

December 2024

# SQUAWK



## UFO President. From the Port Side

by Kenneth (Brownie) Brown



“A little bit of this, a little bit of that” are the words in the song “Anatevka” from Fiddler on the Roof.

As families gather to celebrate their *LIGHT* of the season, we remember it takes a “little bit” of something to make a better place for everyone.

We have once again discovered how divided this country has become. So many people are filled with vitriol and anger, unwilling to see another’s point of view, or even the truths presented.

And yet from the East, the STAR shone brightly signaling hope and a new way forward. In the world we live in, PEACE ON EARTH is a constant message we teach, preach, and rely upon.

This time of year is of significance to many people and tribes. We seek a better solution to problems undergirded by love and understanding.

“Caring for the least of these,” (the poor, widows, orphans, and strangers, ...referenced 11 times in the OT, 2 times in the NT).

Whether it is the STAR on a tree, a “Shamash” of the menorah, or the “Umoja” black candle of the kinara, the theme is the same, UNITY, LOVE, PEACE, and UNDERSTANDING.

For one it is “GOD so loved the world...” for another, it is the miracle of the Eternal Light, and also the “First Fruits”. But for us, it is a time to reach out to our family, extended family, and friends. We wish you the

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love of the season in the way most meaningful to you. May you have a blessing on your head, as we each celebrate as a free nation and world. 2025 will be a full and exciting year for the UFO organization. As mentioned in previous SQUAWKS, there will be events I will be attending. I truly believe we need to all make an effort to attend an event, put on an event, a lunch, breakfast, fly-in, or fly-out. We are aviators and we can fly, drive, or boat to a common place to share stories and speak aviation. If you need help putting together an event, let me know. Help is available, just ask. Our wish for you is that the desires of your heart be fulfilled and our cup overflows with love, health, and happiness.



*Skip & Brownie*

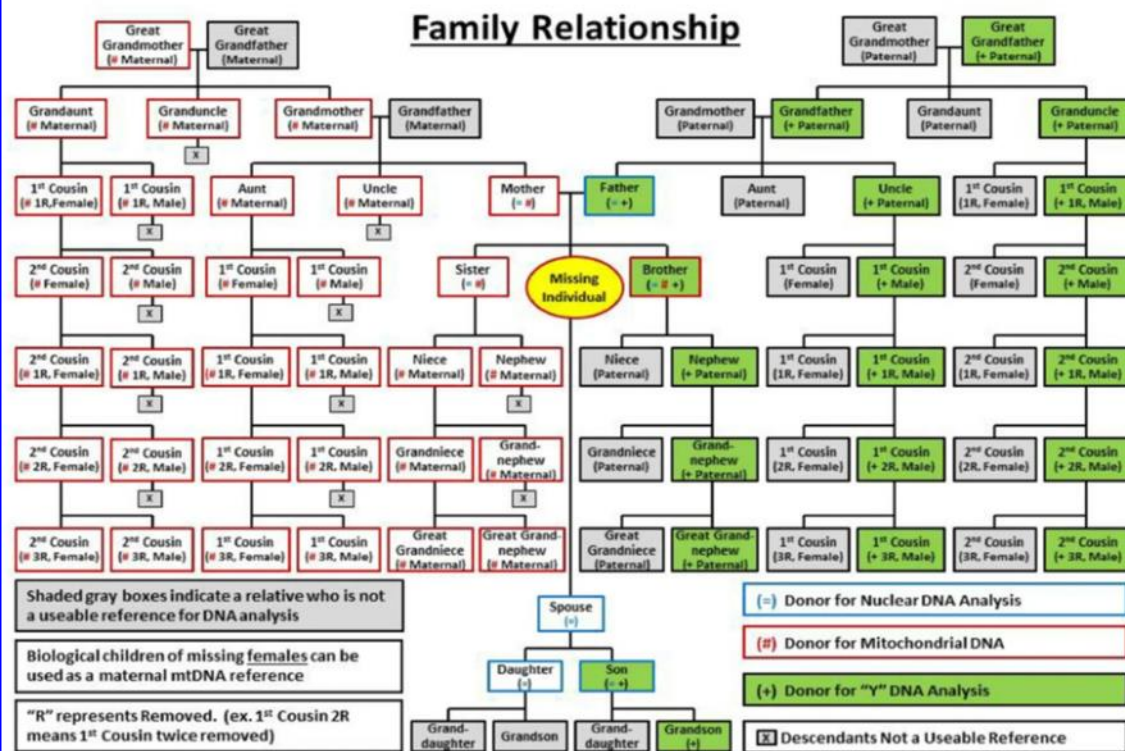


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### Project 85

UFO members, are you a direct relative to anyone who was killed on the USS Arizona BB-39 when it was destroyed on December 7, 1941?

