

See back cover

NEWS

FEBRUARY 1990

UNITED FLYING OCTOGENARIANS

No. 70

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Annual Dues - \$20.00. Payable during fiscal year 1 November to 31 October.

New Horizons;

John Gibson Winans:

Born: July 2, 1902
Died: January 1, 1990

Charles H. Blosser:

Born: September 7, 1895
Died: December 30, 1989

Aubrey L. Stains:

Born: June 6, 1902
Died: December 31, 1989

Obituaries:

Aubrey L. Stains:

Death came to Aubrey Stains on the 31st day of December 1989. Aubrey was one of the nine Founding members of the UNITED FLYING OCTOGENARIANS when that organization was chartered in 1982.

Aubrey was born June 6, 1902. He started his flying career in 1916 when, at the age of 14, he soloed a home-built that he and a buddy had constructed. Later, as a young man

New Members:

Clarence F. Cornish
6204 Graham Road
Indianapolis, IN 46220

See news item
on Page 6.

Born: November 10, 1898
Joined: January 11, 1990

Bernard T. McManus
200 So 4th
Lander, WY 82420

Born: November 14, 1908
Joined: January 23, 1990

he started barnstorming, an occupation that also helped to pay for his airplane. When he was 21, Aubrey got his pilots license and spent many hours doing aerial survey work. Then came a job as factory rep for automotive and airplane parts, using his airplane to cover his territory. In 1955 he and Agnes were married. He continued his work, often with Agnes flying with him.

Eventually, Aubrey retired, but he continued his personal flying from his home area of Lake Isabella, California. He had a few physical problems, cataract removal and lens implants for

example, but he still passed his flight physical easily in December 1988.

Aubrey is survived by his wife of 34 years, Agnes Stains.

Charles H. Blosser:

UFO member Chas. H. Blosser passed away December 30, 1989 at Concordia, KS. Chas had successfully passed his last flight physical, and last flew on his birthday September 7, 1989 from Blosser Municipal Airport of Concordia and he was looking forward to continuing to fly till reaching 100. However that was not to be.

Chas owned and continued to operate his 1928 OX-5 Lincoln-Page that he had purchased new.

It has been reported that Chas was probably one of the oldest continually licensed pilots in the U.S. and was proud to be a member of the FLYING OCTOGENARIANS..

(Contributed by Beldon Blosser, nephew of Chas.)

Corrections;

In the 1990 January issue of the UFO NEWS, page 1, in the third paragraph of the item, **AUFO Question**, the third line should have been ACTIVE OVER-80 PILOTS ASSOCIATION (AOPA). I regret this error. Ed.

From Members:

Arch Werner:

"Very nice to hear from you as well as all the comments re identifying the active pilots. I understand your and their view points and concur. Jack Robinson may have a good idea but AOPA is and has been used for fifty years by the AIRCRAFT OWNERS & PILOTS ASSOCIATION (AOPA). (See **Corrections.**) As

for myself starting a new association, well my time at this later date in my life is used in being looked after by a lovely lady eighteen years younger than I and also golf that keeps me on the course three to four days a week winter and summer. Then too there is some time set aside for flying here and there mostly around these parts. My wife gave up on the smaller aircraft and will use only the airlines. She has just returned this November from a visit to Perth, Australia. I did not go this time as she wanted to have a full six weeks with her mother as well as celebrate with her mother her mother's 93rd birthday. We generally go together but then we take the round-the-world trip using TWA and Qantas stopping six or eight times en route thusly making an easier trip. These days I just don't like the long haul trip such as direct to Sydney then on to Perth.

"You are doing a great service to all of us in UFO and I for one sincerely appreciate all your efforts in and for the UFOs. Happy New Year to you, AL and all the UFOs."

(Many thanks for a very interesting letter. A review of your Australian trip(s) would make very interesting reading for the rest of us. Ed.)

Vance J. Coleman:

"Please accept my check for \$20.00 for dues.

"I will be 88 February 15, have been flying fifty-one years, and still have a year left on my present physical.

"Happy New Year."

(Perhaps Vance is boasting a bit, but if I were in his shoes I'd probably be boasting a lot more! Congratulations, Vance, and best wishes for you to pass your physical next year. -Ed.)

