

CLIFFORD, **E SBY**- ANGEL

Clifford **E SBY** Angel, the author of this story, " The Original Angels' Flying Circus," was born in Copperhill, Tennessee, on the sixth day of October, in the year 1906. He was one of the famed "Flying Angels."

Clifford Angel has traveled extensively to many points all over the globe, writing down his observations and impressions while visiting such places as India, Australia, New Zealand, New Caledonia, Russia, and Iceland.

During World War II, he served as a Merchant Marine on ships such as the Panamanian "Esso Balboa," the "Sea Star," and the "Edward D. Baker," the first two of which were sunk in action. He was discharged in 1944 and returned to his home in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Due to the dire need for men in the service, he went to Oklahoma City in order to re-enlist; however, this hardy veteran of many encounters with the enemy, met his match on dry land --- he fell from a third-floor window of a hotel in Oklahoma City; thus, laid-up in a hospital at that time, he did not re-enlist.

He has since then resided in Tulsa, Oklahoma, generally. He now operates an artist studio; quite a few of his paintings have been sold, some to customers of other countries.

"THE ORIGINAL ANGELS' FLYING CIRCUS"  
--- THE STORY OF JIMMY ANGEL

--- by Clifford E. Angel

He was a man who laughed at, fought, and beat bad luck a hundred times. This man, Jimmy Angel, born of a Midwestern family, found wealth in a South American wilderness. When he was quite young, having won his "pilot's wings," he shipped to France; this was in World War I. Having entered the fight too late to down more than just a few enemy planes, he continued flying after the war in a career that gained him personal fame rivaling that of any "ace." Denied an education by his overwhelming love of flying, he, nevertheless, made a discovery that is described in dozens of textbooks and which has given rise to several scientific expeditions.

Aviation started in the Angel family on Spencer's Butte, Eugene, Oregon, on the twelfth day of August, 1912. The five Angel brothers, assisted by three younger brothers, experimented with the fine art of flying. Jimmy had built a huge box-kite and wanted to tie himself on for the first flight; but, being a husky fourteen-year-old, he was too heavy to be its "pilot." Though four years younger, I was also too heavy for that dubious privilege of ascending into the blue. So, we lashed Goldie, our four-year-old sister to the frame of the kite and shoved the whole works over the edge of the bluff of

Spencer's Butte. As soon as Goldie's weight pulled on the kite, the whole rig collapsed and hurtled down through space like a gun-shattered duck. Jimmy and I charged down the path to the base of the cliff and found our little sister lying in a bush, bleeding and unconscious, yet miraculously alive. A passing farmer carried her to his wagon and hauled her to the hospital where the doctor said she would live. I can still feel the sting of my dad's belt as he let the two of us, Jimmy and me, know what he thought of young aviators. And I remember, too, Jimmy's fighting back the tears and yelling, "Okay! I'm sorry! But damnit, I'm going to fly! Someday, We'll ALL be flyers!"

During the next five years, Jimmy ignored school and spent every available minute hanging around pilots and primitive planes. Then, in the latter part of 1915, he wrote to Rogersville, Missouri, for his birth-certificate. In 1918, early in that year, I received a letter stating that he had won his Army wings and was bound for France.

The local papers kept us in touch with his exploits, heading their stories with titles such as: "Jimmy Angel Downs Blimp," "Angel Youth Shoots Down Fourth Hun," or "Jimmy Angel Joins Rickenbacker's 'Hat-In-Ring' Squadron."---- This was the famed 94th Aero-Squadron. Another stated, " Angel Flies to Jerusalem."

The family was living in Independence, Kansas, when Jimmy came home from the war. As he swung off the train in full uniform with a chestful of ribbons, his stocky frame was a wonderful sight, indeed. During the welcoming celebration we listened with envy to his descriptions of the loops, rolls, dives, and chattering guns of aerial combat. When he suggested that the six of us Angels --- Jimmy, Parker, Eddy, Clyde, Goldie, and me, Clifford, form a flying circus, we all jumped at the idea eagerly.

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Except Jimmy, none of us had much cash; however, that didn't matter to him. So, we pooled all our money; and Jimmy purchased an old "Curtiss" jenny and put "The Flying Angels --- Death-Defying Aerial Circus" in business. We painted on the side of the plane a sign saying, "Fly with the Angels!" and "Our home in the clouds."

