

Wise - from Paul Hammond

Thinking further of the 20th Anniversary.
Could you not accentuate the fact
that Amelia went into her last flight
to show what a feminine type of lady
could do. You are welcome to use my
name anyway you would like



CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable symbol above or preceding the address.

WESTERN UNION

JOSEPH L. EGAN
PRESIDENT

1201

SYMBOLS

DL = Day Letter

NL = Night Letter

LC = Deferred Cable

NLT = Cable Night Letter

Ship Radiogram

The filing time shown in the date line on telegrams and day letters is STANDARD TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is STANDARD TIME at point of destination

NA027 DL PD=NEWYORK NY 27 1028A
JACQUELINE COCHRAN=
630 FIFTH AVE

1949 JUL 27 AM 10 50

THINKING FURTHER OF YOUR TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY COULD
YOU NOT ACCENTUATE THE FACT THAT AMELIA WENT INTO HER
LAST FLIGHT TO SHOW WHAT A FEMININE TYPE OF LADY COULD DO.
ALSO I SHOULD HAVE CLARIFIED YOU ARE WELCOME TO USE MY
NAME ANYWAY YOU SEE FIT
PAUL HAMMOND



THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

NINETY BROAD STREET
NEW YORK 4, N. Y.

July 26, 1949



Dear Jackie,

Just got your letter at home last night and I hasten to return it because of your short schedule for publication.

My one suggestion is that you might amplify a little more on Amelia's performance, particularly the Atlantic flight. There may be some young folks in your club who do not realize she was the first woman to fly across the Atlantic.

I congratulate you on your sporting effort in financing her but I wonder if it might be better not to mention that in your announcement. Perhaps if you just told in the last paragraph, page 3, that you felt by what help you gave her that you were doing all you could to ensure a safe passage.

You might remind Floyd that I am the "forgotten man" and also when you at Sands Point some time we would love to have you come over for a meal and catch up on all your news.

Affly + Harlow
Paul

Miss Jacqueline Cochran
630 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.



A very good friend of mine in New York, Mr. Paul Hammond, in the year 1935, telephoned me and said, "I have quite a treat for you - would you come to dinner". I replied that I always enjoyed dining with him and his charming wife and he said, "But this time, I have a real treat - there is someone I would like you to meet - Amelia Earhart".

I walked into the Hammond drawing room that evening and knew within five minutes that Amelia and I would be friends. It was just one of the sure feelings you have occasionally when you meet a person. Naturally, I was very much impressed as anyone would have been who was as interested and as young in aviation as I was, but it was Amelia's personality rather than the glamour around her that caught me. Shortly thereafter, the two of us had lunch together and just casually she said, "I am going to fly west in a week or so - would you like to go with me?"

So, out we started. We were held by weather in St. Louis for about four days and then in Amarillo, Texas for another three days. During that week our conversation ran the gamut of all topics from politics, science, and religion to our personal lives. She told me a great deal about her childhood - about her sister in Boston, her mother, and her father. How when she was a child, they used to ride in a private car. Her father had some connection with one of the big railroads. How she had taken up aviation after doing a great deal of welfare work in Boston. I got the impression from her conversation that she turned to aviation more in a mood of seeking for something she had not found up until then in other activities in life than from a particular love or interest in it at the start. However, I feel that she soon found in aviation what she was seeking and the record proves how successful she was.

I felt that the circumstances of those first few days with Amelia gave me an opportunity - even more than in the months that followed - to get to know her well and to know her was to love her.



That was the year I finished my ranch house in Indio, California, which finally became literally a second home for Amelia. I had only one bedroom in the main house at that time since the ranch is composed of little guest houses. Amelia is the only person I ever turned my own bedroom over to while not there myself and she used to go and spend long periods at the ranch alone, riding horseback, walking across the desert, and otherwise enjoying the peace and privacy which it became increasingly difficult for her to find after she became so famous and well-known.

