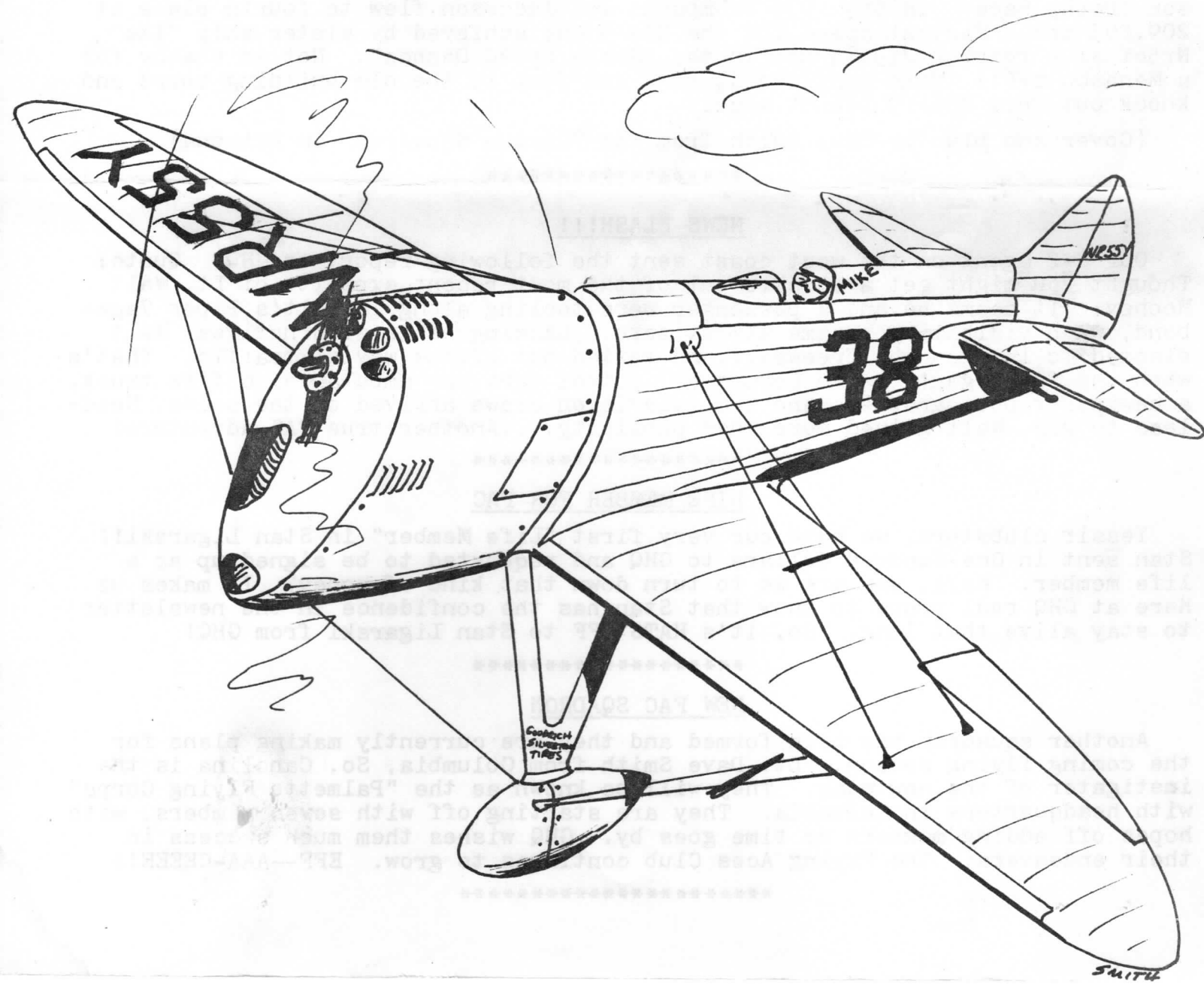


FLYING ACES

Club News

ISSUE #101-27 JAN.-FEB. 1985





COVER STORY

Ben Howard's "Mike" as she cranks around the pylons. This was one of Ben's best racers. Piloted by Roy Minor and powered by a Menasco B-6 of 489 cu. in. she turned in an average speed of 199.87 mph to place third in the 1933 Thompson Trophy Race. In the 1935 Thompson, Joe Jacobson flew to fourth place at 209.103 mph. Fastest speed for the DGA-4 was achieved by sister ship "Ike" Nr56Y at a roaring 213.85 mph in the "Shell Speed Dashes". Not to shabby for a Menasco B-6!! Make Ben Howard proud and jump to the old building board and knock out this snazzy peanut model.

(Cover and plan by Dave Smith from the "Cactus Squadron" in Arizona)

NEWS FLASH!!!

Our G-2 agent on the west coast sent the following report to GHQ. Quote; Thought you might get a chuckle out of the most recent exploits of Lt. Walt Mooney: It seems he and a passenger were tooling along in Walt's Piper Vagabond, when visibility became almost zero. Lacking other alternatives, Walt elected to land on the freeway...and taxied out of the way of traffic. That's when the fun began! Seven (count'em) patrol cars, an ambulance, a fire truck, a newspaper photographer, and two television crews arrived on the scene. Needless to say, Walt gained more than publicity....Another true FAC adventure!