After scaring the wits out of ourselves and half of Kansas, each of us learned enough from Jimmy to pilot the plane; then, we practiced the fine arts of wing-walking, parachute-jumping, air-to-car transfer, and acrobatic flying. The minute Jimmy announced that everyone was ready, the group of us headed for California by auto, except Parker and Jimmy, who flew out. As we rolled out of Independence, Jimmy was skimming over Main Street, upside-down, with Virginia, his wife, hanging from a wing; Mayor Fowler of that fair city, gave us a going-over for flying too low over the roof-tops and upsetting the populace. This was in the year 1920.

California was roaring in 1920. Dozens of World War I pilots, having put their last dollars in planes to avoid the hazard of having to work in offices or factories, were barnstorming through the West; even in the smaller towns, it took a sensational show to out-fly the previous week's heroes.

As the "Flying Angels," we flew that jenny through open-end hangars, under bridges and above crowds. None of those gyrations would have actually kept us in business if it had not been for Jimmy and his "Wing-Walkers." I can still see that black-haired bundle of showmanship, cigar in mouth, running his alert eyes over the dozens of beautiful parachute-jumpers, who couldn't think of any life better than wing-walking or flying from state to state. I'm sure that the courageous talent of all those acrobats was the one quality that actually made us famous and drew the paying customers needed to finance more planes and more chutes. I remember Jimmy once saying to me, "Cliff, these corn-fed nature girls think I'm a machine; you teach them to chute-jump."

There was one woman, to whom Jimmy did give his attention. The first time he noticed her, she was in the hangar of some small-town field, rebuilding a Liberty engine. Under the grease he saw a shining face and red hair. Striding up to her, he gripped her by the arm and bluntly said, "Beautiful, my name is Jimmy Angel; and I'm going to marry you!" Then he squatted down

near her and talked. I was half-selling tickets and half-listening, and I know he opened up his heart to her. She was named Virginia Martin. She was born at Stroud, Oklahoma, in 1904. He told her all about himself. Exactly one week to the day after they had met, they were married in Coffeyville, Kansas, in 1920. Virginia was sixteen years old. Glen Angel, our father was best man.

The new bride fitted into our operation perfectly; in addition to being a good mechanic, she could make a delayed-opening chute, jump or drop from an undercarriage to a brother-in-law's wing, with no more concern than she showed when Jimmy barrel-rolled the plane with her in it at a height of eight feet from the ground. She also read current-event magazines, while riding on a wing, clutching a strut with one hand and holding the book with the other.

We brothers --- Parker, Eddy, and me, always overhauled and repaired those old flying coffins every day in order to be ready to fly a pay-hop, either day or night, by the seat of our pants; and it was literally just that. All those crates had for instruments were oil gage, tachometer, gas gage (seldom right), and a broom-stick, or a "joy-stick," to fly them at the screaming speeds ranging from eighty-five to ninety miles per hour.

If we tore a wing off or broke a prop, we just moved in on the nearest farm house and got a bed sheet and some apple boxes, which we would use to solice a strut or wing. We used a lot of "dope" and common horse sense and fixed the old plane so that it would take off and get us back to our hangar, where we gave it a thorough overhauling

from propeller to tail-fins. Yes, we had fun, and we had problems; but we made good money from those barn-storming days.

We found out that most of these God-fearing, hard-working, people of the Midwest were the best people in the world. Many of them would say, "Well, I have never been off the ground; but your sign says, 'Fly with the Angels' --- 'Our home in the clouds,' so who am I to be afraid?"

In those good old days, Edward Angel was coming to the forefront as a death-defying air-pilot. He also was a chute-jumper, rope-ladder man, and stood on the top wing, center section, his feet in stirrups, between the "Cabane" mast of those old bailing-wire jobs and laughed at death a thousand times. I asked him one time why he flew under telephone wires rather than fly over them. He looked at me to see whether or not I was ill or something and said, "Well, it takes far more gas when you pull up to climb over them; and besides, it takes less time to just fly on the level." Usually, we liked to dive through a cloud instead of going around it, even if we DID get soaking wet.

During this time, we also built airports at San Jose and at many other towns, up and down the coast of California.

