



DIRIGO FLYER

Vol. IV, No. 3 March 1996

Newsletter of the Maine Aviation Historical Society • 101 Monroe Avenue, Westbrook, Maine 04092 • 207-854-9972

Winter Flying in Central Maine: The Mid-'30s

By F. E. "Ed" Maliar

Even though I'm living in exile down here in Long Island, it doesn't mean I don't have fond memories of the aviation days of my youth in Lewiston and Auburn. Just because Maine's purported to have only two seasons (Fourth of July and winter), back in the mid-thirties, all sorts of aviation and flying activities took place between October and May. As soon as Taylor Pond froze over enough to support weight — sometimes right after Columbus Day and for sure by Armistice Day — Art Romaine would fire up the Kinner Bird and fly out of Greenlaw/Maheu Airport to the pond with we airport-junkies and our ice skates. We'd get out and hold onto the lower wing tips while Art got the Bird up to flying speed, giving us a real thrill. As I think back . . . what if one of us holding onto a wing tip got a skate blade caught in an ice pressure crack? Wow — but at 16-18 years old, who thought of that?

As soon as it snowed and had accumulated enough, Roland Maheu put skis on his American Eaglet (Szekely-powered) and his 40 hp Cub and students had mandatory lessons landing and taking off on skis. The winter of 1935-'36 Sergeant George O'Donnell of the Maine State Police used to fly every Saturday and Sunday in Henry M. Dingley Jr.'s ski-equipped Monocoupe. A Monocoupe on wheels was a bear — on skis it was a tiger!

In January 1936 Roland Maheu, Art Romaine and I flew from Greenleaf/Maheu Airport to frozen Wilson Pond which is adjacent to the twin towns of Wilton and Dryden.

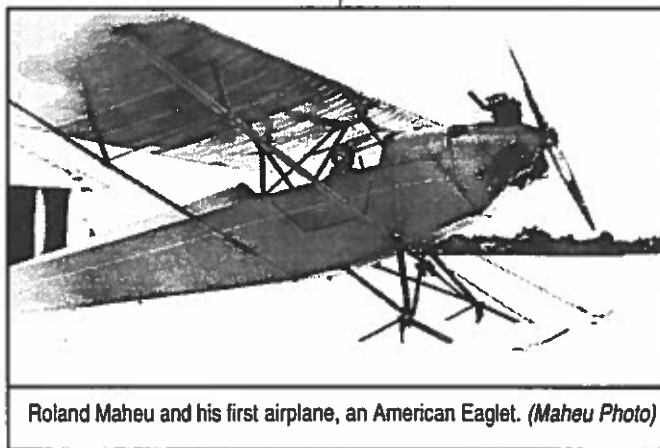
Every winter, Wilton-Dryden had an Ice Carnival, complete with hockey games, curling, horse-racing, etc. on the ice and Roland, ever the businessman, wanted to give passenger flights in his Ryan B-1 at \$2 a pop to one and all. We did all right and barely got home before dark.

We did it again in January 1937 and did well financially. Art Romaine proposed that we three take the Ryan and fly to New York in February 1937 to attend the Aircraft Show at Grand Central Palace, Lexington Avenue, New York City. Roland agreed but said we'd have to get one more participant to sort of cover expenses. We got a student, Peter Allen, whose father was a wealthy lumber company

owner — Roland, ever the businessman!

Art planned out the trip. The field had deep drifts of snow at the north end, so we gassed the Ryan at the field and with only Art and a load of gas, it got off okay and over the trees and down onto the windswept ice of Taylor Pond. The rest of us were at the pond and got on board with Roland flying off the pond

headed toward North Beach Airport, New York. (This is now what is known as LaGuardia and they were working toward that end when we landed there two hours later that day.) The wind was so strong even the construction workers realized if we turned around we'd be blown over, so they volunteered to hold onto the wing struts while we taxied to the O.J. Whitney hangar. Just before the O.J. Whitney people put us into the hangar, next to Col. and Mrs. Lindbergh's



Roland Maheu and his first airplane, an American Eaglet. (Maheu Photo)



Harold Brown, noted Maine parachutist, and Roland Maheu in front of Roland's Ryan B-5 Brougham NC-4094, in which he gave passenger rides for \$2.00. (Maheu Photo)

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Winter Flying, Continued from Page 1

Monocoupe, a Stinson SR-8 on floats landed in the bay between Reikers Island and Garden Bay Manor. As the pilot attempted to turn back toward the seaplane ramp, the strong wind flipped him over. He came popping up out of the Stinson onto the floats. We heard later he was okay and had salvaged his Stinson.

