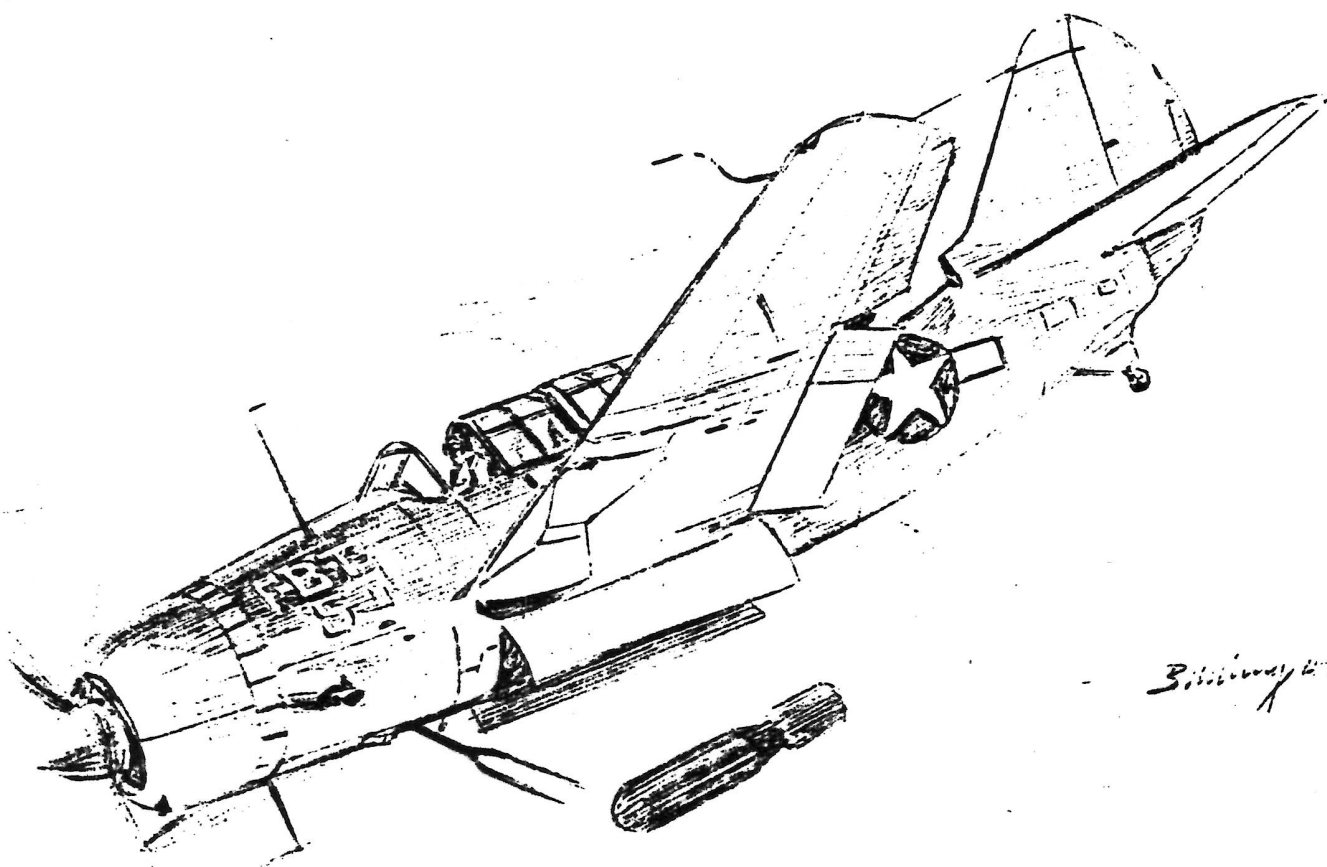


FLYING ACES

Club News

Issue #70



Billings 1977

See that deadly Jap-Slapper, diving on one of Hirohito's battle-wagons of bushido? Well, that's one of Uncle Sam's Curtiss SB2C Helldivers, as drawn for us by Pres Bruning of the Detroiten Geschwader. Yep, Pres has done another complete presentation for us this issue: inspiring drawing and plan to go with it, so once you've devoured this issue of the News, it's time to clear your bench and get to stripping the wood, soaking outlines and all the other happy tasks of Peanut building.

The SB2C was a real "mystery plane" for a long time. First announced in 1940 as the fastest, hardest-hitting dive bomber anywhere in the world, it wasn't until late 1943 that the plane saw action in any significant numbers. The time in between was spent with the goldarndest assortment of teething troubles ever to beset a major American warplane....the engines wouldn't run right, there were troubles with fires due to the exhaust porting, the Navy wanted this changed, the Army wanted the plane and wanted certain modifications yesterday, and on it went. All this time, the old SBDs were giving happy service with the fleet and running up a war record second to none, sinking more Japanese tonnage than all other airplanes combined, but still the Navy bankered after the SB2C.

When the Helldiver finally reached Fleet service in late 1943, it immediately became the most despised airplane in carrier service, quickly earning the nickname "Beast". It had the glide and approach angle of a brick, caught fire easily if hit, and generally inspired something less than confidence in its crews.

Yep, Curtiss had done it again! With the exception of the C-46 Commando, Curtiss didn't make a decent airplane from the P-40 right up to the end of its days as an airframe manufacturer. There was the SB2C, the SO3C (which was actually outlived by its intended "victim", the biplane SOC), the C-76 Caravan, and a few others that just didn't have it. For whatever reasons, corporate hardening of the arteries had set in and the company couldn't cure it.

By 1945 the SB2C had replaced the friendly old SBD "Clunk" on most large carriers, mainly because that was what was being produced, and the Fleet had best take it. This despite strong criticism of the airplane by the Truman Committee, which was then investigating various boondoggles in the war effort, of which surely the SB2C was one.

War's end found the Navy stuck with vast quantities of this monster, many of which went either to reserve outfits or the bone-yards. Some were given to the French for use in Viet Nam, others went to the Greeks for use in their counter-insurgency against the communists, but by 1950 the US Navy was rid of the Beast.

Nevertheless, this plane was used by the Navy in all the major raids and offensives of 1944-45: Phillipine Sea, Leyte Gulf, Iwo Jima, Kwajalein, Saipan, Okinawa, Pacific Raids. Beast she might have been to her crewmen, but to the Japanese who had to feel her wrath, she was something far worse.

A plane that deserves to be modelled. She's a bit close-coupled, but the areas are there, and she ought to go. Thanks to Pres Bruning, there's a chance the Beast will once more blast into the blue. All set to get building the Beast? You bet!

FAC NATS NEWS

McCOOK FIELD SQUADRON, FAC
BUZZIN' BUZZARDS MODEL AIRPLANE CLUB
Dayton, Ohio

Fig. 3.

Progress report; FAC NATS
Wright Field, W-P AFB, Dayton Ohio
Summer 1980

A few weeks ago the membership of the Buzzards voted to bid for the privilege of hosting the 1980 edition of the Flying Aces Club Nationals. We are most pleased to report that the Buzzard offer was accepted by FAC GHQ so it now falls on we of the central sector to produce. It will be a real challenge to follow the superb contest that Lin Reichel CD'd last year.

For most of us traveling is not much fun-especially at today's gasoline prices, and with the ever increasing liklihood of the 1980 AMA Nationals coming to nearby Wilmington, Ohio, it is obviously the most satisfactory plan to run our our FAC meet back-to-back with the AMA nats. This will enable our distant and far flung friends to take in two great contests in just one trip, and should, we think, greatly enhance participation at both of the meets.

