



DIRIGO FLYER

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Newsletter of the Maine Aviation Historical Society
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Old Orchard Beach: Beginnings to Old Glory, Part III

In this issue, we are proud to reprint Part III of the Old Orchard Beach story by the late Frederick R. Hamlen. We wish to thank Leo Opdycke, publisher of *World War I Aero* and *Skyways* journals, for permission to reprint this great historical story.

Leo Boyle, Editor

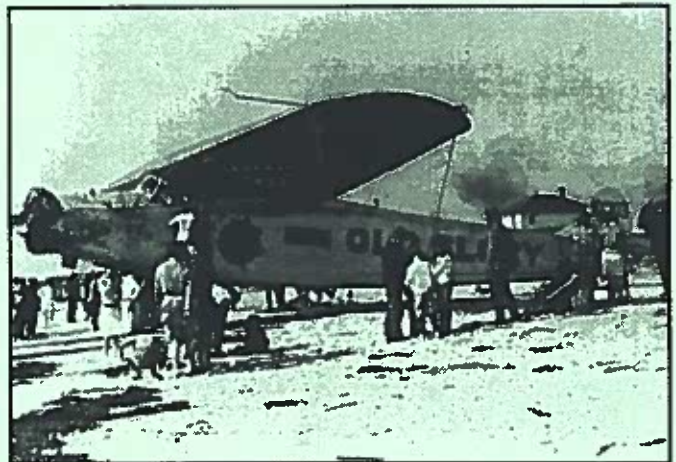
By Frederick R. Hamlen

We passed by my grandfather's house, and the procession stopped not far above it. The ropes were disconnected, and somebody climbed inside the ship from a point at the bottom of the fuselage. The engine was started amidst an enormous belch of blue smoke from the exhaust stacks. A frightening sound arose and, as it did, the plane, with wagging rudder, was turned toward the houses, and the sound of the engine diminished momentarily. We were standing behind the tail, waiting for whatever would come next, when the engine noise mounted again and became something that The Kid would never forget the rest of his days. Seeming to be fearfully angry, the engine roared, in a prolonged, stentorian and ear-shattering, terrorizing blast. There was a sandstorm which bit into our bare legs, and we all turned aside, bent over in self-protection. The big Fokker, inching its way forward, was horsed well up into the soft dry sand, and then to our enormous relief the engine was immediately shut down.

Dead silence followed as "Old Glory" was manhandled around until her tail was at the line of beach grass. We noticed that nearby some men were approaching with several big drums. Then a coil of hose was brought to the drums along with about four feet of pipe to which was attached some sort of machinery which included a crank. Carefully the hose was straightened out with one end being carried over to the plane and handed up to a man perched at the center of the wing. The end with the pipe was inserted through an opening in one of the drums.

Aviation-smart Joe breathlessly tipped off we younger ones. "She's being fueled! She is going to take off soon!"

We moved from position to position so as to catch every detail at each end of the operation. The man at the drum slowly turned the crank handle, stopping often while the man on the wing lifted the end of the hose and shook out a piece of cloth after inspecting it. The fueling took a long time. It was getting toward supper, and the multitude began to thin out until we were



Fokker F. VII "Old Glory" at the beach September 1927 prior to her ill-fated attempt to fly the Atlantic. (Photo: HJC, OOBHS)

about the only ones left, watching, watching and spellbound! Finally, we too dashed off to supper. It was gulped down and we rudely left the table and ran back to "Old Glory".

The great airplane could be approached closely now for she was alone with no protection except for a canvas wrapped around her engine. The running became a slow stealthy walk as the gaunt shape loomed overhead. We must have intuitively recognized her vulnerability with her load of aviation fuel. We walked all around, pushing her tires and "thrumming" her fabric with our fingers. "Old Glory" didn't complain, she simply stood there utterly silent. We inspected every detail. I became bothered by a certain little thing, I could find no entrance door until I finally came upon a small closed hatch located at the bottom of the fuselage. Joe tried to move the elevators

But let my cousin Joe relate the rest of the story of "Old Glory" as he wrote it in his book, *Flight Fever*.