Art Romaine, having come from New York, knew all the short cuts and nuances of Queens and Manhattan, New York. He got us 5¢ trolley rides with transfers to three different subways without any additional outlay of money. We walked from 7th Avenue west on 34th Street to the William J. Sloan House YMCA and because we could prove we were travelers from out of state, we each got the key to a small room, a cake of soap and a towel for — believe it or not! — 25¢ apiece.

We walked from the YMCA (34th Street and 9th Avenue) to Grand Central Palace, Lexington Avenue, stopping at the Automat for a 40¢ supper. Saw lots of new 1937 aircraft models (my favorite — a Bellanca Skyrocket). Roland met a Fairchild salesman from Roosevelt Field, Long Island. We walked back to the YMCA and next morning flew the 25 miles to Roosevelt Field to meet Beckwith Havens of Fairchild Aircraft Co., the salesman who, the night before, almost sold Roland a Fairchild 24 with a Ranger engine.

Art wanted to stop at New Haven to see an old friend, Frenchy Descomb, and wanted also to stop at Springfield at the Granville Bros. facility. We stopped in Springfield, Mass., saw the Granville Bros. operation and left for home, arriving just before dusk. Art was flying and rather than land on Taylor Pond, made a low drag-in approach to Greenleaf and stopped before reaching the drifts.

Roland Maheu, of course, is still active as a pilot/aircraft owner with his own private field in Minot on Route 119. Arthur Romaine accepted an appointment into the CAA as an aviation safety agent in 1940 and worked at that until his retirement. He now lives in Boulder City, Nevada and, of course, your correspondent is living in exile in Bohemia, New York with occasional trips back to the motherland!



March Meeting Minutes

Wow! We may have to move to Bangor! The March 9th meeting in the lounge at the General Aviation Terminal at Bangor International Airport was certainly one of the best meetings ever. Scott Grant recruited Don Strout of Orono to arrange the meeting, and what a great job Don did. Who says there are no old, bold pilots? If not bold, they certainly were brave and daring. Don invited Priscilla Arbo Osgood of Bangor, whose father and mother were Paul and Lucy Arbo, who ran the Prairie Airfield in Brownville, Maine from the late 1920s 'til the 1950s. Priscilla dug out lots of great pictures, and we will be running some of these in the *Dirigo Flyer*. She also wrote a poem in memory of all those who flew out of the Prairie which is reproduced in this issue. She also had taken the time to jot

down her memories, and talked to us at length about many of the activities at the Prairie. Even if nothing else happened, we have to thank Priscilla for making it a great meeting.

Of course, her stories just stirred up the memories of some of the members and guests present. New member Bob Mott of Millinocket had written his memories of some old time flyers from the late '20s. Bob really got everyone's own memories going, and when he finished many old pilots joined in. Included were Don Strout, Douglas Gould, Andy Stinson, Carl Betterley, Bob Bacon and others. Great stories of flying in the state of Maine from the '20s to the present flew thick and fast. No pen could write fast enough to record them, but we hope to get them all down on paper sooner rather than later for all to enjoy and for us to preserve for the future. Thank you all, and to everyone else who attended.

We will certainly be back in Bangor soon, possibly in June. Keith Strange has also invited us to his place in Lincoln for a meeting. So let us know it you'd like to go there.

The Great State o' Maine Airshow

This airshow will be held on July 20-21 at the Brunswick Naval Air Station. Last year the weatherman was not good to us, so hopefully he will make up for it. We have already made application for display space, and we hope to meet and see many aviation history people.

Featured this year will be the following exciting acts: The Red Baron Squadron, Pepsi Aerial Entertainers, Team EZ, Long EZ Aerobatics, Frank Ryder, Manfred Radius, Northern Lights and the Osterud Aviation Airshows. Make plans to attend this year, and if you can, help us man our display.

1996 Dues Reminder

If you see this newsletter around and you didn't get yours, send in your \$20 dues and don't miss any exciting future issues. If there has been a mistake, let Leo Boyle know right away so we can correct it. Keep the new members coming in!

Speaking of Whom . . . Welcome!

