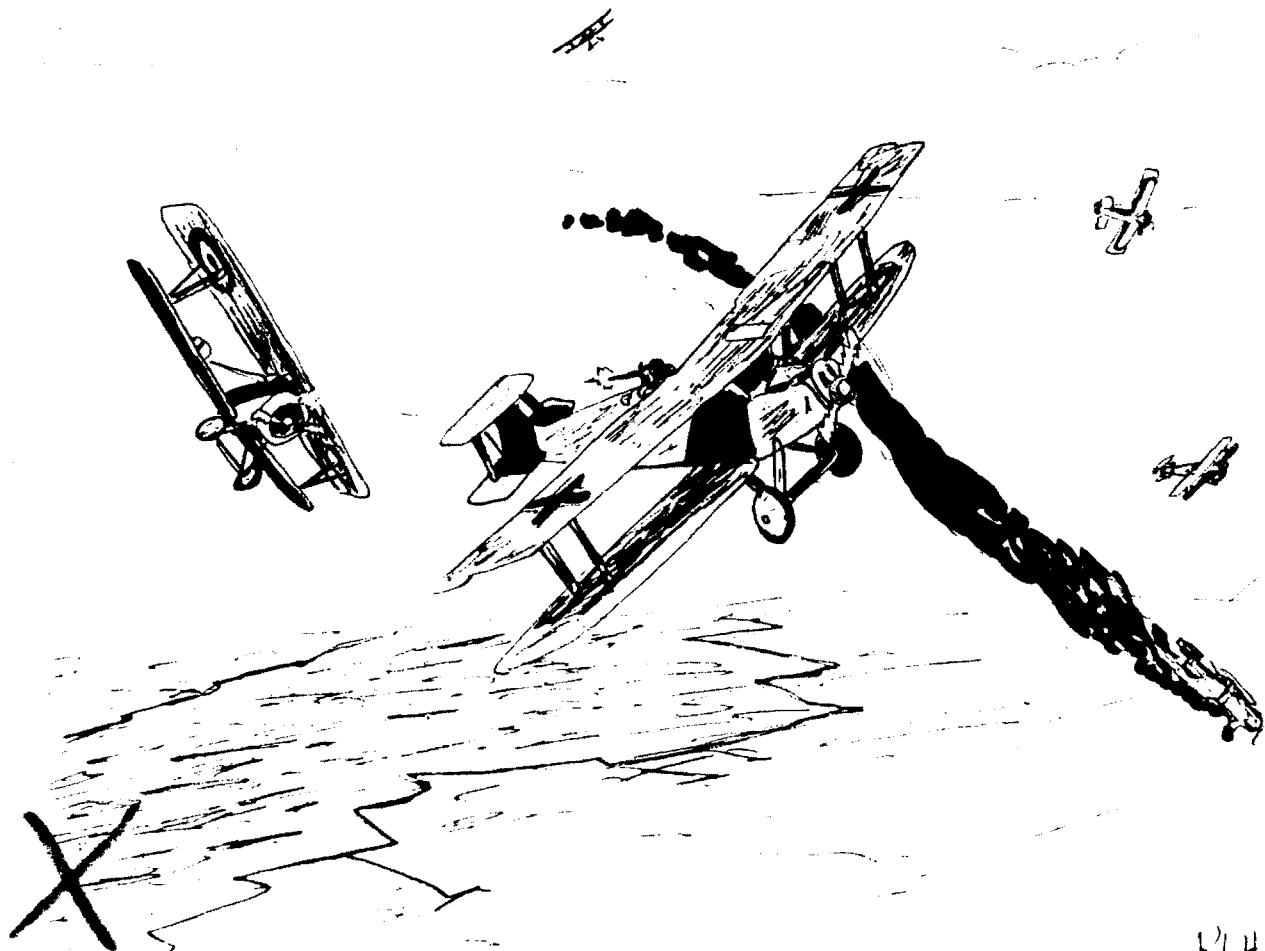


FLYING ACES

Club News

ISSUE #116-42

July/Aug. 1987



KLH. 86

NEWS ON THE WING!

Great cover action on the front of this issue, right tissue trimmers? This drawing was done by that prolific drawer of covers and cartoons, Bob Howard of Arizona. He comes by his talent naturally as his father is none other than Dick Howard of twin engine flying model fame. Thanks for another one, Bob.

Blue Max Medal winners are Dick Howard, Jim Miller, Dave Smith(Az.), Randy Kleinert, G. Wagner, Pat Daily and Al Lawton. They will receive their medals at the FAC Nats Mark VI banquet. Nice Going Skysters! If we have missed anyone please let GHQ know as soon as possible.

If you have read the list of eligible aircraft for World War I Combat in the last issue you probably noticed that there are several planes listed that are not multi-wing configuration. All types are eligible unless the contest director states in advance of a contest that only multi-wing models may be entered. See FAC rules, page one, item number four under mass launch events.

If you are going to attend the Flying Aces Nats, Mark VI, please send in your entry fees as soon as possible. The D.C. Maxecuters have a lot of money invested in this venture and it is not too comfortable sitting on the fence as to whether they are going to get enough funds to pay the bills. So let's do them a favor and get your monies in now! If you are not sure if you are going, fine, but if you fully intend to be there send it in and you will have one less thing that you have to remember as you prepare for the "BIG BASH"!

~~---This issue's feature plan is of a rather obscure aircraft.~~ This one was drawn by Dave Rees. Those of you who attended the last FAC Nats may have seen one flying about, as Pres Bruning built one. Pres usually does not build from someone else's plans so you know this one must have lots of potential. Although, Dave thinks it would do much better in a larger size.

We have some other comments about aircraft eligibility for the mass launch events. Some of you clubsters have asked questions about certain aircraft. First, the Heinkel HE-100 is not eligible for WWII as it was not built in large quantities and as far as we have ever been able to find out, it was never in combat. For WWI Dogfighting, the Fokker BII (Austrian) is OK, add it to your list. You can also add the Lockheed Altair to the list of racing planes if you have built it in racing colors. This aircraft was on the original list and for some reason or other was left off of the current list.

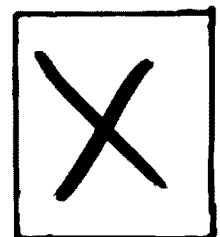
Let's see everybody at Geneseo on July 9th and 10th.

Build--Fly--Win
EFF-AAA-CEEEE!!!!

Lt. Col. Lin Reichel, CincFAC

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



THE 1988 FAC NATS

HOST CLUB: D.C. MAXECUTERS

3.

INFORMATION SHEET No. 3, APRIL 1988

CONTEST DIRECTOR

Allan Schanzle
20008 Spur Hill Dr.
Gaithersburg MD 20879
(301) 840-5884

This 3rd Information Sheet for the 1988 FAC NATS is purely supplemental to Information Sheet No. 2. Nothing presented here changes anything in that earlier notice.

SPECIAL EVENT:

JET JOCKS OF THE WORLD UNITE!

Come out of the closet with your helmet, oxygen mask, and Jet-X powered model. Too long have we had to suffer the indignities of being reduced to hand launched gliders and plastic models for our favorite jets. Bring your new jet model and fly it at a special Fun Fly event on Saturday, July 9th, 1988, 4:30 to 5:00 PM. No judging except national publicity, fame, and fortune for the participants. A special "Scorched Tail" award will be given for a couple of the more outstanding flyers. Profiles, full bodies, any size, any subject welcomed. Be there and light your wick. Contact for suggestions and questions: Tom Arnold, 325 F Ave., Coronado, CA 92118.