As the 1920's raced to a close, flying circuses made less and less money; customers were getting more thrills from "flying" their own cars. Besides, the planes, by this time, were shot,

and the old chutes were so full of patches that they resembled crazy-quilts. We figured that it was a good time to get out of the business.

In 1927, the Angels founded a flying school near San Diego. At first, it was tough finding students, but we hit it lucky when Parker gave a Chinese kid, Tom Look, some stunt-flying lessons. He went back to China and spread the word; soon, we had half the Chinese Army training in San Diego, expecting to be aces if the Japanese touched off a war.

Fortunately, the Japanese didn't want to be left behind; so, they too, sent us a bunch of well-heeled recruits. It was quite a setup --- we couldn't understand our students, and they hated each other; yet, somehow, they learned to fly. Those would-be Oriental "Rickenbackers" thought Jimmy was great. Both groups were ready to name him emperor and head-man the day he won a bet by flying a 212-m.p.h. Bristol Fighter plane from San Diego to Santa Barbara --- with his hands tied behind his back!! This happened in 1930.

Eddy is still to this day a transport pilot. Generalissimo Chiang Kai Chek is presently using a lot of pilots that were taught by Eddy to fly in Compton, California, and at Dicer Airport in Los Angeles. Parker Angel taught the Chinese stunt-flying at what is now Lindberg Field in San Diego. Virginia Angel, Jimmy's wife, taught the Cantonese and Manchurian Chinese meteor-



ology and navigation at Angels' Flying School in San Diego, from 1930 to 1931. Jimmy and Eddy were our best test-pilots.

However, all this didn't last; when we finished showing them the tricks of combat flying, the whole gang returned to Asia and did their own teaching. We called off the San Diego operation and moved to Los Angeles. There, all of us flew for the "Black Cats," a Hollywood-elite outfit that roared into buildings, haystacks, and the ground, for ambitious young producers, shooting movies such as "Hell's Angels," "Men With Wings," and "London After Midnight." We also laid smoke for battle scenes and taught movie "tough guys" how to fly --- or how to pretend they were flying while a fifty-dollars-an-hour pilot broke his neck for them; parachute jumpers were drawing one-hundred and fifty dollars for each jump.

Hollywood stunt-flying was fun, but it often was fatal; it took a big toll in pilots. In later years, Jimmy and I often talked of the time we stood outside a hotel on Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles, looking up at two long-time friends and competitors play a night-bombing scene. The pair, Ormer Lockleer and Skeet Elliott, followed the script by sending their plane into a spin. Pinned in the flare of a dozen searchlights, their ship spiralled earthward like a moth drawn to the giant electric bulbs. At seven-hundred feet, they were supposed to pull out. The glare must have blinded them both, because they spun in, crashing and dying only a

few hundred feet from us.

I remember one party we had for the more fortunate pilots at Gardena Airport; Jimmy gave it in honor of all the old pilots. At least fifty pilots arrived from many parts of the West for the "brawl." The pilots also came from Mexico City and from as far north as Canada. We used all our cash for the banquet; it was well-spent. Jimmy and Eddy entertained with a midnight dog-fight that had everything but bullets. Eddy, finally having run out of gas, sailed in for a dead-stick landing, while his brother, Jimmy, did barrel-rolls thirty feet over the Long Beach Highway. Jimmy was flying a German Junker and Eddy, a Fokker D.-7. One of the boys who delivered liquor for the party was a Mexican named Alberto; he dropped by the field a few days afterwards, explaining that he had a big deal going for him in Ensenada, and he asked us to fly him there in our Fokker to inspect an old gold mine.

Well, at dawn our boy appeared with a rough-looking character, whom he called "Art." The four of us piled into the tri-motor and headed south. As Jimmy prepared to land at Ensenada, Art pulled out a .45 pistol and ordered us to continue to Laz Paz, Bolivia, for ten Chinese, whom he intended to smuggle north across the border. Jimmy never even turned his leathery face to glance at Art or Alberto, our Mexican friend; he simply rammed the stick forward and sent us rocketing straight down. The hood, Art, held

onto the gun for about thirty seconds, despite Alberto's screams begging him to give up. When he dropped it, I slugged him and kept him and his shaking friend covered while Jimmy leveled off and landed on the top of a mountain peak, which was somewhere about eleven-thousand feet up. Our passengers disembarked (with some persuasion on our part), and Jimmy and I headed for Los Angeles. We had also intended to explore some of the old Indian ruins in lower Mexico and unearth an old Inca village and bring back some fine art objects; we did do this on a later trip; the artifacts that we found are now in the possession of Californian art collectors.

