

FICTION
MODEL
BUILDING
FACT

FLYING ACES

ISSUE #100-26 NOV.-DEC. 1984



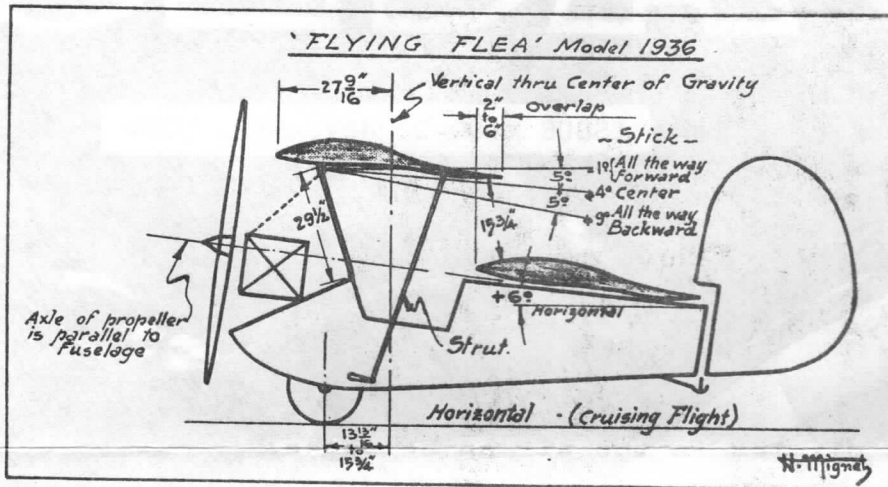
WHO SAID ULTRALIGHTS WERE *NEW*?

THRILLING STORY BEHIND THE COVER

Is it an Ultra-light or a Super Jumbo? Is it no longer a model if you can get on it or in it?

A 1984 sort of Piper Cub (Cessna 150) with all the whistles and bells goes for about fifty grand. An alternative to such arresting figures is the powered hang glider (which has been described as a cross between a lawnchair and a beach umbrella).

But flying costs are relative and would-be sky hurtlers have since the earliest times kept their eyes peeled for ways and means to cheaper aviating. Henry Vignet provided one such answer in the petite and unorthodox "Pou".



The designer himself gives us the low-down on adjusting his creation for those 00S flights. (Courtesy Popular Aviation, 1936).

This drawing shows the exact wing setting advised by the inventor of the Flea, Henri Mignet, and should be carefully studied by builders and intending builders.

How-a-bout the number of this issue, Skysters! Wow! 100-26, bet Dave Stott and Bob Thompson never dreamed that the newsletter would last this long. They put out the first 74 issues and then turned it over to yours truly who, with my helpful staff, have been able to survive for 26 issues. This all because of the great stuff you clubsters have been sending in to GHQ, keep it coming! We really need your renewal money when your turn comes up so please send it in.

Speaking of money, I would like to take this time to thank the Detroiten Geschwader and especially Ralph Kuenz and Jack Moses for sharing the profit left over from the FAC Nats with GHQ. This will help to offset the postal rate hike that is scheduled to take place shortly, a real big help, guys, thank you very much and may HUNG smile on all your flights this coming year.

BIG BANQUET COMING UP

The Erie Model Aircraft Assn. will be holding their annual banquet on Feb. 23, 1985. This year they will be celebrating their twenty-second year of existence and would like to invite all you clubsters that are within driving distance to attend. Price for the dinner will be about \$7.00 per person. If you need overnight accommodations we may be able to supply them for you. There will be a guest speaker, a former B-24 pilot who was shot down behind the lines and escaped with the help of the freedom fighters, This should be an exciting tale, be sure to be there. For reservations, please contact Ebbie Shores, 5048 Sir Lancelot Dr. Erie, Pa. 16506 Phone 814-833-5232 or you may contact GHQ. Reservations must be in by Feb. 18, 1985. BE THERE!

Lt. Col. Lin Reichel

The Doom Raider

Homage to Arch Whitehouse

CHAPTER V: THE BULLET LIVES AGAIN

The odd-looking trio passed into the stately living room of the main house, Kerry supporting a groggy Barney O'Dare, while the verminous troll who had captured them brought up the rear.

"Who the devil are you," Keen sneered, "and what do you want? You are going to live to regret this ambush - although on second thought, maybe you won't live to regret it."

"Come, come, Mr. Keen. You are hardly in a position to make threats, is that not so? Let's face facts: Your friend here is as useless as a sack of potatoes and you are looking down the business end of an automatic pistol. Why don't you just call me "Karl" for the time being? As for your other question, I don't have to tell you anything, Mr. Keen, but you do not have that option. You may begin by telling me the whereabouts of one Eric Goldman, eh? I've been watching his movements into and out of this house for more than a week now and I would like you to hand him over!"

The faint smile that had played over the stranger's twisted countenance was replaced by an ugly grimace. The muzzle of his pistol traced tiny circles in the air as he spoke.

"I'd really like to help you, Karl," Kerry feigned, "but you just happened to pick Goldman's day off. Besides, why are you so interested in my draftsman? He seems like a pretty small catch for a big-time Nazi agent like you, Karl."

"Do not toy with me Keen. I know perfectly well that Eric Goldman is somewhere in this house, so let's all take a look around - together. You two may lead the way. We will begin on this floor."

As the threesome moved towards the staircase, a new voice blurted out from behind the agent.

"HAENDE HOCH GIFT! JETZT!"

The split-second distraction was all that O'Dare needed to make his move. In one fluid motion he swung around and landed his huge fist squarely in the center of the German's face. The well-placed blow carried him back like he had been struck by a freight train. The kraut agent flew against the wall with enough force to make a new doorway while his automatic orbited breech-over-magazine to his left. When his body finally stopped, his eyes rolled around crazily, like wheels in a slot machine.

O'Dare now grabbed him one-handed by the neck and hefted his helpless victim until his feet kicked uselessly above the ground and foam oozed from the corner's of his twitching mouth.

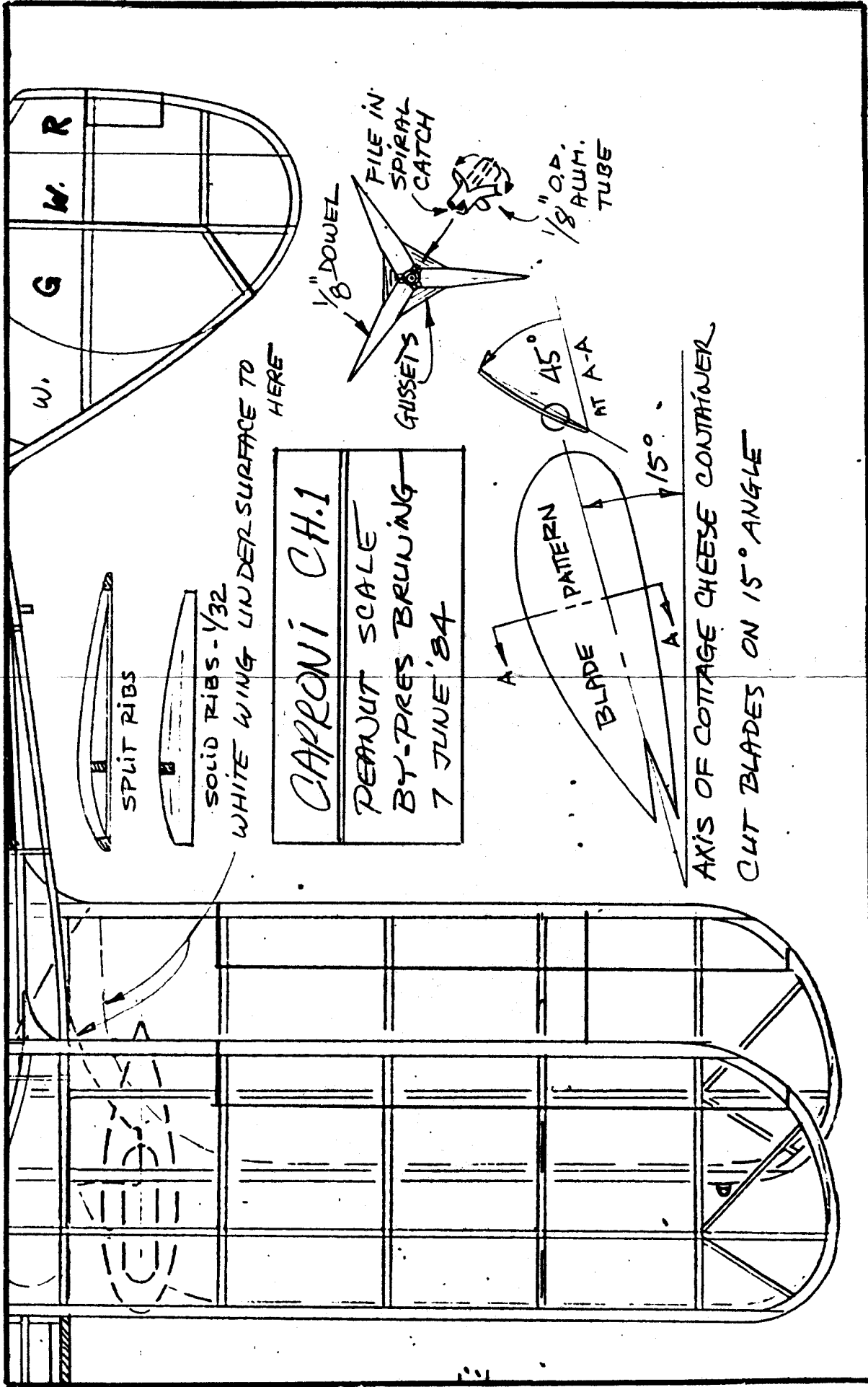
"Want me to biff him again, Boss? It would sure help me disposition."

