

FLYING ACES

Club News

Issue #52



THERE WILL BE NO CHRISTMAS THIS YEAR! Or so you might think in looking at Lt. Bill Miller's cover drawing for this issue. Yep, ol' St. Nick sure is absorbed in those Flying Aces magazines he has. Looks like Kitty Claus has dozed off while reading hers. Gotta admit, it's a swell way to get dream ships designed.

Mrs. Claus seems to be laying down the law as to Santa's duty. We gotta get Santa to do an article for us on how Rudolph, there in the picture on the wall, and all the rest of the team can fly so well. Wonder what their antler loading is? Certainly not getting any thermal help on those cold night flights they make. Yep, it's time for some technology in the FAC, Santa! How about being the Charles Hampson Grant for to-day's rib slicin' stringer benders?

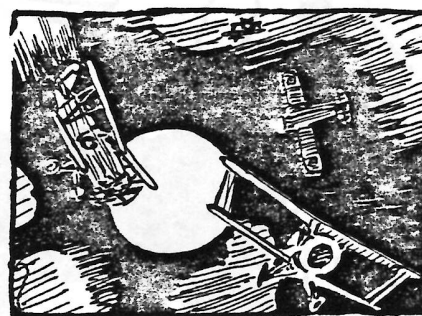
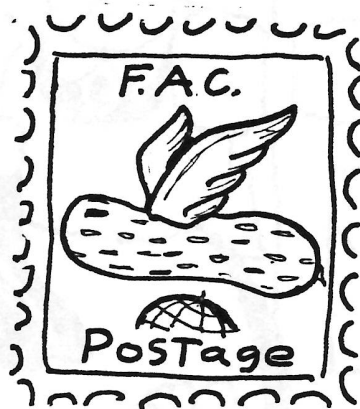
FAC Postal Contests

O.K. all you flyers of sleek and slender No-Cal scale jobs! Front and center! Fall out, you Peanuteers! Join the ranks out here in front of the GHQ Hangar! The top brass has a new twist to add to ou annual Peanut & No-Cal Postal Contest thst should pep things up a bit especially for our clubsters that have not been in the winner's circle lately. Yep, you top scoring aces will have to work a little harder in the ozone this year. Here is the NEW SCHEME.....We will run our Postal Meet in the usual manner, that is an Indoor Wing, and an Outdoor Wing for both No-Cal and Peanut. Fly as often as you like between the time you get your FAC News and March 15, 1977. Turn in your time, and every time you better that time, to GHQ giving your name, rank, Name of your ship, time of your flight, and DATE of the flight on a post card or by letter.

Now for the bomb! YOU ARE NOT ALLOWED TO USE ANY MODEL YOU HAVE EVER WON A FIRST PLACE WITH!

That's right fellas, no previous winning models allowed. Now, you guys with a hangar full will have to use your second line ships while the champs gather dust. You other skysters who haven't managed a win with that ozone oscillator of yours as yet will not find things as hopeless as they have been in the past.

Hey! Who is this medal bedecked flyer bustin' in here like this? Oh, you are the big ace, Rickenberry, huh? Well, we mean what we said. No crates allowed that have scored before in ANY meet, not just postals or FAC battles. We want to see some new names in the communiques. You guys have been grabbin' all the glory long enough. We want the skys darkened with droves of planes battling for FAC glory. All brand new to the Postal Contest!



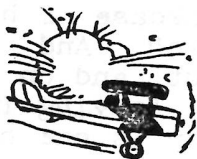
After our scheduled meet was totally destroyed by that Other God (Jupiter Pluvius), on October 3, an event that saw the assembled skyssters present from as far away as western Pennsylvania, Hung smiled upon us for our rain-out date. Well....he didn't really smile, but considering the unpleasant and nasty weather the flyers have had all "fall", it was about as good a day as one might have expected. Yes, Mike Midkiff and Bob Clemens, the second meet was held on "schedule", and we missed you, and the true Spirit of the Skies that brought you to our nasty, rainy abode on the first date. We apologize for Hung's wretched hospitality and we'll try to propitiate him better for future meets.

November 6 dawned cold and windy, with the threat of winter in the air (already!), but the intrepid skyssters of the FAC were gathered, thirty-two strong, to test their mettle with Hung, ancient Pirelli, and each other. Not only were they contending with Hung, but Desperate Bob Thompson, Evil God of the Judging Tent was there, looking for fault with models; trying to see if he could find something (anything will do!) that they left off their models, some minor detail that was a mere line to the plan maker, but which is a "not all there" in the FAC rules. Sometimes it was pretty hard. There was some mighty fine craftsmanship out there. Bob Bender had rebuilt his old Nieuport 11 into a sparkling beauty, Bill Wood showed up with a twinkly own-design Zlin XII, Royall Moore was there with his jimcracky Gee Bee that seems to fly forever, and a new, threatening Contender has appeared among the rib-slicers: Bill Henn with his Mr. Smoothie, and Davis DA-5A manut. Not only were these gentlemen (and we do mean "gentle men") present, but the FAC has attracted another old timer back into the ranks of the modeldom: Gerry Bockius, who entered his original Embryo, the first model he had built in about fourteen years.



Yes, Hung or no, the comradeship of the clouds one finds at an FAC meet keeps bringing them out...and back. Thanks, fellows.