FAC Nats official events will follow the pattern of the 1978 contest, plus two Buzzard additions of Schneider Trophy (profile) and Catapult Scale. Doubtless there will be a profusion of unofficial events (too numerous for our club to attempt to administer) that will be sponsored by other clubs. We certainly welcome this sort of enthusiastic participation, but do ask that the groups concerned give us advance notice of their intentions. The schedule of events now stands at;

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| 1. FAC rubber scale | 7. Thompson Trophy |
| 2. FAC Power scale | 8. AMA Rubber scale |
| 3. Embryo Endurance | 9. Peanut Scale |
| 4. WW 1 Combat | 10. Jumbo Scale |
| 5. WW 11 Combat | 11. Catapult Scale |
| 6. No-Cal Scale | 12. Schnieder Trophy |

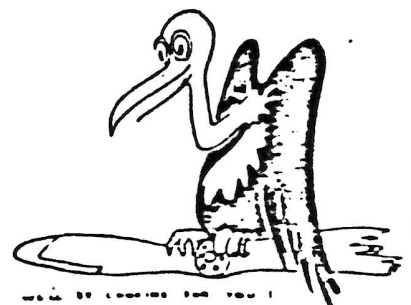
It is our intention to award unique, hand-crafted trophies to third place in each event, plus special Buzzard badges to the high scoring Jrs. & Srs. in each event. We are indeed pleased to be able to announce that already sponsors are coming forward for several special awards.

At this point our major project is to locate a motel suitable for contest night. HQ and proper banquet facilities.

As details are firmed up we will be announcing them in these pages. In the meantime we welcome your comments and suggestions.

Frank Scott

Frank Scott
4283 Honeybrook Ave
Dayton, Ohio
45415



Kanone List

Pg.4.

As most of you buzzards of the first big fuss started by Kaiser Bill in 1914 know, "Kanone" is the German word used to label an aero ace. The FAC gang is as roudy a bunch as the battle birds of that era, so naturally we adopted that word to identify our own "aces". Yep, anyone of you FACs can become an ace, or Kanone by bagging your self a first place, or victory, in FAC competition. This gets you on the official Kanone list. After every five victories you are promoted to the next higher rank, everyone starting as a Lieutenant.

So on with the parade, wingsters, and a long one it is! Just read down the list and pick out your pals, and...gosh! Is that your name there, too? If it isn't, you had better get busy in the workshop, for that is where the road to glory begins!

Rank:

Victories:

General:

Dave Stott, GHQ Sqdn..... 40

Lt. General:

Chet Bukowski, Brighton Battler..... 39

Major General:

Mike Midkiff, Tall in the 'pit..... 34

Dennis Norman, Catabomber..... 32

Gordon Roberts, Yank..... 32

Russ Brown, King of the 'Cobras..... 30

Brigadier General:

Fred Hall, New Hampshire cloud knocker..... 28

Lieutenant Colonel:

John Toth, Columbus Cumulus Cruncher..... 19

Chuck Drew, Connecticut Cloud Kid..... 18

Clarence Mather, California Storm Cloud..... 16

Hank Struck, Flying Aces Trail Blazer of the Air..... 15

Major:

Iin Reichel, Keystone organizer..... 14

Bill Henn, Pylon Polisher..... 14

Mick "Mannock" Nallen..... 13

Pres Bruning, "Helldiver"..... 13

Bill Hannan, Hangar Hotshot..... 12

Don Srull, Blue Flight blaster..... 12

Royall Moore, the third Wright brother..... 11

Ralph Kuenz, Von Rottensocks..... 11

Jack Russ, Herr Von Hair..... 11

Tom Nallen, Sr., sixth Granville brother..... 11

Bill "Balsa" Wood..... 11

Kenny Hannan, 'Diego Daredevil..... 11

Bob Clemens, Rochester Rocket..... 10

Captain:

Rudy Kluiber, "Clobber".....	9
John Stott, GHQ Sqdn.....	9
Butch Hadland, Brittain's finest.....	8
Frank Scott, 1980 Natser.....	8
Tom Nallen, Jr. number three of the triumphant trio.....	8
Bill Warner, Rarebird.....	8
Bob Thompson, Capt. Downthrust in disguise?.....	8
Hank "Peanuts" O'Dwyer.....	7
Doc Martin, Miama Mallard.....	7
Tom O'Brien, Bloomfield Blaster.....	7
Andrew MacIssac, Sir Reginald Percy.....	6
Fudo Takagi, California Chutai.....	6
Don Garafalow, Jersey Javelin.....	6
Jack Moses, Detroiten Geschwader.....	6
Del Balunek, CFFS.....	6
Joe Whiting, "Flaming Coffin".....	6
Chris Scott, Dayton sky dazzler.....	6
Jack Fike, what's in a name?.....	6
Steve Hoyt, Erie Aerialist./.....	5
Dave Smith, Arizona Loner.....	5
Blake Mayo, Mayo Composite.....	5
Ted "Sam Pierpont" Langley.....	5
Chuck Schobloher, Detroiten Geschwader.....	5
Fritz Wunsch, Detroiten Geschwader.....	5
Herb Shirley, GHQ Sqdn.....	5
Ted Russel, Chio sky slicer.....	5

Lieutenant:

Bill Miller, Greasy kid ace.....	4
Bob Masters, CFFS.....	4
Ed "Never Ready" Novak.....	4
Fat Daily, Mighty Maxecuter.....	4
Don Assel, Ohio Organizer.....	4
Billy Henn, an Eagle.....	4
George Meyers, Philly Pflash.....	4
Ed Morrison, West Hartford Hellion.....	4
Ross Mayo, the rest of the Composite.....	4
Fred Ewing, SOTS.....	4
George Armstead, Glastonbury Glider.....	3
Norm Poti, OH-tenner.....	3
Ed Franklin, detached service.....	3
Norm Getzlaf, CFFS.....	3
Mike Norman.....	3
Mike Zand, CFFS.....	3
Ed Heyn, Rare Bird.....	3
Jerry Skrjanc, CFFS.....	2
Walt Mooney, the ol' Perfesser.....	2
Jeanett Scott, Daring Damsel from Dayton.....	2
Juanita Reichel, Pennsy aviatrix.....	2
Ted Wales, Westwood Warrior.....	2
John Feck, by heck.....	2
Chris Schanzel, Maxecuter fledgling.....	2
Dick Woodward, Dayton dogfighter.....	2
Bob "Bamboo" Bender.....	2
Todd Allen, CFFS.....	2
Harvey Thomassian,	2

Lieutenant, continued:

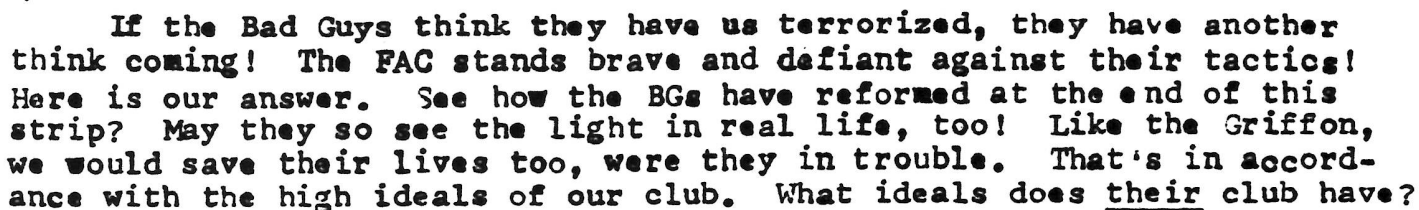
Ed Pelatowski, Pylon Polisher.....	2
George Meyers, Texas' Haupt. Von Toot.....	2
Rich Kastory, Pennsy fledgling.....	1
Bob Peck, Polymer Peanuteer.....	1
Scott Cliviera, Scalestaffeler.....	1
Bill Stroman, Ancient Birdman.....	1
Bob Haigh.....	1
Don Csala, Glastonbury Gadfly.....	1
Ed Vargo, Detroiten Geschwader.....	1
Les King, Maxecuter.....	1
Dave Rees, Maxecuter.	1
Mike Escalante, Maxey too.....	1
Dick Howard, Arizona Loner Sqdn.....	1
Bob Leishman, SOTS.....	1
Bill Kalb, SOTS.....	1
Terry MacDonald, Ohio Clan.....	1
Shirley Campbell, Michigan Belle.....	1
Chris Clemens, Rochester riser.....	1
Jeff Chrisey, GHQ Sqdn.....	1
Jim Miller, Dayton Buzzard.....	1
Paul Masters, CFFS.....	1
Jim Daily, Maxecuter.....	1
Dan MacDonald, CFFS Clan.....	1
Greg Gosky, CFFS.....	1
John Grigsby, CFFS.....	1
Phil Futo, CFFS.....	1
Paul Cherubini, Lone Eagle.....	1
Mark Assel, Chio ace.....	1
Tony Faranda, GHQ Sqdn.....	1
Jerry Donahue, Shrewsbury Shrike.....	1
Al "Buzzard" Baily.....	1
Bob Haight, Vegas Buzzard.....	1
Em Elwell, Erie Aerialist.....	1
Art Collard, Jersey Juggernaut.....	1
Iad Flachy.....	!
Allen Schanzel, Maxey boss.....	1
Walt Eggert, SOTS.....	1
Rolff Gregory, yarn spinner supreme.....	1
Amos Fonder.....	1
Warren Weisenbach.....	1