James W. Braden, M.D.

"Al, Please don't let them start any star or any special groups. I agree with you 100%

"Now, about Ped McCutchen - First, I practiced general surgery for 50 years. I am not a lawyer and I suppose different states have different laws, but my understanding is a person is not dead until pronounced by a doctor or perhaps someone who has special training. The reason I felt I should write about this is the following:

"My father fell from a stepladder and was paralyzed from mid-chest down. Due to excellent care including a wheelchair with large wheels (about like the front wheel of a Cessna 172), an alternating mattress, a hydraulic lift attached to the roof of the car to get him in the car, another lift to get him in bed, my mother (72) gave him all the help he needed, and he lived 16 years that way. One day he called me at the hospital and said he wanted to go from Washington, D.C. (where he had lived and practiced) to his farm in Pennsylvania and wanted to go no later than the next day. I cancelled surgery and started for Pennsylvania the next morning with his chair etc. I felt he might die on the way so I contacted the medical examiners and they told me not to pronounce him dead but to just keep on driving no matter where I was. He made it. He traveled around his house in his wheelchair (electric), went to bed, and was dead at 6 A.M. the next morning. So, as far as I know, if someone dies, he is not legally dead until pronounced.

"So keep on flying, Keep up the good work."

(Many thanks for a very interesting letter; and what I learn from such a letter if filed under "What I didn't know till now." -Ed.)

Bill Wood:

"Just when I'm about ready to put my coupe (Ercoupe. Ed.) up for sale -- I passed my physical! Regardless of physical I don't seem to be getting much milage out of my plane this past year - and yet it is relatively easy on gas (auto gas at that) so great a burden on me. We have our own little airstrip here in Carmel Valley - it is out of range of the radar at Monterey -- we just stay below 1500 MSL until we clear -- no great hassle.

"I am planning on one or two trips involving my flying - a trip to Vancouver, Victoria, and points in Washington State close by - that is about all for the summer - except take the excursion to Lakeland, FL, around April 8. Let the pros do the flying and know when you get there!

"We have a severe water shortage in this valley and also in Carmel and Monterey - too many golf courses does not help. Also too many hotels and restaurants. I understand that Santa Barbara is also in the same condition - too much growth. Too much California.

"Well, Al, I hope your exam comes off with A+ results and Laura keeps well at the wheel."

(Laura is a good pilot, for which I am very thankful. Because my eyesight since the two implants is not as good as I'd like, she is doing more and more of the driving around town. And, I shouldn't say it, but I am getting used to have a chauffer and I am getting to like it. And I suppose she will do most of the flying from now on as she did on our 1989 summer trip east. Ed.)

H. Max Schiebel, M.D.:

"How kind of you to send me a card on my birthday.

"Unfortunately I have not been able to

fly my beautiful Travelaire (Beech 95) for several months -- last time was early December. Have been restricted by very severe lower back problem -- scarcely able to walk, but reasonably comfortable sitting or in supine position. I thought it would be very temporary so thought it was a good time to have the interior redone. This is a 1961 plane which I purchased in 1966 and have flown it 2000 hours plus. New engines, one side in '88 and the other in '89. New emiron (?) paint job in '86 which is still immaculate. Now I face, next week, a very extensive back operation (as a retired surgeon and too much knowledge about it to be very comfortable in anticipation) and my wife using every possible excuse to make me stop flying and sell plane. I refuse to make that decision until I see what recovery will be like.

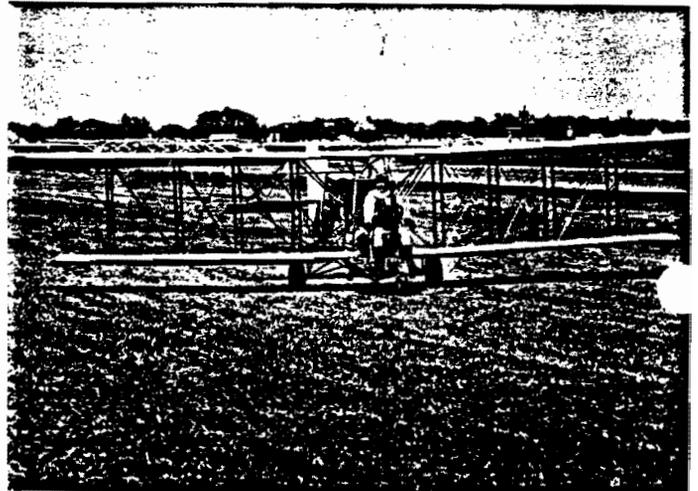
"Enclosing my check for this year's dues."

