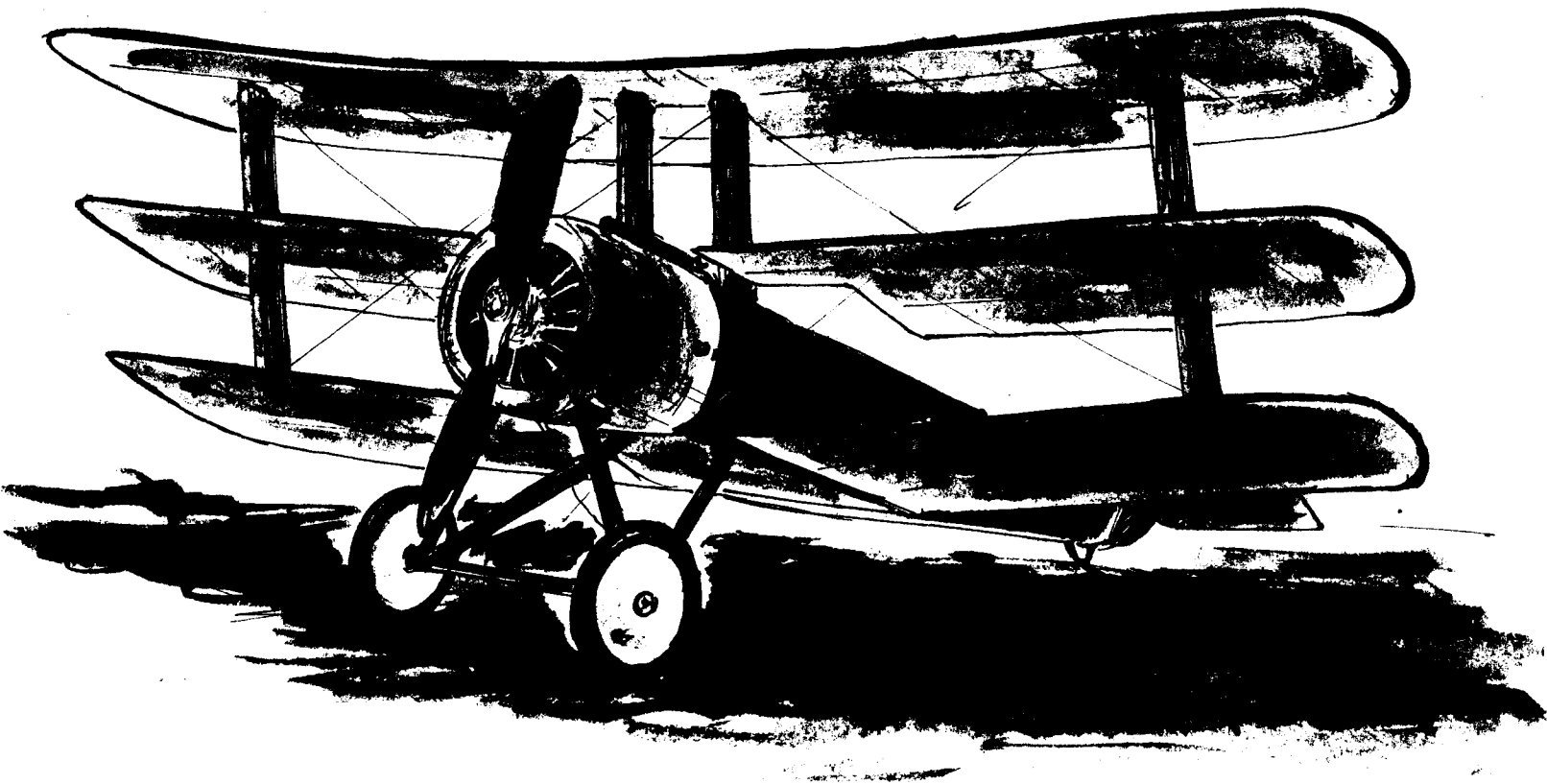


84

FLYING ACES

Club News

ISSUE ~~54~~ MAY-JUNE 1984



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

Correction: In the last issue (Churchill's rescue of Britain's air force) it started with "In England in 1921". This should have been "in 1931".

It was well into the troubled 'thirties that Nick awaited completion of his first multi-seater aircraft - the Mouse: a machine with many design features ahead of its time. When the day arrived for test-flights and the resultant modifications were completed, the Mouse was ready for the market. But the market was not there having been hit by the depression on both sides of the Atlantic.

The economic outlook was such that the influential circles, for instance bankers and other sources of venture capital, were beginning to heed Churchill's warning of war in his speeches in Parliament.

But his command of the situation was particularly effective at private dinner parties with carefully selected prominent and influential guests where he told forcibly of the latest from Germany the intelligence he had set up at Chartwell, his country home, was receiving each day. (This unique and fearless enterprise, described in last issue, led to his becoming war-time Prime Minister).

In this climate Nick found that sustaining capital to put the Mouse into production was no where to be found for a small near-bankrupt firm catering only to a dwindling market of wealthy sportsmen in an era when the novelty of owning a private aeroplane was "the ultra-fashionable thing". And so the company folded and all its hopes for the future with it.

Even today, as this is written, I still believe that had the right man been found to steer the airmail Swift through successful negotiations with the mail departments of the governments of Britain and the Dominions, a different story would have been written. The large potential sales of an airmail Swift would have financed production of alternative models of the Mouse - passenger, fast short-distance freighter and, unlike the rural delivery airmail Swift, a fast inter-city mail carrier.

With full tanks and pilot the Mouse had an available payload of a comfortable 600 lbs, the covered passenger compartment providing a convenient hold. Powered by the most economical and reliable engine of its day, take-offs and landings took but a short run.

All this was not to be, however, for lack of engaging a skilled professional promoter.

It must be remembered that we are talking of the state of aviation in the 1930's - fifty years ago when I was a young man in his 'thirties. So what of Nick, some three to four years older, and now among the roster of the unemployed?

While still in the Royal Air Force with his amateur-built CLA biplanes and monoplanes, two of them prize-winners at commercial air meetings, he had not gone unnoticed as an innovative designer by the country's aircraft manufacturers. Incidentally, although the materials and engines were purchased through contributions from the private purses of some junior officers of the Cranwell RAF College (where Nick was an engineering instructor) and the labor of constructing was volunteered by rank and file in off-duty hours, there came considerable consternation at the Air Ministry in London on the subject of service regulations and the particularly vexing nation-wide publicity focused on Nick in the sensational press. The situation was soon resolved by private congratulations by the then Air Chief Marshall himself but no medals.

(To be cont.)

SOX SAYS;

The Nats are shaping up very well. Two problems with the originally published flyer have caused some confusion. The Midway Motor Lodge telephone number is 939-2860, and the advance entry zip code is 48012.

Even so, early registration indicates it'll be a big meet. We've made arrangements for the traditional badges and T-shirts, this time with a Ford Tri-motor motif.

Our good Friend (and yours), Joe Fitzgibbon will be publishing a limited edition plan designed by Pres Bruning especially for Nats IV. A copy will be given to each contestant, compliments of Joe.

There will be a large tent on the field to accomodate registration and scale judging. Also, a food concession tent and a porta-potti.

I'm going to be looking for a couple of volunteers to give us a stand-up say so about their models, building techniques, prop carving, nostalgia, etc. at the banquet. Drop me a line if you'd be willing to share any of these with your fellow compatriots in the very exclusive world of F.A.C.!

Jess Barrow, the announced speaker at the banquet is in ill health and may not be able to attend. Schnapp Von Sholtz, the Geschwader photographer came up with another interesting speaker, Commander Michael Erard.

Commander Erard served in the French Air Force, 1933-1937, as a pursuit pilot with the Black Panther Squadron. He also served with the Michigan Air National Guard, the U.S.A.C., and the U.S. Navy Air Force. He was just recently awarded the French Air Medal and as this is being written he's at the Paris Air Show, a guest of the French Government. And, "Mike" likes to talk about his experiences flying aircraft from the Nieuport Delage to the Caudron 714.

The Canadian Nats will be held the week following the FAC Nats. It'll be about a 2 hour drive away. We'll have maps available.

Here's a list of additional motels in the area of the FAC Nats site;

Holiday Inn 32035 Van Dyke, Warren, Mi. 48092

Knights Inn 7500 Miller Rd. Warren, Mi. 48092

Sunny Brook Motel 7191 17 Mile Rd. Sterling Hts., Mi. 48077 ph. 313-268-5500

Sterling Motel Van Dyke & 15 Mile Rd. Sterling Hts., Mi. 48077 ph. 313-979-1400

Royal Coventry Inn 2990 Van Dyke Warren, Mi. 48093 ph. 313-574-2500

War-Del Motel 47114 Van Dyke Utica, Mi. 48087 ph. 313-731-3366

Please note that the number to the Midway Motor Lodge where Nats Headquarters (and hospitality room Friday July 13) is 313-939-2860.

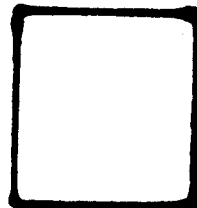
SCHTIKS UND TIZZU UBER ALLES!

Ralph (Rottensox) Kuenz

Contest Director--NATS IV

If the box on the right has an "X" in it, it is time to renew your subscription. This is your last issue under your old subscription. Cost is NINE DOLLARS per year. Six issues, published every other month.