Currently, Operation 85 is a project seeking to gather DNA from direct descendants of the MIA. Their website describes the complete operation and how the remains buried on HI in graves marked as UNKNOWN will be processed. If you are interested in more details visit the website at <https://ussarizona.navy/about-page/>



I am the nephew of Bernard Fields RM3c, my mother's brother. My DNA is on file for this project.

Please freely share this information with anyone who might be of help. The families of the M.I.A. from the USS Arizona BB-39 would be appreciative.

Brownie



by Egon Frech



## High Flight

Being back in France for Roxanne's annual recuperative period from American food and politics (oops, did the French government just fall? we hardly noticed) has brought back memories of probably the most unique of my many flying experiences.

It was during the first half of the 2000s, when we were living part of each year in a house in the little village of le Bar sur Loup, up in the hills above the Mediterranean Sea, about a half hour from the city of Nice. I had already taken a shot at the French version of civil aviation, getting a French equivalent pilot license, establishing contact with the Cannes-Mandelieu Flying Club and renting one of their Piper Cherokees for a local flight under the guidance of an instructor. It was disappointing: the airplane was kind of ratty, and there was not really any place to go, what with military airspace, mountains all around and a paucity of general aviation airports and infrastructure. It made me realize just how precious our situation in North America is, and how important it is to protect it.

But there was another aspect of French aviation that caught my eye. Our house was situated on a terraced slope, part of the foothills of the French Alps. The one-lane road leading up to it has a 25% grade. There were some cliffs above us, and not infrequently a hang glider or paraglider would pass close overhead on its way to a landing spot in a meadow below the village. Once a year, the paraglider group held a major competition, and 20-30 gliders would be in the air at the same time, each competing to stay airborne longer than the others. It was an impressive and colorful show.

My second oldest grandchild, Stephanie, was staying with us that summer. I suggested to her that we could take paragliding lessons for something to do. To my surprise, she took me up on it, and we signed up with a small school that operated from a perched village with a castle and an incredible view of the Mediterranean coast (on a clear day, you could see the island of Corsica). After a week of lessons on the principles, physics and French regulations of paragliding, we wrote a French government exam and received our learner permits.

The second week, we went to a small meadow farther up a switchback road from the castle and learned how to spread out the wing and check its complicated rigging to make sure everything was connected and there would be no tangles. There was a small safety parachute incorporated into the harness. We advanced to the next stage,

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which involved running with the wing, inflating it above us and trying to keep it inflated before letting it settle again. We graduated to running down a small incline and actually lifting ourselves off the ground a few inches before doing a running landing.

Finally, it was time to actually fly, but after driving to a jumping-off spot even higher up the switchback road, our instructors decided the wind was too strong. We had some more practice inflating the wing and not going anywhere. Clearly, this is a very weather-dependent sport.

We waited a few days more. When the perfect weather day finally came, we were outfitted with two-way radios and instructors were on hand to guide us both at the departure point and the landing site. The departure was at the top of a cliff . . . rather intimidating, staring into the abyss. Starting a little way back from the edge, I inflated the wing, ran forward and tucked up my feet (gear up!). Stephanie was a minute behind. It was . . . absolutely amazing. This, I thought, is what it must feel like to be a bird. Unfortunately, it was also much too short. We were headed for the meadow where we had practiced, and it took less than 10 minutes, but what memorable minutes!



*Paragliding in the south of France*

The following day, we were issued our French licenses and I bought hoodie shirts emblazoned with a wide-angle distorted-perspective image of a paraglider in the landing phase and the words "Les Courpatas" (translation: "The Crows," in the old Provincial language of southern France).

Neither of us ever did it again. Stephanie lives in southern Manitoba, which is about as hilly as a billiard table, and Roxanne and I went back to the States and my 172, so the itch went away. Nevertheless, it was an experience that involved a leap of faith more intense than my first airplane solo flight. It's a treasure that Stephanie and I share and it's not something that either of us are ever likely to forget.