(Here's to a rapid recovery and a 100% success from the surgery. When you can write, please do. -Ed.)

Lea Abbott:

"I hope 1990 is better than the past two years. I lost Evelyn, my wife for over 55 years, and she, with her Degree in Math, did all our book-keeping and letter writing along with raising three children, all of whom are doing fine and are well educated. All I did was Airline Capt. - Braniff, and deal in aeroplanes, property, and antique cars, etc. in my spare time. I've recently lost my two closest friends - old time pilots George Cheatham and Reagan Ormond who went with me most of the time to Air Shows, etc, when I took and flew the above plane. (Replica of the 1910 Curtiss Pusher Bi-Plane.) Now I am having troubles with the real estate problems and find that I need 10 hours rest to be active.

"Enclosed cash is to pay dues and help with telephone calls and any other way you wish to use it. I'm sorry that I neglected to get in touch with you sooner and thank Laura for her call. I'm so tired and rather sick that I am way behind in subscriptions and letters - but feel better now and am making plans to become active again. Have 1½ years to go on my Biennial Flight Review and my 3rd class physical and I expect to go to Oshkosh as I have a couple of younger pilots who will go with me if things work out. Last time I flew my 1910, was at Oshkosh, on the main day, while the Concord was taxiing out - 1988.



"I notice that Clyde Ice is a member. I knew him in 1930 when we were on the Nebraska Air Tour. I made 6 parachute jumps out of the J5 Ford Trimotor. Clyde flew right seat- I was able to make a few hops - but mostly I flew a C(?) - 2 single place Aeronca, 26 HP. That fall I came on south with the outfit - only to lose a wing, when dead-stick and inverted at Smithville, TX, December 22, 1930. Seven months of aerobatics and cross-country did the Aeronca in- and I am proud of my Caterpillar pin - I learned the hard way.

"Freddie Lund and his wife, Betty, were

with our outfit. He, in his Taper Wing J5 Waco, did an outside loop as part of the main event at each meet. Freddie was National Aerobatic Champ and a fine man. I saw him crack-up late one evening when the sun was on his face and he and Fred Hight ran together as they were just landing. He was about a month being repaired; the Hisso Eaglerock was through. Freddie was short - sat, I thought, too low in his Taper Wing - only his nose was above the cockpit. His eyes were poor - he went back to Ohio at Physical time - his own doctor took care of him. Freddie used power on every approach - fishtailed so as to see - did NOT make smooth landings - but his fancy and fame allowed him to go full steam with passengers lined up to be next. I flew with Freddie several times; said goodby at Austin January 1, 1931. He went along with Betty to Florida. A year or so later he had the tail cut off of his plane in a pylon race (By a private pilot in a Monte Coupe.) Later Betty came through Dallas in a similar to Fred's Waco. I coached her and she did get a Transport License - but I remember standing in the field as she practiced spot landings. She came around, in a right pattern, and over-shot the mark and landed far down in the airport. When she taxied back, I said, "Betty, Why did you not slip?" She said, "I can't slip to the right." Then I asked if she had ever had a forced landing. She threw up her hands and said, "Oh, my God, NO." But she did get her Transport License and a couple of years later had a forced landing - killing her two passengers and was herself well beat up. (I'm told.) I never heard from her again. Back to Clyde - I worked with him several times. Right after we landed in our new airport (a farmer's field) Clyde had a long handle, round nose shovel and he filled in and noted holes, ditches, etc. If I had a telephone number to reach him I'd give him a call - after 60 years.

"Thanks, Al & Laura."