Send your money to; Flying Aces News
3301 Cindy Lane
Erie, Pa. 16506

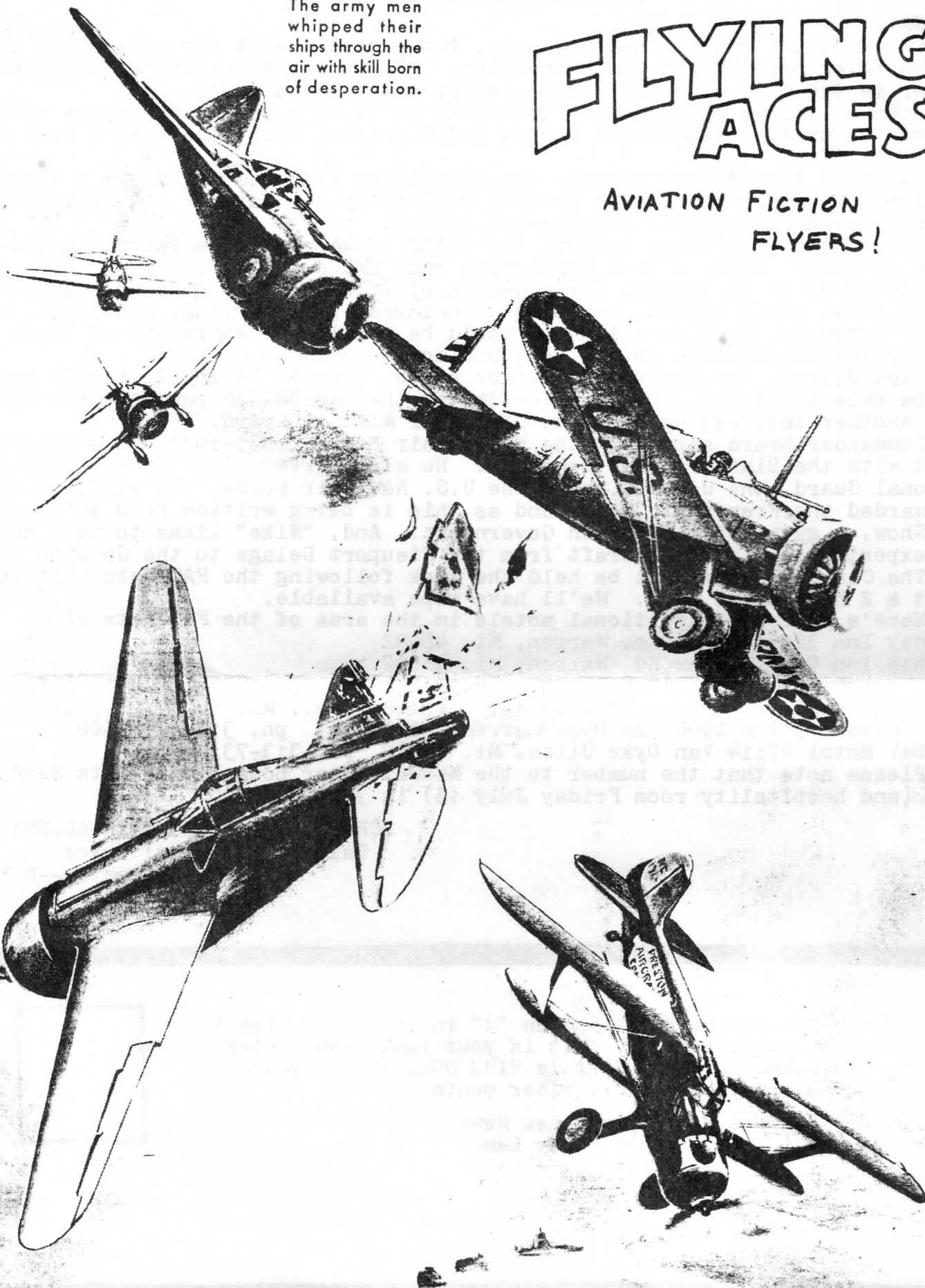


4.

The army men
whipped their
ships through the
air with skill born
of desperation.

FLYING ACES

AVIATION FICTION
FLYERS!



FINSLAY

FLYING ACES FICTION FLYERS

A NEW SQUADRON?

We are sure many of you FACs have seen the swell job done by Dick Bennett in the Cleveland Free Flight Society's newsletter, "Crosswinds" a while back. Yep gang, we mean the model plan of the "Black Bullet" flown by Kerry Keen, alias the "Griffon". These enchanting fiction stories were penned by the late Arch Whitehouse and appeared in the beloved Flying Aces magazine of old.

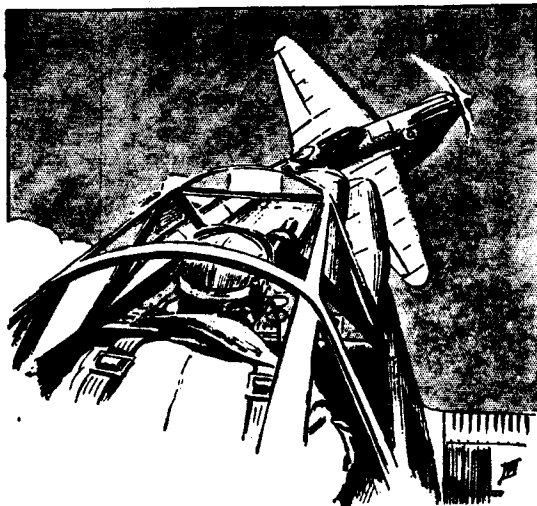
In those same old issues of F.A. there also appeared 3-views of the newer twin engined "Black Bullet" and the "Hale Hellion" flown by yet another of Arch's hard fighting heroes, dubbed Crash Carringer.

While these 3-views were in keeping with the distinct flavor of Flying Aces mag, they fell short of the great job done by Frank Tinsley in actually designing and drawing the fictional fleet of Bill Barnes. When you studied those drawings, and digested the accompanying text you certainly felt you were examining the data of an existing plane!

But alas, with the exception of Sandy's "Eaglet", those Bill Barnes jobs definately did not lend themselves to becoming free flight models. But how about the ships Frank Tinsley created for the bad guys and their unfortunate victims to fly?? Beauties!! Once again, looking as though they really existed, but having a design that might well lend itself to rubber modeling with a few subtle changes! But alas, no three views were ever done of these equally enticing planes.

Well gang, our Air Marshall of Vice, or is it Air Vice Marshall, Dave Stott has remedied this situation. By a close study of the Tinsley designs and patiently drawing, and re-drawing, he has come up with the pair of 3-views presented here. What do you think, gang? Any daredevil draftsmen think one worth a draw-up into model form? Anyone willing to build one and try her out? Too much trouble for a model of a plane that never existed?? Maybe, but how many models of "Joy's Racer" are under way in secret work shops right now?? I know of one that has been in the air for a month at the time of this writing, and she flys just the way you would expect her to. Best time to date is 40 secs.

Well gang, it is up to you. Dave says if something materializes he will be pleased to draw up more 3-views of Fiction Flyers of the FAC. Who knows, but there will someday be a "Secret Squadron" event for fiction flyers at your local FAC contest!

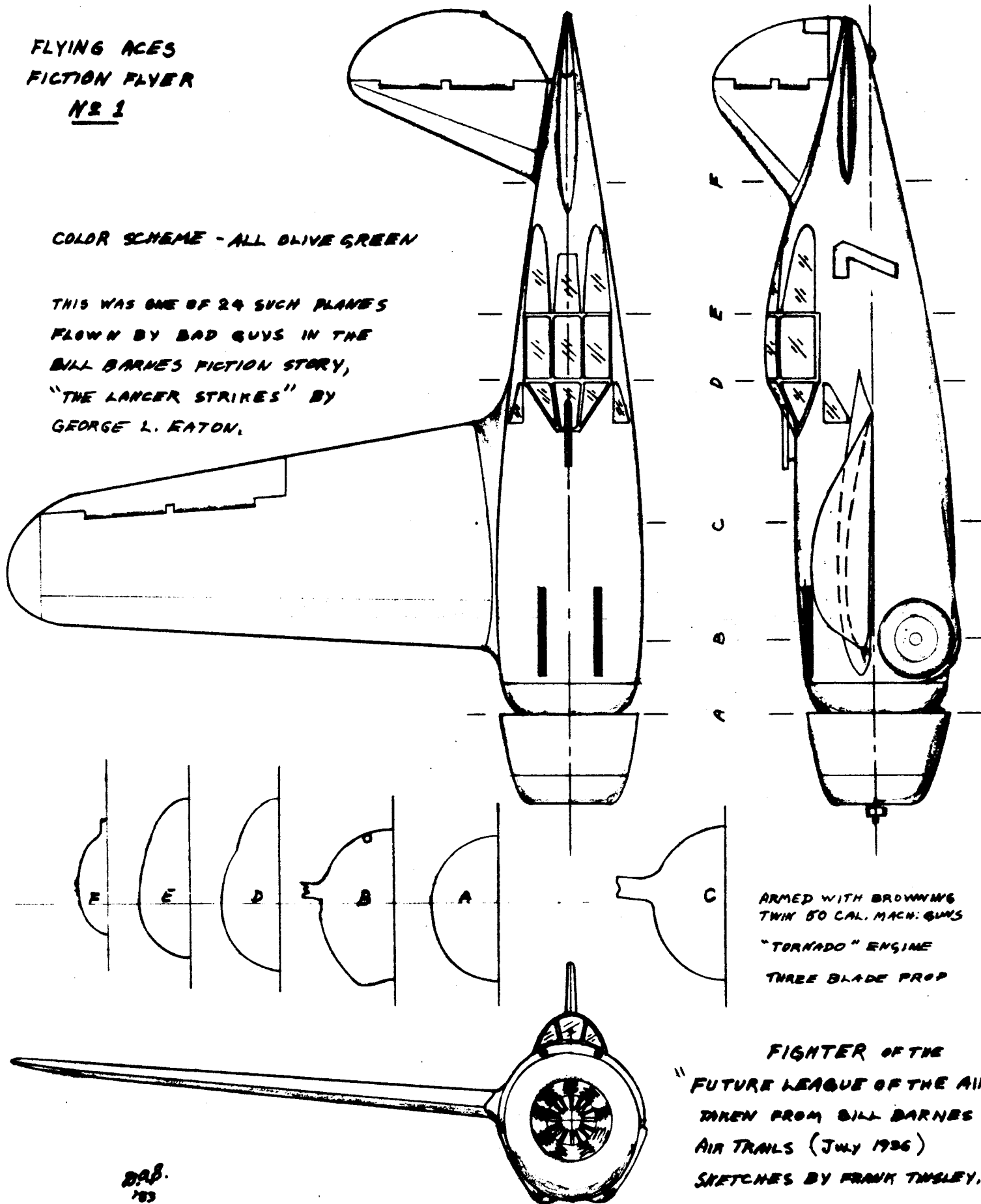


6.

