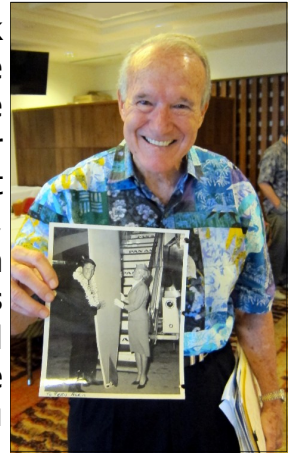


## SUNSHINE ON A RAINY DAY

On yet another rainy day, Speaker **Fred Hemmings** brought some sunshine into Waialae Country Club where our April 24th meeting was held. That he is an optimist is evident in his cheerful demeanor. He says his book, *Local Boy, A Memoir*, is really not about himself but about the place where he was born and raised, the amazing Hawaiian Islands. However, one gets the impression he would have been a standout wherever he was raised.

## A NICE GUY WHO FINISHES FIRST

Former State Senator **Fred Hemmings** began his talk with "I want to say something about your institution." He went on to say that Pan Am WAS an institution; one which opened the Pacific to air travel, was known for great service and was dear to his heart. He even brought a photo of himself, when he was a Punahou student, about to board a Pan Am flight. The picture shows a stewardess helping him with his surfboard. He was on his way to Peru to participate in the Peruvian International Surfing Championships. It was 1964 and he won the competition. He also excelled at football while at Punahou School.



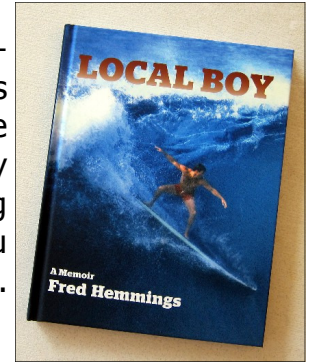
He recalled that Pan Am pilots used to play volleyball at the Outrigger Canoe Club. They called themselves "The Bourbon Club". Most of us are aware of Bill Mullahey and the pivotal roll he played in developing Pan American stations in the Pacific. Hemmings informed us that Mullahey was also prominent in the development of the Outrigger Canoe Club.

As I listened to Fred Hemmings speak, I realized he sounded a lot like Pan Am employees in his enthusiasm for the opportunities that came his way. Hemmings shows an appreciation for just about everything he encountered growing up in these islands; its people, (including the beloved Duke Kahanamoku who was his mentor), its water sports, his family and his Portuguese background. He excelled at surfing, canoe paddling, football, running his own business and he also ran successfully for government office. He was largely responsible for the recognition of surfing as a legitimate professional sport.

He spoke so enthusiastically about Pan Am that, at the end of the meeting, when Henry Blakstad gave out real Pan Am stock certificates as souvenirs,

even guests who were not Pan Amers were excited to receive one. (In addition, Henry also contributed door prizes once again. Mahalo, Henry!)

Hemmings brought copies of his book to the meeting. It is a wonderful compilation of what life is like in Hawaii and, especially, his life. The many stories he shares are a delight to read and show he is a man capable of making the most of whatever life hands him. He even "got me" with his "Local Boy" story near the end of the book which turns out to be a sort of shaggy dog "Portagee" joke. Don't ask. You will just have to purchase the book if you were not at the meeting or failed to purchase one there. You won't be sorry. It is available in bookstores and on line at [www.fredhemmings.com](http://www.fredhemmings.com).



▶  
Glori Ino-Strassberg  
and Katie Yoshioka.



▼  
Dan Del Monte and  
Kiddy DeCoster

▲ Seated: Tomiye Nakamura and Elaine Keb. Standing: Satchi Kato, Shirley Silva, Iris Inouye, Shirley Motas and Betty Keliiaa.



▶  
Seated: Ellen Shikuma. Standing: Tom Anusewicz and Darlene Laster.

▼  
May Tsukiyama, Calvin Murata, Nobuko Loncar, Harlow Urabe, Carol Wong and Aggie Von Brimer.





