



REPUBLIC AVIATION CORPORATION

FARMINGDALE, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK

Telephone Farmingdale 1100

June 5, 1945

BULLETIN VII

THE SEABEE GOES TO VERMONT

Call it Spring Fever, the call of the salmon, or just a good idea, but something had to be done to celebrate the return of the Seabee to the Sales Department after its months in flight test.

Moreover, "Tex" Rankin was on from Tulare, California and we all wanted to celebrate his okay from the Mayo Clinic. A few phone calls and California, New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts and Maine distributors were all underway for Newport, Vermont for a three-day pow-wow on the shores of beautiful Lake Memphremagog on the Canadian border.

From Farmingdale, on Friday morning, the First of June, the Seabee took off with Spence, "Tex" and Gordon aboard. Pres Mabry flew in his PT-19 with Ted Hebert of Safair (N.J.). Dick Benson of Air Commuting, Inc. of Westchester's new airport, flew a Stinson Voyager with his associate, Ed Rowe, and young Drew Sleeper. Roger Smith of Simsbury Air Service (Conn.) flew down in a Harlow to pick up George Scranton, recently appointed Seabee Service Manager, and Earl (Doc) Schofield, for years Spencer's mechanic and friend.

From Simsbury came directly, Jerry Respass and Jim Burnham in their Luscombe. From Boston, in a single engine Beechcraft, came Fred Toby, Hal Martin and Frank Darling of Wiggins Airways with Arthur Riley, Aviation Editor of the Boston Globe, and Arthur Griffin, a Globe photographer.

Wes Marden started from Waterville, Maine in a piper Chief, but a 70 m.p.h. headwind, rising to 90 m.p.h. near Mt. Washington, drove him back to mundane travel by car. Chuck O'Connor of Albany and Doc Marsden and Leibee Wheeler of Buffalo wanted to come but could not break earlier dates.

The war brought Newport a million dollar airport with magnificent runways finished last Fall but with no facilities as yet. The town gave an enthusiastic welcome to their unexpected guests. By two o'clock, all the ships were in. The mountains and headwinds had given no serious trouble to anyone except Wes Marden.

By three o'clock, everyone sat down to a fine steak dinner provided by Cy Searles, Chairman of the local airport committee. Also present were Arthur Roe, President of the Rotary Club, Franz Hunt, Editor of Newport Daily Express and Edward Knapp, Inspector of Aeronautics of the Vermont Motor Vehicle Department.

A world of good fun, good food, good flying, good singing and all-around good fellowship was crammed into the hours from early Friday to Sunday when the last of the planes took off for home.

Hart Miller, executive Vice President of Republic flew up Saturday in a Thunderbolt to have lunch with the gang.

A Grumman Widgeon flew in from Camden, New Jersey, bringing two brothers whose only mission was to see the Seabee. They made one or two water landings with Spence, gave Ted Hebert their order, then flew away quite satisfied.

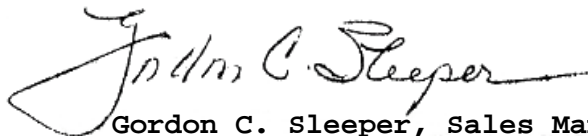
Chief of Police, Gene Bryant, who held similar office for years in Miami, Florida, caught a 5½ pound salmon which we had for dinner Saturday. He played the piano for our singing.

Frank Darling proved he could land the Beechcraft without breaking a single egg out of seven dozen he had taken aboard. He didn't even jar Cy Searles and his daughter in his demonstration of landing without wheels.

Wes Marden ran Arthur Griffin a close race for photographic honors but Art carried off the prize when he insisted in carrying his lovely model ashore from the Seabee - not once but three times. (Note: Picture later including one of Fred Tobey holding the Seabee.)

Tex Rankin told a never-to-be forgotten story of the contract he turned down for night flying over the San Francisco World's Fair.

Everyone voted the Seabee party a great success and wished that all our distributors could have been with us. Has anyone else a Lake Memphremagog we should visit?



Gordon C. Sleeper, Sales Manager
Personal Plane Division