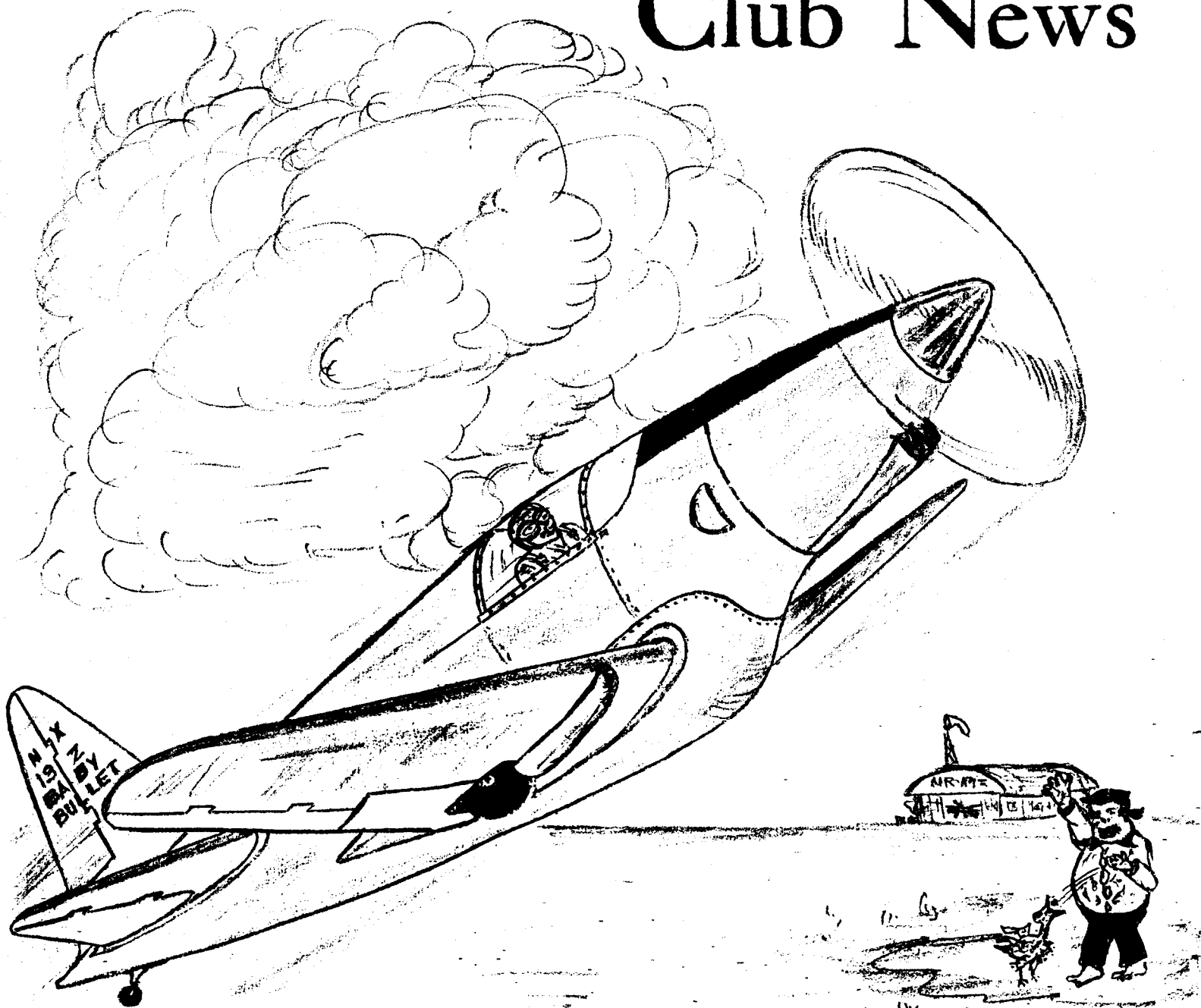


FLYING ⁸³ACES

ISSUE ~~775~~ 17 SEPT.-OCT. 1983

Club News



LIVING IN THE EARLY DAYS OF AVIATION
By Colonel (Hon) Adrian Comper

The two brothers, Nick and Adrian, enjoyed the confidence of Charles C. Grey, the founder and outspoken editor of "The Aeroplane". In later years, Nick became a firm friend, occasionally vacationing with Charles and his wife. His relationship with the editor and founder of "Flight", Stanley Spooner, was in comparison distant. "Flight's" editorial in the Nov: 1931 issue is, therefore, more telling:

"The other great flight of the week has been that of Mr. Butler in a Comper Swift with Pobjoy engine. The point of this flight (England - Australia) is the success of the "Swift" and the Pobjoy would have been just as striking if it had not broken any record. Some people were once inclined to regard the "Swift" as a pretty little toy.

We offer our very hearty congratulations to Flt. Lt, Nicholas Comper on the success of the "Swift". He first proved his merit as a designer in the Lympne competitions with his series of C.L.A. machines. He was then an officer of the Royal Air Force (having flown with the earlier Royal Flying Corps in World War I), and he staked his future when he gave up his commission and became a professional designer. Not a few aircraft designing companies have, alas!, gone into liquidation since the war, and the prospects of a new one must always be speculative. Now his little machine has proved itself a world-tourer, and Comper's prospects have now risen. We sincerely trust that further and very complete success awaits him. He thoroughly deserves all that he gets."

In this same issue appears an article entitled "A Commercial Swift?". Carrying fuel and oil for a range of 400 miles at a cruising speed of 112 mph the Swift has a disposal load of 225 lbs - enough for carrying over 2000 letters. The cost, including maintenance of airframe and engine, complete overhaul, replacement of worn parts each 400 hours, but excluding insurance and pilot's salary, is the extraordinary low figure of 0.824 of a penny - considerably less than a penny per mile!

The advantage of such airmail service in Canada and Australia and other overseas parts of the then British Empire is obvious and, incidentally, was estimated to be the cheapest type of airmail delivery produced hitherto.

(To be cont)

*****With the Others at Chicopee*****
 Mumbo Jumbo #7 from the Glue Guru, aka Leon Bennett

Salutations, disciples! Today we shall pause in our series of meditations upon the eternal truths of Jumbo. Instead, we shall ponder a recent adventure that has befallen me while serving as an FAC foot soldier.

Content in my role as an ascetic philosopher, I was busily washing my spare dhoti when a shadow fell across the cave entrance. Looking up, I was startled to see Bob Thumbsome in full uniform, his eyelids twitching furiously against the plastic goggles of his flying helmet. The usual incoherent shouted orders followed, of which I could make out but little. A packet of papers was thrust upon me and Thumbsome fled, leaving little behind but an uneasy impression that something unpleasant was impending.

The packet contained the usual false identity cards and a key. I gasped as the significance of the fake membership cards seeped into my consciousness. "Academy Melican Airplanes--Closed. Printed in Taiwan." Yes, the Others. I was to pass among the Others! To be out in the cold is bad enough, but to pass among the Others! No wonder Thumbsome was so nervous--I had just been sentenced to a living death!

The key, engraved "Dubious Quality Inn--Chicopee," was my only other clue. It was clear that behind some locked motel door was the answer to my fate. It took but a minute to grasp my spare dhoti; swinging my walking staff at a comfortable pace I set off on a trip of many miles, my mind feverishly sorting out random bits of knowledge of the Others.

The Others. They are each rich beyond dreams of avarice and to show their wealth and power, employ radio control for all the humble functions of life. Long having forgotten how to eat, they are wired with reciprocal servos to drive their teeth up and down. In the event of a glitch, they have been known to starve--a strange fate indeed. As for sex--yes, there are things that are best left unsaid.

Rich, decadent, even rotten to the core, afflicted with RC madness, crazed with plastic kits and all the sick products of a runaway technology, the Others are clearly the creation of the Great Devil. So I have been instructed by all the great FAC gurus when I was but a mere child, many years ago. It must be true. After all, would Bob Thumbsome, Dave Strutt and Russ Braun mislead me? (See Golden Groupies, Mumbo Jumbo #5 for short bios of these illustrious figures.)

And so with terror in my heart, I approached the Dubious Quality Inn. The Others were clustered thickly about this abode, each apparently speaking and smiling with the assistance of hidden transmitters. Quickly striding through the lobby, I repaired to the room number indicated on the key, swung open the door and saw revealed before me two men, and one model.

Dave Crease, the tall and dapper double-agent, stood before me. Behind him, in a small white tiled room (the Others call this a bathroom) was a seated, groaning middle-aged man, who appeared to be at stool. Averting my eyes, I quickly centered my attention on the model. With a wingspan scraping the walls, the model dwarfed even Dave Crease. Dave grinned and waved me to a chair.

"Big, isn't it?" he said imperiously.

"Yes--yes" I murmured, for it is best to be noncommittal when one knows little.

Dave smiled again. "Think you can fly it?"

A challenge--perhaps even a trap? I said nothing.

Dave paused and then, shifting tactics, lowered his voice to a confidential whisper.