141. **R. Allen Kline** (*B-52s, Crash Sites*)
P.O. Box 472
Glenmont, OH 44628
142. **Kenneth E. Wakefield** (*Solo '36, 60 yrs. flying*)
12 W. Broadway St., Apt. 404
Derry, NH 03038-2386
(603) 432-8650
143. **Roger W. Wilson**
RR 1, Box 1840
Stetson, ME 04488
(207) 296-2922
144. **Robert B. Mott** (*Airplanes and Pilots*)
95 Elm Street
Millinocket, ME 04462
(207) 723-8235

Lt. Valentine's Maine Adventure

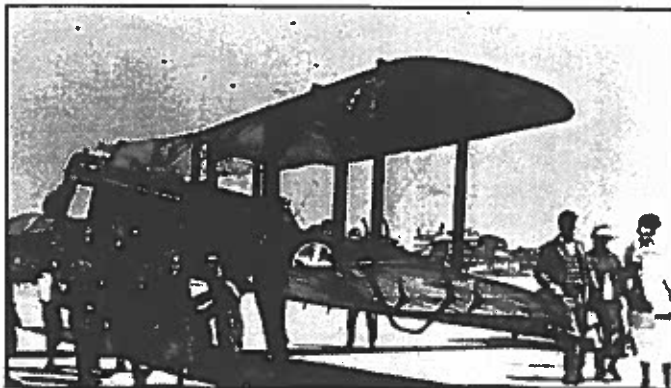
By Jim Chichetto

When America joined in World War I, it had no front-line aircraft. The quick answer was to borrow proven designs from our allies and produce them under license in the United States. One of those chosen was the British de Havilland DH-4.

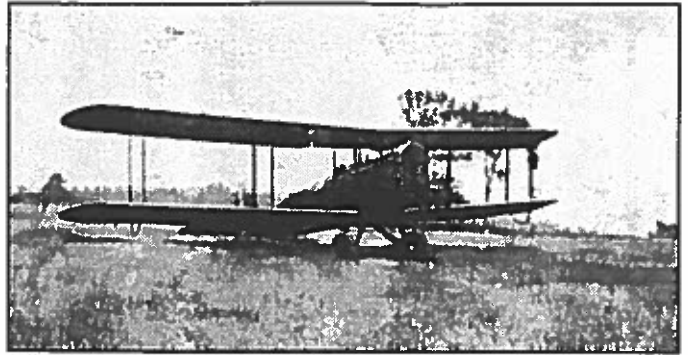
The DH-4 was a two-seat aircraft used for observation and light bombing. The first airframe arrived in the U.S. in August of 1917. The aircraft was fitted with a U.S. made 400 hp Liberty engine. The prototype was up and flying by the end of October. Once production methods had been developed, it was produced in Patterson, New Jersey and Dayton and Cleveland, Ohio. By the time the war ended, 4,846 aircraft had been completed. Some 1,213 of these aircraft had actually been shipped to Europe and Americans flew combat missions with some of them before the war ended. By 1918, these aircraft were totally obsolete as front-line combat aircraft. They had a bad habit of sticking their nose into the ground during landing on soft fields. They also caught fire if the fuel tank was hit, and the location of the tank between the pilot and the observer made the survival rate low. Dubbed "Flaming Coffins" by the press, the Army decided a redesign was called for. A new British DH-9A was chosen as the best model to begin with. A relocated fueled tank, change in the landing gear and one piece plywood body sections were incorporated. Only 13 of these improved aircraft were made before the war was over and production was ended.

The Army, rather than ship back these now obsolete aircraft, stacked and burned them after the war was over. Those aircraft still in the U.S. were used to form the Army's air arm. Others were sold out of the military or given to the Postal Service, while the rest kept flying for the Army up until 1931. During its service years, there were 35 variants built from the DH-4 design. Many of the DH-9s's features were incorporated in these variants.

In 1919, the Golden Age of Flight was about to take off in America. Surplus Jennys were sold still packed in their crates, and pilots who had been Army-trained used their skills to make money. Barnstorming was born and soon the nation looked to the sky for its heroes. The Army, quick to pick up on the public's mood, soon started a series of daring flights, most of which were



U.S. Army Air Service DH-4B at 1924 Aviation Meet, Old Orchard Beach.



U.S. Army Air Service DH-4B at Yarmouth in 1924 delivering parts for a Martin MB-2 Bomber that made a forced landing there.

