



DIRIGO FLYER

Vol. V, No. 10 October 1997

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

Three Men in a Plane, Part II The Story of the First French Trans-Atlantic Flight

By René Lefèvre

Reprinted from the *National Air Review*

Sand, Sweat and . . . Stowaway!

After a night of anything but rest, we stood at eight o'clock in the morning before our "Oiseau Canari."

Perhaps the best way to describe the circumstances in which our take-off was effected would be to give you an idea of the terrain.

The runway consisted of a strip of sandy beach, about a mile and a half long, which provided a reasonably hard surface when the tide was out. At the southern extremity of the beach there was a stone breakwater, about fifty feet high and extending for quite some distance into the sea. On our left was the ocean, on our right an uninterrupted row of houses. Thus, as soon as we were airborne, we would have to bank to the left, toward the sea, where there was no obstacle to prevent our heavily-loaded aircraft from gaining altitude slowly.

Thousands of people, informed by the radio, had turned out to watch our departure — and also that of an American aircraft which, we learned later, crashed during the take-off.

Our first job was to move the aircraft as far away from the breakwater as possible, in order to improve our chances of clearing it when we took off. So as not to tire the engine unnecessarily, we appealed to the spectators, who were only too glad to lend a hand at towing our machine. A cable was fastened to the undercarriage and, with about a hundred people pulling, the aircraft was easily displaced to the take-off point. In order to prevent the wheels from sinking too deeply into the sand, we put down wooden planks for the first twenty yards. Contrary to what one might have expected, there were not many policemen

for holding back the crowd — just a few on motorcycles. But whilst it was unpleasant to realize that anybody could steal up to our aircraft and carve his initials on it, we couldn't very well send away people who had so willingly helped us tow the machine. Finally, we had to ask them to clear the runway.

While the engines were warming up, we were besieged by reporters and cameramen.

You will realize that we had little interest in having ourselves immortalized on celluloid at a moment when we were risking our lives.

After this long exchange of courtesies we finally stepped into the aircraft — Assollant and myself at the dual controls, Lotti in the navigator's quarters at the rear, connected with the cockpit by a narrow corridor between the huge fuel tanks. Our U.S. mechanic shook hands with us, bidding us a hearty farewell, and shut the



The French trans-Atlantic plane "Oiseau Canari" ("Yellow Bird") being fueled at Old Orchard Beach, Maine 6/12/29 prior to its 6/13/29 take-off.

cockpit door.

It was ten o'clock. The tide was out and a sufficiently large strip of beach lay before us. A last engine check: everything in order. The chocks were pulled away from the wheels. Assollant opened the throttle gently, then pressed with both hands on the stick. To keep the engine at full speed I pulled hard on the throttle, keeping my eyes glued to the tachometer. The machine taxied forward, at first slowly, then faster. But the tail skid seemed to be riveted to the ground. What was the matter? We knew every little idiosyncrasy of the "Oiseau Canari." It ought to have risen long ago. The distance separating us from the stone breakwater was diminishing at an alarming rate. But we still persevered. Finally the fuselage became horizontal, but the machine still felt "too heavy" for Assollant to pull back the stick and take her into the air. The distance was becoming ever

"Three Men," continued on page 2

"Three Men," *continued from page 1*

smaller, only two hundred yards separated us now. We had to take off at all costs. Assollant veered toward the ocean, toward that other obstacle limiting our take-off run and which we had to clear within a few seconds — or else . . .

In a last, desperate attempt, Assollant dragged the aircraft into the air, just missing a breaker on the beach. It was slow to respond, climbing inch by inch, the tail hanging dangerously. We were skimming the waves. The slightest drop in r.p.m. would have dropped us into the water, bringing our adventure to an unpleasantly sudden end.

For ten minutes, which seemed like years, we stayed with the tail down, gaining but a few feet altitude. The sea, which we dared not contemplate, was rushing beneath our wings.

We didn't know what to think. We dared not communicate our impressions to one another. Had we so much as looked at each other, the aircraft would surely have crashed.