"The Others have image problems. Let us say that they tend to overdo RC. Let us say that in some dusty corner of their minds they yearn for the simple and spartan, much as Marie Antoinette played at being a milkmaid. How then to convince the world that they remain simple and strong? Obvious.

4. Design and fly the world's largest rubber scale model. For maximum effect, the model must win their Nats."

"You mean the Others still have a rubber scale event?"

Dave replied, "Yes, of course--they regard it as an anachronism, to be flown by children, cretins and sentimentalist--but it does exist."

I remained confused. "But what is my role in this strange effort?"

Dave continued, "They hired some old Aero Engineer, name of Bennett, and he did a fair design job. Moth Minor. One Fifth scale. Got it built, too. But then"--and here he pointed to the bathroom--"the idiot tried to lube two pounds of rubber with castor oil. He got tangled up in the motor and in trying to fight his way out, he was saturated in castor oil. The result is..." And at this point one more groan from the sad gentleman in the bathroom completed the story.

"But why don't the Others simply find another flyer?"

Dave grinned. "They have. You!"

I gasped with horror. "Me! You mean I am to fly this monster at their Nats!"

Dave's grin became sardonic, "No, not fly--you are to win their Nats."

"But I have never even seen this model before. How can you expect..."

Dave nodded sympathetically. "Yes, there will be problems. But after all, you are the Glue Guru. You will work it out somehow. Fortunately, your competition consists of Don Skole (wink, wink), myself (wink, wink), and a mere child--Walter something. As regards Don and myself--well, we won't be trying too hard. As for the kid--surely you can beat a kid?"

Somewhat reassured, but still sensing a trap, I interjected, "How old is this Walter child?"

Dave sighed. "Let's put it this way. His father seems to be about ten years old. How old can junior be?"

"I see. And there is no other flyer of stature here?"

"Well, there is Oscar Meyer, who is something of a rubber scale hot dog. And then there is..." His voice trailed off. "But let's not worry about those characters. You claim to know Jumbo. O.K., here's a Jumbo. Now take it and win!" An element of harshness had crept into Dave's voice. "These are your orders. From the very top. Win!" His voice softened--"You have a good chance--the wing loading is only 0.64 grams per square inch; the power loading is 20%; the computer says 65 seconds dead air. A study of the winning durations at the last ten Nats indicates this model to be a likely winner." He rose and moved towards the door. "Perhaps you will not win. Accidents can happen. Luck is a factor. We are understanding and humane. We shall accept even one paltry Max as a sign of sincerity on your part."

"And if I do not achieve even one paltry Max?"

"Then my friend, it's back to Afghanistan. You know what that means."

"Yes--no more contest grade Balsa wood."

"Precisely. Think about it. But think quickly, for the event starts in a few minutes. Bob Thumbsome is outside with a moving van to take you to the field. Have a good day, or else!" And he was gone.

My eyes darted desperately about the room, seeking help. Ah--there was the scale book...I tore through the pages. Yes, a scale ruler! A quick measurement of the 3-views--One Fifth scale. Ninty one inch span. Twenty two ounces of flying weight. That would work out to about four ounces of rubber...Over to the tool box. Pre-packaged motors, good. Already lubed, good. No stuffing stick? Odd. Perhaps this sick designer might know... Low wing and yet very little diherdral. Considerable washout both wingtips, hmmm. Spirally unstable? Elevator and rudder settings clearly marked. Good. Covering material unknown to me. Cigarette cellophane? It would take many packs of cigarettes to cover this model...Still the Others are clever in certain ways, and perhaps they have a machine...The covering is certainly strong and imparts great stiffness. Good. There will be no flutter problem. The wood? Yes, one can see the purple designation "contest grade" everywhere. Fine. The wheels. Some sort of rubbery foam plastic. Perhaps two pounds per cubic ft, yet quite sturdy. A quick scraping of the landing gear with

a razor. Aluminum 75ST temper grade 6. Not bad. The prop. Separate blades adjustable in pitch. Freewheeling. Not quite twenty one inches in diameter. Set and glued at a pitch angle of thirty degrees at the $3/4$ radius station. Corresponds to a pitch--diameter ratio of about 1.3; the traditional setting for a compromise between climb and cruise. Interesting. If the designer was desperate for climb, and well he might be (those twenty two ounces) he would be using a finer pitch prop. This pitch angle implies confidence in a normal flight pattern. Groans from the designer interrupted my thoughts. I hurried to the bathroom. Perhaps there would be some last words--some precious hint as to thrust line settings--something.

I leaned forward as the green-faced designer croaked, "Watch out for the castor oil. Divide the motor. It's too much..." And he lost consciousness. I was alone.

The drive to Leftover Air Force Base was made awkward by Bob Thumbsome's distaste for the Others. At traffic lights, when compelled to stop, Bob would leap from our van to bite the tires of those with Others bumper stickers. I felt that his action, while understandable, was unseemly and not in keeping with our roles. Hence when he emptied out the van at the field and departed, scattering curses upon one and all, I felt a certain relief.

I looked about and took stock. Always uncomfortable in Western dress, I found it necessary to move slowly owing to the inherent restrictions of Mr. Bennett's trousers. His shirt, now stretched over my torso, was emblazoned with the curious legend "1/5 Scale or Bust;" clearly a product of an Others promotional scheme and yet bearing an uncanny relation to the truth. As I nervously scanned the milling throngs of Others I caught a glimpse of dapper Dave Crease, who had entered a biplane complete with pilot and gunner in a strong move to lose. Skole was flying a blocky monoplane with an absurdly high drag coefficient, doing his best for my cause. The runway was smooth; the air light, fluky and hot. It remained but to fly.

Two types of motor were at hand. One, labelled "cruise," contained 16 strands of $1/4$ inch FAI by four feet long. The other, labelled "climb," consisted of 24 strands of $1/4$ SIG by three feet long. Each dripped castor oil from every pore. I hesitated and then chose "cruise." Given an unknown Jumbo, the possibilities of disaster arising from a strong climb phase are greater than those in extended cruise. A wipeout on the first flight was to be avoided. Using my arm as a stuffing stick, I led the motor to the rear peg and secured it. A few turns on the motor to actuate the tensioner, a test glide to check the elevator settings and then on to a hundred hand turns. It is always safer to go with right thrust. As for down thrust, the CG seemed fairly far back (perhaps 35% chord). Given a cruise motor, there should be no overpowering initial nose-up surge. Perhaps no down thrust was required. And so, bit by bit, I worked towards a gentle right turn on power and a gentle left turn on glide.

To achieve ROG, a young assistant was hastily recruited. His function was to hang on to the tail wheel at the south end while I released the prop at the north end. Upon prop release, I was to flee as decorously as the cursed trousers permitted. At an agreed signal, he was to release the tail wheel--and the great model would be off. With every possibility considered and weighed, I felt a surge of confidence--winning would be but a mere formality.

Three crashes later, I viewed the issues in a more somber light. The first official (20 odd seconds, spiral dive to the left under power) may be attributable to ignorance and the second (40 odd seconds, stable but too much down throughout the flight) may be chalked up to overly conservative settings resulting from the bitter realization that spiral stability was marginal. But the third official (20 odd seconds, nose dive under power) brought tears to my eyes. Can it be that the rear peg pulled out? Yes, despite the presence of a snap ring retainer, the fiercely vibrating over-long motor had somehow dislodged the rear peg in the midst of climb out. The rear peg (a stout hardwood dowel) had smashed its way to the noseblock, wiping out any and all structure encountered on the way.

6. I sadly carried the tattered remains back to my tent. Afghanistan does have good weather, I reflected, and the local rancid yak butter is the best of lubes. The lack of contest grade Balsa was a problem of course, but after all models had been flown before Balsa wood was known. There was but one official flight left and the chances of getting a Max with these sorry fragments were negligible. The reasonable thing to do is simply to fold my tent and...

My thoughts were interrupted by the heavy breathing of one of the Others. My eyes focused on Mr. Hearse Flowers, their well-known hit man, the so-called "curator." Smiling pleasantly, he said "Mr. Bennett, I would remind you that we have paid you well to achieve a certain objective. Your efforts today are impressive. So impressive that we may put you in the museum. Not the model. You. Under glass. You have one flight left. Good luck--" and he disappeared into the crowd.

"But I am not Mr. Bennett" I shrieked after him. "I am really the Glue--" I stopped in the nick of time. If these milling mobs of Others knew my true identity as an FAC mentor they would tear me limb from limb. Bob Thumbsome has personally instructed me on this point.

I turned to the battered remains of the Moth Minor. Raw survival itself depended on squeezing a Max from these miserable shards! I beat my fists against my forehead in the traditional gesture of woe and frustration but succeeded only in gluing my left hand to an eyebrow in an attitude of perpetual salute. Curse that Cyano glue!

Calming myself and working only with my right hand I began the laborious job of piece-by-piece reconstruction. My mind worked with the speed of a computer as I calculated, cut and fit dozens of pieces of balsa into the complex mosaic that comprised the fuselage.

