

DIRIGO FLYER

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Newsletter of the Maine Aviation Historical Society
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Transfer to Loring AFB*

** This short segment is excerpted from Hank's longer study of his Air Force life titled: Twenty Years of Flying ... and Boy Are My Arms Tired! This happened when we were returning from a training mission. We were on final approach and the engines (we had eight) started to fail. By the time we touched down, we only had three engines functioning. A SAC safety team and engineers from Boeing investigated and discovered a rare situation where fuel could ice up in the lines causing the engines to stop. The problem was solved and directives issued to all units to insure that the problem would not reoccur.*

By Henry L. Marois Jr., Lt. Col., USAF, Retired

Mary and I and the three boys left Japan aboard a charter civilian airline flight to San Francisco. When the customs agent in Hawaii started to check our luggage, Mary told him to be careful because there were some dirty diapers in the suitcases. He immediately cleared us through! We flew regular commercial air to Boston. They gave our family the entire forward first class compartment. When we landed in Boston my brother George was there to meet us and we rented a car and headed for Middleboro.

I had ordered a new car before we left Japan but there was an auto workers strike and they couldn't guarantee delivery. George and I went to Boston and I bought a new 1959 DeSoto four door sedan. It was white, a mile long and had huge rear fins. A big step up after driving a VW Beetle.

After visiting with my mother in Middleboro, we drove up to Bar Harbor to visit with Mary's folks. Paul became sick with bronchitis on the way up and had to be hospitalized as soon as we arrived in Bar Harbor. Poor little guy, we would visit him but we couldn't let him see us because he would start to cry. We wanted so much to hug him but we couldn't. After a few days he was better and was back with us again. I remember how concerned Billy was over Paul being hospitalized.

They told me that it would be a month or two before we would get government housing on the base so we rented a small furnished apartment in Bar Harbor, not far from Mary's parents, while I went on up and signed in at Loring Air Force Base, Limestone, Maine and checked into the Transient Officers Quarters.

It was a long four hour drive due north from Bar Harbor. When I signed in to the 42nd Bombardment Wing, little did I suspect that I would spend over one third of my Air Force career there, be promoted twice, receive a severe injury and most important of all, another small boy would join our family. Those seven and a half years would see our family temporarily living in Merced, California; Ramey A.F.B., Puerto Rico and Omaha, Nebraska.

Newsletter Editor: Leo Boyle



Lt. Col. C.E. Rohr, left, commander of the 69th Bomb Squadron toasts members of a B-52 crew which successfully landed their craft on three operative engines. For their outstanding feat, the group was named Crew of the Month for October. From left to right are Capt. Clifford G. McCathron, A/C; 1/Lt. Eugene Johnson, co-pilot; Capt. William E. Winemiller, radar navigator; 1/Lt. Thomas F. Mahon, navigator; 1/Lt. Henry L. Marois, ECM; and TSgt Lonnie D. Plummer, tail gunner.

At that time the United States Air Force credited anyone stationed at Loring AFB as completing an overseas assignment until the Maine congressional delegation got wind of this and stated that Maine was not a foreign country and forced the Air Force to end the practice.

The 42nd Bombardment Wing at Loring AFB was in the process of expanding and would shortly be receiving new aircraft. Most of the aircrew members had previously flown the six engine Boeing B47 or the ten engine Convair B-36. I was one of the very few to report to the base from overseas and was not in "pipeline" status to receive training enroute to the base.

I was assigned to the 69th Bombardment Squadron and

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web site: acadia.net/mahs/
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Peter Noddin (#295)
East Millinocket, ME 04430
207-746-5166
e-mail: petef86a@midmaine.com

Vice President

Leslie Shaw (#331L)
Brewer, ME 04412
207-989-4168
e-mail: les_shaw@umit.maine.edu

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Bar Harbor, ME 04609
207-288-5654
e-mail: townsend@acadia.net

Treasurer

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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.