In the navigation cabin, Lotti had his hands on the fuel cocks, ready at my signal to dump the entire load. But a few days beforehand already we had to jettison about 800 gallons during a preliminary test, and friends in France had cabled us that we should avoid any further abortive departures, as the Air Ministry had already expressed to the press its displeasure over our attempt.

Then suddenly, as though by a miracle, the aircraft suddenly righted itself and began to climb. Above the noise of the engine I heard Lotti calling me. I turned round, happy to tell him we were at last safe. But imagine my surprise when I saw, along the passage between the fuel tanks, two faces instead of one — Lotti and an individual I had never seen before. A stowaway! I almost exploded with rage, but I had to control myself and accept the presence of this intruder. All I could do was to order him to come forward into the cockpit in order to rectify the equilibrium he had imperiled.

This blockhead, taking advantage of a moment when our attention was claimed by the newsmen, had simply slipped into the aircraft and hidden in a sort of locker in the fuselage tail — in a spot where we wouldn't had stowed one superfluous ounce for fear of unbalancing the aircraft.

His name was Schreiber. He had just thought that it would be fun to make a pioneer Atlantic air crossing as a stowaway.

Pros and Cons of a Stowaway

With Schreiber in the nose instead of the tail, our aircraft gained about three hundred feet in a few minutes. The engine was turning smoothly. Happy to have avoided a catastrophe, and as everything seemed to be in order, we decided to continue the trip.

Lotti, businessman to his fingertips, considered Schreiber's presence from the commercial standpoint. He had no doubt that we would succeed and was determined that Schreiber should not be the sole beneficiary of any profits he might be able to accrue from his adventure. Consequently, he drew up a contract — very short — by which Schreiber agreed to hand over to us fifty per cent of anything he might later earn from our exploit. Lotti maintained that the contract had to be signed in ink if it was

to be legally in order. As no one possessed a pen, Lotti used the ink from the barograph. In that way it can be said that the "Oiseau Canari" accomplished the first commercial air crossing of the North Atlantic.

We have often been asked why we didn't throw Schreiber overboard.

You are now acquainted with the difficulties and anguish we experienced in trying to gain altitude during the departure. Were we now going to lose it again by fighting with Schreiber? We were really too happy to have emerged from such a situation, to dream for a minute of such an extremity; and I don't suppose Mr. Schreiber would have taken the door of his own accord, politely as we might have asked him, "Please, Mr. Schreiber. Stowaways first!" No, we just decided to hold on to him like some unaddressed parcel.

Incidentally, we enjoyed a certain measure of revenge later on. During the night we encountered some pretty gutsy weather — and Schreiber definitely didn't like it. It gave us some satisfaction to see him kneeling with his arms around Lotti's knees, asking in an anguished voice whether this was not the last moment.

But we, too, passed a number of highly uncomfortable hours. I don't think it would be possible to convey an accurate picture of all the thoughts that ran through our minds during those twenty-nine hours over the Atlantic.

The Long Trail Home

Our second "thrill" occurred at about six hundred miles off the U.S. coast when the engine started to lose r.p.m. and the propeller threatened to stop.

Although we knew what the cause was, I can assure you that we were well and truly scared. The thousand gallons of fuel had been divided among six tanks. Each contained a different mixture of gasoline and benzene which had to be fed to the engines according to a preset plan. But our stowaway, by overloading the aircraft, had compelled us to maintain a higher r.p.m. rate than planned so that the tanks had been emptying faster — to such an extent that the engine was on the point of stopping.

Lotti and I rushed to the tanks and started opening all the valves without discrimination. The engine came to life again, but I'm sure it cost us a few moments of our lives.

The night was particularly harassing. During six long hours, unable to see a thing through the blackness outside, we had to contend with thick fog and violent storms which we were unable to avoid.