LIFE MEMBER FOR FAC

Yessir clubsters, we have our very first "Life Member" in Stan Ligarski!! Stan sent in One-Hundred dollars to GHQ and requested to be signed up as a life member. Well, who are we to turn down that kind of money? It makes us here at GHQ real proud to know that Stan has the confidence in the newsletter to stay alive that long. So, it's HATS OFF to Stan Ligarski from GHQ!

NEW FAC SQUADRON

Another squadron has been formed and they are currently making plans for the coming flying season. Lt. Dave Smith from Columbia, So. Carolina is the instigator of the new wing. They will be known as the "Palmetto Flying Corps" with headquarters in Columbia. They are starting off with seven members, with hopes off adding members as time goes by. GHQ wishes them much success in their endeavors. The Flying Aces Club continues to grow. EFF--AAA-CEEEE!!

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

The cause of Nick's untimely death can be traced back to around 1912 (the year of our first aeroplane ride) when debates in Parliament on the ticklish Irish question made headlines only to disappear two years later when came World War I.

Irish regiments along with British embarked for France while droves of Irishmen, casting aside politics, arrived in England to join up - the Kaiser had started a real fight. They took him on! Yet in spite of this, the stubborn government in Dublin sabotaged them even to the point of causing havoc to allied shipping by harboring German U-boats.

At War's end rebellion spread. To keep order, the British recruited as a member of the constabulary a group of adventurous but rowdy ex-servicemen known as Black and Tans because of their uniforms. Their counter-rebellion operations in Ireland were undisciplined, brutal and unproductive. They were soon disbanded. And now a personal note:

Flying Officer E.P. Mackay, one of Nick's observers in France, and later to become our brother-in-law, was with his RAF squadron in Northern Ireland. During a forced landing the rebels captured him. Summary execution was the rule. But Percy was by nature affable, a good mixer with an infectious laugh and told a good story. After some hours with his captives, all laced with good Irish whiskey, he was told to walk in a certain direction. Reviewing this bizarre episode later, he expected a few bullets in his back but went on walking as told until soon coming upon his squadron! Percy preceded my sister in death - a retired Group Captain.

Long before Nick's death on June 18, 1939, (just prior to World War II) the IRA had become an undisciplined, dissolute mob of fanatics concentrating on random murder to make its voice heard. They were branded outlaws and sought as criminals by their own government in Dublin.

Shootings and bombings in Northern Ireland, in London and other English cities added daily to the mounting toll of innocent civilians killed or wounded. Even before Nick's death, farm hands in their usual discussion of the events of the day while sipping their pints of beer of an evening at the village pub were shocked by the IRA's latest antics.

It was in this atmosphere that Nick, taking early leave from an air meeting where a fireworks display was scheduled, bent down in the street, lit the few firecrackers he had in his pocket and kidded the only person nearby saying "I'm an IRA man, you know". The man, a farm hand, driven by patriotism, rushed him, delivered a mighty blow and as Nick fell his head hit the granite curb. Unconscious, he died that night in the nearest hospital, the victim of his own misplaced practical joke.

On returning from a nationwide visit, the surgical dealers distributing my medical equipment, I slept in late. My secretary, uncertain where I was, called home to warn that the front page of the New York Times carried an Associated Press report of Nick's death (reproduced over page). So my wife woke me with the sad news. A few hours later came the cable from my parents in London. Being an AP release, other city papers had it; soon my dealers were sending their condolences.

But that was not the end of Nick! Fifty years later, his name connected with his masterpiece - the Swift - became very much alive again, and is evidently likely to remain so among aviation enthusiasts for years to come as will be seen in future installments of this Comper story.

To be continued.

4. New York Times, 6/18/39
(front page)

and other US city papers

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT N. COMPER

"G. F." writes:—

The aircraft industry may well have sustained a greater loss than they realize in the death of Nic Comper. Since leaving the service to seek his fortune in the stormy sea of commercial aircraft manufacture, no one could have encountered rougher weather than Nic, and no one could have faced it with greater courage and tenacity of purpose. It was his true boast that he never produced a bad aeroplane, although the markets for each successive design were continually being swept away from him by the winds of the world depression; yet in spite of almost unending adversity that would have driven lesser men to accept any salaried job they could get, he steadfastly clung to his ideals and his individuality. His latest design, which he eagerly anticipated test flying in August, combines originality of thought with practical safety to a degree greater than anything he has hitherto conceived, and it is indeed a tragedy that he should not live to fly it. From a close association with Nic in the production of the first "Swift" to an even closer one to-day in the production of the "C.F.I.," it is with some pride that one realizes that these associations were more than a pleasure, they were a great privilege.

Capt. Comper, British Plane Designer, Killed; Discovered in Street With Fractured Skull

1939

Wireless to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

LONDON, June 18.—Captain Nicholas Comper, a well-known pilot and airplane designer, was found unconscious in a street in Hythe, Kent, early today. He died a few hours later.

His skull had been fractured when he was discovered. It is thought that he may have been the victim of an attack. The police are investigating the case.

Captain Comper designed numerous well-known light machines for an aircraft company bearing his name. The best-known of his productions was the Comper Swift.

He was 42 years old.