A LOOK INSIDE THE MAHS MAILBAG

Flying the Albatross

Featured in the January 2004 *Dirigo Flyer*

Member Phil Plummer of Abbott (and Schenectady, NY), who was responsible for getting us Lt. Colby's great story of his long boat ride in a Grumman Albatross, reminds us that Malcolm Colby grew up in Bangor. He and Phil both lived on Royal Road, very close to the airport, and always had a love of airplanes.

Clearing Up the Larry Mudgett Story

Featured in the February 2004 *Dirigo Flyer*

The Larry Mudgett story gets closer to resolution with this note from Norm Houle to Jim McCarthy:

Hi Jim, Just read your letter about Larry Mudgett in February 2004 issue of *Dirigo Flyer*. I know very little about L. Mudgett. Way in the back of my mind I seem to remember Ralph Mower telling me that Mudgett had a younger sister in Bangor. A notehr fly boy of that time was Randy Mulhern, also of Bangor, and they may have known each other. Let's see, I think Mulhern had a brother in Bangor who was a photographer for the *Bangor Daily News*. Way back in the early '50s, I think I heard some talk about Mudgett dying in an airplane accident flying for an outfit called Resort Airline. The accident, if it really happened, may have been down south, probably Texas. I'm sure Ken G. DeWitt (1660 Harvard Street, Clearwater, FL 34615, 727-446-4135) knew Mudgett pretty well and can give you better info than I. Good luck. Norm Houle

1947 Stinson Destroyed by Fire

Sanford, Maine Airport on January 25, 2004

This is what is left of the 1947 Stinson Station Wagon (108-3, N6234M) destroyed by fire during engine start Sunday, January 25, 2004 at the Sanford, Maine Airport.

This plane was formerly registered NC6197M.



Photo by Norm Houle

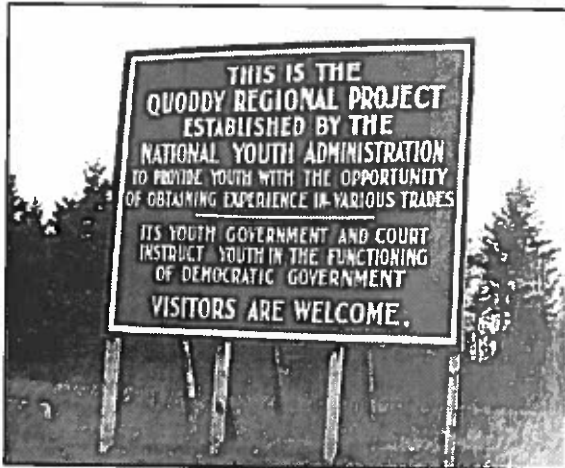
When I first went to work at Doanes Airport (later called Brewer Airport) in 1948, Mr. Charlie Shields was airport manager. Doanes Airport, Inc. only had two Stinsons: NC 6059M was used on the GI program and NC 6197M was used very little so we could keep the time down for resale. I don't know where Dick Files or Ken Hassen purchased their Stinsons. If they purchased them at Brewer, it was before I got there in 1948. There is a good chance they may have purchased them from Mr. Troxel at the Port of Maine Airport in South Portland, Maine.

Forgotten Past

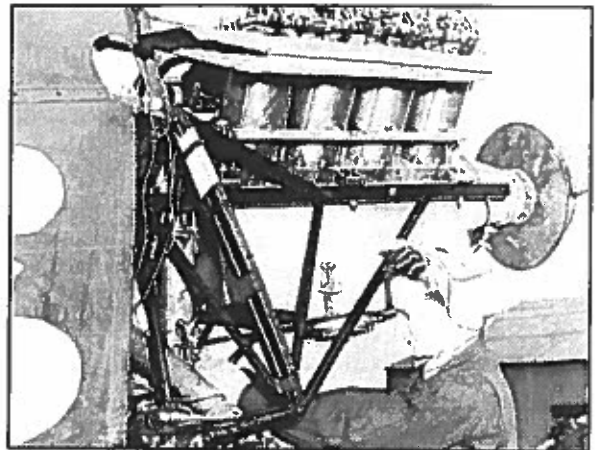
Member Andy Stinson of Enfield sent us these pictures of one of the first trade schools in Maine especially for aviation. This school was located in Quoddy, was a federal government project, and the teachers were paid by the state of Maine.