"No, that won't be necessary Barn, but maybe you could let him dangle a while longer until he's in a mood to answer our

o o o

The Griffon Flies Again!

o o o



If the box on the right has an "X" in it, it is time to renew your subscription. This is your last issue under your old subscription. Cost is NINE dollars per year in the U.S. and Canada. Overseas cost is Twelve Dollars. Six issues, published every other month. Send to;

FLYING ACES NEWS
3301 Cindy Lane
Erie, Pa. 16506

questions."

The kraut's head thrashed from side to side, conveying his unwillingness to talk. Barney's grip tightened, which only served to make the interloper's face darken to an alarming purplish hue.

"Tell me, Eric," Kerry inquired of his friend, "do you actually know this slimy character? Why's he so interested in you?"

"This man is indeed named Karl. Karl Gift, to be precise, a rabid fascist if there ever was one. Believe it or not we had actually been colleagues not too many years ago but when that madman Hitler rose to power, Gift here couldn't wait to support him. He was only too eager to denounce his friends and fellow workers. I became a special plum for him to pluck and he hounded me from my job, my home and eventually my country. Apparently that was not sufficient, and so he has followed me here, but God only knows why."

"Is that right Gift? Want to tell us what you're up to?" Keen asked matter-of-factly, while the German's feet danced a disjointed aerial jig. In a final, desperate spasm, his head jerked up-and-down, indicating that O'Dare's therapy had persuaded him to be more cooperative. At this Barney let him drop to the floor. Gift wheezed and gasped desperately, trying to suck in enough oxygen to stave off unconsciousness.

"That's right, you traitor!" Gift blurted. I was just lucky enough to run across you, you swine, while in the midst of my real mission..." he spat out.

The teuton's face now disclosed a moment of misgiving. He shut up in an instant, revealing that he had already said too much, egged on by his own uncontrollable viciousness. Keen's eyebrow arched in curiosity.

"Mission? What mission? H-m-m, we really would like to know. Maybe Mr. O'Dare here could help you to remember."

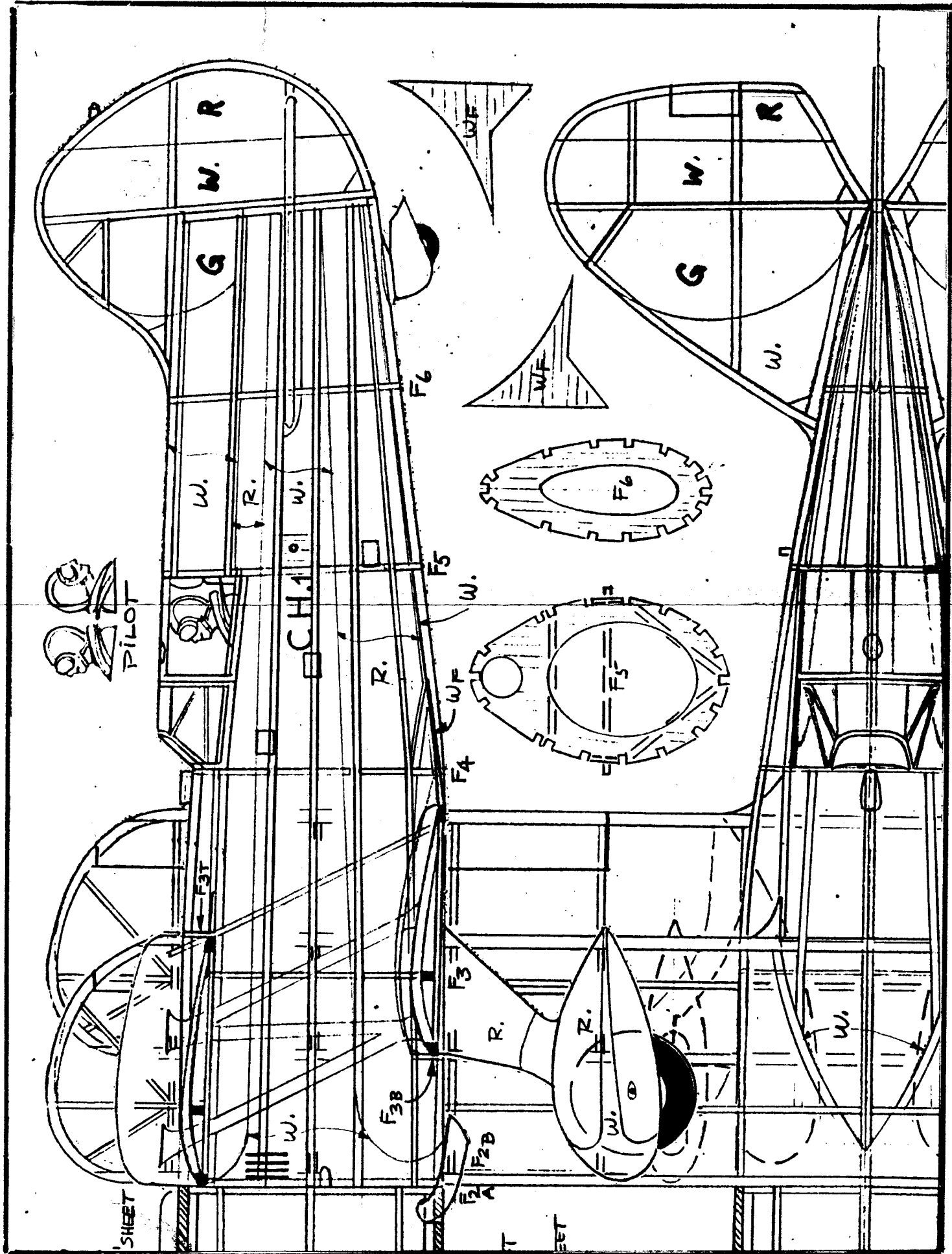
"Never, you American snakes! You'd better kill me first for I have already said too much."

"Sure, sure, Gift. I can see that we'll never get anything from a big-time Nazi like you. Barney, why don't you show Karl to his room, that empty closet over there? And make sure he has lots to drink. In fact, make sure he gets plenty of cold beer. I mean lots of cold beer."

"What the devil!" the Mick mumbled but did as he was told. In a matter of moments he had kicked both the prisoner, a bottle opener, and a case of lager into the narrow confines of the closet. Still puzzled, he locked the closet door and handed the key over to Keen.

"Don't worry, Barney, if I'm any judge of character Herr Gift will soon be begging us to squeal. He may think he's a Nazi superman, but if I've calculated correctly he is a bully and a coward just like the rest of them. He'll get thirsty soon enough and with enough beer in him we will find out exactly what his game is. For now we had better get back to the hangar. Eric and I are ready to install the floats, and you have some painting to do, Barney."

Within minutes of the latest escapade, the threesome was hard at work on the Bullet. Barney O'Dare finished removing the olive and gray coating from the big ship and was already at work in the paint locker, mixing up quantities of gloss black paint and thinner, checking his spray gun and compressor. Keen and Goldman were equally absorbed installing the new hydraulic oleo struts and positioning the sleek floats into position to be mated with the retraction mechanism.



"Fellows, I have an uneasy feeling that there is no time to waste. We must finish the Black Bullet and get her into the air as quickly as possible," Kerry confided. "Barney, how long has that Nazi rodent been confined?"

"Just about six hours, Boss. I'll go check on him now."