Two hours passed before I was able to drop the razor from my trembling fingers and stand. The old motor was relubed and dropped in, the wing pinions slid on, a timer was summoned, and my assistant alerted. With the patched fuselage creaking and shivering with every turn, the winds went on and on until at 675 (out of a potential 720), I could take no more and halted. One more turn and I would have a heart attack; one less and I would be deported or executed for malfeasance. This was the place to stop.

I moved the monster to the flight line followed by a seemingly friendly crowd of Others. But in their midst was Hearse Flowers holding up a glass with one hand and pointing to me with the other. And standing tall above the crowd was dapper Dave Crease, who seemed to be fanning himself with a ticket.

When out on the runway, and no longer protected from the elements by the assembled vehicles, the full strength of the wind, now risen to near gale strength, tore at me and nearly wrenched the monster model from my sweat and castor oil covered fingers. Quickly I slapped the model down to the runway and waited for a break in the wind, signifying the passing of a thermal. There was no break in the wind. There clearly would never be. This paltry Max would have to be done on turns alone.

With one last despairing look at the happy faces of the Others, I released the prop. Dancing out of the way of that enormous wing, I screamed out "Leggo" to my faithful assistant. Slowly the beast began to make headway against the wind as those four inch wheels began to reluctantly roll. Six feet-eight feet--it's off--nose up into a modest but safe climbing attitude--the prop grimly grinding out revolution after revolution as the monster slowly and steadily pulls itself up to thirty feet--downwind turn--flat and safe--continues to climb--every foot is hard-fought--now forty feet--into cruise--way down the runway--better run, the wind is really fierce--still holding thirty feet--circling the control tower as it requests permission to land--on freewheel now--it's coming in--it's 93 seconds! A paltry Max!

And so I didn't win. But as I look around my comfortable cave, and check the piles of contest grade balsa wood strewn everywhere, I realize ^{winning} isn't all that important. Surviving is what counts.

AMA Sanctioned

ERIE MODEL AIRCRAFT FALL INDOOR MEET

November 27, 1933

McComb Fieldhouse--Edinboro, Pa.

Time; 9:00 am till 5:00 pm.

Events;

1. Hand launch glider 9:00am till noon
2. EZB--no film covering " " "

Following events 1:00 pm till 5:00 pm.

3. Unlimited rubber--built up fuse. & must be covered with jap tissue.
4. No-Cal profile scale
5. FAC Rubber Scale
6. Peanut scale--FAC
7. WWI Peanut Dogfight--bipes only
8. Embryo endurance

Models must be submitted for scale judging by 3:00 pm. No condenser paper.

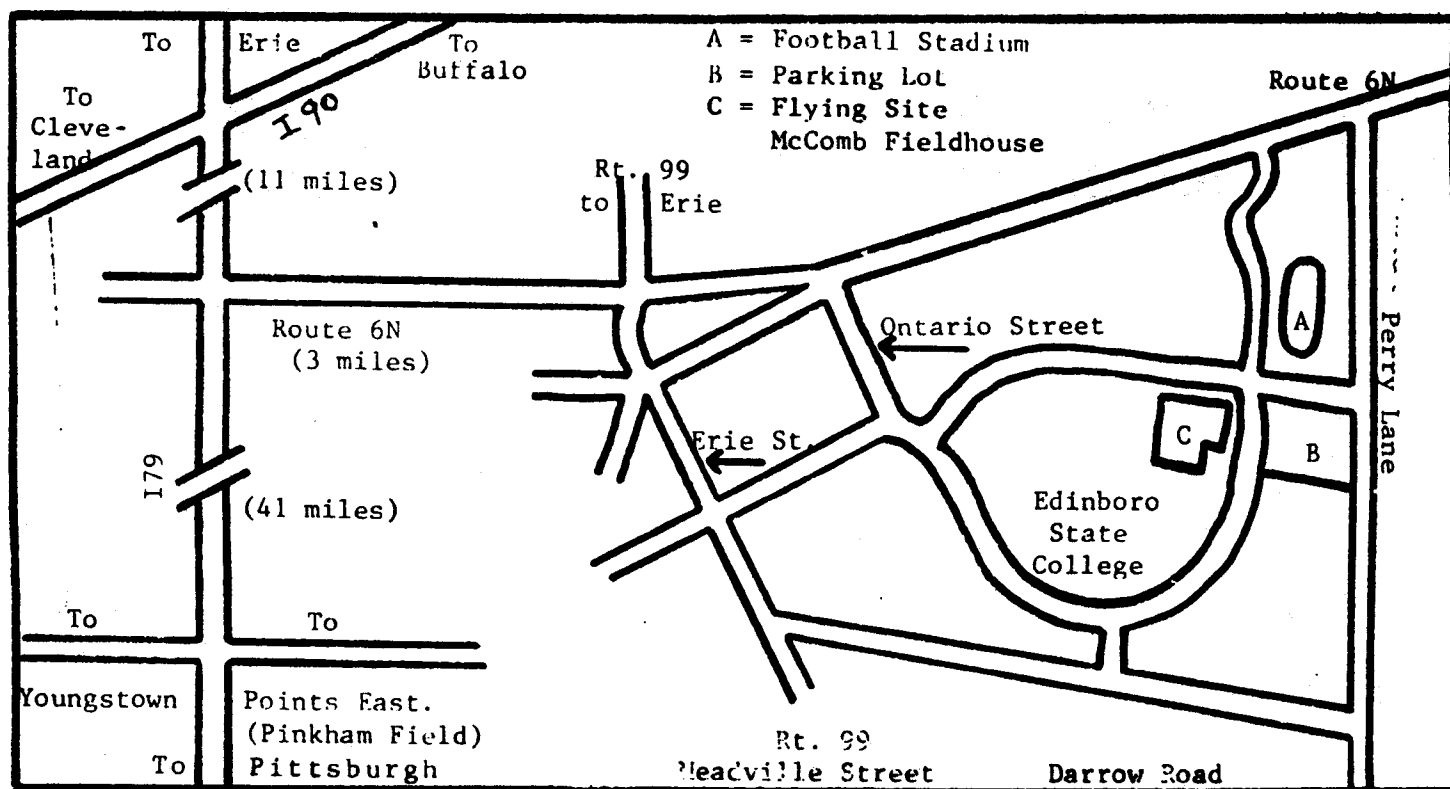
Entry fees; \$3.00 first event, \$1.00 each add. event, max. fee, \$6.00

Jr./Sr. fee, \$2.00 flies everything.

There will be a \$1.50 fee for all open members to help pay for the gym rental.

C.D. Vic Didelot, 4410 Lorna Lane, Erie, Pa. 16506 Ph. 814-838-3263

GYM SHOES ONLY



A PAIR OF PUZZLERS. FROM THE DARK DIM PAST.

FAC G-2 agents have really outdone themselves this time, gang! Yep, those wide eyed (though bloodshot) lads are ever on the watch for any unusual tid bits of model aero info that may have been forgotten over the years, resting sedately in a dusty attic corner. This latest uncovering of a pair of durn neat lookin' busses is somthin' to beat up the 'drome about. Let's look 'em over one at a time, tissue trimmers.....

CURTISS AIRMAIL BIPLANE

This plan was found folded between the pages of an old world atlas picked up at a flea market. Anyone familiar with Comet models will see that seems to be one of their line of 10¢ kit plans from the late 1930s. G-2 men spent many hours delving into mags of that era, and even a Comet catalog, circa 1940, but could not find this ship in any of the adds. She is obviously a typical Comet rendition of the Curtiss Carrier Pigeon. Our cloak and dagger lads can only conclude that it was a design that never reached kit production. Who knows???

JOY'S RACER

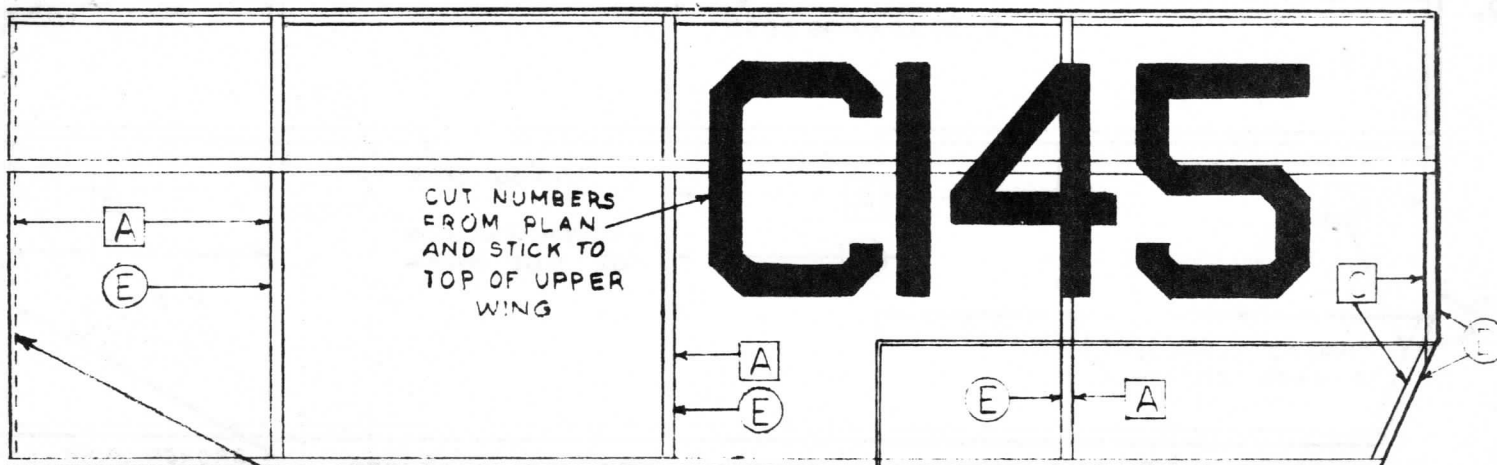
The G-2 agent attached to Sqdn.#1 (who must remain nameless for security reasons) whose side line is comic book collecting made an astounding discovery at one of the many comic book fairs held in "Fun City" (or The Big Apple) (ugh). He not only picked up a comic book of "Smilin' Jack", but also the plan presented here, of a race plane which was right out of those great pages of colorfull fiction! What a gold mine!

