

# FLYING ACES

Club News

Number 2, 1980  
(#72)





PHOTO BY CHARLES BERRY

It is with heavy heart that we report the passing of an old soldier of the air that is especially dear to readers of the old Flying Aces magazine of old. He had many of us reading his Griffon yarns by flashlight long after our bedtime. He was a prolific author of aviation novels based on his actual experiences in W.W.I. His subtle humor showed up in his writings that could easily be missed if one had not received ample schooling in the lore of W.W.I battle flying via such mags as Flying Aces. For instance, in his book, The Casket Crew, one character is named "Harry Tate". Now, we all know Harry Tate as another moniker for the redoubtable R.E.-8 observation bus.

He was an observer in an F.E. squadron during the war. In this capacity, where it was amazing just to survive, he brought down sixteen jerries. You won't find his name on any list of aces published anywhere, as in the RFC all victories were to the credit of the pilot, who was a commissioned officer and gentleman! Before the war ended he was training to be a flyer himself on the Sopwith Camel.

Yes, gang, Arch Whitehouse has gone west, but he has left much behind to the better of us all. Happy landings, Arch.

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#### FICTION      MODEL BUILDING      FACT

Haw-w-w-w! Looks like some of our skysters don't think Scott's Hysterical Hystories are accurate enough to be classed as fact! Well, for those "doubting Thomases" out there we have a true yarn of action in the skies over Europe during the second World War by a modeler you all know. We mean Ed "Rare Bird" Heyn.

In the model building department we have a brace of balsa birds that will blister your pin-pushin' finger as you try to knock 'em out two at a time.

Jerry Bockius and Bob Rogers are chief fictioneers for this issue. So park your ships in the hangar, fellas, pick a soft seat in the pilot's lounge, get a firm grip on your FAC News, and dive right in without pulling out 'til the last page is fluttering in your slipstream!

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While you are in the mood for reading, why not send \$8.95 (includes postage) to Historical Aviation Albums for Bill Hannan's new book, Peanut Power. If you think you know a lot about Peanuts, this will confirm it. If you don't know all you'd like, this will teach you. And if you fit these extremes, or in between, you are bound to enjoy this book. Don't miss it.



BY ED HEYN

MAJOR USAFR (RET)

Slowly the sweep-second hand of my GI Elgin crept around in it's orbit. Now ! Simultaneously seventy-two impatient Merlin engines burst into life, coughing, sputtering, belching gobs of black smoke and then shattering a quiet English morning with their deep-throated throbbing roar. I found my slot and taxied into position, the radio crackling in my ears as each pilot checked in with the squadron leaders. The pre-takeoff run up proved the engine to be running smoothly even though my well patched, battle scarred P-51-D with it's dirty, chipped, once gleaming blue and white striped nose and white spinner had seen far better days.

Mass formation takeoffs had always intrigued and thrilled me and this one was no exception. Every ten seconds a flight of four Mustangs would rumble down the steel-mat runway slowly gathering speed and then grudgingly become airborne on their heavily laden stubby wings to disappear into the low hanging clouds. My turn now. I was holding number three slot as element leader of Eggflip Green flight. Ramming the throttle forward I felt a surge of immense power as the thundering Merlin pulled me down the runway, the huge four-bladed paddle propellor grabbing big chunks of air and flinging them backward in silvery spirals of moisture. Faster and faster we go, riding the brakes and tromping the rudder peddles to maintain close formation. Finally the runway dropped away and I kept my element snuggled close to the lead ships as we lumbered upwards through low scudding clouds to burst forth into brilliant sunshine. The other two squadrons had already joined and headed for their respective targets as we pointed the long noses of our Mustangs towards Germany. Head for cover Krauts, the fighting 383 rd. Squadron is coming your way.

Details of the morning briefing flickered through my mind as we cruised over France toward the enemy lines. Our group had been performing bomber escort missions for the past six months and now, for the first time, we were to strafe and bomb targets of opportunity from low altitudes. This should be fun, I thought, and a welcome change from the long monotonous hours spent weaving back and forth above a stream of slow moving bombers. Only occasionally would we have a serious scrap with the 109's and 190's with which to bolster our morale.

Flak! ! That dreaded word slammed out of the earphones and jarred me back to reality. After ricocheting off of the canopy and spinning my head around twice I relaxed, for those deadly black puff balls were all blossoming out safely behind us. At least we knew which side of the lines we were on. Eggflip Leader had spotted something. In elements of two the squadron began to scream down through breaks in the clouds to find a well filled railroad yard located on the outskirts of a city. Hastily I glanced at my wingman, gave him a reassuring wave, then flipped over on a wingtip to slice down towards the target below. Centering my gunsight on the first convenient locomotive I squeezed hard on the control stick mounted trigger button. Six angry fifty caliber guns chattered, bucked and spat out their leaden venom. The acrid gunpowder fumes infiltrated the cockpit and bit at my nostrils as I watched the cherry-red flashes of light from the exploding API shells flicker and dance merrily over the locomotive. Then, with a mighty blast the boiler exploded sending a towering plume of smoke and steam into the air. Circling back over the city for another pass at the railroad yards I very neatly clobbered one end of a bridge with a five hundred pound bomb while my wing man, taking his cue, finished off the other end of the bridge with his bomb.

Apparently we had caught the Jerries sleeping for there was no opposition and on our first attack we had demolished several locomotives and dozens of goods wagons. They didn't sleep long however and now all Hell broke loose. As we continued to blast the area, the air was crisscrossed with streaks of angry grey and white tracers from fifties and twentys. I watched very carefully the red balls of tracer from the forty millimeter guns as they seemed to float lazily up at me and then whiz closely by.



Our Squadron Leader had just told us in no uncertain terms to pick up our marbles and make haste to some other piece of real estate, when I suddenly heard a dull thud and felt an uneven beat with a loss of power in the engine. Quickly I glanced at the coolant temperature gauge. I knew that if the vulnerable cooling system had been hit the engine would blow up in about eight minutes but fortunately the needle remained steady. With my initial panic abating somewhat, I picked up a heading for France. Every so often the rough running engine would cough up some black smoke and then smooth out enough to give me a glimmer of hope. My wing man and I had become separated during the recent fracas and now I was alone, barely able to maintain airspeed, not sure of my position and with the clouds ominously lowering. It was not a most auspicious moment.

Perhaps one of my prayers had been heard. At least one of my frantic calls had been answered by a friendly chap at an emergency airfield in France. Now his reassuring voice gave me a heading to his base along with the welcome news that I was now over our own territory. My jubilation was not long lived however for the long-suffering, mortally wounded engine finally tossed in it's cookies just as I was busy dodging the spires of a church set in the center of a small town. Spying a small clearing between some houses, I carefully turned and glided fearfully downward.

It suddenly became obvious that I would never make it. The field was too short and the opposite end was coming rapidly towards me. As a last desperate resort I aimed for a space between two houses. There were telephone poles and a tiny clearing beyond but I had no choice now. A few words to Murphy hoping he could be wrong were half out when the right wing struck a wooden pole and with a sickening sound of tearing metal the wingtip folded back and sheared off. As if in slow motion I watched helplessly, as out of control, the dying Mustang plunged crazily across the street. With a blinding flash of light the left wing slammed into a cement pole eliminating several high voltage wires. I was thrown violently across the cockpit as the left wing was torn off and then back again as the fuselage crashed into the ground and cartwheeled and then breaking in half just behind my office. My eyes and mouth were filled with dust and smoke, my ears blasted with the crash of tearing metal, as I went over and over-- then quiet blackness.

