

*Caudron*

# FLYING ACES

## Club News

ISSUE #122-48 JULY/AUG. 1938





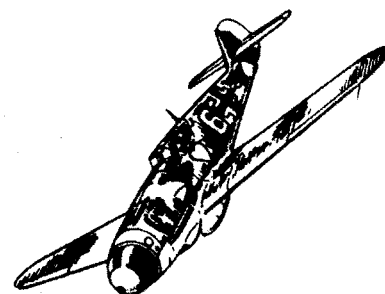
### POSTAL CONTEST FINAL RESULTS

I guess we can call this years Comet Postal Contest a great success. Over twenty entries makes this the biggest one yet, we think. The number of entries also convinces us that we have to do it again next year.

Hats off to all who entered and a special SALUTE to Bob Leishman for his great winning flight time of 377 seconds with his Stinson SR-7. If you will notice, Vic Nippert, second place, also flew a Stinson SR-7 to a very good time of 272 seconds. But I think the biggest surprise was the time turned in by Dave Stott's little 16 inch Great Lakes Trainer with a time of 248 seconds. These Comet kits still make great flying machines Clubsters. Get one on the board soon so you to can compete next year.

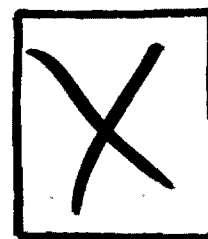
Bob Leishman gets another "Kanone" for his win and plan prizes will be sent to the top three finishers.

<u>PILOT</u>	<u>PLANE</u>	<u>TIME</u>
1. Bob Leishman	Stinson SR-7	377 sec.
2. Vic Nippert	Stinson SR-7	272 "
3. Dave Stott	Great Lakes Trainer	248 "
4. Phil Cox	Corbin Super Ace	153 "
5. Dan McDonald	Taylorcraft	102 "
6. Terry Hoover	Curtiss Robin	89 "
7. "Padre" Anderson	Fairchild 24	77 "
8. Gordon Roberts	Piper Cub	76 "
9. Dan Breihl	Taylorcraft	66 "
10. "Padre" Anderson	Mr. Mulligan	59 "
11. "Padre" Anderson	Puss Moth	56 "
12. Mike Zand	Taylorcraft	55 "
13. Dave Stott	Harlow	55 "
14. Bill Jennings	Piper Cub	34 "
15. Dave Stott	Navy Racer	32 "
16. Dave Stott	Curtiss Airmail Bipe	27 "
17. Tom O'Brien	54" Taylorcraft	26 "
18. Jack Swaney	Curtiss Helldiver	23 "
19. Dave Stott	Hawker Hurricane	23 "
20. Dave Stott	Aeronca C-3 (floats)	20 "
21. Jack Swaney	Curtiss Jenny	18 "



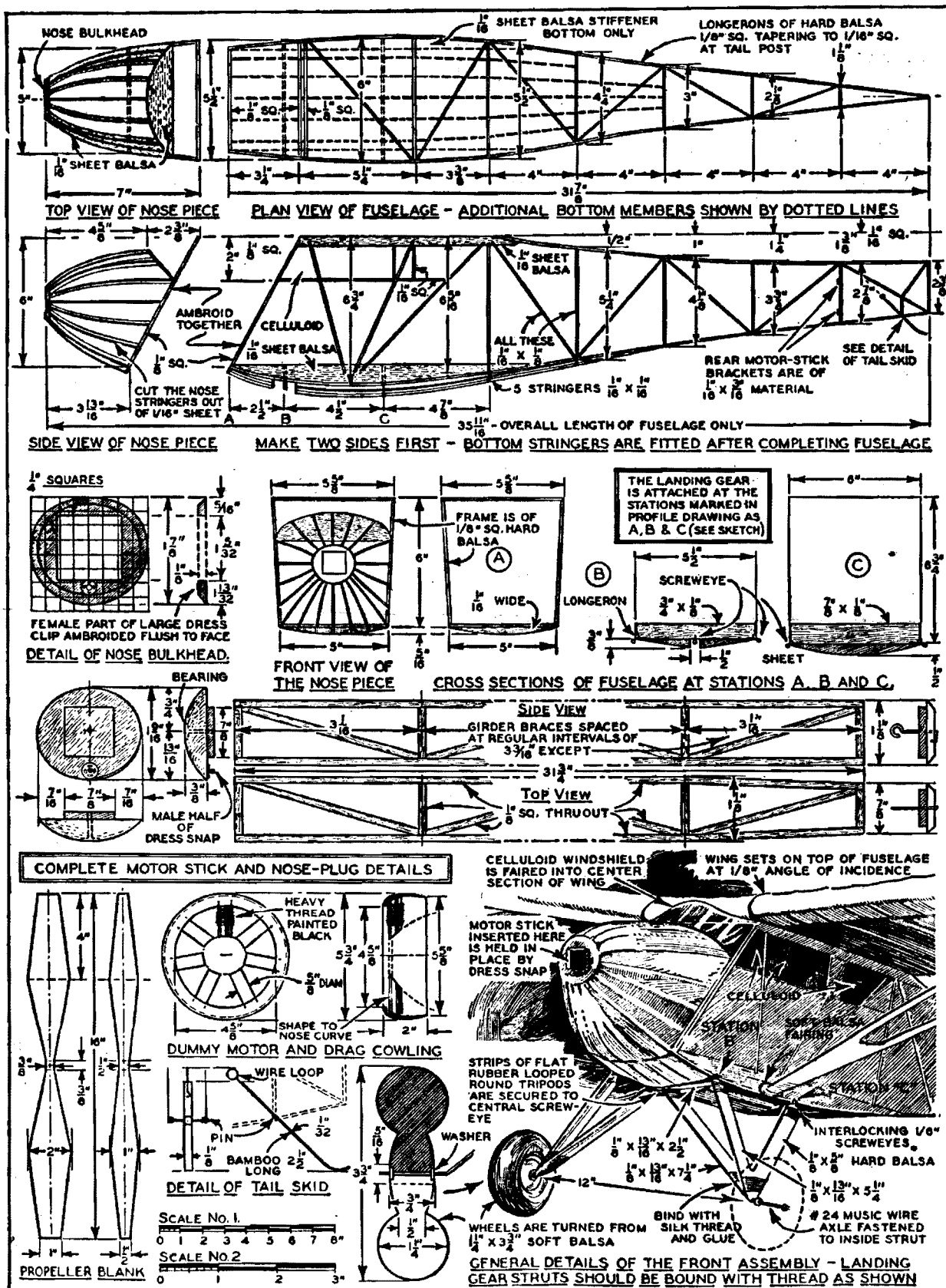
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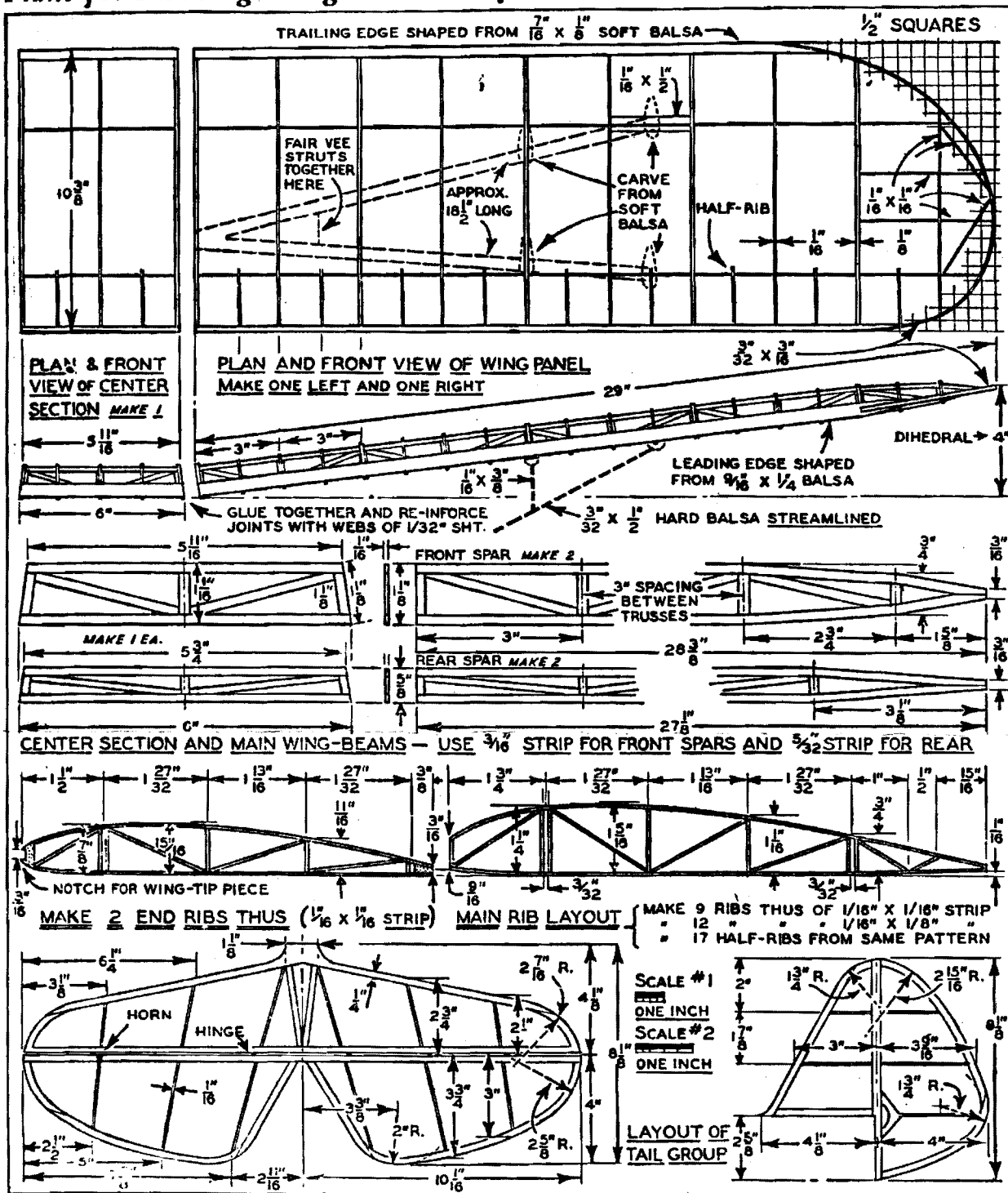
OK, YOU YOUNG WHIPPERSNAPPERS~ THIS IS THE WAY WE BUILT JUMBOS A HALF CENTURY AGO. PLANS ARE BY ADRIAN McINNIS, AND APPEARED IN THE SEPT. 1934 "MODERN MECHANIX & INVENTIONS." MAYBE THE GRANPAPPY OF MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED? DOUG ROLFE WORKED FOR THEM. THE SKETCH BELOW MAY BE HIS.