While Kerry and Eric waited for the report, they completed the float attachment. Kerry scrambled up into the left cockpit and on a signal from his engineer, actuated the float retraction sequence. They moved back and upward, tucking into the twin fuselages so as to create a seamless, aerodynamic package. Although the weight of the big ship was now borne by wing jacks and the remaining assembly jigs, there was no doubt that she was a sleek package indeed.

"She's certainly a good looking bird, Eric! When do you think we can start testing her?" Keen asked.

"With routine servicing, the aircraft should be ready once we get it down from the jacks and onto its beaching gear," Goldman responded. Before he could say anything else, Goldman was interrupted by Barney O'Dare, who bounded into the hangar grinning from ear to ear.

"Saints preserve us fellas, if Gift ain't ready to talk, just like you said, Kerry. He's a-poundin' on the door, half out of his mind b'now, beggin' to be let out! Says he'll tell us anything if we'll just let him use the head! Oi think he's got a snoot full to boot!"

Even before the trio re-entered the house, they could hear Gift's cries and pounding. Kerry spoke to him through the closed door.

"How about another bottle of beer, Karl?" Keen asked sarcastically. "We will be happy to let you out as soon as you tell us some details of this mysterious mission of yours."

"I, I..." the agent stammered, "have been surveying the coast and relaying shipping information to a submarine offshore. The boat is a special experimental model equipped with a seaplane that can scout and also attack shipping. It is a lethal combination: up-to-date shore based intelligence, and a deadly weapon that combines the best naval and aerial weaponry available. Now please, sir, I have told you everything. I beg you to free me before I explode!"

"All right, you can take him out to relieve himself now, Barn," Kerry smiled. "So, a sub and gunbus combo, huh? That makes it more important than ever that we get the Bullet wrung out. The Griffon has work to do!"

S.O.S.--S.O.S.--S.O.S.

W.Ross Richardson, 82 Pardo Ave., Pointe Claire, Quebec, Canada is looking for some copies of the Flying Aces News to complete his files, he will pay for them or swap. Missing issues are; 1,2,3,4,7,8,34 to 41, 63 to 74.

CLASSIC ERA MODELPLANS

Send a buck to John Grega for his latest list and a sample plan. These are all good plans, mostly oldies with a few new ones thrown in, try some. Classic Era Modelplans, 355 Grand Blvd., Bedford, Ohio 44146

[illegible]

Anybody have any of the old Guillow WWI kits of 18" span that they don't want any longer? Swap or purchase! Contact; Clarence Chapman, 2628 N. Central Park, Chicago, Ill. 60647

John Campbell, 3875 Fenton Rd., Hamilton, Ohio 45013 Is looking for pictures 3-views or scale reference for the Allied Sport. John Is also looking for a copy of the printwood for Comet's 1946 version of the "Dipper". Can anyone help him?

Scale documentation for the Corben Super Ace is wanted by Dean McGinnes,
5275 William Clark Rd., Lakeland, Fla. 33805

- Feb. 17...CFFS..3rd Annual Indoor Contest..Brook Park Armory, Engle Rd., west of Snow Rd. 5:00 pm---10:30 pm. Cleveland, Ohio. EZB, Scraps & Mites, Jetco ROG, No-Cal scale, WWI bipes only, FAC Peanut; CD Mike Zand phone 216-524-3480
- April 28..9th Annual Snowbird Indoor Meet at McComb Fieldhouse, Edinboro, Pa. 9:00 am till 5:00 pm. HLG, EZB, No-Cal scale, FAC scale, GHQ Peanut, WWI multi-wings only, Embryo, Bostonian. CD Vic Didelot 4410 Lorna Lane, Erie, Pa. 16506 ph. 814-838-3263
- May 26....EMAA FAC Meet at Prangmore Aerodrome, FAC Scale, FAC Peanut, Embryo, Thompson/Greve Races, WWI multi-wings, HLG, Golden Age Scale, OT Commercial Rubber,..CD Lin Reichel 3301 Cindy Lane, Erie, Pa. 16506 ph. 814-833-0314

The DC Maxecuters have scheduled a series of mini-indoor contests that you may want to take in if you are in the area. They will be held at the Randolph School gym. For more info you may contact Tom Schmitt, 11014 Marcliff Rd. Rockville, Md. 20852

Feb 9..Golden Age mass launch and No-Cal scale

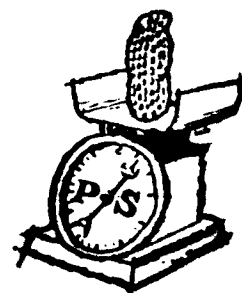
Feb 23..FAC Scale and Bostonian

March 2..Navy Scale mass launch and HL Glider

March 16..Peanut Scale mass launch and Manhattan

Peanut & No-Cal Scale Postal Meet

Okay, clubsters, here is the first list of standings in the Postal Contest. Remember that you all can enter. When you fly your peanut or no-cal model, just drop a line to GHQ telling us what ship you flew, what event you flew in and whether you flew indoors or outside. Everytime you better your previous time let us know so we can up-date the list. The contest ends on April 15, 1985. The winners will get a "Kanone" and a prize. Right now we are trying to work out something in the way of kits for the winners. Also, Juniors will be classed seperately, so they don't have to compete against all you experts.



BUILD...FLY...WIN...EFF--AAA--CEEEE!!!!!!

PEANUT INDOOR

Pilot	Plane	Time
Jim Miller	Piper Vag.	101 sec.
George Leffler	Goon	84 "
Dean McGinnes	IS-4	73 "
Bob Erpelding	Fike	51 "

PEANUT OUTDOOR

Pilot	Plane	Time
Bill Anderson	Lacey	79 sec.
Mark Fineman	IS-4	77 "
Bill Anderson	Goon	68 "
Dave Stott	Fred	63 "

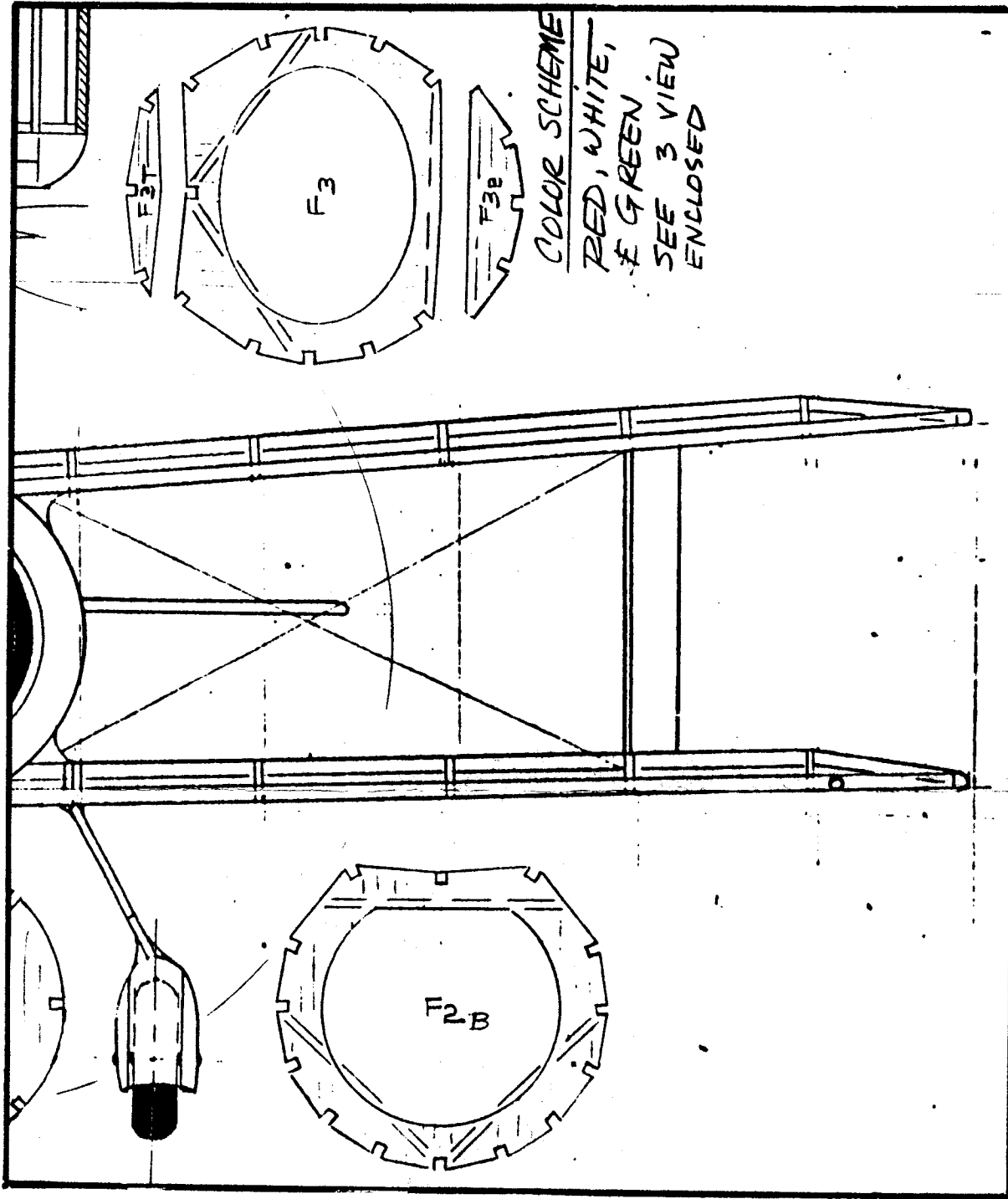
NO-CAL INDOOR

Pilot	Plane	Time
Walt Van Gorder	Fike	222 sec.
Don Srull	Hustler	168 "
Mark Fineman	Turboporter	130 "

NO-CAL OUTDOOR

Pilot	Plane	Time
Bill Anderson	Luscombe	96 sec.
Mark Fineman	Turboporter	82 "
Dave Stott	Luscombe	68 "

10.