Was I dead? If so it must be in a French heaven, for in the distance I could hear voices babbling excitedly in French. Gradually, as my senses returned, I discovered that I had miraculously survived with only minor cuts and bruises though what was left of the airplane,--not quite repairable! Whipping out my trusty phrase card, I managed to obtain from the local dignitaries transportation to a nearby French Army detachment where I was able to notify the airfield personnel of my escape. Now there was nothing to do but wait to be picked up. With my new found friends I spent the evening sampling magnums of Champagne and various other bacchanalian delights. But I now faced a new and serious problem. Would the Cognac last until morning.

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## AMAZING COVER STORY!

Looks like aero artist from Ponca City has really gotten the drift of FAC modeling trends in what looks like a preview of the coming FAC Nats. Yep, the former notchers are goin' in for twin motored jibs, and Bob Rogers has got a lad that looks much like Phineas Pinkham holding a blown-up version of the Cleveland Lockheed Hudson bomber. Are you out there in the background somewhere, or is that just someone who looks a bit like you?? You've got us, Bob!



## The Pugnacious Pursuit

Embryo fans, if you want to start a swell Air Corps all your own, the design bureau here at GHQ offers this natty fighter to share secret underground hangar space with your Flying Aces Silent Nocturnal Surveillance Ship, and Belligerent Bomber. She's complete with American Armament Corporation cannons and a Bill Barnes style cockpit hood. With those streamlined wheel pants and exhausts your telescopic sight will be aligned for full hits on the bonus points. Just add national insignia (we know what the Bad Guy Squadron will use here) to dress her up a bit, and a silhouette of Capt. Down Thrust at the controls for top notch flights. This combo is sure to keep the Bad Guy Sqdn. cowering in their dingey hideouts.



How about it gang, isn't she a beaut? This P.P. (serial #1) was built by Lt. Mark Fineman, and did two minutes 11 secs on her first time out! The top brass here at GHQ have appointed Lieutenant Fineman commander of the First Pursuit Sqdn, GHQ Sector.

For his fine work with the Belligerent Bomber, GHQ is appointing Major Royall Moore to head Bomber Command, GHQ sector.

Congrats to both of these fine FACs who will soon squelch all Bad Guy opposition.

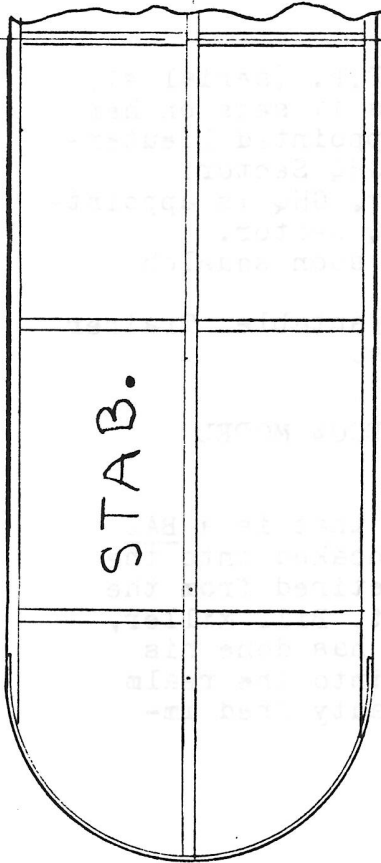
Next issue we will present the Flying Aces Tractable Trainer plans to round out your air fleet of Embryo models.

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## MILLER'S MODERATELY MODIFIED MINIATURE MEGOW MODEL

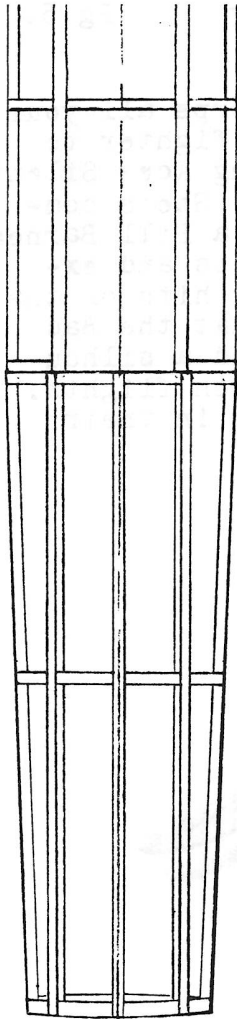
## SPAD

Got a plan of a Megow 10¢ SPAD around? Now, that is a BAD SPAD! "Looks worse than anything Phineas ever pancaked onto the 'drome of the Ninth", piped Sargeant Casey, now retired from the U.S. Air Corps and living in Orson Wells. Well, Lt. Bill Miller, whose head is easily turned by a pretty typeface, has done his thing with Fred's frivolous flyer and brought it into the realm of reality without losing any of the nostalgic beauty Fred imparted to his model designs.



STAB.

PROP BLOCK,  $\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{3}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$

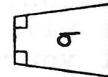
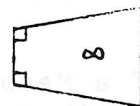
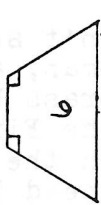
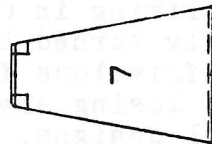
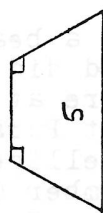
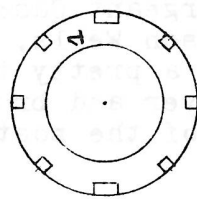


Add Exhaust Pipes

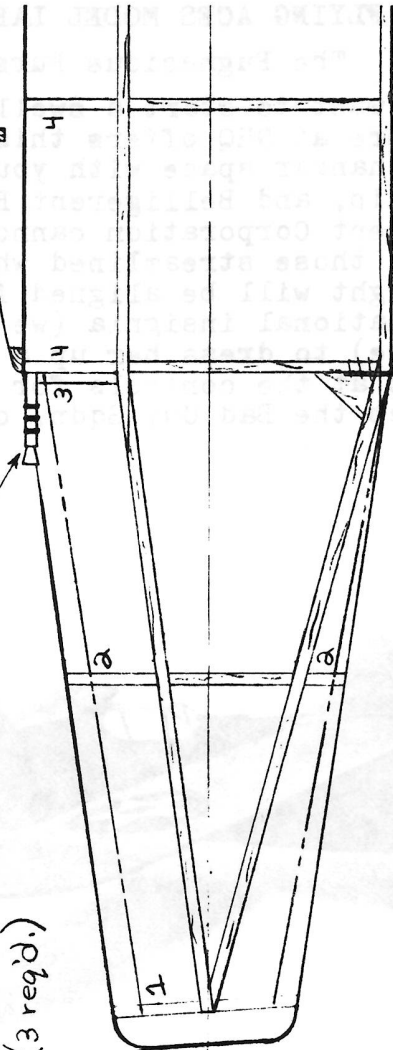
Typical wing  
 $\frac{1}{16}$  sheet

Bamboo Tip

cannons  
4 (3 req'd.)



cannon



L.G. .025 wire

Bond  
Paper

# THE FLYING ACES "PUGNACIOUS PURSUIT" EMBRYO ENDURANCE

.020 wire

cockpit formers

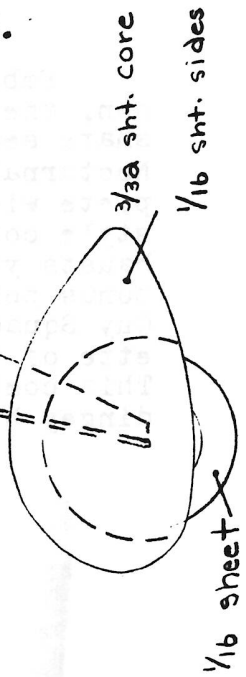
D.D. 4/29 lettered by:

☆☆☆☆

Chet

Whiteley

Pg. 6.