The entire fuselage and cross sections, propeller, motor, and cowling are drawn to scale No. 1. The motor stick, wheels, tail skid, and nose bulkhead follow scale No. 2. First lay out fuselage profile, full size, on a flat board. Drive brads along outline to hold the longerons in place, then carefully build up each side with struts and braces.

# Plans for Building Wings and Tail of Rubber-Powered Model Monocoupe

4.



The wings and tail group are drawn to scale No. 1, while the wing beams and rib patterns follow scale No. 2. The main wing is built in three sections, the center section and the right and left panels. Build front and rear spars first.

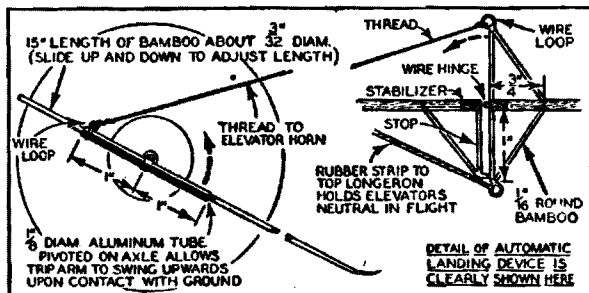
**5 ft. Flying Scale Models \$1 EACH**  
plus 35¢ for 1  
Packing, Postage, Insurance.  
If express collect some only \$1.00

5 ft. Monocoupe (Illustrated)  
5 ft. Stinson Helicot  
5 ft. Moth Parasol  
Build planes that are actually one-third the size of real passenger carrying planes! Send today for our new Giant Models—each a strong outdoor flyer—a \$10 value for only \$1. Everything is in the kit—including all liquids—nothing else to buy.

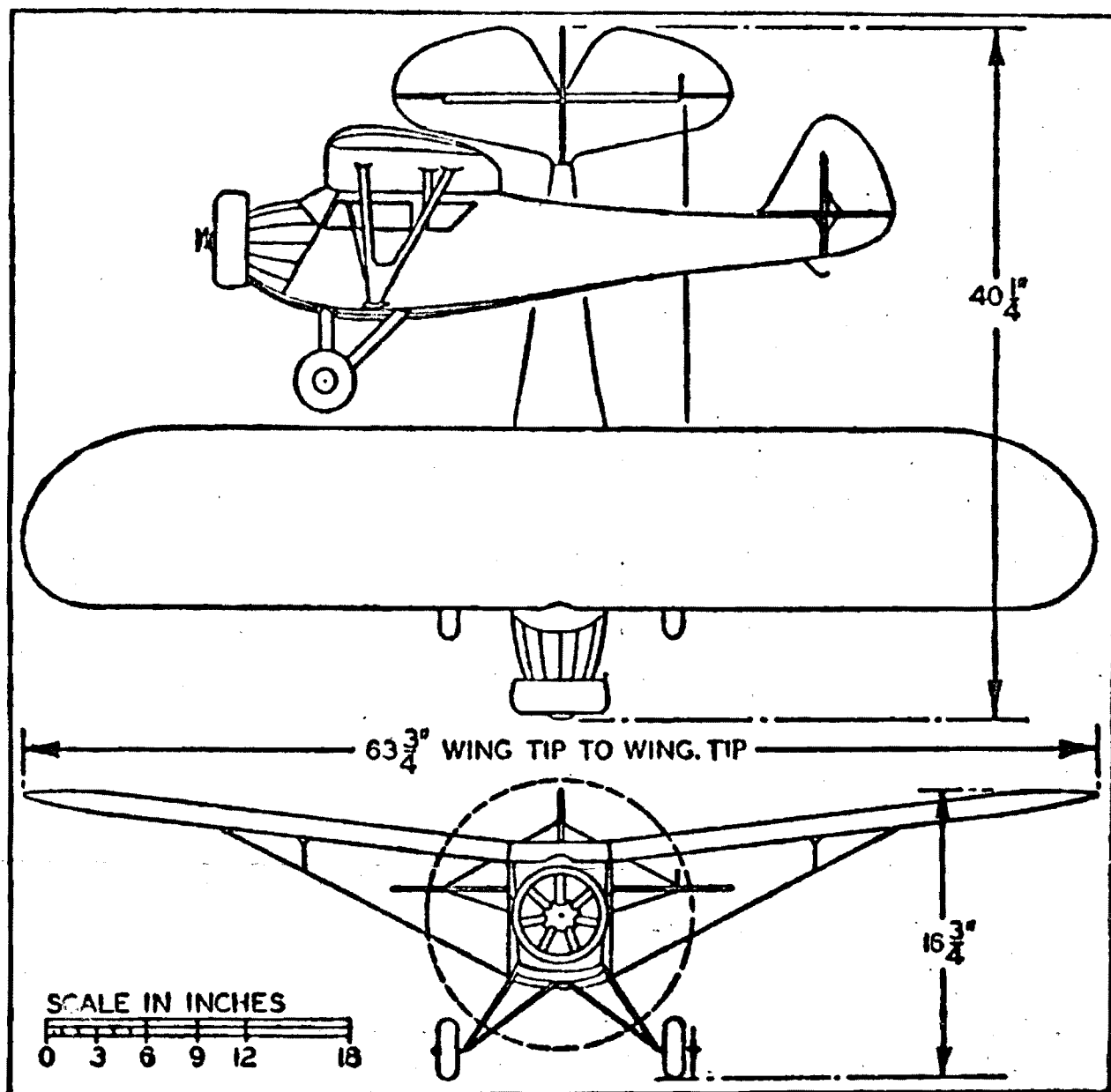


G. M. G. MODEL AIRPLANE CO. New York, N. Y.  
564-A Southern Boulevard

T'WAS A POPULAR SHIP-REMEMBER THIS AD?