That's over and out for now,

*Egon Frech, editor@ufopilots.org*

*By Dr. Harry J. Wander*

## COLOR VISION TESTING



Color vision testing is time consuming and sometimes stressful for applicants for an FAA medical certificate. Effective January 1, 2025, with two exceptions, applicants for an FAA medical certificate will no longer have to undergo color vision testing. One exception is for new applicants. The other exception is for those who have a Statement of Demonstrated Ability (SODA) or Letter of Evidence (LOE) for color vision on a Class 3 or 2 medical certificate and wish to upgrade the medical certificate to a higher level.

The color vision testing charts we have known for many years are no longer valid. Applicants must now be tested on one of the 3 digital color testing computerized programs. Those programs are expensive (cheapest is \$999) and not all AMEs will have one of them. How that problem will be resolved is unclear so far.

If the person fails the digital Color Vision Screening Test, the medical certificate will contain the limitation "Not valid for night flying or by color signal controls." The person can opt to take an Operational Color Vision Test and if passed they will receive an LOE and a Class 3 medical certificate, without that limitation. If the airman wants a Class 2 or 1 certificate, a Color Vision Medical Flight Test must be passed. Once one of the tests is passed, that test does not need to be taken again.

*Harry Wander, MD, FAAP*

*Senior AME*

*hjwander@comcast.net*



By Ralph P Bennett  
cfallsouls@gmail.com

## 'WILD BILL HOPSON' AND THE POLK, PENNSYLVANIA, DIAMOND HUNT

William C. Hopson was born to Edward F. Hopson in 1887 and graduated from high school in Decatur, Illinois, in 1905. As a young lad he delivered mail and worked in



*"Wild Bill" Hopson*

the newsroom of the Decatur Herald. Hopson served in the United States Navy during World War I, following which he worked as a taxi driver in New York City while learning to fly. Hopson married Jeanette F. who later divorced him. He had one child, Robert.

In 1920 Hopson was hired by the United States Postal Service as an airmail pilot. He was a night flyer who would eventually log more than 4000 hours of flight time and cover some 413,000 air miles. Bill soon earned the title of 'Wild Bill' Hopson. He had flown the dangerous Bellefonte to Cleveland route in bad weather over the Allegheny Mountains many times. Hopson became known for making forced landings, which his popularity allowed him to get away with. In 1926

alone, he reportedly made at least 14 forced landings, which his managers declared as acceptable. On one occasion while based in Bellefonte, PA, Bill had a promising date with a lady in New York City. To keep this date, he rode outside on the lower

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wing of a DH 4, seated against the fuselage on the mail route to New York. The two cockpit seats in the DH 4 being occupied by the mail shipment and pilot.

On the night of Thursday October 18, 1928, the luck of 'Wild Bill' Hopson finally ran out. In heavy fog, residents of Polk, PA, heard an aircraft circling overhead in obvious distress, firing emergency flares. The next morning several residents climbed the hill to Bear Notch and found the twisted, blackened and still smoldering wreckage embedded in the side of a ravine. Hopson had been killed instantly. Strewn across the ground was the plane's cargo. Hopson carried 900 pounds of mail, but he had been chosen to transport a shipment of diamonds from a New York firm worth over \$50,000, (a treasure worth nearly \$ 750,000 in today's currency).

The news of the diamonds' discovery spread like unchecked wildfire and the diamond hunt was on. On Friday morning hundreds of Polk residents braved the rugged terrain of Bear Notch to get to the crash site. Some men and women arrived at the scene with torn and muddy clothes and in several cases, missing shoes. No matter, there were riches to be found.

There was an obvious need for the government to become involved. US Postal Inspector William Tafel issued a statement threatening severe fines and criminal charges against anyone found to be in possession of Hopson's diamonds. One week later more than 300 of the diamonds had been turned over to the authorities. The FBI and local police made a list of 87 people who were believed to be in possession of the missing gems. These individuals were given 24 hours to turn over these diamonds. Many of these diamond hunters complied, handing over not only the diamonds but also Federal Reserve Notes, negotiable securities and other plundered loot. Subsequent reports indicated that about 100 diamonds were never recovered. While there remains an on-going dispute as to the fate of these diamonds, there is very little dispute that this was the most exciting week in the history of Polk. 'Wild Bill' was buried in Rock Island Memorial Cemetery, Rock Island, Illinois.

