



**Bert Acosta – the original Bad Boy of aviation**

## **Long Island Early Fliers Education Foundation**

**March – April 2022 Newsletter**

**Editor: Fred Coste      Volume 7, Issue 2**

### **Editor's Note:**

**When I started researching the life of Bert Acosta, I found a great number of stories that pretty much said the same thing: Bert was a colorful bad boy who had an exciting life as a recalcitrant young pilot, playing only by his own rules and enjoying every minute of it!**

**It seems that Bertram Blanchard Acosta did live by his own rules right from the start. In fourth grade, his teacher noticed his jaw moving, as if he were chewing gum; definitely against the rules! His teacher, equipped with her ruler and ready to inflict the punishment that was an acceptable form of discipline in 1904, walked over and demanded that Bert spit out his gum. He did, but it wasn't gum; it was chewing tobacco. He was sent for a visit to the principal's office. It was Bert's last day at Middletown Grammar School!**

**Born in San Diego on New Year's Day 1895, the young Acosta soon demonstrated the independent spirit that would mark his entire life. Inspired by the Wright brothers, he was determined to carve a place for himself in the field of aviation. A daredevil who knew no bounds. He often would power dive from 7,000 feet and pull out just in time for his wheels to gently roll along the ground.**

As a teenager, he met Glenn Curtiss, America's first licensed aircraft manufacturer, who set up a base at North Island, San Diego, in 1910. Acosta talked Curtiss into hiring him to help out as they designed and built flying boats.

San Diego Historical Society



*An early Curtiss Seaplane*

While working for Curtiss, Bert attended Throop Polytechnic Institute – now California Institute of Technology, where he studied mechanical engineering. At the same time, Acosta continued to assist in the development of Curtiss land and seaplanes, becoming such a competent pilot that he was made an instructor at the flying school Curtiss opened on North Island in February 1911.



*A French Nieuport at Hazelhurst - Mineola*

Shortly before the U.S. entered WW I in 1917, Acosta applied for a military commission, hoping to see combat in Europe. Considered too valuable at home, he was appointed a senior civilian instructor to the U.S. Army at Hazelhurst Field in Mineola, on Long Island, where his duties later included flight-testing. On March 27, 1917, he flew on the first American antisubmarine patrol with the Mineola-based Aerial Reserve Squadron in its unsuccessful search for the German sub, U-53. The following December saw him reassigned as an instructor at Ellington Field in Houston, Texas, for the winter.



*A Curtiss Eagle Trimotor*

In 1918 Acosta was commissioned a captain in the Army Air Service Reserve and appointed testing and engineering assistant to Colonel E.J. Hall of the Bureau of Aircraft Production in Washington, D.C. Belatedly he also found time to take the test for his official pilot's license, which was issued on December 5, 1919. He continued test-flying for Curtiss and other manufacturers, piloting a variety of planes that included the unconventional Curtiss Eagle trimotor, described as "a notorious craft for its day."

After helping to survey the nation's first prospective airmail routes, Acosta became associated in 1920 with the Junkers Larsen Corporation, headed by former Curtiss employee and entrepreneur John M. Larsen, to promote the German Junkers F13 all-metal four-passenger monoplane in the U.S. as the JL-6. In May 1920, Acosta



*Junkers F13 (JL-6) Four place airplane*

flew a series of passenger-carrying demonstration flights in a JL-6 at the Pan-American Aeronautical Congress in Atlantic City, N.J., and in June he took a JL-6 to 20,600 feet over New York. He followed up that feat by setting a new American nonstop passenger distance record in a JL-6, flying 1,200 miles in 12 hours, 52 minutes, from Omaha, Nebraska, to Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

On July 29, Acosta and Larsen, joined by Eddie Rickenbacker, led three JL-6s from New York to the West Coast with 100 letters aboard, to demonstrate the feasibility of transcontinental airmail routes. Acosta's dalliances with women along their route raised a few eyebrows but added to his playboy legend. He had

married in 1918, fathered two daughters and was divorced in 1920.

The U.S. Post Office subsequently purchased six JL-6s, but hastily abandoned the type after two were lost to midair fires, apparently caused by faulty fuel systems. The other four were sold at a significant loss.



*An Ansaldo A1*

On November 27, 1920, Acosta flew a modified Italian Ansaldo A1 biplane in the first Pulitzer Trophy Race, starting from Mitchell Field and extending over four 29-mile laps of a triangular course. At an average speed of 135 mph, Acosta came in third behind Captain Corliss Moseley in a Verville Packard VCP-R and Harold Hartney in a Thomas Morse MB-3.