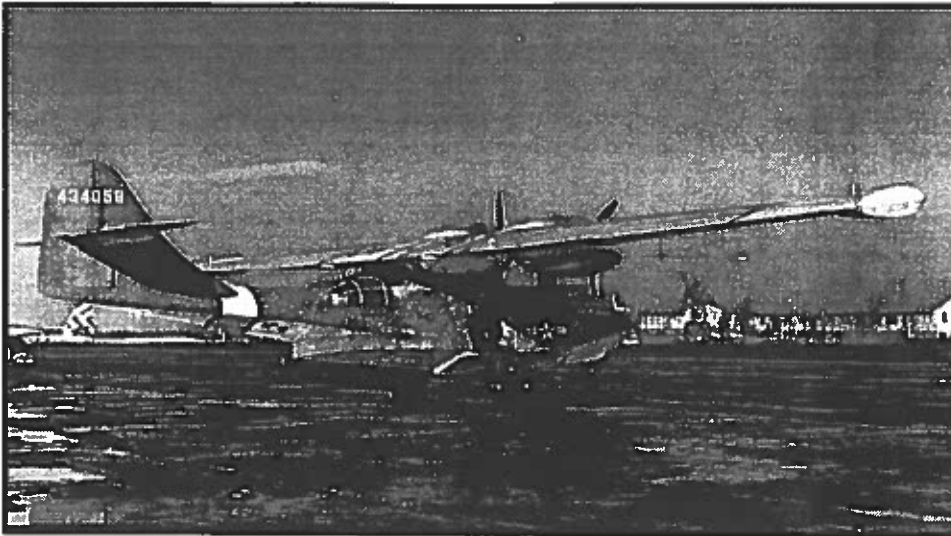
total failures. In 1919 they could not fly safely from Rockland, Maine to Bangor, Maine, let alone around the world. But the Army kept trying and successful missions were flown. One flight of interest to people in the Bangor area was made in September of 1922.

Lt. F.B. Valentine had some leave coming to him, so he decided to fly to Bangor, Maine. The reasons were not clear in the newspaper reports; perhaps he had friends or family up here. For whatever reason, Lt. Valentine and his mechanic, Lt. C. Litness, decided to fly their DH-4 to Bangor on September 2, 1922. The Army allowed their pilots to fly their aircraft while on leave back then. The two men took off from Long Island, New York and flew the coastal route up toward Maine. As they overflew Boston, they could see some clouds building up ahead, but they pressed onward. By the time they reached Old Orchard Beach, the clouds were solid and no breaks could be seen. Lt. Valentine decided that they should try an inland route in hopes of running out of the clouds. Keeping a constant airspeed and using a compass and watch, the pilot flew from Old Orchard to Bangor.

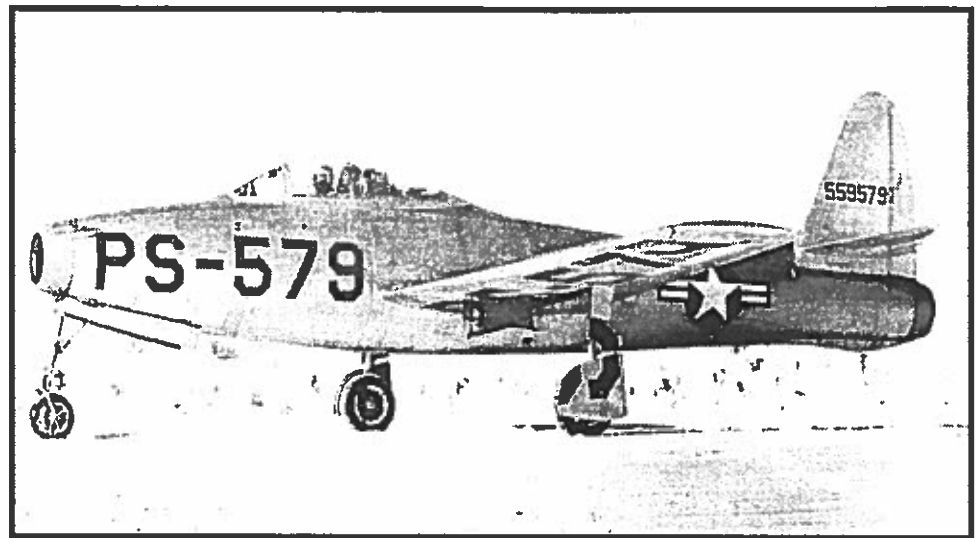
The clouds persisted and the crew saw no ground nor sun on this leg of the flight. After the proper amount of time had been flown, Lt. Valentine started to bring the aircraft earthward. Slowly circling, they broke out of the low clouds over a large hayfield at about 4:30 p.m. Below in the mist, they could see the Penobscot River and the railroad tracks that followed its course. Under them were some farmhouses and a hayfield bordering a road. Across the road and south of the hayfield was the Mt. Hope Cemetery. Trolley tracks ran beside the roadway. After a low pass to check out the conditions, the pilot banked around and set up a landing approach. The aircraft touched down on the damp ground and was rolling along smoothly when the main gear hit a small drainage ditch which ran across the field. The grass had hidden this obstruction until it was too late. The wheels caught in the ditch and the aircraft flipped up and over. The flight was finished.