This landing device brings the model to a three point landing. When the skid touches the ground, the thread to the elevator horn sets the elevator for landing model.



The limited edition of the book-"Expansion Engine Powered Model Aircraft-CO<sub>2</sub>, Steam, Compressed Air " by "Bert" Pond is ready for shipment to advanced orders. The book has 180 pages 8-1/2" x 11" with over 225 photos, plans & illustrations. It has plastic ring continuous binding so that plans lay flat. Some large plans will be folded loose along with some picture sheets.

The best way to get shipment of your books is to enclose remittance in US dollars along with postage & handling. Price of the book is \$17.95 & postage & handling in the USA is \$1.75 Add 85¢ for insurance because I can not guarantee delivery otherwise.

In order that address will be correct, please fill out your own address label at the right. Shipment will be made as soon as received except during period of SAM Champs & the NATS. If you like the book PLEASE TELL YOUR FRIENDS.

Thank you.

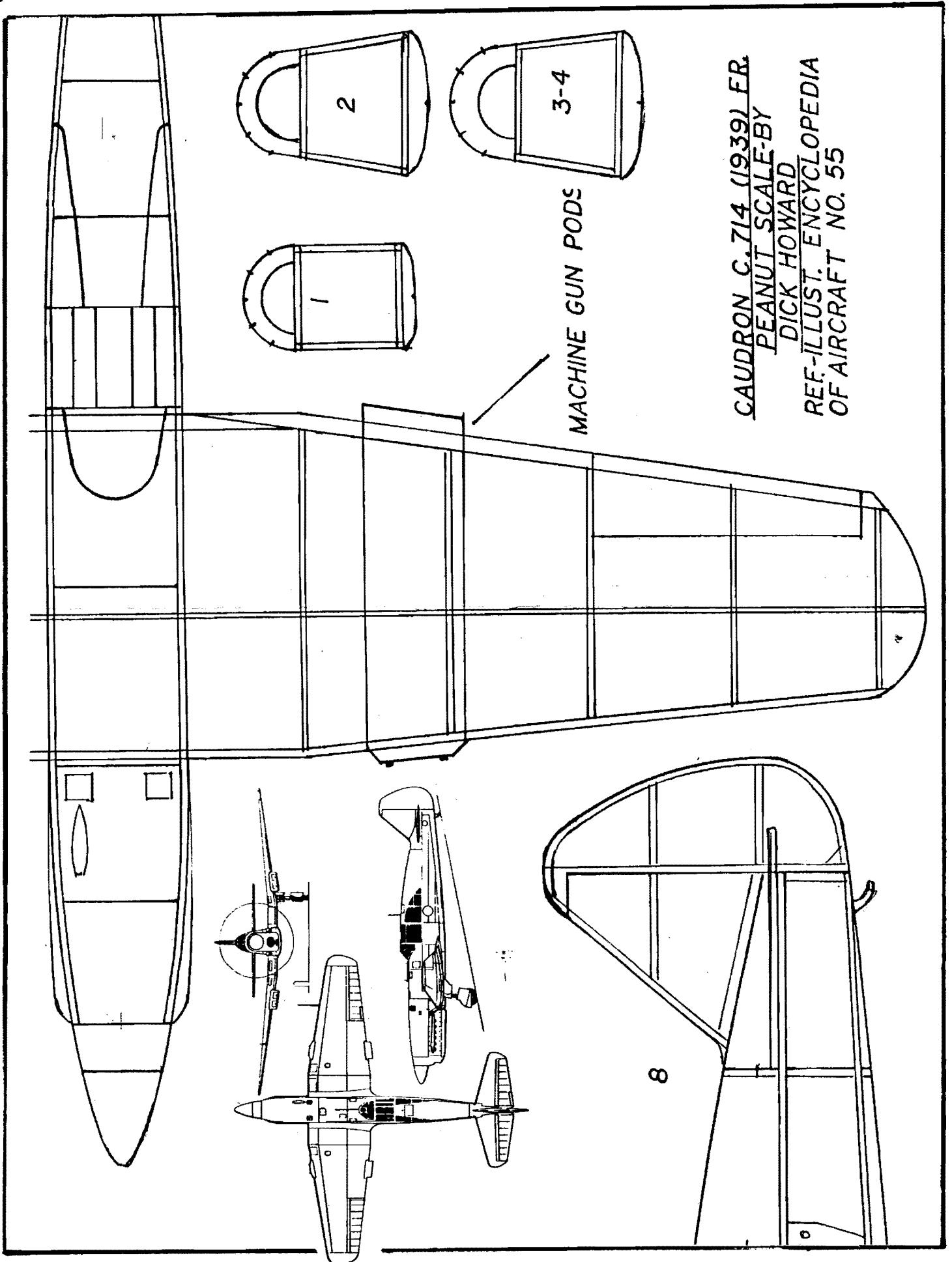
*Bert Pond*

Below is your shipping label. Please print clearly so that postal people can deliver the book to you Thank you.