FLYING ACES
FICTION FLYER
NR 1

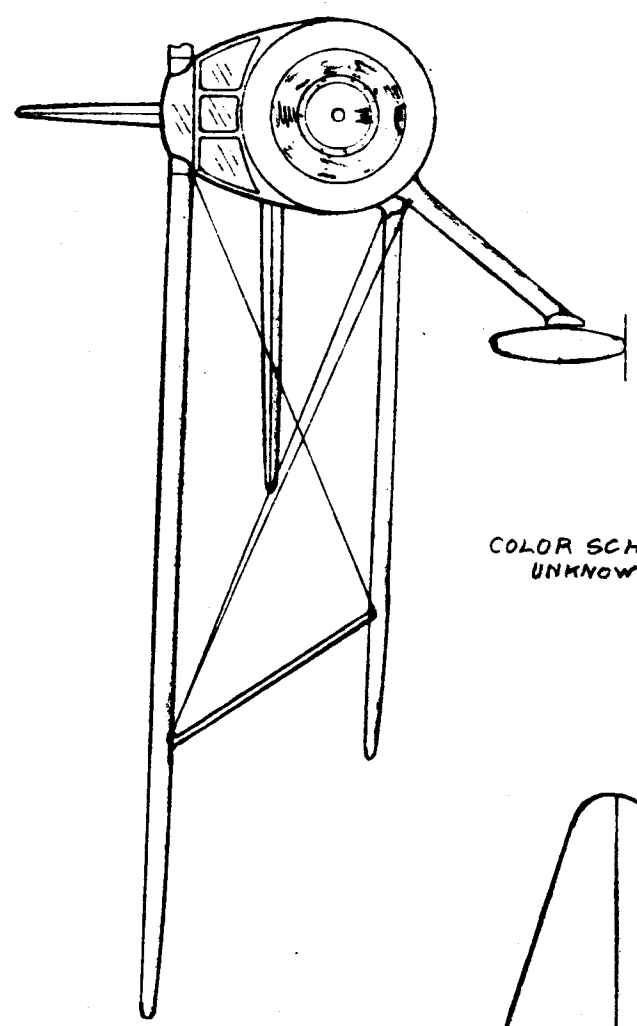
COLOR SCHEME - ALL OLIVE GREEN

THIS WAS ONE OF 24 SUCH PLANE'S
FLOWN BY BAD GUYS IN THE
BILL BARNES FICTION STORY,
"THE LANCER STRIKES" BY
GEORGE L. EATON.

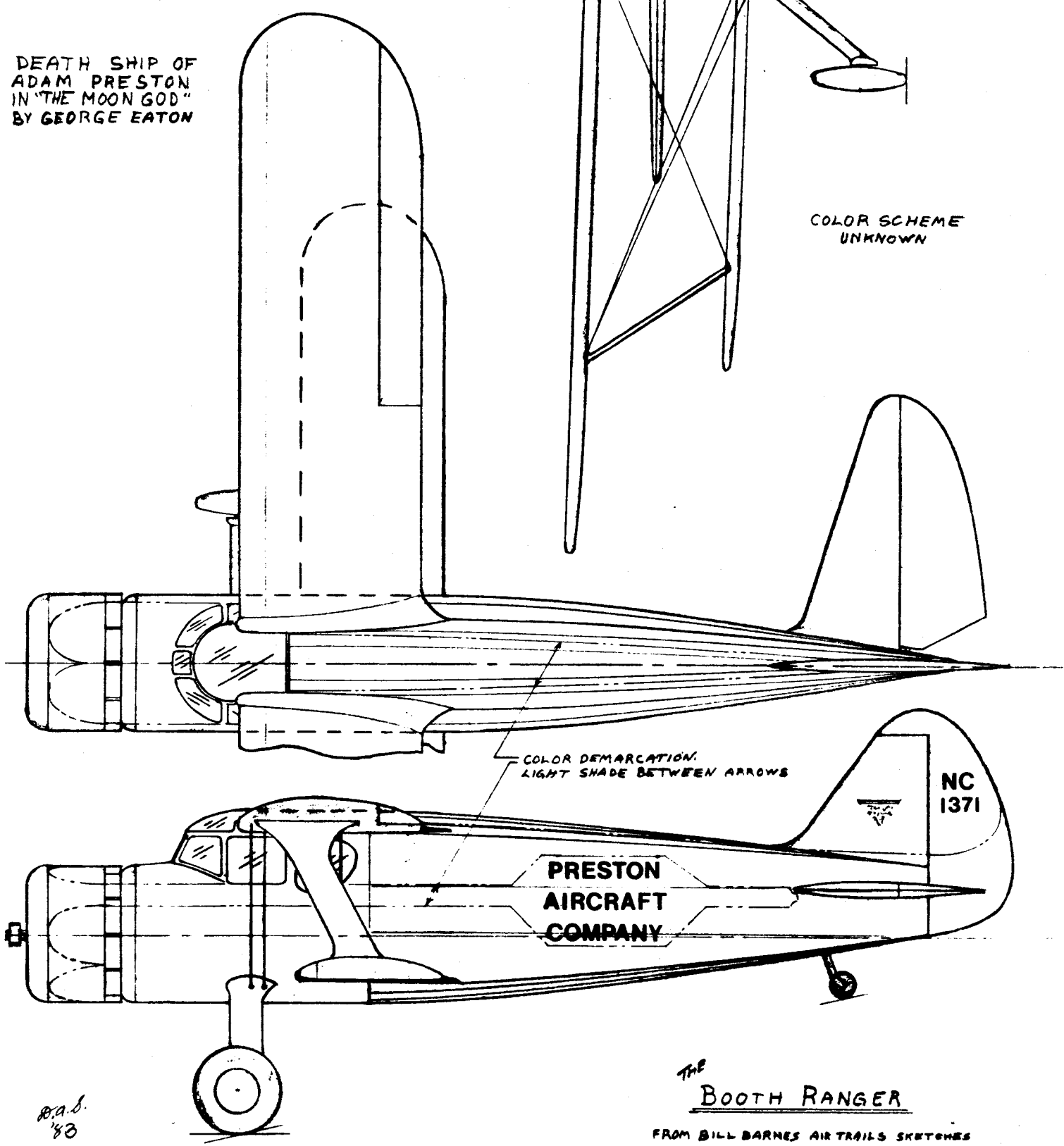


FLYING ACES
FICTION FLYER
No 2

DEATH SHIP OF
ADAM PRESTON
IN "THE MOON GOD"
BY GEORGE EATON



COLOR SCHEME
UNKNOWN



B.A.S.
'83

THE
BOOTH RANGER

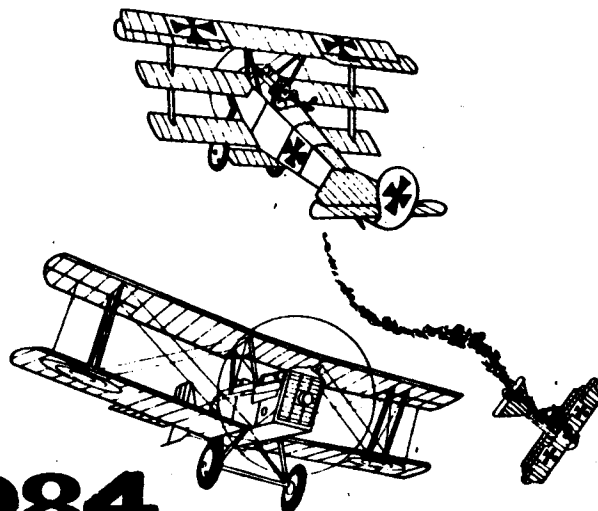
FROM BILL BARNES AIR TRAILS SKETCHES
BY FRANK TINSLEY, OCT. 1937 ISSUE.

FLYING ACES

Club

Nationals

Ford Test Track
22½ Mile & Van Dyke
Utica Michigan



JULY 14, 15 1984

EXCITING EVENTS!

Entry Fee - Sr-Open \$10.00 Advance (by 6-15-84)
12.00 on Site
Jr. \$ 4.00

Saturday July 14 Events

9 A.M. - 5 P.M.

Nats Hq.

The Midway Motor Lodge

31800 Van Dyke

Warren Mich 48093

\$55/Room w/ Two Double Beds

July 14 F.A.C. Nats Banquet at the Lodge

\$12.00 per person prepaid by 6-15-83

Advance Entry &
Banquet Reservations

F.A.C. Nats IV

P.O. Box 129

Birmingham, Mich 48012

Contest Director

Ralph D. Kuenz

14645 Stahelin

Detroit Mich

48223

S.A.S.E. for Rules

*FAC Scale

FAC Power

FAC Peanut

*Embryo Endurance

*No-Cal

Jumbo

*Full Factor Peanut

*Denotes Special Hi-Point Jr. Award

WW II Combat

Golden Age

Thompson Trophy

Greve Trophy

WWI Dog Fight

WWI Peanut Dog Fight

GRAND CHAMPION TROPHY to be presented by GHQ.

CONTEST CALENDAR

July 1.....CEFS FAC & Hydro Meet at LCCC. CD Russ Brown FAC Peanut, FAC Scale, NO-Cal, OT Rubber Scale, WWI Peanut Bipes, Co/2 OT Replica, WWII Peanut, Jet-Cat Scale Glider, Embryo.

July 14-15..Flying Aces Nats, see above.

July 21-22.. Pike, N.Y. CD John Carls, Star Rte. #1, Bradford, Pa. 16701
All kinds of free flight events including FAC rubber scale.

July 22....CFFS at LCCC Gordon Roberts. FAC Peanut, FAC rubber scale, No-Cal, OT rubber scale, Co/2 OT Replica, WWI peanut bipes, WWII peanut WWII Combat, Embryo.

Aug. 4.....Tentative..Oldtimer events, plus FAC Scale. Grand Island, N.Y.
CD Al Mack 4572 Miller Rd., Niagara Falls, N.Y. 14304

Aug. 12....CFFS at LCCC CD Russ Brown, FAC Peanut, FAC Scale, OT Rubber Scale, Co/2 OT Replica, Cleve. Post War Handicap Racers, Greve/Thompson Races, WWI Peanut Bipes, Embryo.

Aug. 19....Erie Model Aircraft Assn. Picnic Meet; Prangmore Field, McKean, Pa.
FAC Scale, FAC Peanut, Embryo, FAC Power, Greve/Thompson Race, WWI Dogfight Bipes, HLG, .020 OT Replica, OT Comm. Rubber, OT Scale.
CD Vic Didelot, 4410 Lorna Lane, Erie, Pa. 16506

Sept. 8....Maxecuter Summer Fun Fly, FAC Scale, FAC Power Scale, Embryo, Comsat Speed & Navigation, HLG, Catapult Glider, WWI, Golden Age, Races, WWII, Modern (Post WWII). CD Al Schanzle, 20008 Spur Hill Dr.
Gaithersburg, Md. 20879

Sept. 9....Probable date for Canton, Ohio FAC MEET.

Conclusion

Mumbo Jumbo #11 from the Glue Guru aka Leon Bennett

Update: instructed to lose at a Paris Jumbo contest, GG has entered a 65 pound chrome plated Grillo B-17. However, as the result of a last moment defection by his adversary Don Skoal, GG's orders are changed- he is to win or face exile again. Aided by a dispirited Bob Thumbsome, who is mourning the loss of a wheelbarrow inventory card, GG has chosen the Eiffel Tower as the contest site. The fly-off is about to start.

