

MARY ANN JANNAZO

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March 24, 1995

Mr. Al Graves
19641 Westwood
Strongsville, OH 44136

Dear Mr. Graves,

Thank you for talking with me last week about my uncle, Tony Jannazo. The crash has been a sad note in our family's history. Hopefully, our research will shed light on Tony's life, as well as his untimely death.

I realize we are chasing a cold trail, but your account was very important. When I called my brother, John, in Florida, he said he was very interested in visiting the crash site and speaking with you. I'm sure he'll give you a call when he comes home to visit next fall.

To make sure I have accurate facts, I'm enclosing your comments, as I remember them. If you remember additional details, or if I did not understand correctly, please give me a call.

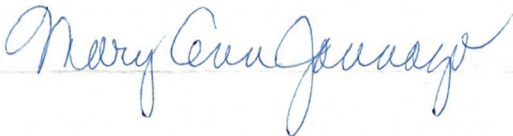
- During the Labor Day weekend, volunteer firemen watched the air races from the fire station. On the day of the crash, the firemen on duty saw the plane flying off course, but did not see the actual impact.
- The crash site was behind Schwebel's bakery, on Route 82, near Marks Road. The impact of the crash made a hole, "as big as a house." The tail of the plane was sticking out of the ground. The rest of the plane was scattered over the field. The engine "skipped like a stone" over the field, across Route 82, over telephone wires and into an apple orchard, approximately a quarter of a mile from the crash. The plane did not burn. No spectators were injured.
- The pilot's body, with head and torso intact, was thrown about twenty feet from the plane. The rest of the body was scattered over the field. Over a period of several hours, the firemen retrieved parts of the body and covered them with their raincoats. A funeral home sent a body bag for the remains. The funeral home weighed the body and reported that a thigh was missing. Firemen returned to the crash site and found the thigh in a tree several feet from the crash.
- Spectators came looking for souvenirs. The "most blood thirsty were the women" who looked under the raincoats. The firemen tried to keep the spectators away, but could not be everywhere at one time.

I am enclosing a photograph of Tony. He died on September 1, 1947 in the Thompson Trophy Race. The number of his plane was 84. If by some chance, you ever come across an article or a photograph, or run into another person who knows about the crash, please give me a call.

Again, your comments were important to us. We were under the impression that, on his wedding day, our Dad was at the crash site, retrieving his brother in a bushel basket. It is comforting to know that belief was wrong.

Have a wonderful summer and enjoy your retirement.

Best wishes,



Mary Ann Jannazo