A study of the plan reveals some pin punctures and scars from glue indicating this sky slasher was built by someone at one time, probably long ago. Reference is made to an instruction booklet on the plan. Unfortunately, this was missing. But, WHO CARES! The drafting talents of clubster Dick Brisbin were put to use whipping up a set of formers and wing ribs so all you former notchers can be first in your squadron to take the air in one of these snappy sky scorchers.

Apparently, the tail surfaces were intended to be built of a thin sheet outline with 1/16 strips glued in place on both sides as spars and ribs...who knows? No stringer locations are shown on the plan....could it have been intended to be a sheet, or planked fuselage? Or was it they were omitted for clarity on the plan, but detailed in that missing booklet??

Anyhow gang, we have the bulk of this jewel, and even it's color scheme! And even that is a puzzler for in the comic book page where the racer is first seen it is yellow. Later on it is green, then orange when lost in fog! And finally, when it crashed into the ocean taking Jack's bride, Joy Beaverduck Martin, to a watery grave, it is a shade of cinnamon.

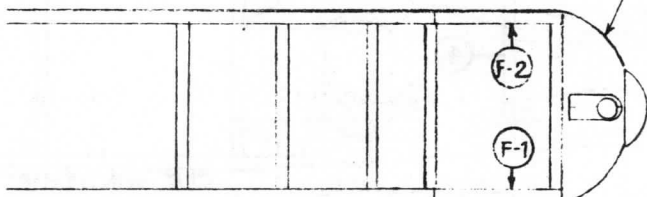
We have been asking every old hangar haunter at all the local 'dromes if they remember either of these two busses, but only a few can remember listening to Smilin' Jack on the radio, and no recollection of either plan. They may not be Travelairs, but they sure are mystery ships.



JOIN THE END RIBS
OF LOWER WINGS

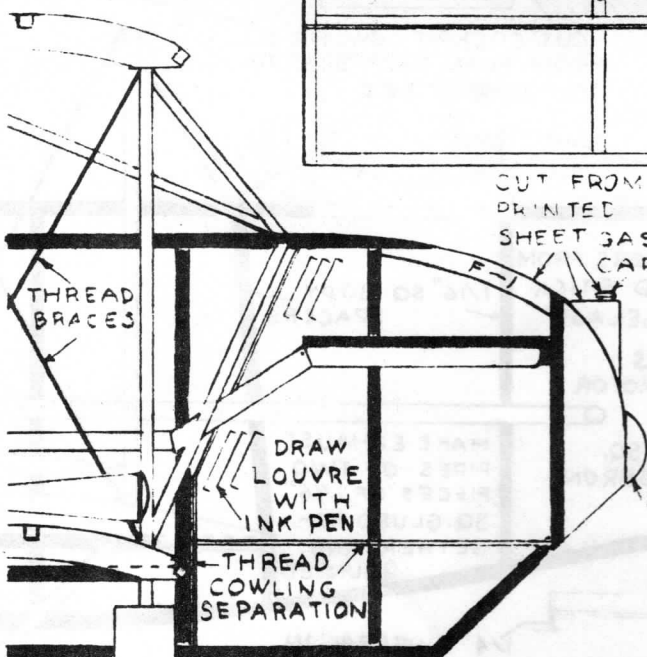
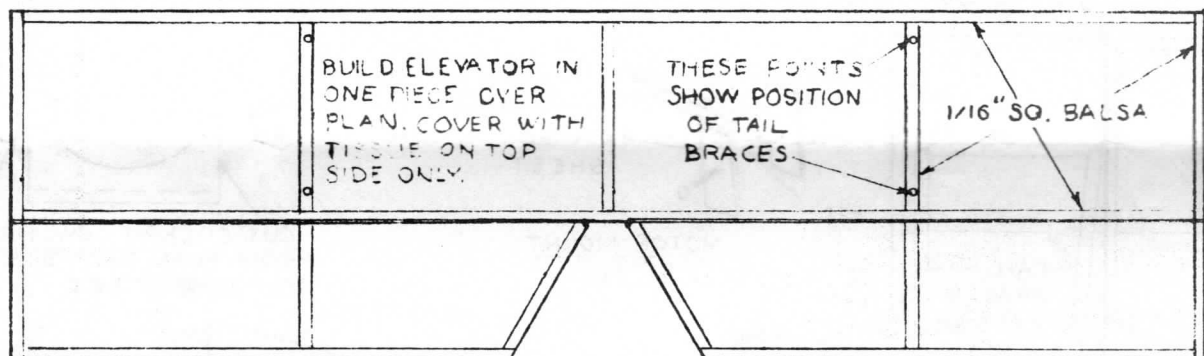
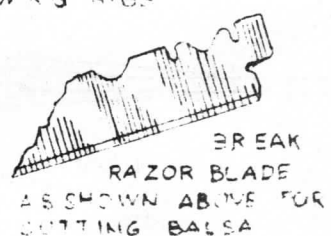
1/16" SQ. TRAILING EDGE

NOSE
BLOCK

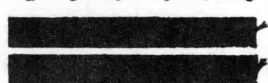


DOWN FROM
N POSITION

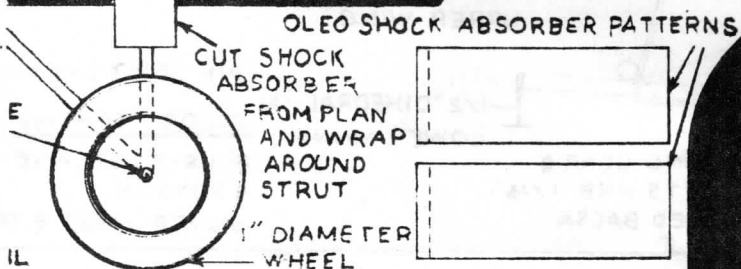
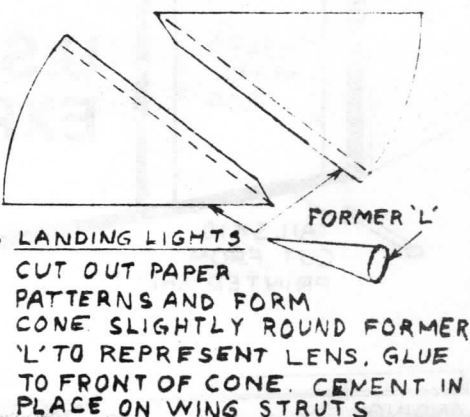
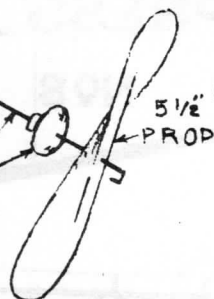
CUT RADIATOR FROM
PLAN AND GLUE TO
FRONT OF FUSELAGE
UNDER NOSE BLOCK



CUT FROM PLAN AND STICK TO ENGINE COWLING



PROP SHAFT
NOSE PLUG



CURTISS AIRMAIL BIPLANE ~

WINGSPAN - 16" | LENGTH - 11-3/4"

★ LONE STAR SERIES | KIT NO. - 123

DRAWN BY *Harry Gustin* | LETTERED BY *STAN DOUGLAS*

10.