Embryo Endurance saw the usual gaggle of Peerless Junior Endurances, but there were also quite a few originals living among the flyers, some of which showed frightening performance. Fred Hall's original M-Bryo immediately caught one of the few passing "hoppers" and went OOS



onto the distant main highway. That's about the onliest way to knock Fred out of the meet, Hung! Royall Moore also saw his model offered up to the Old Man's altar. We hope you like 'em, Hung! In his quiet way, the Great General of the FAC, Chet Bukowski, showed the way, but Ted Langley, fully equipped with a Garami B-Sport, showed up only two seconds behind at 189 when the dust had cleared. Third was Tony Faranda with "Sunny". After all his loyal attendance at our meets, it was good to see Tony in the winner's circle.

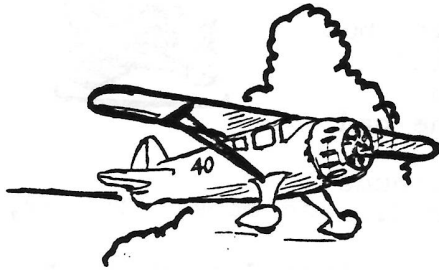
No-Cal seemed to offer a real opportunity for some deft builder to win in the wind, but Chet Bukowski again destroyed all thoughts of any challengers to the total supremacy of his XF-13C. He found just the right moments for launching, and again beat off all those who had hopes of knocking him off his pedestal in this event. Bill Henn, Jr took second with his Helio Stallion, and his Dad garnered third with another Helio. Looks like those Henns are a roost to reckon with, as Mom, Elsie Henn, was fourth! They fit right well into the FAC pecking order.

The Shell Speed Dash had fourteen eager Sig-snappers out there, ready to do their all for the gods of speed and glory. All morning the skies were a-flutter with race wings, everybody trying to win, or a few saving their engines for the Big Ones in the afternoon. It was a matter of strategy, for in this the Prince of all FAC events, racing strategy always plays an important part. Should I go all-out now and show them just how good my plane is? Should I just try to merely qualify? Heaven help me if I strike a thermal! What should I do....opt for safety now and victory later? Or try it the other way around and be able to rest on my hard-earned laurels? Oh...the agony of indecision that strikes the flyers!

Dave Stott had his Mr. Smoothie running like a dream for his one, making two flights of exactly 58 seconds apiece. That's a bad scene for the other racing pilots when a contender is that consistent! Fred Hall caught one of Hung's Own and uncorked a 1/4 second flight, wafting himself to second place, right ahead of Bill Henn and his own Mr. Smoothie.

Only two ships failed to "qualify" for the Big Ones, the TT and Greve. They were Dave Stott's Cessna CR-3 and Bill Miller's Caudron 460. They went to our consolation event, the Aerol Trophy, which Dave barely won. Happily, both flyers had other ships for the other races.

The Greve Trophy started at 1:00 PM. Two heats; one of five, the other of four planes were lined up. Fred Hall with his Gee Bee D, Bill Miller with his 8-Ball, Chet Bukowski and the veteran Chester Jeep, Ed Heyn with the new Crosby CR-3, and Jeff Chrisey with his venerable Chester Goon were in the First. The Second had Tom Nallen with Suzy, Dave Stott with the Chambermaid, Bill Wood with his own Goon, and Bob Bender with his Howard Ike all a-trembling on the line.



The first fly-off saw the Crosby crash straightaway (no damage happily), and the second saw Fred Hall's Gee Bee first down. Bill Wood's Goon acted like one

and put him out of the running in the Second Heat. That left the 8-Ball, the Jeep, Chrisey's Goon, Suzy, Chambermaid, and Ike for the races. Bob Bender overdid his usual winding strategy (he's the slowest winder on earth in this event...he always exactly uses up his allotted two minutes, grinning evilly all the way)...he burst the crankcase of his Ike and was lost to the event. Then the Goon was first "down". And on the launches went. Chet Bukowski out, Bill Miller out, and on the same "lap", Dave Stott's Chambermaid broke a prop blade, leaving Tom Nallen once more the King of the Greve Trophy. That Suzy is one hard plane to beat

At 2:30 it was time for the Biggest One of All...the Thompson Trophy. This one saw some real strategy in operation. There was one immense momentary foul-up which we'll come to, but otherwise the event ran (almost) smoothly. The First Heat had Dave Stott with his Mr. Smoothie, Suzy, Royall Moore with the Gee Bee Z, Bill Wood with his now battered Goon, and Bob Bender with Ike. The Second Heat featured Bill Henn and his Mr. Smoothie, Bill Miller's 8-Ball, Chet Bukowski back for another try with his Jeep, Ed Heyn with the Crosby, and Jeff Chrisey with his doomed Goon. Jeff could see that his model had had a few too many violent contacts with the ground and toosed in his prop and wings before festivities started. After all, "he who fights and runs away lives to fight another day." Bill Wood was first down in the first lap, and Dave Stott first down in the second. The first

lap of the Seound Heat saw Chet Bukowski come right down, taking him out of the event for the day. (Note how so many champions of another day, or even of earlier in the same day prove unable to dominate this event...either their luck or their strategy is against them.) That left Suzy, Gee Bee Z, Ike, the Bill Henn Smoothie, 8-Ball, and the Crosby for the Final. And it was here, in the first lap of the final that the foul-up occurred. Ed Heyn made a poor launch of his Crosby, and it headed straight for Dave Stott's winding rig (Flying Aces Line Boy to our veteran readers) and a seemingly impending doom. While all the spectators, including the cloddish starter, watched this horrible spectacle unfold, two racers went "thwack" behind their launchers...while the Crosby flew on, unconcerned, to a gentle landing! Who had been first down?!? It was either Bob Bender or Bill Henn, but nobody had watched....we were all gaping at that Heyn crash that never happened! So Bob and Bill had to have a fly-off to see who had been "first down", and here's where some race strategy came in, for the Mr. Smoothie that had so ignominiously crashed minutes before turned in a fine flight and beat Bender's Ike. In the succeeding laps, Ed Heyn, Tom Nallen, and Bill Miller were first down; Miller a victim of lack of "oil" (rubber lube)...his motor wound around the nose hook and stalled him in with winds a-plenty still in the motor. And still the Gee Bee and the Mr. Smoothie battled on, each flight getting longer as the desperate skysters tried to eliminate one another. Gosh...that Bee Bee would get to knee height, but somehow carry on for another fifteen seconds or so, ballooning up here, tumbling there, but never seeming to come down! And so it went! Again that "impossible" Gee Bee Z of Royall Moore was not to be denied, and in the last flight it flew obscenely well, as the Mr. Smoothie circled far above it, seemingly headed for an easy win, but it just didn't come down, didn't come down, and didn't come down...as Mr. Smoothie got lower, lower, and lower. Finally, Mr. Smoothie gave up the ghost and landed gently. A great shout went up from the assembled multitude. Lowell Bayles...er Royall Moore wins again! The Springfield Air Racing Association lives!