When we got home, Jimmy got us together and revealed some rather unpleasant truths; he stated that we were going broke, slowly but surely, in family-style aviation and that we would either have to split up or go ---all of us--- to the poorhouse. Since the figures supported his statements, we agreed to separate.

In one last joint effort, in Burbank, California, we built a two-wing cabin plane and powered it with three new "Axelson" engines. As a farewell gesture to the gang, Jimmy spent six months soloing to Tierra del Fuego, which is at the southernmost tip of South America. He also made hops to Central America, exploring for old mines, and getting more data for future engagements in the rich mining districts of both Central and South America.

When the "Flying Angels" broke up, Jimmy's marriage also hit the rocks. Virginia knew that her man could never be settled as a "home-body;" however, the separation resulted mainly because she couldn't tolerate other women paying him money to fly across the country, just for the reflected glory.

Jimmy, happy to be free once again and tired of having to fight for nickels in the States, set out for Latin America to find a more comfortable life. The day before he left, I asked him if the language barrier worried him; "Hell, Cliff," he said, laughing, "I'll get myself one of those female linguists, and she'll teach me all the Spanish I'll ever need."

Surprisingly, he was a good letter writer; I heard from him often and used to see him once a year when he came north to see his father, Glen D. Angel, and to pay his father back a few hundred dollars his father had loaned him.

For a while, Jimmy ran charter-hops in Mexico for road engineers and miners, flying all types of supplies --- everything from tools to payrolls. He was shot at by Yaqui Indians as he skimmed the mountain tips. Once he collected five-hundred dollars for flying two small burros, one on each wing, to an isolated camp. Charter income, however, was not enough. Moving slowly southward, he made extra money by selling shares in his mines and in charter hops to isolated regions. His merchandising efforts must have been close to being actually legal, because he sold a coffee route

he had acquired in Managua, Nicaragua. In Honduras, he broke up a fiesta by flying a Ford tri-motor plane so low over the city of Tegucigalpa that half the people in town nearly fainted and wanted to put him in jail; they said he was the devil flying with huge flapping wings and eyes as large as wagon wheels, which turned to fire whenever he wished them to. However, the Mayor of the city gave him a fiesta, instead.

Once, while in Caracas, Venezuela, in June, 1930, Jimmy met a man name McCracken; in a flat, quiet voice Mac recounted how he had climbed a Venezuelan mountain near the headwaters of the Churun River, a tributary of the great Orinoco. There, he had found a river bottom choked with gold. He knew that another trip back by land and canoe would kill him, because he was old. He needed a pilot whose bravery and hunger for treasure would give him the stamina to risk landing in a jungle two-hundred and fifty miles from civilization.

A few hours later, Jimmy plotted how he could sell an old plywood Fokker to the mayor and buy a Curtiss monoplane. Three days after the first meeting, the pair landed in Ciudad Bolivar, the outpost closest to McCracken's river of gold. They stripped the plane of every surplus pound, determined to haul out a maximum payload. Then, they flew south over the tangled wilds towards a mountainous sector even the natives feared --- a land, legend said, was full with devils and death.

Mac was amazing; from the air he confidently picked a course from the one meandering stream to another, ordering Jimmy to make frequent direction changes to duplicate the route he had stumbled along earlier. As they swept above the tree-tops, Jimmy shared Mac's growing excitement. Visibility lowered as the cloud cover thickened, but Mac still pursued the trail. Then, through the haze, they saw a wall of granite rising thousands of feet and jutting straight up out of the jungle. "That's it! That's Devil Mountain! Look!, there's the cut I climbed to a plateau near the top," shouted Mac. As Jimmy made slow circles designed to coax the old plane up the vast face of Devil Mountain, or "Auyan-tepui," as the Indians call it, he was astounded that the old prospector had been able to find that slender crevice at all. At the top, the altimeter indicated eight thousand feet, more than three thousand feet higher than the surrounding jungle.

The lofty plateau stretched for miles, dissolving into the haze of greater heights in the distance. Although numerous streams criss-crossed the land, there was little vegetation. Later, Jimmy remembered thinking "those streams must form one heck of a waterfall if they dive over the edge." His thoughts were cut short by a yell from Mac, "There it is, the river of gold! --- Get her down; set her down quick! Quick!!"