1/16" SQ LEADING EDGE

1/16" SQ SPAR

-COVER WINGS ON
TOP SIDE ONLY-C
D
THREAD REPRESENTS
ALERON OUTLINESCUT LETTERS
FROM PLAN AND
STICK TO FUSELAGE**U.S. MAIL
EXPRESS
Nº8**CRACK UPPER WING AT CENTER
RIB FOR DIHEDRAL ANGLEBROKEN LINES SH
OF THE L

1/16" SQ. STRINGERS

THREAD
SHOWS
RUDDER
SEPARATIONPATTERN CUT FROM PLAN AND
GLUED AROUND HEADREST FORMERCUT WINDSHIELD
PLAN AND GLUE ICUT FROM
PRINTED
SHEET

PIN

MOTOR MOUNT
DETAILCUT COCKPIT COWLING
FROM PLAN AND GLUE
TO FORMERS 3 & 4

HEADREST

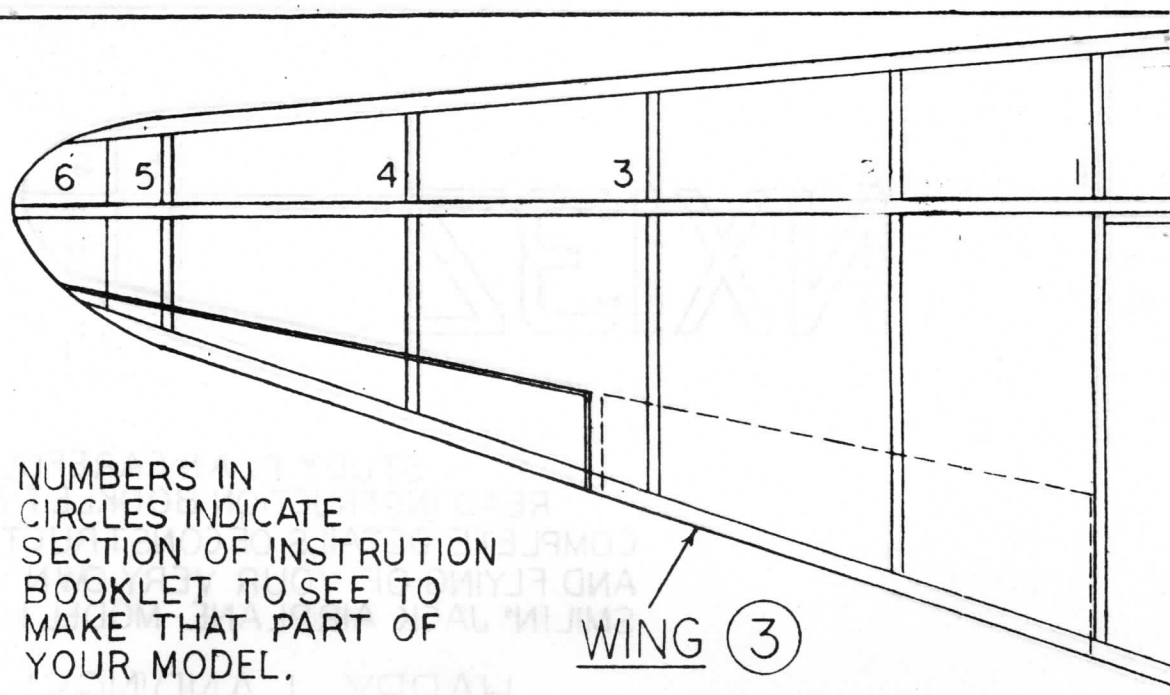
TAIL
BRACES
1/16" SQ.
ROUNDED

ELEVATOR

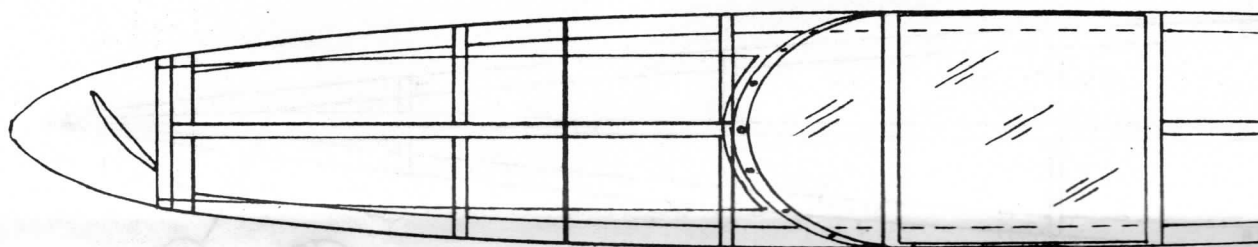
THREAD
BRACE
WIRES**U.S. MAIL
EXPRESS
Nº8**CUT LETTERS FROM
PLAN AND STICK
TO FUSELAGEPIN HOLDS
RUBBER MOTOR1/16" SQ BODY
SPACERSTAILSKID
CUT FROM
PRINTED SHEET1/16" SQ.
LONGERONMAKE EXHAUST
PIPES OF TWO
PIECES OF 1/16"
SQ. GLUED TO-
GETHER AND
ROUNDEDLANDING
LIGHT

THREAD

1/4" DIHEDRAL IN
UPPER WING1/2" DIHEDRAL IN
LOWER WINGFRONT VIEW
1/3 SIZELANDING GEAR &
WING STRUTS ARE 1/16"
ROUNDED BALSAPIN SERVES AS AXLE
COLOR SCHEME
BLUE-FUSELAGE
& RUDDER.
SILVER-WINGS & TA

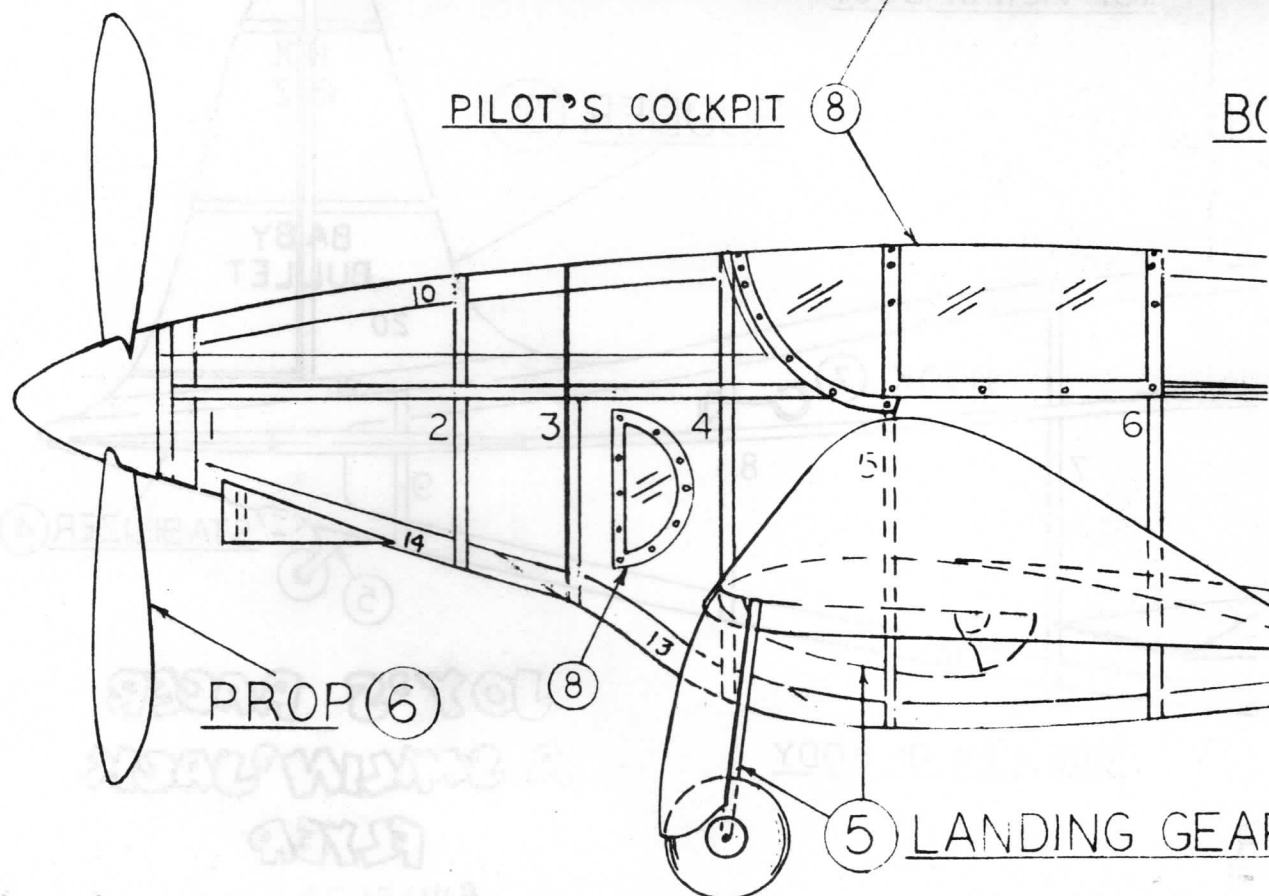


NUMBERS IN
CIRCLES INDICATE
SECTION OF INSTRUCTION
BOOKLET TO SEE TO
MAKE THAT PART OF
YOUR MODEL.



