

7. Clean out the accumulation of rivets & metal chips from channels, etc.
8. Carburetor heater control bracket Rt side top of station #1 – bolts not cottered.
9. Rib truss gussets at wing hinge fittings Left wing battered & cut on edges from driving in the hinge bolts. Clean up edges – making them smooth – then re-varnish
10. Ditto for Rt. wing joint.
11. Right wing tip- lower surface is badly dented near hinge [?] cover.
12. Repair airspeed tubing.
13. Trailing edge of right wing is bent at a point close to inside end of aileron.
14. Clean ship & touch up paint.
- 15. Install berth.**
16. Install temporary compass brackets.

A small second page of notes appears related to the above and is hand written with a notation on the front saying “Jackson put detail on back. Karl” This is on the back:

Pitot tube assembly was repaired.

Skin which was damaged was repaired in the wings.

Rib trussing on both sides of center section, station #6, was straightened out and re-varnished.

Steel fittings on top of center section wing were cut off.

Enclosures around fittings on top of wing center section.

Reinforcements for rib truss, Station #3, right and left.

### **Mexico City Trip Details for C1077**

**December 19, 1927:**

**Pilot: Harry Brooks; Pilot/Mechanic: Harry Russell**

***Passengers:***

**Mrs. Evangeline L. Lindbergh (mother of Charles Lindbergh)**

**William B. Stout**

**Alma (Mrs. W.B.) Stout**

**Mr. Adrian Lejous (Ford Mexico)**



Henry Ford Museum photo ©

Henry & Clara Ford, Evangeline Lindbergh, Edsel Ford, Mr & Mrs Stout,

Harry Russell and Harry Brooks

The flight was seen off by Mr. & Mrs. Henry Ford, Edsel Ford, Mr. & Mrs. Joe Brooks, parents of the pilot, C.H. Land, Mrs., Lindbergh's brother, Wilma Stout, the Stouts' daughter and numerous other dignitaries and members of the press.

Detroit – Indianapolis: 2:55 hours, 245 miles

Indianapolis – St. Louis: 2:50 hours, 245 miles

**December 20, 1927:**

St. Louis – Springfield 2:00 hours, 187 miles

Springfield – Tulsa 1:40 hours, 165 miles

**December 21, 1927:**

Tulsa – Dallas 2:30 hours, 235 miles

Dallas – San Antonio 2:40 hours, 275 miles

San Antonio – Brownsville 2:25 hours, 235 miles

**Mrs. Adrian Lejous joins the group in San Antonio (wife of Ford Mexico mgr.)**

**December 22, 1927:**

Brownsville – Tampico 2:25 hours, 252 miles

Tampico – Mexico City 2:25 hours, 216 miles

Total:

Detroit – Mexico City 21:55 hours, 2055 miles

**Mr. Snyder joins in Tampico (Chief pilot, Mexican Aviation Company)**



*4-AT-10 in Mexico City, December 1927. Bill Stout and Charles Lindbergh's mother flew from Detroit to Mexico City and back in this plane so that she could visit with her son and the Morrow family who were in Mexico City for Christmas. The pilots were Harry Brooks and Harry Russell. While there they took President Obregon of Mexico for a ride in the Ford. On their return they ran into a snow storm near Chicago and had to land in the Robey Race Track. (Adolfo Villasenor)*

Adolfo Villasenor from "The Ford Tri-motor", by William Larkins ©

**In Mexico City**

**C1077 is the largest plane to ever visit Mexico**

**December 24, 1927: – local hops**

**Passengers: President Calles of Mexico; between 90 and 135 people in total.**

10:00 a.m. until 3:30 p.m. "9 hops of about 30 minutes each – carried 10 to 15 passengers each load. [HR]

**December 25, 1927: – no flying**

**December 26, 1927: – local hops**

**Pilot: Charles Lindbergh**

**Passengers:**

10:30 a.m. “6 hops of about 30 minutes each”.

“Lindy made several hops and very much liked the way the plane handled at that altitude with big loads.” [HR]

New York Times:

“Colonel Lindbergh’s day was a busy one, He went to Valubuenta field early in the morning and took up the wives and children of members of the embassy and consular staffs in the big Ford three-motored plane. On one trip he had fifteen women and children on board, but he plane took off easily and climbed well despite the altitude. He took up Mrs. Morrow, wife of the American Ambassador, for her first flight and also took up the Mexican Minister of War, Joaquin Amaro, and Mrs. Amaro.”

He made four flights in all in the big plane, which aroused much interest as it flew over the city, for it is the largest plane which has ever been seen here and its shining outline in the bright sun made an unusual picture.

On one of his trips he took up Mrs. H.F. Arthur Schoenfield, wife of the counselor of the embassy; Mrs. Alan Winslow, wife of the First Secretary; Mrs. Harold Thompson, wife of the naval Attaché, and Mrs. Alexander Weddell, wife of the American Counsel General.

**His Passengers Get Thrill.**

None of them had been up in the air before and they were greatly excited, not only because of being piloted by Colonel Lindbergh but also because of the unique sensation of getting off the ground. Some of them let out a few squeals when the plane hit a bump, and they asked Colonel Lindbergh when they landed if he noticed it.

“It didn’t bother me a bit,” he assured them solemnly. [NYT]

***From the diary of Anne Morrow Lindbergh:***

A crowd around the hangars. The Ford plane shone—silver in the hot field—a group around it. We went over and stepped in. Mother, Aunt Alice, Elisabeth, Con and I (and Mr. Stout). It was like a train inside: wicker chairs, only slanted back at a *terrific* angle. The plane was nosed upwards. That angle gave me my first and only impression of fear. I looked out of the window and from under the wing could see the crowd and Dwight and the boys (so separated from us) taking pictures. Mr. Stout grinned and pointed the movie camera at us, one by one.