OOB, continued on page 4

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Monthly meetings
are held at 10 a.m.
on the second Saturday
of each month
at various locations.

See calendar for details.

Editorial

The MAHS/MAM is at a crossroads as the year 2001 approaches. We have a golden opportunity to move forward in the coming years and build a great Air Museum for present and future generations to visit and learn and enjoy.

The first step is to VOTE. The nominating committee chaired by Carl Sederquist has come up with a great list of nominees for officers to carry us forward in the coming years. A ballot is enclosed. Please VOTE and return by December 9, 2000 to the address on the ballot. Write-ins are encouraged for officers so please feel free to vote your preferences. You should also vote for nine directors for varying terms. There are blanks for directors so put on your thinking caps and write in those who can best serve the Society. But most important of all, please VOTE.

I am not running for reelection for Secretary. I will be undergoing back surgery in November and it's time to turn the reins over to someone else. I will continue to be the editor of the *Dirigo Flyer*, so please continue to send your articles and pictures to me at 101 Monroe Avenue, Westbrook, Maine 04092-4020. All information regarding membership should be directed to MAHS, P.O. Box 2641, Bangor, Maine 04402-2641 after January 1, 2001.

For most of you, your membership dues are due January 1, 2001. Please make it easy for the membership secretary and renew as early as possible. This will ensure that you also receive all issues of the *Dirigo Flyer*. Also, please consider upgrading your membership to a family, supporting, or life membership as a means of supporting the aims and goals of the Society and the Museum.

Our fundraising drive will be in full swing in 2001, and everyone who can should volunteer to assist Carl Sederquist and his fundraising committee in raising funds for the major projects at the Museum that we now need to move forward. All members should also look to themselves and dig deep to help us move forward. When you look at how far we have come in the past eight years, you can see how much further we can go with a bit of capital.

Let's make 2001 a banner year for MAHS/MAM. You can help most by VOTING, VOLUNTEERING and GIVING. Please DO ALL YOU CAN DO — and thank you.

Leo Boyle, Editor

Nominations for Officers and Board of Directors Maine Aviation Historical Society/Maine Air Museum

The following nominations for officers of the MAHS/MAM are presented for election or re-election for two year terms:

President: John Garbinski (#245)
Vice President: Peter Noddin (#295)
Membership Secretary: Alfred Cormier (#196)
Recording Secretary: William Townsend (#101L)
Treasurer: Charles Brantner (#287)

The following nine Board of Directors positions are open for election or re-election:

John Garbinski (3 years)
Peter Noddin (3 years)
William Townsend (3 years)
Vacant (3 years)
Leo Boyle (#2L) (2 years)
James Chichetto (#5L) (2 years)
Charles Brantner (2 years)
Vacant (2 years)
Vacant (1 year)

Please give serious consideration to your choices for officers and board members for the MAHS/MAM. Write-in candidates are welcome! We need positive, dynamic leadership to carry the society ahead in the next few years. Ballots are included in this issue of the *Dirigo Flyer* and must be received by December 9, 2000. The new officers and directors will be sworn in at the January 2001 meeting.

Pearly Andrews of Searsport, Maine

How a Person Involved With Antique Autos in Maine Preserved the Artifacts of a Maine Aviation Event From the Pioneering Era

By Oscar Blue

Pearly Andrews from Searsport, Maine was born around 1900. He lived along Route One, two miles east of the center of town. Pearly made his living by running an automobile repair shop in Searsport. The building is still there and is a Sail Shop now.

I only talked to Pearly once at an antique automobile activity around 1970-71. He told me that he had retired from running his shop. He was driving a real nice, well cared for original 1941 Chevrolet and had a Brass Model T Ford and a rare center door Model T Ford Sedan. Pearly was a very knowledgeable man and really pleasant to talk to.