About this time, a deep chuffing-popping noise was heard, and some alert skyster looked up...Hey...we have an airshow going on....a REAL one! There's a Grumman F8F Bearcat overhead, doing Cuban 8s! All modelling activity immediately stopped and heads craned to see that ancient bird as it treated us, and various other segments of southern Connecticut, to a little glimpse into the past. He cavorted about our twisted necks for about ten minutes and then moved on, to let other skysters have a treat. There's a moral here, which I needn't state for most of us, but I'll do it anyway....ALWAYS look up at EVERY plane that goes overhead. It only costs a roll of the eyeballs, and a blasé attitude can cost you some sights. In the past year this writer has been rewarded with two (2) Stearmans, a Beech Staggarwing, 2 DC-3s, a PT-19, an AT-6, and several other rare sights due to his policy of ALWAYS gawking. And just after the FoF left our meet, a "mere" T-28 showed up and stooged around for several minutes! Keeping your eyes peeled is only a part of the spirit of the skies, but a big one. FAC Scale had such a fine assortment of models and flyers, it was a hard day in the judge's tent, looking over all those carefully built treasures. Hank O'Dwyer was Scale "high point man" with his beautifully turned-out Waco E.

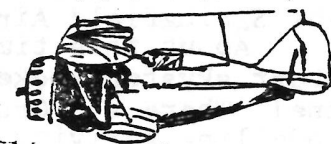
A tip here for you builders who want to bamboozle us judges into awarding the highest score you can get: one thing most models lacked was such a simple thing....an instrument panel. It doesn't have to be a prefectly researched and rendered real panel, but some sort of re-

presentation to fill up that balsa and tissue "hole" sure makes us judges pleased, and might well be the "thing" that gets you the five Biggies for having the details "all there". And on a stark model plan which features little detail anyway, like the Mooney Druine Turbulent, there is just no excuse for having no panel. Another builder had done a fine job of working in all the details shown on a Comet Stinson Reliant (and that plan shows 'em all!), except the pitot tube. Five points lost because of a lousy little piece of wire!

Another thing lots of guys don't do is to back up their color schemes properly. They'll come in with a nicely built model of, say, a Waco U-2F, and they'll present a picture that shows a different color scheme and registration number than the model they have built! How silly! We know you fellows out there are conscientious enough not to build just "any old" airplane with "any old" color scheme. You got the notion for those colors and numbers someplace. SHOW THEM TO US! Get those 20 points for coloring & marking. Those ought to be "twenty easies" for us all! After all, this isn't World's Leading Model Organization....the judges will try to be reasonable, and a reasonable conjecture as to the original colors will always be acceptable to us. But give us a proper back-up documentation so we can accept your reasoning on the matter. OK?

(And, mournful as it must be to say this....a lot of cover art from the old days just isn't that good as a "proof". Flying Aces was a particular sinner in this matter; their covers were often designed more for good color combinations than for accuracy. Red Spitfires, Green and purple Bristol Bombays, orange Airacobras were just a few of their sins. Much as it hurts us to state this....you ought to get your "documentation" (if it's cover art) from a more expensive (hate to say "more reputable"!) magazine that was aimed at a more mature audience. After all, FA was made by and for kids....us.....not at the Challenge Publications kind of modeller "who takes himself and his models seriously." Just remember a black & white photograph plus reasonable conjecture should get you out of the FAC judges' tent reasonably happy with your color scheme, and the way those mean men in there treated you.

For Scale we had fourteen entrants with fifteen ships. (Odd that only one entered two models.... take advantage of our rules, prop-twisters!) As is his way, Fred Hall flew his Gee Bee D to a max, and that, plus some very neat workmanship, made him a hard man to catch. He was far in front of the pack. Usually a man with about 130-135 points total is "it" at an FAC meet, but Fred wound up with 157.5. It'd be interesting to see if we've ever had a higher total score.



Hank O'Dwyer was Second with that nifty Waco "E" we mentioned before. He had 135. As I said, Hank, that's usually a winning score, but Hung wasn't in your corner this day.

Third was Bill Wood and that neat Zlin. A very clean, crisp looking model that looks as good to the judges as she does to Hung. Get in that little partition, hatch, or whatever it was in the middle of the cabin, Bill. That'll get you full detail points next time.

And right behind Bill and Hank was Tom Nallen with that Curtiss XP-55 Ascender, at 133. Wow! Between Second and Out-Of-The-Money was a mere three points! Who was it that said an FAC meet can be a walk-away for some of these guys? With the ever-higher level of craftsmanship and flights we see each meet, (regardless of the weather!) we just don't see how things could get much better.

