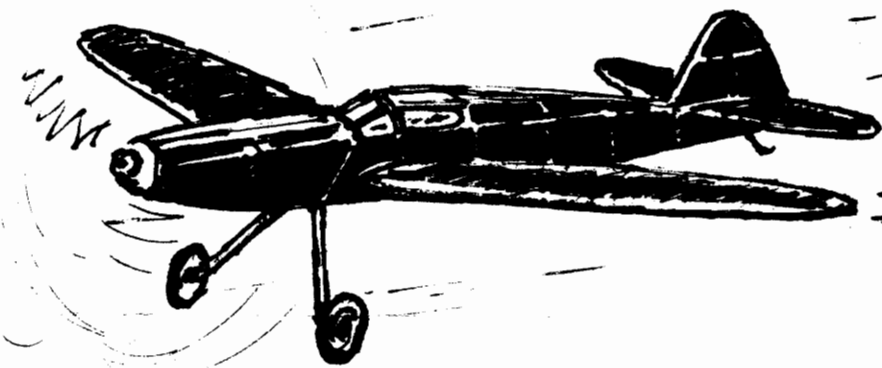


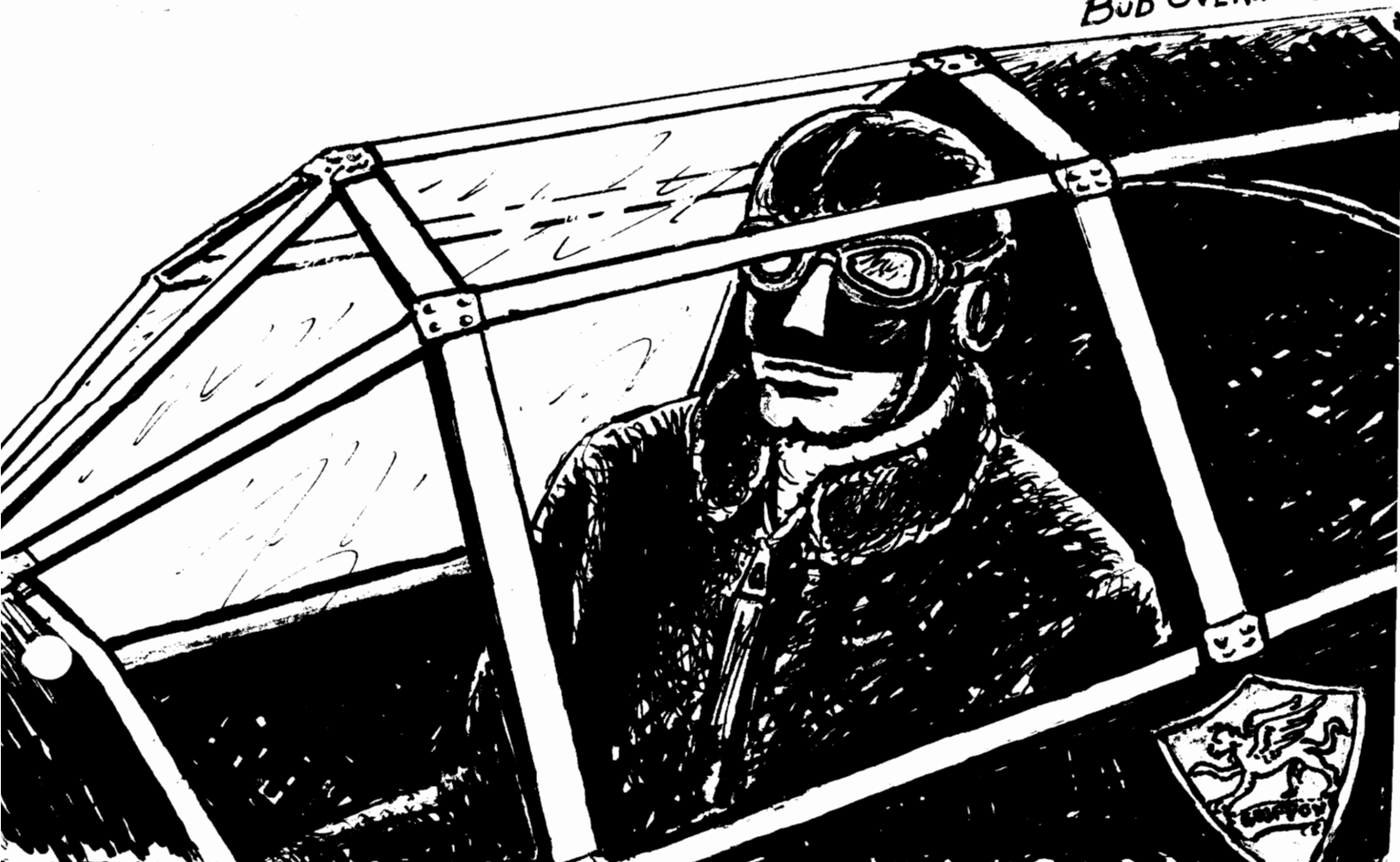
FLYING ACES

ISSUE #113-39 Jan./Feb. 1987

Club News



BUD OVERN '85



2.



This issue's cover was done by Bud Overn and it depicts the "Griffon" (Kerry Keen) and the "Black Bullet". Nice job, Bud. On the subject of covers, plans, articles and other good "stuff", we sure do need all we can get. We have worked out a plan to get this newsletter back on schedule, but we will use up all of our material in a short time.

The only news we can give you on the Flying Aces Nats is that it will be at the National Warplane Museum in Geneseo, NY. Probable dates are July 9-10, 1988. We should have these dates confirmed in the next issue. The D.C. Maxcutters are doing a great job of organizing this extravaganza, so make sure you get everything planned to be there.

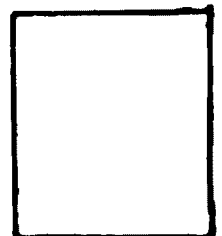
While on the subject of the Nats, you may want to put off building that "Super" bonus getter model you've been thinking about until you get the next issue. (should be out around Thanksgiving) We are going to publish an updated version of the rules then as well as some other information you may find helpful.

We have never before endorsed anyone for any office in the AMA, but this time we feel we just have to get involved! We are urging you to cast your vote for Jim McNeill for AMA Executive Vice President, and Bob Brown for District Three Vice President. You will find their statements elsewhere in this issue. Please Vote!!!