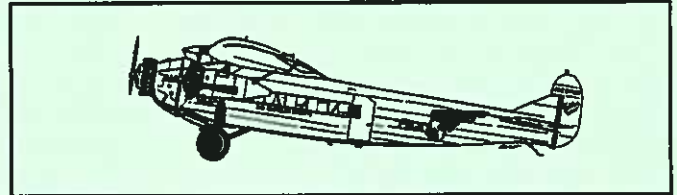
In the fall of 1997 someone told me about some artifacts from an early flight attempt in Searsport, Maine. This flight attempt supposedly happened in 1912 when Pearly was about 12 years old. He had very vivid recollections of it and saved the engine, propeller, wheels, plans and a model of the flying machine involved. A person who knew Pearly still had the plans and model. These I went to look at.

This is the story that was told to me from several sources:

In 1912 (there is a picture of the model dated 1912) someone from away sent plans to build a wood and fabric flying machine to a skilled boat builder in Searsport named Greeley (or Greely). When the flying machine was completed, a person came by train from somewhere in New York with what appears to have been a 1910 Curtiss Model C4 four cylinder air-cooled airplane engine. The engine was installed on the flying machine and made to run.

In 1912 there were open fields from Route One down to the bay. This happened between Route One and the bay at the Kidder Point area of Searsport. The railroad still goes through there.

The person then taxied the flying machine back and forth in the fields but sort of chickened out and did not allow it to lift off. Many people from the neighborhood came out to laugh and watch, including Pearly Andrews and the son of the builder,



Ed Greeley (or Greely). The person from New York left the flying machine against a stone wall, departed and never returned.

The wood and fabric flying machine rotted away. Pearly Andrews acquired and kept the engine, propeller, wheels, plans and model. The wood and fabric are gone, but in recent times a hunter tripped on one of the guy wires.

I heard most of this story from a person named Charles Morse who had an antique shop in the neighborhood, across Route One from where Pearly lived. Charles Morse knew both Ed Greeley (or Greely) and Pearly Andrews, but he has recently passed away.

From Pearly's grandson I heard that his grandfather once had a letter from the Smithsonian wanting to acquire the engine. The person who has the plans and model sold the wheels at Hershey. Pearly's grandson did not know what happened to the engine or propeller.

When I first saw the model I wondered why anyone in 1912 would ever build and try to fly such a thing. The airplane had been invented and was rapidly being perfected. If the real plane was like the model, it was a huge box kite on wheels. It would probably fly, but there was no apparent way to control it.

No one I talked to knew for sure who the person from New York was. I have some personal conclusions to who it was and why. What do you think?

To be continued . . .



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OOB, continued from page 1

(The following excerpt is from the book *Flight Fever* by Joseph Hamlen. Copyright 1971 by Joseph R. Hamlen. Published by Doubleday & Co., Inc. and reprinted with their permission.)

"I tried to move the elevators with my hands, but they were too heavy. I can still recall the oily smell that surrounded ("Old Glory"), for she was now fully loaded and ready to go. We ran home, as darkness came, for tomorrow would be a big day, and we'd have to be up early.

"It was a busy evening for the crew and their families at the Hotel Brunswick. The wives bustled about, preparing food for the flight. Dozens of sandwiches were made, chicken, ham and cheese. There were stuffed eggs, several loaves of bread, a huge slab of cheese, and seven gallons of water, all packed neatly in a container together with a large Thermos of Bertaud's favorite pea soup. Bertaud chatted calmly with newspapermen and visitors.... He told them that *Old Glory* might make a return trip via a southern route from French Morocco to Florida. It was 800 miles longer, but Bertaud felt that they would be helped along by the favorable trade winds. The tall, quiet Hill, the only one without a relative present, retired early. Payne and Bertaud, with their wives and Mrs. Callaghan, sat up talking until a late hour.

"It was sparkling and clear the next morning.... Crowds gathered around the plane early, though it was known that she couldn't leave until low tide, shortly after noon. Soon our little portion of the beach was packed with a sea of people. There was almost no wind, and the sun was hot.