Thanks, skvsters. The ongoing improvement of your models, the high levels of enthusiasm and sportsmanship, all people and all models keep showing us that Flying Aces is truly a live spirit. Thanks.

With The Model Builders

Pg.7.

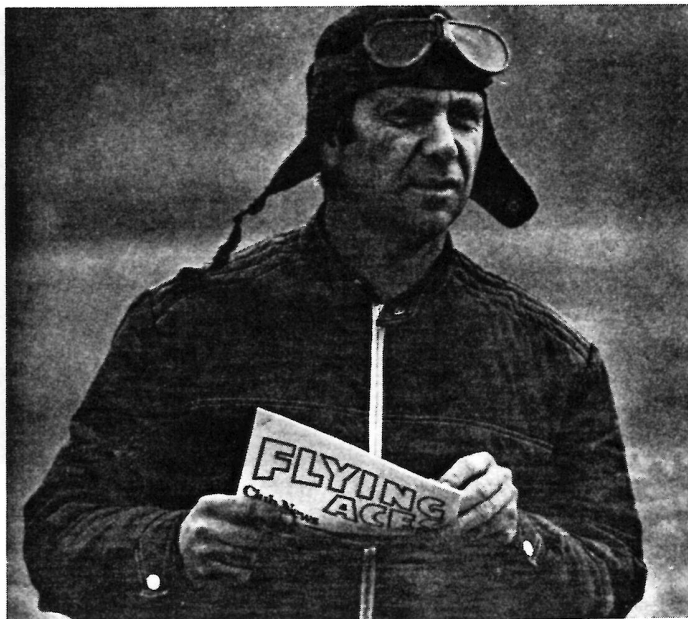
HIGHLIGHTS OF THE FALL MEET.

Photos by Lt. Benjamin.



And here you clubsters can meet with 1/3 of a brand new family flight to join in FAC fun and flyin'. Yep, this pylon polisher is Bill Henn, flight leader. Completing the flight is his wife, Elsie, and son, Bill Jr. A swell bunch of builders and flyers. And, yet another aviatrix!!!! That Mr. Smoothie Bill is holding placed second in the Thompson Trophy event.

On the right is Ivan the Terrible! Haw-w-w, shucks no, sky hurtlers, it is just Ed Heyn & the Polish S.Z. Quad (No.2) that saw service in the Great War with the Russian forces. (See FAC News #47) Lt. Heyn is one of those builders that the FAC really ticks for. That is he really likes therare and off beat birds to model. And just look at all that riggin'. That is the way, Ed, rack up those scale points!

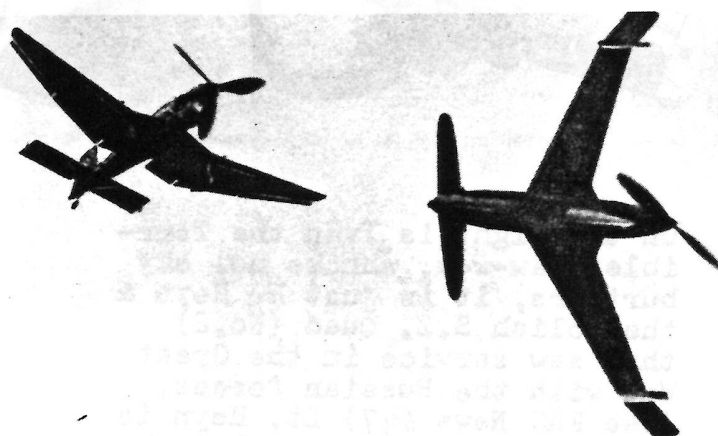


And to the left we find none other than our beloved C.D., Capt. Bob Thompson taking a moment from reading his copy of the FAC News to look up to see if the meet is over yet! Haw-w-w-w! Actually, our ace photographer, Dick Benjamin caught Bob in this candid shot as he was trying to line up the men and machines for the start of the Greve.

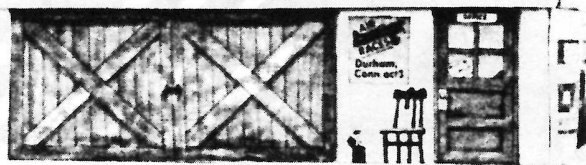


Lt. George Armstead is the proud pappy of this Curtiss Gulfhawk (Al Williams' 1st Gulfhawk) built from Burd Model Airplane Co. plans. This Hungly rendition of a four bit kit is a fine example of FAC sky-ability, yes sir! And if any of you former notchers want a trip thru aeronostalgia land, take a good look at George's pin laden flying cap next meet, The carefull FAC notes the inside of the cap more interesting.

Twang our lift wires! An XP-55 in combat with a Stuka! Eat your heart out, William Green! Well gang, we just do not know how he did it, but our ace aero-lensman, Dick Benjamin has captured Tom Nallen's Ascender and his own Stuka, either in the air, or in the dark room, to give us this amazing photo! Can you imagine, taking pics like this and building jobs like that Stuka as well?



BILL'S FLYING SERVICE



When it comes to aero-imagination, our HUNGorilla creator, Lt. Bill Miller, buffets us all in his artistic slipstream. Just look at his tool box on the left. It is nothing more than an old shoe box & FAC dreamery!

And so, at the end of yet another swell FAC Meet the gang from GHQ hitches a ride home in Peanuts O'Dwyer's Waco cabin job. Ah, just look at those clouds! Beautifull! And here we are, nice and cozy in this heated cabin after a day in pretty un-Hungly ozone. A swell time to plan our next issue of the FAC News and wish all our clubsters happy holidays. See ya all in '77, fellow rib slicers! Keep the balsa chips flyin'! This pic by Dick's 10 year old son, Mike!