For the Pulitzer race of November 5, 1921, held at Omaha, Acosta was at the controls of a rakish Curtiss CR-1, powered by a 405-hp Curtiss CD-12 engine. The CR-1 had been built for the U.S. Navy, which decided at the last moment not to participate. Starting first, Acosta ripped over the course at minimum altitude, with a pack of snarling racers in hot pursuit. Under the strain, two of the CR-1's flying wires snapped during the first turn, causing the

wings to vibrate and buzz alarmingly. A more cautious pilot might have abandoned the race, but Acosta recklessly pressed on with throttle wide open, coming in first at an average speed of 176.75 mph, a closed-course world speed record.



*Bert Acosta next to a Curtiss CR-1*

On November 22, Acosta made eight officially timed passes over Curtiss Field's measured kilometer in the CR-1 at an average speed of 197.8 mph, an American record just short of the world record of 211.91 mph established on September 21 by Frenchman Joseph Sadi-Lecointe in a Nieuport-Delage.

In 1921, at 26, Acosta was riding high on fame and fortune, including his \$3,000 Pulitzer purse. With over 7,000 flying hours, he may well have flown more airplane types than any other pilot in the world at that time. As one of America's preeminent test pilots, he should have been set for a leading role in the country's expanding aviation industry. Unfortunately for Acosta, his "bad boy of the air" persona was never far below the surface, waiting to transform the consummate professional

into a caricature of the reckless barnstormer.

Unrepentant, on April 30, 1922, Acosta treated the crowd at the National Flying Meet at Curtiss Field to a daredevil display in the Cactus Kitten (a plane he had vowed never to fly again) that to some must have seemed almost suicidal. He blasted the crimson triplane over the hangars at rooftop height before returning to make a series of low-level, high-speed passes over 20,000 stunned spectators, clocking 208 mph at one point.

Bert's luck seemed to have run out on June 28, while testing the new Sperry Messenger at Mitchell Field. Putting the little biplane into a near-vertical dive, he dropped below the airfield's hedgerow boundary and started to roll. When the biplane was inverted no more than 50 feet up, the gravity-fed engine misfired and stopped running. Although Acosta completed the roll, the engine failed to restart, and the Messenger gouged a deep



*Sperry Messenger at Mitchell Field*

furrow in the field. It took some time for rescuers to pry the unconscious pilot free,

as the Messenger's engine had been pushed back to just above his feet, and the cowl was dented where Acosta's head had rammed into it. Although no bones were broken, Acosta spent six weeks in the hospital, drifting in and out of consciousness nursed part of the time by a divorcee named Dorothy Walker, who he had met in Reno, Nevada and had spent a great deal of time with. Some thought she actually kidnapped him from the hospital.



*Bee-Line BR-1 Racer*

Acosta was at the 1922 Pulitzer Race in Detroit on October 14. Although slated to fly the Navy's Bee-Line BR-1 Racer, he didn't actually participate in the event. Earlier he had carried out speed trials in the innovative low-wing monoplane Racer with retractable undercarriage, clocking 218 mph. Two weeks before, at Selfridge Field, when the Racer's undercarriage malfunctioned, he had become one of the first pilots to carry out a gear-up landing.

From this time on, Acosta's conduct became increasingly bizarre. Frequently depressed, he was often found, as one reporter described: "having a wrestling bout with a bottle of Scotch in a

speakeasy." Other times he apparently sought relief in the air from his dejection by flying under the Brooklyn, Williamsburg and Manhattan bridges over New York's East River and nearly colliding with the Queensboro Bridge. During another flight, when Acosta's passenger casually asked him the time, by way of an answer he took him roaring along Madison Avenue until the plane's wingtips almost brushed the hands of the huge clock on the Metropolitan Life Tower. He was also said to be able to roll an undercarriage wheel on the topmost domes of Manhattan's skyscrapers.

In the spring of 1923, Acosta tested the new Remington-Burnelli airliner at Curtiss Field, and in September of that year he flew a Fokker monoplane from Chicago to New York nonstop, carrying the film of a title fight. But these glimmers of normality were erased when, on October 7, The New York Times reported, "Aviator Sent to Jail: Judge Gives Bert Acosta Five Days for Driving Auto While Drunk." That incident set the pattern for the next few years. After Acosta was grounded, he and Glenn Curtiss finally parted company. Acosta became a melancholy shadow of his former self, attempting to drown his inner demons in alcohol and finding little consolation in a second marriage.