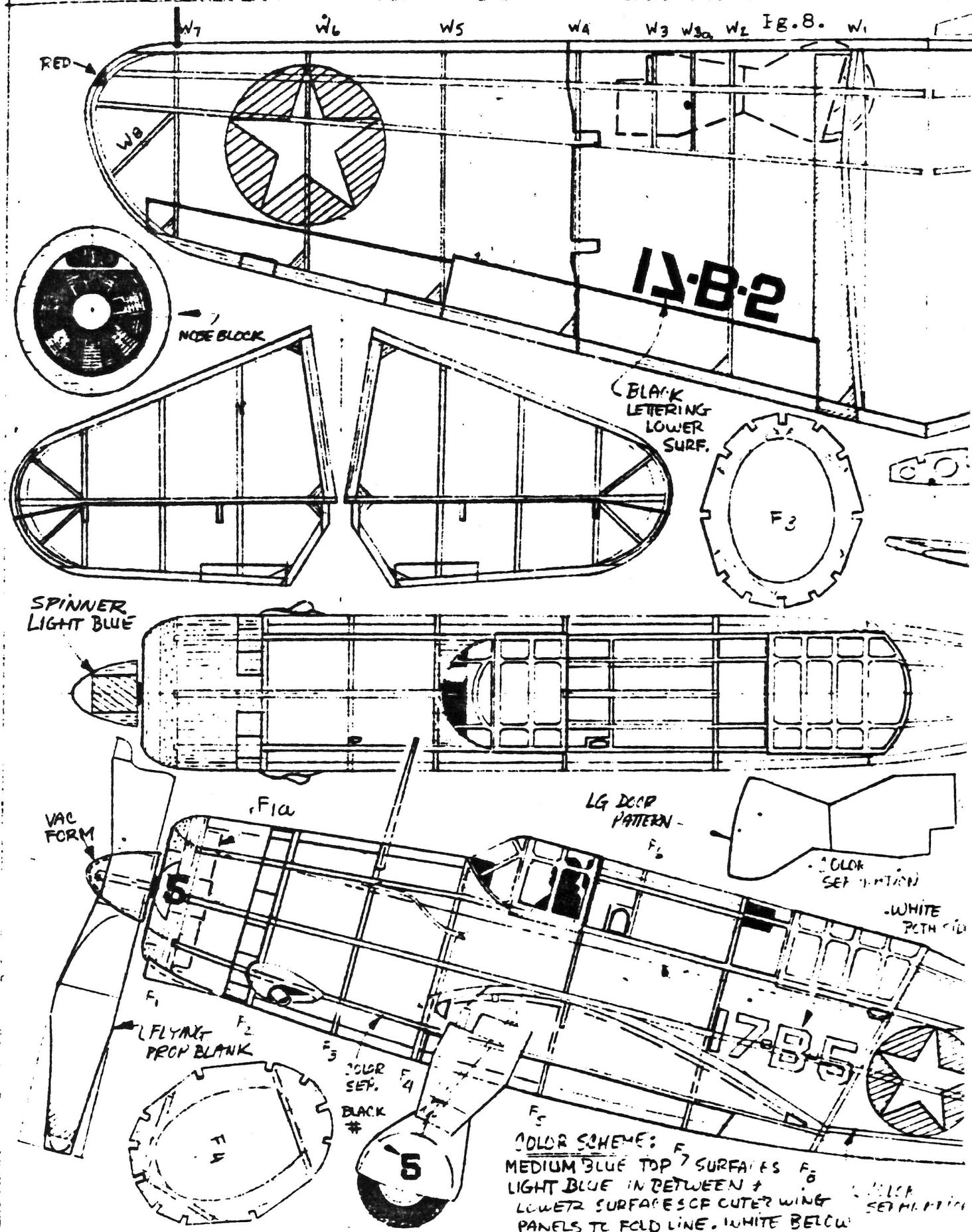


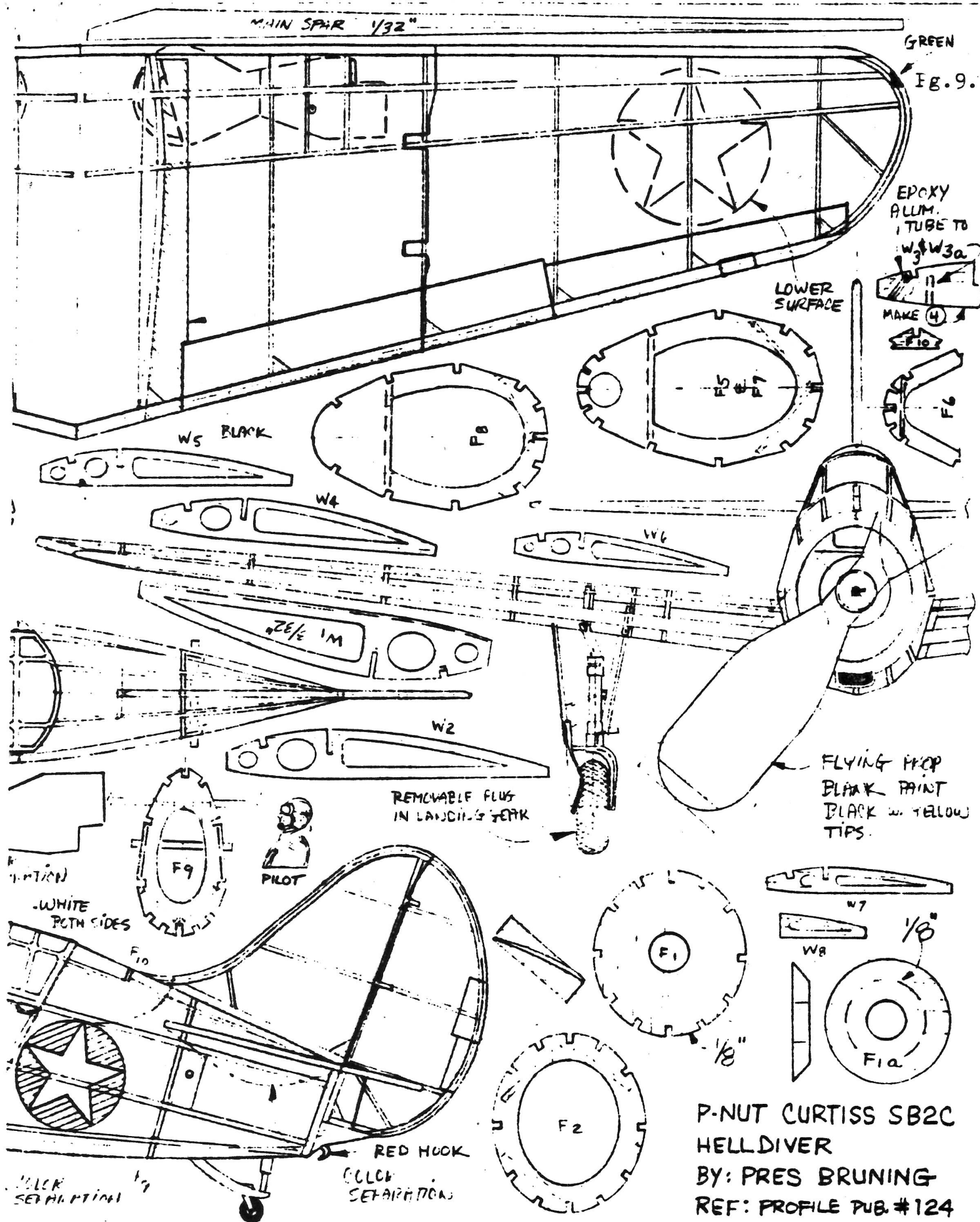
There they are, skysters! Aces all! Since last year a baker's dozen has been added to the parade. A sure sign that FAC sky dueling is spreading far and wide. By turbulence, there may come a day when we will have to put out a special edition of the ol' FAC News just to cover this big parade!

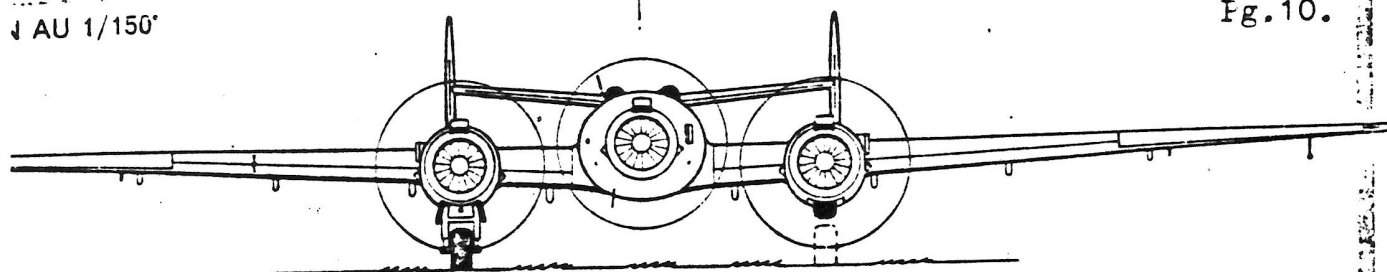
If you add up the number of victories listed above you will see that there have been some 748 FAC combats fought in the ethereal battlefields above us.

Don't be left out of future chances to cover yourself with glory.



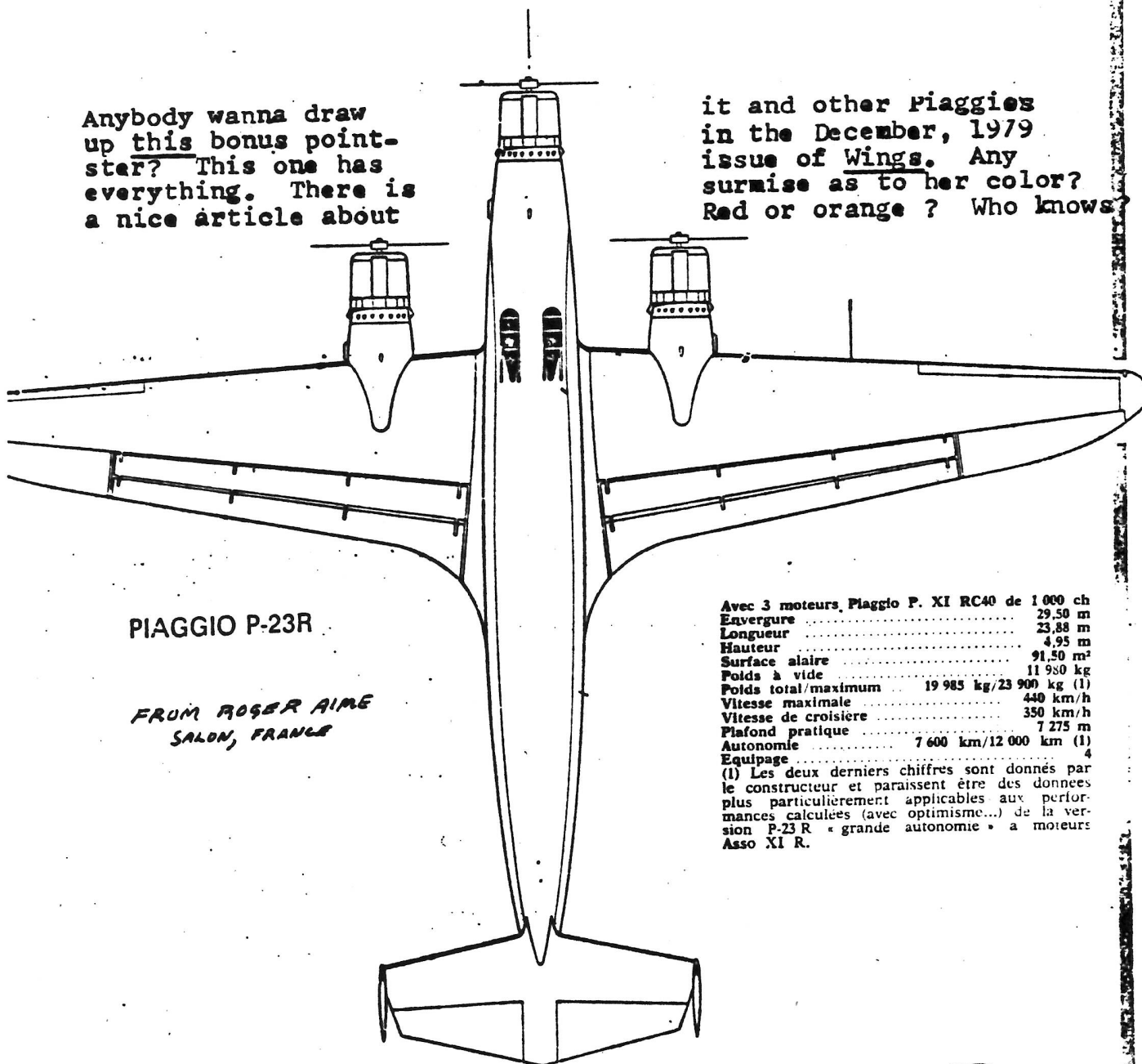






Anybody wanna draw
up this bonus point-
ster? This one has
everything. There is
a nice article about