▲ Carol Suyderhoud, Al Chun and Marie Jahnsen



▲ Dayleen Kai & Denise Mazzanti



▲ Clare Takayama and Pat Wagner



▲ Ed Gencarelli and John Medlock



▲ Darlene Laster and Carol Massie



▲ Gordon and Dick Rezentes



▲ Satchi Kato and Sue Jacques

Danni Kamealoha, Diane VanderZanden and Roy Stocks



▼ Lee and Darlene Laster



◀ Liz Kearins and Glori Ino-Strassberg



▲ Liz Kearins with Sumiko and Charlie Carroll

## A "BORN AGAIN" LOCAL BOY

PAA and WWI member Sumiko Carroll brought her husband, Charlie, to the luncheon meeting because he is an avid surfer and wanted to hear Fred Hemmings' presentation. As a young man, Charlie arrived in Hawaii to take up a civil engineer position. Almost immediately, he met famed surfer Buffalo Keaulana and the Makaha Beach Boys. He was quickly transformed into a "born-again" Local Boy.

Sumiko and Charlie have four children. Their son, Charlie, (nicknamed Charlie Boy), was a professional surfer for 18 years until a dirt bike accident stopped his career. Two of their 3 daughters surf recreationally. One is married to Chief of Staff, U.S. Army in Japan, who is also a recreational surfer. Two grandsons help with the Rell Sunn Menehune Contest in which Charlie Boy had participated when he was a youngster. (Surfing champion Rell Sunn was a revered pioneer female surfer who died of cancer at the age of 47. Her only child, Jan, still comes to Hawaii every year to run the contest for young surfers.)

When Charlie Boy was young, Sumiko home-schooled him so his father could take him surfing for his Physical Ed class. It provided great father-son time. Charles is now 36 and lives in Manoa. He now distributes Made-in-Hawaii Hemp Oil Health Products.

Sumiko had responded to my request for stories (following article) and I told her I would like to get a photo to accompany the story. At 4 feet 10 inches, she has always disliked the fact that she was short. In fact, she was determined to marry someone tall so her children would not be short and have to deal with the inconveniences with which she herself is constantly faced. She found Charlie Carroll who was about 6 feet 5 inches when they married. (He says he has lost a couple inches over the years but she says, "So have I!") They will celebrate their 47th wedding anniversary in June.

Following is Sumiko's true life adventure.

## AN AMAZING ADVENTURE

We Honolulu-based stewardesses usually worked alone with a crew from another base on a schedule which kept them together. We would often leave them at one station and join a crew with a different schedule. That is because we spoke Japanese and were assigned to flight segments which often carried Japanese passengers.

In those days stewardesses shared rooms and, along with changing crews, we were also changing roommates. On my first Around-the-World (westbound) trip assignment, I woke up in a London hotel room and found the most junior stewardess from another base, probably New York, as my roommate. While getting ready to go downstairs for the crew pickup time, we stood in front of a large mirror combing our hair. This young lady turned out to be so very gorgeous that I blurted



Sumiko and Charlie Carroll

out, "You are so beautiful, I feel embarrassed about being in the same mirror with you!" "You're being silly," she said, and laughed it off. As we were joining the rest of the crew in the lobby, I discovered there were two more stunningly attractive women in the group. It appeared the three were good friends. As a short Nisei stewardess, in my case, one who had been hired for her language ability and not her looks, I was a bit envious of those tall beauties.

Following transit stops at Frankfurt and Istanbul, we landed in Beirut and were driven to our lay-over hotel, the Intercontinental Phoenicia. As a child, I had read storybooks about the wealthy Middle East and the glittering jewelry sold in their bazaars. Looking out from the crew bus window, I noticed the wide boulevards and a great number of luxury cars, including many Cadillacs, and it did not surprise me. I declared I was going to go to the world famous Gold Markets because I did not want to miss the opportunity of seeing them. The trio of beauties wanted to come along.