In 1940, Andy was enrolled in a garage course and then transferred to the aviation school. He was then employed in St. Louis, Missouri by the St. Louis Car Company working on an experimental troop glider.

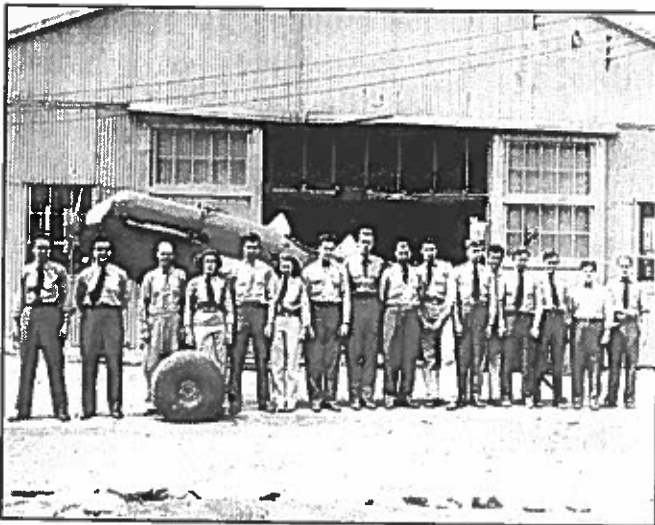
In 1942, he was called back to the NYA School as an instructor in the aircraft shop. The students were taught to make an aircraft. First came the rib jig, then wooden wing ribs, and finally building a wing. After covering the wing, they rebuilt a Fairchild 24 and also built a glider that was displayed at the Acro Rendevous of 1941 in Augusta.



This sign was at the entrance of the project.



The school was for girls as well as boys. Here a girl is troubleshooting on the OX-5 engine, trying to find the trouble Andy had caused.



This is a line-up of the instructors at that time. Many were graduates from other aviation schools. Andy is fourth from the right end.



This is a typical class, with Andy as instructor. Many students were from Maine, but a lot from Massachusetts and New York State, too.

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"Loring," con't from page 1

while awaiting assignment to various ground and flying school as a requisite to becoming qualified in the B-52. Since I was previously qualified in a jet aircraft, the RB 66, I was allowed to go on B-52 training missions with different crews. I was also able to get some "flying" time in the B-52 electronic warfare flight simulator. I would attend mission planning, preflight and go along as an observer on training missions. On occasion, if the crew had an Instructor Electronic Warfare Officer, I would get in the EWO's ejection seat and make training jamming runs.

On one mission the crew's EWO had to cancel out at the last minute and the Aircraft Commander asked me if I would like to fly in his place. I said I would be happy to. We went out to the aircraft and I was met by a captain wearing a white scarf who followed me around as I did my preflight, etc.

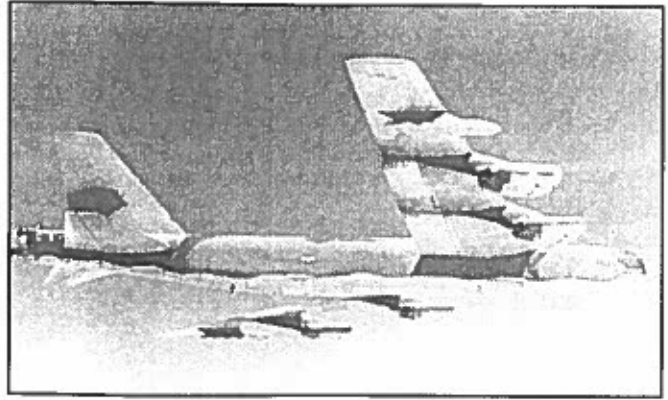
We taxied out, took off and I flew the mission. This guy wearing the white scarf sat on the bunk next to me and was writing during the entire mission. I didn't know what he was doing, maybe a letter home to his mother? I received good scores for the runs I made and my astronomical observations with the periscope sextant were right on the nose.