$\frac{1}{16}$  sheet

Color Scheme: Wing + Tail - Orange

Bamboo

Body - Brown

Tip

Rib

Dowel Sight

.003 acetate

Rudder

4

5

6

7

8

9 Position of Stabilizer

Motor Peg

Wire Strid

1/16 x 1/8 L.E.

dihedral  
1" under  
tip rib

1/16 x 3/32 spar

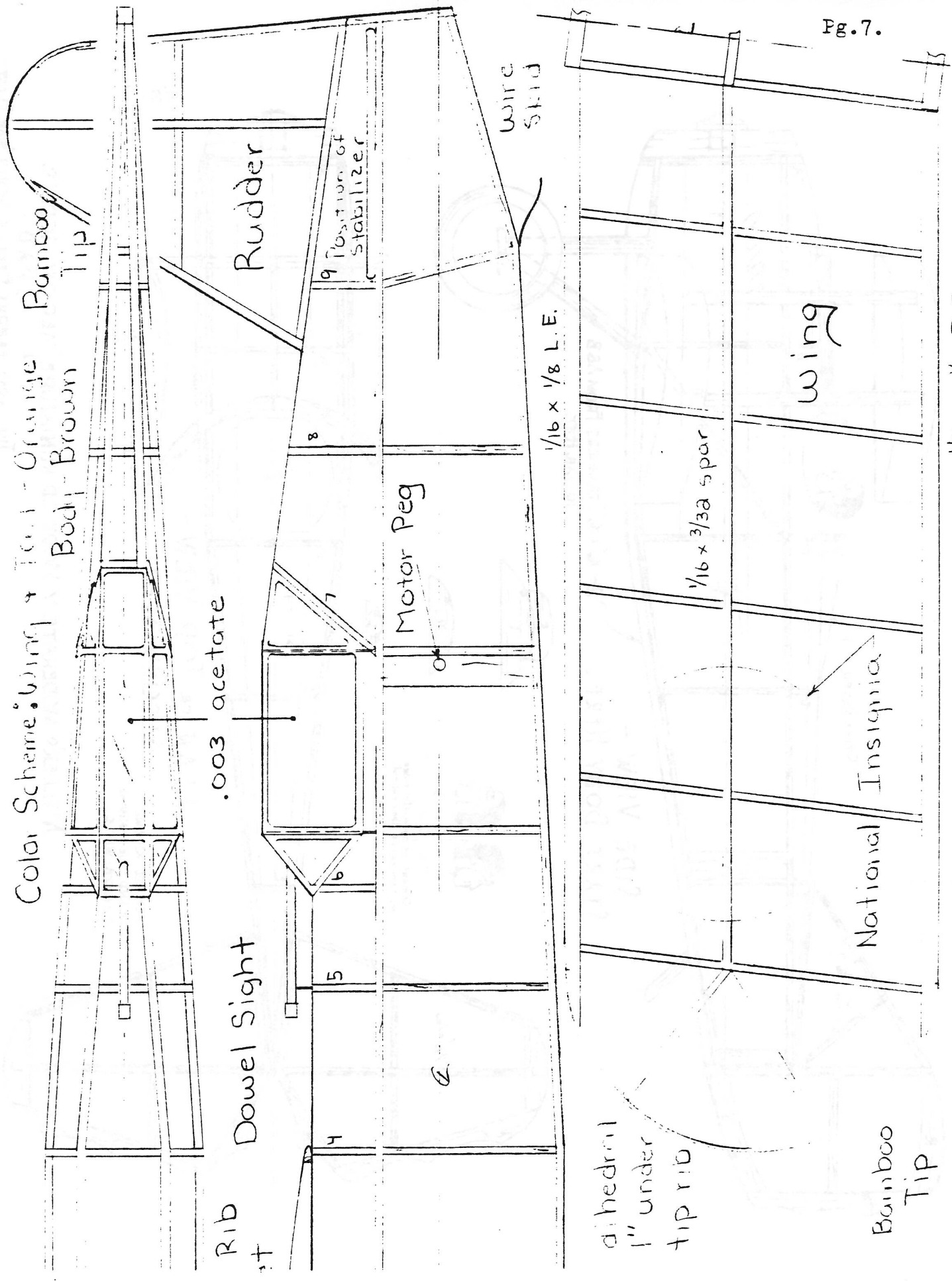
Wing

National Insignia

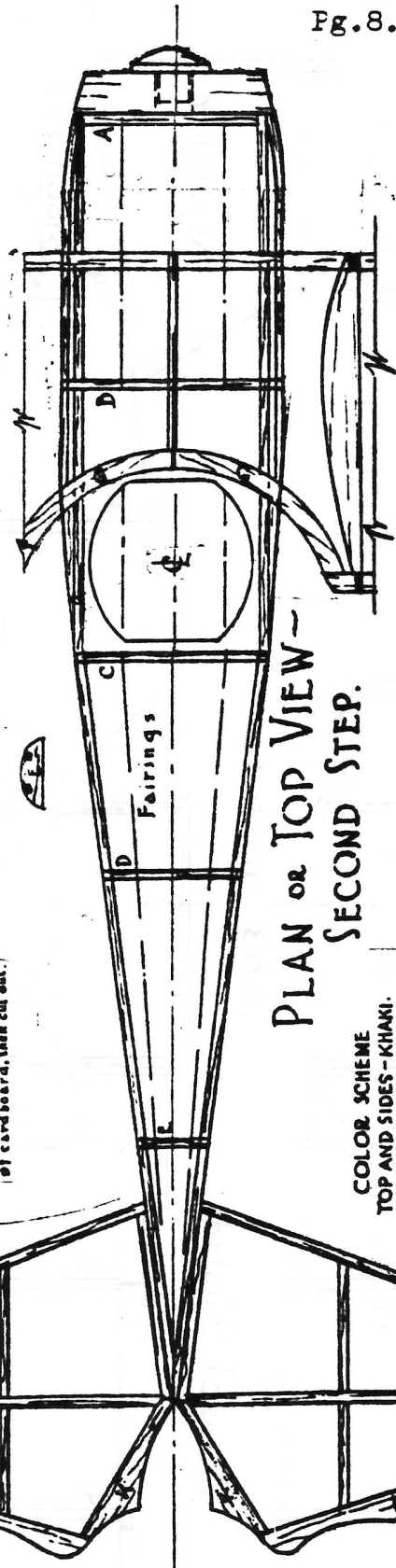
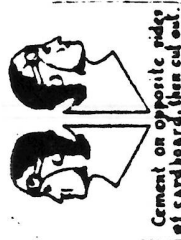
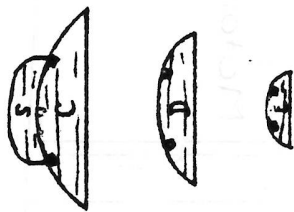
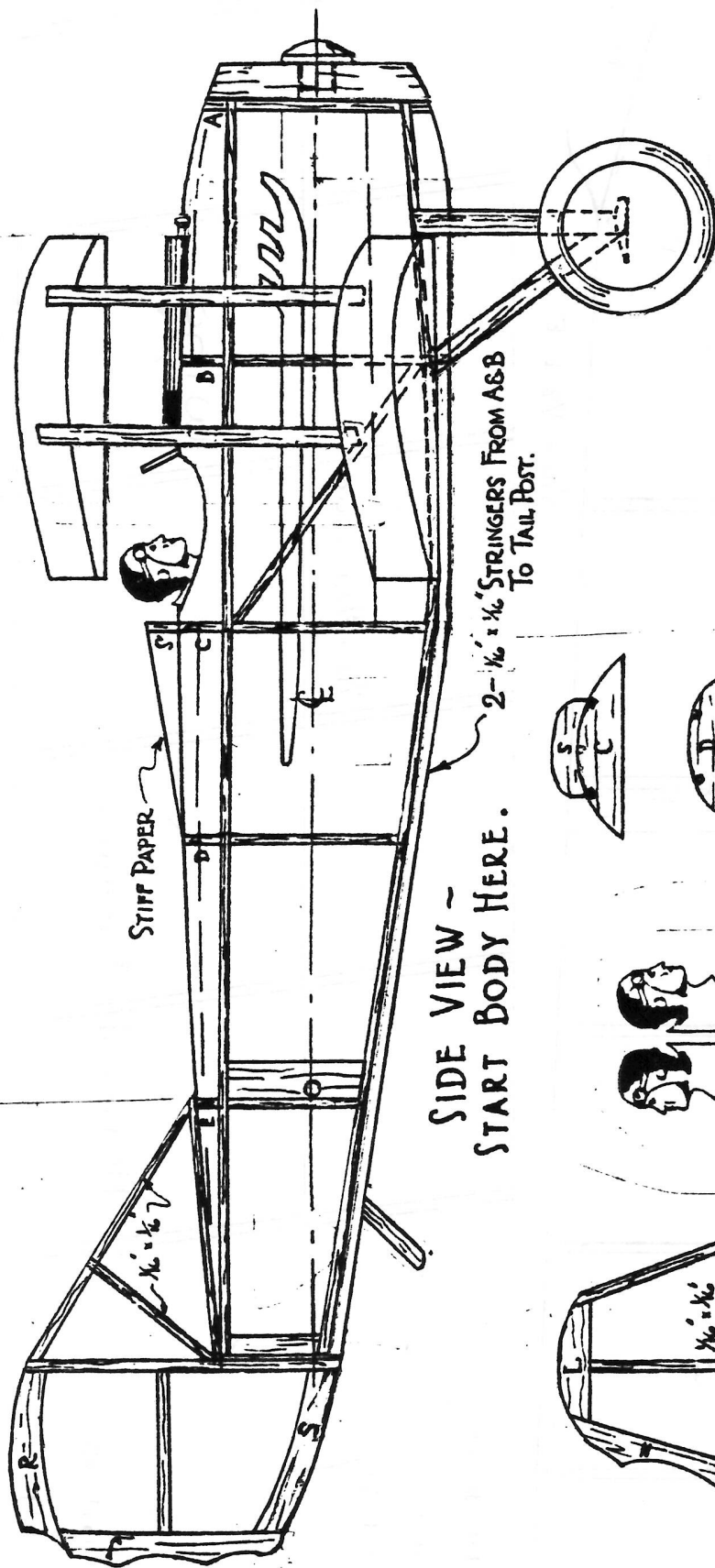
Bamboo  
Tip

1/16 x 1/8 T.E.

Fig. 7.







COLOR SCHEME  