Both crewmen unstrapped and crawled out from under the aircraft. Neither one was hurt, just shaken up a bit. Flipping over on landing was not that uncommon to these early flyers. The aircraft was another story: number 65348 would fly no more. The fuselage had cracked on impact and the motor was ripped almost free by the sudden stop. The wings were a pile of broken

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Consolidated PB5A of the U.S. Navy at Dow Field, Bangor in the late '40s or early '50s. Note Republic P-84B and AT-6s in background.
(Jim Chichetto Photo)

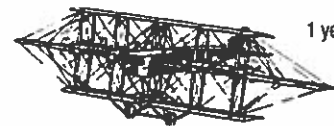


Republic P-84B at Dow Field, Bangor about 1948.
(Jim Chichetto Photo)

★ **SUPPORT THE MECAA** ★

MECAA, Maine Education Council for Aviation and Aerospace, is a two-year-old non-profit organization whose mission is to promote aviation education to the youth of Maine. We also provide numerous services and resources to teachers in all schools and organizations. One of our many projects is ACE Camp. ACE (Aviation Career Education) is an FAA-sponsored camp for students ages 13-17. Last year, ACE Camp was held at the Brunswick NAS and was very successful. We are proud to announce the Air National Guard's 101st Air Refueling Wing at Bangor will sponsor ACE Camp '96. For more information on MECAA or ACE Camps, contact Alice Gommoll (207-878-2931) or Malcolm Brydon (207-947-3349). Dues are only \$10.00 annually. MECAA, P.O. Box 66857, Falmouth, Maine 04105.

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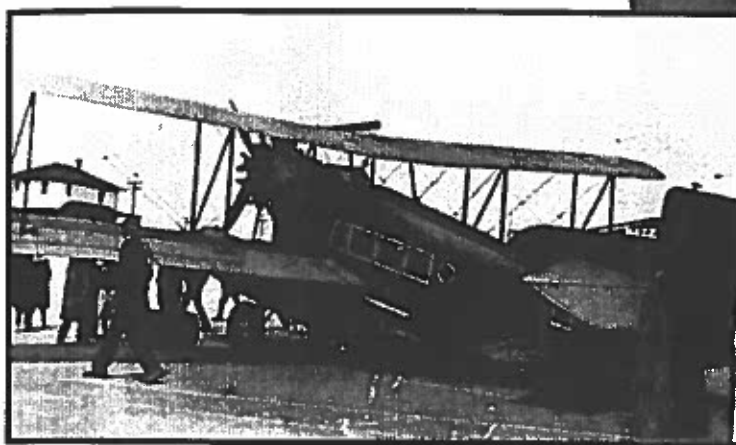
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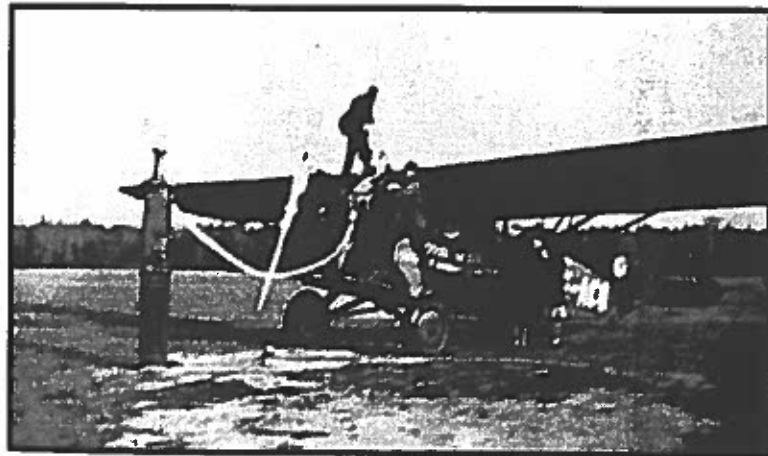
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New member Bob Mott's Team Hi-Max powered by a Rotax 377.
Bob lives in Millinocket.