After we landed and were at the Maintenance Debriefing the captain who had been doing all the writing took me aside and informed me that I had just been given a SAC Regulation 514, No Notice Check Ride and that I just barely passed. He told me that I got good results on my runs but that I didn't follow the standardized procedures and didn't they teach me anything at the 4017th? I thanked him and then asked him, "What is the 4017th?" He shot back, "That's the Combat Crew Training Squadron at Castle Air Force Base." I meekly replied that I had never attended the school and was awaiting my orders to go. He had a fit! It seems he had just spent 12 hours giving a check ride to someone not even qualified in the aircraft!

Shortly thereafter he was promoted and transferred and our paths didn't cross until a few years later when I was attending a special school at Maxwell AFB, Alabama and he was stationed there. I bought him a drink at the bar and we had a good laugh over the incident.

Part of my B-52 training included completion of the Survival Training Course at Stead AFB near Reno, Nevada. I was sent there the week before Thanksgiving for the two week program. This covered mainly winter and mountainous terrain survival. The first week was classroom work. We were trained to use the equipment which we would actually have in our ejection seats if we had to bail out. The second week consisted of a field exercise where we had to cross several mountains and make it to a pick up area. All the while there were "enemy" troops searching for us in the woods. They also told us that the "enemy" would try to lure us out of hiding with promises of safe passage, etc. Very realistic.

This took place in a national park near the Truckee River, this is where the television series, "Bonanza" was filmed. Very rugged terrain. We had survival rations but were to only use them when necessary. We slept in our parachutes. We were pared up two by two and the guy I was with and I killed a rattlesnake and actually ate it! This was my Thanksgiving Day dinner. They



A Boeing B-52D Stratofortress, representative of the aircraft flown by Hank Marois. (USAF Photo)

told us that rattlesnake meat tastes like chicken. It doesn't. It tastes like rattlesnake! We caught and ate a rabbit and netted a couple of trout out of the river.

While we were out on the exercise there was an early season freak snowstorm and it dumped about three feet of snow on the area. No one was prepared for this. The commander of the school sent men out in tracked "Weasels" up and down the mountain roads and announced with electric bull horns for us all to come in and get issued heavier winter clothing. We weren't going to fall for this one. No one came in. Actually it was not a trick and the commander was having a fit because there were 50 men out there and he had no way of knowing if we had frozen to death or were alive.

The man I was with had sprained his ankle and had trouble walking but he wouldn't give up. The two of us made it to within a mile or two of the pick up point when we decided to stop for the night. There was no moon and we split up about 50 feet apart and went to sleep. At sunrise we could hear the roar of engines of several "Weasels." We got out of our bed rolls, covered our tracks and went up the mountain about 50 feet. We were up there getting our bearings when two of these vehicles came up the mountain below us. It seems that we had both gone to sleep right on the edge of the snow covered road they were driving on!

After the field exercise was over we had a critique of the entire course and were invited by Harrah's Club for a night at the casino. We were given dinner chits and about ten dollars worth of casino chits for gambling. I was playing blackjack and after a couple of games the dealer called me by my name. How did she know who I was? She was the wife of one of the guys I had bunked with back in Aviation Cadet days and I had met her at the Cadet Club. She was wearing a wig. Her husband was stationed at Nellis and we met him later that evening.

When I returned to Loring, we were assigned government housing on the base. We were all back as a family again. The boys had a ball playing in the snow. I didn't because I had to do the shoveling. During the seven and a half years at Loring we lived in five different homes. The government was remodeling the houses and we were all being moved every few months.

Did You Know ...?