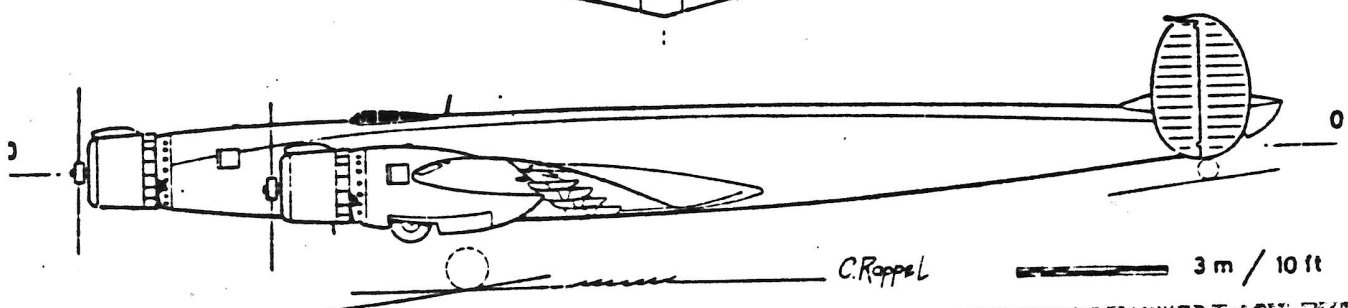
it and other Piaggios
in the December, 1979
issue of Wings. Any
surmise as to her color?
Red or orange? Who knows?



PIAGGIO P-23R

FROM ROGER AIME
SALON, FRANCE

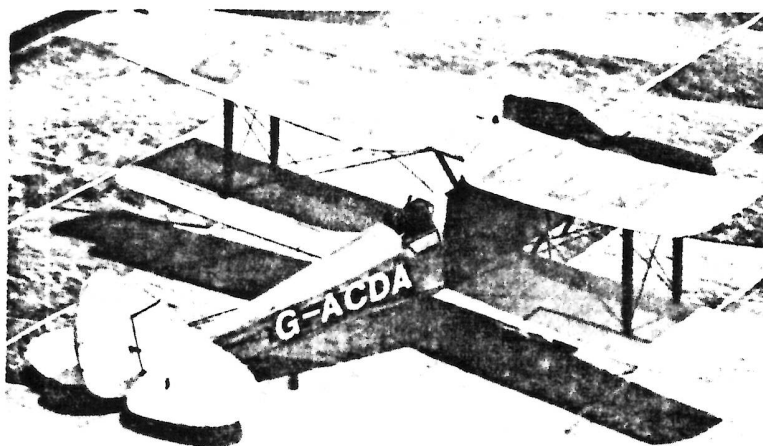
Avec 3 moteurs, Piaggio P. XI RC40 de 1 000 ch
Envergure 29,50 m
Longueur 23,88 m
Hauteur 4,95 m
Surface alaire 91,50 m²
Poids à vide 11 980 kg
Poids total/maximum 19 985 kg/23 900 kg (1)
Vitesse maximale 440 km/h
Vitesse de croisière 350 km/h
Plafond pratique 7 275 m
Autonomie 7 600 km/12 000 km (1)
Equipage 4
(1) Les deux derniers chiffres sont donnés par
le constructeur et paraissent être des données
plus particulièrement applicables aux perfor-
mances calculées (avec optimisme...) de la ver-
sion P-23 R « grande autonomie » à moteurs
Asso XI R.



C. Rappel

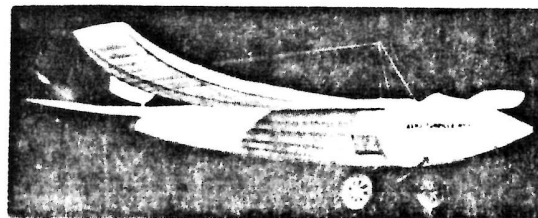
3 m / 10 ft

With The Model Builders

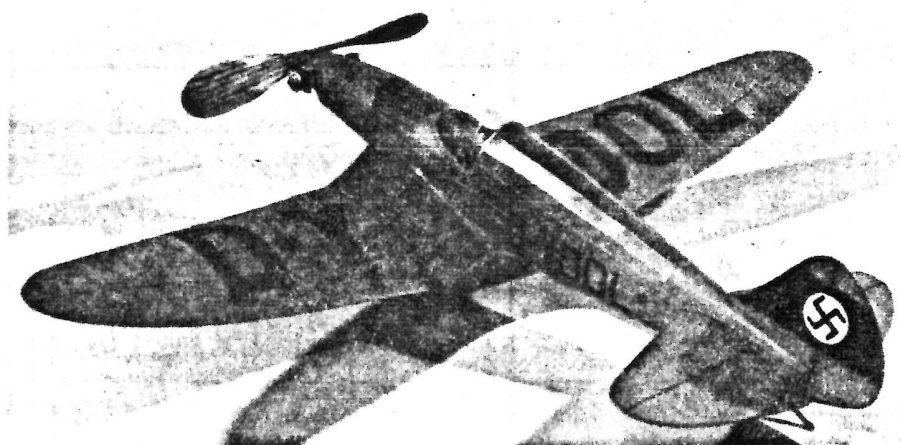
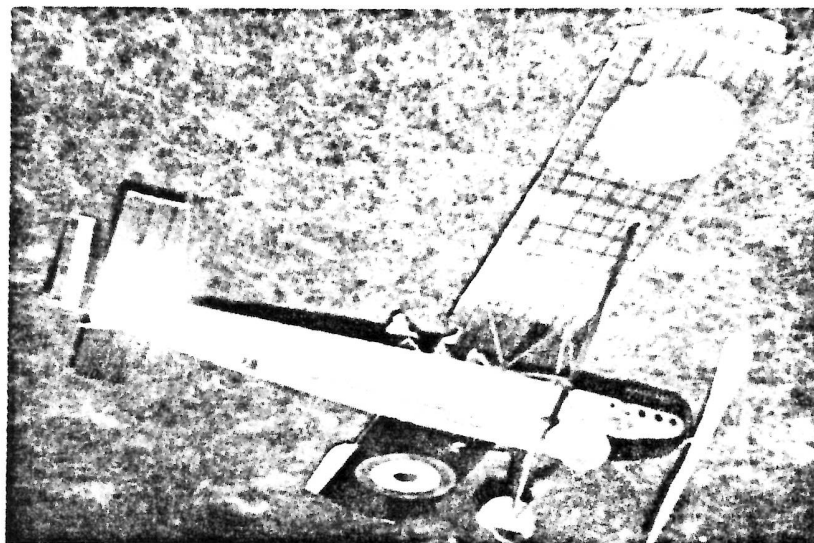


All the way from France in a Tiger Moth! Well, just the photo, anyhow. Roger Aime is the builder of this finely detailed 17½ inch spanner. Just look at that corrugated gas tank complete with cap and vent tube! Whatta bird!

Caught in searchlights, with observer peering over the Scarff ring is Doc Martin's Weymenn-LePere WEL-10. Drink in the beautiful proportions of this French delight before she dissappears into that heavy overcast night sky. This neat job earned fifth spot in the 1978 Nats Indoor Scale event for Doc. Wonder what she could do as a Jumbo Scaler??