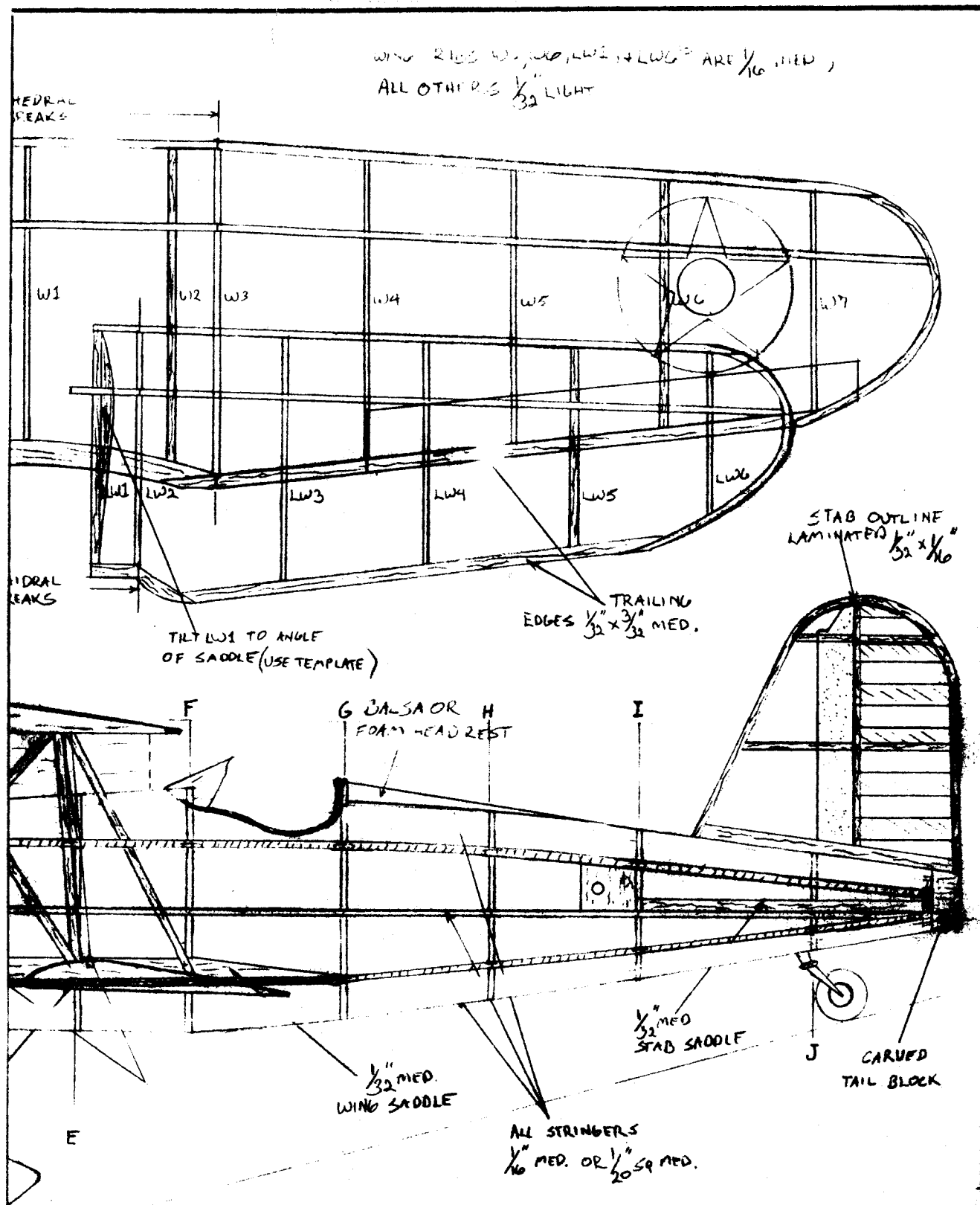


MORE PLANS

Allen Hunt has a 16 page catalog of plans for just \$2.00 (refundable)
Write to Allen Hunt-Plan Service, Box 726, Dunbar, WV 25064-0726

S.O.S.--S.O.S.--S.O.S.

Wanted; Printwood patterns for Curtiss "Sparrowhawk" by Cleveland Models and here is a request for an obscure plan that maybe no one has, Ace Whitman (I think) put out a kit of an aircraft carrier in the late 30s that was built up of formers and stringers and tissue covered. Do you suppose someone out there has such a plan? I will be glad to pay for a copy of this one. Lin Reichel 3301 Cindy Lane, Erie, Pa. 16506



NOTES

1. BOX STRUCTURE SHOWN MATCHED.
2. LANDING GEAR WIRE .015
3. SPINNER, WHEELS, + WHEELPANTS ARE VACUUM FORM, POLYFAM, OR Balsa.
4. MAKE TEMPLATE FOR WING INCIDENCE

CURTISS YP-23 "HAWK"

DRAWN BY S.J. HALES

"PEANUT" SCALE

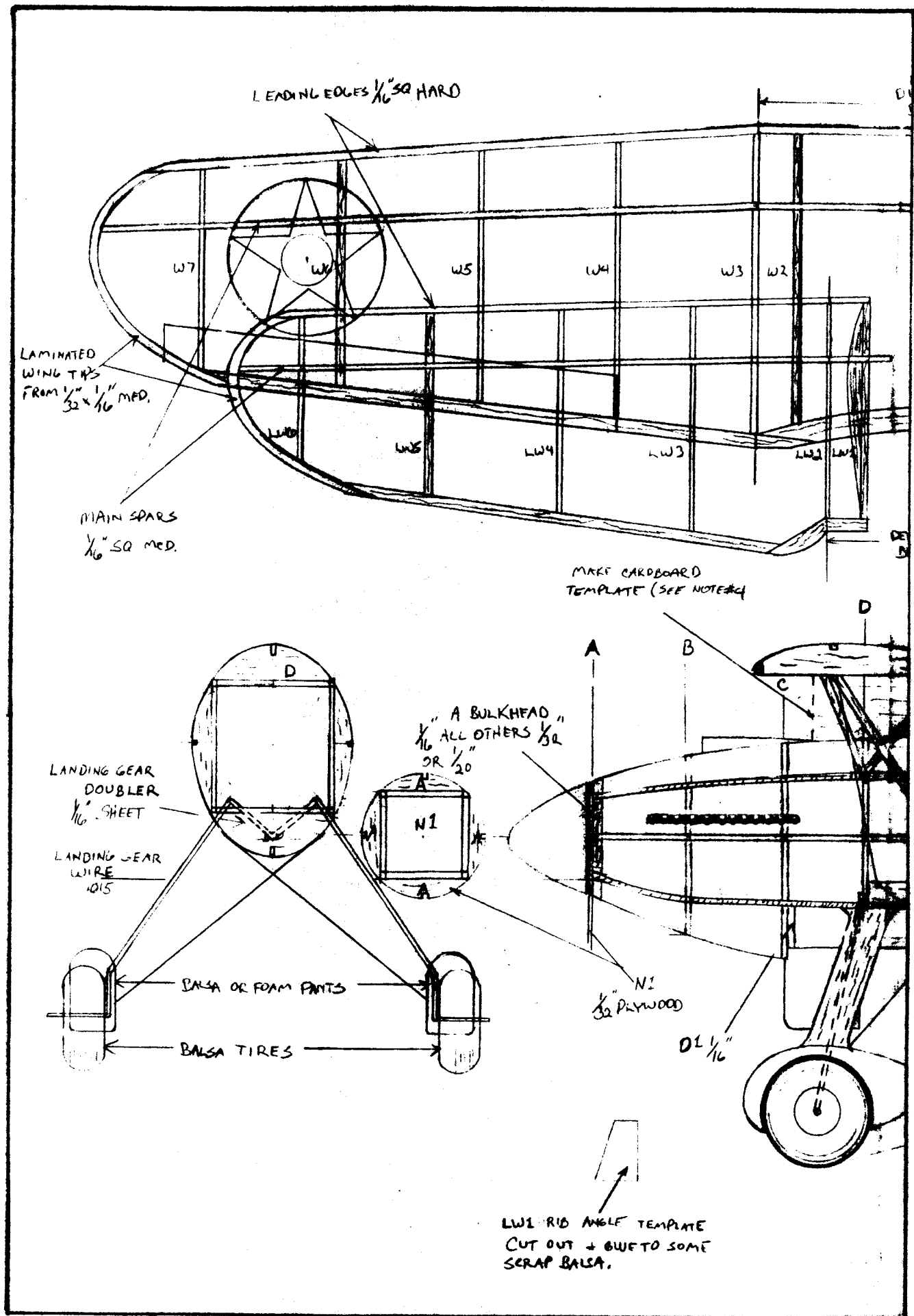
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KANONE LIST AS OF DEC. 7, 1984

12.