Later, stepping out from our hotel, we turned right on the main boulevard and soon came upon an outdoor gold market. Under a collection of large tent-like structures were endless displays of trinkets; golden, but skinny and light looking. I said to the three ladies in my customary loud voice, "These are the same kind of trinkets you can buy in souvenir shops anywhere. I was expecting to find heavy gold jewelry and gold in bars. . . ." That's when three men stuck their faces in among ours and one of them said, "We have those." I asked, "You have gold in bars?" "Yes." "Where?" "Just around the corner . . ." Before I knew it, all 7 of us were walking away from the Market Square, first turning right.

We turned left, then right again, the three men walking ahead of us leading the way, my three gorgeous companions close behind them with me following. I was thinking this did not look right as they had said JUST AROUND THE CORNER so why hadn't we arrived? I began folding my fingers for each turn, right turns on my right hand and left turns on my left. We came upon a small alley but continued on. I folded another finger on my right hand, turned around to memorize the direction from which we'd come.

I began to wonder what I would do if I ran out of fingers as we turned left once again and then right. We arrived at an opening, without a door, on the side of a concrete building. It led us to a straight, very narrow stairway, going up. Three Lebanese men, three tall young Pan Am stewardess and me, a short Nisei, walked up and up, by-passing the 2<sup>nd</sup> floor and up toward the third floor. I refused to walk up the last 2 steps, instead bracing my hands on the top step. I peered through the 3 pair of legs now standing on the landing and peeked into the room.

I could see three extremely tall, carpet-like drapes, instead of solid doors, hiding whatever was behind them. I imagine that there were even more draped areas out of sight. There was an armed guard, with a ceremonial long knife hanging from his hip, by each of the draped entrances. That's when I said, in the loudest voice possible, "This is a dead end. I'm leaving! And I'm leaving right now!" I started to run down the stairs while praying no one would block the bottom exit, which was just a tiny square of light way below.

Running out onto the street, I saw no one there. I went left, then right and then left again. I saw the little alley we had passed and recognized the picture in my mind which I had memorized. Then I knew to turn right. Another left turn and a right and I recognized the corner of the Gold Market. I then made one more left and came out on the wide boulevard and knew I was near the hotel. "Phew!" I turned around for the first time and saw the faces of my three colleagues coming up be-

hind me. They must have been running right behind me all the way. Relieved, I bid them farewell and went back to our hotel.

Upon our preparations for departure to Karachi, I spoke to the captain when he walked to the back of the plane. I told him what happened and asked if any of the stewardesses ever went missing. He replied, "Oh, sure." "Why have we never heard that before?" He answered me with a question, "That wouldn't make very good publicity, would it?"

## ADVENTURES WERE COMMON FOR PAN AMERS

We know many of you had adventures—maybe not quite so frightening as Sumiko Carroll's story—but stories worth telling. I hope her story prompts some of you to send in your memories. I offer my editing for free!

## GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN . . .

In our December issue, I reported the passing of member Dolores "Dee" Chang, who had worked in Pan Am's Catering Department. Her husband, **Raymond Chang**, passed away on April 5th just 4 months after Dee. He was 92. He and Dolores had always been regulars at our luncheon meetings until illness made it impossible this past year. On the right is a photo of Dee and Raymond which I took at one of our Annual Galas several years ago.