* * * * *

Salutations, disciples! The night of the contest was upon us. Nervous tension crackled through the midnight air. Angry officials and cynical members of the press crowded the second stage of the Eiffel Tower, 375 feet above ground level. Working in the glare of enormous searchlights, the FAC and Others camps made ready. The anxious CD made one last attempt to alter the contest site choice.

"I would remind you Monsieur Guru, That unless your model is perceived as being higher in altitude 10 seconds after launch than at the time of launch, the attempt will be called unofficial." The CD shrugged. "Merely to make a splat on the pavement from a great height- that is not flight." I nodded agreement while busily untangling my parachute harness.

The CD continued. "The lights are directed towards the tower- not outwards. Should your model fly a mere 30 meters from the tower, it will be lost in the darkness. The count will stop." Again, I nodded absently, my attention centered on attaching long shock cords to the parachute harness.

"er- Monsieur Guru- you do not intend to jump from the tower?"

"No- the opposite. I fear heights. With this leash, I can not fall off. And I clipped the shock cords to a husky rail.

The CD sadly agreed. "Yes, unfortunately you can not fall off. So I suppose we must continue. But - -" and here the CD tentatively attempted to lift a wing tip of the B-17 - -"Monsieur Guru, your honor would be satisfied if you conceded at this point. It is not within the bounds of reality that such a er- robust model should defeat one of flimsy construction."

Mr. Bob Thumbsome, hitherto brooding silently, suddenly came to life. "You want the inventory card ,eh? Well, I dont have it! And if you dont stop hounding me, I'll- - " And a clearly distraught Mr. Thumbsome attempted to bite the CD, who beat a hasty retreat.

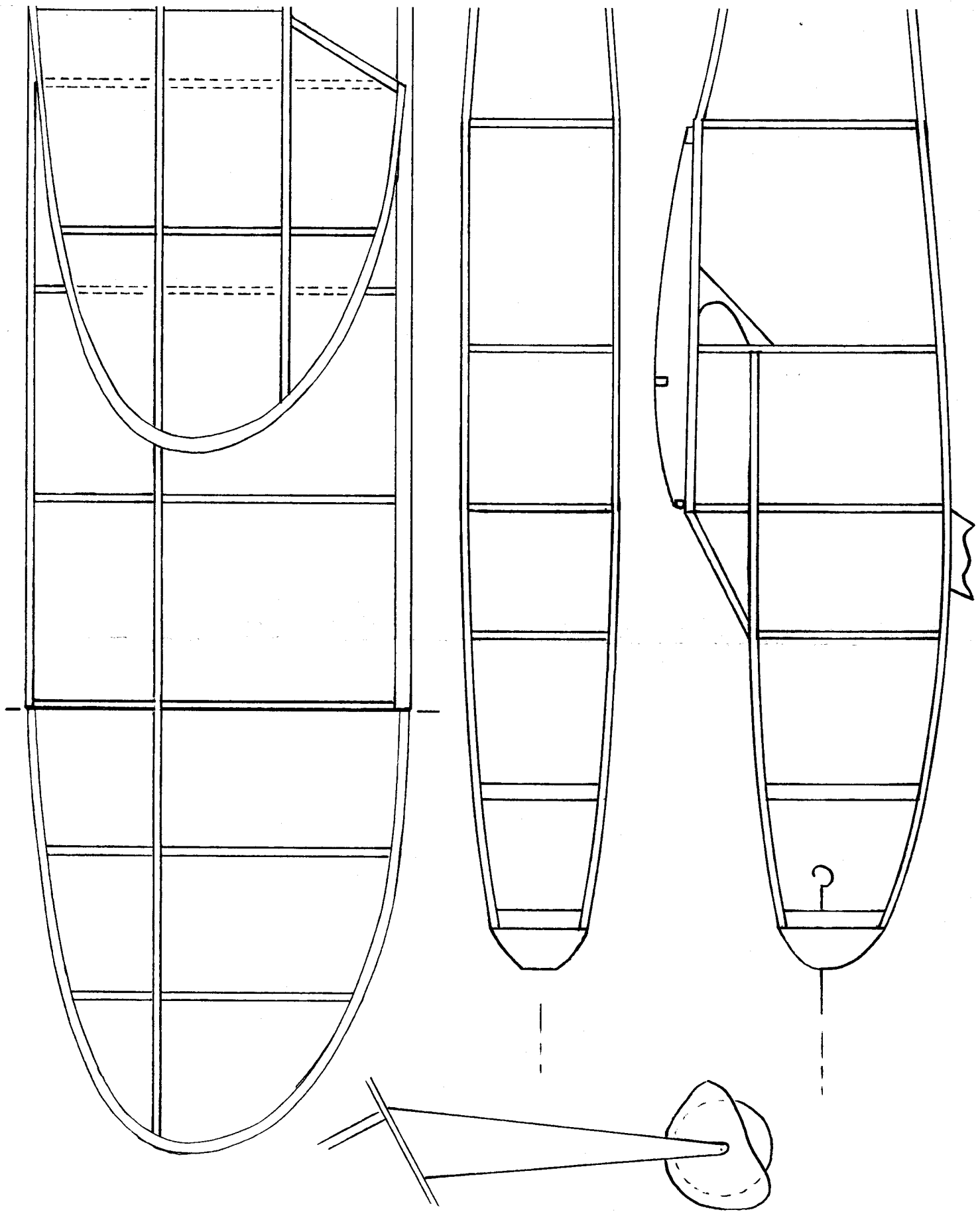
Meanwhile, Don Skoal finished his preparations and called for a timer. Moving quickly and efficiently, Don properly reasoned that only a tight circle around the tower would win. Would he go the indoor route, with a left-left setting? There was a risk here, for as the torque fell off, the circle would inevitably open, putting the model into outer darkness. On the other hand going right-right might produce an ever tighter circle as torque faded, resulting in a collision with the tower. With extreme care, he wound, tweaked the rudder a hair left and launched.

The Shlep climbed slowly as it began to swing about the tower. Too much climb and it would go out of sight; not enough and it would drop beneath launch at the 10 second check point. Don's mastery was evident as the model smoothly circled the tower on a 10 second circuit. A brilliant white when caught up in the searchlights, a perfect black when silhouetted against the background, the model swept round and round until the prevailing breeze carried it into outer darkness after 42 seconds.

The officials, much relieved that a dignified flight and respectable time was recorded despite the strange flight conditions, applauded and whistled as Don's time was posted. Don, always quiet, seemed pleased, as was I. Had he flown in daylight, three minutes would have been achieved.

Our turn. One last check of the harness and shock cords and I climbed into the wheelbarrow. A brisk winding of the four tiny motors and the B-17 was ready. Now it all depended on the phugoid theories of Mr. Lanchester and the muscles of Mr. Thumbsome. First the dull-eyed and morose Mr. Thumbsome would have to be brought into the picture.

10.



"Mr. Thumbsome! Do you see this wheelbarrow I happen to be standing in?" A morose nod.

"Mr. Thumbsome, if this wheelbarrow disappeared over the edge of that railing, there would be no need for an inventory card!" His head rose slowly from his chest as he pondered this strange, yet liberating concept.

"Mr. Thumbsome, this model in the wheelbarrow, it belongs to the Others!" His eyes lit up with crafty comprehension. The plastic goggles were slapped into position. Action was impending.

"Mr. Thumbsome, I happen to be a secret supporter of the Others. I'm a closet RC fan."

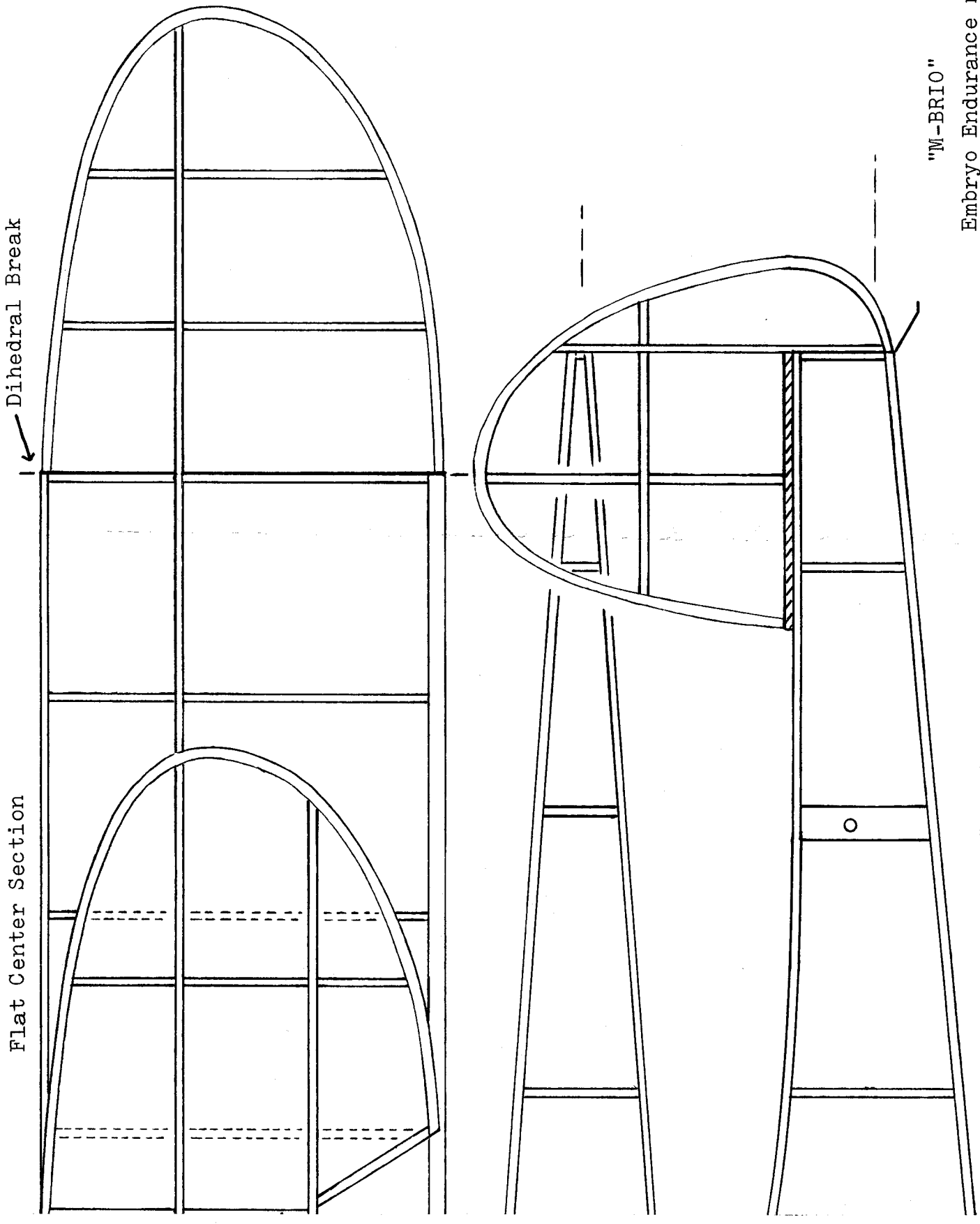
I swiftly reached down to the bottom of the wheelbarrow and using every bit of strength given me managed to somehow lever and hoist the B-17 into a launching attitude. I turned to see Mr. Thumbsome grasp the wheelbarrow handles with steam coming out of his ears as he screamed out "Death to the Others! Death to the wheelbarrow!" Things were going well. I braced myself in the prow of the wheelbarrow in the manner depicted in the famous portrait of Mr. Washington crossing the Ganges River. Unable to move under the crushing weight of the B-17, I sensed rather than saw Mr. Thumbsome begin to sprint towards the rail, propelling the wheelbarrow and its contents as though we were but a handful of feathers. With the acceleration supplied by Mr. Thumbsome reaching the limit of human muscular capability and sparks flying from his heels, I managed to gasp out "Hurray for the Others. Three cheers for the Academy." Thus spurred on, his pace doubled. The wheelbarrow entered lift off. Moving ever faster, we smashed into the railing. The B-17 flew straight on from my outstretched arms, the massive tail nearly decapitating me. Yes, the hand launched requirement had been met and a considerable velocity imparted to the model, enough to result in a small zoom. Tumbling headlong over the railing, I barely glimpsed the wheelbarrow as it departed for points unknown. Brought to a stop by the checking action of the shock cords, I swung from the railing. Looking up, I saw the model climb a dozen feet, hang for a moment, waver and then break for earth. Suddenly just a winged bomb, the model accelerated to the accompaniment of a slowly rising wail passing over into a scream. The startled timer rushed to the railing to catch the precise instant of the crash - but there was no crash. For the huge tail of the B-17, freed from the stuffy confines of the wheelbarrow and operating in a generous air stream at last, proved capable of guiding the CG of the model into a phugoid trajectory. The plunge stopped and the model zoomed upwards like a giant yoyo on an invisible string. The critical point was approaching. Something like 10 seconds had passed since launch- would the trajectory peak exceed launch height?