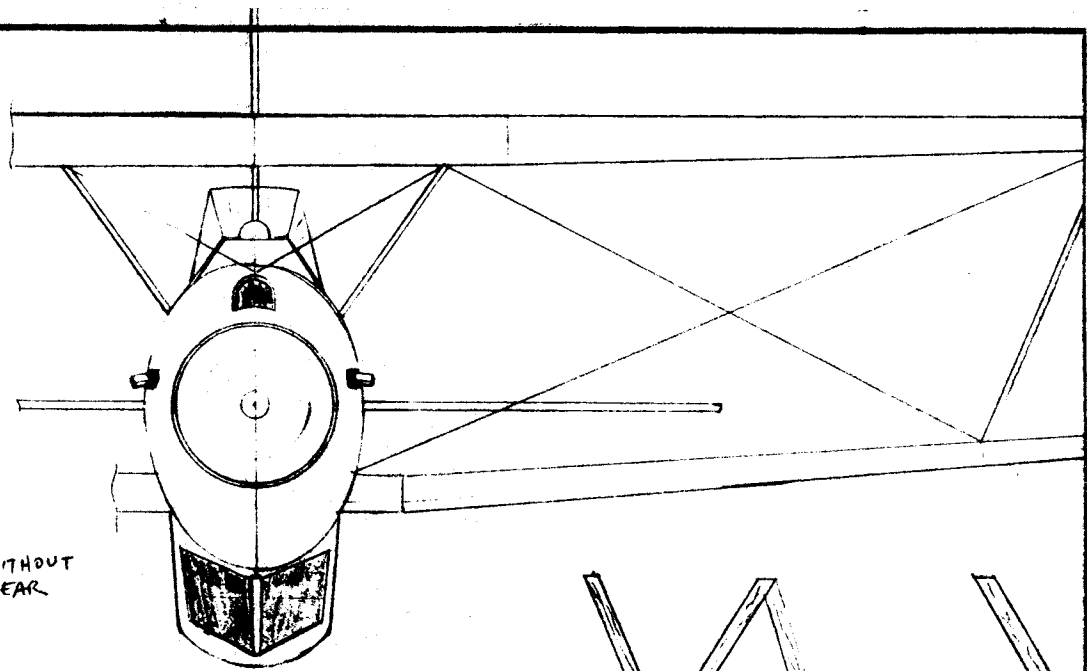
1984 was a milestone year for the FAC. The very successful FACNATS IV held in Michigan was the best ever; FAC competition seems to be gaining a foothold in the model magazines (at least we are now getting coverage!); and the Kanone List, as well as general FAC membership continues to grow. The quality of models increases at every meet; fliers are becoming more and more adept at getting unlikely subjects to fly well. Most of all, tho, more and more fun is being had by more and more people! FAC forever!! The Kanone List follows, and our special congratulations to George Meyers III, who rang up 12 victories during the past year; one each month, on the average! Congrats, George!

<u>RANK</u>	<u>VICTORIES</u>	<u>RANK</u>	<u>VICTORIES</u>
<u>Air Marshal:</u>		<u>Major:</u>	
Gordon Roberts	125	Jack Moses	14
Dennis Norman	59	Mick Nallen	13
<u>Air Vice-Marshal:</u>		Tom Nallen, Sr.	13
Don Srull	52	Del Balunek	13
Dave Stott	47	Ed Heyn	12
<u>General:</u>		Jack Russ	11
Mike Midkiff	44	Bill Wood	11
Chet Bukowski	42	Ken Hannan	11
Russ Brown	42	Bob Thompson	11
George Meyers III	42	Allen Schanzel	10
<u>Lt. General:</u>		Doc Martin	10
None		Ed Morrison	10
<u>Major General:</u>		<u>Captain:</u>	
None		Butch Hadland	9
<u>Brigadier General:</u>		Frank Scott	9
Mark Fineman	29	Dave Smith	9
Jack McGillivray	28	Blake Mayo	9
Ross Mayo	25	Ted Langley	9
<u>Colonel:</u>		Chas. Schobloher	9
Dan Briehl	23	Ted Russell	9
Vic Peres	22	Dean McGinnes	9
Mike Zand	20	Tom Nallen, Jr.	8
Dave Rees	20	Bill Warner	8
<u>Lt. Colonel:</u>		Hank O'Dwyer	8
John Toth	19	Andy MacIsaac	8
Fred Ewing	19	Tom O'Brien	7
Lin Reichel	18	Chris Scott	7
Pres Bruning	18	Don Assel	7
Ralph Kuenz	18	Ed Pelatowski	7
Roland Hoot	18	George Leffler	7
Ken Groves	16	Dudley Prisel	6
Clarence Mather	16	Fudo Takagi	6
Royall Moore	16	Don Garafalow	6
John Stott	16	Joe Whiting	6
Rudy Kluiber	16	Fred Wunsche	6
Henry Struck	15	Wm. Miller	6
Bill Hannan	15	Todd Allen	6
Jack Fike	15	Jim Miller	6
Bob Clemens	15	Pat Dailey	6
		John Blair	6
		Herb Shirley	5
		Dick Howard	5
		Rolfe Gregory	5
		Em Elwell	5
		Mark Drela	5
		Phil Cox	5
		Walt Eggert, Sr.	5
		Larry Loucka	5

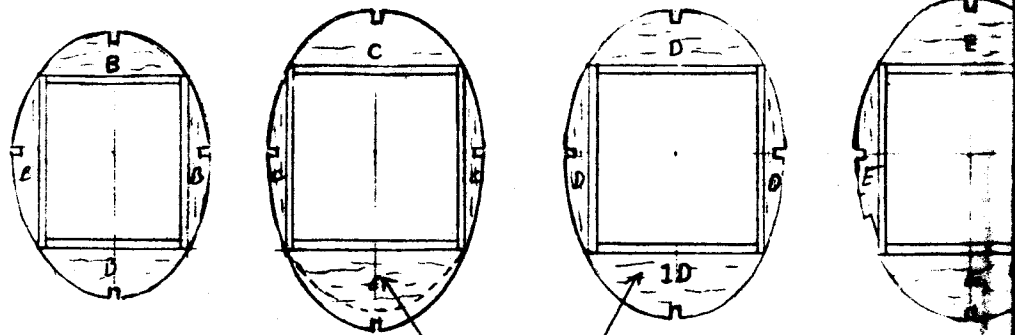
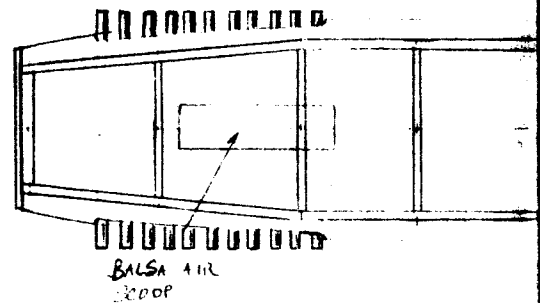
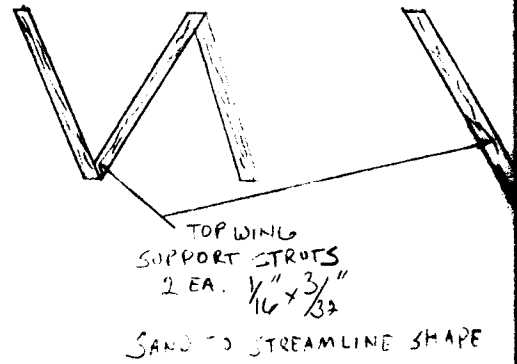
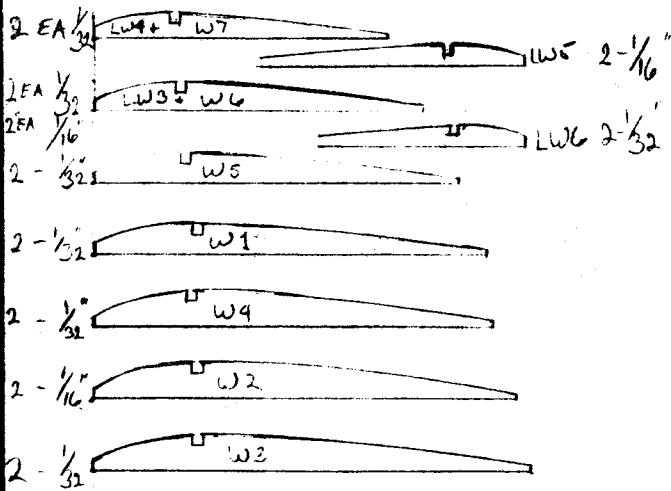