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 LONGMEADOW, MA  
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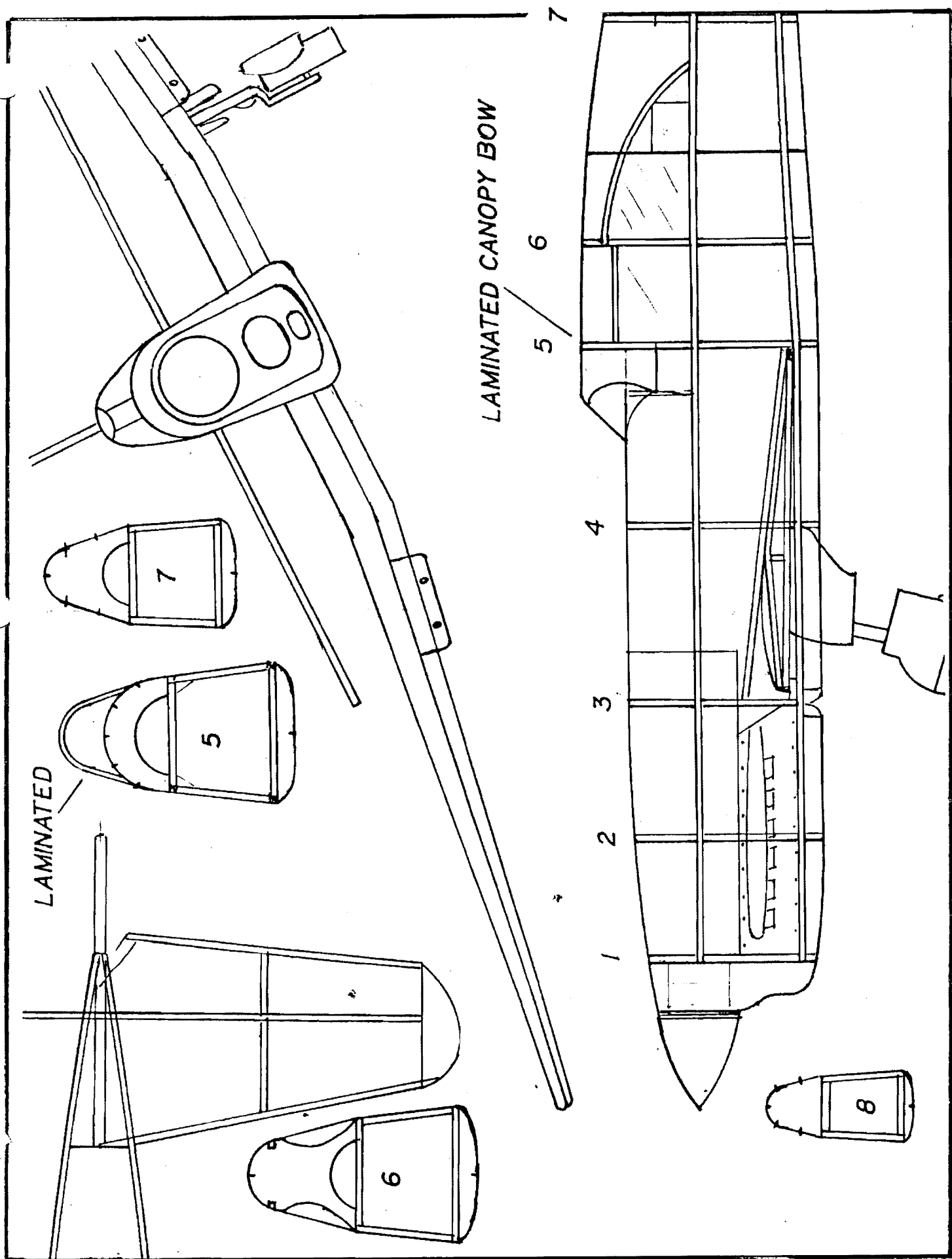
TO-

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MACHINE GUN PODS

CAUDRON C.714 (1939) FR.  
 PEANUT SCALE-BY  
 DICK HOWARD  
 REF-ILLUST. ENCYCLOPEDIA  
 OF AIRCRAFT NO. 55



The joy of free flight predates the bible, and most members of the Flying Aces Club. From the quizical grunts of cave dwellers watching pterodactyls circle in Primordial Mists to quasi-religious incantations of flying scale contestants, those fascinated by free flight have sought a scapegoat to bear their frustration.

And so there was Hung.

It seems to me that this etherial elf is not a creator, but rather an aide to the creator, and not a dependable one! Hung's capriciousness is plain, since this elf touches only certain flyers. These "touched ones" tend to wear funny hats and draw plans and write articles for model publications and decorate each other with necklaces.

The untouched ones make excuses.

So I submit to all free flight flyers, especially the true followers who build with stick and tissue and power their crafts with silent energy stored in elastic bands, that Hung is not a diety. He/she is only an elusive aide, sought by all free flighters, understood by eagles but worshiped only by turkeys.



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## Airmail Pals

Dear Lin,

In issue #118-44, you mentioned that the Grumman F8F Bearcat was operating off carriers in the Pacific at the time of the Japanese surrender. I hate to rain on your Parade but I'm pretty sure that is not true.

When the Japanese surrendered in August 1945 I was stationed at Santa Rosa - an auxiliary air station for NAS Alameda. We had an air group in training stationed at Santa Rosa and the fighter squadron of the air group was equipped with F8F's - the first navy squadron so equipped. I was assigned to fighter trouble-shooters and we spent a lot of overtime trying to work the glitches out of the new aircraft, we worked closely with the tech reps from both Grumman and P&W, we were told by them that the squadron skipper's airplane (Lt. Cdr. Fox) was the fourth plane off the assembly line.

Although the F8F was in navy inventory, carrier qualified and operating with a fleet air group it was not - in my estimation ready for combat or even for operating off carriers. It was soon made ready and the air group did go to sea but it was not until after the surrender.

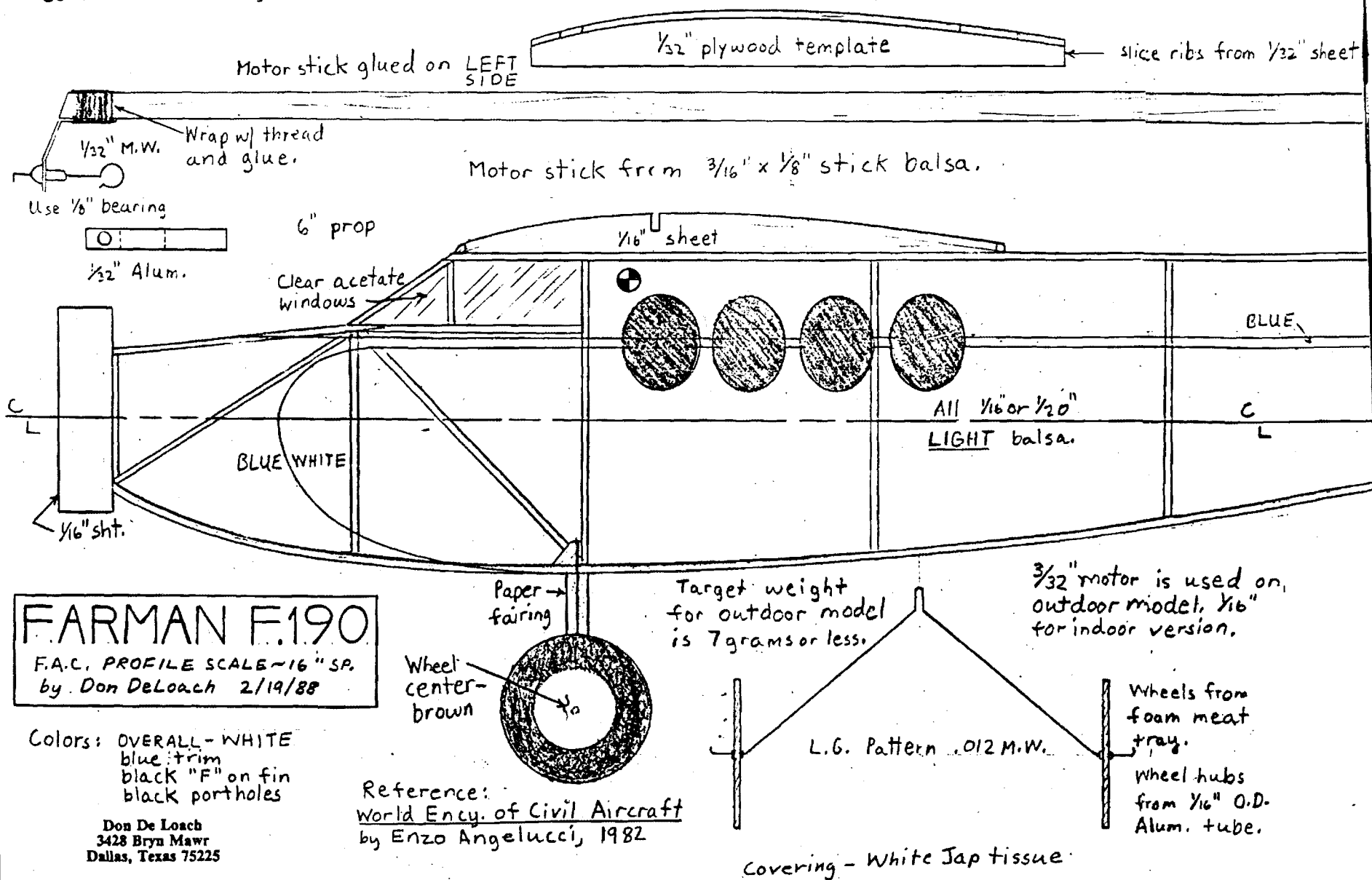
I doubt there was another air group with an F8F squadron until after the surrender, if there was it was certainly behind our air group squadron in training status and not ready for combat. This does not mean that an F8F model would not qualify for WWII Combat events. The fact that the F8F was in fleet inventory and operating with a fully formed air group should make the model eligible.