In this connection I must express my admiration of Jean Assollant who, without giving a sign of tiredness, without losing hope, and with absolute calmness, remained alone at the controls during that six-hour battle with the frenzied elements. As our instrumentation was extremely primitive, Assollant was sometimes obliged, when gusts put the machine out of balance, to cut the throttle and allow the aircraft to recover its stability by itself. Each maneuver like this caused us to lose hundreds of feet of altitude, which had to be regained foot by foot, to put as much

"Three Men," *continued on page 5*

A Visit to the Maine Air National Guard, Part II

By Jim Chichetto

As the USAF upgraded their front line fighter groups with the newer F-101s and F-106s, the ANG began to receive the Northrop F-89s. The 132nd started flying the F-89D series and then upgraded to the J series. For 12 years the F-89s flew out of Bangor. As a child, I can remember seeing these high tailed twin engine fighters coming in over Hampden on their approach to the base. At open houses at the base, we would stare at these blunt nosed aircraft, wondering why the wings didn't fall off from the weight of those huge tip tanks. The early structural failures of the first F-89s had been corrected by the time the Guard got their D models. For the first time since they became an all weather unit, they had an aircraft up to the task. With its broad wings and better electronics, the F-89 was able to perform its slated mission. It wasn't fast, but it was a big durable aircraft weighing in at 41,000 lbs. fully loaded. With a ceiling of 50,000 ft., a top speed of 636 mph and a 2,600 mile range, the Scorpion could stay aloft for hours patrolling.

When you walk the hallway and look at the exhibits, you will see plenty of F-89 photos and mementos. An ejection seat, flight gear and trophies pack the glass cases and the walls. The F-89 was flown in competition by the 132nd during this time frame. Trips out west to fire live rockets and do mock intercepts made for intense competition back at the base. Only the best crews could go and the awards on the walls tell the tale of who was tops in each field for the 132nd. The hard part of this mission isn't recorded on the walls. At this time, the Cold War was heating up and both the USAF and the Maine ANG flew missions fully armed with air to air missiles with atomic warheads. We were on a wartime footing here in Maine, and every day B-52s from Dow and Loring along with the F-101s and F-89s were flying missions with wartime payloads on board. Flying was now a serious business and alerts could mean it was for real. As the threats grew to our country, the weapons we used to counter them were upgraded. The F-89D models carried 52 2.75 FF Rockets in the front of each tip tank. Later the F-89H tanks were redesigned to internally house Falcon air to air missiles. Under wing pylons were added, first for additional fuel stores, later, in the F-89J, for holding the MB-1 Genie Nuclear Rocket. Flying in the Maine ANG was now a stressful, serious business. The thought of firing one of those nuclear weapons was hard to live with, but the fear of an accident was even harder to live with. The take-offs and landings at Dow were made in the middle of a city of 40,000+ souls. With a nuke on board, every minor flight malfunction and weather condition suddenly took on a new meaning.

In 1969, the 132nd was equipped with the Convair F-102 Delta Dagger. This single seat fighter was just slated as a transitional aircraft. The pilots loved the feel of this fighter, it was after all able to fly over 800 mph in level flight. The best F-89s couldn't easily break the sound barrier, but here was a pilot's dream. A nimble, fast aircraft which allowed him to soar up to 54,000 ft. and, when he was away from the cities, break the speed of sound. The F-102s carried both 2.75 F Fins and



Hughes GAR-1D air to air missiles. The RIOs were put out of a job, but that was only for a few months. The F-102s lasted only a few months before the F-101Bs came to the unit. If the F-102s seemed fast compared to the F-89s, the Voodoo made the F-102s seem like they were standing still. In the F-101B the 132nd found an aircraft they could love, and they did.

The McDonnell F-101B could carry its two man crew towards battle at over 1,220 mph, while climbing 14,000 ft. per minute. For the WW II pilots who had cut their teeth on the P-51s and P-47s, this was the fastest and strongest aircraft they had ever been strapped into. The 132nd loved this sleek fighter and it shows. Voodoo signs, panels and photos are everywhere on the walls at the HQ. An ejection seat, flight gear, parts and trophies are everywhere. The gate guardian is a F-101B. Most older Guardsmen smile when they talk about the F-101s. Here was the aircraft which was developed and built just for the mission they were tasked with. It was clean, quick and lethal. The 132nd won the William Tell trophy in 1974 at Tyndall AFB. Everyone worked hard to win this trophy: pilots, RIO's, crew chiefs and ground crews. It was a total effort and one that led to success for the Maine team. By far the most popular fighter aircraft flown by the 132nd, the F-101B was the biggest and best fighter flown by any Guard unit. Sporting the Pine Tree tail designed by Guardsman Paul Tower of Brewer, the Maine ANG F-101Bs were the best recruiting tools the Guard had in