14. RANK	VICTORIES	RANK	VICTORIES
<u>Lieutenant:</u>		<u>Lt. (Cont'd.)</u>	
Ed Novak	4	Tony Faranda	1
Mike Norman	4	Jerry Donohue	1
R. Bender	4	Al Bailey	1
Garry Hunter	4	Bob Haight	1
Bob Leishman	4	Lad Plachy	1
Paul Spreiregen	4	Amos Ponder	1
Randy Kleinert	4	Guy Larsen	1
George Armstead	3	Betsy Majoros	1
Norm Poti	3	Ed Baltera	1
Mike Escalante	3	John Sites	1
Bob Heywood	3	Mike Arak	1
Andy Medovitch	3	Bob Wallace	1
Joe Barna	3	Jim Hyka	1
Mike Peres	3	Hal Howard	1
C. Sanford	3	Bob Curry	1
Walt Van Gorder	3	Marty Varney	1
Bob Seidentopf	3	Walt Eggert, Jr.	1
Les Bird	3	Mike Seidentopf	1
Don Steeb	3	Priscilla Betz	1
Tom Schmitt	3	Dick Kohfield	1
Mark Schneider	3	Greg Davis	1
Herb Redding	3	Bill Bell	1
Dan McDonald	3	Bill Reynolds	1
Padre Bill Anderson	3	Louis Leifer	1
Mike Welshans	2	Dick Dunmire	1
Bill Mitchell	2	Ron Sears	1
Al Lawton	2	Paul Herman	1
Gerry Skranjc	2	Carl Schueler	1
Walt Mooney	2	Bud Carson	1
Jeanette Scott	2	Eric Anderson	1
Juanita Reichel	2	Robert Zand	1
Ted Wales	2	Robert Gordon	1
Chris Schanzel	2	Chris Rubrich	1
H. Thomasian	2	Dave Smith	1
Ed Vargo	2	Henry Frautschy	1
Art Collard	2	Dave Bubolz	1
Warren Weisenbach	2	Mark Houk	1
Bill Caldwell	2	Jack Humphries	1
Ed Marcello	2	Terry Allen	1
Tom Sandor	2	Claude Powell	1
Chuck Conover	2	Henry Orzech	1
Ferril Papic	2	Steve Hales	1
Duncan McBride	2	Brian Ditrich	1
Bill Musolf	2	Dave Aronstein	1
Joe Ed Pederson	2	Chas. Sotich	1
Leon Bennett	2	In checking the listings over, we have discovered two glaring errors: David Zand, a fine upcoming Jr. flier, with 5 victories, should be a Captain! Also, G. Wagner, with 11 victories, should be in the Major category. Sorry, men!!	
Scott Paisley	2		
Bob Peck	1	Good flying in 1985, FACers!	
Scott Oliviera	1		
Bill Stroman	1	The Adjutant	
Bob Haigh	1		
Don Osala	1		
Les King	1		
Jeff Chrisy	1		
Jim Dailey	1		
Greg Gosky	1		
John Grigsby	1		
Phil Futo	1		

SHOWN WITHOUT
LANDING GEAR



W1+LW2 $2\frac{1}{32}$ $2\frac{1}{16}$



MAKE 1 D $1\frac{1}{16}$ AND
GLUE TO BACK OF C
MAKE 2 HARD $\frac{1}{32}$ FOR LANDING GEAR

Salutations, disciples! We shall once again pause in our series of meditations concerning Jumbo, so that I may report a recent adventure.

My accommodations at FAC IV proved sadly inadequate. Initially, I placed my bed roll at the top of the sloped test track. In this way I could monitor the speeding cars and quickly roll out of the way when necessary. But sleep in these circumstances was difficult. Moving to the infield proved equally fruitless. The underlying matrix of discarded greasy blown motors produced an endless slithering and sliding of my bed roll as I respired. Returning to the top of the track proved a final error; the lube-soaked bed roll tobaggoned down the incline, shot across the infield and zoomed half way up the opposing track before I was able to bail out. Talk about sleepless nights!

Hence it was almost with relief that I spotted Mr. Bob Thumbsome, flashlight in hand, searching back and forth across the infield. The reader already knows of certain adventures shared with Mr. Thumbsome; experiences that have taught me to be wary of his energetic companionship. Yet, facing a sleepless night, conversation with even Mr. Thumbsome seemed desirable. I hailed him.

"Mr. Thumbsome, it is I, the Glue Guru. What are you seeking?"

"You, GG ! There's a Red Alert crisis meeting on right now for all Jumbo flyers. This is it,GG! The Others have struck back! Quick, to the Grudging Hospitality Suite at the official motel."

* * * * *

Mr. Run Likehell, our mild mannered CO stood before us, pale but determined. "Gentlemen, I think these movies tell the story better than words. Lights, please."