PILOT'S COCKPIT (8)

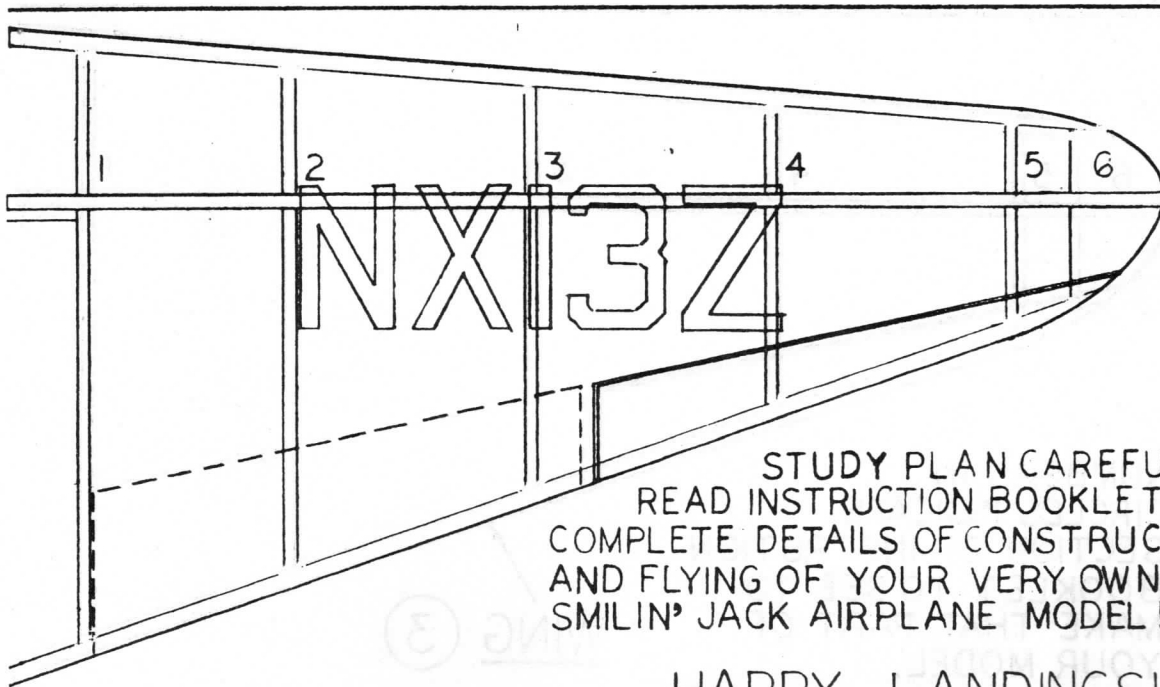
BO



PROP (6)

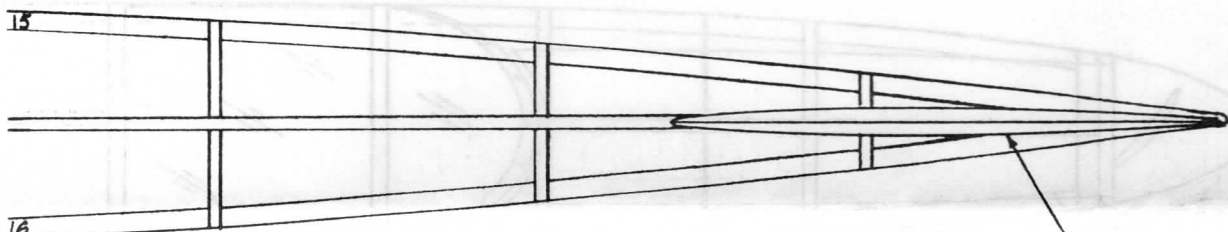
(5) LANDING GEAR

12.



STUDY PLAN CAREFULLY
READ INSTRUCTION BOOKLET FOR
COMPLETE DETAILS OF CONSTRUCTION
AND FLYING OF YOUR VERY OWN ☆
SMILIN' JACK AIRPLANE MODEL!

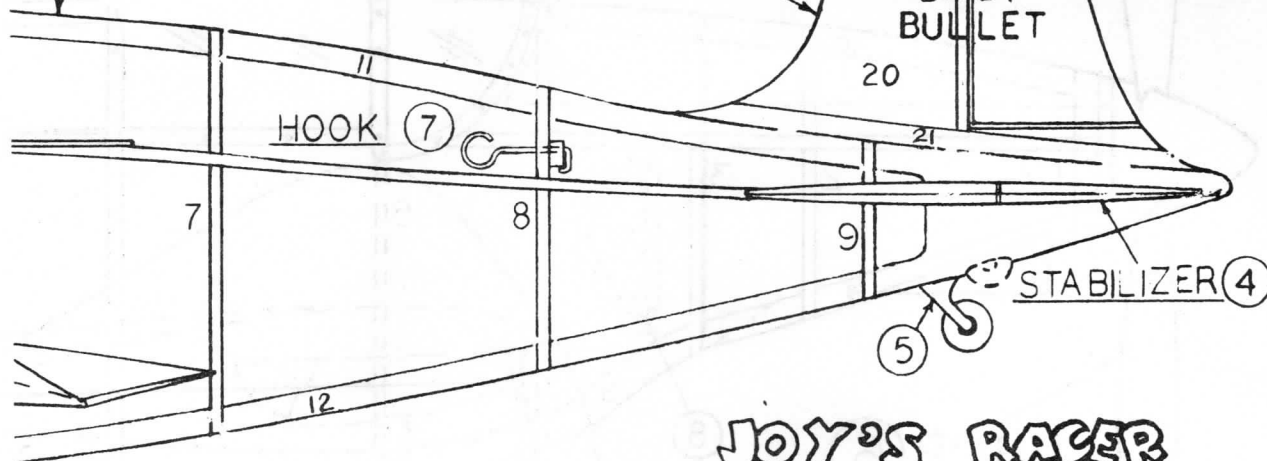
HAPPY LANDINGS!