Speechless, the judges crowded the rail as the model approached. A faint whirring of the tiny props could be heard- each contributing less impetus than a flea breaking wind. Yet everything counted, from Mr. Thumbsome's launch velocity to the four Peanut props. For unless the energy consumed in drag is replenished, each succeeding peak in a set of phugoid oscillations will be lower than the proceeding one.

With the model pointing straight up, the B-17 continued to coast silently, trading velocity for altitude. Swinging from the shock cords securing my harness, I could do little but urge on the Brillo Grillo as it went by on its critical mission. As velocity decreased further, almost to zero, the timer reached above the railing and called out "10 centimeters positive". The check point had been passed! With groans of disgust, The officials settled back for the duration of the flight.

Again the B-17 wavered and broke for earth. Like a basketball rebounding from an invisible floor, it shot up and down, each drop and return resulting in a lower peak and yet another cycle. After many cycles the prevailing wind nudged the model into the main tower structure. Hesitating but slightly, the model sliced through the cheap steel with little effort. Desperate to end this most unconventional of flights, the timer ruled interference. The flight was over. With more than one minute on the clock, the Brillo Grillo had won!

There was no celebration. The stunned judges, deep in thought, left in



"M-BRIO"

Embryo Endurance model
by
Ken Groves
Redrawn by Ross Mayo for FAC

Select your own wood sizes

haste. Soon all had departed the contest site except Mr. Thumbsome and myself. "Mr. Thumbsome, it is I, the Glue Guru, your friend and accomplice, who is hanging from the railing. Haul me up!"

Dark suspicion clouded his brow. "You look like an Other to me. One I used to know- the smarty pants with no pants."

"You mean the wheelbarrow pilot?"

"yes, that's him. Whatever happened to him?" This was going to be difficult.

"Mr. Thumbsome, we both know how treacherous low aspect ratios can be. Too much center of pressure travel. And that wheelbarrow had no tail area to speak of. Straight into the Seine River."

Mr. Thumbsome glowed with delight. "Tell me about it"

"I just did."

"Well, tell me again. About the Other going into the drink."

"Mr. Thumbsome, it is difficult for me to shout across this gap. If you'll haul me in, I'll tell you the story again."

"About the Other going into the drink?"

"Yes"

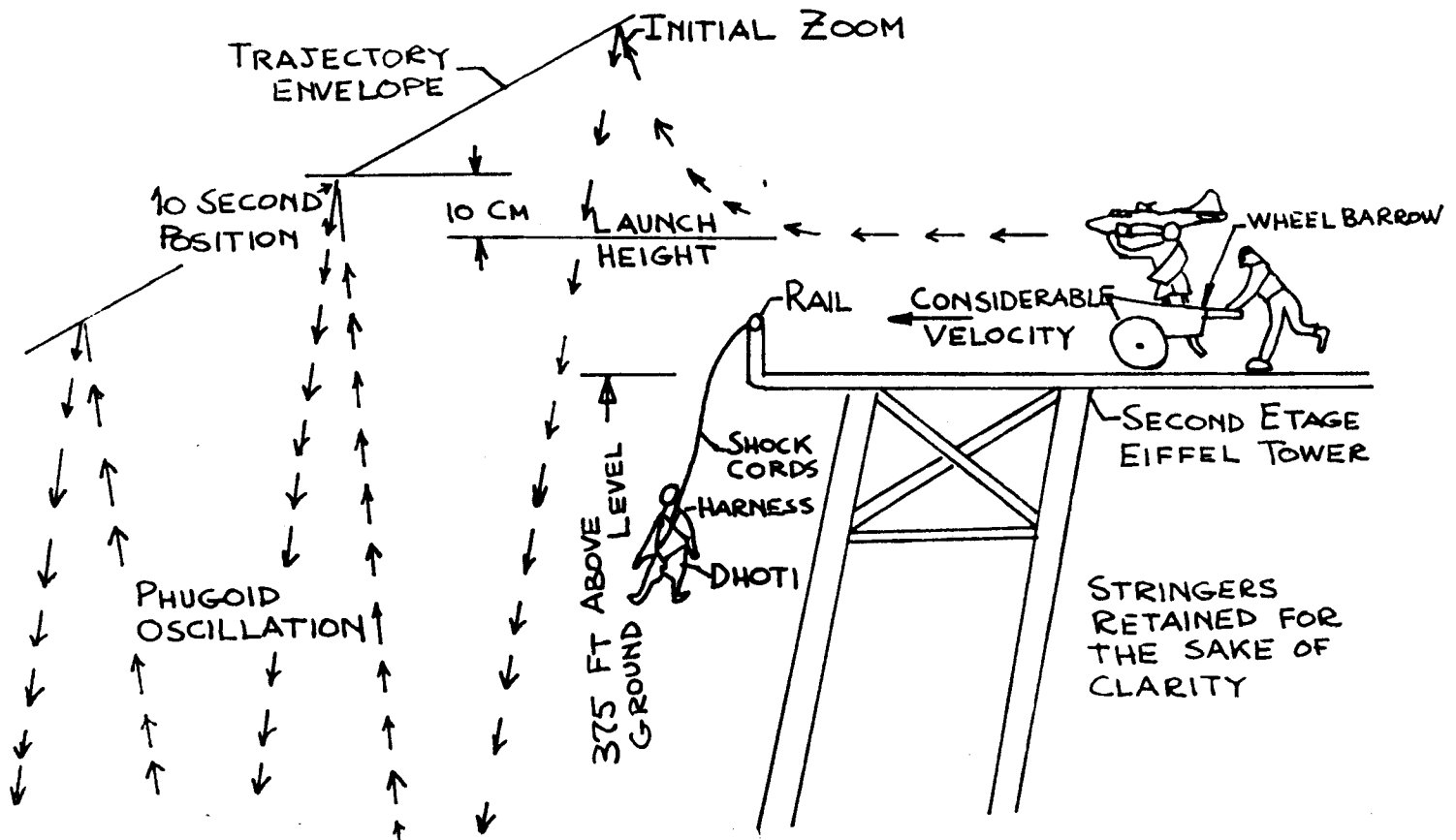
"That's a great story. I'm going to write the whole thing out. OK, I'll pull you up, but dont forget the details in the meantime."

* * * * *

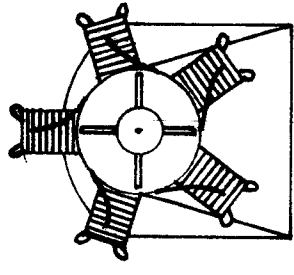
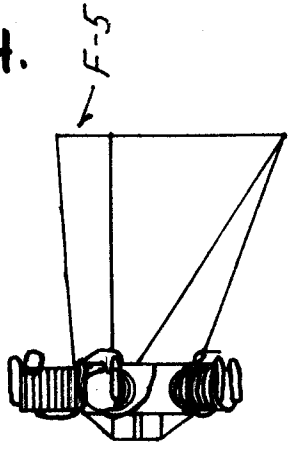
Mr. Thumbsome's book "Fighting the Wheelbarrow Menace", an account of the Paris adventure, was chosen by the Paranoid Book Club and went on to become a best seller. Miss Streep will play his role in the movie.

As for myself, I have returned to a life of peaceful meditation. It is warm in the cave again. The Glue Gurus, clad in a designer sari brought from Paris, is busy working the foot treadle, thus energizing the computer, as she pursues studies of a rubber powered quarter scale Piper Cub. Thanks to Mr. Lanchester's phugoid theories and Mr. Thumbsome's energetic distaste for the Others, I have survived The Great Paris Contest. Soon it will be time for dinner. I am content.