The cost of printing the newsletter has just gone up, Clubsters! The increase was a whopping twentypercent! Don't panic! At least not yet. Our treasury can sustain the increase for a time, but we will need some extra income. We are now offering a plan for sale of the "Westland Lysander" by an old English model company by the name of "Studiette Handcraft". Butch Hadland (from England) sent us this plan for use in the newsletter, however it is much too large and nice of a plan to cut up. This may be the nicest plan of the "Lysander" that we have ever seen. We also have some of Pres Bruning's plan of the Northrop "Gama" still available, too. The "lysander has a span of 25 inches and the "Gama" is a Jumbo at 36 Inches. They sell for \$4.00 each and can be had by sending your money to; FAC GHQ, 3301 Cindy Lane, Erie, Pa. 16506. The price includes postage.

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





Get in on the fun Skysters! Fly your rubber powered Comet scale model and send in the times to GHQ. Enter as many times as you wish, with as many different models as you wish. If you better a previous time with a certain model, send it in.

Models can be of a current Comet kit or one from the old-time series. Just be sure it is a scale model. Contest closes on Oct. 25, 1987.

Scores as we have them to date.

<u>PILOT</u>	<u>PLANE</u>	<u>TIME</u>
1. Mike Zand	Taylorcraft	223 sec.
2. Gordon Roberts	Piper Super Cub	134 "
3. Dennis Norman	Curtiss Robin	126 "
4. Dave Smith (Az.)	Vultee Attack	117 "
5. "Padre" Wm. Anderson	Fairchild "24"	102 "
6. Mike Zand	Waco Coast Guard	89 "
7. Claude Powell	Hawker Hurricane	73 "
8. Paul Helman	Bellanca	61 "
9. "Padre" Wm. Anderson	Mr. Mulligan	42 "
10. "Padre" Wm. Anderson	Allied Sport	40 "
11. Bob Carpenter	P-47 Thunderbolt	39 "
12. Dan McDonald	Taylorcraft	32 "
13. Tom O'Brien	Taylorcraft 54"	31 "
14. Mike Zand	Aeronca "K"	26 "

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

Do you have the plans for the Scientific Vought Corsair V-80 and the Scientific Monocoupe Model 145? Both models have a wingspan of 25 Inches. If you have these plans I would like to borrow them to make copies and then return them to you. Lin Reichel, 3301 Cindy Lane, Erie, Pa. 16506

4.

Roger L. Wathen Sr.
3242 N. DeQuincy St.
Indpls, Ind. 46218

Flying Aces News
3301 Cindy Lane
Erie, P.A. 16506

Dear sirs,

Enclosed, please find my remittance for some more of your "mumbo jumbo" in your FAC news. Greatest reading material in the world!!

I have a couple of requests for you if possible. The last time I wrote was in 1983 and our numbers in my Jetex newsletter has risen to some 70 members and I know that some of those had to have to come because of your advertisement. Could you advertise this again with the following:

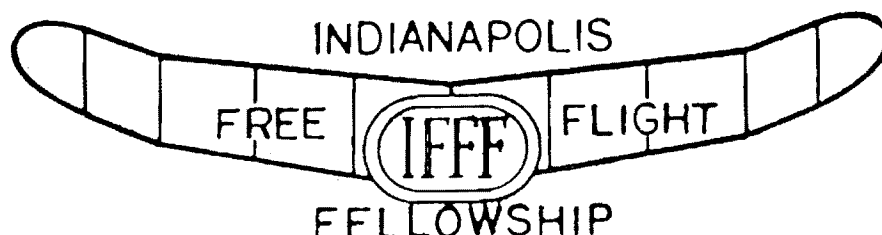
"Interested in Jetex flying, plans, fuel and engines? Join the more than 70 some already receiving the only newsletter designed to the promotion and preserving of of Jetex flying. Subscribers as far away as Saudi Arabia and Switzlerland are receiving this rag. Issue number 9 starts off with full size plans. Subscription \$3.00 currently. Send replys to Roger L. Wathen Sr. 3242 N. DeQuincy St., Indpls, Ind. 46218 Phone 1-317-547-5963"

"Individuals, teachers, youth groups and libraries. I have the following model aviation mags for sale: M.A.N., M.B., A.M., A.A.M., F.M., A.T., and M.A. No complete set will run more than \$5.00 except A.M., A.T., and M.B. Send large SASE (two stamps) to Roger L. Wathen Sr., 3242 N. DeQuincy St., Indpls, Ind. 46218 Phone - 1-317-547-5963"

Thank you so much for your consideration.

Sweet Thermals H.Q .,

Roger L. Wathen Sr.
Supervisor of the Flying Raiders
Club of Forest Manor School



* * * Rajah * * *

Mumbo Jumbo #27 from the pen of the Glue Guru

(Update: Col Run Likehell hopes to attain much "dignity" for FAC by assisting Inner Vision leader Rajah, reputed to be 30,000 years old, to a victory in Golden Age. The scene is the prior FAC Nats.)

Salutations, disciples! (I shall continue with the inside story of the recent Nats.) Rajah was not as I imagined. Old, yes - but with the bubbling good humor of the very young; his toothless grin that of a merry baby. He seemed without "side", a mere primitive cynic - and yet occasionally a sense of something profound broke through.

"What are your views of the material things?" I led.

"Such things are nonsense. A man requires food and a warm dry place to sleep. Anything more is vanity."

"Why then do you encourage your followers to give you many expensive cars?"

Much laughter. "I do not encourage these fools. We each give gifts we would like to receive. These people yearn for gold, so they give gold. Idiots!"

"Why don't you discourage the practise?"

"To what end? What else can they give me? Wisdom? They have none! Long life? I already have it."

"Are you really 30,000 years old?"

"So, you are really a Westener at heart - a bean counter. Is a man the wiser for knowing the number of grains of sand on a beach? The number of leaves on a tree? What difference does my age make? To the wise, beyond the number 10, there is only "many". When pressed by reporters for numbers, I give them any number they like. For age, they like 30,000 years. Fine. It does have a certain ring to it."

I bridled. "You are mistaken. To despise numbers is childish. Science is numbers. There can be understanding only where there are numbers."

"And what good is your precious science? You and your numbers will yet blow the earth to bits in a splendid display of science and stupidity. Your so called "understanding" generates little but monuments to vanity and poisonous filth." He cackled as merrily as ever.