TOP AND SIDES - KHAKI.  
BOTTOM - WHITE.

Fig. 8.

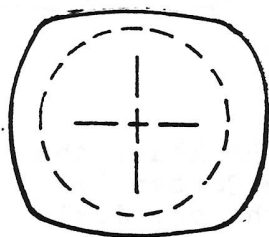
MILLER'S MODERATELY MODIFIED MINIATURE MEGOW MODELS.  
- SPAD -

THE MOST FAMOUS FRENCH WORLD WAR PLANE

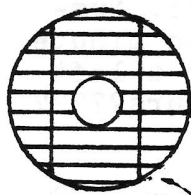
# MILLER'S MODERATELY MODIFIED MINIATURE MEGOW MODELS.



DIHEDRAL ANGLE

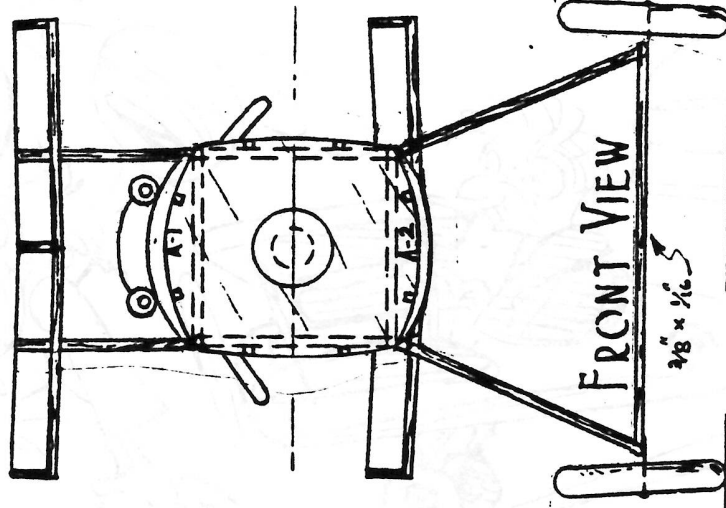


Nose Block Pattern



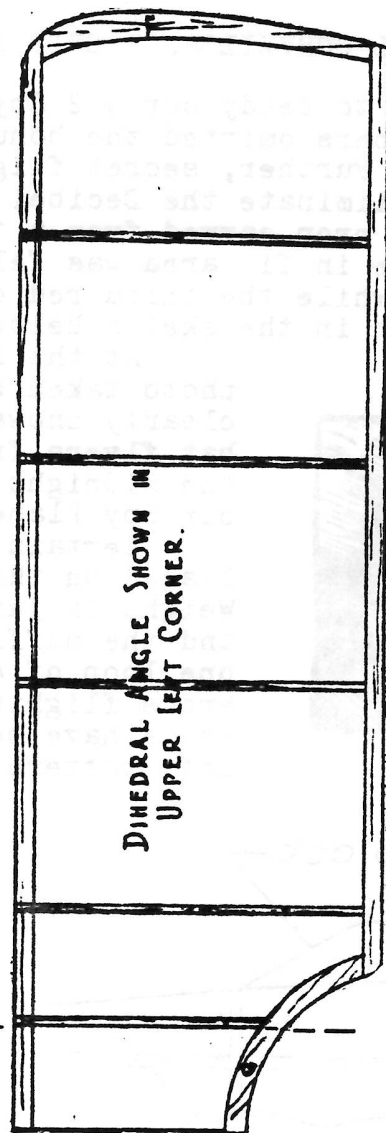
Cut out and cement to nose block

Exhaust Pattern

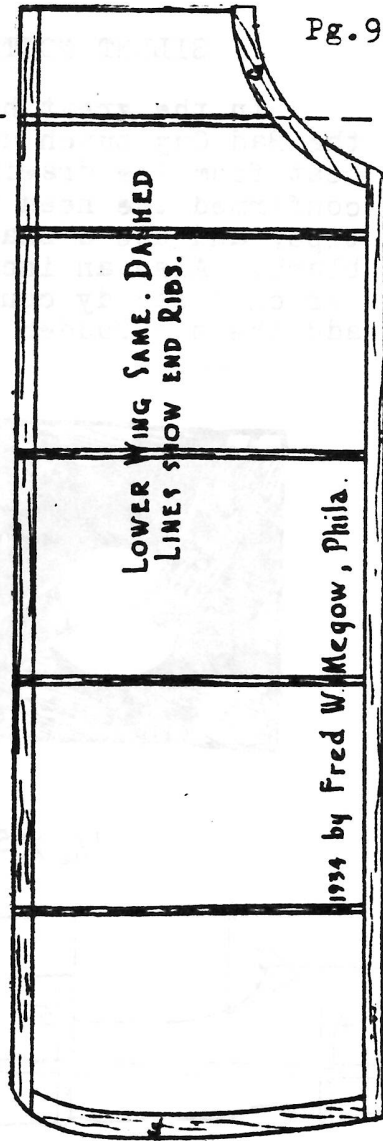


FRONT VIEW

1/8" x 1/2"