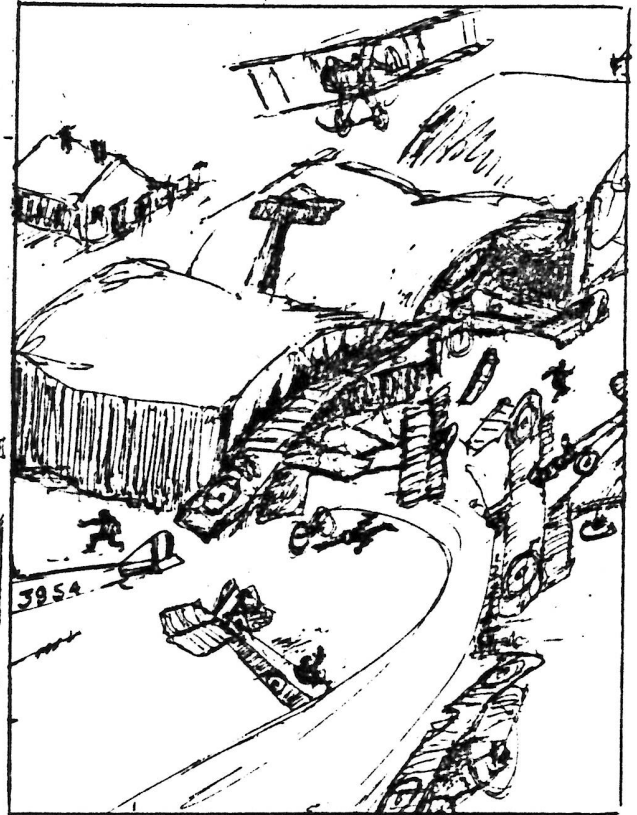
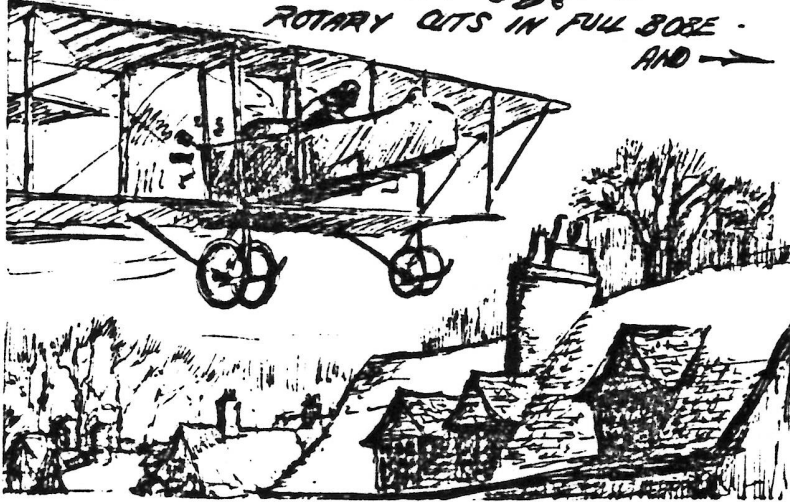
Who said they knew little of streamlining in the old days? Just look at this Paulhan-Tatin "Aero Torpedo" of 1911 vintage. This slick Peanut model was built by clubster Bill Warner from plans by J.F.Frugoli, of France. When this bird takes off, the part that goes over the airport fence last is the prop! She's a pusher, Peanuteers!



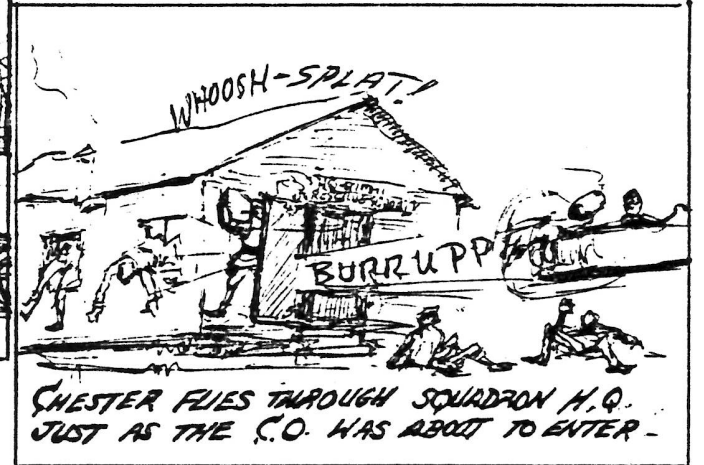
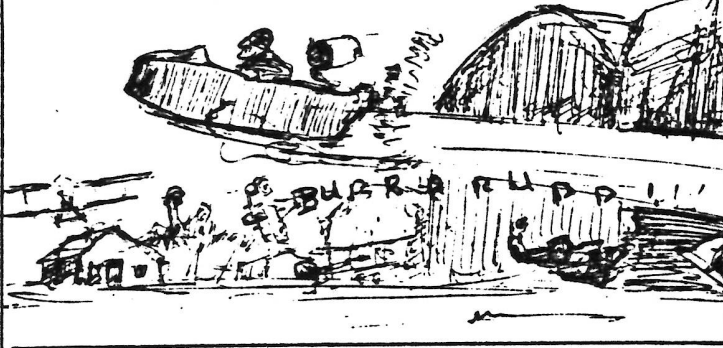
After all this fine French cusine we offer German desert. Moeller Stomo made by George, "Haupt. Von Toot" Meyer of "Little Toot" biplane fame from the Lone Star State. Big or small, he handle's 'em all!

THE ADVENTURES OF Pg. 12. GORDON GOODCHAP & CHESTER CHEETWELL

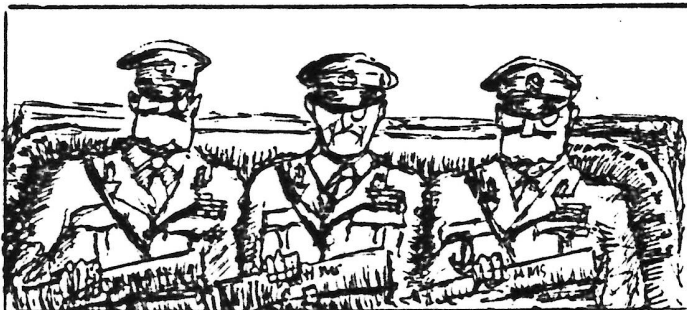
CHESTER, AFTER A FEW HOURS SOLO COMES IN
SHORT WITH A FARMAN F22 — HE GIVES
HER THE GUN - THE GNOME — SPITTERS —
HE STALLS OVER THE FENCE — THE
ROTARY CUTS IN FULL ROSE —
AND —



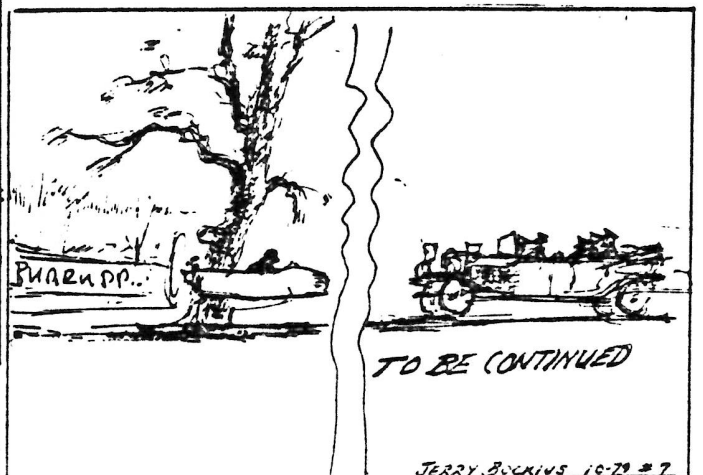
THE FARMAN DISASSEMBLES ITSELF "IN
HANGAR" AND CHESTER CON-
TINUES WIDE OPEN IN THE BATH TUB



CHESTER FLIES THROUGH SQUADRON H.Q.
JUST AS THE S.O. WAS ABOUT TO ENTER -



SIR REGINALD PERCY AND HIS STAFF
ARRIVE IN AN OPEN TOURING CAR FOR
A SURPRISE INSPECTION -



TO BE CONTINUED

APRIL 1916 - DEEP IN BERLIN'S PENTTER WALD, AT
THE REQUEST OF THE KAISER THE NOTORIOUS
HERR DOKTOR VON BRUNING PRESIDES OVER A SECRET
LABORATORY. ERNST HEINKEL WAS FIDDLING WITH HIS
Hansa-Brandenburg D-2.