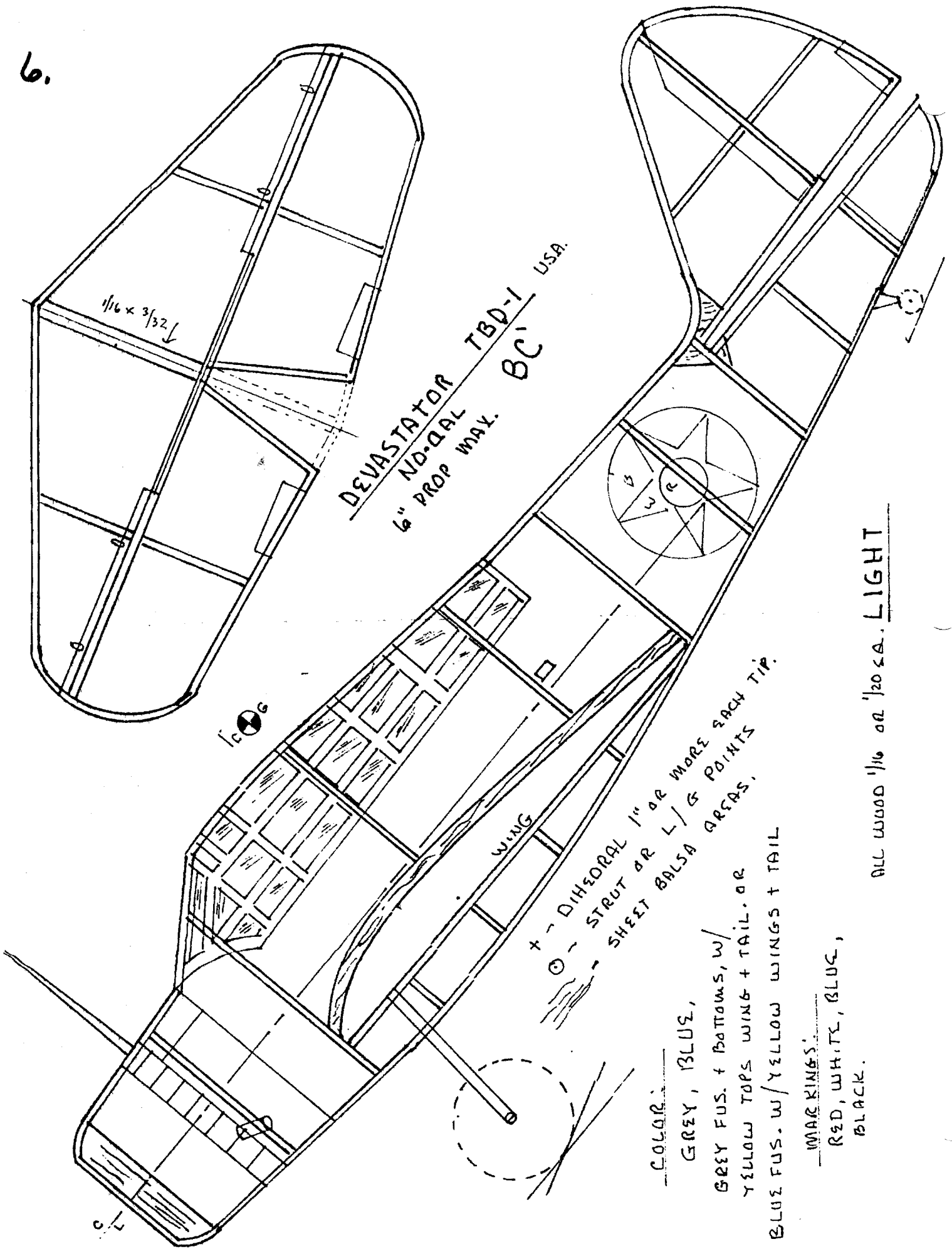
This was going to be difficult. I moved the subject closer to home. "Why then, your interest in model airplanes? Nothing is more subject to the rule of numbers. And nowhere is the numerical code more difficult to fathom."

He suddenly grew serious. "There are times - moments actually - when I feel that I know something. Moments when I sense that I have achieved some measure of control. Not the sly manifestations of the mediums or the spoon bending of the charlatans - but a certain degree of order, of equilibrium, of peace. Perhaps this degree of control can be extended to the so called real world, perhaps not. Let us find out. Teach me the craft of flying models. Then we shall see."

A mock Grillo Piper Cub, assembled in a single heroic 24 hour period by Mr Thumbsome, evolved through the simple replacement of every bit of "wood" with contest grade balsa. A fuselage opening was cut, permitting the passage of a good sized motor, swinging a decent carved prop. Sixty seconds was easily obtained. With a certain amount of pushing, 75 seconds seemed possible. There was a chance...

Rajah proved an eager pupil. Within a couple of days he could wind, shim a thrust line offset with confidence, tweak a rudder - yes,

6.



COLOR:

GREY, BLUE,

GREY FUS. + BOTTOMS, W/

YELLOW TOPS WING + TAIL. OR

BLUE FUS. W/ YELLOW WINGS + TAIL

MARKINGS:

RED, WHITE, BLUE,

BLACK.

ALL WOOD 1/16 OR 1/20 GA. LIGHT

there was definitely a chance. If he could just overcome his habit of launching to the East to avoid "the corruption of the West", he might just...Yes, if only the wind blew from the East, Rajah was formidable. If not...

As his mastery became evident, Rajah introduced his own variations upon Mr Thumbsome's theme. Sensitive calm replaced sweat drenched energy expenditure. Flights were fewer but well ordered. Times climbed into the 90's. Motors were pushed as I have never seen motors peaked before - but no motor burst. Thermals always found the Piper Cub - perhaps a reflection of summer conditions at Geneseo and yet, one wondered...When every flight reached 100 seconds or more, I was shaken. Did Rajah really possess some secret...?

Our week of preparation was over. Rajah was ready. The Inner Vision crowd left, tambourines, Rolls and all. When the FAC members flowed in, only a few meager signs of the great Inner Vision conference remained - a few notices on the bulletin boards, and Rajah.

* * * * *

The day of the contest opened to grey skies and vague drizzles. Far off, beyond the tree line, thunderstorms threatened. There was little wind. Contestants, divided into heats, milled about awaiting their turn.

Rajah, his long wispy beard tucked into his dhoti, squatted patiently on his haunches surrounded by field equipment, looking much like a peasant hoping to board the Calcutta bus. A nervous Mr Thumbsome showered last moment advice upon a clearly heedless Rajah. Col Run Likehell hovered over the scene crackling his knuckles, his face a study in excruciating tension.

The CD lifted his bull horn and announced, "Alright, second heat for Golden Age." A list of contestants was rattled off.