Then in 1927 came "transatlantic fever" and the scramble to win the \$25,000 Orteig Prize for the first nonstop flight between New York and Paris. Acosta's temporary salvation appeared in the

unlikely person of the brash millionaire, New York scrap dealer Charles Levine. Aside from his ruthless business acumen, Levine was an aviation enthusiast who in 1927 had formed the Columbia Aircraft Corporation (CAC) with aircraft designer Guisepe Bellanca and purchased the highly innovative Wright-Bellanca WB-2. Levine approached Acosta with an offer to copilot the WB-2 with Clarence Chamberlin on an endurance flight to test the airplane's long-distance capability with its fuel capacity expanded to 375 gallons.



### Wright-Bellanca WB-2

The strapping extrovert, Acosta and the slender teetotaler, Chamberlin were the chalk and cheese of the piloting world. Yet they coexisted peaceably in the Bellanca's cramped cockpit between April 12 and 14, cruising back and forth from Roosevelt Field to establish a world endurance record of 51 hours and 11 minutes over a track of 4,100 miles; 500 more than the air distance to Paris. Only when the engine stopped on the last drop of gas did they return to earth in a long glide.

As Chamberlin recorded, however, "Bert and I had won a record, but we had not won the right to fly the Bellanca to Paris." The publicity-conscious Levine instead recruited former airmail pilot Lloyd W. Bertaud and made it unflatteringly clear to Chamberlin that he'd been eliminated from the running because he was less photogenic than Acosta or Bertaud. Levine, however, had not counted on the intransigence of Guisepe Bellanca, who threatened to quit the CAC unless Chamberlin was allowed to fly the WB-2.

Disillusioned with Levine, Acosta left the CAC to join Commander Richard Byrd as first pilot of a competitor, the Fokker trimotor America. That opportunity arose after Byrd's usual pilot, Floyd Bennett, was badly injured during a test flight of the America with designer Anthony Fokker at the controls.

Norwegian Bernt Balchen, then Fokker's chief test pilot, reflected what many fliers still felt about one of their slightly tarnished idols when he wrote: "Bert Acosta is a fabulous figure in aviation, one of the top pilots in America if not the whole world. He was a noted Army flight instructor during the First World War. After 1918 his sensational stunts were the talk of us all in Norway. Acosta is one of the finest aerobatic pilots ever seen. A flier with a marvelous sense of coordination, he is an expert at such stunts as upside down flying at low altitude, picking up a handkerchief off the ground with one wing

tip....It is the romantic rather than the scientific kind of flying that he stands for.”

Doubts about Acosta’s transatlantic potential surfaced during a test flight he made in the America with Balchen and Anthony Fokker. They were flying through a solid cloud bank with Acosta at the controls when, as Balchen related, “I suddenly feel myself getting very heavy in the seat, and see that the turn-indicator needle is all over on one side. I quickly reach for the wheel and Acosta lets his hands drop from the controls in relief.” Acosta ruefully admitted, “I’m strictly a fair weather boy. If there’s any thick stuff, I stay on the ground.”

Concerned about his company’s reputation should the America fail to complete the transatlantic flight, Fokker urged Balchen to accompany Acosta to handle the instrument flying. But the America’s backer, Rodman Wanamaker, insisted on an all-American crew, so Balchen promptly obtained U.S. citizenship. Lieutenant George O. Noville was to serve as radio operator, while Byrd navigated. Meanwhile the flight suffered successive delays, for which some blamed Byrd and others Wanamaker. Whatever the case, by the time the America finally turned its blunt snout toward the Atlantic on June 29, Charles Lindbergh had flown the Spirit of St. Louis to Paris on May 20-21 to claim the Orteig Prize, and Chamberlin had piloted the WB-2 Columbia almost to Berlin, with Levine as his passenger-copilot, on June 4-6.



*Fokker C2, “America”*

Early on the misty morning of June 29, 1927, the Fokker C2, “America,” sat idling at Roosevelt Field as the crew prepared for their attempt at a transatlantic flight. Bert was one of them, but repairs and weather resulted in delays for everyone.

Overloaded with extra gasoline, the trimotor was little more than a flying fuel tank. To achieve maximum speed on takeoff, it had been pulled back onto an inclined wooden ramp that was sixteen feet high. The plane was held in place by a rope attached to the tailskid. At a signal from the pilot when the engines reached maximum power, a mechanic would sever the rope.