EMBRYO ENDURANCE:

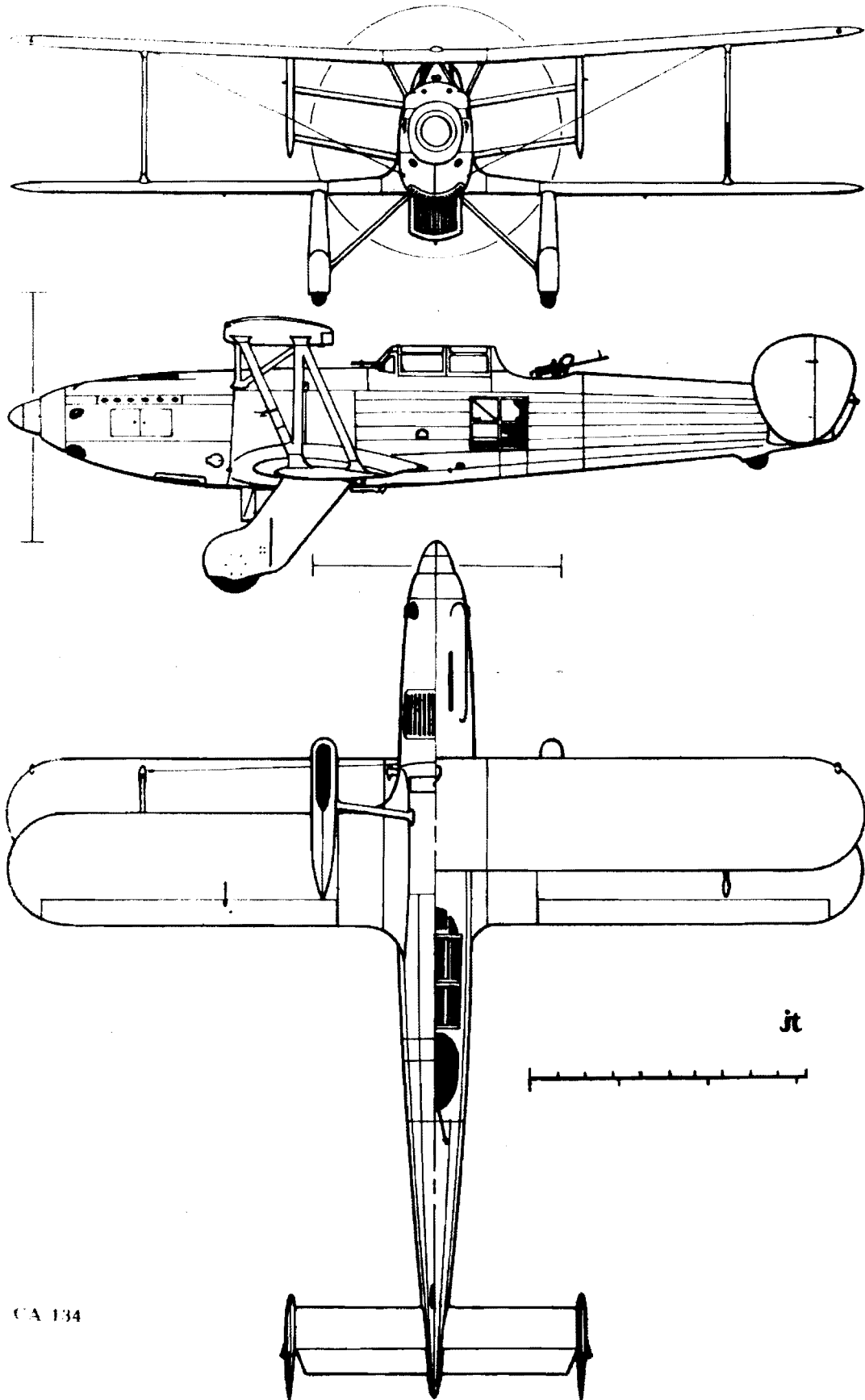
Evaluation of bonus points for Embryo models will be held between the hours of 10:00 AM and Noon on Saturday. See the event director in the vicinity of the card table. It is the contestants responsibility to contact the event director.

CONTEST CALENDAR

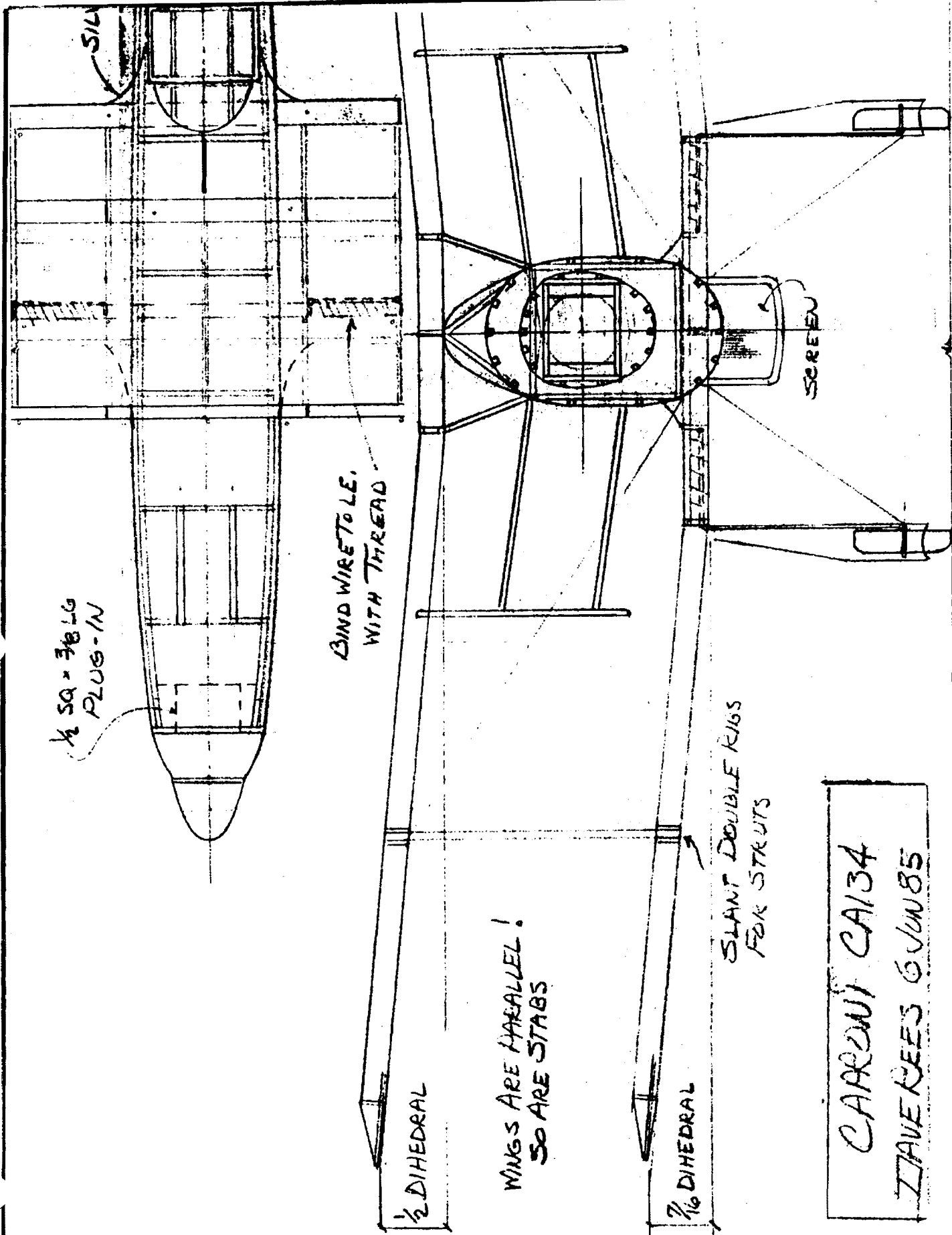
- May 1, 1988...12th Annual Snowbird Indoor Meet at McComb Fieldhouse, Edinboro, Pa. Events, FAC scale, FAC Peanut scale, Hi-Wing Peanut scale, WWI Dogfight, Bostonian, WWII No-Cal Combat, No-Cal scale over 7 grams and under 7 grams, Blatter "40", CD Ross Mayo, 4328 Crosswinds Dr. Erie, Pa. 16506 Sponsor Erie Model Aircraft Assn.
- May 22, 1988..EMAA Flying Aces Meet at Prangmore Aerodrome, Millfair Rd. Erie, Pa. Events, FAC scale, FAC Peanut, Hi-Wing Peanut, Embryo, Thompson/Greve Races, WWI Dogfight, HLG, Golden Age scale, FAC Jumbo scale, O.T. Commercial Rubber, Comet kit/plan scale, CD Vic Didelot, 4410 Lorna Lane, Erie, Pa. 16506 Sponsor Erie Model Aircraft Assn.

4.