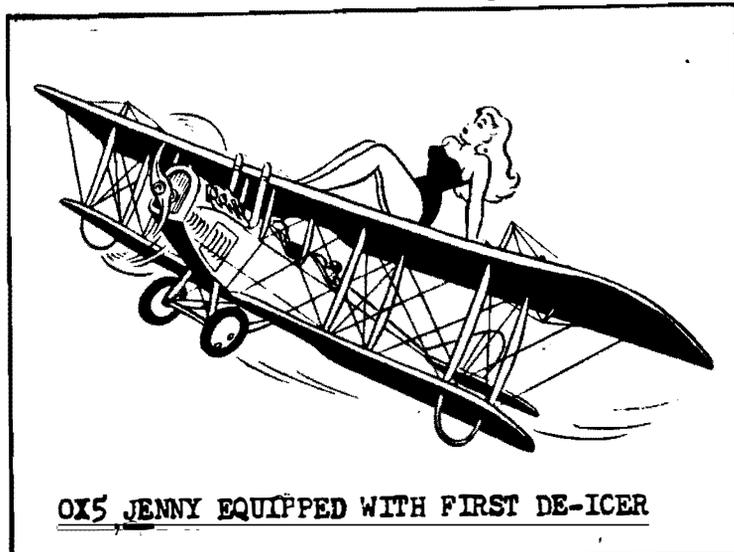
Ern Le Clere:

"Enclosed is my check for my 1990 dues.

"We need de-icers in Iowa this winter, 15° below last week. Warming up some now.

"Happy New Year!"

(I think the de-icer Ern had in mind is shown in the sketch which he enclosed and which is reproduced below.)



Wallace Demmy:

"I go along with the board in not having categories of membership.

"I'm glad you enjoy what you do because the rest of us do."

(I appreciate the pat on the back, but as I have said, I'm having more fun than anybody. I really do enjoy getting out the UFO NEWS. It's a challenge. -Ed.)

Maximilian Mittermeir wrote - in German. When I get a translation his note will be published. -Ed.

Indianapolis pilot still flying high at age 89

Clarence "Cap" Cornish will never forget the first time.

It happened at an airfield in Tennessee during World War I. After some last-minute reminders, instructor Billy Brock exited the plane and told Cornish to make his first solo flight.

Cornish led the open-cockpit biplane down the airstrip and soared into the sky before landing about five minutes later. The date was May 6, 1918.

Seventy years have passed, but the thrill hasn't. Next Friday, the 89-year-old Indianapolis resident will mark that anniversary by flying again. It will be the 70th straight year he has followed that tradition, adding yet another milestone to an amazing career.

A flight instructor for the Army at 19, Cornish later became Fort Wayne's first and only aerial policeman and Indiana's first aeronautics commissioner. He also performed in air shows, served in World War II and shared experiences with Charles Lindbergh and Amelia Earhart.

Two years ago, Cornish realized a dream by joining those and other legends in the Aviation Pioneers Hall of Fame. Now, he's one of only 10 certified pilots in the country in his age group (89 and older) who still fly.

"It's been quite a life," he says softly. "I've been very lucky."

Cornish is not only lucky to still be flying at his age, he's lucky to be alive when you consider the plane crash he survived in the early 1930s.

"There were four people in

the plane," he recalls. "We were on our way from Fort Wayne to Los Angeles. The axle on the plane apparently crystallized and broke as we were landing. The plane went up and flipped over. We turned upside down, but we all survived. Nobody was hurt."

Cornish wasn't so lucky another time when he was struck by a propeller blade and suffered a broken arm. But he prefers to downplay the injuries and accidents, reflecting the toughness that marked aviators from an earlier era.

"Oh, I've had numerous close calls," says the man who learned to fly before he learned to drive.

"When you flied like we used to, close calls and accidents were bound to happen. We didn't have all the radio communication systems, navigation systems and all that sort of thing. In rotten weather, you were on your own.

"Of course, we were plo-

neers, and that was all part of it. If you made a 100-mile, cross-country trip, that was something to write home about. It was thrilling."

It's a feeling that continues to remain strong for Cornish.

"The reason I still do it is because I enjoy it. I wish I could do more, but it gets expensive. I do enough to maintain a reasonable degree of proficiency. I fly about every month or so."

Next Friday at 10 a.m., as family members and friends watch, Cornish will once again take to the air, flying a Cessna 172 from Indianapolis Metropolitan Airport.