Loening C2C Air Yacht NC-9772
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"Miss True Story," owned by Bernard McFadden,
publisher, May 25, 1929, piloted by Lou Reichers.
Accompanied "Yellow Bird" from New York to
OOB for trans-Atlantic flight June 13, 1929.



Refueling a Canadian Airways, Ltd. Fairchild at Prairie Airfield, Brownville, ME
in the early 1930s. (Priscilla Arbo Photo)

In Memory of All the Pilots Who Flew Into Prairie Airport

*Brave men who flew across the skies
By my old Prairie home,
Looked down and saw the North-South field
Where Father plowed the loam.*

*They kept in mind the stretch of land
That ran from East to West;
They knew that from prevailing winds,
That field would serve them best.*

*So many men who landed there,
On Father's piece of land,
Have flown into the setting sun,
Have joined an angel's band.*

*Of all the pilots from the past
That I can now recall,
They've now "Gone East," the saying goes,
They've made their plane's last stall.*

*Priscilla Arbo / Clifford Osgood
March 9, 1996*

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MAHS EXCITEMENT!**
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If you are not yet a member, join today
and help preserve Maine's aviation heritage.
Enjoy the *Dirigo Flyer!*

From the Mailbag — Members Recall the Martin B-26C Crash

We get letters, but Jim Chichetto's story in the January *Dirigo Flyer* really made people put pen to paper. Two of the best, which reveal something of Bert Robertson's personality, from Carl Betterley and Charles Smith, are reproduced below.

Here we go again — I read with great interest the story of the B-26 so I have to tell you my thread attached to this story.

In 1943 I was working at Portland Airport. I was a radio operator and dispatcher for Northeast Airlines. We were on the first floor of the old Terminal Building and the second floor was the location of the FAA FSS and the Weather Station. There was no Control Tower then.

I saw a B-26 taxi in and park in the tie down area in front of the old Terminal on Westbrook Street and I went out to talk to the crew. I had seen B-26s before but they were still a novelty and I wondered what they were doing in Portland. I had just been assigned to Portland from the North Atlantic Division where I had worked at Gander, Newfoundland, Goose Bay, Labrador and BW-1 and BW-8 in Greenland, so Lt. Robertson and I had a mutual interest. He said they were on their way to Presque Isle and from there were going on across the northern route. He said Myers lived in the Portland area and they were staying overnight, then in the AM were going on to Presque Isle.

The next morning they took off and circled to the left around the West Promenade (hospital area), then turned and came right across the airport in a low pass. When he pulled out of his dive the plane settled like an elevator to within a very few feet of the ground. I guess the ground effect saved them from getting the props. They went right over the old Terminal and missed the tall elm tress along Westbrook Street.

The FAA were more shook up than I was - I was on the front steps of the building and they were on the roof. The chief of the FAA station was making up a violation report when we got word of their accident at Presque Isle. I was under the impression that they crashed on arrival up there before landing, but I could have been mistaken. The violation from PWM FAA was never filed.

We had another incident while I was there at PWM. I think it was a Douglas A-20 was coming in to PWM to RON with the pilot from outh Portland. When I got done work at 4 p.m., his wife, holding a baby, and other members of his family were waiting in front of the building when I went out. I asked who they were waiting for, they told me and I went back in and called the FAA FSS and they said he was estimating in about 20 minutes. There was a sea fog moving in which was already covering the oil tanks off the end of the runway SE. I gave the group the new info on his estimate and headed for home in West Falmouth. Just before I got home there was a news flash on the radio that a plane had crashed in the trailer park near the reform school in South Portland. They said the plane came in from the NW, flew down the NS runway just under the sea fog but had to pull up over the school and, I think, the pilot being a native and knowing the geography of the area, tried to get back under the fog and flew right into the trailers. I forget how many were killed. This was maybe a year after the other incident. I have the clippings of both accidents.