An Hysterical Hystory, by Lt. Frank Scott.

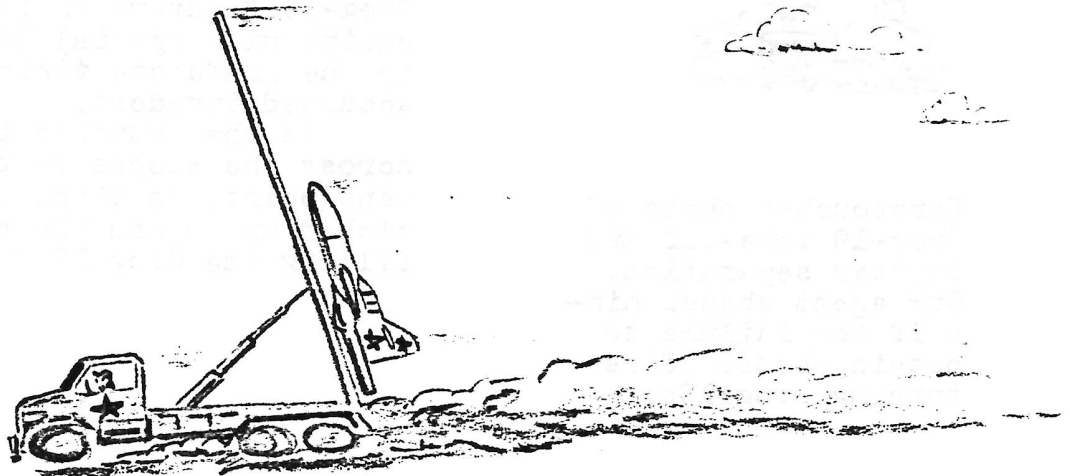
The Russian Aircraft industry's preoccupation with mass production and weaponry reached it's zenith in the ambitious Grog-19 interceptor. Many innovations were pioneered in this remarkable weapon system, and it is a pity that World War Two did not last another 3 or 4 years so that this aircraft's potential might be realized.

Chief among the novel ideas explored; the Grog-19 employed no strategic materials whatever in it's construction or use. This was not due to any official requirement, but was the result of the designers having lost their pad of requisition forms, and being afraid to ask for more. In consequence thereof, the structure was principally built of crating lumber and iron. An exceptionally smooth finish was attained by covering these unlikely materials with a fabric, which was given a heavy coat of polish. (Possibly from Warsaw?) However, no "grade A" fabric being available, the designers chose to utilize the many soviet banners, always in abundance. As a result of this, all Grog-19 airframes were a brilliant red colour, certainly the anti-thesis of military camoflage.

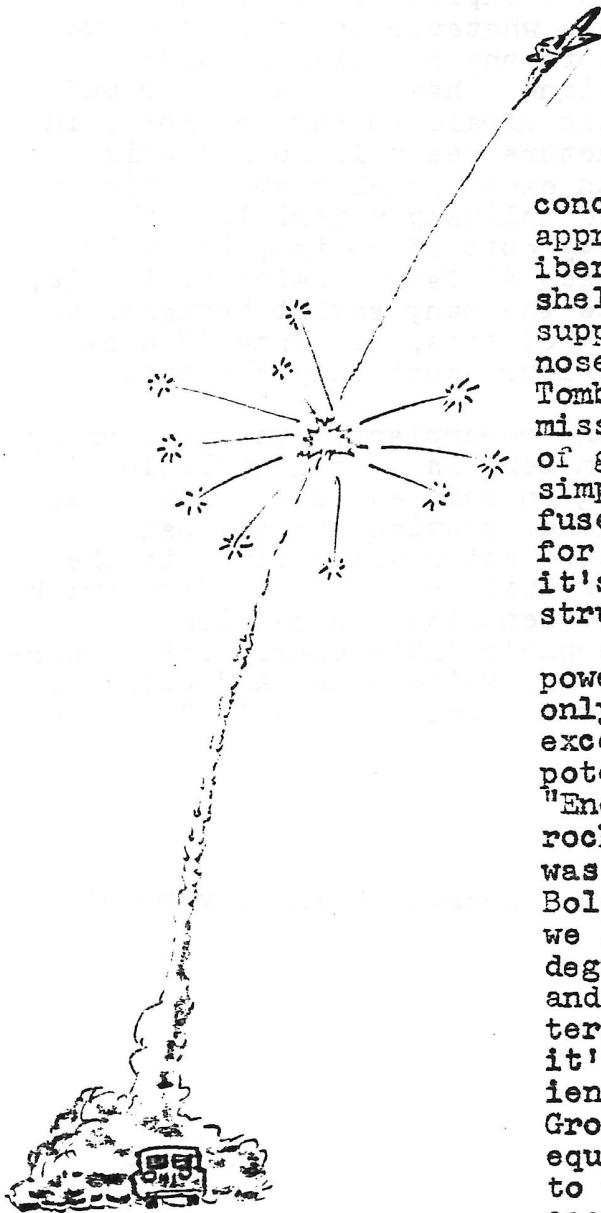
No less ingenious was the powerplant, Russian cunning avoiding expensive or scarce materials, a throtttable liquid fuel rocket motor running on compressed air and cheap vodka was developed. This engine, provided by the Lenin Anti-reactionary Reaction Motor Design Collective, is the only known engine to have been built entirely of fire brick.

The prototype fuselage (cylindrical in section) was quickly constructed by the People's Anti-imperialist Flowering of Soviet Youth Boiler Works, while wings and tail surfaces were produced by the famed Marxist Worker's Paradise Cabinetry and Kindling Bureau.