"OK Rajah, this is it! Now remember, don't go for more than 60 seconds in the first round. Somebody is sure to blow the launch and there's no point in fatiguing your motor. Just do 60 seconds. That's about 200 winder turns. Got it? Just put in 200 winder turns. Just..." Rajah nodded vaguely, his mind elsewhere.

Serving as mechanic, Mr Thumbsome dutifully called off every 10 turns as Rajah wound. "OK Rajah, that's 180, 190, 200. STOP!"

But there was no stopping Rajah. "I spit on your numbers!", he cried, accelerating the winder handle until it became an uncertain blur. Mr Thumbsome, holding, cowered as the turns poured in. "STOP! STOP!"

At last the winder came to rest. "Is everybody ready?", asked the CD, searching the line up. "Launch in 30 seconds. Now 25 seconds. Now..." And with 20 seconds to go Rajah launched, aiming due East, straight at the line of fellow contestants.

"Hey, you can't do that!", yelled the CD as everyone hit the deck.

"He sure can!", screamed the Col. "He can launch at his own discretion anytime before the GO signal. And there's no rule about launching into the prevailing wind."

The grumbling contestants lined up again and hurriedly got off a conventional launch. Despite a handicap of at least one minute, Rajah's piper Cub was looking down from a height of 200 feet, softly riding a fat thermal. Rajah's model was the last to land by many minutes.

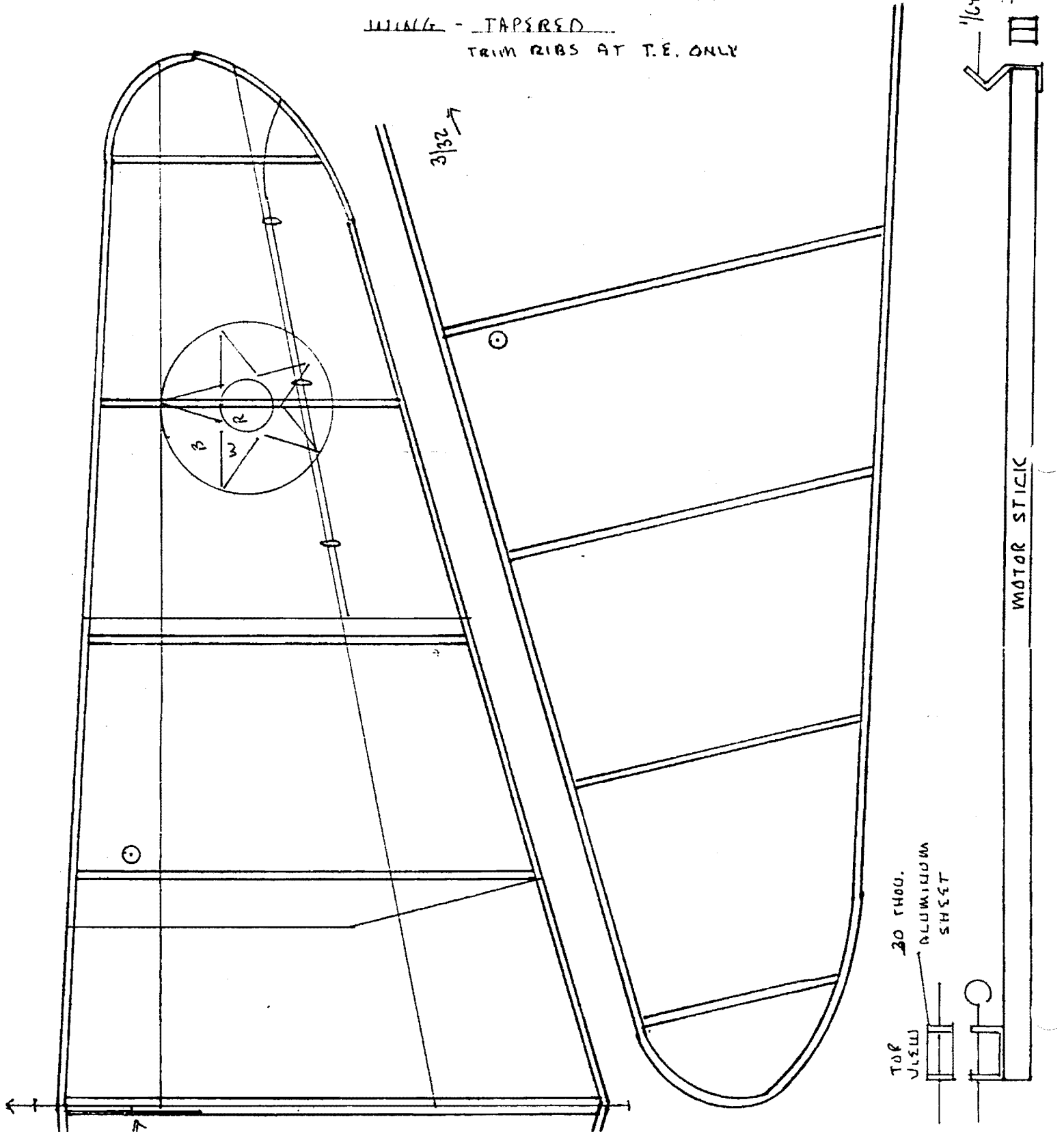
And so it went. Round after Round, Rajah calmly put up flights of at least 5 minutes each. His competitors, starting from a position of anger and disgust, slowly came to view Rajah with respect. By the fourth round, everyone was launching to the East, directly crosswind. For those lacking Rajah's peculiar grace, this proved an unwise move, eliminating most of the contestants via one mass wingover into the

8.

NOTE: MOTOR STICK - RIGHT SIDE
ISSUE - FUS. SIDE SHOWN +
 TOPS OF WING + TAIL ONLY.
WHEELS - Balsa or FOAM.
RIBS - SOLID OR SLICED.
GUSSETS - ADD WHERE NEEDED.
 FOR STRENGTH.

WILLIAM MARENCIK
 6 ALVIN AVE.
 EMMAUS, PA 18049

WING - TAPERED
 TRIM RIBS AT T.E. ONLY



turf. Serene among the bursting debris, calm among the anguished cries of his fellow contestants, Rajah exhibited only one worrisome trait - he was clearly flagging.

Even as the odds shifted in his favor, even as he began to appear the ultimate winner, he grew pale, and his recoveries through the infamous wheat field became sluggish. Whatever his age, he was beginning to feel it. Stumbling through the wheat field after the 19th round, he appeared definitely haggard.