Inside the cockpit the tension was palpable. Bert was concentrating on his final engine checks, while beside him sat the nervous crewman charged with operating the fuel dump valve in an emergency. Outside in the saturating drizzle, the mechanic waited for the signal to cut the rope. It never came.

Suddenly the rope snapped and the Fokker lunged forward. Caught off guard, Bert had to instantly decide whether to abandon the takeoff or press on in the hope of achieving takeoff speed before the end of the 5,000 foot field. He slammed open the throttles.

The heavy trimotor lumbered down the muddy runway toward the critical halfway point, slowly at first but rapidly gaining momentum. Bert gently eased back the wheel. A slight lurch and they were airborne. Seconds later, to an exultant whoop from a crewman in the rear, the airplane began a slow climb. Ahead lay Newfoundland, the vast emptiness of the Atlantic and, with luck, Europe.

For Bert Acosta, it may well have been the crowning moment of a spectacularly checkered flying career. A flamboyant giant of a man, Acosta was blessed, with a charming personality and good looks. He was a flying legend whose star shone brightly during the formative years of American aviation.

Once airborne and heading across the Atlantic, Acosta and Balchen spelled each other until—just past Newfoundland, while flying in fog—Balchen handed over control to Acosta to hunt for his sandwiches. During those few moments in Acosta's hands, the Fokker entered a potentially fatal spiral dive. Seizing the controls, Balchen found that 1,000 feet had been lost and they were plunging toward the ocean at 140 mph. While Acosta

slumped in his seat, Balchen deftly coaxed the big trimotor out of its dive and made a 180-degree turn to bring them back on course. It was the old problem again. A chastened Acosta said, "You'd better handle it from now on, as long as we're fogged in." Balchen was at the controls for the next seven hours before they emerged into a starlit night and Acosta could take over.

Twenty-five long hours after leaving Newfoundland they reached the coast of France near Brest. Balchen wanted to follow the railway directly to Paris, but Byrd inexplicably ordered Acosta to head for Le Havre to follow the river Seine. Flying through appalling weather, they made two unsuccessful attempts to reach the French capital (some Parisians claimed to have heard them overhead) before the imperturbable Balchen successfully ditched the Fokker off Vierville-sur-Mer. They had been in the air for some 42 hours. After tumultuous acclaim in France, the America's crew, accompanied by Clarence Chamberlin, returned to New York for a ticker-tape welcome. Acosta's standing would never be so high again.



*The ditching of "America"*

In early 1928, Charles Levine recruited Acosta to pilot him and heiress Mabel Boll on an east-west transatlantic flight from Germany to New York. After Levine had acquired a Junkers W33, however, they were denied permission to take off from a German airfield. England's Croydon aerodrome, their alternate, was rejected by Acosta as too short for the heavily laden aircraft. Le Bourget was under consideration when financial problems forced Levine to abandon the flight. Given Acosta's inability to fly on instruments and Levine's lack of flying experience, that decision likely saved their lives.



*Charles Levine, Mabel Boll & Bert Acosta*

In 1929 Acosta tried to reinvent himself as an aviation consultant. He even founded the Acosta Aircraft Corporation, to manufacture a multipurpose amphibian, but the enterprise soon collapsed. Ensuing years found him in and out of the courts, charged with drunkenness, nonpayment of alimony and diverse aviation offenses. He was fined \$2,000 for buzzing Roosevelt Field, and in late 1929 found himself grounded for five years after a drunken stunting spree with an expired license.

After his license was restored in 1935, Acosta took up instructing again, leading a largely hand-to-mouth existence. He eventually ended up living in a New York City flophouse, which is where the daughters from his first marriage found him in 1936. Although he hadn't seen them since they were babies, the girls lovingly nursed him back to health. As soon as they did, he was off on another adventure. This time, as a mercenary fighting on behalf of the anti-Franco forces in the Spanish Civil War.

Although he managed to shoot down several enemy planes by firing a rifle from the cockpit, the episode was largely a disaster, the planes were ancient, the Loyalists so disorganized that they didn't even issue him a uniform. Acosta flew in the suit he'd arrived in and they failed to pay him the \$1,500 he'd been promised.

After a month, he returned to the United States where he eventually collected \$700 from the Spanish consulate in New York.

Accounts of his short combat career differ widely. He unquestionably saw action against the German Condor Legion, but sensationalist press reports that he'd downed German fighters with his revolver were purely fictional.

Upon his return, Bert seemed revitalized, and there was extravagant talk of record-breaking transcontinental flights. But then he flew under the Connecticut Bridge and

was grounded again, this time for good. He never flew again.