Then he came, across from the hangars, with Captain Winslow. He was striding along in his everyday suit and gray felt hat, hand in pocket, head forward a little, talking to Captain Winslow and avoiding the looks of the crowd. He looked up quickly as he approached the plane and saw us and smiled, nodding. Then he stepped in, bending not to hit his head. Mother said “Good morning.” “Good morning, good morning,” he said and hurried up front to the pilot’s seat.

The engine started. It wasn’t as terrifically loud as one expected, but I quivered through you. I felt exalted.

He kept looking out the window at the engines.

“Let me be conscious of this! Let me be conscious!”

The engines whirred; easily, we started to roll—faster, faster. I did not look out—I was too excited, exalted, to watch the wheels. It all happened so quickly. Things whizzed past—trees, the hangars—I did not know when we left the ground. Jo screamed something to me above the engines’ roar.

Con, Elisabeth, and I went forward to the front seats just back of the Colonel and Captain W. (and separated from the rest of the car). Then we were happy—so terribly and

ecstatically happy, alone and together and able to watch him. Suddenly I felt the real sensation of going up—a great lift, like a bird, like one’s dreams of flying—we soared in layers. That lift that took your breath away—there it was again! I had *real* and intense *consciousness* of flying. I was overjoyed. Then for the first time I looked down. We were high above the fields, and there far, far below was a small shadow as of a great bird *tearing* along the neatly marked-off fields. It gave me the most tremendous shock to realize for the first time the terrific speed we were going at and that that shadow meant *us—us*, like a mirror! That “bird”—it was *us*. We were over the city now; it looked like a doll’s model. The sun gleamed on the gold wings of that great statue in the square. How tiny it looked! The small drops of shadow circling the haystacks in the fields. The fields looked like braided cloth.

It was very smooth and steady now. There was a crack of the window open, and a sharp knife of swift air hissed in, giving the sense of speed.

The others were in back, far away. It was too Pullman-carish back there. Here, in front, we shut out the whole world. We were close against the sky—we were flying!

He was so perfectly at home—all his movements mechanical. He sat easily and quietly, not rigidly, but relaxed, yet alert. One hand on the wheel—one hand! He has the most tremendous hands. I can see him still, and the grasp, the strong wrist, the grip of the thumb, his other hand rubbing his nose or something equally trivial! Looking clearly and calmly ahead, every movement quiet, ordered, easy—and *completely* harmonious. I don’t know how I can say that, really, for he moved so *very* little and yet you felt the harmony of it.

Elisabeth opened the door (front) and asked where the Embassy was. He half turned to hear, nodded and looked out, then Captain Winslow pointed it out.

There it was: a little grass court, the steps and shadows clearly marked (shadows are very vivid from the air). He turned around once and smiled at us.

We were pointed towards the mountains—the mountains he would cross.

We saw a lake like quicksilver; a hill (marked with an advertisement) like a mound.

Oh, to go on and on—over mountains! I could understand why people never can give it up.

Cows and sheep are specks: our shadow tore over them, peasants looking up—even the hangars looked like cardboard boxes.

The mountains—the mountains looked at us!

The sun on the tinsel wings of the matchstick statue, the minute circling cars—so small, so small—the tiny patch of green, the court of the Embassy, where we would have the garden party that afternoon and he would stand and shake hands with thousands of those black motes in the street.

Now he looked down on it all and rubbed his nose and looked up toward the snow on “The Sleeping Lady.”

No wonder he has a disregard for death—and life. This is both.

We were turning. He motioned to us to go back. In a minute we were wheeling around—“banking”—at a terrific angle, over on one wing.

I did not look down until we were almost on the ground. I expected a terrific bounce. I looked out at the wheels: they grazed the ground, an cloud of dust but an imperceptible, balloonlike bounce, then again; we were down, a terrific speed, we rolled in and stopped.

We stepped out, dazed. Con and I watched Colonel L.’s head in the cockpit window, turning and looking out at the engine.

It was a complete and intense experience. I will not be happy till it happens again.

**December 27, 1927:**

[1077] Started carrying passengers at 9:00 AM, made 7 hops with Mexican Pilots and their friends and Ford Motor officials and friends...Checked over the Spirit of St. Louis for 'Lindy'.. [Harry Russell]



Henry Ford Museum photo ©

Harry Brooks, Bill Stout and two others. Mexico 12-27-27

**Part of C-1077 is in the *Spirit of St. Louis***

*Bill Stout:* "We offered to have Harry Russell go over Lindbergh's plane before he left, Harry being considerably more reliable than the local mechanics. A very small thing may often influence a large event. Harry looked over the equipment and found that one of the brushes in the magneto was worn down to within an eighth inch of the end. Taking a long flight without a replacement would certainly have meant trouble. There were no replacements, so **Harry took one of the brushes out of our trimotor and put the worn one in its place**, knowing that our trip was shorter going home, and that we had two other engines to depend on if one stopped."

As the *Spirit of St. Louis* only flew an additional 101.5 hours, the part placed on it in Mexico City from Ford C-1077 is no doubt hanging with the *Spirit* in the National Air & Space Museum.

**Return from Mexico City to Detroit:**

**Pilot: Harry Brooks**

**Pilot/Mechanic: Harry Russell**

**Passengers:**

**Mrs. Evangeline L. Lindbergh (mother of Charles Lindbergh)**

**William B. Stout**

**Alma (Mrs. W.B.) Stout**

**Mr. Stanley Copeland (Ford Products Mexico)**

**C. Muller, (Ford Service Representative in Mexico)**

**Mrs. John Collings (wife of Royal Typewriter Ford pilot)**

**+ 2?**