Captain Comper was a well-known figure in aviation circles both as a

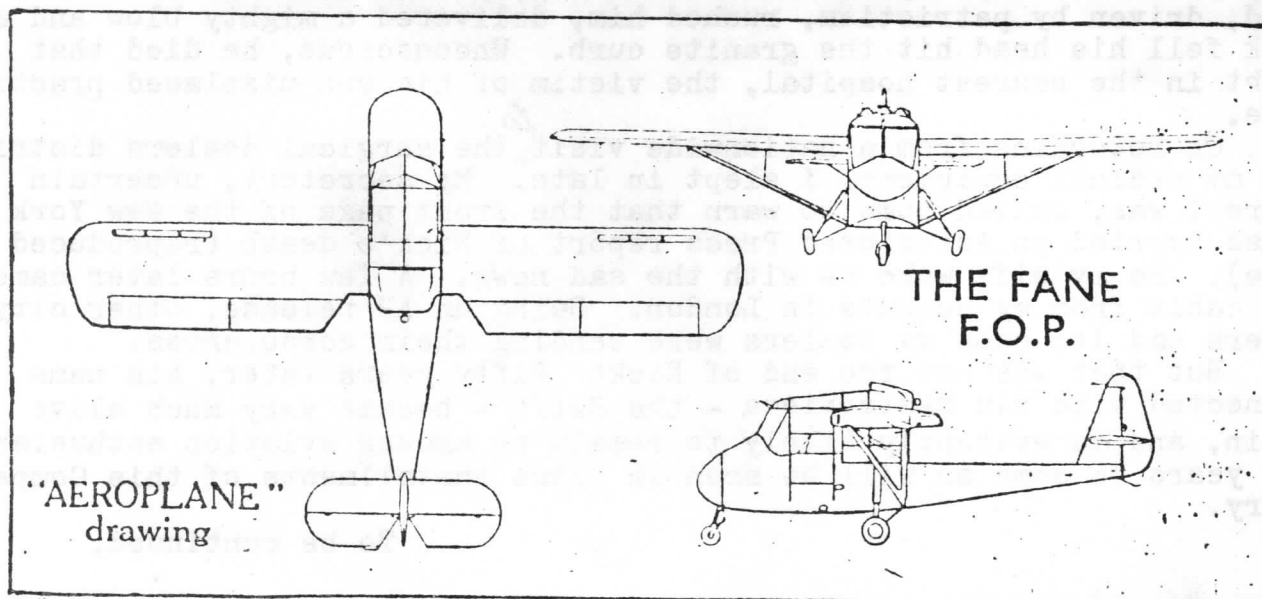
racing pilot and as a designer of small-type planes. He had flown his own planes in both British and French air races with considerable success for the past ten years.

In 1934 he designed and raced the "Comper Streak" which at the time was considered to be the smallest racing monoplane in existence. It had a wing span of only twenty-three feet and carried a 146 horsepower D. H. Gipsy Major engine. The craft later became popular in England and on the Continent.

His best known plane was the "Comper Swift," a 40 horsepower craft that could do forty miles on a gallon of gasoline and land at thirty-five miles an hour. It sold in England for only £400.

An appreciation in a letter to the London Times. "G.F." is Gerard Fane (Fane Aircraft Co) who took over the Comper Scamp described in the last issue.

Peter Mann, clubster from Guelph, Ont. Canada, sent in the 3-view of the Fane A.O.P. (mentioned previously and in the last issue) which he came across in an old issue of The Aeroplane Spotter. Looks like she may be a good subject for a Co/2 powered model.



* * * GETTING THERE * * *

Mumbo Jumbo #15 from the Blue Guru aka Leon Bennett

(UPDATE - The Others have challenged the FAC grip on the International Jumbo Trophy. Having flown a man carrying Wake look-alike, the Others intend to compete with a standard - but perfectly scaled - Wake model flown by Bob Black. FAC plans include the loss at sea of veteran flyers Bob Thumbsome and the Blue Guru, thereby buying time in which to train young Egbert to a championship performance level. We are with Bob Thumbsome and the Blue Guru, somewhere at sea in a ten dollar dinghy).

* * * * *

Salutations, disciples! To the small boat sailor, as to the scale modeler, life is but endless toil relieved by moments of stark terror. Non-stop bailing is accepted simply as the price of existence. One merely shrugs and endures.

But given a calm and beautiful day, the senses awaken and eyes sparkle. On such a day, Mr. Thumbsome and I ghosted along, perhaps in the Gulf of Mexico, perhaps not. The calendar placed us late in December and yet the warm breeze spoke of July. We were, for an instant dry, warm and alive. There are such moments for each of us in this valley of tears and we seize them eagerly, becoming benign, expansive and finally foolish in our happiness. At such times, church deacons flee with cuties and Mr. Bob Thumbsome writes poems.

"You know, GG, it's probably Christmas back in the States. A time to celebrate one's fellow man. A time to - well, I think I've caught it best in this poem. Would it be OK if I recited this poem to you?"

"Of course, Mr. Thumbsome."

He looked about and sensed that some ritual cleansing was necessary as a preamble. From some filthy pocket, he whipped out a kazoo and blew a single bleating note. I bowed my head. He closed his eyes, cleared his throat and declaimed:

"Mr. Bob Thumbsome's Christmas Poem
by Bob Thumbsome

Love thy neighbor
As a brother
Even if he is
A lousy Other."

The kazoo sounded the all-clear. Apparently it was over.
"Well - umm - the sentiment is noble indeed, Mr. Thumbsome."

"Yes, it is. And it rhymes pretty good too."

"Er - yes."

"You know, GG, I haven't always been so forgiving. There was a time when-well, I used to bite Others." He hung his head in sorrow as he contemplated past misdeeds. "The thing is, they bring it on themselves. Now take their official magazine, Model Aviation. There's nothing in it but Others and their cuties.