When after some minutes he did not return, Mr Thumbsome and I entered the waist high growth to assist the search. Instead of the Piper Cub, we found Rajah, curled up in the attitude of sleep, a beatific smile upon his face - and very dead.

We whispered the news to Col Run Likehell, for fear of spreading unnecessary alarm. "Dead? He can't be dead! Why he hasn't even made out his will yet!" A sense of personal loss passed over the Col, doubtless a reflection of his deep affection for Rajah. He began to weep. "We could have had millions. Millions!"

Mr Thumbsome attempted to reassure the Col. "Don't worry Chief, the old boy is gone, but I think we can find the model."

I noted with satisfaction, "We have triangulated the vanishing point. It's just a simple problem in trig to generate a reverse vector. We know the model location to within..."

"Model? You morons! Who cares about the model when we could have had...". The Col was clearly far gone in grief. Yet, such is his strength, that he pulled himself together and took command. "Rajah's not dead. I repeat: he's not dead. He has merely suffered a minor indisposition. Wire him up, like an Other. Half of those people have been dead for years. Nobody will notice the difference. Get Don Skoal to help. He knows R/C. Put servos on Rajah's arms and legs. Eight channels should do it. Get to it - while I call a rain halt."

Can Rajah win? Can the Col retrieve a dead loss? Tune in next time for the exciting conclusion to this inside view of the last NATS.



RLH 86

FOKKER B-II (Austrian)

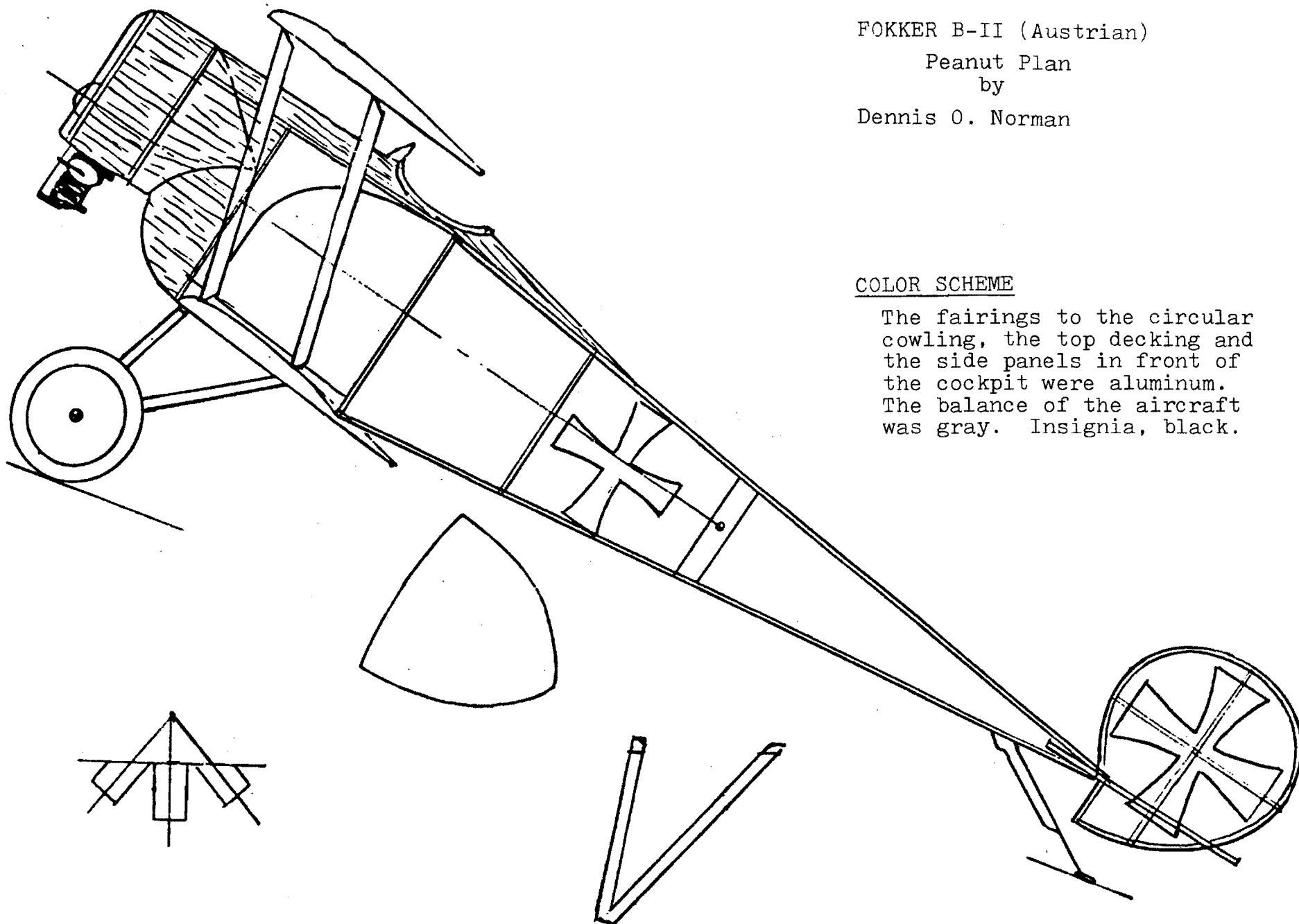
Peanut Plan

by

Dennis O. Norman

COLOR SCHEME

The fairings to the circular cowlings, the top decking and the side panels in front of the cockpit were aluminum. The balance of the aircraft was gray. Insignia, black.



CAMPAIGN STATEMENT
of Bob Brown
 Candidate for District III Vice President

Prompt, direct COMMUNICATION is drastically lacking under the present system in our District. To resolve this problem Bob Brown will create a structure of Associate Vice Presidents that will convey District III information promptly. How long has it been since the Vice President of District III visited your club? Bob Brown is a school teacher who has three summer months to do this type of work. Have you read much about District III in the National AMA Newsletter....Do you even know that such a newsletter exists?

The Academy is in need of POSITIVE LEADERSHIP. For several years the AMA has had problems with negative views expressed by some of its leaders. Bob Brown is able to work with others in a very positive fashion. In April, 1987, the pylon racing team from the United States won the World Championship. As FAI Subcommittee President and Pylon Team Selection Chairman, Bob Brown was the leader in this successful effort.