**Abe (Adolph) Gonzales**, 89. His daughter, Maria, sent the following bio: Dad was born in San Francisco on Nov. 18, 1927 and boarded his last flight on April 3, 2018 in Australia. He started with Pan Am on Wake Island, working under Tex Marshall. He admired and respected Tex and always felt that Tex had helped him get off to a great start with Pan Am. From Wake, Dad was sent to Manila for about 16 months. This was followed by an assignment to Guam where we went through Hurricane Karen, one of the worst hurricanes ever recorded. In 1964, we moved to Singapore. Dad recently said that was his favorite station, though I know he enjoyed them all. In 1969, we moved to Hong Kong, a big city even then! We moved to Tokyo around 1973 for a couple of years and then to Osaka for a short time. Dad was sent to Nairobi, again for a brief time,



Abe in 2015

which coincided with the Entebbe rescue in 1976. Dad's narration about the Israeli jets, arriving and departing Nairobi in that operation, was riveting. Pan Am's flights were delayed or canceled. Dad and the Pan Am crews speculated about the unique situation. Next, Dad was assigned to Honolulu where his parents grew up and where he still had relatives. He met and married Helene Walder, an Australian involved in the world of fashion. In the early eighties, he was sent to Korea to open the Seoul station. When Pan Am sold the Pacific routes to United in 1986, Dad helped with the transfer. Then he and Helene decided to retire in Australia. There he worked as a consultant for United for awhile, until his beloved golf beckoned. He is survived by his wife, Helene; three children, Maria, Anthony and Siri-Britt; three step-children, Jeffery, Robyn and Britt; eight grandchildren and step-grandchildren; four great-grandchildren and great-

step-grandchildren with a fifth scheduled to arrive in May.

Editor's note: Those of us who knew Abe, remember that he was always ready with a joke. When he was in Seoul, he would often come to the Hyatt Hotel to see off the departing crew. One day in 1985, several of us were having breakfast in the hotel before leaving for the airport. Abe arrived and there were greetings all around. Then he said, "Pan Am is selling the Pacific routes to United Airlines." There was dead silence for several seconds when, finally, one of the pilots asked the question for all of us: "What's the punch line?" This was probably the only time I can recall that Abe did not meet us with a joke or funny story.



**2018 Schedule**

- May 22—Board Meeting Only
- **June 26**—General Member Meeting
- July 24—Board Meeting Only
- **August 28**—General Member Meeting
- September 25—Board Meeting Only
- **October 23**—Annual Meeting
- November 27—Board Meeting Only
- **December 1—Annual Luncheon Gala, WCC**



*Happy Spring!*

**Luncheon Meeting Reservation**  
**SPEAKER: BOB SIGALL**

Next Meeting—June 26, 2018  
 Waialae Country Club  
 4997 Kahala Avenue  
 11:00 Social hour, 11:30 Lunch  
 \$30.00 per person (Includes tip and Parking)  
 Please try to make your reservation by June 21st.

Member Name \_\_\_\_\_ \$30.00

Guest Name \_\_\_\_\_ 30.00

Total \_\_\_\_\_

Makes checks payable to PAA and send to:  
 Carol Suyderhoud, 7503 Maka'a Street, Honolulu, HI 96825-3127

If transportation is required, call Carol at 396-5225 or contact her by e-mail at: carolws@hawaii.rr.com. Payment in advance of the meeting is appreciated.  
 NOTE: If you received this newsletter electronically and would like to attend the meeting, print this page or enclose a note with your check, stating what and who the check is for.

## PAA Hawaii Aloha Chapter Officers

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Clare Takayama	Director	TakaHale@aol.com	247-2004

(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 396-5293 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).

**PRINT CLEARLY PLEASE**

**Date:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Name:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Spouse:** \_\_\_\_\_  
Last First

**Address:** \_\_\_\_\_  
Street Apt # City State ZIP code

**Home Phone:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Cell phone:** \_\_\_\_\_ **E-mail:** \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Retiree/Associate:** Dept: \_\_\_\_\_ **PAA Service:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Receiving Pension?** \_\_\_\_\_  
# of years worked Yes or No

**Ohana:** Pls. state category & PAA sponsor (See above): \_\_\_\_\_

The association directory is published every two years and is distributed to **MEMBERS ONLY.**

- Do you wish to be listed in the directory?  Yes  No  
 May we publish your phone number/E-mail address?  Yes  No

- 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:  
**John Medlock, 411 Kaelepu Drive, APT F, Kailua, HI 96734-3309**