"ME ANG," continued on page 6

MAHS Meeting Notes and News

September Meeting

The September MAHS meeting was well attended. Thirty-eight people met at the General Aviation Building at Bangor International Airport. Due to the size of the group, Peter Hurd had made arrangements for us to use a room at the Maine ANG facility. We car pooled over there and were given the use of a briefing room which was most comfortable and which enhanced our meeting greatly. Thank you, Peter and the Maine ANG.

While everyone was getting seated, Leo and Jim put up on the planning board at the front of the room the artist's technical drawings of the proposed Maine Air Museum, which had been drawn and donated to the MAHS by Jaylyn McCue of Brewer, Maine. With these drawings and the aerial photograph of the site on the "mission board," the meeting started. The Secretary's Report and President's Reports were accepted and then the Museum Report was given. With the drawings and photo for reference, the ten-minute update turned into an hour plus question and answer report and discussion. When we finally took a break, everyone was talking about what we were doing and how to best proceed to reach this goal.

Photos which had arrived from Laure Leveziel in France were shown and a short outline on the "White Bird" effort was given. Peter Hurd also spoke of the plans to use hi-tech searching for this aircraft. Everyone had at least one candy from the box Laure had given MAHS when she came over to visit in August. It was a nice gesture and we all enjoyed her thoughtfulness.

In other news, the B-52 ejection seat used successfully by the aircraft commander in 1963 near Elephant Mountain has been donated to the MAHS. It is now on display at Miller's Field in Newburgh, Maine. Don Martin and I picked it up at the clubhouse on the 6th. We had many new members sign up at Greenville. On Saturday the 6th, five members of MAHS drove up to the B-52 site and hiked it, photographed it and learned more about it. Those hiking the site included Carroll Leland, Bill Haeefe, Don and Judy Martin and myself. It started to rain and was cloudy, but the site is well protected and it was a good hike.

If you missed it this year, be sure to mark your 1998 calendar for the second weekend in September. This is the date for the International Seaplane Fly-In at Greenville, and plans are already underway to make next year's even better. This year, over 200 seaplanes were there, a large number of MAHS members checked in to our table, and we signed up some new ones. The weather held up well and we had a great time. Our special thanks to Dick and Max Folsom for the use of space in their hangar, and to Frank Woodworth for his all-around help. Member Keith Strange of Lincoln received the Local Pilot of the Year Award. Congratulations, Keith.



Member
Carroll Leland
holds up a piece of the
B-52 Elephant Mountain crash site
near Greenville on September 7, 1997.

Northeast Aero Historians

The 33rd annual NEAH meeting will be held this year at the National Soaring Museum in Elmira, New York on October 10-12, 1997. This should be a great meeting with fine speakers, good comradeship and a chance to also visit the nearby Curtiss Museum and the relocated National Warplane Museum plus the Schweitzer Aircraft Corp. If you might wish to attend or need more information, call Leo Boyle at 207-854-9972 (eve.) or 207-883-3772 (day). The MAHS is one of the sponsoring organizations and we will be hosting this meeting in 1999 — hopefully with a new museum to show them!

Got e-mail?

To improve our internal communications, will all members who have this capability please send your name and e-mail address to member Peter Hurd at NISS@aol.com. Peter will coordinate these for us. Thank you. Meanwhile, Bill Townsend is researching a web page for us. We need to be on the web and have an e-mail address by November.

Apology and Acknowledgement

Busy with business, busy with family and busy with the MAHS has left your editor falling behind in his correspondence. You will receive formal acknowledgement and profound thanks for your contributions. I will get your letters answered, questions answered and appreciation to you as soon as possible. Special apologies are due to R. Scott Webber and Richard G. Webber for the Cross & Cockade and Over the Front Journal Volumes, to member Bill Wincapaw of Florida for the great scrapbook on the Flying Santa Claus, and member Peter Hurd for the official USAF control tower plans. We can now build our own! And last but not least to the Greenville Snowmobile Club for the B-52 ejection seat from the crash site at Elephant Mountain — all of these soon to be seen in the Maine Air Museum.