A man who was born five years before the Wright brothers first flew an airplane, Cornish views the thought of making a flight for 70 straight years as a great personal milestone.

"I'm probably one of the oldest pilots in the country — if not the oldest — in terms of continuous flying. It's marvelous that I'm able to do what I'm doing at my age. The good Lord has been with me."

INDIANA: Still flying high — Clarence Cornish of Fishers celebrated the 70th anniversary of his first solo flight the same way he's marked the occasion every year — flying high.

The 89-year-old retired insurance executive took his wife, Lois, and daughter, Ruthanne Krieg, for a five-minute plane ride Friday. Through the years, Cornish hasn't missed a single May 6 commemorative flight.

Flying was different when the man who eventually became Indiana's first aeronautics commissioner first took to the air as a 19-year-old.

"There weren't any navigational aids at all then and no charts. I flew with a Rand McNally road map," said Cornish. "Those were the days before parachutes, too. If you made a serious error, you could end up dead and embarrassed."

Cornish served during World War I in the aviation section of the Signal Corps, the precursor of the U.S. Air Force. Cornish took his first solo flight May 6, 1918, after just four hours and 20 minutes of instruction. He was then assigned to train other young airmen.

"I didn't know anything about fighting Germans in the air and neither did my students," he said. "It was the blind leading the blind."

Cornish served for eight years as Indiana's first aeronautics commissioner following World War II.

Dear Al: Thank you for your welcome letter of 20 December and thank you also for including my account of the bilateral lens implants in the UFO NEWS, just received. I hope my happy experience with the operation and your remarks will encourage others who suffer from cataracts to get their's done. It's great to read again without glasses which I need for distance to pass my Class II physicals. But most of all is to be able to fly my beloved "Honey Mooney" again meant more to me than money could buy.

In your letter you asked "What does Crowell Designs design?" Well, it's a bit of a long story. After I got out of the Army Air Corps in 1947 I was up to my ears with airplanes having flown during the war more than 1000 hours a year for the nearly five years I served. I was commissioned directly from civilian life on the strength of the "Transport License" I held. My training had been as a Mechanical Engineer although I learned to fly in 1930. Before the war I had designed and patented several items I had made for my own boat. After the war I was 40 years old and out of a job, so I thought I could set up my own business manufacturing and selling these items. I called my business "Crowell Designs" and the business flourished. I stole for my logo the Air Corps (now the Air Force) pilot wings. In 1962 a guy "made me an offer that I couldn't refuse" and I foolishly sold the business thinking that I would pick up my money, retire, and go fishing on my twin screw express cruiser. Well, I went stir crazy in about two months. Then another guy offered me a job to design items for Raritan Engineering Co. who were in the business of making items for the marine industry. I took the job which I thought would only be for a short time which turned out to last for 24 years. I re-

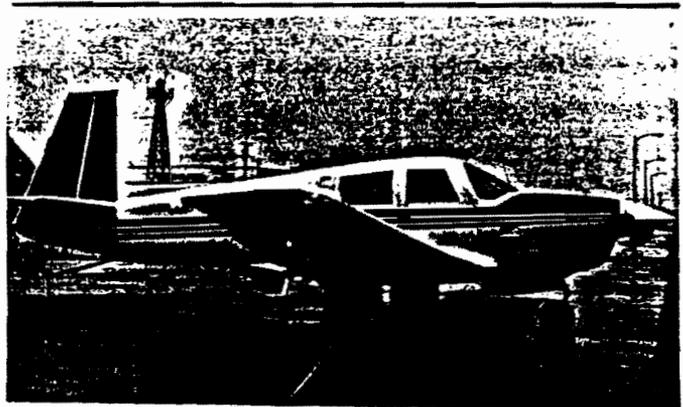
tired from Raritan in 1987 and started to devote all my time to making modifications in my 1965 Mooney airplane, a model M20-E 200 HP fuel injected Lycoming. In March 1988 I was awarded a prize from the Mooney people for having developed the fastest Mooney of its class in that from its former top speed of 185 MPH the mods I installed increased the top speed to 206 MPH with no hopping up the HP of the engine. In other words, I can now cruise at 65% power as fast as I used to at 75%. This extends my range and also reduces noise. I have mods on my airplane no other Mooney has some of which I am applying for a Supplementary Type Certificate from the FAA. I plan to make and sell these mods after the STCs are approved (which with the red tape involved is daunting to say the least). Hence the logo which I have revived.