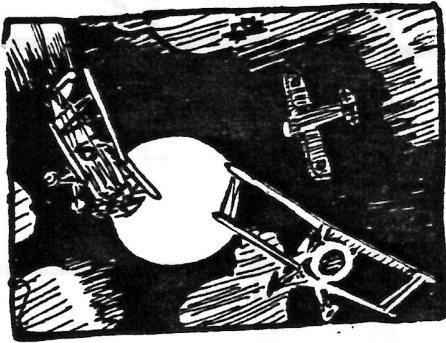


DIHEDRAL ANGLE SHOWN IN UPPER LEFT CORNER.



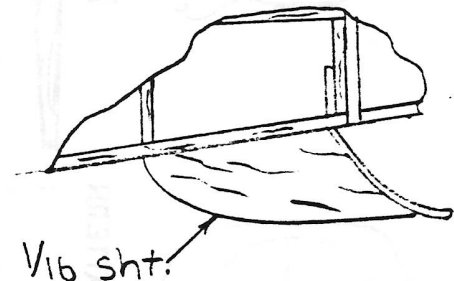
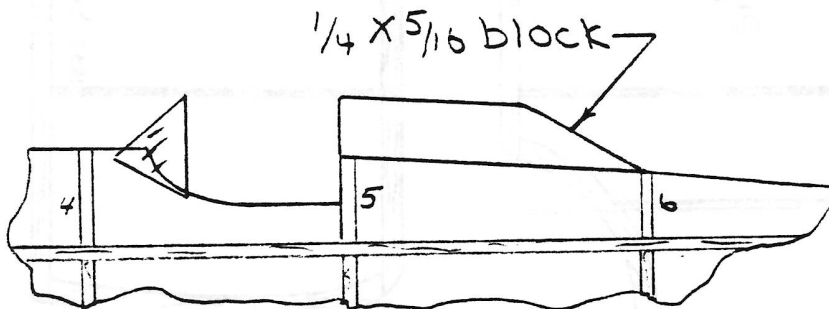
LOWER WING SAME. DASHED LINES SHOW END RIBS.

In the great haste to ready our G-2 Spy ship for ops against the Bad Guy bunch designers omitted the bonus point securing head rest from the drawing. Further, secret flight tests by G-2 pilots confirmed the need to eliminate the Decibel Dampers from the prop tips, and use a smaller prop carved from a  $1/2 \times 3/4 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$  inch blank. Also an increase in fin area was felt warranted to keep her on a steady course while the infra red cameras clicked, so add the sub-rudder shown in the sketch below.



At the left is an infra red photo taken by our spy ship. It clearly shows Bad Guy Squadron bat flyers frantically searching the midnight sky for a sign of our Spy Plane.

Certain info has been released on the mysterious ship. Weight is just under 20 grams, and the muffled power plant is one loop of 4 mm Pirelli. Numerous flights in the two minute range have been made in a left-left pattern. How's yours????

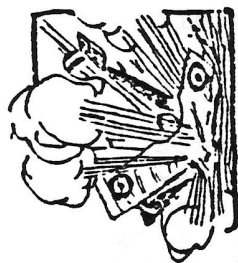


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Joe Archibald, honorary FAC and creator of Phineas Pinkham, the fearless buzzard of the first big fuss shows us how Carbuncle would handle the current international crisis. Right on, Joe!







# WISCRACK-UPS



by Bill Hannan

Recently Warren D. Shipp and myself paid a visit to the home of "Mr. Comet", Bill Bishop. Bill, although retired, is still very active, his home filled with various projects he had constructed himself.

We found it difficult to decide just what to ask him, as so many questions came to mind. Fortunately, his memory is razor-sharp, and he has many photo albums and records to pinpoint specific items.

He explained that he did not originally intend to start a full time model kit biz at all, but was merely trying to raise funds for a full size glider. However, early results were encouraging, and he was soon joined by others with strong model airplane enthusiasm, and before he knew it they had a full-blown manufacturing operation going!

Both Warren and I had built Comet models in the 1930s, so we had many questions concerning particular kits we remembered. For example, one of my early favorites was the Phantom Flash R.O.G. He instantly recalled the name of it's designer, Joe Konefes, and that Joe was only 18, or 19 years old at the time. Bill himself was still in his early twenties then. Further, Bill went to an album and showed us a photo of Joe!

Comet was also involved in the design of World War Two Identification Models. Oldsters reading this will recall these black-painted I.D. models constructed in schools all over the nation, until they were finally manufactured commercially from plastic.

Warren and I asked about the hard-to-believe kit sales figures we had heard mentioned. Sure enough, those figures were accurate, and Bill produced sales ledgers to verify it. During the 1940s Comet kit sales ran into the MILLIONS in number EACH YEAR!

Needless to say, many questions were left 'til our next visit. Meanwhile, we can all look forward to a book on the famous model companies of old being written by Walt Grigg.

I won't say the visit with Bill Bishop had a strong nostalgic effect on me, but there is a plan of, you guessed it, a Phantom Flash tacked to my building board!

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Nice story, huh stringer-benders? There is an old geezer hangin' around Hangar #1 who built so many Comet jobs over the years he became known as "The Comet Kid". You know, after the kid riding the comet on the Comet logo. We don't know what he puffs on in that briar boiler of his, but his pipe dreams rival Walter Mitty's. Claims he once flew a ten cent Comet Fairchild out of sight. Can you imagine expecting us to swallow that?!!

I suppose once he reads this little article he will be all wound up again. Once he was yellin' about how a lot of the Comet scale plans had the correct colors and markings for that particular crate, and oh,...much more. But what the heck, he cleans up around and makes himself useful.

"If you're Dicky Randall, you're batting a sticky wicket!" 1916, March, the RFC takes over the ADGB from the RNAS, begins to add Home Defense squadrons. April, in the USA Lt Ken Whiting, US Naval Aviator No. 16 begins to agitate for aircraft carriers( result- USS Langley). France, with Escadrille N-225 Not-so-Lucky-at-Landing Pierre De Tergent writes off his 5th Nieuport 11, skidding into the tent pillets: his CO, Capt De Mondaine retired to the squadron bar for a three day conference avec le Cognac. 18 May with N-124 on the Verdun front- Kiffin Rockwell's first official victory for the Lafayette. Gordon and Chester had " borrowed" a visiting BE-2 from the Eastchurch Air Observers School to fly over to Lady Daisy Doopington's country house for tea. Meanwhile, a German cruiser squadron led by the ingenious Meyer von Toot and his aide(?) H. Leopold von Schmelling-Saltz approached the coast for a hit and run raid. How could this possibly involve Gordon and Chester with an unarmed BE-2 parked on Lady Doopington's lawn? ( Obscurum per obscurius )



"DU LIEBER! VON TOOT, 22 KNOTS UND DER FOOT TO DER FLOOR IS NODT YEDT!"

DUMMER! IST NODT DER FLOOR - IST DER DECK!