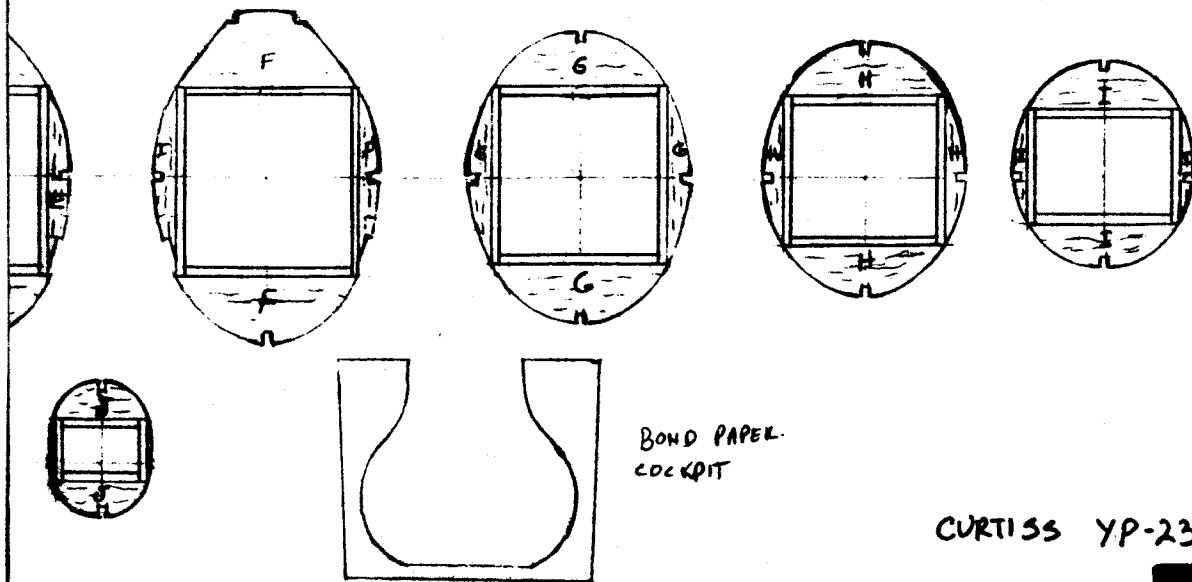
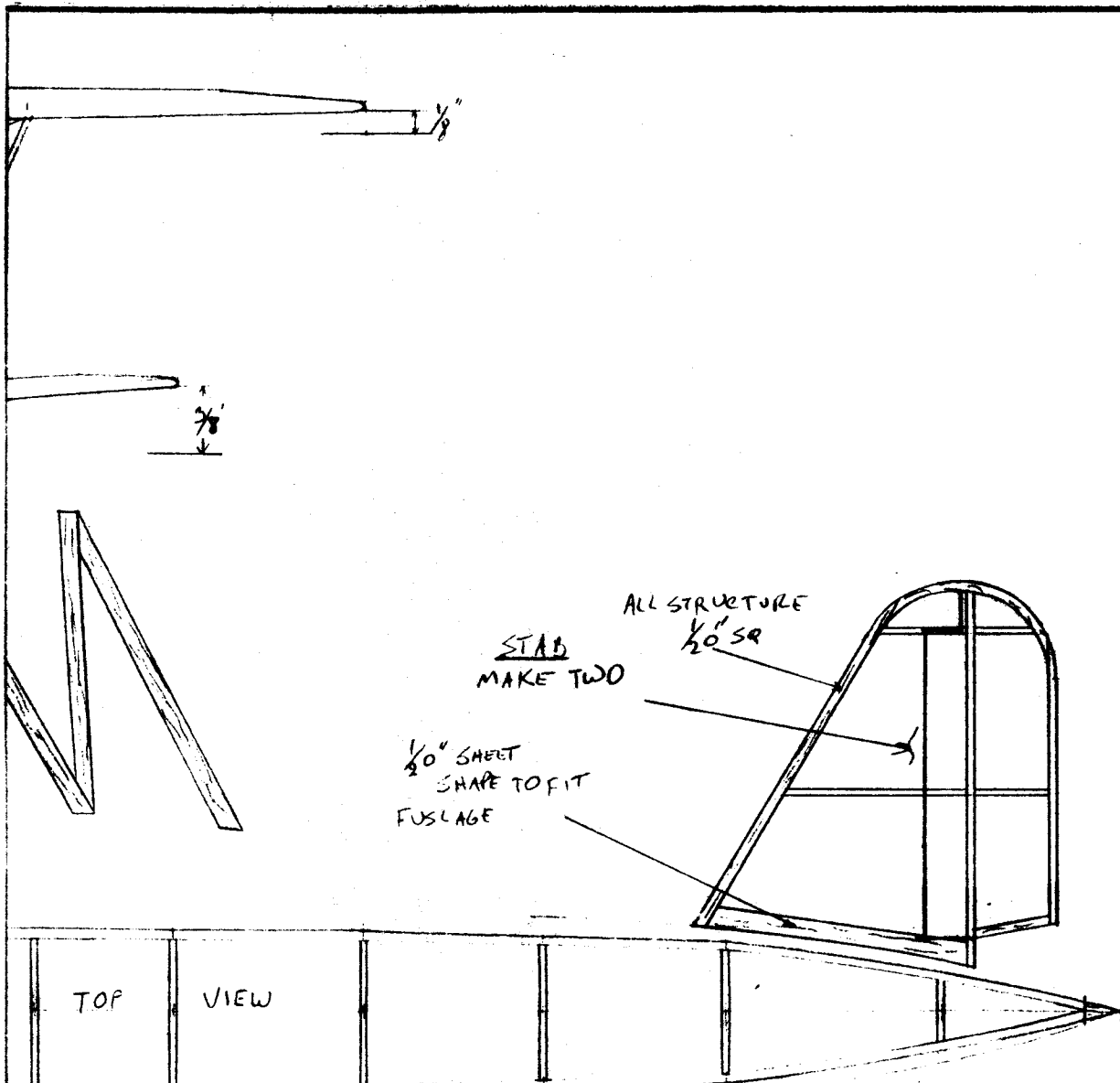
The assembled Jumbo flyers settled in their chairs to watch - a Wakefield model. As it flew the usual course, a sense of anti-climax set in. Our noted statesman, Spiral Agnew has said "If you have seen one Wakefield fly, you've seen them all." He's right. The Jumbo contingent grew increasingly restless as the model climbed out, cruised, folded its prop, etc, etc. Loud yawns were heard. Red Alert indeed! Flyers peered into their beer cans. Feet were crossed and uncrossed. Finally the model came in for a bumpy landing. The camera lens zoomed to supply a close-up of the canopy, a miserable attempt to dress up what was otherwise a standard brand Wakefield. With the canopy filling the screen, we noted that there was some sort of a cutesy-poo doll inside. Disgust filled the room like the stench of dope thinner.

Then the canopy popped open and the doll climbed out. Carefully making its way down the wing walk, it leaped lightly to the ground and gave the camera a big thumbs up and an even bigger grin. That smile, the round head, the glasses -it sure looked like Bob Black, the Wakefield champion. But how -what?

Mr. Likehell broke in. "Gentlemen, that is Bob Black full size. Your sense of scale has been deceived. You have been watching a man-carrying Wakefield look-alike, some 53 feet in span."

The room suddenly came alive. Startled viewers crushed their beer cans. Feet slapped the floor. Muttered oaths filled the air. "I think the next reel will answer your questions."

With a new perspective, we saw the Wake parked on a ski ramp similar to those employed for launching V-1 bombs. A truck equipped with a Huck starter backed to the prop and locked on. The truck edged forward and a huge rubber motor was pulled from the fuselage. As big in crosssection as a telephone pole, the motor was slowly wound as the driver clutched in the truck external power drive. Gingerly backing the truck while winding, the driver neatly finished the operation with the noseblock restored to the fuselage. Insertion of a crowbar as a Montreal stop came next- winding was complete. The truck pulled away and the pilot climbed in.



Mr. Hearse Flowers appeared on the screen. The so-called curator of the Others was carrying an enormous transmitter, festooned with countless switches, thumbwheels and sticks. The scene shifted to an adjacent stockade or holding pen, crammed with Others of every conceivable size and shape. Each had one arm up in the air, as though holding aloft an invisible tray. Mr. Flowers began to stroke the levers and the Others came to life, marching and countermarching from the stockade to the Wake. Short Others were positioned under the wing near the fuselage. Tall Others were moved out to the wingtips. The weight of the Wake was easily taken up by the dozens of outstretched arms.

A final platoon was set marching out to the tail when a glitch developed. The tail Others kept marching towards the horizon, no matter how Mr. Flowers twiddled his controls. They soon disappeared from view, each with one arm still raised, as though in farewell. Mr. Flowers shrugged. There are plenty of Others. A reserve platoon was soon in position.

With all the Others in place, the Wake was easily carried away from the stooge. Next, a to and fro motion developed among the Others; the Wake swinging back and forth until Mr. Flowers was satisfied with the velocity and amplitude of the motion.

Now! By pressing a single launch button, the Wake was thrown by dozens of synchronized arms. The pilot hit the release switch and the crowbar flew out. Slowly at first, the enormous prop began to bite air just as the launch momentum died. The Wake was under way again.

The lights came on. Stunned Jumbo flyers stared at one another. What did it all mean? Why? And was there any beer left?

Mr. Likehell took the floor again. "Gentlemen, I have a cable from the Others. We are challenged to defend the International Jumbo Trophy recently won in Paris. The contest is to be held at Taft, under Taft Jumbo Rules.

"Their strategy is obvious. They will enter a model of the Wake we have just seen. Not only will the rib spacing be duplicated perfectly, but so will the rear peg, folding prop and so on right down to the pin holes in the plans!" Gasps and moans rose from the audience.

"As for the flying portion of the contest, they have contracted with Bob Black to serve as their flyer. He will be entering an ordinary Wake model - one he knows perfectly - and flying on his own home grounds. Taft is a notoriously tricky field. Many years of experience are required to master the local air currents. Yet Mr. Black has recorded many 30 minute plus flights over this field. Under Taft Jumbo Rules, there is no Max. The single best flight time in five official tries is your score. If we cant do 30 minutes - well, we're just not in it.(Sob)

"Gentlemen, there are those who would be discouraged by these grim facts.(Sob) I am not. (Sob) I feel that among you there is someone who will arise to champion the FAC cause against this sordid scheme - a scheme that is a travesty of scale modeling - a scheme that could emerge only from the sick minds of the Others!

"What say you, gentlemen?"

By an effort of will, each of the assembled Jumbo flyers made himself small. Some appeared quite hidden behind their beer cans. Only heros and morons speak at a time like this and FAC has blessedly few of either.

Mr. Thumbsome was on his feet within one second - a delay expended in slapping his plastic goggles into position. I began to experience a sense of rising anxiety.

"I volunteer to put those dastards in their place. I have a plan. I will require the services of the Glue Guru."

Even as I rose to protest vehemently, Mr. Likehell, his face wreathed in smiles of relief, was already assuring Mr. Thumbsome of my availability.

"Of course, Bob. You can have whatever you need. But why this clown? Some of these guys are actually competent."

"No, I want GG. He's real patient. I need him to hold the sticks down on the plan until the glue dries."

A puzzled frown crossed Mr. Likehell's brow. "Bob, most of us use pins for that purpose."