— Carl Betterley

Was nice to receive the last MAHS newsletter, and the story of the B26 crash of Bert Robertson. Bert and myself and eight others were in the first non-college CPT class in Caribou, ME. We started ground school in September 1940 and were lucky enough to be chosen for flight training at Caribou, with Clarence and Jince Sproul as instructors. I had originally learned to fly at Spartan in Tulsa in 1934 — but remember the Depression? The ten of us all soloed on December 1940 and all achieved the Private on February 18, 1941 from the great Randy Mulherin, a fabulous aviator, who was with the CAA at that time.

Bert, myself and several others went to Canada in later 1941 and were pilots at No. 10AOS, a navigator training school at Chatham, New Brunswick. Bert and two others left in February 1942 for the US Air Corps. I chose to stay at No. 10, as after some previous attempts to join the Air Corps was turned down because a college degree was necessary to learn to kill someone.

The last correspondence with Bert was on June 1942 when he was in Four Engine School in Albuquerque. He said "Get your butt into the Air Corps," but the recruiters from the U.S. at the RCAF bases were a lying bunch of bastards with wild promises for fast advancement. So I stayed in Canada until March 1945, then joined United Air Lines where age 60 forced me to retire. All in all, I am very thankful for going from cow shit on my shoes to four engine-over-water Captain, logging over 33,000 hours until 1976 and several thousand since.

— Charles H. Smith

Another Mystery Solved

I guess Admiral Byrd's mystery story in the February *Dirigo Flyer* was not the mystery we thought. It seems that Admiral Byrd's Camp Wickieup was sold to a businessman who later ended up with both financial and marital problems. In a misguided attempt to solve these problems, he attempted to collect the insurance on the camp by burning it down. This he was successful in doing, but was tracked down by the state and is probably still in state prison at Thomaston.

Dickie Byrd, like many sons of famous men, was unable to handle life on his own. He became a drifter and derelict in the Washington, D.C. area and regrettably died alone as many of these people do. We still don't know the date of Admiral King's accident nor the type of plane, but the damage was apparently relatively minor and probably was repaired by Navy personnel from Trenton, Rockland or Brunswick. The *Ellsworth American* newspaper documented all this and this update is thanks to Jim Chichetto.

WE'LL HELP GET YOUR WORD OUT!

Ad space is now available in the *Dirigo Flyer*. Rates are \$5.00 for three issues per column inch, or \$18.00 per year. A full page (2 columns, 8 inches) is \$80.00 for three issues. Call Leo Boyle at 207-854-9972 for annual rates.

Upcoming MAHS Meetings and Calendar of Events

April 13	9 a.m.	Conference Room, Portland International Jetport
April 14-20		22nd Sun 'n Fun EAA Fly-In, Lakeland Airport, Florida (944-644-2431)
April 26-28	4 p.m.	Western Front Association, "A Weekend with WWI at Sea and in the Air." U.S. Merchant Marine Academy, Kings Point, L.I., New York (516-773-5162)
April 27-28	early a.m.	Smithsonian, Washington, D.C. Tour. \$185. New England Air Museum (203-623-3305)
May 11	9 a.m.	Rochester, NH Area
May 18-19	early a.m.	Hampton, NH 20th Aviation Flea Market (603-964-6749)
May 26	10 a.m.	Ford vs. Chevy Meet and Air Show, Owls Head Transportation Museum
June 8	9 a.m.	Bangor or Lincoln Area
June 9	10 a.m.	Cruising Motorcycles and WWI Air Show, Owls Head Transportation Museum
June 23	10 a.m.	'70s Auto and Air Show, Owls Head Transportation Museum
July 6-7	10 a.m.	Military Air Show, Owls Head Transportation Museum
July 14	10 a.m.	'50s and '60s Auto and Air Show, Owls Head Transportation Museum
July 19-21	10 a.m.	Brunswick Naval Air Station Air Show
July 27-28	10 a.m.	Truck/Tractor and Air Show, Owls Head Transportation Museum
August 1-7		Oshkosh '96 EAA Fly-In and Convention, Wisconsin (414-426-4800)
August 10	9 a.m.	Sanford Area
August 11	10 a.m.	Transportation Spectacular and Aerobatic Air Show, Owls Head Transportation Museum
September 14	9 a.m.	Miller Field, Newburgh, Maine
September 15	10 a.m.	Annual Transportation Flea Market, Owls Head Transportation Museum
October 6	10 a.m.	Foreign Auto and Air Show, Owls Head Transportation Museum
October 12	9 a.m.	Biddeford Municipal Airport
October 27	10 a.m.	Great Fall Auction
November 9	9 a.m.	Open
December 14	9 a.m.	Conference Room, Portland International Jetport Terminal

Hikes to be announced will include Big Spruce Mountain (*White Bird*), F-101 crash site, Elephant Mountain (B-52) and others.