"Three Men," continued from page 2

distance as possible between us and the raging sea below, threatening to drag us down.

There was one small incident I shall not forget so easily. The blackness outside was so intense we couldn't see our wing tips. I was at the rear of the aircraft, in the navigation cabin at the radio, in order to give Assollant more freedom in his difficult task. At one moment — I don't know exactly why — I put my hand through the window, withdrew it a little moist, and without thinking touched it to my lips. It was salty! The horrible idea occurred to me that we were flying so low, so near to the surface of the ocean, that the waves were spraying up to the cabin window. Trembling with fright, I flashed my lamp on to the altimeter. Five thousand feet! The salty taste on my hand was from my own perspiration.

In view of the weather, and the rapidly disappearing fuel supply owing to Schreiber's unwanted presence, we decided to head for Cape Finisterre, Spain, thus choosing the shortest route to Europe and simultaneously leading us toward better weather.

Back in the navigation cabin, Lotti looked very pleased with himself. But beatitude was written all over Schreiber's face. And no wonder! In order to restore his faculties after his nocturnal emotions, he had drunk three-quarters of a bottle of old brandy, which a well-wisher, a guest at Lotti's parents' hotel in Paris, had given us before we left. In those days there was prohibition in America, and Schreiber had really appreciated it.

After a few hours at the controls, to give Assollant some well-earned rest, I returned to the navigator's quarters. My calculations said we should reach the Spanish coast by 6 p.m. local time. Our eyes started searching the horizon and many were the times we thought to have seen land ahead, only for it to be an illusion caused by cloud banks blocking the horizon.

Mission Accomplished

It was 5 p.m., and unless I had made a mistake in my navigation, we were to reach the Spanish coast within an hour. Assollant was the first to sight land, at 5:20 p.m., and twenty minutes later it was beneath us. We had taken 26 hours 40 minutes to cover 3,300 miles, the longest distance flown over water up to that day. There is no need to tell you how we felt about it. The earth below had the effect upon us a last-minute pardon must have on a man condemned to death. Plans for the future flashed through our minds.

Why not be frank about it? A feeling of grim satisfaction pervaded our joy, our revenge on those who prophesied our failure — all of whom, by the way, professed to be our "best friends" when we did finally arrive home.

The Spanish territory below was perfectly familiar to us. We chose a northeasterly heading in order to follow the coast up to Biarritz.

Although the ground 500 feet below us seemed unsafe for an emergency landing, we felt saved by the presence of civilization greeting us with the smoke of a locomotive, the headlamps of an automobile.

But we had to resist allowing ourselves to be blinded by our triumph. It was still a case of keeping cool. When we reached

the Spanish coast our tanks held 100 gallons of fuel, and we had been flying two hours since. There was certainly not enough for reaching Paris. There was a strong possibility of the engine's stopping when the contents sank to 50 gallons. This meant risking an emergency landing which could compromise our return to Paris.

For a time we hoped to reach Biarritz, at least. But night was falling and the contours of the terrain were becoming increasingly vague. Biarritz had no lighting equipment for night landings.

We decided to land at the first favorable opportunity.

Soon we reached a stretch of sand which seemed more or less suitable. After "once around the field," Assollant made a perfect landing on the sand. We were at Comillas, 120 miles from the French frontier, having flown nonstop for 29 hours, covering 3,600 miles. There were 70 gallons left in the tanks, enough for another 350 miles.

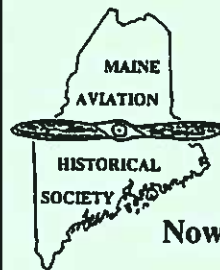
The reception given us two days later in Paris richly compensated our labors and dangers. The newspapers were wildly enthusiastic about our exploit — and that of our stow-away. But the award we appreciated most was the Legion of Honour, citing our "Service to French Aeronautics."