They do it everywhere! Parks, schoolyards; yes, even churchyards. Have they no shame? Even in churchyards! There's nothing in that rag except pornographic filth."

"Er - umm - exactly what are these people doing?"

"Why, radio control, of course. They commit radio control all over the place. No sense of decency at all. That's why I was forced to bite them. But from now on, it's going to be different. I'm going to love them. If the Others want to do a little radio control now and then - well, I'll let it go."

"That's magnanimous of you, Mr. Thumbsome."

"Yes it is, GG, -say, why are you fooling with those beads?"

"This is an abacus; an early, but precise calculator. I'm working on the problem of besting the model of the man-carrying Wakefield."

"Don't worry about it, GG, the CO has it all figured out. That Egbert kid will win for us."

"Perhaps. But the problem is an interesting one and I feel close to a solution. Given a four bladed lead propeller, some 30 minutes, dead air seem possible. The problem is to increase the dead air time, to say, one hour."

"Lead propeller? One hour? You're nuts, GG. Forget that stuff! Let's just follow orders and guard the boat inventory card until we're lost at sea." Suddenly reminded of the inventory card, Mr. Thumbsome frantically searched under his shirt until his fingers found the document taped to his chest. "I've got it! I've got it!"

"Must you find it once an hour, Mr. Thumbsome? I am quite prepared to believe that you have it and will not lose it."

"Well, you've got to be careful about that kind of thing."

* * * * *

My fingers grew weary of shuttling the beads back and forth and I paused in my labors. Time for a break. I looked up and there, not 30 feet from our vessel was a large blue-grey fin, slowly cutting through the water.

"Great Stott, Mr. Thumbsome! A shark! Over there!"

Mr. Thumbsome slapped his goggles into position. "It's the Others. They've come for the inventory card!"

"It's not an Other! It's a shark."

"They can't fool me, GG! I know an Other when I see one! There's only one thing to do with Others - bite 'em!" Pushing me aside, Mr. Thumbsome dived overboard without even a weapon.

The sea heaved and roiled and then became calm. A blood red tint upon the waters was the only reminder of Mr. Thumbsome. I was alone. I shed a tear, for even Mr. Thumbsome is entitled to one tear, in spite of his rotten poem.

I had barely turned back to my abacus when a hand reached over the gunnel followed by the well known helmet. Mr. Thumbsome was alive! I seized his exhausted body and dragged him aboard. Bruised and scratched from head to toe, gasping for air, his clothing gone, he collapsed into the bilge, retching and

spitting out bits of shark flesh.

"That was one tough Other, GG. I've bitten them all over New England, but I've never seen one like this. Maybe - maybe, I'm getting old."

"But that was a man eating shark, Mr. Thumbsome. You beat him at his own game and survived. Very few men could achieve such a thing. Certainly I could not."

"Well, the important thing is that he didn't get the inventory card." Mr. Thumbsome automatically grabbed for the document taped to his chest. It was gone. He paled and frantically searched his body everywhere. "it's gone. He got it. I'm ruined!"

"But you're alive, Mr. Thumbsome. Alive to bite another day."

"You just don't understand, GG. That card stood for responsibility and tradition. That's what makes FAC worthwhile. All that you understand is logic and numbers. That stuff doesn't matter. If we were interested in logic we wouldn't be flying toy airplanes. We would be doing something logical, like cross-rotating our tires or reading the fine print on insurance policies. We're not interested in that stuff. We fly toy airplanes because it makes no sense at all, except to delight the small boy inside us. You, with all your numbers, will never be a small boy. You blew it."

I objected, "But toy airplanes have a logic of their own. To ignore this logic is to produce endless failures and crashes."

"Logic again! Forget logic. Just go with your intuition. That's all you have to do. Once you accept logic, you're in the hands of the lawyers and mathematicians. The magic disappears. Words and numbers and logic are no substitute for a dream."

"It is not so, Mr. Thumbsome! The dream of flight succeeds only if the underlying logic is sound. So it is with all dreams in this valley of tears. To spurn logic is to spit into the wind. You are obsessed with an inventory card. Logic tells me that such a card is merely a record of purchase and has but a trivial value. To grieve over the trivial is foolish."

"You're wrong GG! To fly toy airplanes is to enter the world of small boys. In that world only emotions count. That card stood for responsibility. That's what counts most in any family. And yet I - I lost it." A heart-broken Mr. Thumbsome withdrew to the bow of the dinghy to mourn his lost inventory card while I continued to work the abacus at the stern.

* * * * *

Many days passed. The beads flew back and forth as parameters were searched. False hopes arose, were studied, unmasked, and then abandoned. The struggle became bitter, peaked out, and then - a solution. With a 6 bladed lead prop, it could be done; one hour, dead air. Some practical problems remained, but such is always the case. One hour, dead air! Elated, I broke the news to Mr. Thumbsome.

"Forget that stuff, GG. One hour? Bunk! If the idea was any good, Megow would have done it in 1937. Whatever you've got, it isn't in the FAC tradition. Besides, what difference does it make? I'm a ruined man. Ruined! There's only one way to salvage my reputation, and that is to win the --. Did you say one hour, dead air?"

I nodded assent. A sly, crafty look stole over his face. Mr. Thumbsome was about to reason. "You mean that if I got to Taft, I could put up a flight of one hour and win the international Jumbo contest?"

"It is quite probable. Of course there is the problem of the Egbert youth, currently in training as the FAC representative."