"With their wives, Bertaud and Payne attended a special mass. Dr. James H. Scarr of the New York Weather Bureau assured Hill of good weather over the ocean. Hill studied a chart he had been given, pinpointing the position of all the ships at sea which would be within 200 miles of *Old Glory* on her way across. Though he reserved the right to change his mind, he told a reporter from the *Portland Press-Herald* that he expected to head for Bordeaux from the Newfoundland coast. He realized that it was a longer course than the now classical circle, but he felt that there would be less icing and sleet Bertaud added that the plane would be in continuous radio touch with ship and

shore, by means of the automatic transmission of her call letters, and by actual message transmissions. He confessed that his biggest worry was the takeoff. If he could get 1179 gallons of gas and a total weight of nearly 13,000 pounds into the air, the battle would be 75 percent won.

"At 11:30 AM, *Old Glory* was pushed down from the high water mark to the hard-packed sand and faced toward Old Orchard and its menacing pier, 2 1/4 miles off. The tide was dropping fast and soon would be at dead low. National Guardsmen held the crowd at a safe distance from the plane. Motorcycle police sped down the beach to clear it for takeoff

"Mrs. Payne and Mrs. Bertaud had written notes to their spouses, to read on the way across. Mrs. Callaghan saw 'J.D.' standing alone, without relative or girl. She scribbled a note, hurriedly, on a piece of scratch paper, folded it, and handed it to him.

"It said, 'You are a grand fellow, and we all like you.' Then she threw her arms around Hill and kissed him. He smiled shyly.

"A mechanic cranked on the engine starter as (Eric) Densham sat in the cockpit. The motor gave off a lusty roar as it whirred into action. When he opened the throttle, *Old Glory* trembled against her wheel chocks and the loose sand sprayed out behind her in clouds. There were parting handshakes and tearful embraces.

"Payne started to flip a coin to determine who would fly her. He dropped it in the sand as both men laughed. He picked it up and flipped it again.

"The ship's yours, J.D.," said the burly Bertaud.

"Just like another air mail flight," laughed Hill.

"They climbed in the hatch (at the bottom of the right side) of the fuselage. I had a sinking feeling when one of the mechanics sealed the hatch. How'll they ever get out? I thought. I could see Bertaud's head at the right cockpit window. Hill was hidden by him as he sat at the controls to his left. In the fuselage cabin Payne sat looking out the window, his glasses giving him an owl-like appearance. He sat in a chair beside the chart table, and alongside was the 82 pound radio set on which they relied so heavily

"There was a violent roar from the Jupiter engine, as Hill opened the throttle, and the plane started to move down the beach. We shielded our eyes from the blowing sand. *Old Glory* seemed so heavy and so slow....

"Motorcycles raced down alongside *Old Glory*. Harry Jones followed her in his Stinson, and took swiftly to the air, while *Old Glory* trundled along. The seconds passed. She grew smaller as she went further away from us, but there was no sign of her lifting. The crowd was tense and quiet, fearful of a dreadful crash. It looked as though she had reached Harry Jones's hangar. There was only a half mile left to the pier, and she was not yet airborne.

"Please get up, I can remember praying.

"Still, they stayed on the ground, with the protesting wail of her motor echoing the length of the beach.

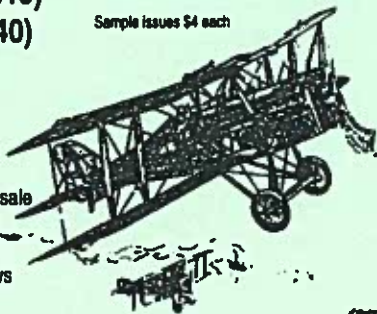
"Suddenly, she was off—only a little yet off, but the pier was closing in on her fast. She'd never clear it! At the last

OOB, continued on next page

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minute, we saw one golden wing dip as Hill banked gingerly around the edge of the dance pavilion and open air movie at the end, still only twenty feet in the air. As she flew out over the Saco coast toward Biddeford Pool, she gained little or no altitude. We could see her struggling. We held our breaths. As she neared Wood Island Light on Fortune's Rocks, *Old Glory* began to climb. Harry Jones, who followed them in his plane, said that a puff of air had sprung up from the southeast just at the right moment and had helped to lift her to a safer 500 feet. We watched her, spellbound, as she banked gently over Biddeford Pool and headed to the northeast.