CAPRONI



CA 134

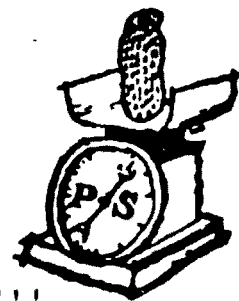


CARROW CA134
ZAVEKEES 6 JUN 85

6.

Peanut & No-Cal Scale Postal Meet

The Postal Contest is underway again Skysters, so let's get airborne. There are four "Wings", Indoor Peanut, Indoor No-Cal, Outdoor Peanut and Outdoor No-cal. Enter as many models as you wish and every time you better a previous score for a given model, send your time, what "Wing" you flew in and the name of the model, to GHQ so we can record it. The contest is on now and runs until May 1, 1988.



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

PEANUT INDOOR

PILOT	PLANE	TIME
1. Jim Miller	Lacey	134 sec.
2. Ed DeLoach	?	62 "
3. Don DeLoach	?	52 "

PEANUT OUTDOOR

PILOT	PLANE	TIME
NO ENTRIES		

No-CAL INDOOR

PILOT	PLANE	TIME
1. D.Niedzielski	Fike	164 sec.
2. Ed DeLoach	?	102 "
3. D.Niedzielski	Gee Bee Z	93 "
4. Don DeLoach	?	81 "

No-CAL OUTDOOR

PILOT	PLANE	TIME
1.Dave Smith (Az)	IS-4	179sec.
2.Bob Carpenter	Cosmic Wind	57 "
3."Padre" Anderson	Zlin	54 "

ENTRIES POSTMARKED LATER THAN MAY 2,1988 WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED!!!!

From the desk of... **Earle Thompson**

Feb. 29, 1988

FLYING ACES CLUBNEWS
3301 CINDY LANE
ERIE, PA 16506

Dear GENERAL Officers and others;

Re: Issue #115-41 May/June 87, pg. 11

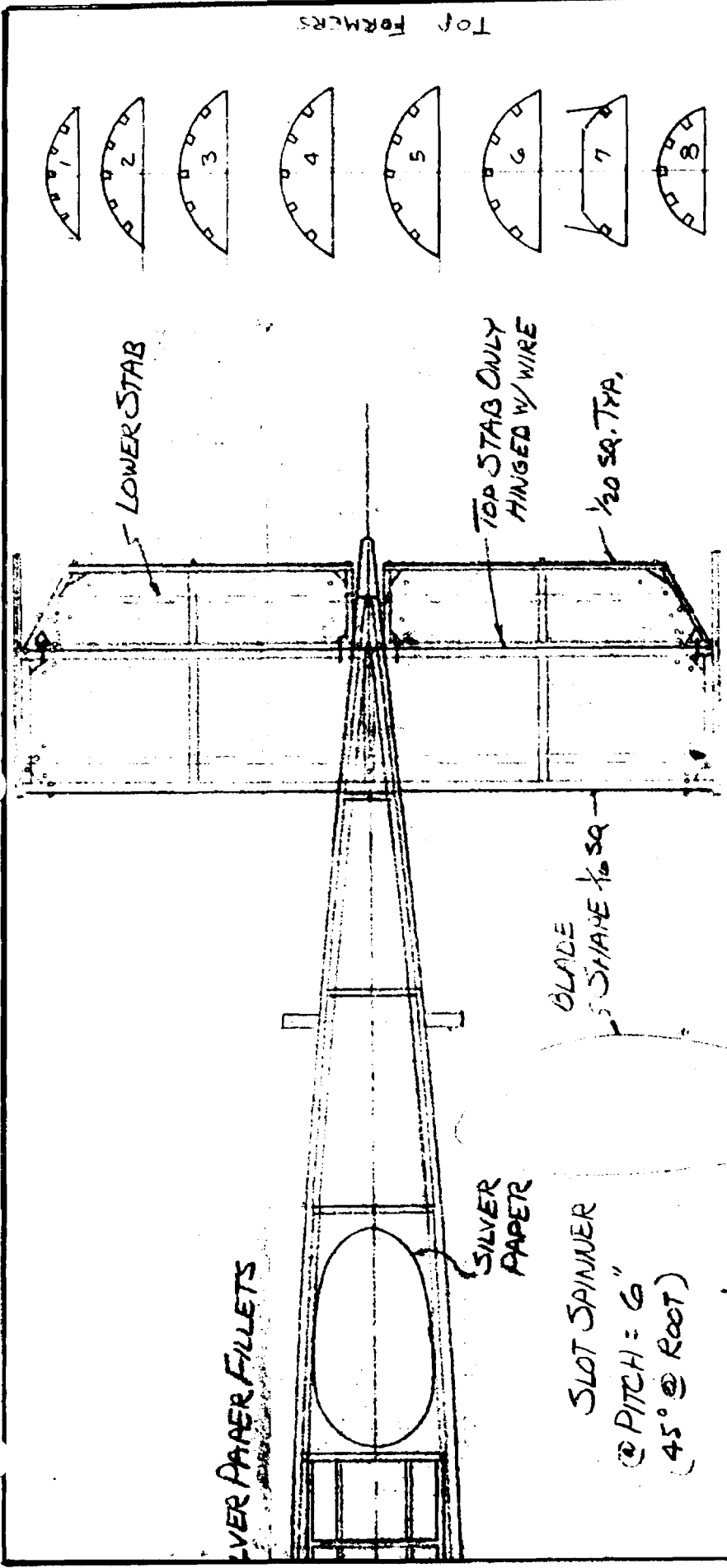
The above referenced article concerned one ILK FISCHE, Designer.

I am curious. Is (was) Mr. I. Fische related to the famous MICRO FISCHE, the inventor who devised nefarious means of reducing any given data to un-retrievable size?

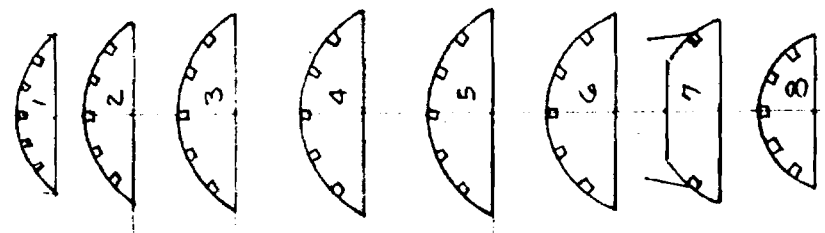
Earle Thompson
5104 Range View Ave.
Los Angeles, CA 90042

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

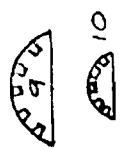
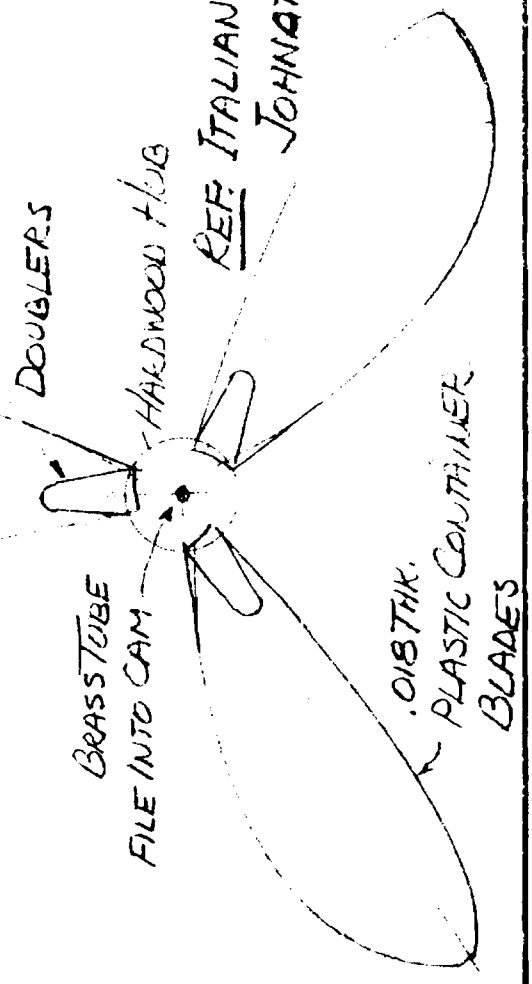
Don DeLoach, 3428 Bryn Mawr, Dallas, Tex. 75225 wants a three view for the Gee Bee "D" and for the Davis DA-2A. Color scheme OK for Davis. Wanted; Plans for the Kawasaki Fighter and the Fairchild Cabin, both by Scientific and both 20" wingspan. Lin Reichel, 3301 Cindy Lane, Erie, Pa. 16506



TOP FORMERS



POWER: .135 x .043 x 24" LG. FAI
PROTOTYPE WEIGHT: 112 GMS
REF ITALIAN CIVIL & MILITARY AIRCRAFT 1930-1945
JOHNATHAN W. THOMPSON



8.