Grog-19 being scrambled.



Unfortunately, the fire brick motor caused a certain tail-heviness that necessitated that the prototype's light laminated wood nose cone be filled with concrete in order to achieve satisfactory balance. Following the initial flight trials the matter of armament was approached with an astonishing display of enginuety.



Unretouched photo of Grog-19 take-off and booster separation. Our agent abases himself for failure to obtain photos of returning Grog-19s.

It was found that the concrete filled nose was closely approximated the weight and caliber of the largest naval rifle shells. These being in good supply, the order for granite nose cones from the Bolshevek Tombstone Manufacturing Commissariat was cancelled. In lieu of guns, then, the H.E. nose was simply fitted with a proximity fuse, thus it was only neccessary for the Grog-19 to fly close to it's target to assure it's destruction.

Now that the Grog-19's firepower was deemed sufficient (the only airplane during the war to exceed the Grog-19's destructive potential was the Amerikanski "Enola Gay"), the problem of the rocket interceptor's short range was approached with the typical Bolshevek materialistic pragmatism we learned to expect: rather than degrade the interceptor's speed and altitude capability with external tanks in order to extend it's four mile range, the expedient was adopted of carrying the Grog-19 fighters on fast trucks equipt with special launchers, to the immediate vicinity of the accursed invaders.

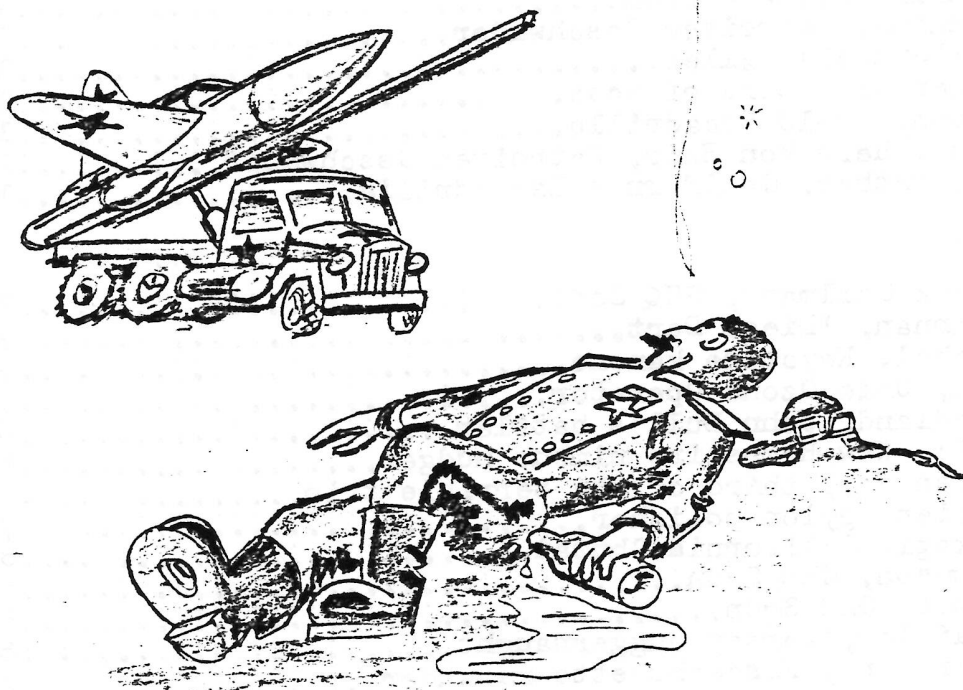
As the launcher trucks sped across the steps to the intercept point, soldiers would be picked up to man the air pumps filling the Grog-19's air tanks.

In the absence of available soldiers, recordings of selected party speeches were played on a gramophone in order to fill the tanks. It should be noted, however, that this method resulted in seriously impaired performance. Once the mobile launcher was in position directly beneath the enemy bombers, the Grog-19 was launched under the impulse of a solid booster engine supplied by the Glorious Triumph Through Cultural Diligence Fireworks Factory(*). The primary engine was ignited by a model "T" sparking apparatus. (It will be remembered that the Russian, Henri Fordovitch, invented the automobile.)

(*) In an unusual display of patriotic fervor, the over zealous fireworks employees fitted the first batch of solid booster motors with star-cluster bursting charges. The unimaginative pilots, however, failed to appreciate this added effort.

The failure of the Grog-19 in service must remain one of aviation's great mysteries. It was readily produced and it's performance so remarkable that no adverse flight characteristics were ever reported by pilots. (To digress here; any criticism of stste equipment was regarded as treason.) However, after being delivered to front line units, no Grog-19 was ever flown operationally due to a most peculiar fuel shortage. Though the commissariat of Bolshevek Boozesky delivered great quantities of vodka to the aircraft; the planes tanks drained quickly, appearantly through evaporation. It is curious that maintainance crews were invariably an unusually cheerful, though clumsy group, while pilots were nearly comatose. It is thought that this may have been the result of German treachery.

Sketches by the author.



Kanone List

As most of our FACs know, everyone who enters and flies in an FAC meet, or any meet with FAC events automatically becomes a lieutenant in the Flying Aces Club. Now, when you score your first "victory" or first win in an FAC event, you are credited with it on the "Kanone List". Kanone is the World War One term for "ace". After scoring each fifth win, or "victory", you are promoted up one grade. For example, when an FAC lieutenant scores his fifth victory, he is promoted to the rank of captain, and so on thru the ranks. There are times when you might win an FAC event at a meet GHQ is not aware of. In this case to be credited with your victory on the Kanone List, you must write GHQ and inform them of you accomplishment.