Regards,  
Jay E. Wright

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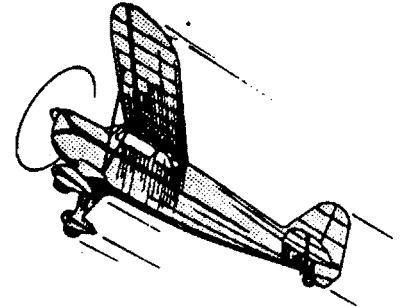
Cover RIGHT side of fin and fuse;  
cover TOP of wing and stab.



MEMORIES AND A MOTHBy Ed HeynMajor USAF (Ret.)

A guru, not the glue type, but one wizer than I, often said that the greatest thrill and pleasure of flying disappeared when the open cockpit became surrounded by glass. This, I assure you, is true except of course in winter. I am fortunate in this respect to have been kicking around this old planet long enough to have been able to enjoy the sensations of having flown many of the open cockpit aircraft of the thirties. I recall having "stick" time or at least having flown in such as Waco's, Fleet, Bird, Spartan C-3, Stearmans and others like the Fairchild 22, Kinner Sport, Spartan C-2, Curtiss Junior and Rearwin Speedster to name a few, all of which and myself are now antiques.

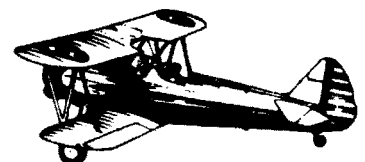
To fly back a bit, my interest in aviation began when as a young boy I was fatally impressed with the exploits of some guy called "Lindy". A neighbor even gave me a nicely detailed cast metal NYP model which I prized for many years. Well guys, from then on I was hooked. I spent every spare dime and moment reading about airplanes, watching them, building model planes (solid blocks of balsa to hack on then, ol buddy) and dreaming of the day when I too would be able to bravely aviate and accomplish heroic deeds high up in "Hung" territory.



Eventually, with a lot of perseverance, I obtained a part time job after school and weekends as a "grease monkey" at the local airport. As part of my pay I received a short flying lesson each week. Naturally I supplemented this by scrounging rides with the various aircraft owners at the field to get in extra "stick time". Eventually I had enough hours of instruction but had to wait until I was sixteen to legally solo. Even now, after having retired with more than twenty-five years of active flying, I still recall clearly that eventful day in 1938 when I first soloed.

For instruction, I had been flying a J-2 Cub with only a fourty horse banger up front to carry the instructor and myself. Beleive me the rate of climb was less than spectacular. But comes the big day and what did we have but an 8 inch snowfall. The only plane that was on skis was a new 55 horse power J-3 Cub. WOW! What power! My brave instructor said go ahead learn how to use the skis while you are taxiing out. That Cub seemed like it VTO'd, but I managed to get it up and back down in one piece. By the time I graduated from high school I had obtained a private pilot's license, the first from that school to have done so.

Part time now became full time. These were the days before specialization and I had the opportunity to learn many facets of the trade from welding, to doping, to upholstery. It was fun working with a great crew of aircraft technicians and pilots. Still the idea of strapping on a set of wings of my own was my goal. In mid 1940 I palavered for a while on a Great Lakes, but the owner and I couldn't come to a financial agreement. Shortly after that a fellow mechanic told me about an aircraft that was up for sale up near Portland, Maine. Eagerly Dave and I drove to Maine to look at what was to be the culmination of my dream. What we found was an old DeHavilland Gypsy Moth biplane which, with its wings folded, had been stored in a garage for several years. It now looked rather decrepid and had been the target of a squadron of dive bombing pigeons. Further examination however showed that with cleanup and minor engine repair, the elegant Moth could proudly spread its silver wings and once again soar into the blue. Several weekends later and a new prop, I still have the original, the Moth was ready for a test hop and a ferry trip home. With a borrowed truck we towed the Moth a few miles to



continued next page....

continued from previous page....

to Portland airport. As the license had expired, a special ferry permit was obtained and Bob Bowker, my flight instructor and an ex-Hollywood stunt pilot, is recruited to fly it back to Canton, Mass. This proved to be an eventful flight.

PART TWO IN THE NEXT ISSUE

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## NEWS ON THE WING!

Hey, clubsters, how do you like the cover on this rag this time? It was done by Bob Rogers, our man in Oklahoma. It has been some time since we had a cover and article by Bob. Bob's article tells us how they built jumbos back in the "Old Days". Should any of you Skysters draw up this plan and build it, let us know how she goes.

We want to thank Bob for his contribution this time as well as Dick Howard for another super plan, Don DeLoach for his plan, The Guru, The Padre, Joe Wagner for another article and Ed Heyn for part one of some of his personal history.

A couple of you have asked if we could publish the plans of Bill Passarel li's FAC Nats winning Embryo design. Well, we can't do that, but Bill tells us it will be published in a future issue of Model Builder magazine. We are looking forward to that.

Some of you new clubsters have asked how you can attain rank (promotion) within the club. Well, all you have to do is fly in an FAC event and win. When the results of the contest are received at GHQ, they are recorded on the "Kanone" list. Everytime you achieve five victories you get a promotion. Your first entry in a contest makes you a Lt., when you reach five, you become a Captain, etc.. Hope this gets a lot of you into the air! **VICTORIES**

S O S.--S.O.S. Carl Loehle, Shippmans Creek Rd., Wartrace, Tn. 34183 is looking for pictures and other proof of scale for the Bernard 201T. Can anyone help him?

BUILD--FLY--WIN---EFFF---AAAAA---CEEEE!!!!