January 7, 1988
1446 Red Jacket Road
Grand Island, New York 14072

Mr. John Byrne
District II Vice President
36-29 213 Street
Bayside, New York 11361

Re: 1988 Rule to place special tax on Canadians flying in the
United States that are members of MAAC, that went into effect
October 1, 1987.

Dear Mr. Byrne:

This new rule certainly is going to have considerable effect on our contests in this area due to the geographical location and the population imbalance of the two countries within our regional area.

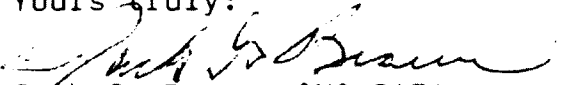
The Canadian counterpart of AMA, MAAC, is not charging our fliers anything for the same contest privileges in their country. The AMA Canadian Tax rule is very hard to justify and explain no matter what the reasoning.

Some Canadians that are regular contestants are current AMA members and this rule does not apply to them. It is unrealistic that the perennial visitor HAS to pay a \$10.00 fee, which is about \$13.00 in Canadian funds. This is the contestant that we depend on to make up the mass, and as in the case of a junior competitor I cannot fathom how this decision was made.

Competition flying is the most controlled AMA flying there is, and Old Timer and Indoor Rubber are at the bottom of the insurance risk list. The AMA is really scraping the bottom of the barrel on this one! This is an embarrassment to me and every other member who has to enforce such a rule. Please take action on this as soon as possible, as you did the 25¢ Junior Rule last year.

Enclosures:
area map
copies to all AMA VPs,
Executive Officers

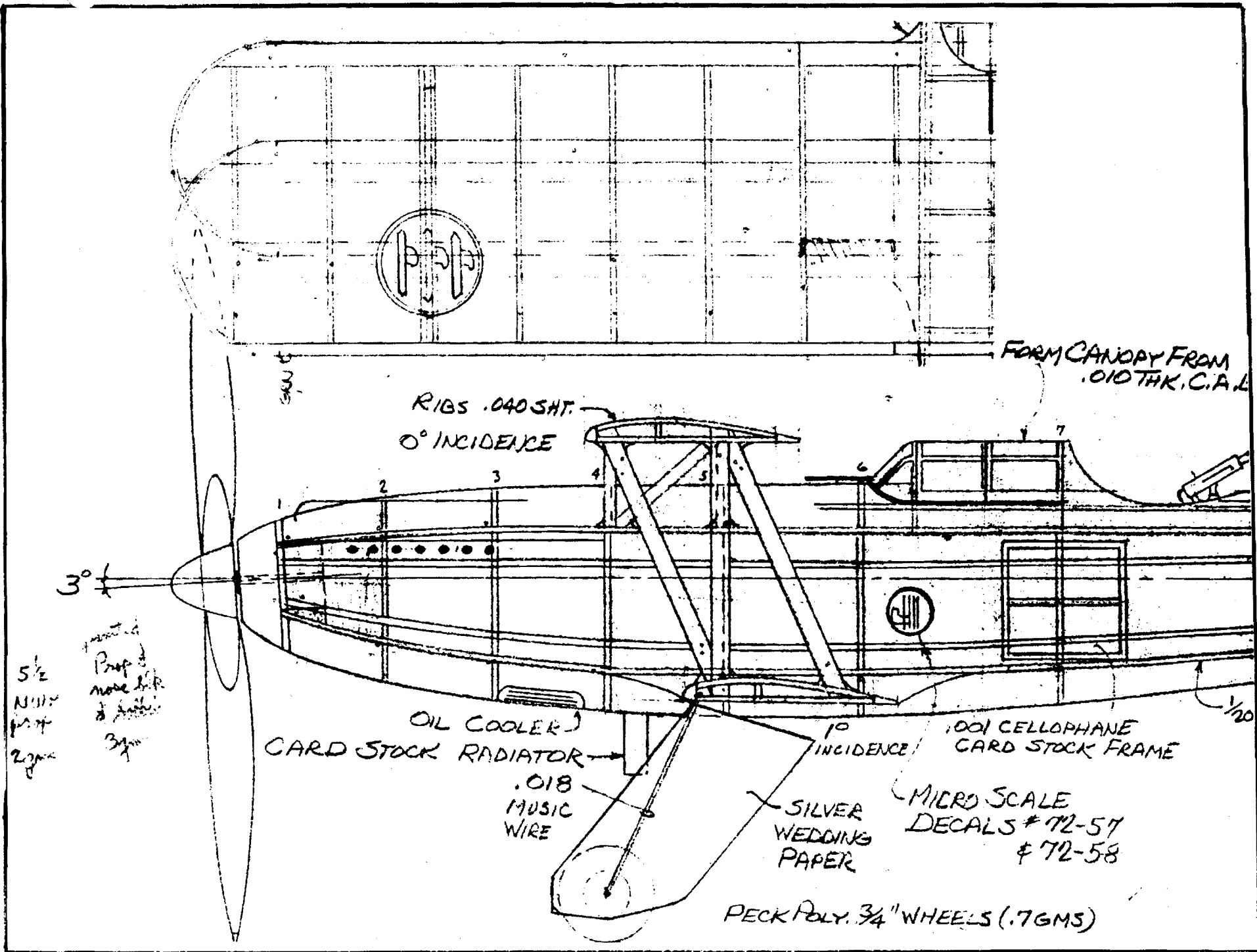
Yours truly:

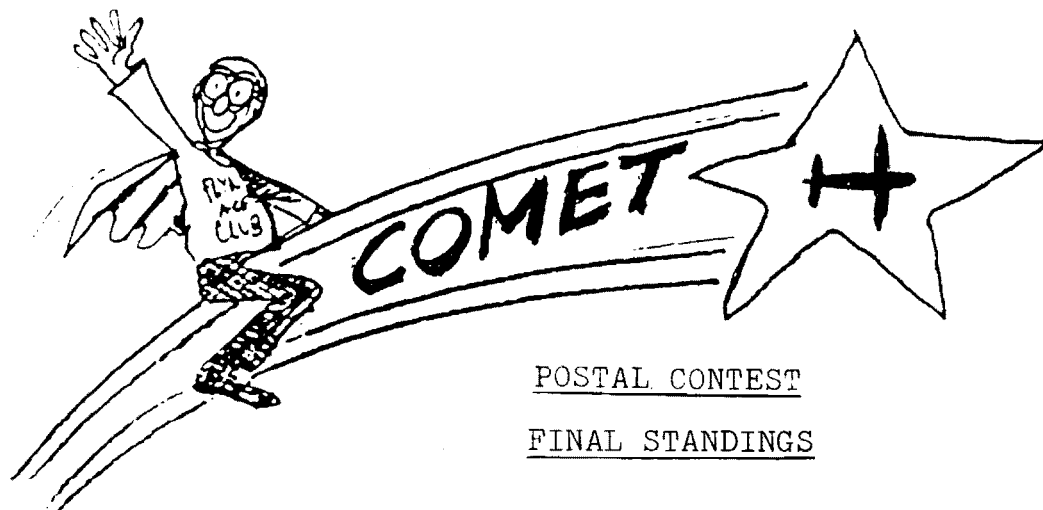

Jack G. Brown AMA 2474
President SAM 48
President CAN-AM INDOOR GROUP
CONTEST DIRECTOR AMA

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

Wanted--Pirelli rubber, name your price--within reason, contact Vic Peres,
7440 Millfair Rd., McKean, Pa. 16426

Allied Sport....again. Whose got it? Send to Walt leonhardt, 100 Abbott
St., Lawrence, Ma. 01843 You can also send it to GHQ and we will publish it as many clubsters have asked for it.