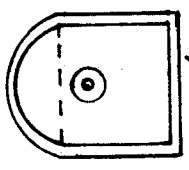
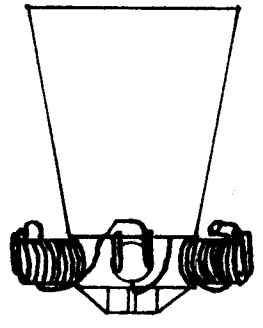
HAND LAUNCH TECHNIQUE FOR GRILLO MODELS



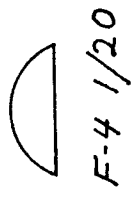
14.



OPTIONAL VELIE M-5 RADIAL



F-1 1/32
F-2 1/16
F-3 3/16



F-4 1/20



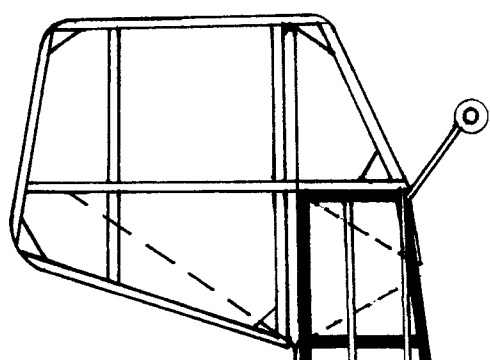
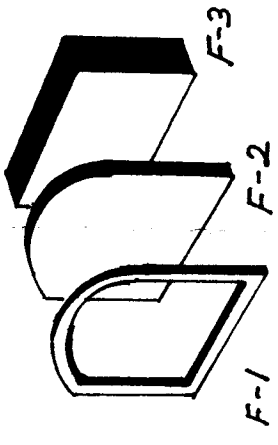
F-5 1/32 3 REQ'D



F-7 1/32

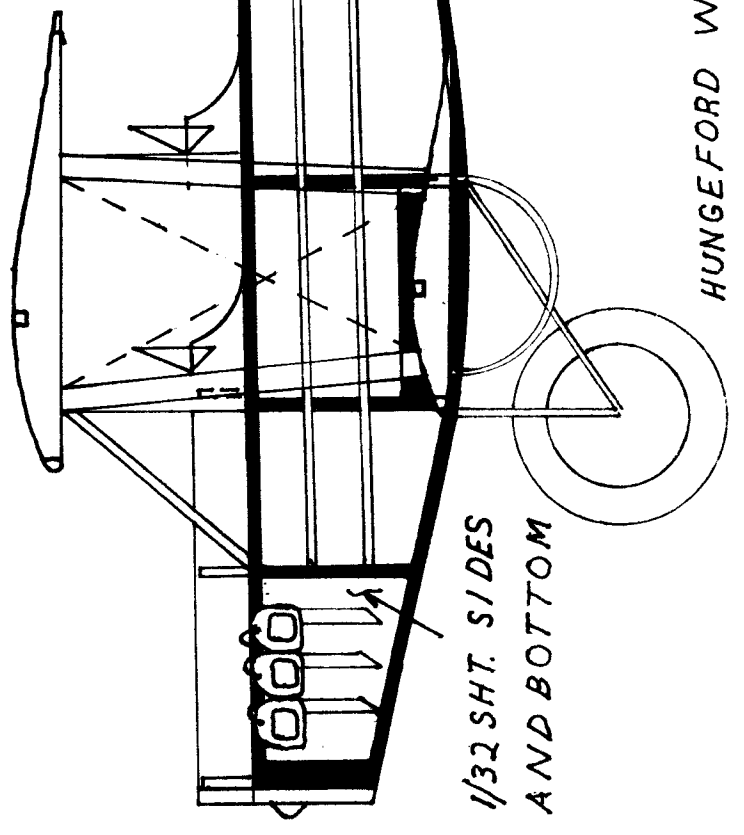


F-8 1/20



RUDDER
1/20 SQ.

FUSELAGE SIDES 1/20 SQ.
STRINGERS 1/32 X 1/16



1/32 SHT. SIDES
AND BOTTOM

HUNGEFORD WHEELS

Pietenpol Aerial

REFERENCE: MARCH 1981 SPORT AVIATION

DRAWN BY: V. J. Thorne

The Doom Raider

Homage to Arch Whitehouse

Chapter II: The Griffon Rises

"B-r-r-r-ing! B-r-r-r-ing!" The blasted telephone rang insisently. Keen tried to shake the sleep out of his head as he reached to the nightstand to pick up the cursed instrument.

"Hello, Keen? Drury Lang here. We had a little problem out your way last night. Just calling to see if you might know something about it."

"You mean that explosion around midnight? What happened, did one of those Air Corps boys smack up a ship?" he inquired innocently.

"Come off it Kerry," the Secret Service agent responded, "don't play cute with me. You know darned well that a Nazi U-boat got one of our ships last night, and it was laden with war materiel for the Soviets."

"And I suppose next you're going to tell me that I was navigating the sub, I guess. How come I'm always the guy who gets these little messages from the Feds every time something goes sour? I'm no fifth columnist and you know it Lang. Do I have to remind you again that I am one of the highest paid ballistics consultants to the War Department? The military seem to have a pretty high regard for me - even if you don't."

"Oh pipe down Keen. It's just that you always seem to know about this Griffon character when no one else does, and he has an uncanny knack for showing up whenever there's a stink. That ship was the third one to go down off the coast in less than a week and right under our noses to boot! At this rate our war effort will be in a heap of trouble in no time."

"Lang, nobody has even seen the Griffon for nearly two years now. Maybe he took a slow boat to China to fight the Japs. Come to think of it, you might benefit from that kind of a vacation too. Besides, why can't the military handle one measely Kraut sub?"

"They're trying to," the federal agent replied, "but this joker always works at night, just when our ships are trying to slip out to open sea. He always knows just when to strike. We're trying to sharpen our night time detection strategy, but it's going to take time and besides, there's a war on. Oh, we'll get him eventually. The problem is that if we keep losing munitions at the rate they're deep-sixing them, we may not have anything left to sink 'em with."

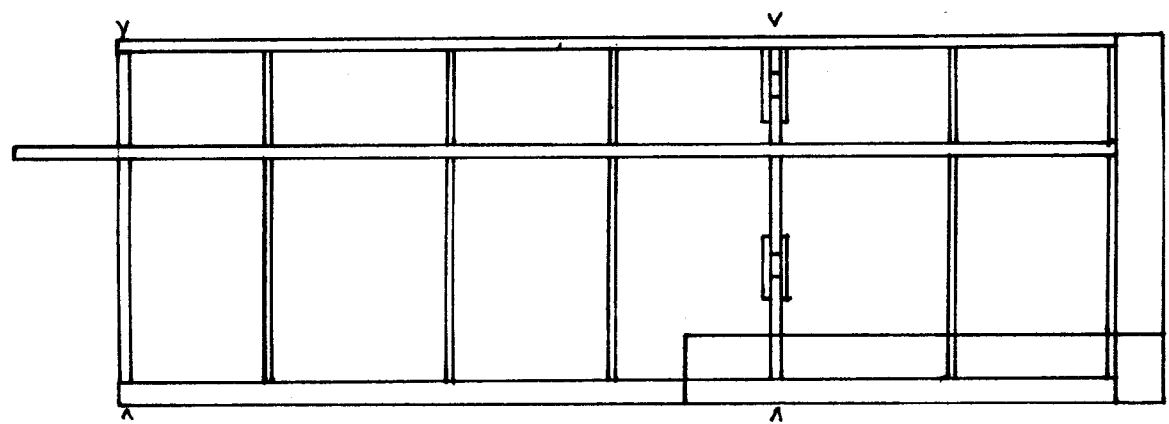
"Too bad the Griffon isn't around anymore Lang. I'd bet a week's wages that souped-up plane of his could do the job." And it was also too bad that Lang couldn't see the smirk on Keen's face at that instant, as he slyly tormented the Secret Service agent once again. "Oh well, if anything turns up, I'll be sure to let you know."

"Yeah, do that - and you might also keep your eyes open for some missing shipping crates just stuffed with new P-39s, but then again, I'm sure you and your Griffon pal don't know anything about that, either. Oh, and before I hang up, I thought you might like to know that a Coast Guard beach patrol picked up an odd little item last week. It took the experts at Patunxet River a few days to identify it. Seems it was a Skoda aircraft muffler. Keep in touch Keen." The phone went silent.

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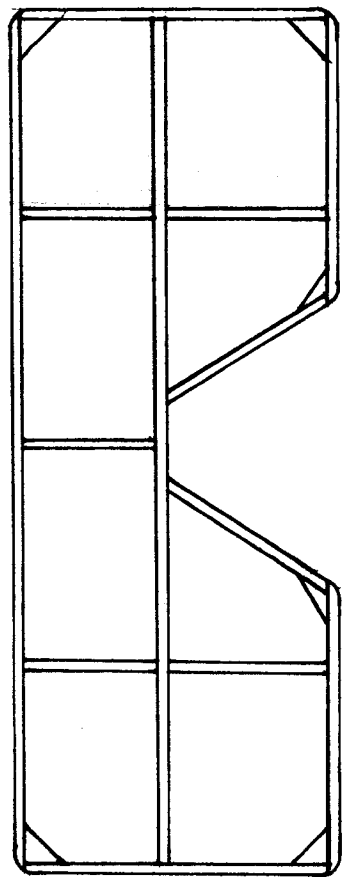
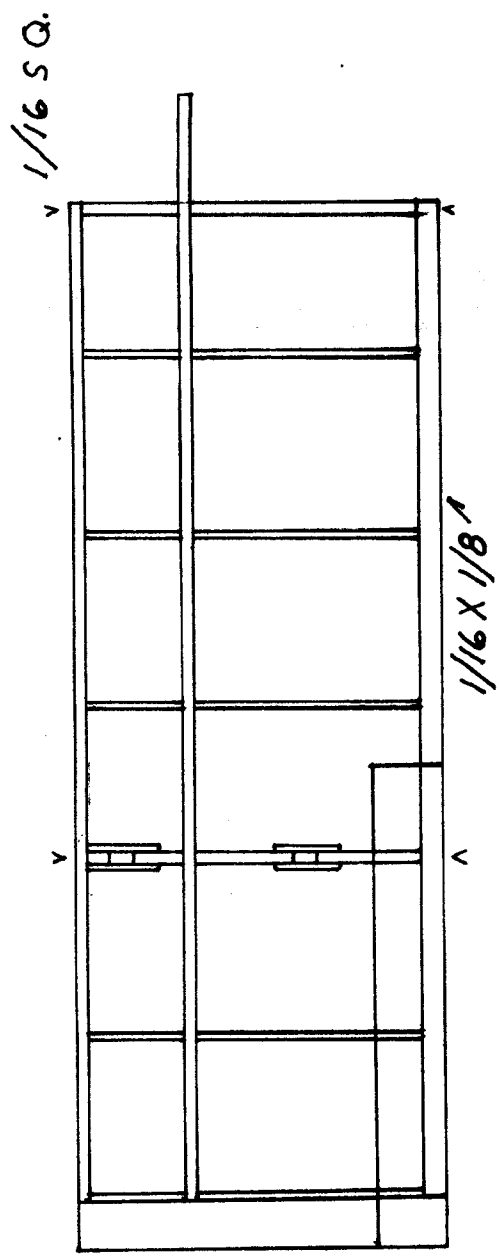
The Griffon Flies Again!