Lt. Col. Lin Reichel, CinC-FAC

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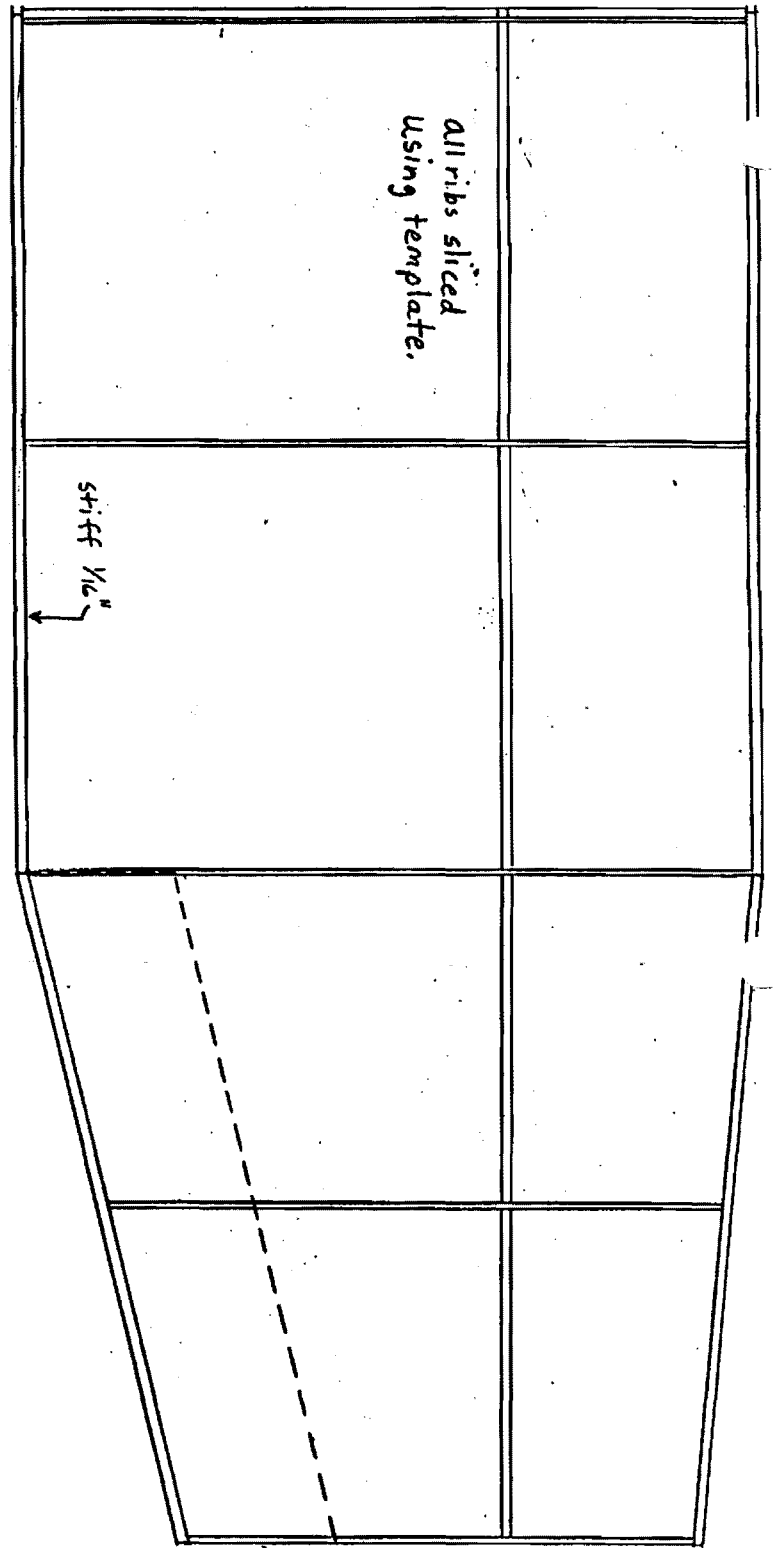
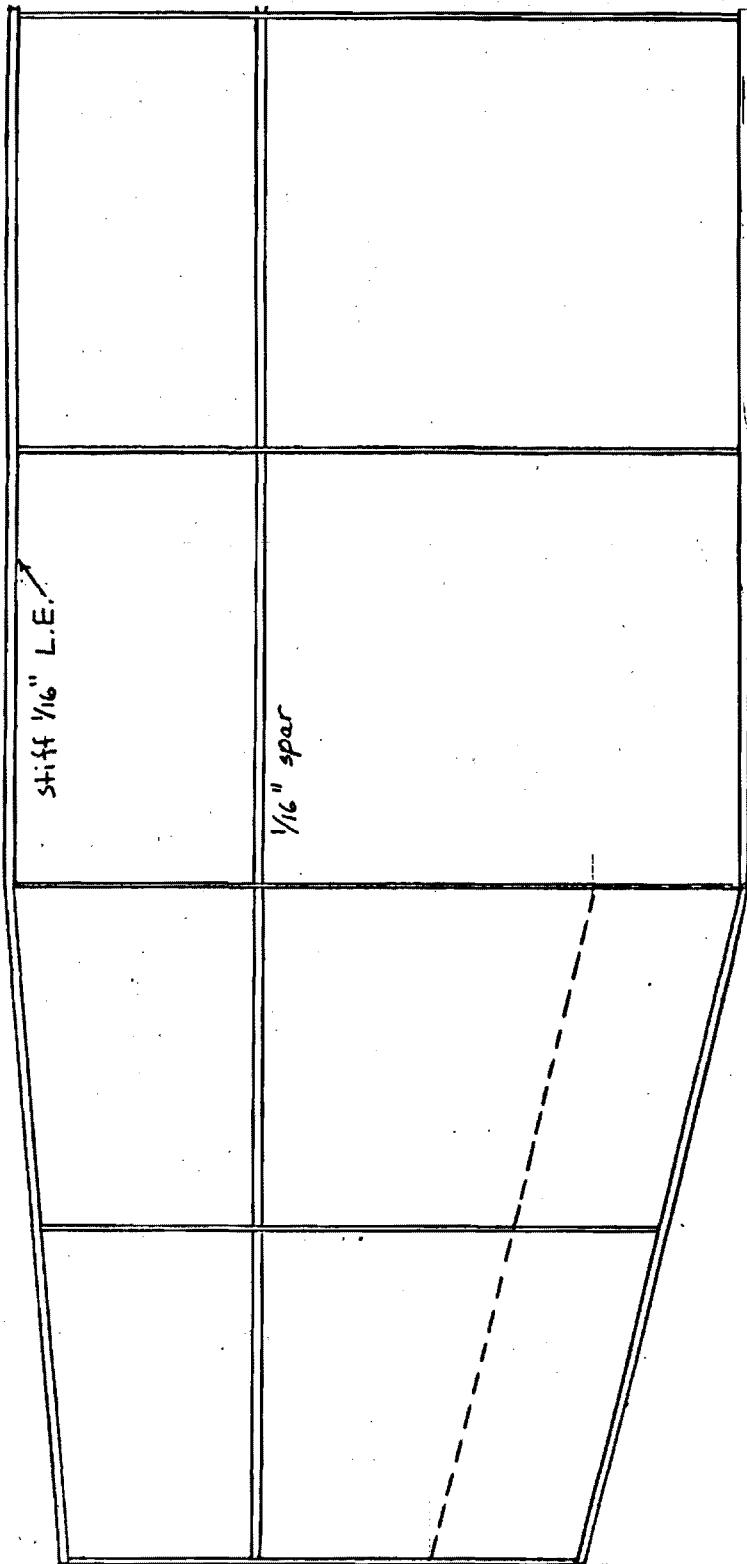


Once upon a time, two girls were out walking. Suddenly a frog jumped out in front of them and said, "I'm an RC modeler changed into a frog by a wicked witch. The spell can only be broken if a pretty girl kisses me". One of the girls picked up the frog and put him in her pocket.

"Aren't you going to kiss him?" asked the other girl. Said the first, "H...., no. A talking frog is worth lots more than an RC modeler any day."

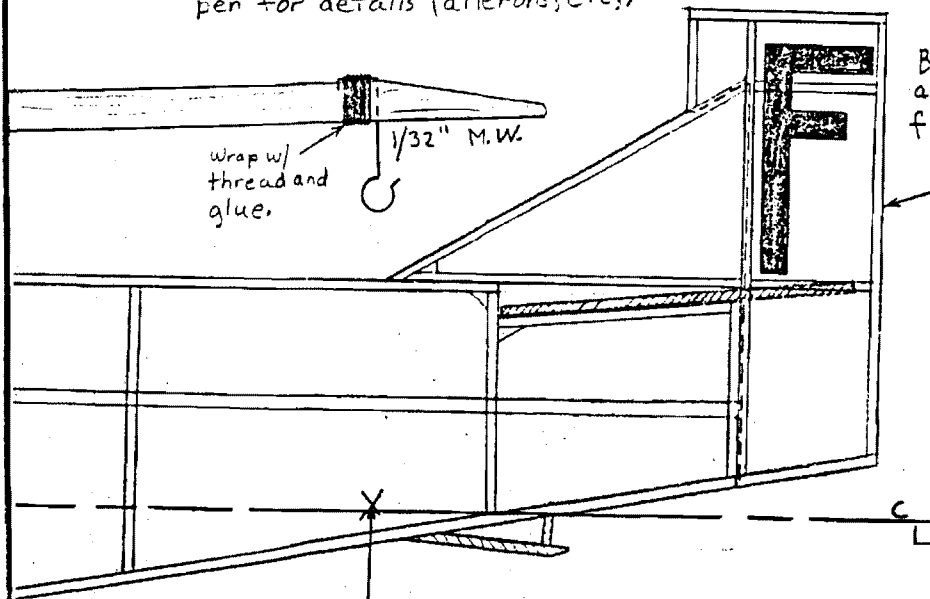
12.