I think one of the nicest and most touching evenings I ever spent with Amelia was the night she landed back after her first attempt to go around the world and after her accident in Hawaii. She telephoned me the morning after her arrival and asked if she could come down to the ranch, and naturally I told her, as I always did, there would always be room and a bed for her. So she came down that day. Mike and Benny Howard, who I am sure are well-known to all of you, were at the ranch at the time. Amelia sat down on the floor in front of the fireplace and gave us in minute detail the story of her accident which had just taken place. When she finished the story, no one in the room asked, "Are you going to try it again?" She looked up with a cute expression on her face and said, "What, aren't you going to ask me - are you going to try it again?" I pointed out something which I thought she knew - that at least in my own house neither I nor the few intimate friends I had ever asked personal questions, but added that I for one, hoped she would not try it again. There was nothing said that evening by Amelia as to whether she would or would not attempt the flight again, but shortly thereafter, she was back at the ranch and had her tentative plans, which were at least in the conversational stage, all ready for her next great adventure and her last. We studied maps together and analyzed plans, for she was going to do the flight in reverse direction from the one in her original plan.



Amelia was building a home in Los Angeles at the time where she hoped, among other things, to make a home for her mother. It became fairly evident to me that the plane accident and repairs had strained her at least temporarily beyond her financial capacity. A few of us found a way to help her substantially in this respect without her knowing much about what we were doing. This we did even though I felt she was being urged on to do this flight by some inner compulsion beyond her complete control. One can only surmise whether she had made commitments or whether she believed it should be done to prove that the accident could not defeat her. Clear it was that she was not seeking greater fame, for she had that in full measure.

I had a premonition about that flight, and at the last asked Amelia to take along an emergency kit, including a knife and fishing tackle, as well as a bright colored kite that I carried with me in the London-Australian Race in 1934. Amelia and I had worked as a hobby on thought transmission and we redoubled our practice before that flight in the hope that if down en route, she could get through to me with her location.

The Amelia I knew was a soft, sweet, educated, refined and rather shy person - feminine, able and without fear. My life is much richer for this friendship. Aviation was progressed by her numerous "firsts" and the intelligent planning that went into these efforts. How well I remember when she became the first woman to fly the Atlantic.'

I don't regret helping her on that last flight because it was in fulfillment of her own decision and there are a few things worse than trying to avoid destiny. One who fears death will never lead the way in pioneering. She led the way. In doing so, she made it easier for those women who followed to take a recognized place in aviation.

Amelia! We of the Ninety-Nine Club salute you affectionately and wish you throughout eternity fair winds and happy landings in the skies beyond.

July, 1949

Jacqueline Cochran

THE AMELIA I KNEW



A very good friend of mine in New York, Mr. Paul Hammond, in the year 1935, telephoned me and said, "I have quite a treat for you - would you come to dinner". I replied that I always enjoyed dining with him and his charming wife and he said, "But this time, I have a real treat - there is someone I would like you to meet - Amelia Earhart".

I walked into the Hammond drawing room that evening and knew within five minutes that Amelia and I would be friends. It was just one of the sure feelings you have occasionally when you meet a person. Naturally, I was very much impressed as anyone would have been who was as interested and as young in aviation as I was, but it was Amelia's personality rather than the glamour around her that caught me. Shortly thereafter, the two of us had lunch together and just casually she said, "I am going to fly west in a week or so - would you like to go with me?"

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I felt that the circumstances of those first few days with Amelia gave me an opportunity - even more than in the months that followed - to get to know her well and to know her was to love her.



That was the year I finished my ranch house in Indio, California, which finally became literally a second home for Amelia. I had only one bedroom in the main house at that time since the ranch is composed of little guest houses. Amelia is the only person I ever turned my own bedroom over to while not there myself and she used to go and spend long periods at the ranch alone, riding horseback, walking across the desert, and otherwise enjoying the peace and privacy which it became increasingly difficult for her to find after she became so famous and well-known.

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Amelia was building a home in Los Angeles at the time where she hoped, among other things, to make a home for her mother. It became fairly evident to me that the plane accident and repairs had strained her at least temporarily beyond her financial capacity. A few of us found a way to help her substantially in this respect without her knowing much about what we were doing. This we did even though I felt she was being urged on to do this flight by some inner compulsion beyond her complete control. One can only surmise whether she had made commitments or whether she believed it should be done to prove that the accident could not defeat her. Clear it was that she was not seeking greater fame, for she had that in full measure.