(I WUNDER IF DER 'EAGLE OF BURGERBENDER PLATZ HAS TO PUT UP MIT STUFF LIKE DIS? ACH! MAYBE SO! TO DER FLIEGER KORPS I TRANSFER!)"



ANNOUNCING THE GERMAN BOMBARDMENT M'LAUT

THANK YOU JUDSON; CHESTER WHY DON'T YOU AND GORDON FLY OUT AND WATCH IT?



DISTRICT HQ COL (MATHER) AD FAC

HUMPH-WASN'T LIKE THIS IN THE BOER WAR!

AT THE LOCAL DISTRICT H.Q. COL. MATHER WAS TAKING APPROPRIATE ACTION — "NEVER MIND THAT 'CANNY SCOT' ROUTINE, HANNAN, AND GET ON WITH IT!" "AYE, COL., THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO — TURN OUT ALL THE LIGHTS IN THE DISTRICT TO REDUCE TARGET AVAILABILITY." "SEE HERE, HANNAN, THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE (WHY DO THEY ALWAYS WEAR THOSE CRAZY HATS?)

THIS IS MISS PRANGLEY, KNOWN IN LONDON THEATRICAL CIRCLES AS 'BOOM-BOOMLA TOUR' SHE IS ONE OF MI-5'S BEST AGENTS HER NEXT ASSIGNMENT - GORDON!



OUR HEROES TAKE OFF IN THE BE-2 - NOW ARMED WITH A SHOTGUN - (COMPLIMENTS OF LADY DAISY DOOPINGTON (CONT))



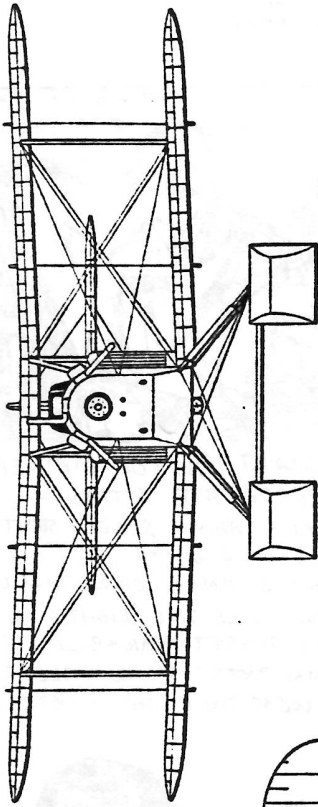
THIS OFFICER ADMINISTERS AN OBSCURE BUT INFLUENTIAL DEPARTMENT - i.e. THE BRITISH UNDERSECRETARIAT NAVAL GUNS, LOWESTOFT - EAST-BOURNE.

CHESTER'S UNCLE, SIR LIONEL CHEETWELL, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD.





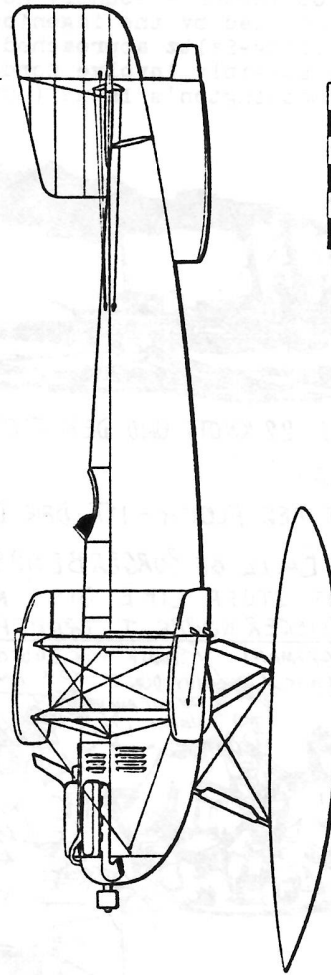
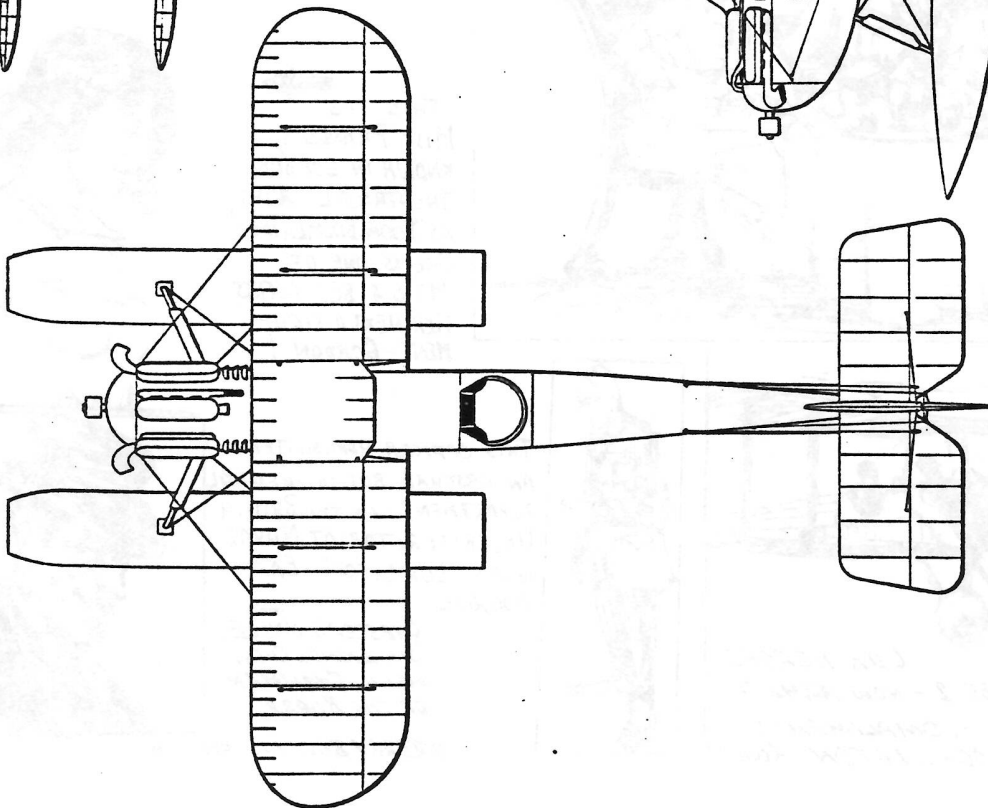
# 3-VIEW SALOON



Fairey IIIA (1919)

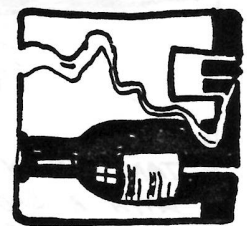
Wing Span: 28ft (8.53m)