POSTAL CONTEST

FINAL STANDINGS

It has been brought to my attention that we have never published the final standings of the "Comet Postal Meet". So here they are. A "Kanone" has been awarded to the winner and it was credited to him in the recently published "Kanone" list. Get to work on your Comet models now as we are going to run this contest again, announcement will be made in the next issue.

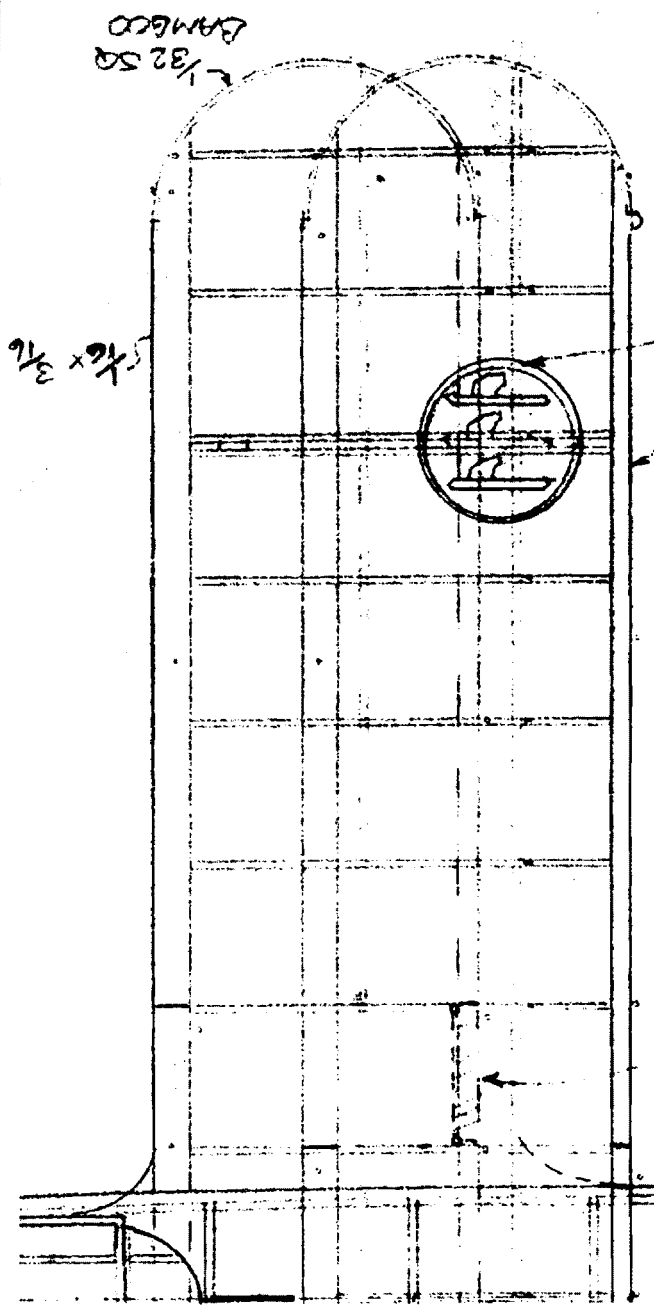
<u>PILOT</u>	<u>PLANE</u>	<u>TIME</u>
1. Jim Miller	Taylorcraft	310 sec.
2. Mike Zand	Taylorcraft	223 "
3. Gordon Roberts	Piper Super Cub	134 "
4. Dennis Norman	Curtiss Robin	126 "
5. Dave Smith (Az)	Vultee Attack	117 "
6. "Padre" Wm. Anderson	Fairchild "24"	102 "
7. Mike Zand	Waco Coast Guard	89 "
8. Claude Powell	Hawker Hurricane	73 "
9. Paul Helman	Bellanca	61 "
10. "Padre" Wm. Anderson	Mr. Mulligan	42 "
11. "Padre" Wm. Anderson	Allied Sport	40 "
12. Bob Carpenter	P-47 Thunderbolt	39 "
13. Dan McDonald	Taylorcraft	32 "
14. Tom O'Brien	Taylorcraft 54"	31 "
15. Mike Zand	Aeronca "K" seaplane	26 "

CONTEST CALENDAR

May 31 thru June 4, 1988...U.S. Indoor Championships at Johnson City, Tn.
Contact A.J. Italiano, 1655 Revere Dr. Brookfield
Wis. 53005 Please send S.A.S.E.

June 25th and 26th, 1988....Eastern U.S. Freeflight Championships at Galeville,
NY, many FAC events, contact Bill Poythress, 2
Hemlock Court, Saugerties, NY 12477

Also at this meet will be the One Design Contest put on by Don Ross. This year's model will be the "Flying Aces Sky Gull". You may purchase a kit for this model from Fresno Model Airplane Co., 4267 North Charles, Fresno, Ca. 93722 Cost of the kit is \$14.00 postpaid. For more on info on this event write to, Don Ross, 38 Churchill Rd., Cresskill, NJ 07626



Golden Age at the FAC 86 Nats (conclusion)

From the pen of the Glue Guru

(Update: Col Run Likehell has boosted rich benefactor Rajah's chances of winning the Golden Age event by offering the services of energetic Mr. Bob Thumbsome and intellectual Glue Guru as mechanics. The event is under way. Rajah, doing well despite his reputed 30,000 years, has weathered 18 rounds only to collapse and die peacefully, somewhere in the wheat field, after the 19th. Undeterred, the Col orders Rajah wired up, so as to continue.)

Salutations, disciples! Let us continue with the inside story of the most recent Nats.

Mr. Don Skoal protested the wiring of Rajah and proceeded with obvious reluctance. Yet, the enterprise moved along; servos were bonded at elbows and shoulders with instant glue; the receiver and battery pack were mounted at Rajah's CG (belt line) so as to minimize untoward stability effects.

The Col hurried the work: "Faster, faster! We can't keep talking about a rain halt with the sun out full strength! All that Rajah has to do is wind and launch. Forget the walking part - someone else will retrieve. And stop complaining! It's just one more repair job, that's all."

Mr. Thumbsome replied, "Maybe, but you're not supposed to do repairs in the middle of mass launch."

"I wouldn't think of repairing the model", said the Col. "That would be a sordid violation of the rules. Fortunately the model is in superb shape and the rules say nothing about the modeler."

"The thing of it is", said Mr. Skoal, "I view this whole business with repugnance. I object on moral grounds. There's something obscene going on here."

The Col snapped out, "Such as?"

"Well, for one thing, I'm competing in this event. If I fly Rajah, who's going to fly my model? These morons?" Mr. Skoal jabbed a thumb at Mr. Thumbsome and myself. "Having these guys touch my model is disgusting!"

The Col thoughtfully examined Mr. Thumbsome and myself and turned sympathetic. "You have a point. Don't worry, we'll get someone else to fly Rajah." He looked quickly about the crowd. "Why there's Mr. New Low, head of the Others and a superb pattern flier. As one chief to another...yes, I'm sure he'll do us the small favor of flying Rajah."

* * * * *

In the 20th round Rajah, under new management, flew to a more conservative pattern. Mr. Thumbsome held, Mr. New Low twiddled the sticks of the transmitter and I supplied some minor technical input to guide the process. The procedure worked - but something was gone. The extraordinary thermal sensitivity of Rajah was gone; those wondrous 5 minute flights were no more. At best we stumbled on from round to round, somehow achieving bare survival. Yet, survive we did.

By the 46th and final round, the field had been narrowed to the two finalists: Mr. Don Skoal vs the Rajah team. Each model was in extremis; shards of tissue hung from wayward longerons; broken motor strands rattled hollowly in lube splattered fuselages; wing pinions creaked ominously in stray breezes.

Of the two fliers, Rajah, refreshed after a battery change, appeared in much the better condition. Still Mr. Skoal is properly regarded as a formidable competitor; certainly he would psyche himself up to a new peak for the final round.

"OK, final round. Begin winding." The bull horn signalled us to act.

"The abacus says 246 turns, Mr. Low. You may commence winding when the motor is suitably tensioned.", I cried out.

Mr. Thumbsome moved away from Rajah to develop and control motor tension. When content, he shouted, "OK to wind!"