"Pins? That's a great idea!"

Groaning loudly, Mr. Likehell tottered on his feet as he vainly attempted to match the extraordinary abilities of the Others, shown by the film, against the relatively modest talents of Mr. Thumbsome and myself. He shook his head sadly as he came to a decision. "I have my own plan. Bob, you and GG stay behind for a strategy session. The rest of you are dismissed." They fled.

* * * * *

"Let us face reality." Mr. Likehell paced up and down as he put forth his arguments. "There is no chance of winning the static scale portion of the contest. The man-carrying Wake is simply a scaled up model - and they will be entering the actual model. Our only chance is to take the flight portion of the contest by a wide margin. In writing off our static chances, we gain something - the right to modify our design as we please, to increase the flight potential. After all, a good Unlimited can beat a good Wake. To win, we need two things - a model with the capabilities of an Unlimited and a flyer who knows Taft like the back of his hand. **Given the right flyer**, even that Puss Moth by Cheat Laslo might win. A bit low in fidelity perhaps - but lots of performance."

Mr. Likehell halted, stared at us as though seeing us for the first time, and sighed. "No - in this case, stronger measures are required. Umm. Let us imagine that we announce that our champions are on the way, by slow boat. The journey is long and uncertain, but we are sure that they will arrive by a certain date, etc, etc. But months pass and nothing is heard of our heros. We organize a sea search. There are pictures on the TV of bereaved loved ones staring out to sea, hoping against hope and so on.

"With all this commotion, the Others would not dare press us for an immediate contest - to do so would make them seem brutally insensitive to our terrible loss. In the meantime, young Egbert, that 12 year old kid in Pennsylvania - he looks real promising - will be in training on Unlimiteds at Taft. Going at it full time, I think he can handle it in a year.

"Photos appear of our new champion, frisking with his dog, saying his prayers and so on. He's got pictures of the two of you in his bedroom and he kisses the pictures every night before he goes to bed! Good stuff, huh? The TV people will go for it for sure. A new FAC champion arises from the ashes of disaster! The whole country will be pulling for us. Even if we lose the actual contest, we'll have won over the public.

"And if we win, we'll arrange to have the trophy handed to the kid right over your coffins! What a scene that would make! The kid saluting the coffins with one hand and while tears roll down his cheeks - he reaches out for the trophy!

"As for you gentlemen, well, we all have to go sometime. Right?"

Mr. Thumbsome snapped to attention. "I regret that I have but one life to give to the FAC"

"That's the spirit! Here's ten dollars. Buy the best boat you can find for the money and get under way. Good luck and dont lose the inventory card this time. Strap it to your body. You cant be too careful about administrative procedures."

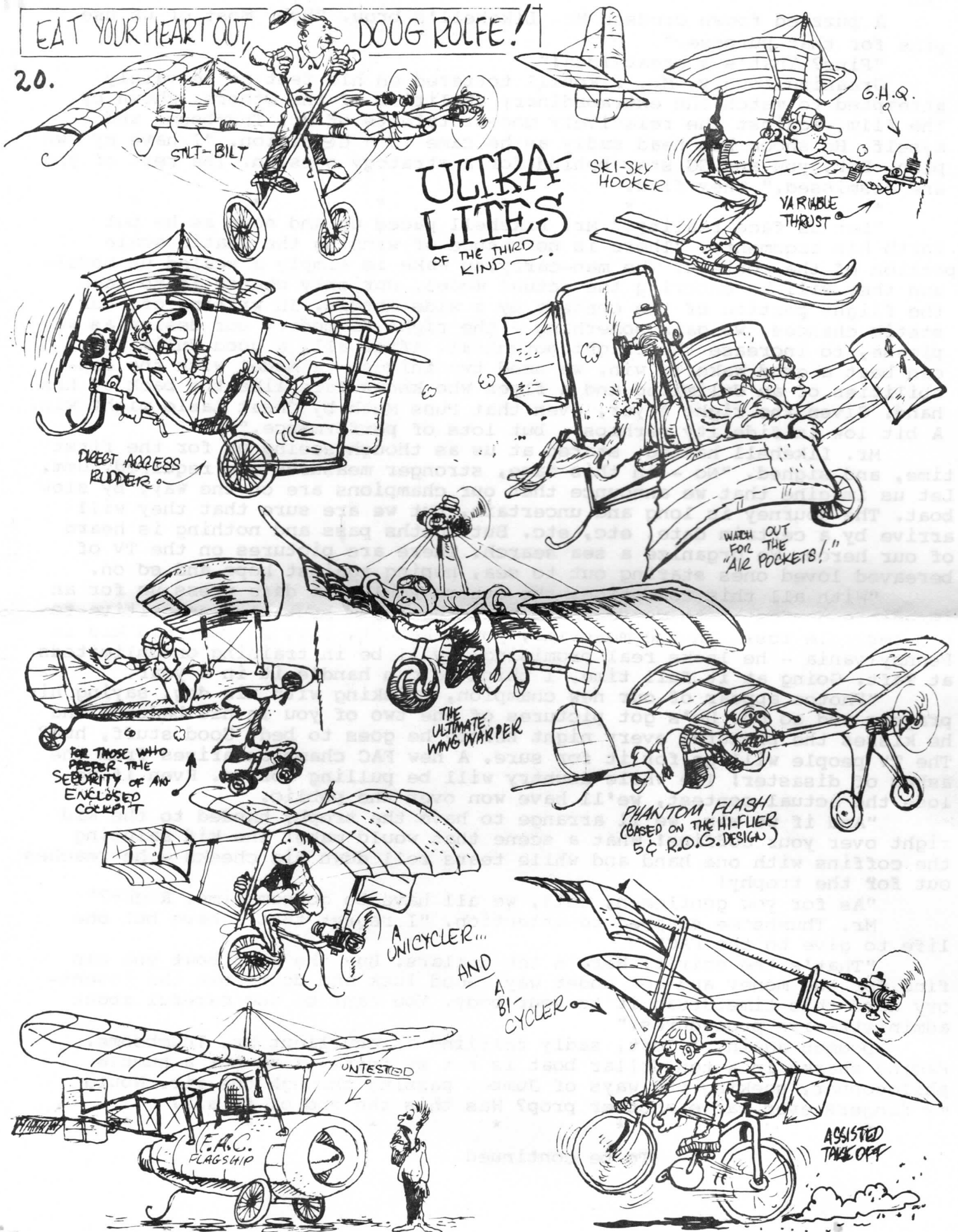
Doomed again. I left, sadly trailing an ebullient Mr. Thumbsome. Facing sharks in a ten dollar boat is not my forte. I am but a humble philosopher, seeking the ways of Jumbos passing through the air. Would my fingers ever carve another prop? Was this the end of it all?

* * * * *

To be continued

EAT YOUR HEART OUT, DOUG ROLFE!

20.



LIVING IN THE EARLY DAYS OF AVIATION
By Colonel (Hon) Adrian Comper

Nick's Scamp, described in the last issue, never flew. It was about ready when Nick's life was forfeited by the actions in England some sixty years ago by the turbulent IRA (Irish Republican Army) *from*.

The next installment will tell how and where this tragedy occurred, and how Fane Aircraft, having eventually taken over the Scamp, did a notable job of re-designing.

If Nick's Scamp had been finished and flown, a performance comparison with the Fane version would have been of interest.



The Fane F.1/40 two-seat Air Observation Post was developed from the Comper Scamp, a two seat twin-boom pusher monoplane designed by Flt Lt Nicholas Comper in 1938. Comper saw the Scamp as a really cheap, easy to fly 100 m.p.h. aircraft costing less than £400—just what the private and club pilot wanted. The College of Air Training at Brooklands began work on a scaled down version of the Scamp to test the tricycle undercarriage and demonstrate general handling with the pusher installation. The CF-1, as this

aircraft was designated, was to have been powered by a 40 h.p. Praga engine, and was scheduled to fly in August 1939. In June 1939 Comper was killed, and it is fairly certain that the CF-1 never flew before the outbreak of war in September that year.

Although the Scamp never materialised it was further developed by Capt Gerard Fane into an AOP aircraft. The resulting design, illustrated here, had a fully flapped and slotted 37ft span wing and was powered by an 80 h.p. Continental A-80 driving a

pusher propeller. The original twin-boom configuration of the Scamp was dropped, and the engine was moved to a position high behind the cabin. The one and only Fane F.1/40 was built at Norbury by the Fane Aircraft Company in 1941, and was issued with the RAF serial T1788. It flew at Heston during March of that year and was allotted the civil registration G-AGDJ in September, finally being scrapped some time during the war. In these Aeroplane photographs the Fane is camouflaged.