Surrendering to an alcohol-induced downward spiral, Acosta spent further time in jail and also underwent a period of rehabilitation in a Franciscan monastery. Nothing worked.

The following year, his estranged wife, Helen, found him working as a dance master in a Harlem cabaret, and had him arrested for nonsupport. When he was released six months later, one reporter described the scene this way:

“Crowds have cheered him, here and abroad. Women have tossed flowers and kisses to him. Leading officials have shaken his hand. But not a soul greeted him when he was released from the Nassau County jail.”

Acosta’s daughters reportedly continued trying to help him, but little is known of his life between 1938 and 1946, when he went to live in the Franciscan monastery near Peekskill, hoping the monks would help rehabilitate him. He didn’t stay long. Once back in New York City, he would disappear for long periods of time.

In December, 1951, Acosta collapsed in a New York City bar. A friend took him to a hospital where it was discovered that he had tuberculosis. His old flying partner, Richard Byrd, arranged funding to send him to a sanitarium in Colorado, where Acosta apparently spent the last years of his life.

“I often think that if I could have just gotten into a plane and kept it in the air, I’d have been much better off, he told an interviewer.” He was 59. His daughter, Bertina said everyone has been wonderful to him; he died among friends.

Bert’s death was national news. His death marked the end of an era. Bert once reflected: “The days of stunt fliers are over. I, who have done more sensational flying than any person alive, know this. I was part of an era. Those days are gone, necessary and important as they were at the time. We had fun and the lives lost were not in vain. We were the leavening agent which helped aviation to mature.”



John realized that the design had several flaws; 10 of the 30 something kits that were sold had an upper wing of the biplane snap off in flight. John realized that the designers failed to understand a simple rule of thumb; the distance between the upper and lower wing should be equal to at least 1.5 X the chord of the lower wing. Another problem was the need to increase the angle of the wing by 2-3 degrees in order to help the plane get on step, then lift out of the water without dipping the empennage back into the water, there by slowing the plane down and preventing it from lifting off.

When it was time to test the water - tightness of the fuselage, John surprised his son, Bill, when he came home from work.

John had filled his son's swimming pool to the brim and had a friend lift the plane with his Lull, drive it into his son's backyard and place the plane in the pool.

Bill looked out his window to see his dad calmly sitting in the plane, floating around in the pool!

There are many fine memories of John Talmage and his generosity. Whether it was the time he gave touring and explaining the ingenious projects in his hangar at the farm, hosting various club meetings at the airpark, or simply bringing that delicious corn to QB meetings, the aviation community is better for having

### \*\*\*\*\*LIEFEF News\*\*\*\*\*

We are saddened by the loss of two long time members in the past few weeks; John Talmage and Mike Scott.

John Talmage was someone who displayed an innate desire to be helpful, offering his deep understanding of aviation, his natural engineering skills and his kind demeanor to the many organizations he belonged to.

John had several airplanes, but the Sea Hawk, a homebuilt that he worked on for several years, was noteworthy.



had John Talmage as part of our lives. John left us on February 14<sup>th</sup> after a long illness.

\*\*\*\*\*

We are also saddened by the loss of Mike Scott on February 22. Mike was a quiet guy who enjoyed being around “the guys” and talking about flying.

Mike got started in aviation as a mechanic for Eastern Airlines. His dad had been an Eastern Captain and Mike had originally planned to follow in his footsteps, having gotten all his ratings. However, things changed and Mike found an interesting alternative when he received a position to fly J. Paul Getty and his family all over the world in their Boeing 727. He made that position into an exciting and rewarding career. Mike became an expert in that aircraft and its capabilities.

In later years, he purchased a 1933 WACO-UBF that was a twin to the one his dad owned, and to which he held a very sentimental attachment.

The Early Fliers have many memories of Mike accompanying us on our bus trips. The Eastern guys often talked about old times while snacking and drinking together and laughing in the back of the bus.

At this writing, we do not have any details about arrangements for Mike, beyond the plans to have a memorial service this spring at the Aerodrome. Further details will be announced.

### *On happier topics:*

We have received the donation of a circa 1930, Cunningham Player Piano and more than 20 music rolls.



One might ask what an antique player piano has to do with an aviation museum. Here is the answer:



These pianos operate on a vacuum system with bellows – just like our Link trainer, which is nearing completion.

We intend to display this ingenious technology with both the Link Trainer and the player piano in full operation. The bellows are presently out for rebuild and

we expect the piano to be up and running in June with the Link shortly thereafter.