• • •

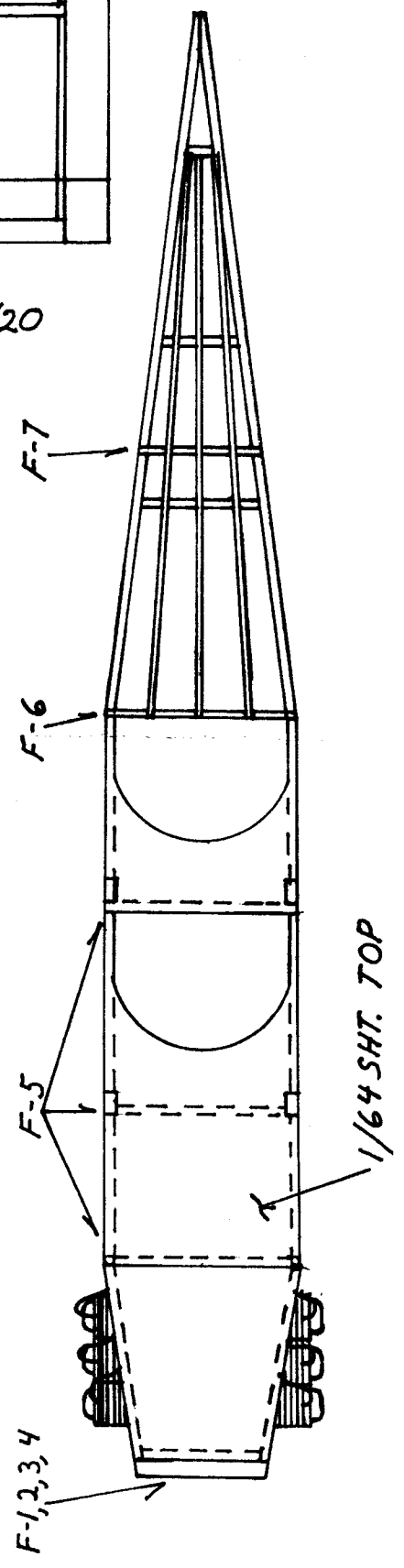


RIBS 1/32 SHT. EXCEPT
WHERE MARKED A MAKE 1/20

BOTTOM WING



STAB 1/20 SQ.



And so a new chapter in the endless cat-and-mouse game was ended for now. Kerry had more important concerns at that moment, like what to do with a pair of commie P-39s beneath the house. It was more important than ever that he get back into the action, yet it was painfully obvious that he and Barney could not modify the pursuits on their own.

Keen had just finished grooming himself after the arduous events of the previous 24 hours when the front door chimes sounded.

"Hey, get that Barney!" he hollered to his combination handyman, butler, chauffeur, and mechanic - but there was no response. The chime sounded again.

"Now what?" he muttered to no one in particular, but as he twisted the big brass knob, he knew. In slumped Barney, supported by a stranger, and the big Irishman was the obvious victim of an overdose of O'Doul's Dew. The Mick was stinko.

"I, I was not sure what to do sir," the well-dressed stranger stammered. "your friend was wandering down the road and I feared that he might be struck by a passing vehicle. He just kept pointing to this large house and repeated something about 'little people.' I fear that he is not well."

"Oh gee," Kerry groaned, "whenever he gets plastered like this he starts doing his Barry Fitzgerald routine. Help me to get the big oaf to bed, will you? He should be OK once he sleeps it off, but his head isn't going to feel too good when he wakes up."

"Oh sure and it's a foine marnin' Mister Keen, ain't it?" O'Dare blurted out as they muscled him up the stairs. "And will ye be needin' me services with the Airy-cobras today Mister Keen?"

"Come on, bed time for you Barney." Keen said soothingly, all the while trying to pretend he hadn't heard O'Dare's liquor-induced slip-of-the-tongue. He also hoped that the stranger did not understand.

Once the O'Dare had been bedded down to sleep it off, the two men walked down the oak steps of the winding staircase of the great house. Keen had to at least thank this slightly ill-at-ease stranger for playing the good Samaritan. He noticed that the fellow, though neatly dressed, was a bit threadbare in spots. He was in his late 30s with an extremely formal air, just a bit too perfect, with the faintest trace of a European accent that Keen could not quite pin down. He decided to draw him out in conversation.

"What brought you out to this lonely neck of the woods Mr. --"

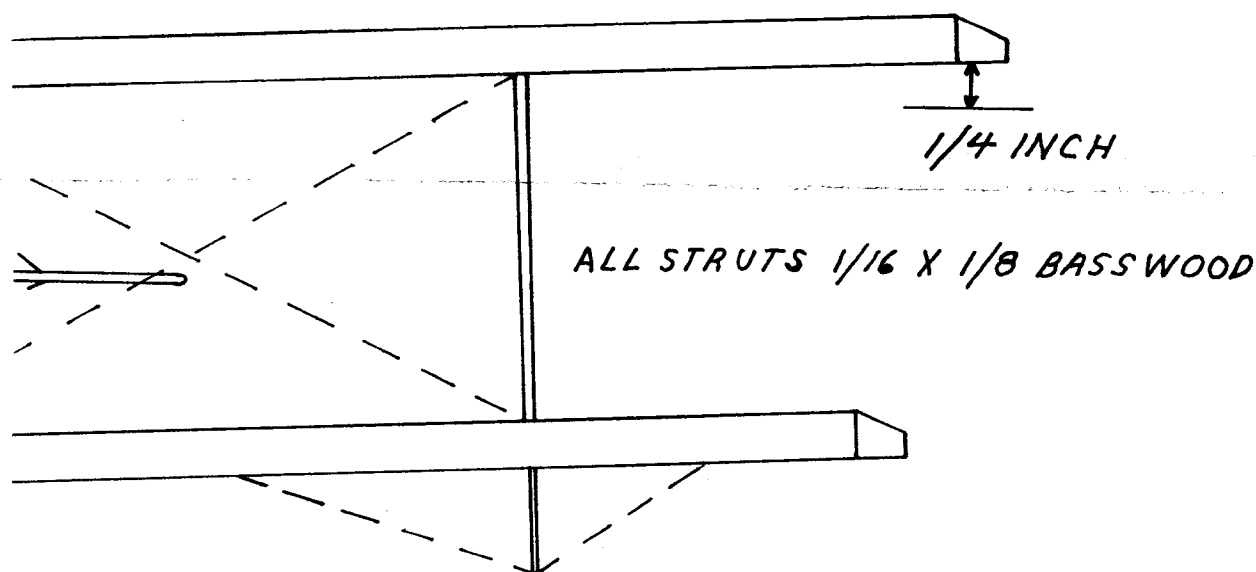
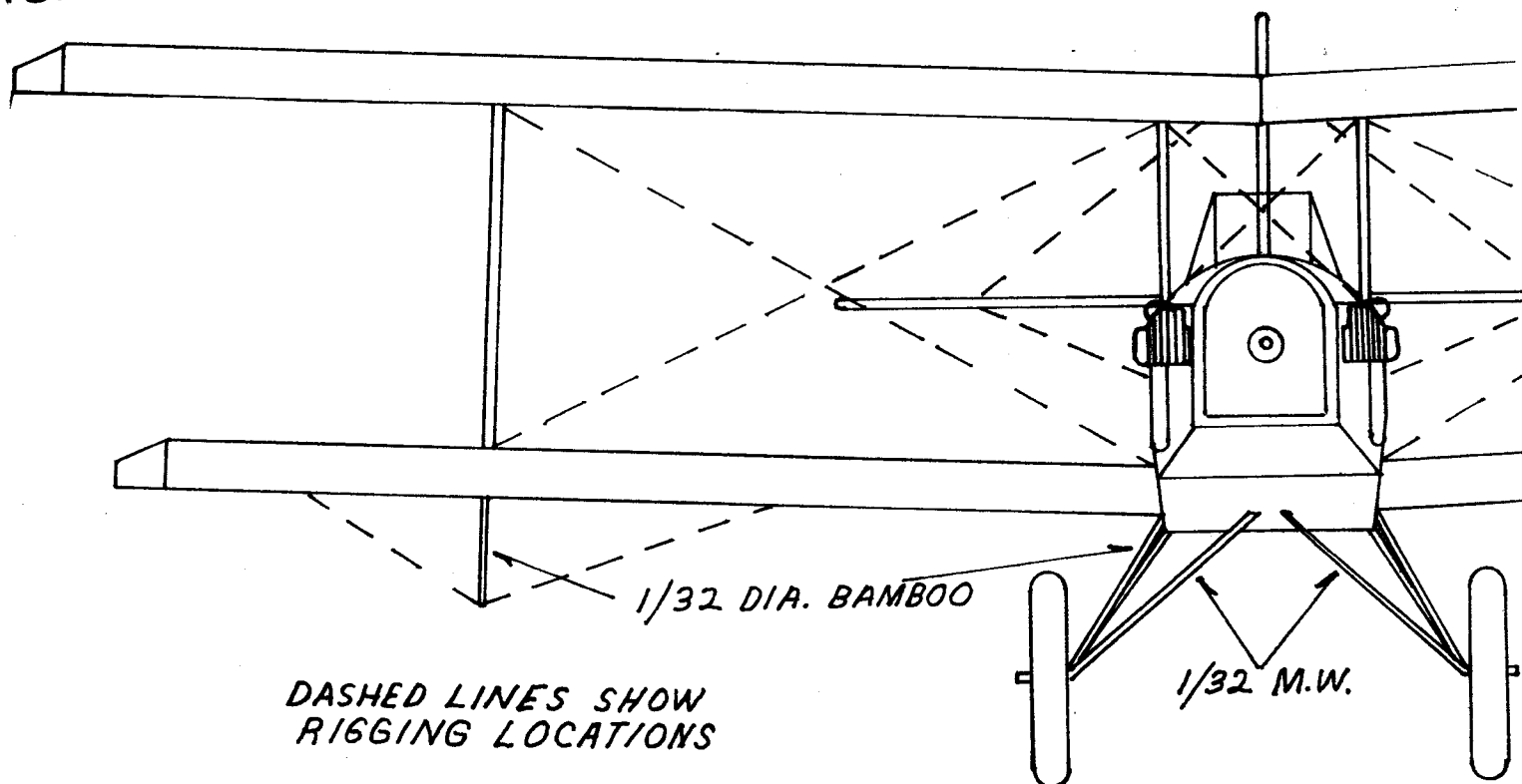
"Goldman. Eric Goldman. And you are?"