"*Old Glory* left the ground at 1:25 PM At 2 PM she was sighted over Monhegan Island at the entrance to Penobscot Bay, 500 feet up. At 3:55 PM the Canadian freighter, *Empress*, 10 miles off Digby, Nova Scotia, reported her overhead, and at 4:15 PM she was seen flying low over Horborville, Nova Scotia. The next report of her came at 5:30 PM from Truro, Nova Scotia, followed shortly by another at 6 from Arisaig. There, the people said, she flew over so low that they could make out her markings, plainly. It was apparent that Bertaud had followed the Nova Scotia shore of the Bay of Fundy to Cape Split, crossed over the Minas Channel to Parrsboro, and then followed the northern shore of Cobequet Bay into Truro. From there, he followed the main highway to New Glasgow, turned east, and headed for the Bras d'Or Lakes, where the plane was spotted by many. At 7 PM *Old Glory* flew over North Sydney and minutes later was reported by residents of New Waterford, Cape Breton, to have left shore, flying in a northeasterly direction. All seemed to be well with her when two and a half hours later, she passed over Buren, Newfoundland, at 1000 feet.

"In addition to the sightings, there were frequent radio reports throughout the day and evening from *Old Glory*. The radio station at St. John, New Brunswick, picked up a message at 4:20 PM. SHIP IS TAIL HEAVY, WILL SEND LATER. LOVE TO ALL. WE ARE MAKING 100 MILES AN HOUR.

"It is thought from this that Bertaud was back in the radio cabin with Payne, giving him operating instructions. Within a half an hour, a message was received that Bertaud had relieved Hill at the controls. At 5:51 and again at 6:10 PM there were messages from the plane received by the operator on St. Paul Island to the effect that all was well. Her progress and speed reports were encouraging to those close to the flight.

"At 6:30 PM a radio message was sent by the *S.S. George Washington*:

"WE ARE ABOUT 860 MILES EAST OF AMBROSE LIGHT. PLANE JUST TWO DEGREES OFF OUR PORT BOW.

"At 8:30 PM *George Washington* sent another message:

"HEARING RADIO OF PLANE OLD GLORY BUT CANNOT GET PLANE TO ANSWER. APPARENTLY, ALL GOING WELL.

"At 9:25 PM the *S.S. Berlin*, 1200 miles east of New York, reported that she had heard the plane but had not been able to

communicate with her; at 10:33 PM the wireless station at Cape Race, Newfoundland, heard from *Old Glory*.

"ALL O.K. MAKING GOOD TIME. BEST REGARDS.

"The message was unsigned and no position given. There was no further word for two hours, when, at 12:41 AM September 7, the *S.S. California* radioed that at 11:57 PM, 350 miles east of St. John's:

"MONOPLANE OLD GLORY ON TRANSATLANTIC EAST BOUND FLIGHT PASSED OVERHEAD AT 300 FEET FLYING WELL. The *California* reported further that it was a foggy night with a fresh westerly wind making the ocean choppy.

"There followed four hours of silence. This did not give cause for alarm, for it was thought that the inexperienced Payne in all likelihood was struggling to learn the set.

"At 4:03 AM the radio operators aboard the *S.S. Carmania* and *S.S. Lapland* were horrified when a message crackled over their receivers:

"OLD GLORY! SOS! SOS!

"No position was given. They strained their ears, trying to pick up further details, but six minutes passed in dreadful silence, during which their frantic calls for a position went unanswered.