So now, Al, you know I am not trying to compete with Bill Blass.

Thanks again for your nice letter.

Cordially,

/s/ Gordon



The "Honey Mooney"

(Gordon has given a very good answer to my question about what Crowell Designs design. Many thanks. Now, who is Bill Blass? I've missed him somehow. -Ed)

JOHN MAC D. MILLER
41 KINGWOOD PARK
POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y. 12601

On November 10th, 1928 I was flying a JN-4 Canuck and a Standard J-1 with 220 HP Hispano-Suiza engine (from a SPAD XIII) at the old Poughkeepsie Airport which was replaced in 1938 by the present Dutchess County Airport (POU), where I now operate. That day a group of men wearing American Legion caps and insignia came to the airport and asked a favor of me. The next day was to be the 10th anniversary of the end of World War I and known as Armistice Day, a National Holiday. A bronze plaque commemorating the Poughkeepsie men who had lost their lives in the war was to be unveiled on the front of the City Hall during a large ceremony, sponsored by the Legion.

The men said that a very large crowd was expected to assemble on Main Street in front of the City Hall where a grandstand was set up at the plaque, already hidden from view for the ceremony. It was to be a really big event with one or two Generals and many veterans and of course politicians to be there. There were to be ten buglers who would play "Taps" at exactly 11:11 AM, at the end of which the veil would be dropped to expose the plaque. As you who are in your eighties probably remember, the Armistice was signed, according to legend, on the 11th minute of the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month in 1918, hence the time of the unveiling and the playing of "Taps", on the tenth anniversary.

I was asked if I would volunteer to fly over and drop a large number of the little artificial poppies ("from Flander's fields") which were sold by the millions by the Legion members to raise funds. Of course I gladly agreed to do so and to make the drop at precisely 11:11 AM just as the buglers were playing "Taps". The direct line distance from the grass airport to the City Hall was just 4½ miles, so I could expect to make it in 4½ minutes in the Standard J-1, with takeoff to begin at just 11:05.

Main St. was on an almost parallel converging course leading to the bombing target, so by holding slightly to the right of the direct line I could follow it, right down over the street with its double 600 volt trolleywires. The street was level and straight to the target but then dropped downhill another half mile to the half mile wide Hudson River. Remember this. The trolley tracks and wires ran right on down to the dock on the river. There is a big steel railroad bridge across the river about 3/8 mile north of that point. My plan was to charge along over Main St. at lowering altitude in a glide so as to make a silent approach at low altitude over the target and therefore make an accurate drop of the poppies right on the crowd of people, for this was to be a complete surprise event. There was to be no, or at least little, noise which would blanket the sounding of "Taps". I planned on gliding on down the hill without power to minimize noise, then pick up power, turning north under the bridge into the NW wind and fly away.

November 11th was a beautiful clear cool day with a light NW breeze. I had the plane out and ready for warmup and was expecting another local pilot to sit in the cockpit while I cranked the 9'2" left-hand Hamilton wood propeller. (I still have it) on the 220 HP Hisso. I was 6'2" and 180 Lbs. and did not allow anyone else to crank it for it was not only big but also left-hand, unfamiliar and unsafe for others.

2

I had a non-pilot friend ready to do the dropping of the poppies from the front cockpit. The poppies were in a large cardboard box, a tight fit in the cockpit. I allowed ample time to start and warm up the engine, since it was water-cooled. Unfortunately the other pilot did not show up by about one half hour before takeoff so it became necessary for my non-pilot friend to operate the ignition switch and the throttle while I swung the prop. Ordinarily this is risky and bad news but in this case he was intelligent and well able to follow instructions. The engine had no primer pump. There were four little priming cups on the intake manifolds. After they were filled their valves were opened to allow the small amount of gasoline to flow down into the manifold. To do this it was necessary to climb up on a wheel on each side to reach the cups. With the wheels chocked and the stick held back by the safety belt I started to swing the big prop, calling for switch on and off as needed but being very careful to keep out of the way of the prop in case a mistake were made with the switch. The engine had always started readily before, but this time in accordance with Murphy's Law, just when it was necessary to go on schedule, it decided to play games.