Mr. Low called out, "I'm starting the Rajah winding sequence!"

Mr. Skoal yelled, "Why don't you guys shut up!"

The Col screamed, "There's no rule about talking when winding..."

For a few seconds nothing was heard but the grinding of gears as the turns went home. Then Mr. Low cried out, "I ain't got it! Interference!"

I watched in horror as Rajah methodically unwound his entry and continued to pour turns into the wrong direction. Reacting to the emergency, Mr. Thumbsome tore the battery leads out of Rajah's receiver. Mr. Low shrugged, "Let's wait out the interference."

The implacable bull horn sounded, "All right, one minute to launch; 60 seconds, 55 seconds, 50..."

Mr. Thumbsome yelled, "We can't wait anymore. I'll wind!"

But Mr. Skoal thought otherwise. "If you touch that winder, you're out! The rules say..."

All eyes fastened on the Col. His voice breaking, he said, "He's right. Only the entrant can handle the winder."

"50 seconds, 45..."

We stood as though turned into stone, our minds feverishly sorting out the possibilities. Suddenly it came to me. "Quick Mr. Thumbsome, rotate the model in the opposite direction!" Grasping the rear peg, Mr. Thumbsome began to spin the fuselage. The Col raced over and helped spin the wing, hand over hand. Working at top speed, we had achieved perhaps 150 revolutions before the dreaded "5 seconds, 4 secon...."

"Plug in Rajah!", screamed the Col.

Mr. Low cried out, "Ready to launch!"

I advised, "Increase the velocity of launch to compensate for the dearth of turns. By doing so we can achieve altitude unattainable for the reason..."

"Aw, shut up!", said the Col.

Rajah launched. Never have I seen such an energetic launch. An impressive altitude would certainly have resulted had not the model been mortally fatigued by the day's endeavors. The wing came off at about 25 feet, the tail a bit later.

The crowd groaned. Mr. Low, perhaps chagrined at his overly energetic launch, was seen to exit in haste, carrying a dispirited Rajah with him.

Our eyes pivoted to Mr. Skoal's entry. Though it staggered, it flew. Somehow the weary pinions sustained flight despite an ominous flutter of the wash in and out variety. Yet even as we watched, the model entered into a spiral dive. At most, within a few seconds...

In the meantime the wings of Rajah's model slowly fluttered to earth, each pinion autorotating like a Flettner rotor.

The crowd stood on tip toe. This was going to be close. As Mr. Skoal's model careened viciously towards earth, the Col exultantly shouted, "The last piece down wins!", for he had spied yet a bit of tail, gently sashaying through the air; a slowly descending fragment offering extra insurance of victory.

Long after all other debris had settled to earth, the tail capered aloft, enjoying the attention of all eyes as it wafted this way and that. Never was there so joyous a harbinger of victory.

At last it touched earth. The Col snatched it from the ground and held it aloft to signify victory.

Mr. Thumbsome whispered, "It's purple, Chief. Purple."

"Who cares what color...", thundered the Col.

His pride piqued, Mr. Thumbsome abandoned whispering to shout, "Our model was a Piper Cub. There are no purple..." Mr. Thumbsome never finished his observations on the coloration of Piper Cub aircraft. Instead he found his lips muted by the Col's sturdy fingers, clamped about his windpipe.

So absorbed was the Col as to pay little heed to a husky 5 year old, intently tugging at the Col's trousers. "Hey mister! Hey mister!", pleaded the child.

"Can't you see that I'm busy! Get lost!", was the reply.

"OK, but can I have my tail back, first?"

* * * * *

And so Golden Age was won by a 5 year old, piloting a purple Delta Dart.

As for Rajah, he may be observed at the headquarters of the Others, sharing

the office of Mr. New Low. He seems much the same as ever, buoyant and smiling. Readers of Model Aviation know that Mr. Low was successful in electing Rajah as Co-President of the Others despite objections from those claiming that Rajah was dead.

"Rank discrimination", said Mr. Low. "We each have our little flaws and defects and I won't deny that Rajah has his. But at least you know where you stand with this guy. There is no way he's going to get AIDS."

Rajah's signature is clear on the millions of dollars worth of checks, drawn from Inner Vision funds and issued in behalf of the Others. In contrast, prize monies for the forthcoming FAC Nats are notably lacking, once again.

The Col may be seen at busy street corners, shaking his tin cup while hoarsely soliciting contributions. Don't pass him by. If ever a man has tried to enrich the FAC coffers, that man is the Col.

* * * * *

As it is written: it is easier to pass a Sopwith Camel through the eye of a needle than for a rich reward to enter the kingdom of FAC.

6th

COLUMBIA FUN FLY

FOR

RUBBER POWERED MODEL AIRPLANES!

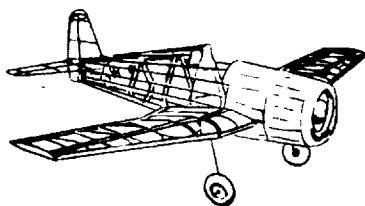
Time - 8:30 - 4:30

Place - Horrell Hill, SC

PUBLIC INVITED!

SCALE DAY

SATURDAY, MAY 21

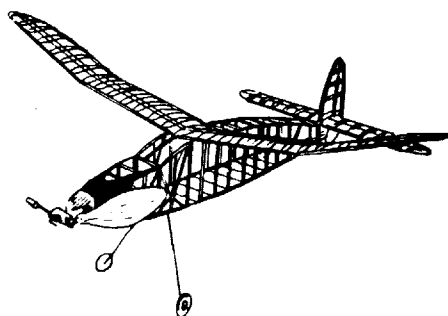


EVENTS

Golden Age Civilian & Military
Trainer, Liaison & Observation Aircraft
W W I
Raceplanes
Modern Civilian & Military-
W W II
Peanut Scale
F.A.C. Scale

NON - SCALE DAY

SUNDAY, MAY 22



EVENTS

Old Timer Rubber
Hand Launch Glider
Bostonian
Unlimited
P - 30

DIRECTIONS

Take Hwy 378/76 East out of Columbia. Pass Lower Richland High School and Sedgewood Golf Course. App. 1/4 mile past Golf Course turn right at stop light onto Horrell Hill Rd. Field/Contes' site is 1/2 mile down on the right.

For information call: David Smith 773-1024



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

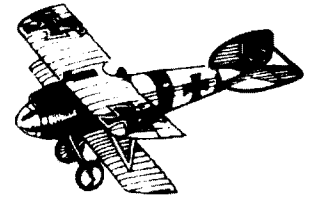
Chester Kowalik, 4727 Stanley Ave., Warren, Mi. 48092 is looking for a Walnut scale size plan or a three view or whatever of the Cessna 120 or 140. Someone help him. Scale data for the Keane Ace and the I.A.R. 80-81 is wanted by Bud Perry. You can contact him at 12000 Sawmill Rd. #2701, Woodlands, Tex. 77380

The presence of a kind of birthing pain begins to interrupt the warm, comfortable, situation I fight to maintain. Neon flashes that do not belong here, are being triggered by an unwanted sound that feeds and grows on my nerves. I realize that I am in an uncontrolled state of waking up, and must suffer the agony of entering the conscious. AAARRRGGGHHHH! I'm there. My mouth is a pet shop floor, stretch marks on my bladder, everything I have that still works, hurts! But, its Sunday and there is an FAC contest in Dayton, Ohio, and I have precious moments to get to the potty in a dry set of PJ's.

The ravages of a night's sleep are soothed by a shower and hot coffee from a caring, loving, wife who struggles with right reason to understand why I do this. Our faithful dog stirs. A muffled noise outside. The lorry has arrived. The contingent of Red Hats is growing in number for the day's flying. The feared (?? Ed.) Detroiten GESCHWADER is stirring now from rest to join the foray. A sky battle is to be had this day, and they would savor the broth of it.

The lorry is soon loaded with another stop. And so the map is marked for the Dayton Sector Skirmishes and we are on our way. Flugmeister Von Bruning, in company with Storkmeister Von Moses, Hauptman Von Rottensox, and Sir Reginald Percy, all with jaws set, determined to get the first seat at Denny's just south of Toledo, Ohio, where we will stop for the day's first meal.