A month later we were commissioned by the government to tour the European capitals with the "Oiseau Canari" (which the Air Ministry bought from us, reimbursing all our expenses) — this time with official French papers, which the authorities had finally consented to accord us.

Footnote: Arthur Schreiber, the Maine native who stowed away on the trans-Atlantic flight of the "Yellow Bird" described above, passed away on February 10, 1997 in California on his 90th birthday. (Thanks to member Dan Blaney for this info.)

Don't Forget . . .

The October meeting of the MAHS has been changed to Saturday, October 18th. We will meet at 9 a.m. at Starliner Place, Maurice Roundy's home near the Auburn-Lewiston Airport. See you there!



NEW!
SHOW YOUR COLORS

MAHS Logo
Now Available in a Colorful Patch

White with a dark green border and lettering and a tan propeller.
3 1/2" wide x 4 1/4" deep. **Only \$4.00 each** (post paid)

See Leo Boyle, Jim Chichetto or Norm Houle or write to:
MAHS * 101 Monroe Ave., Westbrook, ME 04092-4020

MAHS Museum Update

At the September meeting a report on the current status of the Museum Committee's work was given by President Jim Chichetto. (Committee Chairman Jules Arel was unable to attend the meeting on Saturday.) An artist's rendition of the basic design was displayed for the members to view and discuss along with an aerial photograph of the proposed museum site. Many valid ideas were advanced during the ensuing discussion and the group's overall support was good to see.

The City of Bangor is currently working up a lease for us to read and possibly sign, once we have agreed to all the terms. We hope to have positive news on that front soon.

The donation of a floor plan and outside building views was timely and gave the members an idea of what we want to build in Bangor. A special thanks goes out to Jaylyn McCue of Brewer for her fine efforts on our behalf. These are just the first steps, but they are a good starting point for the MAHS Museum Committee. The floor plan has been included in this newsletter to allow members to see what we are proposing and to ask for input. We want to hear from everyone to insure that we are meeting our goals.

We're now working on fund raising. We will be needing more help with this part of our mission. Those of you with business experience and time need to come forward now and help us over this hurdle. It will take a major team effort to get the funds needed to break ground for our museum.

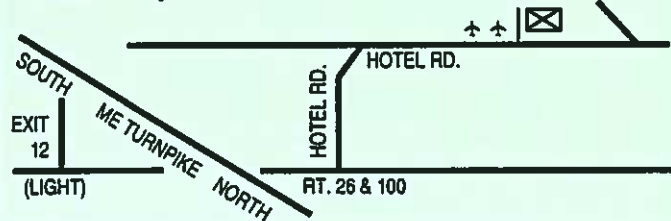
A full report and update will be given at the October MAHS meeting. Any questions or comments can be sent to Jim Chichetto in Etna, Jules Arel in Hermon or to Leo Boyle in Westbrook.



A Lockheed L-1649A Starliner in the late 1950s in TWA livery. See two of these magnificent airliners at the October meeting.

October Meeting

The October meeting will be held a week later than usual at 9 a.m. Saturday, October 18th. It is a great pleasure to be the guests of members Maurice Roundy and Jane Thebargé at their home on Hotel Road near the Auburn-Lewiston Airport. This is also the home of Maurice's two Lockheed Starliners, which we will have the opportunity to hear about from him and tour. This should be an exciting meeting and we urge all members to try to be there. If you need directions, call Leo at (207) 854-9972.



"ME ANG," *continued from page 3*

Maine. To this day, it is still perhaps the best looking F-101 unit design.

In 1976, the move from fighters to tankers caused a major shift in the way the Maine ANG went about their jobs. Many old fighter pilots retired from active duty, making room for newer pilots and aircrews to advance as the call for new job skills came. The mission now was to refuel other aircraft, not shoot them down.

The KC-135 was first flown by the USAF in 1957. Through the years the aircraft has been upgraded and continues to perform its assigned tasks 40 years later. The Boeing Stratotanker can fly at 610 mph at altitudes of 45,000 ft. and higher. With a four man crew, this aircraft can fly over 11,000 miles non-stop. The KC-135R versions have the updated CFM56-2B-1 engines which have added over 36,000 lbs. of thrust to the advanced airframe. Over the years the tail has been redesigned and electronics have been constantly updated. The KC-135 also is used for normal transportation of cargo and people. As part of the Maine ANG's job, mission training is carried out in all weather and under all types of weather conditions.