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To: [president@ufopilots.org](mailto:president@ufopilots.org)

Brownie,

Thank you for sending me the silver-feather insignia for the UFO cap visor, indicating my nonagenarian status! Below is a photo of me with them on my cap. I am looking forward to my golden feathers when I reach 100 years of age.

I still fly powered towplanes for my glider club and, aside from club gliders, fly my own Schweizer 1-35 glider.

Milt Moos, 92



*Milt Moos with feathers*



*After the landing*

Egon,

You mentioned a hand-built tug in this month's (November) article. I am very interested in knowing how you made it, and I bet several other members would also be interested in knowing. I have tried several methods of getting my experimental in and out of the hangar, but all have been with poor results and I am back to pulling and pushing. Somewhere along the line I have lost much of my strength!

Robert L. Mann

*Robert,*

*The story is on Page 13 in this edition. Looking back, I must admit that it seems a somewhat ambitious project, but I was more than 20 years younger then.*

*Egon*



Editor,

As I get to this point in my flying career and my life, I find myself contemplating the phrase "Gone West". The letter by 1920s airmail pilot Captain Brooke Hyde-Pearson, in Ralph Bennet's Aviation History contribution in the November edition, got me thinking.

We pilots, all of us, men and women, airline pilots, military pilots, airshow pilots, wildfire pilots, GA private pilots, know that aviation is deeply embedded in our hearts. While there is no doubt that an incredibly large effort is required to put those wings on, that flying is both a physical and mental acquired skill, it is also far more than that. It is a passionate and fervent commitment to fly, to help our fellow aviators when they need help, to share our wonder and excitement of flight. Our closest and dearest friends who are not pilots may never understand why we take the chances, spend the money and time, fight the battles we fight, but our pilot friends do. And may never understand why we say, "Gone West". But to my many, too many, friends who have Gone West, I, like Captain Brooke, will see you all again.

I shared this with my pilot buddy, Doug Schuster, and here is his reaction:

*"Could it be that aviators are very sensitive to the fact that there may be a sense of romance that punctuates a fellow aviator's death.*

*"That the mastery of the machine rewards our souls with a transition that continues to live ... allowing those that knew us to believe that as mere mortals they can only wonder what we must know...*

*"Something they believe they will never know.....*

*"Ah, but the man who truly flies, never really dies... he simply flies West."*

**Rob Harrison, "The Tumbling Bear"**

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## Soar with Us! Support United Flying Octogenarians Keep Aviation Thriving

**United Flying Octogenarians** is a dedicated 501(c)3 non-profit organization, established to uphold the ideals outlined in our charter:

- **Promoting Longevity and Safety in Aviation:** We share knowledge and best practices to ensure a long and safe flying experience for all pilots.
- **Representing Senior Pilots Worldwide:** We advocate for the valuable experience and expertise of senior aviators within the industry.
- **Inspiring Youth to Fly:** We ignite the passion for aviation in young minds, fostering the next generation of skilled pilots.
- **Promoting Fellowship Among Senior Pilots:** We create a strong community where seasoned aviators can connect, share experiences, and mentor one another.

**Fulfilling this vital mission requires your support!**

We rely on generous donations to fund crucial initiatives like:

- **Informing pilots so we are not “the best kept secret in aviation.”**
- **Developing and disseminating aviation safety resources** for pilots of all ages and experience levels.
- **Lobbying for policies** that prioritize the safety and well-being of pilots and passengers.
- **Organizing educational programs and scholarships** for aspiring young flyers.
- **Hosting events and forums** that foster connections and knowledge sharing among senior aviators.

**Your contribution, no matter the size, will directly impact these efforts.** With your help, we can continue to:

- **Reduce aviation accidents and ensure safe skies for all.**
- **Guarantee the voices and experiences of senior pilots are heard.**
- **Spark a lifelong love of flying in future generations.**
- **Maintain a vibrant community that supports and celebrates seasoned aviators.**

**Donate Today and Make a Lasting Impact!**

Visit our website to make a secure donation at [www.ufopilots.org](http://www.ufopilots.org)  
or mail your check to :

UFO, P. O. Box 2230 Keller, TX, 76244

**Together, we can keep aviation soaring!**

**Sincerely,** The United Flying Octogenarians Team



## Wonderful News at Hicks Field T67, Haslet, TX

*By Felix Van Campenhout*

A few months ago AOPA asked for volunteers to become an Airport Support Network Volunteer (ASN) for Hicks Field T67. AOPA has celebrated it's 25th Anniversary of choosing and selecting capable people to serve as ASNs that engage with, promote and protect their individual airports.