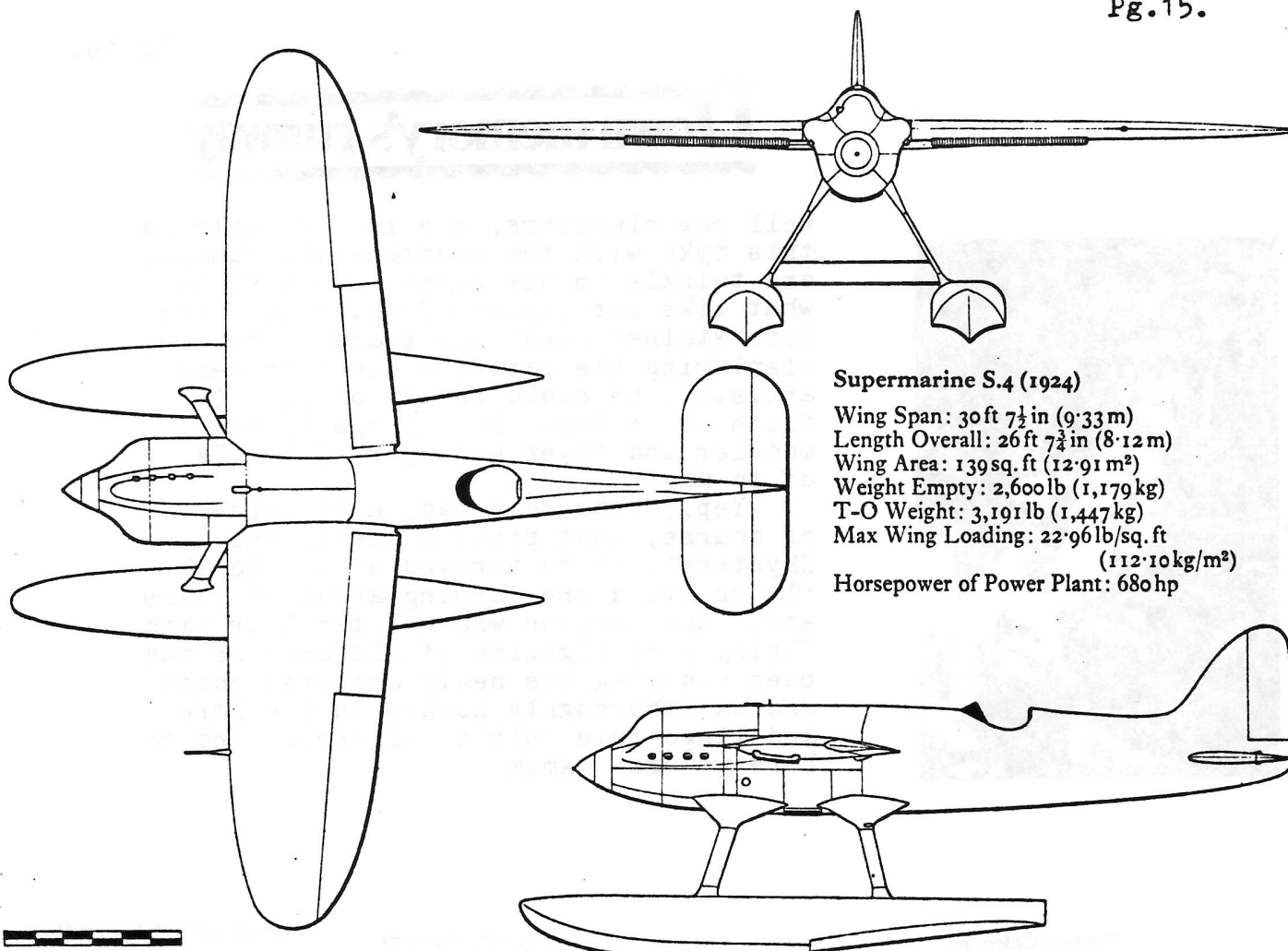
Horsepower of Power Plant: 450hp



Great Hung! They are serving sea water again in this joint! And here I am with a mouth full of dark brown down after Saint Patty's day embibing! Is there no humane thoughts left in this veil of tears? Well, enough of these dastardly deprivations and on with the bussiness at hand.....airplanes with floats.

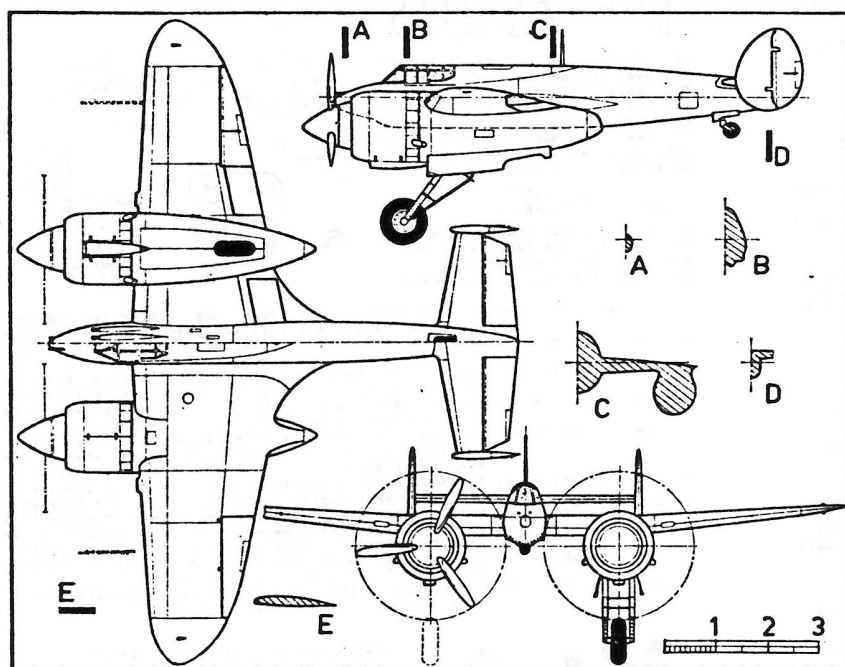
Now, for you daredevils of the drafting boards that think a lot of motor length, we have here a two winged tizzie to put lead in your drafting pencil! This clipped wing bird did fly in the fog enshrouded Schneider of 1919 according to David Mondey, author of "The Snneider Trophy".





### Supermarine S.4 (1924)

Wing Span: 30 ft 7½ in (9.33 m)  
 Length Overall: 26 ft 7½ in (8.12 m)  
 Wing Area: 139 sq. ft (12.91 m²)  
 Weight Empty: 2,600 lb (1,179 kg)  
 T-O Weight: 3,191 lb (1,447 kg)  
 Max Wing Loading: 22.96 lb/sq. ft  
 (112.10 kg/m²)  
 Horsepower of Power Plant: 680 hp



Yeagads! Another tea sipping abstainer! The S-4 was far ahead of it's time, but her life was as unfortunate as her coloring...a blah light grey with no markings, but she did fly.

Afghanistan be durned! Here is a double served up by the Russkies to blast away the feathers ticklin' me poor parched tonsils. This W.W.II Tairov Ta-1-3 was all over white with red stars on wing tips and twin rudders. This snow bird boasts big nacelles & plenty of room for large diameter props that twins really need. Kinda reminds us of a Beaufighter with spinners. Think she is worth a try???





# DAYTON IS THE WRIGHT

PLACE FOR THE SECOND GREAT

## THE FLYING ACES NATIONALS

### AUG. 8, 9, 10 1980



Fig. 17.

WRIGHT FIELD - AREA B - WRIGHT PATTERSON AFB OHIO  
FRIDAY, AUG. 8 9AM-5PM SATURDAY, AUG. 9 9AM-5PM SUNDAY, AUG. 10 9AM-5PM

WW 1 Peanut Dogfight WW 11 Peanut Combat Full FACTOR Peanut Scale Catapult Jet Scale JUNIOR Nat. Reliab. Tour JUNIOR R.O.G. (JASCO, Peck)	Schneider Profile (3/4") Race WW 1 Dogfight WW 11 Combat No-Cal Scale FAC Power Scale Jumbo Scale	Thompson Trophy Race (Radial) Grieve Trophy Race (Inline) Aerol Trophy Race FAC GHQ Peanut Scale FAC Scale Embryo Endurance
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Entry Fee ; \$ 1.00 per event to \$ 10.00 max. Kids ( Jr. & Sr. ) get in free  
Frank H. Scott, C.D. Dayton, Ohio 45415  
4283 Honeybrook Ave. (513) 890-5989

#### 1980 FLYING ACES CLUB NATIONALS REGISTRATION FORM

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AMA NO. \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ AMA CLASS JR. SR. OPEN \_\_\_\_\_  
ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Chck off event that you wish to enter  
FRI. Aug. 8 SAT. Aug. 9 SUN. Aug. 10

WW 1 Peanut dogfight _____	Schneider Race _____	Thompson T. _____
WW 11 Peanut Combat _____	WW 1 Dogfight _____	Grieve T. _____
Jr. (only) TOUR _____	WW 11 Combat _____	Aerol T. _____
Jet Catapult _____	No-Cal _____	GHQ Peanut _____
Full FACTOR peanut _____	FAC Jumbo _____	FAC Scale _____
Jr. (only) ROG _____	FAC Power _____	Embryo _____

Note that qualification flights will be required for all mass-launch events, and should be in by 1 PM. ( Best flight of 2 attempts ). Top 10 qualifiers will be selected for mass fly-offs.