The 132nd became good at this task also. Along the walls of this display area are photos of unit flights and rows of awards. Like every other task undertaken by the 132nd, the refueling mission was and is still setting the pace for every other Guard



Examples of just a small amount of the memorabilia at the 101st Maine ANG base at the Bangor International Airport. (John Miller Photo)

unit in the US to follow.

Over 50 years of heritage, pride, sorrow and laughter are represented by the display in building 505. This display is made up of both private donations and used Guard equipment. It was put together by Guardsmen on their own and is kept up by them. As the years go by, more articles find their way into this display. It is truly representative of the job that the 132nd has done over the years it has been at Bangor, a job every citizen in Maine and the U.S. can be proud of.

Upcoming MAHS Meetings and Calendar of Events

- September 27-28 All Day Gadabout Gaddis Fly-In, Bingham, Maine.
 October 5 10 a.m. Antique Aeroplane Show, Owls Head Transportation Museum.
 October 10-12 All Day Northeast Aero Historians Meeting, National Soaring Museum, Elmira, NY. (Call Leo.)
 October 18 9 a.m. MAHS Meeting. The Starliners, Maurice Roundy's house at Auburn-Lewiston Airport.
 October 26 10 a.m. Great Fall Auction, Owls Head Transportation Museum. Free admission.
 November 8 9 a.m. MAHS Meeting, TBA.
 December 13 9 a.m. MAHS Meeting, TBA.

The meeting sites can be flexible. We are looking for suggestions on locations for many of these meetings. The same goes for the weekend hikes — let us know. We are also looking for guest speakers, slide shows, etc. Call Leo at 207-854-9972 or Jim at 207-269-3281 if you have any ideas or can be of help.

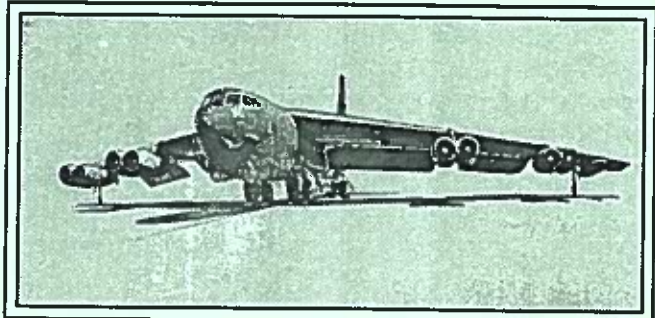
In addition, we will be scheduling hikes to aircraft wrecks from spring until fall. PLEASE: When you go to the sites of aircraft wrecks, sponsored by MAHS or not, please respect the site. Small souvenirs or remembrances taken are all right, but no wholesale carrying off of parts. Landowners become upset when truckloads disappear. They own the wreckage, and we may all lose our privilege to visit these sites if wholesale looting continues.

Welcome, New Members!

215. **William A. MacLeod** (*Maine Aviation*)
 53 Morton Road
 Yarmouth, ME 04096 207-846-5723
216. **Richard A. Johnson** (*Aviation Museums*)
 P.O. Box 5
 Dover-Foxcroft, ME 04426-0005 207-564-2017
217. **Maurice A. Roundy** (*Starliners*)
 Starliner Place, 2355 Hotel Road
 Auburn, ME 04210-8821 207-782-2680
218. **Carl A. Sederquist** (*Aviation History*)
 Quest Telecom Intn'l., 89 Main St., Suite 1
 Ellsworth, ME 04605 207-664-0122
219. **Edwin H. Papritz** (*Aviation*)
 Box 561C
 Eastbrook, ME 04634 207-565-2424
220. **Don Iorio**
 2 Hidden Cove Lane
 Lake Wylie, SC 29710
221. **Alfred G. Jenkins** (*Maine ANG*)
 18 Mountain View Avenue
 Bangor, ME 04401-7075 207-942-3803

Raffle to Benefit MAHS

This beautiful B-52 print (B&W), donated to MAHS by Larry Nickerson of Aerobat Aviation Gallery (see ad), will be auctioned off to benefit the MAHS. Tickets, limited to 600, are 3 for \$1.00 and are available by mail or at the October meeting in Auburn.