Jimmy threw the ship into a slideslip and slid across a narrow stream towards the horseshoe-bend pinpointed by Mac's

frantic gestures. The river bank appeared rocky but level, so he went in; the plane bounced, swerved, shook, and stopped, wheels hub-deep in silt. Sobbing and screaming, the old man dove out the door of the plane and sprinted to the water. Hurling himself into a pool near the big bend in the stream, he plunged his arms into the sand at the bottom and brought up two hands full of muck --- and gold!! Forgetting the plane, Jimmy joined him. Trembling with emotion, the two spent many hours stuffing sacks full of nuggets, ~~tearing off fingernails and ripping their hands as they~~ scratched deeper and deeper into the ore. At last, they collapsed with exhaustion.

Jimmy knew the high altitude meant take-off trouble, and he worried about the soft ground; he persuaded Mac to settle for only a couple of hundred pounds of loot, telling him they could come back often. Reluctantly, the ancient tiger agreed saying, "We'll head for New Orleans and have ourselves a ball, and then we'll return to this pool."

The take-off was fantastic operation. The silt clung to both wheels like glue. The Curtiss would move, but Jimmy couldn't get it close to flying speed; he realized they would never become air-borne by any normal means; therefore, he taxied to the edge of the mesa and let the plane lumber over the precipice. It pulled and plunged towards the green mat of jungle nearly a mile below. After the dive of nearly fifteen hundred feet, Jimmy

regained control and slowly drew back the stick. In three hours they were in the cantina at Ciudad Bolivar, planning how to best sell the gold to a friendly market. They found a buyer in Panama. With the pay-off in his pocket, Mac took a fast ship to New Orleans, promising to reappear in thirty days. Jimmy didn't go, because he wanted to ready the plane for the next trip. Mac must surely have had a good time, for his heart gave out on him. Jimmy wrote me a bitter letter soon after he heard the bad news. Nevertheless, he went back to Devil Mountain, his mind burning with the image of the wealth they had left behind; and he advised me that he was heading south alone on the next trip.

Back in Venezuela, Jimmy went to Ciudad Bolivar and took the first of his many solo flights to Devil Mountain. From late in 1930 until 1935, he adhered faithfully to a rigid plan; he kept hunting for that one creek, seeking that little landing spot beside the pool full of gold, until the gold-money ran out. He, then, flew to Caracas, Panama City, and on back to Culver City to get financing and a new plane for another search. During those bleak year, he found only a few rough diamonds and very little gold.

Then, he made a discovery that brought him more recognition than money could ever purchase. It happened while he was flying a Cessna along the Churun River in 1936, his eyes probing the base of Devil Mountain for Mac's path. Jimmy went westward away from the river, tracing a branch now called "Rio Angel" in his honor.



As he flew past the north side of the giant mountain, he noticed another stream running from a canyon slashing the giant cliffs. Although he knew this was not the course McCracken and he had taken back in 1935, he decided to explore anyway.

Flying between steep, rocky slopes, Jimmy shot in towards the heart of Devil Mountain, or Auvan-tepui. He banked sharply to follow a twist in the canyon; suddenly, there in front of him was a river that seemed to drop straight down from the sky. He almost tore the plane apart, whipping into a tight turn to avoid the vertical flood. He shot out of the trap and gained a comfortable altitude. After relaxing a few minutes, Jimmy returned to the crevice --- this time making the exploration at a sagacious higher level. He dumbfounded at the towering falls; clearly, they were more than three-thousand feet high, or fifteen times higher than Niagara Falls, or more than twice as high as the Empire State Building.

"I was not a tourist," he told me later, "but I knew that I had found the greatest waterfall in the world; and I also knew that no other white man had ever been there before me. It was fantastic! The water shot out from a hole in the mountainside about two-hundred and fifty feet below the brink of a mesa that resembled the mountain described in the book, 'The Lost World,' written by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. It then plummeted down into the jungle out of sight in the mist below."