Flying Aces Club Fall Meet

Fig.13.

The Seventh of October dawned dank and threatening, as once again Hung was showing his displeasure with the GHQ gang for daring to tempt him with more of those indigestible rubber-powered models. However, an FAC never lets himself get discouraged by nasty weather, and so 43 brave and intrepid souls congregated in Durham to see if the Great God of the Thermals was in earnest.

With one or two exceptions, he was. There was a little rain, a lot of cold, some wind, and a generally gooey day for all bodies. Some cars even got stuck in the mud and had to be pushed out by kindly skystars who took time out from their flying to help friends in dire need. But the spirits were high, all had a good time, a lot of prizes were won, and the Cheetwell Cup went to a deserving "winner". A good day.



As we mentioned, there were forty-three contestants there, as well as sixty-five models, all of which kept the stop-watches clicking and the judges busy in the tent. There was plenty for the "management" to try to do.

FAC Scale is the event which keeps us most busy, for it is there that the eagle-eyed judges must find the flaws and mistakes which the modellers make, in order to cruelly dock them points and convert a hopeful winner into a fifth place loser. Scale had twenty-one entries, ranging from Royall Moore's magnificent Wright #1 to Bill Hartwell's equally fine Ford Tri-Motor. Gosh, some of the craftsmanship we see at these meets, and the quality is getting ever-better! Even some of the so-called "beginners" are turning out models of astonishing quality which shame the so-called "experts" in our ranks. Once some of these people learn how to trim they will turn into huge monsters, grinding us and our trophy hopes into powder. And the FAC is attracting more and more of these new faces.

Royall Moore's Wright with all those bonus points (coupled with a high scale point total) was the winner. What are you going to do against sixty (60) bonus points, tissue-trimmers? And that has GOT to be one of the most difficult subjects going for a rubber-powered scale fan. All the moments are either "wrong" or simply not there, and even to get that beast to fly at all is a major victory. Yet Royall's flies, and flies well.

Second was Bill Henn and his nice Bucker Bu 131 Jungmeister. Bill's is the prototype, with the Hirth engine, so she is a bit longer in the nose than the regular production machines. Bill's scale point and flight point scores were just enough on both counts to place him above Hank O'Dwyer and his veteran Waco SR3. Fourth was Tom Sandor, well equipped with his Vari-Viggen, another real bonus pointster that we'll be seeing more of at future meets.

Peanut Scale had a disappointing list of entries; only eight intrepid birdmen showing up to do battle with Hung and Billy Carter and Bert Lance. Fred Ewing and Ted Langley had absolutely beautiful Wittman Tailwinds, but the finest of all was Bob Bender's Hawker Fury, resplendent in its mid-1930s RAF squadron markings. All three of these gentlemen, and Ed Pelatowski, received maximum scale points for their fine craftsmanship and devotion to an airplane. (Ed also had a Tailwind, but the writer is getting a bit bleary-eyed from Dave Stott's good-tasting beer, and so missed Ed on the first scan of the board....sorry Ed!) Ted Langley was the winner with a total of 380

points, beating Fred Ewing's identical Tailwind by twenty-seven points. Third was Hank O'Dwyer and his nifty clipped-wing J-3 Cub. Hank's flight times equalled 158, while winning Ted's totted up to 154, yet Ted won. So much for the "ghost ships" on our model tarmac here at GHQ...not to say that Hank's Cub is a super lightweight. Its not, but with our scoring method here, we seem to have pretty well "scotched" the ghost ships that so plague the AMA.

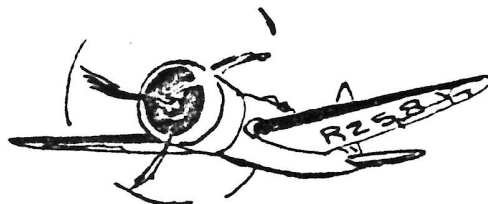
Embryo Endurance was really well attended. Fifteen men showed up for this event, all equipped with neat ships of varied designs, from originals (like Henry Struck's Eaglet, Bob Clemens' Westland Wierdo, Ted Wales Harpie, and Royall Moore's FAC Bomber), to some of the kitted ships, like the Prairie Bird.

A lot of the flyers qualified for the full nine bonus points, so there's a lot of the right attitude around the GHQ hangar. "Full details on all those ships out there, Clubsters!", we can hear the old Sarge barking out of the orderly room over in the corner, and a lot of us heeded his words.

Chuck Drew and his modified M*bryo really took all the opposition to the cleaners, beating his nearest opponent, Mark Fineman, by over 100 points, 341 to 235. Third was Ed Marcello with his Eaglet. It was nice to see Ed in the winner's circle. If we're to ever beat scores like Chuck Drew's, we're going to have to get a lot better, rib-slicers!

No-Cal also had a disappointing entry field, there being only four. Both William Henns battled it out, Sonny finally squashing his father by 417 to 296. Both battlers had Helio Stallions. Third was Chet Bukowski's Curtiss XF13C, which used to be the Terror of the Tarmac.

All morning the snarl of highly modified and souped-up racing engines was heard all over the field. It was only the racers, tuning up for the day's battles in the clouds. The morning event is the Shell Speed Dash, in which you have to qualify for the afternoon's events. The buzz and whisper of props and motors accompanied many hopes into the ozone. Again those smooth and slick in-line jobbies won the day, sweeping all places down through fifth, and of those five, four were Chambermaids, the only exception being George Meyers' Howard Pete. The winner was Ed Pelatowski, Chuck Drew was second, fourth was John Stott, and fifth was Fred Ewing. Ed Heyn was the first to uphold the honor of the radials, flying a Hughes H-1. Next man with a radial was Royall Moore, in eleventh place, way down in the pack, so you can see what those built-in headwinds do to a ship. At the same time, some of the real hot flyers, like Chet Bukowski, were obviously "writing off" this event, and made only sufficient flights to qualify for the afternoon's events. They knew they didn't stand a chance with no thermals around, and with all those Chambermaids buzzing around, so why make a big effort and perhaps ruin your model? Also good strategy for a contest: save your resources for where you can win.



Amidst the rain, racers, and us rinky-dinks, there were several other events of great note in the day.

One of the happiest was "organized" by George Armstead. It seems that George had come into possession of a whole box of circa 1931 penny gliders. Those were the wretched little things that consisted of a 1/4" square fuselage notched for the tail feathers, and with a rubber band to hold the 3" wing on. And they flew (?) WAY best as canards, as shown on the box. Anyhow, George, being the Super FAC that he is, offered this box of gliders to the FAC for a special event. For a quarter, each FAC could get one of these penny gliders, which sounds like a horrid rip-off until you see that George wanted the proceeds to go to the FAC, and then we'd all have a big simultaneous launch. The man whose glider flew (?) the farthest would win a genuine 1944 era Comet Speed-O-Matic Razorback P-4!! Well, that prize brought the contestants out of the woodwork and the ground, we can tell you! Even the very earthworms wanted that kit, and within minutes the air was filled with these miserable non-flying little things, some of the best modellers in the East trying to get them to fly more than ten feet. Most failed. The resources simply weren't there, and the strongest arm was the equal of the gentlest shove in this event. Ready, Set, LAUNCH, and about three hundred of these moths were hurled into the ether, fluttered about, and came to earth at their owners' feet. The winner was Ed Marcello, and we can tell you that he was one happy winner. But the real winners were George (who was kind and generous enough to think of the event), and the FAC treasury.