So, "Ten-hut", skysters! Here comes the color guard followed by the ever growing ranks of aces of the FAC! Let's throw 'em a snappy salute as they pass us to the beat of drums and the blare of the brass band! All skilled builders, designers, and pilots. Their records prove it! And you fellas not as yet on this list have got the whole coming winter to train for next season. C'mon, get in step and join this parade next year!!!

Rank:

Victories:

Major General;

Chet Bukowski, Brighton Bomber.....34

Brigadier General:

Mike Midkiff, Penn. Pirèlli punisher.....27
Dave Stott, G.H.Q. Sqdn.....29

Lieutenant Colonel:

Hank Struck, Trail Blazer.....15

Major:

Bill Hannan, Western front.....11
Pres Bruning, Detroiten Geschwader.....11
Mickey (Mannock) Nallen.....11
Tom Nallen Sr., Sire of aces.....11
Russ Brown, OH-10 Escadrille.....11
Jack Russ, Herr Von Hair, Detroiten Geschwader.....10
Clarence Mather, California Esquadrilla.....10

Captain:

Black Jack Chilmark, GHQ Sqdn.....9
Kenny Hannan, 'Diego Dart.....9
Lin Reichel, Keystone kanone.....9
Jim Hyka, Ohio Ozone Operator.....9
Butch Hadland, John Bull's battler.....8
Fred Hall, New Hampshire nimbus nudger.....8
Tom Nallen Jr., third of the terrible trio.....7
Tom O'Brien, pylon polisher.....7
Fudo Takagi, California Chutai.....6
Bob Thompson, GHQ Sqdn.....6
John Stott, GHQ Sqdn.....6
Don Garafolow, Jersey juggernaught.....6
Rich Ivers, Jr., Massachusetts marauder.....6

Captain, cont'd;

Bill Wood, Zlin zipper.....	6
Rudy Kluiber, Ohio Sqdn.....	6
Steve Hoyt, Wm. Penn Sqdn.....	5
Bill Warner, California cumulus cruiser.....	5
Hank "Peanuts" O'Dwyer, Saybrook sky scorcher.....	5

Lieutenant:

Doc Martin, Miama's master.....	4
Ed Novak, GHQ Sqdn.....	4
Fritz Wunsche, Detroiten Geschwader.....	4
Bob Clemens, Rochester rocket.....	4
Royall Moore, sixth Granville brother.....	4
Gordon Roberts, Ohio Osprey.....	4
Douglas Mooney, sunny Cal sky scooter.....	3
Bob Jespersen, Milford Fox.....	3
Joe A. Barna, Penn. Sqdn.....	3
Herb Shirley, our man in Iran.....	3
Chuck Schobloher, Detroiten Geschwader.....	3
Norm Getzlaff, Cleveland sky cleaver.....	3
George Morland, Mass max maker.....	3
Ted Russell, Ohio Sqdn.....	3
Ed Franklin, Special service.....	3
Norm Poti, Ohio Escadrille.....	2
Bob Masters, CFFS.....	2
Bob Nelson, First FAC kanone.....	2
Ted Langley, "Samuel Pierpont".....	2
Juanita Reichel, Pennsylvania Aviatatrix.....	2
George Armstead, Glastonbury Gadfly.....	2
John Peck, Penn Sqdn.....	2
Ted Wales, Westwood Warrior.....	2
Kim Mather, chip off the balsa block.....	2
Curtiss Mooney, completing the family Vee.....	2
Fritz Weitzel, New York bomber.....	2
Tom Hoyt, Wm Penn Sqdn.....	2
Charlie Learoyd, Amherst aerialist.....	2
Terry McDonald, Ohio ace.....	1
Bob Haight, Vegas avenger.....	1
Ed Heyn, builds the odd ones.....	1
Al "Buzzard" Bailey, SAM Sqdn.....	1
Jack Whittles, SAM Sqdn.....	1
Jim Warner, Cal. Sqdn.....	1
Bob Mickelson, Nevada Nuncio.....	1
Bud Dillman, Mass. Mauler.....	1
Jerry Donahue, the Shrewsbury Shrike.....	1
Mark Assel, Ohio ozone chewer.....	1
Bill Miller, GHQ cartoonist.....	1
Tony Frackowiak, Penn Sqdn.....	1
Paul Cherubini, the Lone Eagle.....	1
Bob "Bamboo" Bender.....	1
Dick Woodward, Ohio Oriole.....	1
Phil Futo, Ohio ace.....	1
Walt Mooney, the ol' perfesser hisself.....	1
Don Assel, Ohio Organizer.....	1
Marion Majestic, Thompson winning aviatatrix.....	1
John Grigsby, CFFS.....	1
Jerry Skrjanc, CFFS.....	1
Greg Goskey, CFFS Cadet.....	1
Charlie Scott, Bob's Magician.....	1

Lieutenant, cont'd.:.....
 Mike Zand, CFFS.....1
 Chris Clemens, Bob's Wingman.....1
 Chris Scott, Dayton Destroyer.....1
 Jack Moses, Detrouiten Geschwader.....1
 Andy MacIssac, Sir Regginald Percy.....1

And so ends our parade of aces, tissue trimmers. Boy, if you take the time to add up all those victories it sure is a sign that FAC style flyin' is taking up a big slice of Wild Blue Yonder, huh fellas? Eighty four kanonen and over 400 battles to achieve those honors.

How many of you Pylon Polishers took note of Marion Majestic's lone victory? Yeah, heroes, it was a Thompson win!!! Any of you guys whiff perfume in the slipstream on that day? Our helmets are off to you, Lt. Majestic! Hey! O.K. there Juanita Reichel and Linda Midkiff! That is enough of that "You've come a long way, baby" jazz! Cripe, next you know there will be curtains on the ol' hangar number one here.