We have a World War II U.S. Army Corps Medal of Honor winner living in Machias, Maine. Lt. Col. (Ret.) Jay Leamer Jr. is a prime candidate for the Maine Aviation Museum Hall of Fame.

ZEAMER, JAY JR. (Air Mission)

Rank and organization: Major, U.S. Army Air Corps.

Place and date: Over Buka area, Solomon Island, 16 June 1943.

Entered service at: Machias, Maine.

Birth: Carlisle, PA



Citation:

On 16 June 1943, Major Zeamer (then Capt.) volunteered as pilot of a bomber on an important photographic mapping mission covering the formidably defended area in the vicinity of Buka, Solomon Islands. While photographing the Buka airdrome, his crew observed about 20 enemy fighters on the field, many of them taking off. Despite the certainty of a dangerous attack by this strong force, Maj. Zeamer proceeded with his mapping run, even after the enemy attack began. In the ensuing engagement, Maj. Zeamer sustained gunshot wounds in both arms and legs, one leg being broken. Despite his injuries, he maneuvered the damaged plane so skillfully that his gunners were able to fight off the enemy during a running fight which lasted 40 minutes. The crew destroyed at least five hostile planes, of which Maj. Zeamer himself shot down one. Although weak from loss of blood, he refused medical aid until the enemy had broken combat. He then turned over the controls, but continued to exercise command despite lapses into unconsciousness, and directed the flight to a base 580 miles away. In this voluntary action, Maj. Zeamer, with superb skill, resolution, and courage, accomplished a mission of great value.

In Memoriam: Lloyd S. Gates 1914-2004



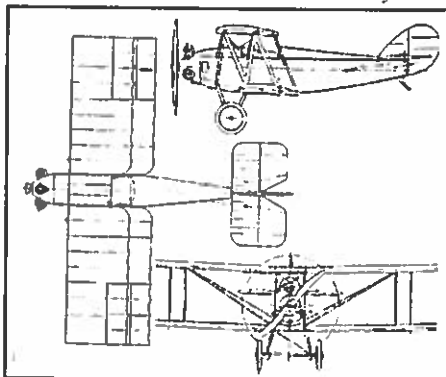
Back in our younger days, I had been lucky enough to make the acquaintance of Lloyd Gates of Norway. Before the active days of the Maine Aviation Historical Society and the Maine Air Museum, we were both involved in the Northeast Aero Historians. If my memory serves me right, we first met in 1981 at their annual meeting at Owls Head.

I was fascinated by Lloyd's plan to build a replica of the Sperry Messenger, a 1920s single-place biplane. His determination and perseverance in searching for instruments and the three-cylinder engine for this project were commendable. We went on to attend other Northeast Aero Historians meetings in Connecticut, Rhine Beck, Canada, and he helped me run one at Owls Head.

A great person, a fine friend, and I shall miss member #21 in so many ways.

— Leo Boyle

A three-view plan of the Sperry Messenger, the replica that Lloyd Gates was building.



NORWAY — Lloyd Stearns Gates, 88, of Norway, formerly of Weston, MA, passed away early Friday, January 30.

He was born October 16, 1914 on his grandfather Richard Gates' farm on Stearns Hill in West Paris. He was married to Loretta (Muriel) Haskell Gates of Forest Hills, NY for 62 years.

He graduated from Paris High School in 1931. His teenage years were marked by a certain amount of daring and adventure. Inspired by Charles Lindbergh, Lloyd built an uncovered canvas winged airplane glider in 1929 with a group of chums, including Frank Goldsmith and Stan Merrill.

He attended Wentworth Technical Institute in Boston and attained a graduation certificate in tool and die engineering. He then became a machinist at R.H. Wilder in Waltham, MA, an optics and specialty mechanical equipment manufacturer, where he retired in 1970 as their chief executive responsible for marketing and sales.

After his retirement in 1970, Lloyd and his family moved to Norway, where he remained active in civic affairs and public service for over 30 years.