The meeting sites can be flexible. We are looking for suggestions on locations for many of these meetings. Call Leo or Jim if you can help. The same goes for suggestions on the weekend hikes — let us know. We are also looking for guest speakers, slide shows, etc. Scott Grant has volunteered to handle the scheduling of our meetings and arranging for speakers and slide shows., etc. Please contact him at 207-774-4438 (207-761-9288 business) or 225 York Street, #3, Portland, ME 04102 if you have any ideas or can be of help.

Lt. Valentine, Continued from Page 3

spars and ripped fabric. Leaving Lt. Litness to guard the wreckage, Lt. Valentine headed toward the nearest farmhouse to find out where they had crashed and where the nearest telephone was located.

Word soon spread about the crash. By the time Lt. Valentine had made his calls and returned, a crowd was gathering. This worked out well, since the Army's instructions to the Lieutenant were clear. Borrowing a wagon and team from John Skinner, in whose field he had crashed, he and Lt. Litness, with help from the on-lookers, finished removing the engine along with those instruments still intact, Lt. Litness's tools and their flight gear. The people in the crowd helped out and the aircraft was soon stripped of anything worth saving. Some of the salvaged items even made it onto the wagon. It was dusk when their work was finished, and to the delight of all, Lt. Valentine announced that he was going to burn the wreckage per order of the Army. The doped fabric and wood caught and quickly blazed into a bright fire. As the two officers rode the wagon downhill to Bangor, their last view of their aircraft was a bonfire in a rural Maine hayfield.

The engine was loaded into a freight car at the train station in Bangor. The other "good" parts were boxed up and sent with it, back to the factory for future use. By 8:00 that night, both officers had boarded the train and were heading south, back to New York. The entire flight, crash and clean up had covered about 400 miles and taken about 14 hours, from start to finish. Except for that drainage ditch, this was a super flight. Using a watch, compass and air speed indicator, Lt. Valentine had arrived within two miles of his stated destination, flying the last 135 miles in total cloud cover. This was quite a feat of piloting in 1922.

I don't know what if anything happened to Lt. Valentine's career due to this mishap. Pilots cracked up many early aircraft upon landing back then. Almost any large field was considered an acceptable landing site, but many turned out to be more dangerous than they looked. Today, there is still some open field between Rt. 2 (State Street) and the housing developments behind the Jackson Boat Company. It is in this general area that the action took place on that September afternoon 74 years ago. It is the only land-based aircraft accident I know of that happened in Veazie, Maine.

Picture ID (more)

Norm Houle has checked out the registration of the Cub NC-20276 supposedly still in the Milbridge area. It is not registered, as that number is now assigned to a homebuilt out West. As to the Waco UBF N13419, Norm checked out its history and here is the list of owners to the present:

- Waco Aircraft Factory, new September 1933 sold to
- Waco Sales, Long Island, New York 9/12/33 to
- Richard Seabury 10/6/33 to
- Harold Puch 1/24/34 to
- Henry Dingley 4/29/38 to
- Maine Air Transport 4/30/38 back to
- Henry Dingley 4/17/44 to
- Catherine Miller 6/10/55 to
- Joe T. Jackson, Jr. 5/21/59.

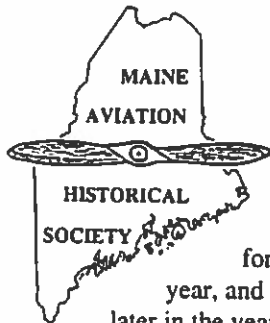
As of 2/7/96, Mr. Jackson still owns N13419. (Over 36 years!)

Membership List Updates

- #8 Louis Hilton, 241 Osceola Way, Palm Beach, FL 33480
telephone (407) 878-4638
- #45 James Keough, 528 Main Street, Lewiston, ME 04240
- #13 Wincapaw: telephone (954) 424-8866
- #86 Charles Smith: telephone (815) 436-5917
- #87 Don Brown: telephone (801) 272-4919
- #88 Don Littlefield: telephone (207) 874-0150
- #110 Carl Willey: telephone (207) 862-4796

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Maine Aviation Historical Society
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Next Meeting:
Conference Room
Portland International
Jetport
April 13, 1996
9 a.m.