### What is the AOPA Support Network?

Pressure on public and privately owned airports continues to mount. This pressure takes many forms, including curfews, noise restrictions, lack of improvements, residential encroachments and even calls to close the airport. The AOPA ASN provides the vehicle for AOPA members to work in conjunction with AOPA Staff to preserve and protect airports across the United States. Their goal is to have an ASN Volunteer at every public use airport in the United States.

The Volunteers:

- Engage with airport management and local elected officials.

- Promote the airport value in the Community.

- Protect America's community airports.

- Are a liaison to local pilots and/or local pilot groups, airport management, etc. at the airport to which they are assigned.

- Monitor and report to AOPA on city and county meetings and notify AOPA on pending problems that may arise.

- Notify AOPA of any questionable operational restrictions (curfew, noise abatement procedures).

- Assist in direct/indirect promotion of local airport activity to enhance a favorable image of the airport (i.e. open houses, airport support groups, and more).

- Help educate officials and community neighbors about the value of their airport.

- Provide local newspaper clips and media alerts on airport issues to AOPA ASN staff.

So now for the wonderful news as to who the AOPA organization has chosen to represent Hicks Field T67: His name is Captain Brian Schiff.

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Brian is a seasoned Captain at American Airlines with a deep-seated passion for general aviation. He resides in Keller, TX, as do I, and his aircraft, a beautiful Aeronca Chief, is located at Hicks Field. Being part of the Cowtown Flying Club as well as a United Flying Octogenarians (UFO) Member and a long time AOPA member, I look forward to working with Brian.

As an esteemed member of the Board of Directors of the National Association of Flight Instructors (NAFI), Brian has earned the distinction of being an active 38 year Gold Seal flight instructor and FAA Safety Team Representative. Possessing multiple flight instructor ratings, he is known for his exceptional ability to simplify complex procedures and concepts while maintaining a contagious enthusiasm for aviation and teaching.

Furthermore, Brian has been an FAA-designated examiner. He obtained his Bachelor of Science degree in Aeronautical Science from Embry-Riddle Aeronautical University and his Master of Science degree in Aviation Safety from the University of Central Missouri.

Brian is a highly respected figure in the aviation community and is sought after for his engaging and informative seminars on aviation safety and techniques. He is passionate about pilots and is committed to upholding the highest standards of aviation instruction and promoting aviation safety.

Brian Schiff has a website that will tell all of you about the diversity of this marvelous person and pilot. Access (control-click) [www.foreflightworkshops.com](http://www.foreflightworkshops.com) to see all his online aviation work.

His father, Captain Barry Schiff, was an AOPA and Flying magazine writer for more than six decades and a well-known aviation author.

I look forward to working with Captain and friend Brian Schiff for a long time.

Cheers all,

*Felix Van Campenhout*

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## Home-built Airplane Tug

*By Egon Frech*

In the Letters section, Robert Mann asked about a home-built airplane tug that I referred to in last month's Editor column. I promised him that I would write about it when I had access to the pictures from a PowerPoint presentation I made to our EAA chapter a few years ago. It turns out the pictures are in my phone, so here it is.

The basis for the tug is a discarded John Deere riding lawn tractor that I bought for the value of the scrap at a metal recycler. It had three things I deemed essential:

A sturdy deck (frame)

A reduction gear box (the transmission)

A drive mechanism with a differential

There must be hundreds of those things that have died and are slowly rusting away at small engine repair shops.

With an acetylene cutting torch, (you could use an angle grinder) I chopped off the front end of the deck along with the steering mechanism and front wheels. Those, the engine and its accessories, the mowing deck and the driver's seat went back to the recycler. While I was there, I picked up a handle from a discarded push lawn mower. I



*Tug*



*Tow Bar*

wasn't interested in fussing with a gasoline engine, so I bought a 1/2-hp AC electric furnace fan motor and a pulley that matched the size of the original one on the engine. I built a mount for the motor and bolted it to the chassis. At the opposite end, I attached the lawn mower handle and built a support for a large swiveling caster.

The piece de resistance was the tow bar, which I welded together out of square tubing, with a latching mechanism made of threaded rod and a home-made crank.