"Suddenly, their radios crackled again with the desperate message:

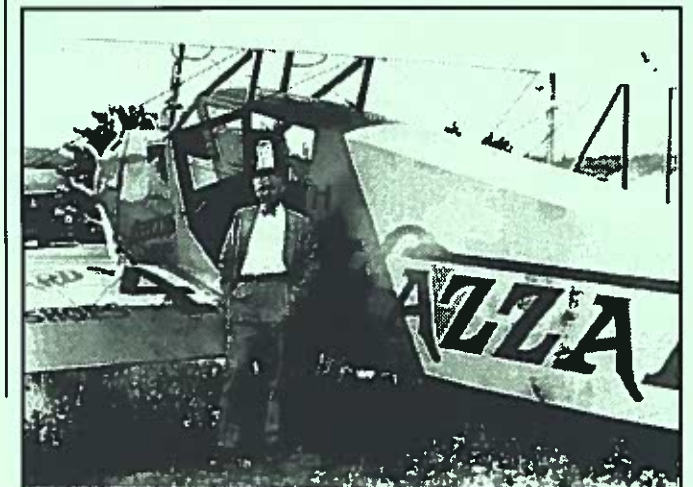
"OLD GLORY SOS! SOS! FIVE HOURS OUT FROM NEWFOUNDLAND BOUND EAST!

"That was all. It was surmised that the distress call came from Payne, for Bertaud, the experienced navigator, would have had the exact position at his fingertips.

"Navigators aboard all ships in the vicinity went to work in a flash, calculating rapidly. The last known speed of *Old Glory* was 100 miles an hour, and, adding 15 miles to it for the tail wind, would place them approximately 600 miles east of Cape Race. Radio operators tried in vain to reach the plane again, and, ominously, there were no further reports of the automatic 'WHRP' signals.

"Captain David W. Bone of the *S.S. Transylvania* estimated that he was 80 miles from where the last SOS had been sent.

OOB, continued on page 6



Harry Jones and his Stinson Detroit SB-1B cabin biplane advertising Hazzard Shoes, 1927

OOB, continued from page 5

"At 4:28 AM he radioed: HAVE ALTERED COURSE 150 DEGREES TO SEARCH AIRPLANE OLD GLORY, HER SOS INDICATES POSITION ABOUT 49 DEGREES 50 MINUTES NORTH, 41 DEGREES 15 MINUTES WEST. FRESH WESTERLY WINDS AND SEA. The message added that *Old Glory's* signals were very strong at the time of her last distress call.

"The *S.S. Carpulín*, in the area, also, raced to the scene. One minute after *Transylvania's* message, she radioed:

"RECEIVED SOS FROM PLANE OLD GLORY GIVING POSITION AS FIVE HOURS OUT OF NEW-FOUNDLAND BOUND EAST. AFTER, ALL COMMUNICATION CEASED. PLANE MUST BE ON SURFACE OF WATER. HAS NO AERIAL NOW. SEARCHING ACROSS ATLANTIC.

"At 4:40 AM *Transylvania* radioed again:

"FRESH WINDS AND SEA. TRAVELING FULL SPEED. HAVE ALTERED COURSE TO SEARCH FOR OLD GLORY. IT IS PITCH DARKNESS. NO MOON. WILL BE DIFFICULT TO FIND SHIP.

"At 5:30 AM she sent another message:

"PROCEEDING TO ESTIMATED POSITION OF PLANE. NO FURTHER SIGNALS HEARD. CONTINUING SEARCH. FRESH WEST BY SOUTH WINDS BLOWING AND ROUGH SEAS. CAPTAIN DAVID W. BONE.

"She reported again at 10:30 AM:

"HAVE SEARCHED AREA FOR THIRTY MINUTES AROUND POSITION WITHOUT RESULT. NOW PROCEEDING TOWARD POINT IN WHICH AIRPLANE WAS SEEN BY SS CALIFORNIA EARLIER.

"*Transylvania* radioed her final message at 3 PM:

"HAVE SEARCHED AREA WITHOUT RESULT. LITTLE HOPE SURVIVAL IN VIEW OF ROUGH SEAS. CALIFORNIA SEARCHING NORTH, AMERICAN MERCHANT TO EAST. AM PROCEEDING ON VOYAGE.

"At 3:15 PM *S.S. Carmania* radioed from the vicinity of *Old Glory's* final message.