Preshrink tissue on a  
separate frame before  
covering.



1 3/4" total dihedral

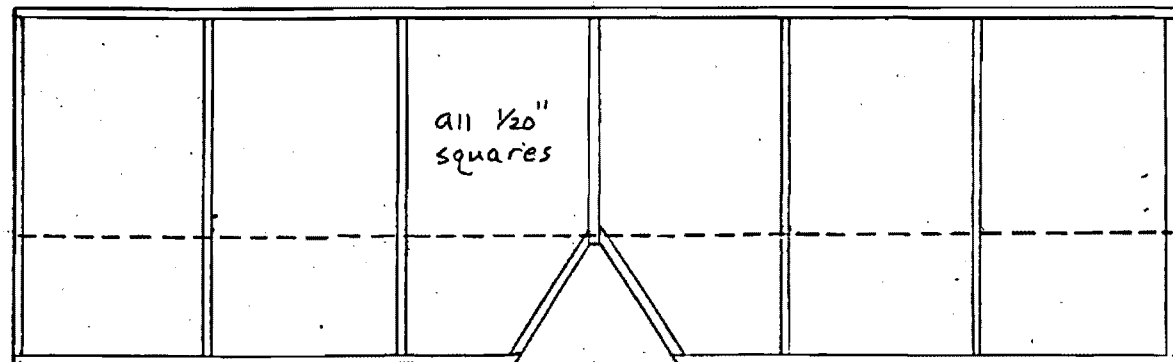
Use fine point "sharpie"  
pen for details (ailerons, etc;)



Build fin  
apart from  
fuselage

Cut slot here for  
rear motor hook

Blue may be  
done with a  
permant marker  
and a ruler.



all 1/20"  
squares



Salutations, disciples! Not long after the '88 victory banquet, I sought suitable sleeping quarters on the field. Spreading our ground covers and sleeping bags, the Guruess and I were no sooner ensconced when Mr. Bob Thumbsome appeared, dragging a mattress behind him.

"Er, it's too hot in the dorm. Would it be OK if I . . ."

"Of course you may join us. Get set and I'll blow out the candle."

"Well actually I've got some work to do. Could you leave the candle on?"

"Great Stott, Mr. Thumbsome! You'll be asking for a drink of water next!"

Puzzled, Mr. Thumbsome said, "No, I don't need any water. But have you got some string and a big piece of cardboard?". I sat up. This was going to be a long night. Mr. Thumbsome busied himself with my tool box and began to whistle. My heart sank. It was hopeless.

Suddenly a genial host, he said, "Say, what about those new rules? Great huh? They sure blitz those turkeys fast!"

"What do you mean by turkeys?"

"Oh, those guys who aren't really going to win anyway. Guys who clutter up the field, especially in mass launch. That's why mass launch used to take forever to run off.."

"You're referring to the new one-shot elimination round."

"Right. Give 'em all one try to produce. If they can post winning times, they're in mass launch. If not, it's hit-the-road, you turkey!"

"Those new rules seem unwise to me. Admittedly I was among those turned away from mass launch; perhaps some rancor persists. Still, one-shot rules seem totally irrational and even baffling in their design. Is it apparent to you why only the top ten entrants were permitted to procede to mass launch?"

"Well, ten is a nice comfy number."

"Comfy?"

"Yeah, comfy. More than ten and it's hard to keep track of 'em."

"What about two heats?"

"What for? The winners are all going to be in the top ten anyway."

"How would you know?"

"Well they sure won in mass launch, didn't they?"

"Of course they did! The rest were excluded!"

"Serves those turkeys right. The faster they get rid of 'em, the better." Mr. Thumbsome was carefully drawing a profile view of a model on the cardboard, working with precision despite the weak candle light.

"It's true that some of the entrants may not be skilled. Still, where is your sense of compassion? To work towards a contest for many months, and then to be turned away as not good enough to even enter . . ."

"Compassion? I've got plenty of that stuff. You've got no idea as to what it feels like to be a member of the elite, like me, and you're standing next to this guy in a mass launch line-up, and you look at his model, and it's got two left wings! This guy is so hopeless that he didn't realize that the magazine ran only the left wing drawing to save a couple of bucks on the printing bill. So he builds two of 'em! Just standing next to something like that is terrifying! That's why I'm in favor of bouncing the turkeys pronto. It's just a matter of compassion for us elite guys - the Blue Maxers."

"I didn't realize that you had achieved a Blue Max. Congratulations."

"Yeah, I was divested at the banquet."

"I think the word is invested."

"Couldn't be. I didn't put a nickle into it. I won the thing fair and square."

"In any event, congratulations."

"Thanks. Now that I'm a member of the elite, I think management should keep right on doing what it started at this Nats - dumping the turkeys. Let's face it - it's us against them. Let them learn the game on their own local field before they show up at the Nats."

" Perhaps. But you should realize that some of the men turned away from mass launch include Dave Stott and yourself."

" You mean we weren't good enough?". A startled Mr. Thumbsome looked up from his drawing efforts.

" Apparently. At least management, aided by the new rules, so decided."

" You give some guys bullhorns and they go ape! Those morons have lost their minds! How could anyone be dumb enough to call Stott and me turkeys?"

" I believe the appellation stemmed from yourself. Whether it is widely used in a pejorative sense, I do not know. In 1876, the word turkey meant . . ."

" Nah. What I mean is how could management put together a plan so dumb that it could make gifted guys look like turkeys?"

" Ah, of course. The one-shot qualification plan is more devious than one would think. On the face of it, a sieve is applied to rank the contestants, and only the most competent continue. Actually, three classes are discriminated against: the unfortunate, those of lesser competence, and those most thoroughly prepared."

" The most thoroughly prepared? How can that be?"

" Mass launch is usually flown late in the afternoon. The wind is up. A good entry is a bit heavy, to take the turbulence. It has a thick motor, to get wind penetration. It's quite robust, to take a downwind landing. On the other hand, one-shot favors the ability to pick air, extreme lightness of construction, less thrust at launch, less downthrust, etc. In short, tactical considerations are quite different. If you remember the actual mass launch contests, many of the one-shot winners were simply blown into the ground after 2 or 3 seconds of flight. Such models were simply unsuited to mass launch conditions."

" I've got it! Those management morons booted out the wrong turkeys!" Nodding in agreement with his own judgement, Mr. Thumbsome began cutting out his cardboard model profile.

" I protested, " But who are the right turkeys? Have you never blown a launch? Is misfortune to determine who is or is not to compete in mass launch? If so, why not merely hold a lottery?"

" OK. OK. Don't get sore about it. Look at it this way. Too many turkeys showed up. Management had to do something. So they put together this real dumb plan. They booted out good turkeys, bad turkeys and even gifted turkeys - but they sure got rid of 'em! You've got to give management credit for that!"

" Credit?"

" Sure, credit - here help me hold this profile up. Now what I need is a hole in it, about here. OK. Now I run the string through the hole, so it will sort of hang on the string. . . Sure, credit! Because if management didn't come up with that dumb plan, we would have drowned in turkeys. This way at least the Nats got done. Look at the Others. They lost their free flight site and those poor devils didn't even have a Nats. Dumb or not, at least we had one. Things don't have to be great to be OK. They don't even have to be logical. What's so logical about flying toy airplanes anyway?"

