

Oakland World Wings Chapter February 2021
Newsletter from President Louise Diracles
Happy Valentine's Day



**Don't miss the OAK WW zoom meeting:
On Monday, February 8, 2021 at noon**
Oakland Chapter Meeting

Thank you to Emilia de Geer for setting up yet another Zoom meeting!!!

Members who attended our November Zoom include, Louise Diracles, Emilia de Geer, Liv Milan, Nancy Kallus, Marilyn Kaplan, Marianne Greene, Sandy Clarke, Liz Turlington, Laurie Barton, Lucy Hart, Phelps Euler, Jennie Young, Sonja Vukasin, Gloria Reed, and Netty Kilgour.

In Dec. Pam Feack won the Pan Am beaded evening bag from our holiday raffle.

Ingrid Templeton wants to know who is going on the World Wings Convention Cruise in the Caribbean:

<https://worldwingsinternational.net/cruise2021/>

TROPICAL DREAMS!

World Wings's 51st Annual Convention October 29 – November 7, 2021

Pam Feack has been busy supporting A Friendly Manor with 50 blankets, pasta dinners, garlic bread, salad and fruit. Pam we all appreciate what you're doing!!!



Please send me YOUR Pan Am stories; we love to read them.

louisediracles@comcast.net

From Ingrid:

<https://thepublichistorian.wordpress.com/2013/03/18/pan-am-flight-attendant-tells-her-story-about-operation-babylift/amp/>

From Patrice Otten:

Reading Sally Anderson's article about her first Pan Am flight to Africa, reminded me I had not gotten back to your request for one of our "Pan Am stories." My little story involves Africa as well. My 15 minutes of fame! Being an animal lover, I had always wanted to somehow find a way to go on safari to Kenya. Pan Am offered me just that opportunity. So, in 1964, barely a year into flying out of Miami, I asked my adventurous mother if she would join me. I knew the answer before I had even posed the question. Another dream was to visit TreeTops, visited by a young Queen Elizabeth. It is a hotel built high off the ground under a large watering hole that attracted many species of wonderful wildlife. At the last minute, my mother had to cancel as she had picked up a nasty cold because we had stayed in England for a few days before the flight to Africa. The "fresh" English weather (bitter damp cold) meant she had to stay behind and nurse her cold. She insisted I go on the TreeTops tour and that she would be fine. The hotel had a house Dr. should she feel the need to be seen.

The tour consisted of all elderly guests, mainly British (most of whom were now what is my age.) I was the only young person at 22 years old. I was there to experience the animals so I was not the least bit concerned. Besides, I always love the British with their polite ways and wonderful sense of humor. We arrived mid-morning and by late afternoon two young men joined our group. I received a note from one of them suggesting. "We under 30's should really get together." Delighted to have someone my own age, I happily accepted their invitation for afternoon tea and dinner later that evening. One of the young men I particularly enjoyed. Long story short, we continued to talk well past midnight talking and taking in the warm African night air and the strange sounds of the wildlife below us. It was the kind of conversation one sometimes has with a complete stranger. We talked about what was important to us, what kind of lives we wanted to lead, what we valued, loss (his mother had died when he was a young boy, raised by his father and how that impacted him,) spirituality, our love of animals and our fascination with the wildlife. The conversation was not only interesting but full of humor. He was very funny. He invited me to join his friend and their driver back to Nairobi the next morning. We were to meet for dinner that evening. He would pick me up at the Pan Africa where I was staying with my mother. Unfortunately, I was not there when he arrived as I had taken my mother out for a much needed meal. When I returned to the hotel, there was a note to call which I did. I took a taxi but was met with a frosty reception. He did not appreciate being what we would call being "stood up." Needless to say, the evening ended early. But I had one question that I needed to clarify. One of the British guests asked if he was Paul McCartney. I said I did not know. I had not heard of the name nor did I know that he was part of the Beatles. When he walked me to the taxi, I did ask but he did reply that that was his name. I apologized again for my tardiness, thanked him for his wonderful company (accept for the dinner!) and off I went into the African night. Of course, I came to know who he was over the years. My daughter and I attended his concert in San Jose last year that was one of the most joyous, happiest concerts I have ever attended. People love him! At 78, (also my age,) he remains youthful and handsome, funny, authentic and has led what I would call a very good life. Vegetarian, good father, devoted to his music, generous with his accumulated wealth, still retaining a bit

of Liverpool in him, funny and so likable. Just like the 22 year old young man I met so many decades ago. I never took a photo of him because I did not think to do so. My adult children still get a kick out of this story as do I. Such was the life of a Pan Am attendant in the 60's. We did have such glamorous lives, didn't we?

Patrice Otten, Rossmore

From Marilyn Grega:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Y2_CNGOx2A8

From Pamela Taylor:

A beautiful tribute on the 32nd Anniversary of Lockerbie:

At the time of the bombing, I had just transferred from London the year before, so I knew the crew, we were a small family in London. I attended the dedication in Arlington National Cemetery and as I walked in, (I was asked to wear my uniform,) the First Officer's wife ran up to me and asked if she could stand with me. She was afraid to sit with the families of the deceased. She had heard rumors that the families were blaming the pilots! We sat on the edge of the family seating. I often wondered what her name was. It made me sad to think she could not be in the forefront with those who had suffered so. Each year our World Wings group would meet at the Caran and rest a wreath. It is just uphill from my parents' grave, a lovely part of the cemetery on a hill next to the Lee Mansion.

Louise Diracles has attached her 1972 journal from a camping safari and Mt. Kilimanjaro climb in Africa.

From Marin WW:

**FABULOUS PAN AM ARTICLE AT YAHOO
click on link**

[Triumph, terror and tragedy: The incredible story of Clipper Victor, the first 747 \(yahoo.com\)](http://www.yahoo.com)

Has everyone gotten their first Covid vaccination?

Nominations for Chapter Officers are now open. Please e mail me: louisediracles@comcast.net if you're willing to nominate yourself or someone else for President or other offices. Also, e mail Louise with your event ideas for 2021.

Stay safe; be well,
Louise