Another happy event was the awarding of the Cheetwell Cup. All day the judges were keenly alert to see any act of "gamesmanship" or foolishness on the part of the FACs in attendance. Bob Bender's deft use of an abandoned outhouse from the Durham Fair for its intended purpose while chasing his Hall Springfield Bulldog was considered a worthy award, until somebody noticed Royall Moore huffing and puffing his way over the barbed wire fence of the cattle pen...the area we usually call the GULag of the FAC. This while the gate at one end was open! People had been strolling into that place all day to get their airplanes. Obviously, Moore was a winner for such absent mindedness. But remember, the rest of you; the Cheetwell Cup is a ROTATING award. Royall will (resentfully?) surrender it next fall to another worthy winner, a winner who will have been selected from the years's doings at Pinkham Field, a swine or a saint. That's up to us to decide.

There was one unpleasant event in the day, and we hope it will not be repeated. Yes, the Bad Guys struck again! This time they committed the most dastardly and foul deed of all: they took Dave Stott's wine! And then they even wrote him a letter, gloating about it! Here's what they said: "To the FAC High Command - Alias - Knobby Kneew and Droopy Draws (sic) - You unknowingly foiled our attempt to destroy our first target. Our secret mission was to destroy and immobilize your motor pool. Fortunately we were able to strike a secondary target that we knew would be many times more devastating to your morale. We struck at the very heart of your operations- YOUR WINE CELLAR.

As we sit here in our officers' club, drinking your wine, we raise our glasses high & drink a toast, for the courage you have shown in trying to disgrace our squadron with cartoons.

Your artist and publisher may well suffer a retaliatory raid for

printing and drawing such trash. You have been warned.

Our ranks are still growing. Next year will be biggerer and betterer."

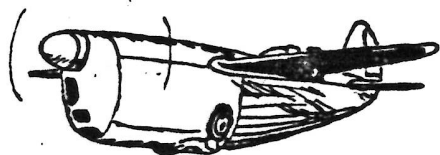
And ends telling us to "be ware".

Skysters. This letter has been postmarked Hempstead, New York. Either they have themselves a turncoat and traitor out there, or maybe one of their number was out in Hempstead, visiting Roosevelt Field, and trying to pick up a hangar queen or two there, trying to bring shame and disgrace to somebody's sister. They plant bombs, they steal wine, they threaten, they ruin wives. There is no deed to low for these rascals, and the very thought of them makes our good, red American blood boil. Is there no end to this villainy? We hope the Griffon and Captain Downthrust end this threat to all good FACs quickly, before the cancer spreads to the AMA.

Meantime, we'll see you all next June 8th. That's the second Sunday in June, and we'll get our meet sanctioned for that date.... that is, we'll see you all, BUT the Bad Guy Squadron. They are not invited, for they try to bring the same sully and shame on the FAC that they try to bring on those poor hangar queens at Roosevelt Field.

Thompson Trophy Race

First time run under the new ruling that puts all radial jobs in the Thompson, with all others in the Greve, there was no shortage of entries. Eight of the big nosed babbies were lined up for the starter's flag. In the first heat we find Ed Heyn with his Hughes, Bamboo Bender and his tricky Hall Bulldog, Herb Shirley and his Travel Air, and Ed Felatowski with his Cessna CR-3. Off they roar! Great Hung, but the Travel Air is close to the CR-3! Too close! "Bz-z-z-z-t", and the Travel Air prop slices the fabric open on the chunky belly of the Cessna! Luckily, contact was not forcefull enough to cause any trouble, and the pair fly on unwaveringly. But, the Travel Air is down first, leaving the three remaining to go on to the Final.



The second heat is marred by a crash on take-off of Bukowski's Wedell Williams, and the Cessna CR-3 flown by John Stott is scratched from the Final because of a crumpled cowl, and thrust line deviation in landing. This leaves George Meyers with his Pesco Special, and Royall Moore with his Gee Bee "Z"

to join Ed Heyn, Bob Bender, and Ed Felatowski, from the first heat, in the Final.

So far, hard luck mixed with plenty of danger has hounded our round nosed speedsters, and the Final follows suit. Royall Moore stalls the big Gee Bee on take off in the first lap. Next one to sit it out is the Hall Bulldog piloted by Bob "Bamboo" Bender.

Felatowski's CR-3 with it's slashed fuselage ends up in third spot, and while winding for the final lap, hard luck strikes again when Meyer's Pesco blows it's motor. So, race fans, the Hughes piloted by Ed Heyn is the bird that emerges victorious over all the other radials. Great job, Ed!

Another Pesco, built and flown by Mark Fineman, was scratched just before race time because of a badly weakened landing gear brought on by a hot landing after the Shell Speed Dash. Maybe next time, clubster.

Judging from letters and flyers at the field, the idea of re-

serving the Thompson for radial jobs is right on course. So you pylon polishers who don't have one in the hangar as yet had better reach for your balsa and get one going, for the coveted Thompson Trophy will be waiting for the lucky winner at local meets, as well as the FAC Nats at Dayton next year!

Greve Trophy Race.

Line up for the first heat includes Ed Pelatowski, Chambermaid; George Meyers, Pete; Fred Ewing, Chambermaid; Dave Stott, Tilbury Flash; and Ed Heyn, Toots. The action is over in just one lap with Ed Pelatowski stalling the Chambermaid on the scattering pylon, and the Tilbury Flush... er, Flash, piloted by Dave Stott busting her prop on landing.

Lined up for the second heat are two Chambermaids flown by Chuck Drew, and John Stott, an Eight Ball with Bill Miller at the stick, Jeff Chrisey and Toots, and the bright yellow Schoenfeldt Firecracker with Herb Shirley in the 'pit. Ol' Demon "Sweaty Palms" puts Chrisey's Toots into the ground from launch. In the final lap, Herb Shirley is the first down cheating him of a chance for glory in the Final Race.

The hearty half dozen ready to leap off at the drop of the green flag is George Meyers, Pete; Fred Ewing, Chambermaid; Ed Heyn, Toots; Chuck Drew, Chambermaid; John Stott, Chambermaid; and Bill Miller in the Kieth Rider Eight Ball.

Down goes the green flag, and up go the racers! All except for John Stott's Chambermaid that slices as straight as an arrow into Royall Moore's hangar (van) in a mad attempt to rid us of that trophy garnished Wright Flyer! Gad, what a hero, but he missed! It was revealed later, that John's coffee had been drugged (undoubtedly by the Bad Guys) and he passed out on take off.

Heyn, and Miller, flying Toots and Kieth Rider, respectively, are out in the next two laps. The fourth lap is a high and long one with all three racers riding in the same thermal, but Meyer's little Pete being the first to contact terra firma.

The final lap, and young Chuck Drew and veteran Fred Ewing roar overhead packed in close. Both the Chambermaids are flying like birds, and after a bit Chuck Drew ends up in a tree top, while Ewing continues on over a hill and out of sight, but winner non the less!

A search for the wandering Chambermaid proved fruitless, alas. It certainly was the "way to go", eh fellas? Helmets off to Fred for his fine job!



Well clubsters, as the number on the cover indicates, the ol' FAC Transport has lifted it's load of messages to the gang seventy times! Not bad, and she's still going strong. This past year has been a bummer in the weather department, but maybe Hymns to Hung over the coming Holiday Season will give us better flying conditions next year. 'Till then, happy Holidays, and merry landings from the gang at Hangar #1, FAC GHQ.