More attention must be directed toward the SPORT MODELER. Competition is great, but less than ten percent of the Academy is competition orientated. Bob Brown has been the event director for the STARS Scale Rally which is certainly one of the most innovative, positive events of District III. Why can't the AMA have a fun fly, rally, or convention directed toward the majority of its' membership?

NOISE is the biggest issue which all modelers will face in the near future! The Academy must spend more time and money to alleviate this situation. Bob Brown is currently working with the F.A.I. and the AMA to deter noise.

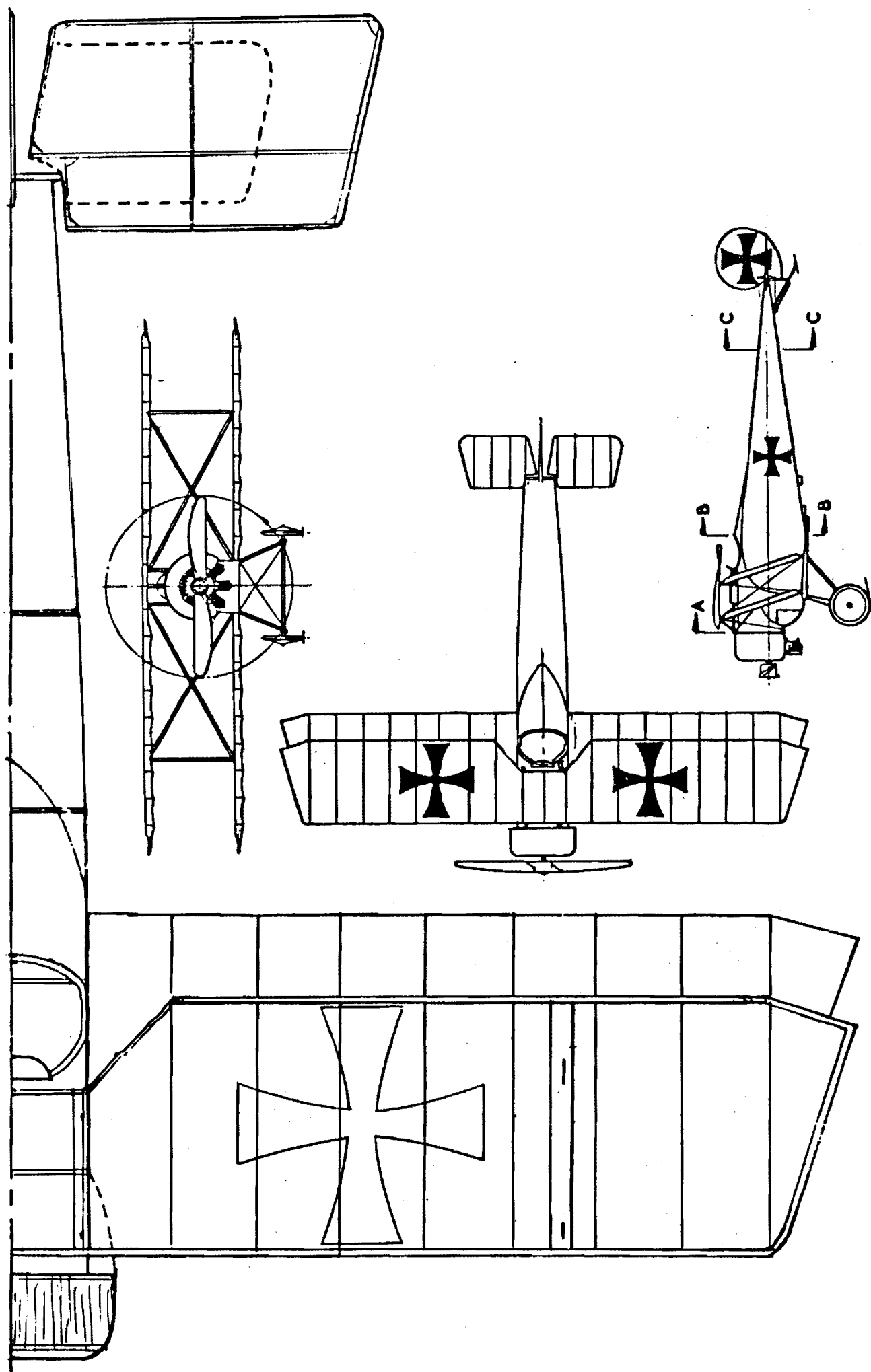
What is the average age of the members in your club? The YOUTH PROGRAM in the AMA has to be rejuvenated. Bob Brown has been a school teacher for more than twenty years and clearly understands today's youth. If we do not encourage new modelers, we will be quite lonely in a few short years.

Financial support is needed by our INTERNATIONAL COMPETITORS. If the monies the Academy pays to the National Aeronautic Association were reapportioned, our teams would have considerably more money with no increase in the current dues structure.

PLEASE VOTE FOR BOB BROWN!

PAID FOR BY THE COMMITTEE TO ELECT BOB BROWN

12.



INDOOR MEET

DATE: Nov. 22, 1987

PLACE: McComb Fieldhouse
Edinboro University
Edinboro, Pa.

TIME: 9:00 am till 5:00 pm

ENTRY FEE: \$4.00 first event, \$1.00 each add. event, plus \$1.50 for
gym rental. Jr/Sr, \$2.00 flies all events.

EVENTS:

- | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. FAC Scale | 6. WWII No-Cal Combat |
| 2. FAC Peanut Scale | 7. No-Cal Scale (under 7 grams) |
| 3. Hi-Wing Peanut Scale | 8. No-Cal Scale (7 grams or more) |
| 4. WWI Peanut Dogfight | 9. Blatter "40" |
| 5. Bostonian (7 gram min.) | |

Prizes through third place, when warranted.

Bring proof of scale or no scale points.

You must be able to prove color of No-Cal models.

Send S.A.S.E. for copy of Blatter "40" plan.

Gym shoes or equivalent required.

C.D. Ross Mayo
4328 Crosswinds Dr.
Erie, Pa. 16506

Phone (814) 838-7828

DIELS ENGINEERING, INC.

This company continues to put out a great product and it is time we gave it a good plug. So, here goes. So far they have produced three kits, all of nice quality. They are, the Boeing P-12/F4B, the Lavochkin La5/La7, and the Grumman F8F Bearcat. The kits include excellent decals and the best balsa wood and Jap tissue that are available. The La5 and the Bearcat kits come with molded canopies, too. Due to be released soon are the P-40 in peanut size and a 1/2 inch to the foot scale, Curtiss A-12 Shrike, more on these later.