SEND FORM TO : FRANK H. SCOTT  
4283 HONEYBROOK AVE.  
DAYTON, OHIO 45415

Entry fee enclosed ? \_\_\_\_\_  
Number attending Banquet ? \_\_\_\_\_

#### Contest Director: Joe Basher

FF Power H. WYATT, 1130 Park Ave.  
New York, NY 10028, (212) 369-2281  
R/C Assist FF W. WOODWARD, 289 Floral Ln.  
Bridgewater, NJ 07642, (908) 797-4130  
R/C Pattern S. LINDS, 46 Conny Dr.  
Trenton, NJ 08618, (609) 944-6277  
Control Line J. WENZ, 415 Clinton Blvd.  
Clinton, NJ 07065, (908) 475-2702  
Rubber E. FARGO, 234 Thayer St.  
Bridgewater, NJ 07642, (908) 664-5606  
Junior T. NOVAK, 32 Plumes Pl.  
Bridgewater, NJ 07642, (908) 235-4382

You're all invited to our big belated 50th Birthday Party, which will be held at the expense of Lakehurst Naval Air Station, Lakehurst, NJ, on May 18, 1980 from 9:00 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. No entry fee, no admission charge... it's free!

We're calling this party the Model Airplane News Model Aero Picnic, and that's just what it is... a whole bunch of modelers and their friends and families, getting together for a day of flying fun in the warm Spring sunshine. It's not really a contest, although we've set up some "competitive" events just to make things interesting. Anybody can enter, and everybody—from the newest beginner to the seasoned expert—has an equal chance to win. The idea is FUN, and we're going to keep the air filled with airplanes all day long.

We're splitting the entries up into six basic categories: • R/C Aircraft (any type) • Control Line • Gas Free Flight • R/C Assist Free Flight • Rubber Free Flight • Special Junior Events

As you can see, so matter what you bring, it'll fit into at least one category, so bring whatever you like!

For Aero Picnic entry blank and (very simple) rules fill out the coupon below and send to Model Airplane News, 827 Post Road, Danbury, CT 06820; or call (802) 685-7737.

## Come to the party!



Please send me entry blank and rules for M.A.N. Model Aero Picnic.  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

#### Welcome to the Second Official Flying Aces Club National Contest !

We offer to you, our fine FF scale flying friends, the very best in Ohio cities, flying sites, comradeship, and FAC flying scale competition. Additionally, the FAC NATS is so timed and situated as to allow you to compete as well at the even bigger AMA Nationals immediately following, all in the very same trip !

18 outstanding FAC events are offered, including two just for the youngsters. Prizes are impressive hand-crafted trophies for first place, with special award badges for second and third places. Plus some pretty nice merchandise scrounged from all over modeldom !

Don't miss the big FAC BANQUET Saturday night ; hob-nob with modeling's greats from all over !

SEND ADVANCE REGISTRATION AND BANQUET RESERVATIONS TO ;  
FRANK H. SCOTT  
4283 HONEYBROOK AVE.  
DAYTON, OHIO 45415 ( 513 ) 890-5989

( Note that it is not necessary to send entry fees with the advance registration, but those who do will receive a special FAC NATS CONTESTANT BADGE at no additional cost !

#### FAC NATS CONTESTANT HOUSING

Housing accommodations in double dormitory rooms will be available at the University of Dayton from Thursday, Aug. 7, afternoon through Monday, Aug. 11 morning, and in any desired combination of dates. Sheets, pillows, etc. will be provided, but you must furnish your own towels.

Rates ; \$ 7.00 per person for the first night  
\$ 6.50 per person for each additional night

Reservation deadline May 23. There will be a limited number of rooms available thereafter for late reservations from July 1 through July 31. A few single rooms are also available at \$ 11.50 for the first night, and \$ 10.50 for each additional night. Cooking facilities may be available, though with out refrigeration, at the UD dorms.

Family activities, for the non-modelers, such as swimming, shopping, and museum tours, will be announced later. Kindly indicate if interested.

Please send payment with your reservation requests. Your payment will be refunded for cancellation received by July 31, 1980.

SEND TO : MRS. DONNA MEIXELL  
5467 COLRAIN DRIVE.  
DAYTON, OHIO 45424 ( 513 ) 233-4173

#### Official entry blank for the MODEL AIRPLANE NEWS MODEL AERO PICNIC

Yes, I want to attend your crazy party! I intend to enter the following events:

\_\_\_\_ R/C AIRCRAFT \_\_\_\_\_ CONTROL LINE \_\_\_\_\_ GAS FF  
\_\_\_\_ R/C ASSIST FF \_\_\_\_\_ RUBBER FF

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

I will be bringing \_\_\_\_\_ non-flying guests with me.

Note: AMA LICENSE REQUIRED FOR ALL EVENTS ALSO. AT LEAST ONE PERSON IN EACH CAR MUST HAVE A LICENSE TO ENTER LAKEHURST N.J.

for the MODEL AIRPLANE NEWS MODEL AERO PICNIC  
to be held on May 18, 1980 from 9:00 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.  
at Lakehurst Naval Air Station, Lakehurst, New Jersey

MODEL AIRPLANE NEWS  
with R/C Model & Club  
827 Post Road, Danbury, Connecticut 06820

The rules are very simple, and are based on the straightforward requirement that the model remain airborne for exactly two minutes, based on how well the flier/pilot can guessimate the passage of two minutes. No stopwatches, clocks, hourglasses, metronomes, helpful friends, or any other timing devices will be allowed to aid the flier/pilot. This estimate of the two-minute duration... one point will be scored for each after one point will be deducted. To a maximum of 120 points for two minutes. Thereafter, a perfect two-minute flight earns 120 points; a two-and-a-half minute flight earns 90 points; and a four-minute flight earns zero, zip, zilch, goose-egg.

FREE FLIGHT EVENTS, including gas, rubber, and R/C assist, may be flown with dehydrated models, but the DT must be set for no less than four minutes (wind conditions permitting... to be determined by the Contest Director). Any model dehydrated before four minutes will receive a score of zero for that flight. If the Contest Director feels that weather conditions make two-minute flights impractical, he may change the target duration and minimum DT time at his discretion.

RADIO CONTROL and CONTROL LINE models may use any means (including stuffing it in) to land at the two-minute target time. Upon landing, the model must remain on the ground... a touch-and-go doesn't count, but we'll permit a bounce or two, within reason.

JUNIORS 16 years old and younger may compete in any category for special Junior awards.

Okay, for-lovers, fill out the entry blank at right, and quickly mail it to: MODEL AIRPLANE NEWS, 827 POST ROAD, DANBURY, CT 06820. We want to see you on May 18th!