There is some talk of strategy for the day---"If I can get the *%#!@+ to fly I'll enter", If you eat that awful three egg Mexican hot tamale omelet will you puleeese set up downwind of me today"--Andy is explaining to Jack the method used to construct the interior of Pres' new van, Ralph is looking at the warming sky, nodding to Andy and sleep, Pres drives on, in command of the situation, confident.



Breakfast is good. We join with Von Schobloher and Von Wunsche at the table for good eating and more fine conversation, recanting aerial events of the recent and distant past. Most are true, time itself is a lens that lets the mind's eye see so clearly what might have happened.

The trip to Dayton is three more hours.

On arrival at Wright Field, we first stop at the east hangers to use the facility and do a quick 20 minute gape at the machinery of past flight. A magic place filled with the reality that we dream about. A pride and appreciation of the designers and aviators whose works are wonders to us. It's a religious thing we must do yearly, this trip to Wright Field. We must touch some of the craft. Wetalk with small authority about their history, give facts on engines and other technical data to show we're "La Fanatique", a buff, permitted, maybe even welcomed by these metal dragons to their lair. These are the chosen few of their number, the honor guard, here to fight the battle of time, proud and erect, with the dents and scratches of true use, warriors and bearers of men, to outlast the sparks and anger that deemed their creation.

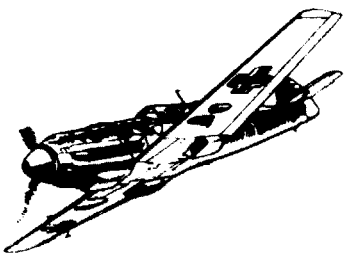
We leave the airplanes and look to the field where competition awaits. I am excited!

We are greeted all around by friends seen only on the occasion of a meet such as this. "Sign up here, 5 bucks please", (wonder what he does with all the money?). The crowd gathers to watch you open up model boxes. You do so wishing you had fixed them up better. Pres' stuff always looks good. Well, we signed up for every event, better see if these old wrecks will fly. Why weren't new motors made up yesterday instead of flying a half built P-51 around the basement?

16. Sealed and safe from the same raw air that cracks and wrinkles, is the muscle of silent powered flight. It lies relaxed, waiting to be called on as the sinew, the driver and heart of the machines that leave their invisible footprints on the surface of the sky. It is Pirelli. This long, relaxed muscle must be lubricated to properly function! (Right!). The lube goes in a bag in a hopelessly wasted effort to keep the slimy #%*# off your hands. It never works! You always get some of it on your hands. It's what you tas with your lunch later that day.

My models are the last judged. That's OK, no hurry for me, I just came along for the ride today anyway. This gives me time to talk to seldom met friends. Jim Hyka and his wife are back from a trip to England, and the top scoring FAC'er Gordon Roberts is discussing his birthplace with them. He and Reginald Mitchell went to the same school, and were taught by the very same teacher! Both learned quite well one might add.

I get to look over the models Gordon has. A "Defiant", SE-5, and T-craft. Good choices, well built. Oh well, he's beaten us all before and we still had fun at it, probably won't be different today. His Embryo looks a threat too. Wunsche and Schobloher will give him a run.



There goes another max-point super flyer 14-bis. I'm still trying to get the flying difficulty bonus points added to the flight points instead of the total, but the boss won't listen to my raving. That all white, pusher, biplane, canard, can beat anything here on the bonus score. I get a close look at it. Jeeze, it's a beauty! Now what can I say. What I do say is a well deserved compliment to big Jim Miller. He makes 'em pretty.

I get my flights in FAC gas. The Waterman flies good. Someone calls out "WW II Combat in two minutes". Nuts! I didn't even make up a new motor for the scotch taped Me-109. It is full of tears that I just put tape over, has last years rubber motor in it, in fact, I haven't taken it out of the box since last year. Great! Fly it anyway. I wind it at the call, Andy holds. This thing should auger into the ground when launched, but it goes straight up! Lucky. I'm still in. Second round, same thing, straight up. Roberts is wiped out in a mid-air. Then I see it was with Jack Moses! They could take both models home in a cigar box. Gordon has his collar on very tight, but his proper English is merely bent by a "bloody" here and there. Whereas Mr. Moses calmly said, "-----". (Direct Quote) Now it's the last round. Like so many other times when we go to Dayton, we find that the GESCHWADER is flying a one on one with another member. "Launch"!!, the Me-109 is away, a gust of wind bobbles it on the way up, Pres' beautiful B-26 is flipped over on its back by the same gust and half loops into the ground under full power----just can't look, what a disaster!

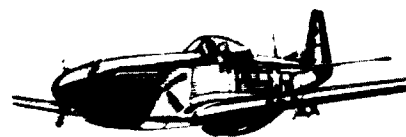
I pull out the old beat up Waterman Arrowbile. Charge it with Co/2. It's crazy the way you have to hold it to flip the prop. Hold the fuselage within the left hand and then reach around the wing and flip the prop the wrong way. Launch, off it goes, doesn't look too beat once it's in the air. The big tank from Peck Polymers is really the answer for getting power. Have to mess around with the elevons, they sure are sensitive. But up it climbs in a mush, not enough up, and it will dive, or it will turn toward the high tab in a steep bank. No rudder movement is used at all.

Just then, everyone is looking in the same direction, a Piper "Cub" is aloft. It flies slow and gentle as only the lightweight jobs can do. This one has potential, Hung looks the other way and it settles onto the grass some time later. Paul Boyanowski, smitten with the step and smile of pride, retrieves his little yellow bird. A good feeling, a good moment.

A familiar shape is circling downwind. An early model P-51 wearing Zebra stripe pajamas. It's big and has a smooth transition from power to glide. 17. The skinny guy running along underneath it has to be Jack Moses. No wonder it goes so well, for a fact, Earl Stahl himself laid hands on it, smiled and said, "Good job Jack". Earl Stahl didn't build a Jumbo, Jack hasn't built a Jumbo that wasn't a Stahl design. Looks good in the air or in the hand, good enough for first place that day!

Whoever reads this that has not seen the Albatross Dva of Pres Bruning's remarkable work can look forward to an aerial experience of great measure. The colors and elegance of a stained glass window, the detail of fine jewelry, the weight of a feather, combine to dress the science of miniature flight in truly formal attire, and it flies so well.

I've told you what my memory serves me to say about the Dayton Sector Skirmishes. No one sees all the activity about the field and participates too. So inquiry was made to the keeper of the book and clock for the day, and reply was forthcoming, and in it's entirety did he say;



BOFFIN &BOFFIN
AERONAUTICAL RESEARCH LABORATORY
PRANGMORE AERODROME, DAYTON, OHIO
Chief Pilot: Captain D. DeBris RFC. FAC
(Frank Scott)

FAC Scale (11)

1. Jim Miller	14Bis	55/104	159
2. Pres Bruning	Albatross	49/76 1/2	125 1/2
3. Paul Boyanowski	Piper J-3	76/40	116

Jumbo Scale (4)

1. Jack Moses	P-51	58/54	112
2. Mike Whelshans	Taylorcraft	60/34	94
3. Paul Boyanowski	Mr. Mulligan	16/39	55

Peanut Scale (8)

1. Jim Miller	14Bis	109/102	181 3/4
2. Pres Bruning	Chambermaid	59/50	109
3. Paul Boyanowski	Deperdussin	27/63	93

WW-II Combat (4)

1. Ralph Kuenz	Me-109	Survivor
2. Pres Bruning	B-26	(Rolled in vertically)
3. Jack Moses	P-51	(Midair)
Gordon Roberts	Defiant	"
4. Jim Miller	Heinkel	

Ebryo Endurance (7)

1. Jim Hyka	77-120-056/9	253
2. Gordon Roberts	120-015-099/9	232
3. Fred Wunshce	055-117-055/6	229

WW-I Dog Fight (4)

1. Pres Bruning	Albatross
2. Gordon Roberts	SE-5
3. Mike Welshans	Sopwith "Pup"
4. Chas Schobloher	SE-5

FAC Power (3)

1. Ralph Kuenz	Waterman CO2
2. Mike Welshans	Howard DGA CO2
3. Chas Schobloher	Pesco Spl. CO2

18.