Mr. Thumbsome, who prefers to cope with one simple idea at a time, arranged his priorities with dispatch. "Forget the Egbert kid. Tell me about the lead prop. And leave out the math stuff."

"Consider a rubber motor arranged to drive a prop through a freewheel mechanism. However, unlike the usual prop, imagine this prop to have a heavy flywheel effect. The motor is wound conventionally and clutched to the prop. However we do not launch yet. The sluggish prop slowly accelerates as it is driven by the motor. When the slowly turning prop starts to freewheel, the motor is wound again and clutched to the prop. Now the prop begins to turn over a bit more quickly. The process is repeated again and again until 60 repeated winding cycles are stored in the lead prop. We now have a speeding prop that will supply flight energy for an hour. We launch."

"But that's cheating!"

"No, Mr. Thumbsome. The rules merely say that power is to be derived from elastic bands. There is no rule specifying the number of times the elastic bands may be energized for a single flight."

"It's the most disgusting thing I've heard of since radio control! Is this obscene scheme yours?"

"The credit is not entirely mine. An exploratory note appeared in the September, 1944 issue of Aeromodeler."

"Of all the slimy lawyer tricks --." Mr. Thumbsome was beyond words. And yet - and yet, somewhere in this scheme lay possible redemption for some imagined failure on his part. Such was Mr. Thumbsome's agony.

"Damned if you do and damned if you don't" trade-offs are painful at best, for each of us. But unlike most of us, Mr. Thumbsome has suffered the inevitable brain damage incident to judging thousands of Peanuts - in each contest forcibly resisting the terrible temptation to step on some miserable Fike or Lacey, lacking in three views, but well supplied with crushed stringers and painted largely with clotted droplets of flung rubber lube.

To such a man, moral and ethical trade-offs are the stuff of nightmares. He has been to the brink too many times. And yet he struggled manfully to think, a sick leer presenting the only sign of internal turmoil. At last, he slapped his plastic goggles into position, a signal that action was impending. "Grab an oar, GG. We're going in. California, here we come!"

* * * * *

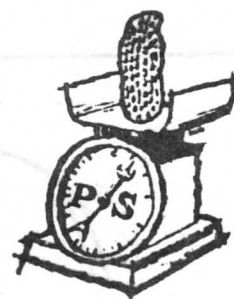
Heads began to turn as we dragged the dinghy past the kitty litter factory. "They're here!" cried the adoring throngs. Mr. Run Likehell paled. Young Egbert turned to his father and said "Does this mean that I can stop kissing those lousy pictures?" We were back among our people... (TO BE CONTINUED)

Peanut & No-Cal Scale Postal Meet

7.

Well gang, here is the latest results of this years postal meet. Some interesting aircraft, too. How about Bob Thompson's Langley Aerodrome "A"? Or Dick Kohfield with a Zlin! There is still time to get your times in to GHQ. Remember, the contest closes on April 15!

Everytime you fly, just jot down your times and send them in. Just be sure to specify what wing you are flying in, what aircraft you flew and your time. The winners will get a prize and another notch on the Kanone list, which is the most important thing. Build--Fly--Win--EFF-AAA-CEEEE!!!



Peanut Indoor

PILOT	AIRCRAFT	TIME
Jim Miller	Vagabond	101 sec.
Geo. Leffler	Goon	84 "
Don Steeb	Lacy	84 "
Bob Clemens	Found	78 "
Dean McGinnes	IS-4	73 "
A. Parmentier	Waterman	63 "
Dan Briehl	Ces. Centurian	57 "
Bob Erpelding	Fike	51 "
Jeff Briehl	Turboporter	36 "
(jr. entry)		