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Final Revised Copy



A very good friend of mine in New York, Mr. Paul Hammond, in the year 1935, telephoned me and said, "I have quite a treat for you - would you come to dinner". I replied that I always enjoyed dining with him and his charming wife and he said, "But this time, I have a real treat - there is someone I would like you to meet". ^{Amelia Earhart.} ~~I asked who it was and he said it was Amelia Earhart.~~

^{Hammond drawing soon that evening and} I walked into the ~~room and~~ ^{that} knew within five minutes ^{Amelia} and I would be friends. It was just one of the sure feelings you have occasionally when you meet a person. Naturally, I was very much impressed as anyone would have been who was as interested and ^{but it was Amelia's personality rather than the glamour around her} as young in aviation as I was ~~(at that time, I had only been fly-~~ ^{that caught me.} ~~ing three years).~~ Before the evening was over, she asked me if I ~~would lunch with her.~~ ^{the 2 of us had} Shortly, thereafter, ~~we did have lunch to-~~ gether and just casually she said, "I am going to fly west in a week or so - would you like to go with me?"

So, out we started. We were held by weather in St. Louis for ^{then in Amarillo, Texas for another 2 days.} about four days and ~~during these four days, we had the opportunity to get to know each other.~~ During that ^{week} ~~time,~~ She told me a great deal about her childhood - about her sister in Boston, her mother, and her father. How when she was a child, they used to ride in a private car. Her father had some connection with one of the big railroads. How she had taken up aviation after doing a great deal of welfare work in Boston. I got the impression from her conversation that she turned to aviation more in a mood of seeking for something she had not found up until then in other activities in life than from a particular love or interest in it at the start. However, I feel that she soon found in aviation what she was seeking and the record proves how successful she was. ~~Our conversation~~

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~~ran the gamut of all topics - politics, science, religion - some of which we agreed on and some of which we did not.~~

~~We proceeded on from St. Louis to Amarillo, Texas, where we were held by weather for two days. In all, we took at least seven days to get to California, at the end of which time we had become firm and close friends.~~ I felt that the circumstances of those ^{first} few days ^{with Amelia} gave me an opportunity - even more than in the ^{months} ~~years~~ that followed - to get to know ^{her} ~~Amelia~~ well and to know her was to love her.

That was the year I finished my ^{ranch} house in Indio, California, which finally became literally a second home for Amelia. I had only one bedroom in the main house at that time since the ranch is composed of little guest houses. ^{Amelia} ~~She~~ is the only person I ever turned my own bedroom over to while not there myself and ^{she used to go and} ~~she spent many~~ ^{spend long periods at the ranch alone riding horseback, walking across} ~~days at the ranch,~~ enjoying the peace and privacy which it became increasingly difficult for her to find after she became so famous and well-known. ~~Amelia spent at least half of the last year of her life in my home.~~

I think one of the nicest and most touching evenings I ever spent with Amelia was the night she landed back after her first attempt to go around the world and after her accident in Hawaii. She telephoned me the morning after her arrival and asked if she could come down to the ranch and, naturally, I told her, as I always did, there would always be room and a bed for her. So, she came down that day. Mike and Benny Howard, who I am sure are well-known to all of you, were at the ranch at the time. Amelia sat down on the floor in front of the fireplace and gave us in minute detail the story of her accident which had just taken place ~~in Hawaii.~~ When she finished the story, no one in the room asked, "Are you going to try it again?". She looked up with a cute expression on her face and said, "What, aren't you going to ask me - are you going to

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back of page
*Amelia - ~~She needed some financial help (this I have never put in print before and I have told very few people about it) and I said I would help her and did so, quite substantially. I did it because I loved Amelia and if you are in a position to do so, you always help those whom you love. However, I didn't feel that she really wanted, down in her heart, to do this flight.~~ ^{This we did even though I felt she was being forced to do urged on}

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