Here at GHQ, your CO is putting together the La5 and a better fitting kit I have never had the pleasure of building, everything goes together like it is supposed to, all formers and stringers line up perfectly. From what we have heard, she is a nice flyer. Dave Niedzelski, also from GHQ has built the Bearcat and it went together as well as the La5. Dave has flown the Bearcat a few times and when testing is complete we expect it will break a minute consistently. So far he has had a couple of flights over forty seconds.

Dave Diels also has a couple of canopies available now, too. They fit his plans of the Douglas Devastator and the North American O-47. Dave is still selling his plans too, so why don't you send for his complete catalog to see all of the goodies he has to offer. A buck will get you one. Send to; Diels Engineering, Inc, P.O. Box 101, Woodville, Ohio 43469

RE-ELECT JIM MC NEILL
AMA EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT

I have the most Council experience, 16 years on your board of directors. We began - 1972 with 39,731 members, a few chartered clubs, a 5th floor rented home office in Wash D.C. with no rugs. Today we own our own building, a museum, rugs on the floor, have mushroomed to 125,000 members, with 1860 chartered clubs. How?? What happened?? It wasn't high rolling big business techniques and fancy finance investment words that got us where we are today, it was attention to the pennies and dollars of members' money and details in serving them. AMA is a service organization. We service members so they can relax and fly model airplanes as a hobby. If we had a billion dollars instead of a million it would mean nothing to a member who could not get proper service, could not get AMA's instant attention to do what it is supposed to do. Flyers want fields, insurance, safety, frequencies, freedom to vary their interests at will, service right now, no busy-body, no controversies.

If re-elected I promise to: never ever vote for an assessment for any reason; continue to help clubs get and keep flying sites; monitor and report to you our finances and insurance status; help control line and free flight groups get and keep rights and support; keep grinding out the AMA Nat'l Newsletter; continue sticking up for underdogs nobody else wants to hear from for their unmailed magazine, or late license card, or no NATS trophy, and the like. Space permitting I'll continue running pictures of the wives, girl friends, children, people you never heard of, in the mag. Model airplanes is a family fun thing.

Over the years I've created awards. The "AWARD of EXCELLENCE" for chartered clubs, the "MERITORIOUS SERVICE" award, the President's "LEGION of HONOR", the "AERO HONOR SOCIETY" for Newsletter Editors, the "MCNEILL CUP" for FF F.A.I. Power, and others. WHY? I'll tell you a secret. It makes people happy to get an award. It makes them proud to belong to AMA. What does it cost AMA?? It costs nothing.

We are accumulating a lot of your money to bank up for self-insurance purposes. All this talk about big business and sharp financing is great, but there is something else nobody has bothered to mention yet. Old fashioned honesty and integrity. I'm for staying with the formula that got us here. If you have even a scintilla of concern for the outcome of this election for your AMA fiduciary then get involved this one time and vote. Don't stay out of it now and crab later.

I am only running for one office. I have no conflicts of interest, no outside commercial interests in model airplanes. If I get put out to pasture this time I'll go back to flying free flight again (George Perryman beware) and I can look up at various flying sites and see that little red, white, and blue AMA flag flapping in the breeze and remember the time John Worth and I dreamed up the Safety Flag and recall I contributed something too....

Jim McNeill

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

Does anyone have some information on the Lockheed Model 9 "Orion" in Swiss colors? Landing gear details and markings, also photos of the one in the Swiss museum would be good if one of our Clubsters has some.

Send to Dave Diels, Box 101, Woodville, Ohio 43469

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?
vignettes of what happened to those famous
model builders of the 1930's

The Legacy of
Festoon Mulberry

Festoon Mulberry was Calhoun County's Highway Department Engineer; obviously a not too distant relative of Governor Byrd Caidge Stule. Festoon was also the treasurer for the Calhoun County Model Airplane Club where he was resentfully popular because of his access to a flatbed truck and an apparently endless supply of plywood sheets for ROG's.

Had Governor Stule paid more attention to Festoon's performance on the flying field, it is likely that Festoon would have been collecting tolls on the Stule Memorial Bridge, Causeway and Carwash instead of designing them. The A-frames on Festoon's twin pushers invariably snapped at less than maximum turns, so no one was ever aware of the warped flying surfaces.

Undaunted, Festoon persisted and trudged on toward his goal - a Mulberry twin pusher plan published in one of the model magazines. When Festoon solved the A-frame problem, his warped flying surfaces produced the only slow-rolling twin pusher in Calhoun County - or, for that matter, any other county. The editors of the aeromodelling press considered the entire episode as counter-productive.

Fame for Festoon continued elusive. By this time, the remainder of the Calhoun County Model Airplane Club were into gas models. Festoon was soon to follow; but first, we must examine the results of Festoon's engineering skills as applied to other, more practical projects.

The Stule Memorial Bridge and Causeway crossed Calhoun Creek (the Carwash remained on the other side) and entered Calhoun City at the Civil War Monument Square. This was a favorite locale for Governor Byrd Caidge Stule's political rallies. The monument was a huge edifice only lately topped by a concrete equestrian statue said to represent Calhoun County's official Civil War hero, General Beauregard Trapp D'or Stule. For some nefarious reason, it resembled Robert E. Lee, but the school children who subscribed for it did not seem to mind. This grandiose pigeon loft was dedicated periodically (that is, whenever it was politically expedient) to "our boys in gray", those Calhoun County men who were unlucky in the Civil War - all three of them. Two were shot for desertion and the third was immortalized by dysentery while on leave in Calhoun City.

In order to make sure that the Stule Memorial Bridge, Causeway and Carwash would become an economically viable adjunct to the County Highway Department, Governor Stule easily convinced the head of that department, A. Pardee Hack, to quietly begin to resurface all of the other roads leading into Calhoun City. As each of the other roads was rendered impassable by divots and machinery, traffic over the Stule Memorial Bridge and Causeway increased, as did toll collections.

Late one evening, after the last alternate route in and out of Calhoun City was closed due to "re-surfacing", ("another benefit from your gasoline tax money . . ." or so the Calhoun County Highway Department signs read) traffic on the Governor's new moneymaker exceeded the limits set by Festoon's stress analysis. The Memorial Bridge sank slowly into the three muddy feet of Calhoun Creek, followed by a hundred and fifty yards of the Memorial Causeway. Four toll booths went down bravely whistling Dixie, and one ran up the Stars and Bars. There were no casualties, only wet feet.