No-Cal Indoor

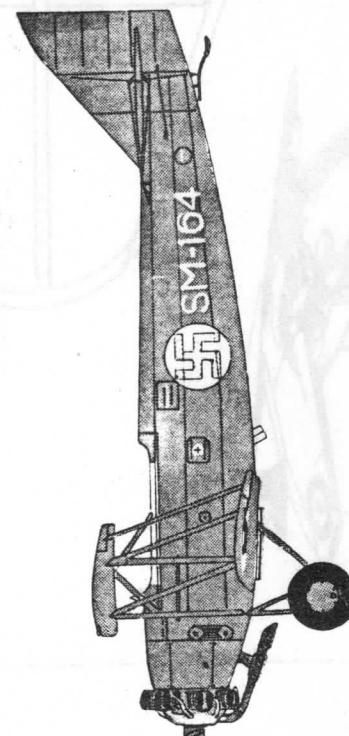
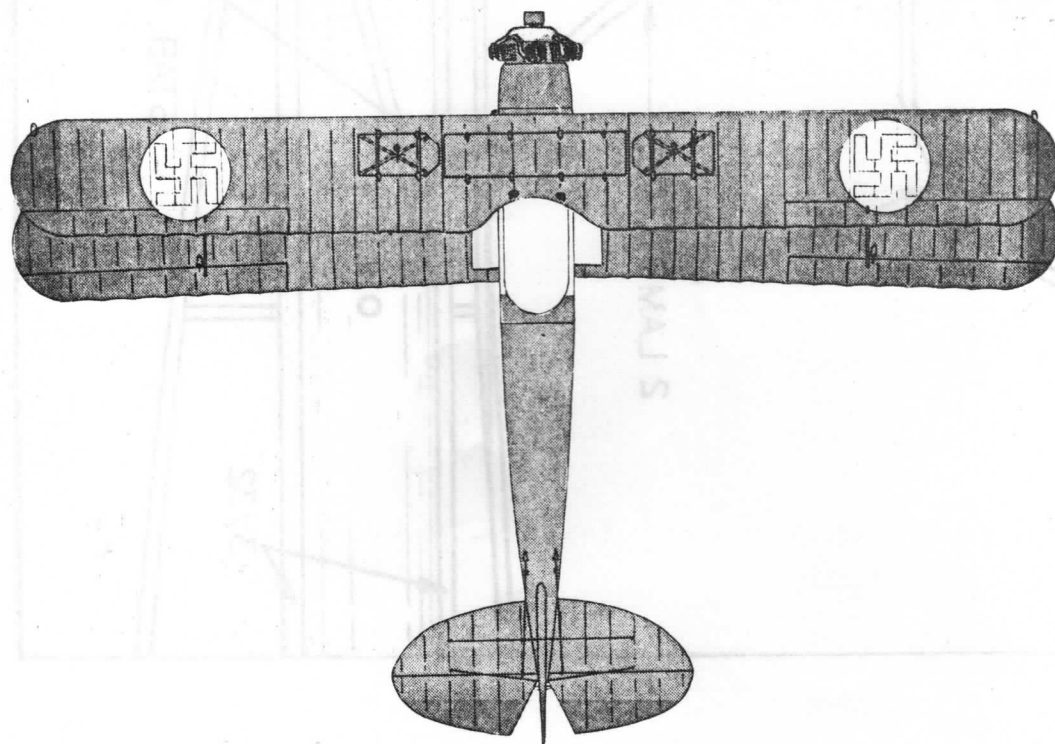
PILOT	AIRCRAFT	TIME
W. Van Gorder	Fike	222 sec.
Don Steeb	Found	176 "
Don Srull	Hustler	168 "
Bob Clemens	Curt. XF13C1	150 "
Mark Fineman	Turboporter	130 "
Dan Briehl	Cessna Cent.	66 "
Jeff Briehl	Turboporter	59 "

Peanut Outdoor

PILOT	AIRCRAFT	TIME
Dick Kohfield	Zlin	216 sec.
"	Jodel	139 "
Bill Anderson	Lacy	79 "
Mark Fineman	IS-4	77 "
B. Thompson	Langley Aero.	70 "
Bill Anderson	Goon	68 "
Dave Stott	Fred	63 "

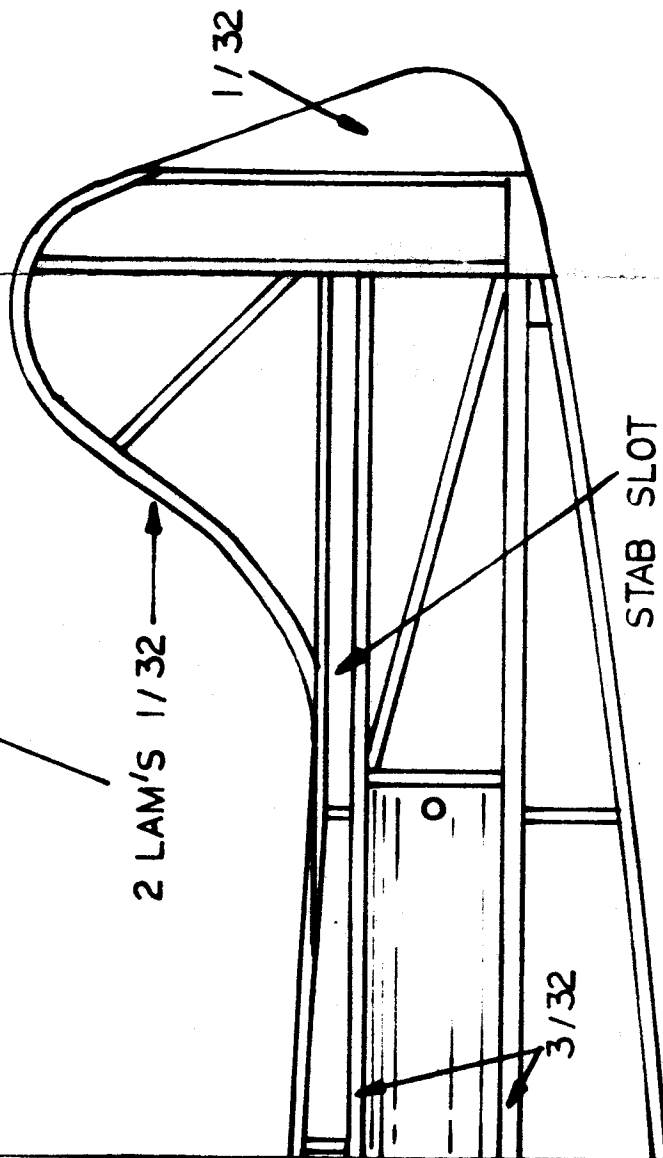
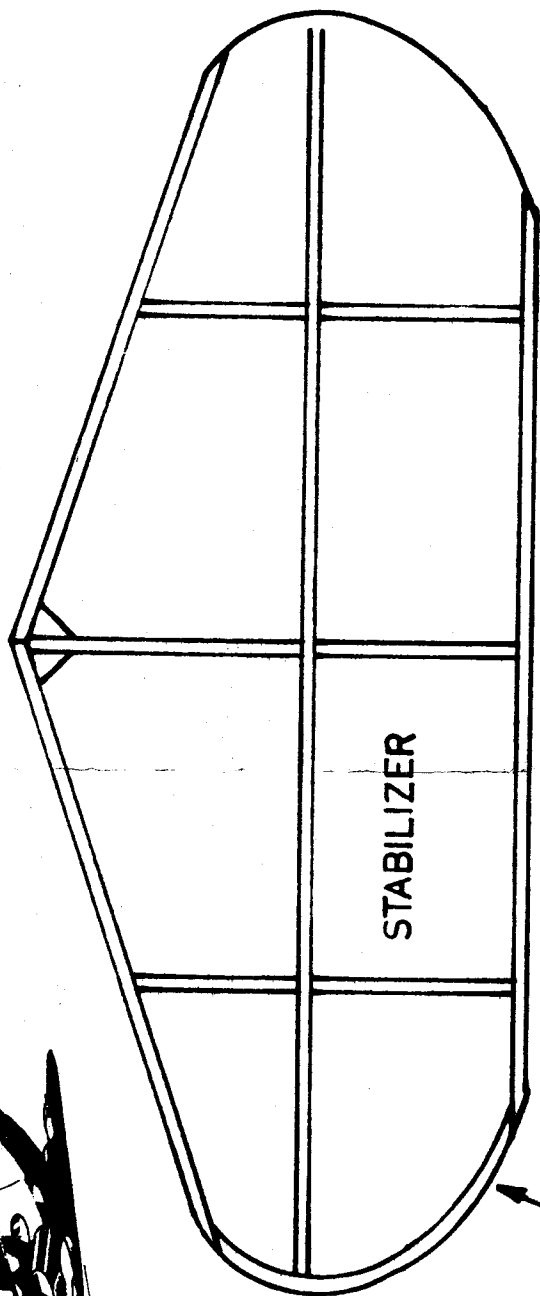
No-Cal Outdoor