"ROUGH BREAKING SEA. TEMPERATURE 59. WATER TEMPERATURE 62. CONSIDER LITTLE CHANCE OF SURVIVAL OF COLLAPSIBLE BOAT IF OLD GLORY WAS PREPARED WITH SAME.

"At 5:20 PM she radioed again:

"NOW NIGHTFALL AND QUITE DARK. REGRET SEARCH FOR MISSING PLANE OLD GLORY WITHOUT RESULT.

"When the *Transylvania* docked in New York, Captain Bone said that he had zigzagged across the estimated area of the SOS call for eight hours, with fourteen lookouts scanning the sea with binoculars, but had sighted nary a clue. The passengers aboard the *California*, the last to see *Old Glory* in the air, described her as a dark shadow with a flashing light at an altitude of 300 feet. They added that the shadow had disappeared quickly off the ship's port bow.

"Speculation over what happened aboard *Old Glory*, after fourteen hours of normal flight, filled the air during the next days. Tony Fokker was convinced that the overload on the plane

had placed too much of a strain on the engine. He noted that the weather was moderately good, the winds were in their favor, and that only engine trouble could have brought the plane down. Other experts theorized that the trouble might have been caused by a defective spark plug, or a leaking gas line. Harry Jones recalled Hill's complaint about 'sticking valves'. Densham, however, put in a quick rebuttal to the theories. He said that a complete new set of spark plugs had been installed the day before the trip to Old Orchard. He added that the feed lines were made of copper, enclosed in rubber, and bound at danger points with tape to guard against leakage caused by engine vibration. Furthermore, he said, the valve trouble that had bothered Hill had been rectified completely before their departure.

"Throughout September 7 and 8, steamers in the area continued to search the rough seas for a trace of the plane or her crew. Captain Hartley, due to sail with *Leviathan* on September 10, a personal friend of Bertaud and Payne, promised to keep a careful lookout as his ship passed through the waters where *Old Glory* was thought to have gone down.

"William Randolph Hearst, disconsolate, released now after the fact a copy of the telegram he had sent to Payne telling him of his uneasiness over the flight. He announced, also that the mail steamer *S.S. Kyle* had been chartered by the *Daily Mirror* in St. John's to search for the plane, but her speed was only 12 knots, and she was not expected to reach the suspect area until dawn September 11.

"The *S.S. Republic* radioed that she was scouting a 75-mile area in legs of five miles, but thus far had nothing to report. The *Carmania* and *Lapland* docked in New York after extensive but futile searches....

"September 11 came and went without any hopeful word. The *S.S. Kyle* reported that she had searched the supposed crash area, and had found no evidence of plane or crew (Later) the *Kyle* reported that she was proceeding north from 48 degrees, 34 minutes north, 44 degrees, 48 minutes west, to continue her search.

"On the afternoon of September 12, *Kyle* flashed the somber though exciting news that she had located the wreckage of *Old Glory*, 100 miles north of the estimated position. There was little further news from *Kyle* as to the possible fate of the crew until late in the evening when a more detailed message was received from her. They described hauling aboard a huge section of wing, made of heavy box beams and ribs of wood, which was typical of Fokker designs. It was fastened to a small part of the fuselage by four bolts. No mention was made of identifying markings, but, the message added sadly, that a thorough search of the area had turned up no trace of either rubber boat or crew

"When the *Kyle* reached port a few days later, she had aboard a 34-foot section of wing together with three gas tanks. Portions of the undercarriage were attached and the left wheel was intact. A part of the instrument panel containing the gas gauges survived, along with bits of feed pipes connected to the tanks. Experts were astounded that so much of the wreckage had remained afloat for five days. Reporters who examined the

OOB, continued on page 7

Upcoming MAHS Meetings and Calendar of Events

2000 — 2000 — 2000 — 2000 — 2001 — 2001 — 2001 — 2001

November 11 10 a.m.MAHS Meeting, Maine Air Museum, Bangor, Maine.

Nov. 2000 All Day Cole's Land Transportation Museum Reunion.

December 9 10 a.m.MAHS Meeting, TBA.