Following his lifelong passion for aviation and recognizing the potential for regional economic development, he was active in the local leadership group that set the strategy, bought land and obtained the grants from the FAA which resulted in the creation of the Oxford Airport Development Park.

Survivors include: his wife Loretta; their six children, Richard and Elizabeth Gates of Rochester, NY, James and Barbi Tinder of Stoneham, John and Cheryln Gates of Natick, MA, James Stearns Gates of Waterville, Steve and Joan Gates of Andover, MA, and William and Sharon Gates of Peru; his brother Stanley Richard Gates of South Paris; 11 grandchildren and five great-grandchildren. He was predeceased by a brother, Raymond Jackson (Jack) Gates in 1951.

Obituary reprinted from The Lewiston Sun Journal, 2/2/04.

Buy a Brick and Support the Maine Air Museum

The Maine Air Museum is proud to announce the new Memorial Pathway Program. Here's how it works:

To successfully carry out and reach the museum vision, and to refurbish building 98, the Maine Air Museum needs the financial support of business and public community leaders and individual private citizens. Your interest in preserving the rich Maine aviation history will require funding presently not available to the museum effort. To this end, the museum board has established the following contribution plan for receiving your monetary donation and recognizing your gift permanently in the museum pathway and wall of honor. Remember: your donation is fully deductible.

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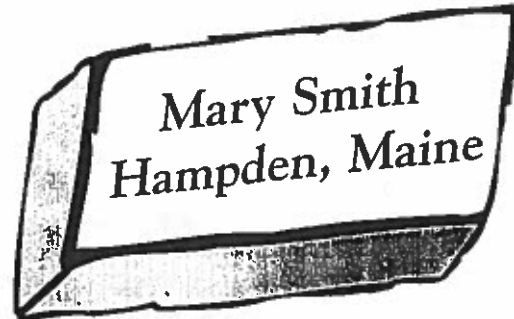
Entitles the gift giver to a two-year membership and three-year museum pass, copy of The United States Air Force in Maine, and a benefactor's engraved 4"x8"x2.5" red clay brick with up to two lines (14 characters/line, .65" high) of commemorative text in the name of the gift giver or his/her memorial to others. Brick to be installed on the museum grounds, walkway or building facade.

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Upcoming MAHS Meetings and Events



- February 28 10 a.m. Board of Directors Meeting, Snowman Printing, Bangor, Maine.
- March 13 10 a.m. MAHS Meeting, Maine Air Museum, Bangor, Maine.
- April 10 10 a.m. MAHS Meeting, Maine Air Museum, Bangor, Maine.
- May 8 10 a.m. MAHS Meeting, Maine Air Museum, Bangor, Maine.
- May 29 10 a.m. Re-opening for 2004, Maine Air Museum, Bangor, Maine.

Got Ideas?
 MAHS meeting sites are flexible and we're always looking for guest speakers and new program ideas. If you have any ideas or if you can be of help, call Les Shaw at 1-877-280-MAHS.

Got 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.

We Still Need Volunteers

We still need volunteers to work in the museum! We need people to work on our engine displays, touch up and production of historical displays, office work, computer filing, and, of course, yard work. We also need a serious model builder to assist in repairing, cleaning and constructing models, dioramas and other displays.

To volunteer, call 1-877-280-MAHS. To check the dates on which we need help, link to:
MaineAirMuseumvolunteerschedule.org

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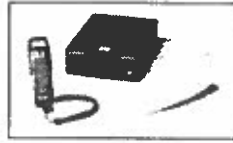
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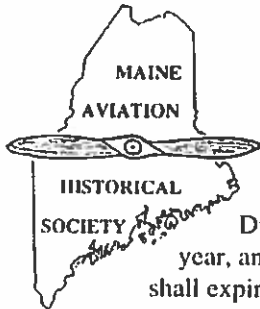
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Maine Aviation Historical Society
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March Meeting

March 13, 2004

10 a.m.

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Bangor, Maine