PILOT	AIRCRAFT	TIME
Mark Fineman	Turboporter	171 sec.
Bill Anderson	Luscombe	96 "
Dave Stott	Luscombe	72 "



Lctov S 218 A 4 Smolik

8.



**NO CAL
FANREY
FIREFLY**

AL LAWTON
TRACED BY M. FINEMAN
AUGUST 1984

The Doom Raider

Homage to Arch Whitehouse

CHAPTER VI: BRUSH WITH DEATH

To a casual passerby, the ornate rock garden on the slope fronting the beach at Graylands could not have looked more innocent. But it was no innocent rock garden and there were no strollers on the secluded shore this crisp, spring evening.

Had there been an observer, he surely would have startled as the slope moved upward, revealing the secret hangar beneath Kerry Keen's ancestral Long Island estate. Driven by a powerful hydraulic mechanism, the garden-camouflaged door parted silently from the adjoining beach, and lurking in the half-light of the hangar one might just barely make out the deadly metallic form within. The Black Bullet was alive!

A muffled tractor glided forward, coaxing the new Bullet along toward the waiting surf. Although the craft was amphibious, Keen, Barney and Goldman were taking no chances this evening, not wishing to hazard a ground-handling accident on the very first night of tests. But the collective jitters were for naught, as the great ship slid silently into the water and bobbed up and down as innocently as a toy boat in a pond.

Barney O'Dare looked across from the starboard cockpit, grinned, and juttied his thumb skyward as a signal to Kerry Keen just a few feet away in the port cockpit, but the young airman was too busy running through his checklist to do more than grin in return. At long last the moment of truth was at hand. Keen's practiced hand ran across the big plane's controls, flipping switches in a carefully rehearsed choreography.

The still evening air was torn by the insistent whine of the port engine starter, which in turn was followed by a pop, and then the throaty roar of the Allison V-1710. Seconds later the sequence was repeated for the starboard engine, until both sang a throaty chorus in unison. Eric Goldman looked up and from his vantage point slightly aft of the virgin craft could see small jets of flame play along the exhaust stubs on the twin fuselages. Abstract engineering principles were one thing, but the reality of the fearsome machine before him made Eric Goldman shudder.

"O.K., Barn, I'm going to taxi her out now. Keep your eyes on the instruments while I concentrate on operating this bus," Keen instructed over the intercom.

"Sure thing, boss," the Mick responded. "But remember what Eric said - just taxi trials tonight. No flying."

"Yeh, yeh, don't worry. Say, she handles like a dream on the water, doesn't she? I see that by carefully working both throttles I can have perfect control over her. Let's move off shore a little so I can give her some more juice."

"Kerry..." O'Dare's voice crackled over the headset, but the young ballistics expert had already hit the intercom switch, cutting off his co-pilot's communications. Both of them knew what