TOP VIEW OF BODY

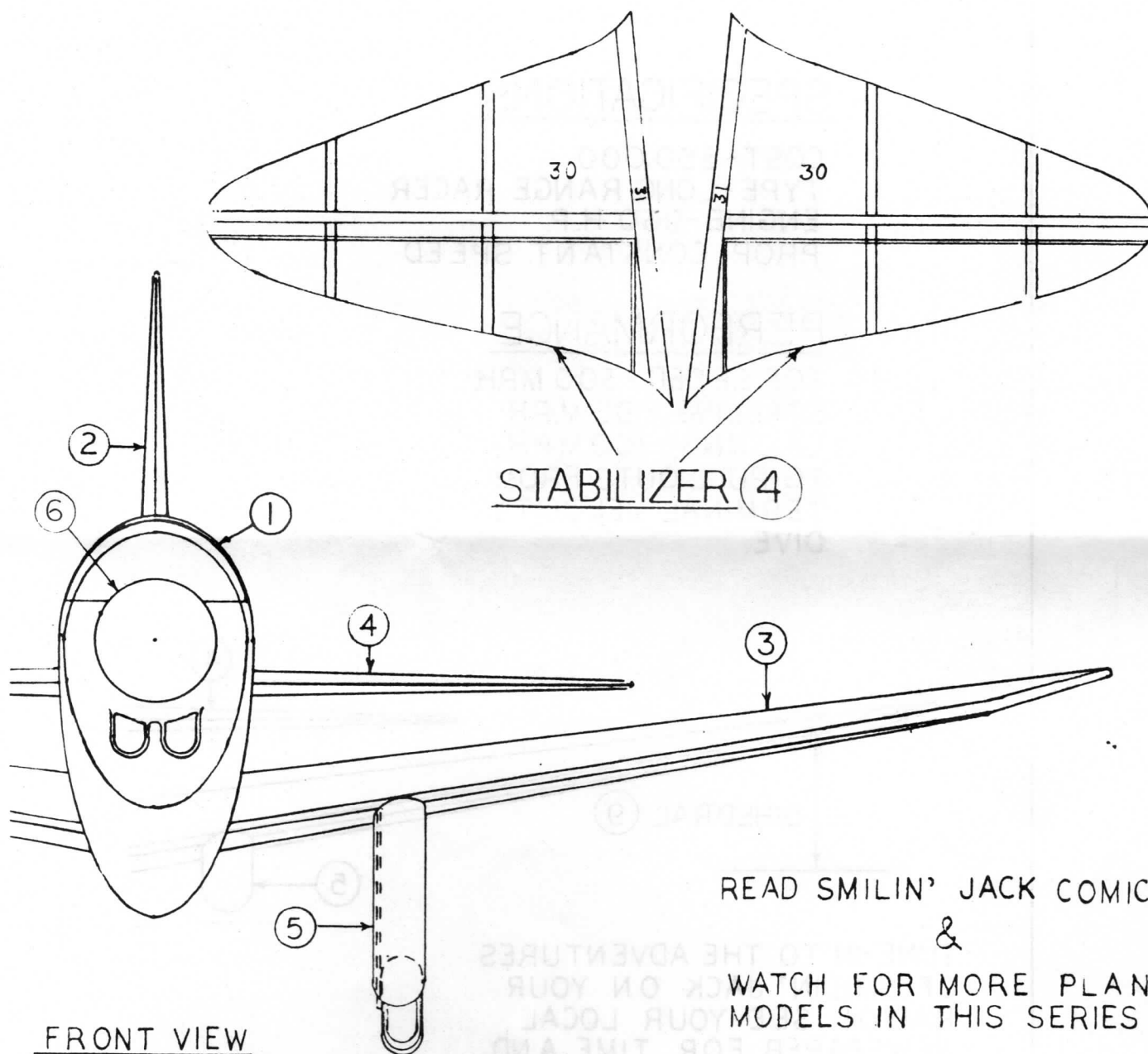
BODY ①

RUDDER ②



SIDE VIEW OF BODY

JOY'S RACER
A SMILIN' JACK
FLYER



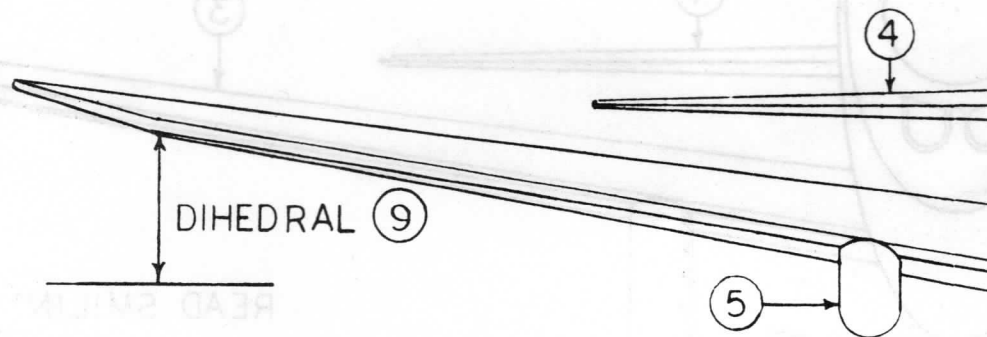
READ SMILIN' JACK COMICS
&
WATCH FOR MORE PLANE
MODELS IN THIS SERIES

SPECIFICATIONS

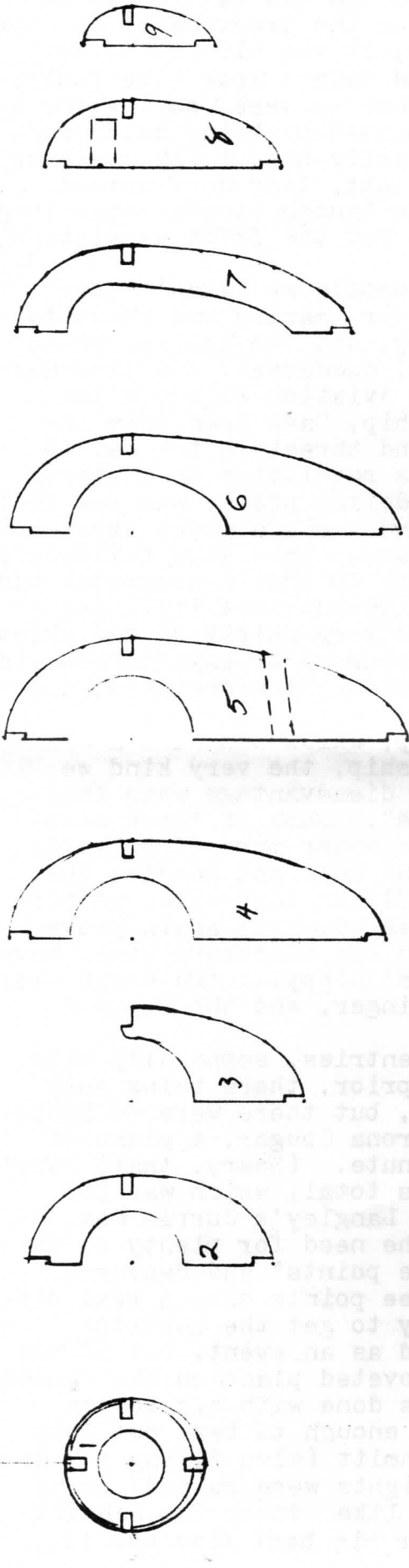
COST - \$50,000
TYPE - LONG RANGE RACER
ENGINE - 960 H.P.
PROP - CONSTANT SPEED

PERFORMANCE

TOP SPEED - 300 M.P.H.
STALLING - 90 M.P.H.
LANDING - 100 M.P.H.
7G PULL OUTS FROM
TERMINAL VELOCITY
DIVE.



TUNE-IN TO THE ADVENTURES
OF SMILIN' JACK ON YOUR
RADIO! SEE YOUR LOCAL
NEWSPAPER FOR TIME AND
STATION!



The 29th of July dawned with all kinds of weather reports promising the Three Hs of summer...heat, humidity, and haze for the big day of the FAC at the AMA Nats. Of course, the skysters were hoping for the presence of a fourth H, Hung, our Great God of the Thermals. Alas, it was all not to be. New England weather again made all the weathermen and FACers look like fools, for it provided only cloudiness and strong winds. Here we were, hoping for a big party at the AMA's big party, with the SAM Championships being held practically next door (down a runway), and the meet was really hurt by the weather. If the flyers were happy (?) enough to get a good flight, they were cursed with a long walk to get their planes, and in the mass-launch events, that long walk can be a real killer when you have to repeat it for the fifth or sixth time!

But still the day was a delight. We saw so many people we haven't seen for years, like Bob Bender, whose craftsmanship is ever amazing and beautiful to behold, Don Garofalow, one of our earliest members, and Tom Nallen, whose models and sons have since gone on to other (and new) successes. We also had a few new flyers who showed up, Larry Kruse of Model Aviation with a Miles Hawk as fine in performance as she was in craftsmanship, Dave Rees from the wilds of North Carolina, who would be a real power and threat in the FAC if he lived near an active squadron, whose models were a revelation in neatness and interior detail, visitors from Canada and the modeling press, who saw that the FAC is alive and well, easy to get along with, and a place where skysters can go to have some real simple fun with their airplanes, amid good fellowship, sportsmanship (it was Larry Kruse himself who told the CD that a stopwatch had been misread and that Larry's best time had been 53 seconds, not 113. That "lost minute" just about cost Larry the win, and that very spirit of the skies is what the FAC is all about, gang!), and a general sharing of experiences, information, and general modelling know how. No high-power nonsense here, just some good, clean fun for a day!

The winds proved the wisdom of having a clean ship, which can have a chance in a wind. In high winds, a "dirty" and slab-sided ship, the very kind we generally like to build, was proven to be at a great disadvantage when they got sideways to the breezes and got blown "off course". Some of those slab-siders might have given Mark Fineman's clean XP-55 Ascender more of a battle had the weather been nicer, but Mark's ship is a clean one, and handles the wind like a wizard, and so he beat out Dave Stott's flying slab-sider in person, the Blackburn Blackburn, 146 to 131. (The contest results again prove out the wisdom of the rules, for in decent conditions the Blackburn would have given the XP-55 a real fight, as would have Dave Rees' Zippy... the third place ship...or Larry Kruse's Miles Hawk, the Hawk a low-winger, and the Zippy a high-wing cabin.) So scale went to Mark Fineman.

Peanut Scale had a really disappointing number of entries, especially with the AMA events having been held just a day or three prior, there being only eight entrants. The high-wing cabin types dominated, but there were no Lacys and no Fikes in evidence. Dave Rees won with his Corona Cougar, a plane of fine detail, and which never flew for less than a minute. (Scary, that) Dave's total was far ahead of Bob Bender's Graham-White 20's total, which was 363. Third was Allen Lawton's Fokker V-23, and fourth Ted Langley's Currie Wot. A tip for you Contestants proven by these results is the need for plenty of detail on those Peanuts. Dave Rees' ship had 11 "scale points" and Bender's had the full 12 for "GREAT". Those extra two or three points make a real difference when you're multiplying at the end of the day to get the results!

Due to a glitch, Embryo Endurance wasn't announced as an event, but it was held, and eight contestants battled it out for the coveted place on the Kanone List. Indoor flyer Bob Bender showed them how it was done with his Boston Formula Shy Coupe, but his 183 flight points weren't enough to beat out John Stott (flying an Eaglet by Henry Struck), and Tom Schmitt (also flying a modified Eaglet), who won with 219. In the wind many flights were ruined, being limited to 10 or 15 seconds, or even less. It looks like winner Tom Schmitt hooked the only thermal going by for the Embryos, for his best time was 101, far and away the best time of the day for any Embryo.

No-Cal saw only two entrants, and thus was a "no meet". Several towliners were also in evidence, but none flew for an official, thus a "no meet" there too. 17.

The mass launch events have always been a hallmark of the FAC, and this meet was no different. Representatives from the press and cameras were much in evidence as the contestants lined up, hope in their hearts and turns in their motors, ready to fly off for the trophies.