FLYING ACES MODEL LABORATORY

May 20-21, 1977 marks the 50th anniversary of the First non-stop New York to Paris flight by Charles Lindbergh in the Spirit of St. Louis. As most of our contest flyers know, Lt. Royall Moore has offered a prize or trophy to be awarded at each and every model meet held by the Glastonbury Modelers and the FAC next year for the winning model of a Spirit of St. Louis.

Capt. Bill Wood has already gotten the jump on other FACs in this department. Bill built a Spirit from the plans published in Flying Aces magazine years ago. We are presenting these plans here again for you longeron layers to rev up on. The designer? Colonel Hank Struck. Why not get to work on one of these historic models to honor this event? After all, it was undoubtedly the happening that brought model airplane building into full bloom.

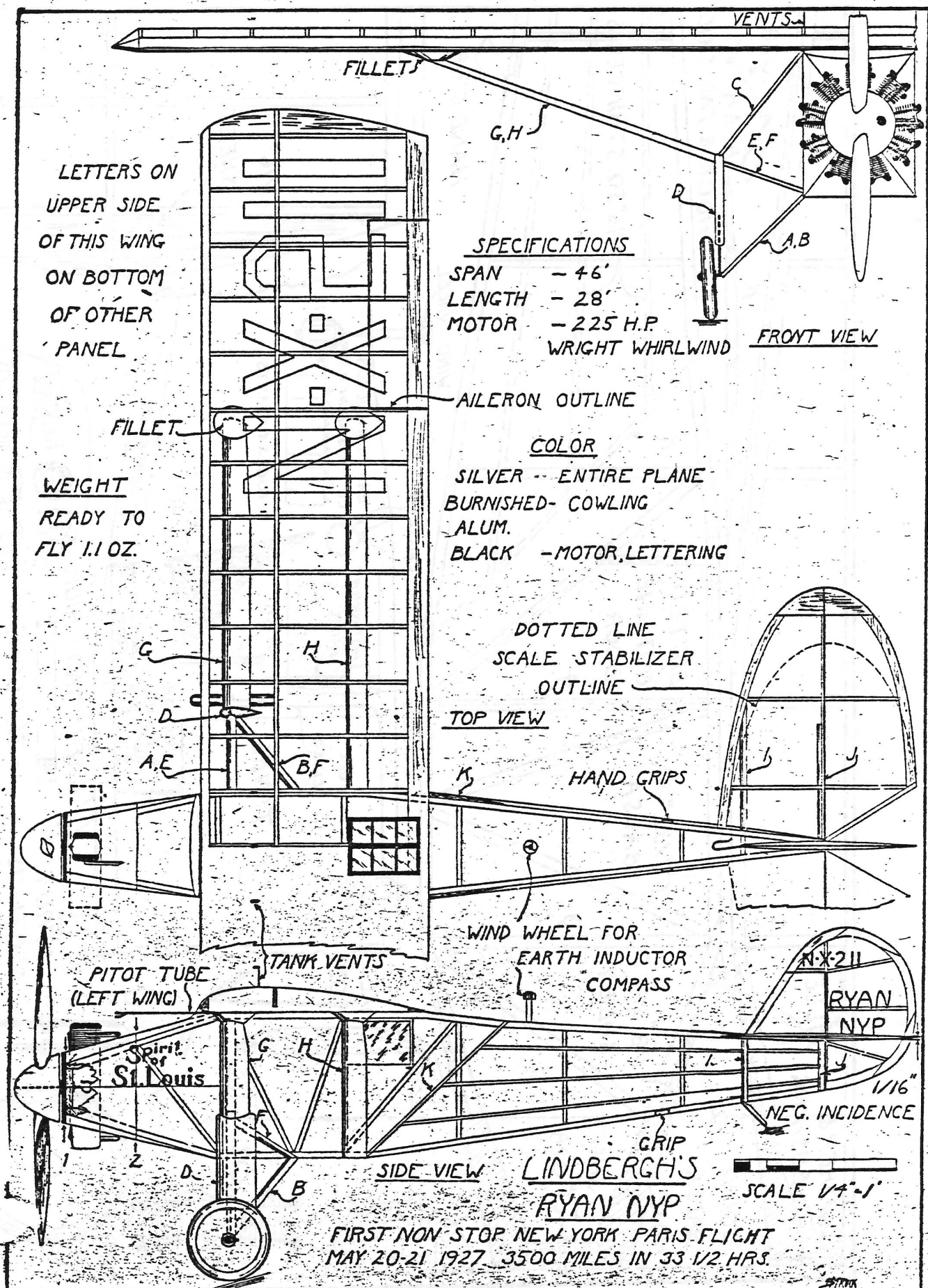
Mitsubishi 1MF1 Postscript.

Clubster Ed Heyn has brought to our attention that a color drawing of the nifty Nip biplane published in our last issue can be found in "Fighters, Between the Wars, 1919-1939", by Kenneth Munson. The fuselage was all over earth brown with a natural aluminum cowl. Radiator was a grey-brown. Wheels were also brown. All flight surfaces were silver. Red Meatball insignia was almost full chord, and outlined with a thin white ring on the fuselage. A fin-high white oblong appeared on the fin and rudder with "R221" in black characters in it. The first "2" was centered on the rudder spar on the left side. The second "2" so located on the right side. Struts were brown.

Citations and Promotions

Colonel Mike Midkiff, promoted to the rank of Brigadier General.
 Captain Jack Russ, promoted to the rank of Major.

LINDY'S "SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS"—Plate 1



LINDY'S "SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS"—Plate 2