WW-II No Cal Combat

(2)

1. Chris Scott
2. Jim Miller

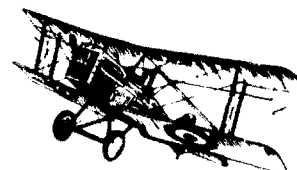
Boomerang
P-63

Golden Age

(7)

1. Chas Schobloher
2. Gordon Roberts
3. Paul Boyanowski
4. Mike Welshans

Stinson 105
T-Craft
Piper "Cub"
PT-19

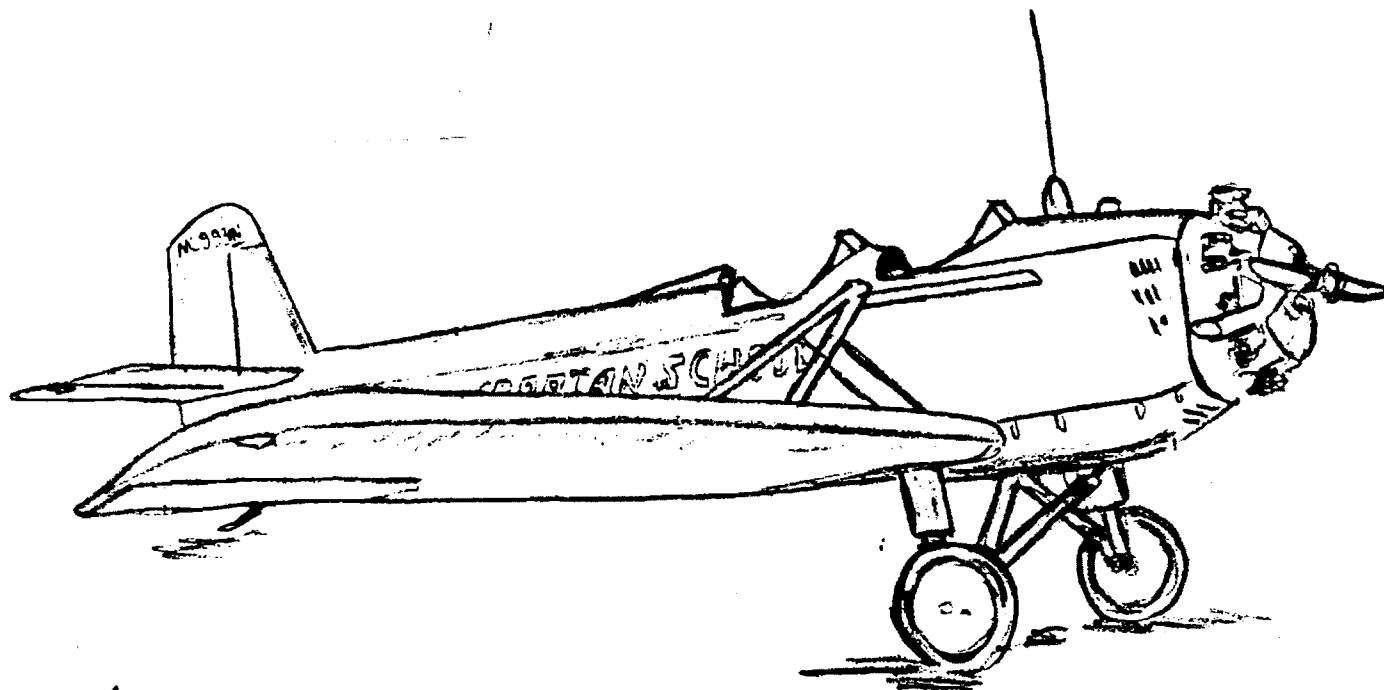


The meet closed with words of cheer and a grand award, dinosaur bones, the great tail of a long gone dragon. The striped rudder of an extinct PT-1 was presented to our own Pres Bruning, to the victors the spoils of battle go!

The day's paraphernalia was stored in the back of the van for easy unloading. The day's memories were stored in our minds for instant retrieval.

The journey home was four hours.

Ralph Kuenz, FAC Pour LeMerit



W. ROSS-RICHARDSON
#82 PARDO-AVE, POINTE CLAIRE,
QUEBEC, H9R-3H3-CANADA

If you have any info on this aircraft, please
send to the above.

SPARTAN C2-165

1930

WRIGHT WHIRLWIND "FIVE"
165 HP

BLIND FLYING TRAINER
U.S. ARMY AIR FORCE /

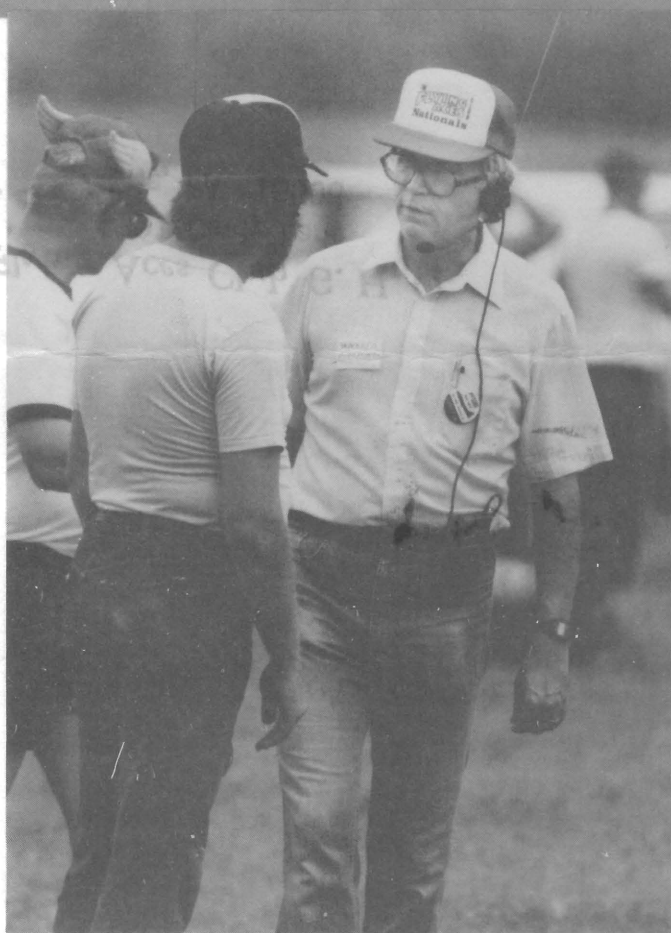
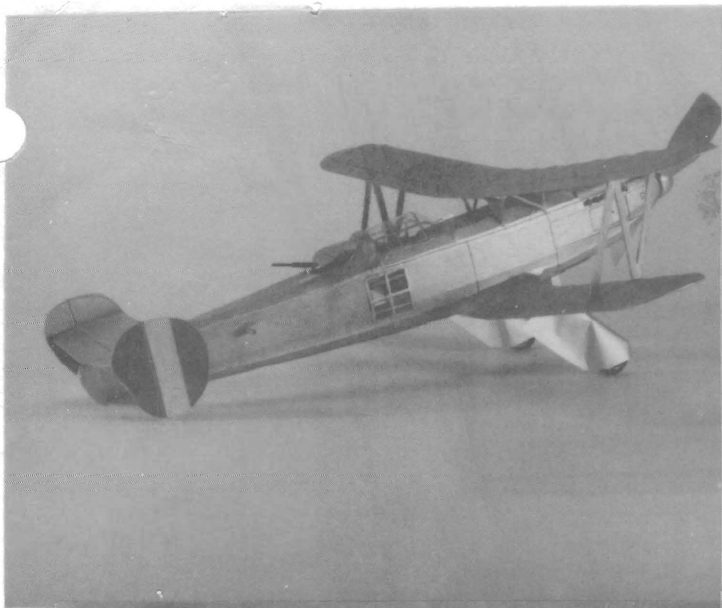


PHOTO PAGE

The two top photos are of this month's feature plan. Plan and photos both by that fearless warrior of the skies, Dave Rees.

The photo on the bottom left is of Vet Thomas (left) and Bob Clemens the two p-CDs for the FAC Nats Mark V. Looks like Pat Daily in the rear. Photos sent in by Bob Clemens. These two Clubsters did one Hellava job on that contest. This year's Nationals should be equally as good or better, it's up to you Skysters to be there and do your part.

Right photo is Charlie Schobloher with his 50 inch Megow Spitfire.