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Traction turned out to be a problem, and I bought a couple of 12V car batteries, which I wired together to give the airplane a 24V starter boost if necessary. I never did need that function and the batteries have long since died, but their weight is just the right amount to stop the tires from spinning on the pavement.



*Reversible HVAC motor*

Control of the motor is by two toggle switches on the handle, one for forward/reverse and the other, a momentary-on one, for power. Forward/reverse is also available by shifting the transmission, and the ideal gear ratios are first gear and reverse. I found I needed a 10-gauge extension cord, especially in the summer, to carry the rated amps. A can of John Deere Green spray paint finished the job and restored the dignity of the original machine.

You get used to the quirky steering after the first few tries. Because of the extra swivel joint where the tug connects to the tow bar, when you push the tug handle to the right, the tail of the airplane goes left, opposite to what you'd get when steering directly with a tow bar.

The system has worked flawlessly for more than 20 years, with very little maintenance. Original cost was minimal compared to commercially available models. It took less than a week to build.



*Motor mount and tow bar attachment*



*Original transmission and chain drive*

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*Attachment for the removable lawn mower handle*

*Underside of the tug, showing use of the original drive system, including a small differential on the axles. The large pulley is the input to the transmission. Also shown is the large caster wheel and its support.*



*Details of the tow bar: the left leg is hinged; the threaded-rod crank allows the mechanism to be latched onto the nose gear's steering lugs.*

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*Editor's Note: Sometimes we get contributions from people we can't identify. This is one of those cases. While this publication has no religious philosophy, it seemed worthwhile publishing anyway.*

## Thanksgiving 2024

It is a beautiful calm, warm, sunny day. A welcome gift after more than a week's rain, cold, fog, and general weather gloom.

Susan is still asleep, having worked 'til about 0100 last evening, not unusual for her. As I was finishing my bagel and fish breakfast, went to put the orange juice in the fridge. I was mildly annoyed when I saw that Susan had put the pumpkin pie where the O J is supposed to go, so had to rearrange the food to get everything in.

Then it struck me. What an ungrateful wretch I am! What endless bounty we Americans have been blessed with. By far most of the people in the world will never see as much food as is in our refrigerator, will never have what we have every day – fabulous food, beautiful homes, marvelous cars and airplanes, precious paintings and artifacts that amuse and educate us. Opportunity to advance our learning, incredible parks and forests, animal friends that most people could not afford to feed. And doctors that care about our health, corporations that turn out a cornucopia of things we wish for, an economy that lifts us up and gives us the option to work for what we desire.

Some of you would say “Well, we have worked hard, we deserve what we have.” Yes, perhaps. But it is only because of God's grace that we are given the free will to advance our own interests, and the interests of our friends, family, and colleagues.

On this Thanksgiving day, inspired by those forbears who had a much deeper appreciation of God's grace than most of us seem to have today, please stop and think. Next time you pray, don't ask God for more blessings. Thank God for his unbounded generosity. Remember those less fortunate than you; help them as you can. And always in your heart, remember, ingratitude to your fellow, and to God, is a terrible sin.

Here is a prayer that I have used every time I am honored to perform wedding ceremonies for friends and acquaintances. It is uncertain who wrote it, I have read an unknown Confederate soldier, but to whoever that was, my gratitude:

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*I asked God for strength that I might achieve*

*I was made weak, that I might learn humility to obey*

*I asked for health, that I might do great things*

*I was given infirmity, that I might do better things*

*I asked for riches, that I might be happy*

*I was given poverty, that I might be wise*

*I asked for power, that I might have the praise of men*

*I was given weakness, that I might feel the need of God*

*I asked for all things that I might enjoy life*

*I was given life, that I might enjoy all things*

*I got nothing I asked for - but everything I hoped for*

*Almost despite myself, my unspoken prayers were answered*

*I am, among all men, most richly blessed!*

This Thanksgiving, and every day, may God bless you with peace, happiness, and the wisdom to give thanks for all you have.

- Anon

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## FAA Updates BasicMed Program

Notice Number: NOTC4165

The Federal Aviation Administration updated its BasicMed regulations to allow pilots to operate larger aircraft and carry more passengers.