Well, I cranked and I cranked. No soap! Time was running out. I was running out of energy. My heart was pounding from the exertion. It looked like it was going to be no go. I was getting weaker and it was now 11:04½. I gave it another weak swing and another and it started. I made a dive behind the revolving prop and pulled the chocks and let the plane slowly roll as I ducked under the wing and jumped for the rear cockpit. There was no time for any ceremony, safety belt, warmup, mag check, just time to GO. With the engine and its cooling water stone cold you can imagine how reluctant it would be to respond to the open throttle. There was no such thing as an acceleration pump. The engine burped, snorted, backfired and farted as the plane slowly accelerated and lifted off and got up over the trees with me helping by pulling up on the stick. I turned right to 330° just over the treetops and headed in a necessarily shallow climb with the engine giving bursts of power and noisy popping and hiccupping. I intercepted Main St. at about 400' with the target about half a mile ahead and started a fast glide toward the target with the engine throttled back to reduce noise. I was sure that I was late due to the NW wind but had no time to look at my wristwatch. The prop was windmilling, the wires whistling and the trolley wires were getting ever closer. I was amazed to see an enormous crowd of people on Main St. in front of the City Hall and overflowing into the cross street. As we passed over the target I yelled NOW! to my passenger and he dumped the box of poppies over the right side. There must have been 10,000 of them, they made such a big cloud. At no more than 250' I continued the glide, throttle almost closed, and proceeded down the grade of Main St. toward the river. When about a block beyond the drop I started opening the throttle. The engine banged and snorted but gave precious little power, just enough to hold altitude above the trolley wires on the downgrade. I was pumping the throttle to keep the engine going until it could re-warm itself and blow any ice out of the carburetor, and trying to figure how to dunk the plane into the river if power did not resume. There was no carburetor heater on these Hisso engines, so the standard method was to backfire to blow the ice out. It looked like I would barely clear the dock and I could see the spot in the water where we would hit. I leveled over the water with intermittent power in good old ground effect. We held for a few hundred

feet, getting farther and farther from shore but I was determined to stay out of the water until I could get enough power. My heart was "in my throat" with teeth marks on it, probably speeding up in the excitement. Finally all 8 cylinders got running simultaneously and I made a shallow right turn into the NW breeze and a slight climb as I passed under the bridge. In another mile or two I had power and altitude enough to turn back to the airport and got myself calmed down a little. I was elated that I hadn't lost my airplane but disappointed about not being on schedule with the poppy drop.

A while later, as I expected, I saw the big touring car with the group of Legionaires coming toward the airport to berate me about fouling up their carefully made plan. The car slid to a stop in a cloud of dust, all four doors swung open and the 6 or 8 Legionaires burst out and ran toward me. I braced myself for their complaint. They jumped all over me, shaking both of my hands at once and all talking and laughing at once, enthusiastically thanking me for such a perfectly timed "bombing". They said that as the buglers were playing "Taps" they did not hear me coming and were very disappointed that all their precise timing was wasted. Then, just as the final notes of "Taps" were sounding the poppies came raining down all over the crowd as a complete surprise, for they had not heard the airplane overhead due to the music drowning out the sound of the whistling wires of the biplane. They just could not thank me enough nor understand how I could have done it so timely and so silently. Little did they know and ~~nothing did~~ I tell them of my "professional secret". They said that the ceremony, "Taps" playing and the poppies silently falling from the sky was so impressive that thousands of people had tears in their eyes. Yes, little did they know!

WANTED INFORMATION ON THE Pan Am CLIPPER !

I have been asked if we have anybody in the UNITED FLYING OCTOGENARIANS who has flown on the Pan Am Clipper, or has worked on that airplane. The letter stated:

"I would like to interview anyone who flew on the Boeing 314 'Flying Boat' as a crew member or passenger. I'm also interested in any description of the plane, manuals, plans or other materials concerning the 314."

If you, anybody in the UFO, can help in this quest, please contact:

Danial Starer
Research for Writers
59 West 85th Street
New York, NY 10024

(212)877-5400