### **Calling all “Vintage” pilots!**

We received an email recently from members Pat & Lenny Ohlsson, who live in Spruce Creek, to let us know that Lenny recently received his Wright Brothers Master Pilot Award.

#### **Congratulations, Lenny!**

Pat and Lenny got us wondering how many of our members also have the award. If you are a recipient of this honor, Please email us at: [trustees@liefef.org](mailto:trustees@liefef.org)

The Federal Aviation Administration’s Wright Brothers Master Pilot Award Program recognizes pilots who have conducted 50 or more consecutive years of safe flight operations.

#### **ELIGIBILITY.**

*To be eligible for the Wright Brothers MPA, candidates must:*

- 1). Have 50 years of U.S. piloting experience. The effective start date for the award is the date of the applicant’s first solo flight or military equivalent. A current flight review or medical certificate is not required at the time of nomination.
- 2). Have held a U.S. Civil Aviation Authority (CAA) or FAA pilot certificate with:
  - 50 or more years of civil flying experience, or
  - 50 or more years of civil and military flying experience, of which up to

20 years may be U.S. military experience.

3) Have been a U.S. citizen, or permanent resident, during the 50 years of US piloting experience; however, consideration for exceptions may be given on a case-by-case basis.

*The award may be presented to a nominee up to 2 years posthumously if the nominee has acquired 50 years of U.S. piloting experience prior to passing away.*

**The life blood of our organization is the loyal members who support us year after year. That support comes in the form of annual dues and the voluntary donations from our members. Thank you all for paying your dues.**

**We also wish to thank those who generously send in additional donations to help us meet expenses and improve our museum. Special thanks to the following:**

John Sandhaas	\$35.00
Dick Cosgrove	\$35.00
Bill Drago	\$50.00
<i>(in memory of wife, Karilyn)</i>	
Paul Emmert	\$15.00
Mark Loiacono	\$100.00
Lou Urciuoli	\$100.00
Lee & Lucille Shaw	\$100.00
Joan Vitale	\$1,000.00
<i>(in memory of Sal Vitale)</i>	

Stanley Kalemaris	\$65.00
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Pat Gallagher	\$160.00
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Peter Bourneman	\$50.00
Jason McMunn	\$65.00

Check out our website at

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*Time to smile.....*

**This is why Germans don't play Scrabble.**



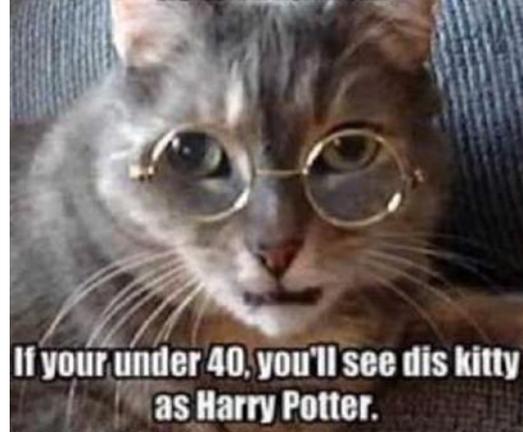
**I found \$20 in a parking lot and thought to myself, What Would Jesus Do?**

**So, I turned it into wine.**

Banana bread. Follow me for more amazing recipes!



**If your over 40, you'll see dis kitty as John Lennon.**



**If your under 40, you'll see dis kitty as Harry Potter.**



"Somedays, the supply of available curse words is insufficient to meet my demands."



When I was a boy I was told that anybody could become President; I'm beginning to believe it. ~ Clarence Darrow

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Long Island Early Fliers Education Foundation is a non-profit organization founded in 1956 and Chartered by the New York State Education Department. We are dedicated to aviation education and preserving Long Island's aviation heritage. Volunteers who want to help educate and preserve our history are always welcome. Annual Membership in our organization is \$35.00 for individuals; \$50.00 for families.

Donations of aviation memorabilia, aircraft and aircraft parts, aviation clothing, display quality models and items of historic significance are always welcome and greatly appreciated.

Cash donations, as well as artifact donations are tax deductible. You may visit our facility at Bayport Aerodrome, Vitamin Drive, Bayport New York most Wednesdays between the hours of 9:00 a.m. and 1:00 p.m. Appointments are necessary as airports are secure locations and can also be arranged at other times for your convenience. Contact us at: L.I.E.F.E.F., P.O. Box 43, Holbrook, NY, 11741 or call (631)-523-5407 (Fred Coste) or fax: 631-588-2147

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