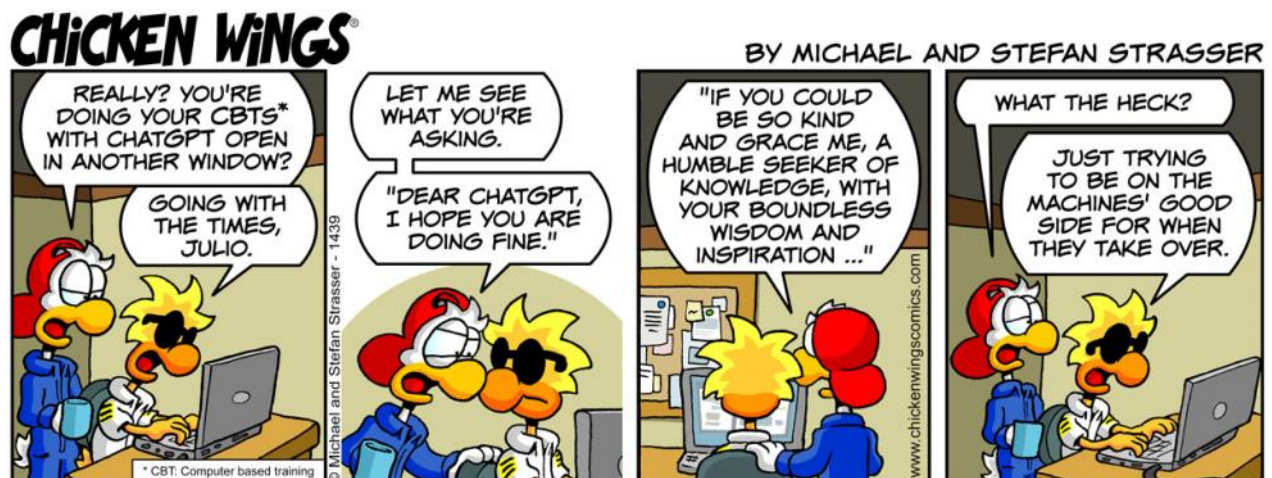
The update includes the following changes:

- Increase the number of allowable passengers to six from five, and the number of occupants to seven from six.
- Increase the maximum aircraft takeoff weight to 12,500 lbs. from 6,000 lbs., excluding transport category helicopters.

Allow pilot examiners to conduct flight checks using BasicMed in aircraft that are covered by the BasicMed rule.

For more information control-click [here](#).

Direct questions or comments to the General Aviation and Commercial Division (AFS-800) at [9-AFS-800-Correspondence@faa.gov](mailto:9-AFS-800-Correspondence@faa.gov)





## Final flight plan filed and completed

### **Victor Zarlinga, Wisconsin Rapids, WI**

I am contacting you to let you know that my father, Victor Zarlinga (Zarlinger, in your records) of Wisconsin Rapids, WI, passed away this year at the age of 89. I must say, he proudly wore his UFO cap so much, that we just parted with it today, as it was beyond worn. I remember the day he joined the UFO. I went to the airport to decorate his car while he was working. He worked well into his 80s.

*Terry Limburg*

### **Jim Apple, Tullahoma, TN**

Jim was born to James W. and Huldah Apple of Reidsville, NC on Jan. 18, 1943. He had a career of more than 30 years with AT&T. However, he was most proud of serving in the USAF, retiring as a Colonel after 30 years. He was a great patriot and loved his country dearly.

After retirement, Jim found his passion for serving people. In Tullahoma, he was truly the hands and feet of Christ, serving with the American Red Cross, FEMA, and Blue Monarch among many other organizations. He equally served a community he dearly loved, Perdido Key, FL, where he spent four months annually. There, he served as the self-appointed greeter of Johnson Beach National SeaShore and assisted countless others through the service organization, Grumpy Old Men of Perdido Bay Methodist Church.

When Jim wasn't with his adored family and friends, he could be found at Tullahoma Regional Airport where he'd do "a little bit of something and a whole lotta nothing". Whether he was flying, mowing the air strip, solving the world's problems over coffee or enjoying the sunset, his hangar was his happy place.

A Celebration of Life took place on Nov. 16 at Tullahoma First Methodist Church.



## Final flight plan filed and completed

### **Jim Klick, Joliette, IL**

The International Aerobatic Club (IAC) is sad to share the news of a good friend and devoted IAC'er who passed away on October 31, 2024. An avid aerobatic pilot, Jim had a significant history of competing in his bright yellow Pitts S-1S, the first certified S-1S N9JT (SN1). He competed in the Intermediate category. As well as competing he often could be found serving as a contest director, a chief judge or a grading judge or a combination of all of these volunteer positions.