" Perhaps. . . what on earth are you doing, Mr. Thumbsome?"

" I'm hanging this effigy. That's how you find the Center of Lateral Area. Those centers are just like Centers of International Studies. They're crammed with these brainy guys. You just hang up the effigy and it points to the nearest center. Once I get there, they'll know how to get rid of the right turkeys. They'll have a plan. Well it's pointing right down the road. Say, do you really need that candle? It's kind of dark out there. . ."

" It's yours. You may not be the most logical of men, Mr. Thumbsome, but you certainly have gusto."

" And a Blue Max too. Well, so long you turkey. I'm moving on."

And off he went, dragging his mattress behind him; to what purpose I do not know.

Although flying model airplanes is lots of fun, some aspects of the activity aren't -- such as climbing trees to retrieve models, or helplessly glaring at an airplane trapped in the rafters of the gym. Because I prefer to minimize discomfort and frustration in my own model flying, I recently designed and constructed a model airplane retriever: a long-reach contraption that extends upward many feet to easily dislodge my models from their elevated captivity in trees or gym roof trusses.

My gadget is 23 feet long fully extended, which allows me to reach as high as 27 feet above the ground. An additional extension could be attached to make the retriever even longer if necessary.

The basic parts are two ten-foot lengths of steel electrical conduit plus a 3-foot piece of 5/8" dowel. These telescope together, and are held in whatever position is needed by "hitch-pin clips": steel spring wire gizmos that look like gigantic but short bobby pins.

The conduit comes in two sizes. The smaller is a loose fit inside the larger, and to minimize rattling and line-up problems I installed a dozen 5/32" pop rivets, in equally-spaced groups of three, several places along the length of the small conduit. This makes for a just-right sliding fit within the larger tube.

The business end of the retriever is the 5/8" dowel, which has a slingshot-shaped wire "grabber" embedded in one end. First, however, since the dowel is just slightly too big to fit inside the small conduit, it needs to be sanded about 1/32" smaller in diameter. I did this with a coarse sanding block. Sitting down, I rested the dowel across my legs and sanded it lengthwise as I rotated it slowly. From time to time I test-fitted it into the small conduit, and kept up the sanding until I achieved an easy slip fit.

The "grabber" is made from a heavy-duty wire coat hanger. I drilled a hole and sawed a slot in one end of the dowel; cut off the hook part of the hanger; then with Hobbypoxy I anchored the twisted wire section of the hanger firmly into the end of the dowel. After the epoxy cured, I cut off the straight center part of the hanger, doubled over a half-inch or so of the cut ends of the remaining "slingshot", then slipped a length of fuel tubing over each "prong" for protection of the models I'd be retrieving.

The hitch-pin clips fit through cross-holes drilled in various positions straight through the conduit and dowel as required. (It's not always necessary to use the thing at its completely-extended length.) My retriever also has one set of holes to hold the assembly in its fully-telescoped position, for transportation (on a car roof rack, for example). Drill the clip holes somewhat oversize, to make insertion easy. Also, when drilling through the small



conduit and the dowel, feed the drill gently! If you use a lot of pressure, you'll produce a jagged burr on the inside of the steel tube which will make sliding the dowel in and out impossible.

The "handle" end of my retriever is wrapped with white bicycle handlebar tape. This helps in two ways: it makes for a good grip; and it keeps the end cool when the retriever's left lying in the sun.

This tool can also be used, if necessary in a difficult rescue operation, to place a hook with a rope attached onto a tree branch, to enable bending or shaking the branch to set the airplane free.

The End

## Peanut & No-Cal Scale Postal Meet

It's Postal Meet time again Skysters! Get your No-Cal and Peanuts ready. The contest starts as you read this notice and continues until April 30, 1989. Entries postmarked after May 1, 1989 will not be accepted.

As in previous contests we will have four events or wings. They are; Indoor Peanut, Outdoor Peanut, Indoor No-Cal and Outdoor No-Cal. Every time you fly your ship send in the time, the name of the model, the date, the "Wing" you flew in and your name.

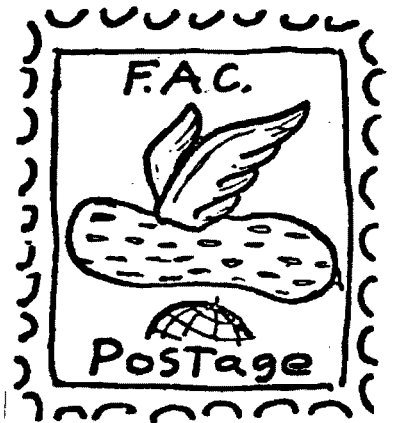
Enter as many times as you wish, with as many models as you wish. Every time you better a score, send it in.

This contest is open to all FACers everywhere. If you fly in a contest then that time will also be recognized. Winners get another "notch" on the "Fanone" list as well. We will also have some prizes for the winners. Let's go Clubsters, get in on the fun! BUILD...FLY...WIN!!!! EEEFFF--AAA--CEEEEEEE!!!!!!!

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### THE DREADED RED "X"

To those of you who have inquired as to why they have been cursed by the dreaded RED "X" twice in the same year, here is the answer. When you send in your nine dollars for your subscription it entitles you to six issues. Now, because we were behind (and still are) in sending the newsletter out, you have been receiving the newsletter at the rate of one every month. This schedule will get us back on the beam around the first of the year of 1989. This means that your subscription will run out in six months rather than a year. We hope this explains it satisfactorily to all and we apologize for any inconvenience it may have caused anyone.



- Nov. 19.....Erie Model Aircraft Assn. Indoor Meet, Millcreek Intermediate School. FAC Scale, FAC Peanut Scale, HiWing Peanut Scale, WWI Dogfight, Bostonian, WWII No-Cal Combat, Blatter 40, No-Cal Scale. CD Vic Didelot, 4410 Lorna Lane, Erie, Pa. 16506 Ph. 814-838-3263
- Nov. 19-20...6th Annual Texas Scale Champs in Dallas. AMA Peanut, No-Cal, AMA Rubber Scale, Mooney Peanut, Gas Scale, Jumbo Scale, FAC Scale, and mass launches. Don Deloach, 3428 Bryn Mawr, Dallas, Texas 75225 Send 25¢ stamp for flyer.
- Nov 19-20....Cactus Squadron 3rd Annual Scale Contest. FAC Scale, GHQ Peanut Scale, No-Cal Scale, Embryo, Catapult Glider, WWII Combat, Golden Age Scale, Thompson Trophy Race. CD Dave Smith, 1041 East Rawhide, Gilbert Az. 85234 Ph. 892-0935
- Dec. 31-Jan. 1/2 King Orange and Miami Indoor Meet. CD Doc Martin, 2180 Tigertail Ave. Miami, Fla. 33133 Ph. 305-858-6363
- Dec. 30/31 Jan. 1..King Orange Internationals. Embryo, FAC Scale, FAC Jumbo Scale, WWII Combat, FAC Golden Age, FAC Power Scale, FAC Peanut Scale, WWI Dogfight, P-40 Special event. CD Dean McGinnes, 1503 Clairdale Lane, Lakeland, Fla. 33801 Ph. 813-680-1336

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Thanks to Bob Howard



ONCE AGAIN RUSSIAN AIRSPACE IS PENETRATED



More photos from the FAC Nats by Lin Reichel.

Top left, Dave Stott making ready for flight with his Haines Mystery racer.  
Top right, A real nice looking Macchi 202 by Glen Simpers, enlarged from a Pres Bruning design, we beleive.

Bottom left, The recent Blue Max awardee, Bob Thompson showing off his fine Waco bipe. An Earl Stahl design.

Bottom right, A real masterpiece here, it's Bob Wetherell's DH Dragon, a real award winner if there ever was one.