For months Jimmy Angel kept secret the existence of what was to be named "Angel Falls." He didn't want anyone snooping around Devil Mountain and stumbling onto the wealth he was sure still lay at the bottom of some glittering pool; however, the wonderful knowledge filled him and he finally had to tell someone. Friends half-way believed his story of the immense falls, but they thought gold-fever and jungle heat had made him live up the facts a little. Even when he took a mining engineer to photograph the torrent of water, few thought the pictures to be genuine.

Jimmy made a trip to the States to raise funds. While again selling shares in mines and planes, he met a redhead, Marie, who reminded him of Virginia. After she helped finance the trip, she stuck by his side until they cracked-up on top of Devil Mountain. With Marie, his new wife, he returned to Venezuela. He became known as a great explorer of treasures and lofty waterfalls. One night, sitting in a Caracas hotel and discussing "his" waterfall with Marie and Gustavo Heny, a miner he sensed that Gustavo had some doubts regarding his tales and invited the man to go on a little trip the next morning. Marie insisted on accompanying them on their flight to Auyan-tepui. The passengers sat stunned as Jimmy flew them into the canyon and approached Angel Falls; after giving them a few quick looks, Jimmy piloted his single-engined Flamingo up to

eight thousand feet and began weaving over the mesas, seeking the lost pool of gold. He saw it!!!, but he never let on the fact that he had; rather, he carefully pigeon-holed the position in the back of his mind; he knew well how fast news leaks out.

Weny glanced out at the rugged terrain flashing below and commented that he knew very well that not a man could land on that mountain and live. Jimmy, already sore because of Weny's previously-voiced doubts, switched off the engine, let the plane glide to the ground, checked to see if Marie was still alive, and then turned to Gustavo, saying, "What was that last remark?" Weny was convinced, but they were in one heck of a mess; crushed oil lines had disabled their plane, the "Flamingo." Tourists, taking the aerial excursion over Angel Falls, can still see the rusting plane, its nose ground into the mud and its tail pointing skyward like a cross. According to my calculations, the plane might still be made airworthy, if it had some minor repairs.

To their good fortune, Weny was a better mountain-climber and jungle-hiker than he was a judge of men. Helping Marie and Jimmy to live off the land, he led them out of the wilds in fourteen days.

From October 30, 1937, the day the trio staggered out of the undergrowth into the huts and dirt of Ciudad Bolivar, Jimmy's luck changed; he steered other fliers to the falls; later, a land expedition reached the "Eighth Wonder of the World," and certified

that it was the highest waterfall in the world. As the great discoverer, Jimmy had less trouble raising cash; he built a big backlog of dough; and by the time the second world war erupted, he was operating a small airline in Central America and raising two fine boys. Those two boys truly got a big thrill from hearing rebel gun-fire everytime a new president was being elected.

Jimmy and I again met when he visited my wife, Grace, and me in Miami, Florida, in March, 1949, and again when he visited us in Tulsa, Oklahoma, in June, 1955.

In the Spring of 1956, he took off for Panama, where he planned to visit Charles Bradley, an old friend, before pushing on to the countries of British Guiana and Venezuela. The instant his wheels touched the runway at David, Panama, the left brake locked; the plane swerved sharply, caught on a wingtip, and flipped. Jimmy suffered seemingly minor injuries, but that night he passed out and was rushed to the hospital; there, he contracted double pneumonia, made a partial recovery, and then, slipped into a coma, which held him until his death on the eighth day of December, 1956.

It's hard to believe that Jimmy is gone. A portion of his ashes lie in the flier's haven --- "The Portal of Folded Wings" in Hollywood; the rest of his ashes were dropped in the falls that he discovered, by his wife, Marie, who was flown over the falls by one of the pilots of "Jungle Pilots of South America."

Jimmy's wife and two sons live on the west coast in California. Our mother, Belle Angel, is buried in Whittier, California; our father, Glen D. Angel, and my three other brothers, Eddy, Parker, and Clyde, also live in California. Goldie is buried at Hominy, Oklahoma. I, Cliff, and my Wife, Grace, live in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Sometimes, I lie awake in the dark hours of the night and wonder where all the old pilots are and what they are doing. I now have plenty of free<sup>TIME</sup>, which I spend painting in oils; I have sold quite a few paintings, some to customers outside the States.

I'm still very much interested in flying, and follow the improvements being made daily by the industry, and keep remembering the contributions made to the art, skill, and knowledge of flying by such men as Jimmy Angel and the Flying Angels.

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