Meeting sites are flexible. Call Scott Grant at 207-775-3404 if you have any ideas or can be of help.

Welcome New Members

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Do You Have E-Mail?

Don't forget to send us your e-mail address if you want it listed in the *Dirigo Flyer*. It's a great way to keep in touch with other members, share information quickly and stay current on aviation issues and happenings.

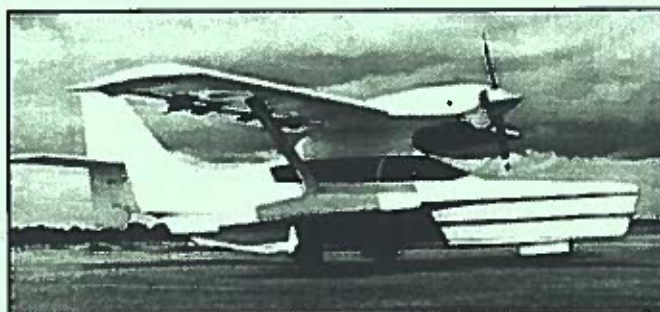
OOB, continued from page 6

wreckage at Bay Roberts, Newfoundland, said that the Stars and Stripes and a part of the lettering were clearly discernible on the wing, and that there was little doubt that it came from *Old Glory*. What was left of the steel wing struts, which were three inches in diameter, were smashed as if by an ax, and the ribs had been chewed to bits. The plywood forming the covering of the wing was splintered, and the spruce wood framing, 3 1/2 by 2 inches, was snapped off like matchwood. It had not been a gentle ditching.

"The master of the *Kyle* said that the first sign that they were closing in on something was when the ship sailed into a large greenish field of lubricating oil. For fifteen minutes they cruised slowly along the edge of the mass. Suddenly, a lookout shouted, 'Wreckage two points off the port bow!'

"A boat was lowered and the salvage operation begun. The large piece of wing containing the gas tanks was secured and hoisted carefully to the deck, but not carefully enough. The tanks were full when the wing was recovered from the water, but as it was being hoisted aboard, the contents spilled out, and it was never determined whether they were full of sea water or gasoline.

An International Beauty



The Centaur Amphibian

A new amphibian is being developed in Great Britain and the U.S.A., and the American group, headed by David and Jackie Verrill, is located here in Scarborough, Maine.

The craft (pictured above) offers high load capacity for land, sea and air navigation while carrying six passengers.

For more information, visit their web site at: www.centaurseaplane.com or call your editor at 207-854-9972.

"During the night, the *Kyle* continued its search, plowing in a northeasterly direction in hopes of coming upon some trace of the flyers in the rubber boat. They found nothing, only the endless swells of the dark ocean

"In time, the wreckage was returned to New York, in a large, plain pine box, and it reposed for weeks in a warehouse of the *New York Daily Mirror*. Ultimately, the remains were moved to the Museum of West New York, New Jersey, where the left wheel of *Old Glory* may be seen to this day."

Exactly what happened to "Old Glory" we'll never know. Had the untested Jupiter engine finally failed? That seems most likely. But why? Had the stress of an overload caused the failure? Or had some part or parts of the engine failed? Or could there have been some other cause? Certainly there is room for conjecture. But whatever occurred to bring about the SOS signal and the loss of "Old Glory" it seems clear from the evidence that the plane impacted the sea in a nose down attitude, the impact shattering the plane in an instant and swiftly taking the lives of its crew.

Back at Old Orchard Beach, we were deeply saddened by the loss of the men who had become "our friends" and all the more wise about aviation exploits.

As Joe wrote: "SIC TRANSIT GLORIA."

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Aviation Artifacts

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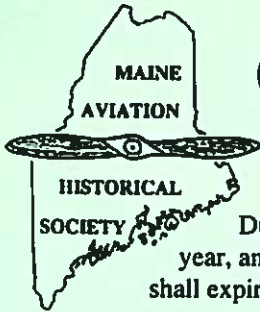
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November Meeting

Saturday, November 11, 2000
10 a.m.
Maine Air Museum Building
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