Governor Byrd Caidge Stule was notified and promptly took appropriate action: he telephoned the newsreel companies. The press was notified, and the local radio station, WOFF, was asked to go on the air again. The Governor's Klieg Light Corps was mobilized, while the Governor donned his white campaign suit and hat. He next took a copy of Speech No. One, and hastily scribbled his usual catastrophe-tragedy-to-the-rescue paragraphs in the spaces left blank for just such contingencies. These hadn't been used since Calhoun Creek flooded just before the last election. "That flood was worth a bundle of votes" he mused into a julep, "and this here Memorial Bridge thing should be good for a landslide in November." When he learned that the newsreel crews would not arrive before dawn, he went back to bed.

Governor Stule did not dawdle his way to dreamland; he was wafted away on pleasant thoughts of calling a special session of the Legislature to increase the gasoline tax to pay for the repairs for the Memorial Bridge and Causeway. All he needed was a buzzword.

Byrd Caidge Stule was rudely awakened by this bauble belted out by his rejoicing mental assembly. "Yah!", he babbled and fumbled for his copy of "The Politician's Bedside Buzzword and Tax Calculator", 8th edition. His breath came in gasps, he babbled incoherently, his hands trembled, and then he found it. The gongs clanged in his belfry, dollar signs shone in his eyes, a tear trickled down his cheek. He took a deep breath and said aloud, "infrastructure". With a word like that he could get the legislature to appropriate enough money to repair every bridge in Calhoun County

whether they needed it or not. He sank back on his pillows with that smile that only comes from money - and lots of it. As he fell asleep, another comforting thought careened through the corridors of his cranial cavity: "Ainsi, les politiciens rejouent en tragedie." *

But what of Festoon Mulberry? At that very moment, he was in New Orleans boarding a Brazil-bound banana boat. Absconding was the term eventually applied to this junket. The Calhoun County Model Airplane Club treasury had financed Festoon's version of head start. But how did Festoon catch on that his career in Calhoun County had caromed into life's corner pocket just ahead of the 8-ball and before the bridge went? Years later, I visited Festoon in Rio, and he explained it all.

When Festoon's affair with the twin pusher faded, he sold his A-frame material to a passing circus for tent pegs and started to build gas models. He quickly reasoned an original design would get him published in the model airplane press and would give him a chance to win the NATS and the G&G Cup! (The prestigious Grits and Greens Cup.) The Mulberry Cabin really was one of those "scientific" designs we all read about in those days. Festoon leaned heavily on his bridge building experience - a wing was, in effect, a beam, right? Right. So his Highway Department graphs and stress analysis procedures were applied to the Mulberry Cabin. On the Sunday afternoon preceding the Memorial Bridge fiasco, Festoon flew his model for the first - and last - time. The wing folded at the end of the power run. Festoon mulled this over on the way home - then he packed his bags.

As I told Festoon in Rio, the rest is history in Calhoun County, including the special session of the Legislature, the increased gasoline tax and Governor Stule's landslide re-election. And, Festoon Mulberry has not been forgotten in Calhoun County. In 1937, his original drawings for the Mulberry Cabin were found and ceremonially burned at the Calhoun County MAC annual awards dinner. This quickly got out of hand and the Dew Drop Inn burned to the ground.

In Rio, Festoon had married a rich widow and done well with investing. He was resentfully popular at his club because of his ready access to money, girls and fast motorcars. As

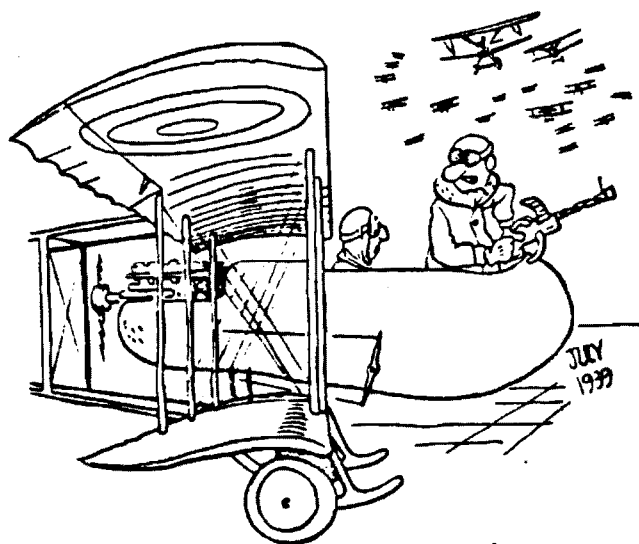
* (Thus do politicians rejoice in disaster. A quotation from General Pastiche de Mondaine, Paris, 1793. Sometimes erroneously attributed to Not-So-Lucky Pierre Laval, Paris, 1944.)

we lounged in comfortable chairs on the patio of his town house, he regretted not having the time for model building, but said he had continued his interest in engineering and had brought some of his engineering data files with him. He asked his butler to serve drinks and then outlined his current activities.

Festoon had joined an investment syndicate whose objective was to corner the furniture market in major South American cities and then expand elsewhere. He became the designer, and as his design work increased his cash outlay decreased and his shares in the corporation increased. Festoon was also consulting engineer on their multi-million dollar new factory which was ready to begin production the next day. The chairs we were sitting in were products of the test run.

The butler came in with the drinks and gave Festoon a highball. As he turned to give me one, Festoon's chair began to disassemble itself. I took my highball and started to get up, but there was a rendering crunch and I found myself sitting on the floor surrounded by a pile of expensive rubble. Festoon, sitting in his own pile of ex-chair, looked over at me with an expression that indicated all the lights on the top floor had finally come on - then he packed his bags.

W. Suummersuit Vaughn 8/87



"YAS, I SAID LEAVE EM' ALL TO ME! ITS ALL I
NEED TO TIE RICKENBACKER'S RECORD"

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

Don Ross of 38 churchill Rd., Cresskill New Jersey is looking for the following magazines to fill in his collection. If you have these mags and want to part with them, please contact Don.

American Modeller---Dec. 1961
" " ---June 1962

Model Aviation---Nov. 1975

Model Airplane News---Oct. 1980
" " " ---Nov. 1980
" " " ---Dec. 1980

He has MAN, FM, AT, AAM, Amer. Mod. Model Builder, and MA from 1945 (or Whenever started) through the present with an extensive list of dupes to trade.



Here is Captain Downthrust showing us his DH-4 Mailplane at the 1986 Flying Aces Nats. The Captain is in reality, none other than Bob Thompson, one of the founders of the Flying Aces Club. Photo sent in via Bob Clemens.