"Jim was a wonderful person," said Patty Wagstaff. "He had a very generous spirit and was always ready to volunteer and help. To me he really personified the spirit of IAC and why so many of us stay active in the sport. He will really be missed."

In 2003, Jim joined many other wonderful volunteers from across the country to support the World Aerobatic Championships which were held in Lakeland, Florida. "This was the first time I met Jim," said Lorrie Penner, Editor of Sport Aerobatics. "He was sitting out at a table in the bright sunshine announcing the next pilot and figures. He was so energetic and happy you couldn't help but smile and enjoy his enthusiasm."



*Jim Klick*

In 2004 Jim received the Robert Heuer Award for Judging Excellence, which is awarded to a judge for their outstanding performance as an aerobatic judge during the calendar year. He has also mentored many IAC Sportsman competitors and university flight teams. He is a past president and officer of IAC Chapter 1, Illinois.

When Jim retired as a competitor and judge he still assisted wherever he could and continued volunteering at EAA AirVenture through July 2024 when he and his wife Therese spent three weeks on the grounds volunteering and meeting up with friends.

Very active in his home state of Illinois, Jim was inducted into the Illinois Aviation Hall of Fame in 2021. Jim received this recognition not only for his involvement with aerobatics, but for his support of the National Intercollegiate Flying Association (NIFA), his service on the board of Lewis University Airport, and his support of flight activities with the Boy Scouts.



Final flight plan filed and completed

**Warren Grant Wood, Carmel, CA**

Born: 11/07/1030

Died: 12/08/2024

Warren was a former UFO treasurer and president. Not many of us left that remembered him. Phil Wood is his son and previously did our newsletter.

*John Sullivan*

Message from Phil Wood:

*Warren passed peacefully earlier this morning. We're planning a family remembrance early next year.*

*I'm aware he knew a large number of UFO'ers. Could you please pass this message on.*

*Rest in Peace, Dad.*

**Melvin R. Jenschke, Tyler, TX**

It is with deep sorrow that we announce the death of Melvin R. Jenschke of Tyler, TX, born in Fredericksburg, Texas, who passed away on July 31, 2024, at the age of 83.

He is survived by: his wife K. Jenschke; his children, Keith Jenschke (Robin Flynn) and Keele Steglich; and his siblings, Mary Jane Kast (Al), Mike Jenschke (Charlene), Stephen Jenschke (Teri) and Richard Jenschke (Donna). He is also survived by numerous nieces, nephews.

If desired, memorials may be made to Angel Flight Inc or Tunnel to Towers Foundation.



Final flight plan filed and completed

**Robert Mazer, Huntingdon Valley, PA**

Robert (Bob) Mazer, age 95, died peacefully at his home on October 30, 2024. Bob was born and raised in Philadelphia and was the son of the late Albert and Sally Mazer, and brother of the late Mort Mazer (Connie) and the late Lynne Levin. He graduated from the 188th class of Central High and was a proud Penn State alum and veteran of the Korean war. He began his real estate career in the 60s and was a fixture in the Mt. Airy real estate market for over 60 years.

Family was everything to Bob and he was never happier than when he and Edy were surrounded by their children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. He loved to bring everyone together for family vacations and special occasions. He and Edy had 64 amazing years together, traveling all over the world in their prime and watching Jeopardy in their golden years. He stayed active as a pilot, sailor, scuba diver, racquetball player, and gym rat throughout his life. He loved his summers in Ventnor and winters in Florida, as long as he was near a beach with a sailboat. Wherever he went, he knew everyone and was greeted warmly.



*Bob Mazer*

He is survived by his wife Edy (nee Marcus), children Norman Mazer (Marion), Robin Mazer, Michael Posner (Colleen), Sharon Kramer (Marc), Karen Mazer, and Diane Mazer. He was Pop Pop Bob to grandchildren Jonathan (Loren), Scott (Stephanie), Angela (Ryan), Laila, Adina (Rita), Michael, Jesse (Sam), Kimberly (Patrick), and Leah and great-grandchildren Daniel, Elias, Toby, Stella, George, Sekoya, Philip, and Kairi. Brother-in-law of Connie Mazer.

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