Of course the Shell Speed Dash had already been run off during the morning, and Chambermaids were again in dominant evidence, although their numbers now seem to be decreasing (due to attrition via the flyaway route). Fred Ewing's Chambermaid took the trophy, Rolfe Gregory's Suzy (proxy flown by Al Schanzle) took second, and George Meyers' Pesco Special took third. Nice to see a radial engined ship up there among the winners. That Pesco is forever flip-flopping about the sky, seeming about to crash, but it keeps going, going, and going.

The windy weather was particularly galling in the mass launch events, for it made the contestants walk unreasonable distances to get their ships and slowed them down to a crawl, as well as exhausting the flyers with the constant hiking.

The Greve Trophy was run at one o'clock, and there were six eager contestants; Fred Ewing with his Chambermaid, Dave Rees with a sparkling new Caudron 460, Mark Fineman flying a Scientific High Flyer Chester Racer, Al Schanzle with the Suzy, George Meyers with a Miss San Francisco, and Dave Stott with his ole reliable (?) Tilbury Flash.

Right away you could see a few errors in race strategy here, for most people had gone straight to max winds, when all you really need is to survive in the early heats. The result was that everybody had a long walk except Al Schanzle, for Al launched poorly and crashed immediately. ...an easy thing to do in that wind. Mark Fineman did the same thing in the second heat, and George Meyers in the third; all the while everybody else was chugging up and down the field, following their errant ships. Fred Ewing's Chambermaid hooked a giant thermal and was last seen heading Boston-ward. That left Dave Stott and Dave Rees "alive". Stott had already made a poor launch once, surviving only because the wind had smashed the San Francisco in beforehand, and Dave Rees' once shiny Caudron had a wing so loose as to almost make his "mount" an ornithopter. They're off! Will the Caudron's wing come off and the Tilbury win? Up they go, circling each other like wary birds of prey, the Caudron holding together and actually seeming to enjoy the increase in dihedral, provided no sudden gust of wind folds her up, and that's what told the story. The cleaner ship, the Caudron, won out after a brave fight by the Tilbury.

The Thompson Trophy was at two, with some of the (pretty tuckered-out) contestants from the Greve. John Stott was there with his Cessna CR-3, Dave Stott with the Laird Solution, George Meyers with the flip-flop Pesco Special, Fred Ewing with another CR-3, and Tom Nallen with the trusty old Marcoux-Bromberg Special filled with lots of "closet trim" after a few years of retirement.

Dave Stott was first down in the first heat, and John Stott first down in the second. John's flight was a wonder to see, for he caught a powerful thermal, went WAY high, and then suddenly nosedived straight in from about 150 feet altitude. Did his pilot get overcome by exhaust fumes, or lack of oxygen at those rarified altitudes? And in the third heat Fred Ewing did the same thing! It looks to us as though some form of oxygen had best be supplied to the peelots of the Cessnas, but only autopsies can tell us for sure what the problem was. That left Tom Nallen and George Meyers in the fray, the Marcoux-Bromberg behaving beautifully, streaking down the skylaners as though heading for those pylons, a wondrous sight which all remarked on. When Tom and George launched, the models were pretty evenly matched, but George's plane got hit by a gust of wind and thown into a right-hand spiral and down he came. The Marcoux-Bromberg was finally a "bride" and no longer just a bridesmaid! Hooray for her and Tom!

The World War II event was at three, and by now a lot of the guys were just too pooped to keep going up and down the field in all that wind, which was actually growing stronger as the day progressed. Mark Fineman had his P-51A in Wright Field markings, Allen Lawton his reliable P-51D, Al Schanzle the P-39 of missing stringers fame, and Dave Rees came to the line with a very nice PZL P-24 in Greek markings. Once again it was down the field, only with the "freshening" wind, the planes were always coming down dangerously near the trees now. Lawton's

18. P-51, having been trimmed for a nicer type of air, got immediately caught by a gust and crashed, putting him out of the event. Second launch saw Mark Fineman's usually reliable P-51 just "quit" after a couple of low circles, leaving Dave and Al to battle it out in the sky. Up they go, the Greek and the Yank, circling each other like a pair of real aerial combatants in a right-hand turn. The Airacobra starts into a series of violent stalls, but the descendant of King Leonidas of Sparta is also coming down, it's going to be close...it's too close! A few spectators think the PZL was about a half second better, but most think it a tie. Both Dave and Al agree; it was too close to call, so tired as they are, they agree to hammer it out once more. They go to wind, and Dave's motor has broken at the rear peg when he gets about ten turns into it...just enough to bunch it up in the nose. Well, launch anyway, even though the P-39 has way over max winds. This should be a slaughter now, but Dave bravely will carry on and make the best showing he can. Off they go, and only that motor bunched in the nose defeats the PZL, for Schanzle blew his launch and went right in! He couldn't have lasted much more than a second longer in the ether, and so the beautiful DC Maxecuters Challenge Trophy goes home to its originator. Well done Allen Schanzle!

Hanger Number One is planning for a fall meet again this year, to be held at Durham Meadows, and the projected date is the 16th of October, it being impossible to get an earlier date. See you there? Let's hope we're not ruined by windy cold, as we were last year. It surely seems like Hung owes us one after all this wind he's been sending us!

Dear Bob,

Sorry, Bob, but we do not have room to put in a contest flyer in this issue, but I don't think it is really necessary as all clubsters know what events are to be expected and you just told them where and when the meet will be held. True FACers will be there. One of these days GHQ is going to show up at one of your meets, so be prepared for inspection! Getting back to the wind of your last meet, what do you want from Hung when you piggy-back an AMA Nats? HAWWW.

Your Commander,
Lin Reichel, Lt. Col. FAC

PHOTO PAGE---All photos by Tom Schmitt

Left column--top to bottom
Larry Kruse, Sparrowhawk
Al Schanzle, WWII winner, Aircobra
Dave Rees, Greek PZL-24
Dave Stott, Blackburn Blackburn

Right column--top to bottom
Mark Fineman, DH Hornet
Tom Nallen, Embryo biplane
Bob Bender, Graham-White 20 peanut
Mark Fineman, Chester Jeep with Joe
Fitzgibbon of Golden Age Reproduct.

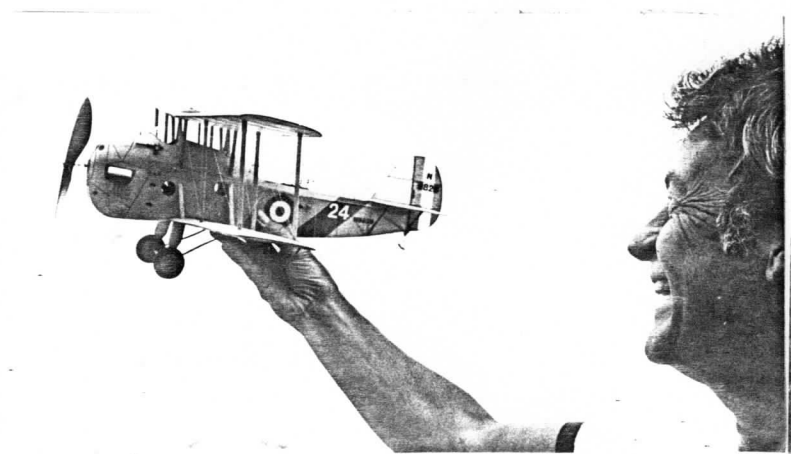
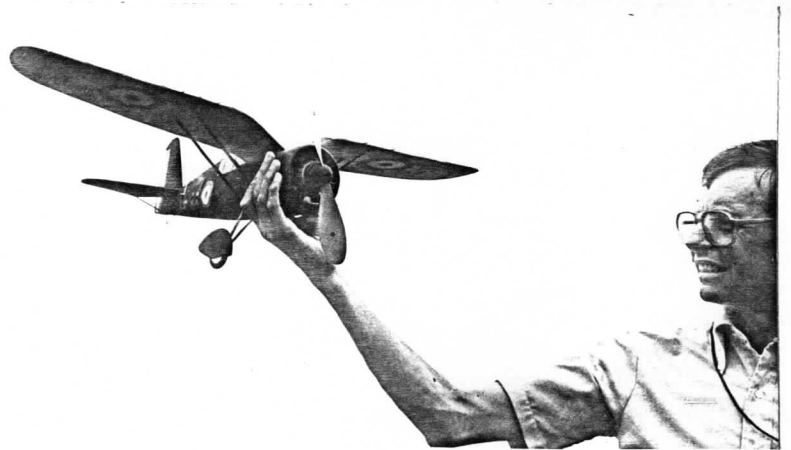
GLUE GURU DEFROCKED!

Yes, clubsters, the Guru has come out of his cave! He is none other than Leon Bennett, he of the huge DH Moth Minor fame. Due to other columnists that have used (borrowed?) his name he has decided to let the world know who he is. And about time, Leon, you should be getting the credit you deserve for your fine articles on Jumbo Scale. Keep-em coming, many fine comments come to GHQ.

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