"Kerry Keen. Mr. O'Dare, whom you helped steer to bed, is my assistant. You were saying Mr. Goldman?"

"I am employed by the Republic Aircraft Company, Mr. Keen, as a draftsman. This saddens me considerably since I am a highly qualified aeronautical and structural engineer, at least I was in Germany some years ago. When the Nazis rose to power I was forced to vacate my position because of my beliefs and eventually emigrated to Switzerland before things really might become dangerous for myself and my family. Unfortunately, the Swiss aircraft industry is quite small and so I came to this wonderful country to seek a better life and perhaps a chance to strike a blow against those Nazi murderers. My wife and children remain in Switzerland, hopefully to join me soon. As for the rest of my family, my parents, brothers and sisters..." Here Goldman's voice trailed off and his countenance clouded with pain.

"Then why aren't you on the engineering staff at Republic?" Keen inquired, for now he was genuinely intrigued by Goldman's plight. The germ of an idea was beginning to form, but he would need a lot more information before

18.



COLOR; OVERALL PEA GREEN TOP OF
FUSELAGE FROM F-6 TO F-4 AND STRUTS; BROWN
SEE REFERENCE MATERIAL FOR MARKINGS

GHQ hopes to see all you Clubsters at the "Big One" in Utica, Mi. on July 14-15. Every modeller owes himself at least one trip to Mecca during his lifetime, lets make this your year. You do and you won't ever want to miss another one! As they say on NBC-TV---BE THERE!

he could act.

"Actually it is not the company's fault. I am indeed a highly qualified engineer but because of all that has transpired, there is no way that the company can verify my background, and because of the hysteria engendered by the war, they may be suspicious of any engineer who trained in Germany. I am grateful, though, and my foreman has promised to investigate the matter further with the hope that one day I may actually design aircraft to obliterate these fascist scum." The normally docile foreigner spat out the last sentence with venom in his voice.

"Mr. Goldman, it will be evening soon. If you would care to join me in the library, perhaps we could have a few drinks and a light supper. I'll be happy to drive you home later on. Do you live far from here?"

"No, not at all. Today is my day off and I enjoy taking solitary walks in this lovely countryside. That is how I happened to be nearby when your friend Mr. O'Dare required assistance."

"That's fine Eric, just fine. You don't mind if I call you by your first name, do you?"

Keen had begun testing the quiet refugee. He saw now that Eric Goldman's appearance at Graylands might well be the key piece in the jigsaw puzzle that had been spread out the night before, for if Goldman was as good an engineer as he seemed to be, there was still a glimmer of hope that a new Black Bullet could be contrived from the raw material in the hangar below.

What started out as a few drinks and a light supper soon expanded into an all-night marathon, Keen questioning and probing, Goldman reciprocating in kind. It was a delicately balanced sparring match as each tried to fathom the innermost motives of the other. One thing was abundantly clear to Keen, however, and that was that Eric Goldman was a first-rate engineer, with considerable expertise in structure and powerplants, as well as an intimate knowledge of the European aviation establishment, a knowledge that only comes to someone who has spent many years on the "grapevine." One other thing was also obvious: Eric Goldman hated the fascists with an intensity that bordered on pure mania.

And then, as the antique mantle clock chimed four times, Kerry Keen took the most reckless gamble of his career, but it was one that could not be avoided. If it worked, then the Griffon might live again. If it did not, well... Keen fingered the safety on the Colt automatic that he kept secreted beneath the heavy cushions of the damask sofa on which he sat.

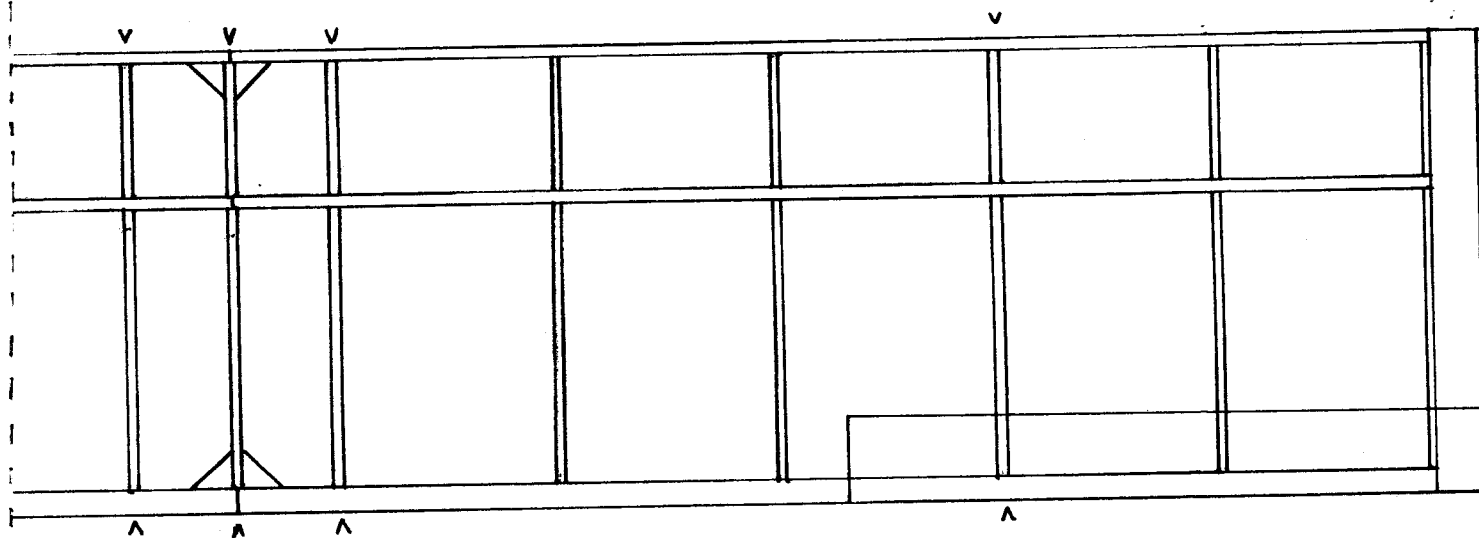
"Eric, would you please be so kind as to accompany me?" Kerry inquired with a politeness that failed to mask his stern countenance. As the two left the room, Keen deftly stuffed the pistol into the waistband of his trousers, hiding it beneath the folds of his smoking jacket. With another sweep of his hand he moved an innocent-looking piece of wooden molding that unlocked a door disguised behind a bigger-than-life portrait of a Keen ancestor.

Goldman looked startled, perhaps sensing the possibility of danger, but like a moth drawn to a candle, he could not turn away from the young ballistics expert and dutifully accompanied him down the narrow staircase to the hangar.

S.O.S.--S.O.S.--S.O.S.--S.O.S.

Do any of you Skysters know the where-a-bouts of Roy Nelder? Roy was the 1939 and 1940 winner of the Moffet Trophy. He used to live in Clawson, Mi. and worked for the Fisher Body Co. If you know where he lives please send his address to; Peter Mann, 36 Sydenham St., Guelph, Ont. Canada N1H 2W4

GHQ is looking for the address of Warren Weith. He formally lived at 11 Clinton St., Brooklyn Hts. N.Y. Warren evidently moved and did not send in a change of address to GHQ.



TOP WING

CONSTRUCTION SAME AS BOTTOM WING

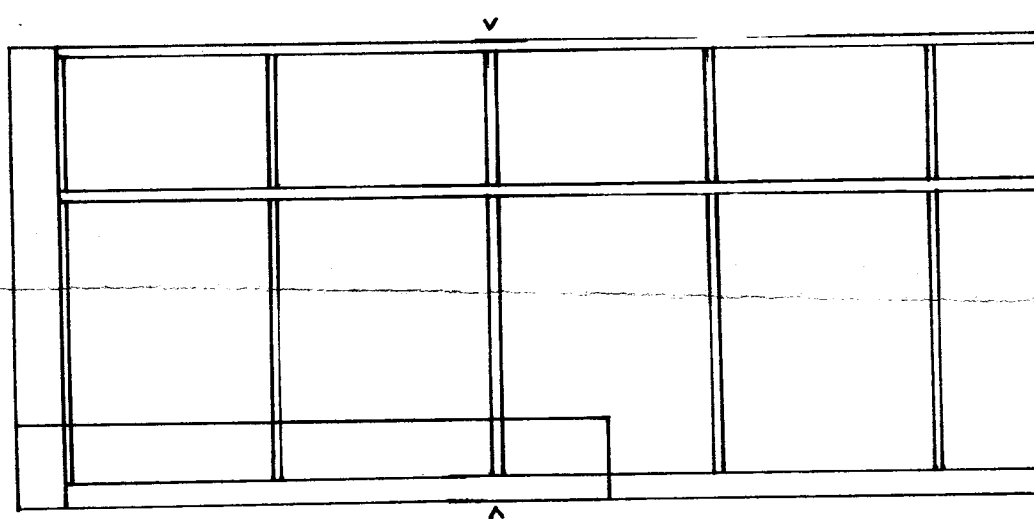
JOIN WINGS
IN DOTTED
LINE

Photo Page

1. Duncan McBride and his Laird Jr. Speedwing from Mooney Plans, nice flier.
2. Sorrell SNS-2 Guppy by Dean McInnes, having trouble trimming her out, but it does fly.
3. Master modeler Herb Redding gassing up for another flight, a real beauty.
4. No-Cal model of the Vought V-173 "Flying Pancake" by Dick Johnson of Tex.
5. Another model by Mike Midkiff. This time a Curtiss SB2-C Helldiver. This plan is available from mike as are many others, see previous issues for list.

For more plan lists contact; Dave Diels, Box 101, Woodville, Ohio 43469, Jack Fike has many plans and printwood for the old Ten Cent kits of the 30s. Send for his list to; Scale Flight Model Co. 630 Fairway Lane, Bloomington, Ind. 47401. Next issue we hope to have room to cover these suppliers in more detail.