Need help? Have ideas? Want to get involved?
Join the Maine Aviation Historical Society
Help Celebrate and Preserve Maine's Aviation Heritage
Call Leo Boyle at (207) 854-9972 today!



**Aerobat
 Aviation
 Gallery**

LAWRENCE E. NICKERSON
 2107 CARMEL ROAD NORTH
 NEWBURGH, MAINE 04444

TEL. 207-234-7125
 E-MAIL: aerobatflyer@uninet.net

NEW ENGLAND

Wing Waxers

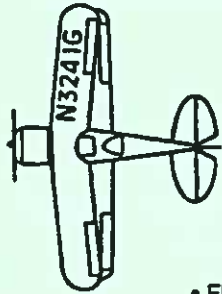
RFD 4 Box 5735
 Winthrop, ME 04364



Cynthia A & Marc E. McDonnell
 Owner/Operators

- * Aircraft Detailing
- * Mobile Services
- * Teflon Coating

Local (207) 377-6639
 Phone (888) 929-9464
 Call for info or appt.



93 North Road
Newburgh, Maine 04444
Tel/Fax: (207) 234-2777

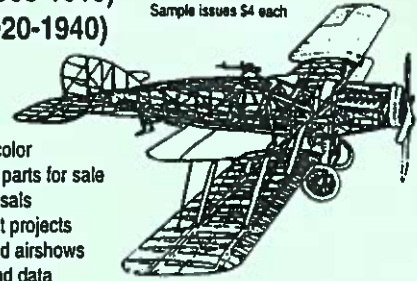
**VINTAGE WINGS
MILLERS FIELD**

- Flight Instruction - Basic, Tailwheel, Skis, Aerobatics
- Photography - Aerial Oblique, Air to Air
- Aircraft and Parts - Bought and Sold
- Aviation Art, Books, Artifacts

JOHN M. MILLER

**WWI AERO (1900-1919)
SKYWAYS (1920-1940)**

Sample issues \$4 each



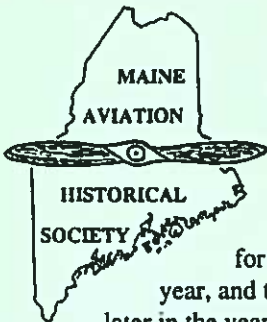
- historical research
- workshop notes
- information on paint/color
- aeroplanes, engines, parts for sale
- your wants and disposals
- information on current projects
- news of museums and airshows
- technical drawings and data
- photographs
- scale modelling material
- news of current publications

BUILD ONE! A REAL ONE!

Sole distributors for P3V, a computer program to generate a 3-view from a photograph.

Published by: **WORLD WAR I Aeroplanes, INC.**

15 Crescent Road, Poughkeepsie, NY 12601 USA (914) 473-3679



1997

**JOIN THE MAINE AVIATION HISTORICAL SOCIETY TODAY
AND HELP ENSURE OUR LEGACY FOR TOMORROW**

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Special Interests _____ Phone _____

Dues will be for the calendar year, and those joining later in the year will receive all newsletters retroactive to January of that year. All renewal of dues shall be due on January 1st.

Annual membership includes *12 monthly newsletters!* Mail payment to: MAHS
101 Monroe Avenue, Westbrook, ME
04092-4020

Membership	Dues	Benefits
Regular	\$20 annual	Newsletter
Corporate	\$50 annual	Newsletter, Calendar
Supporting	\$100 annual	Newsletter, Calendar
Lifetime	\$500	Newsletter, Calendar, Lifetime Membership Number (2 annual \$250 payments)

Maine Aviation Historical Society
101 Monroe Avenue
Westbrook, ME 04092-4020

COME JOIN US!
Saturday, October 18, 1997*
9 a.m. at the Starliners
Maurice Roundy's House
Auburn-Lewiston Airport
* Note Change of Date