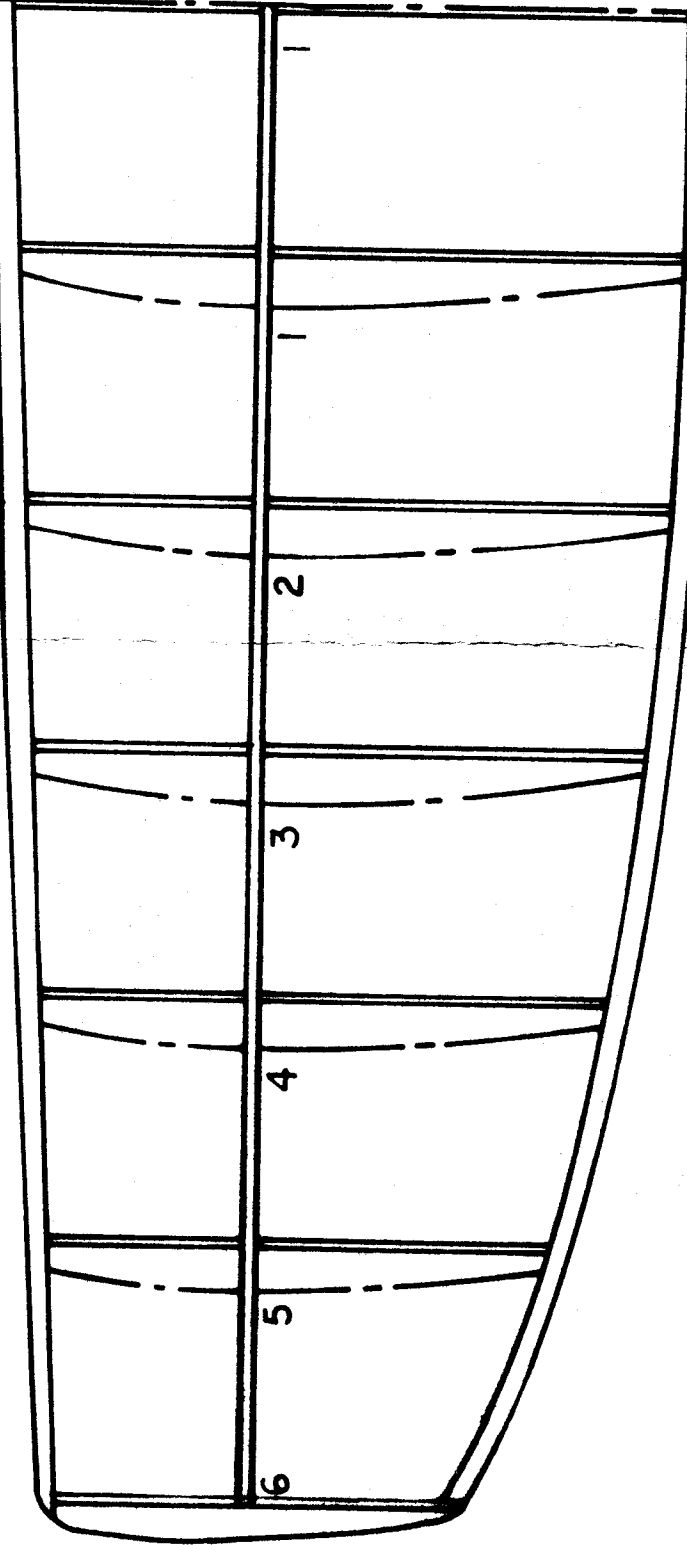
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The Griffon Flies Again!

o o o

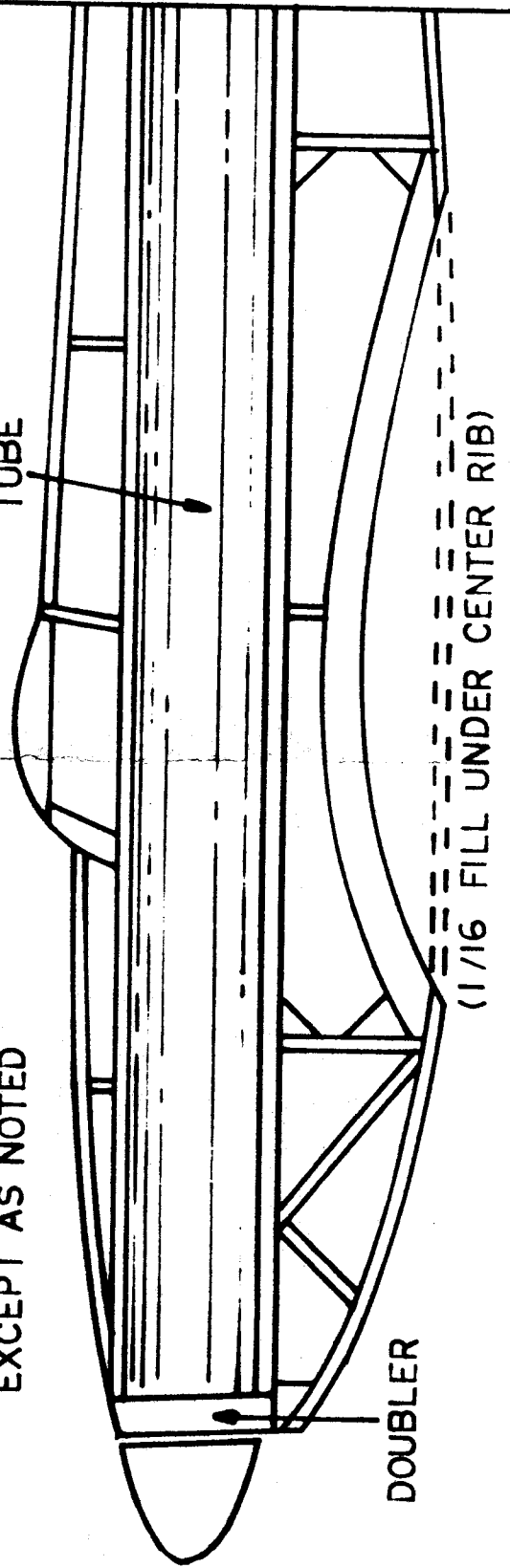
10.

(WING HALF)



ALL STOCK IS 1/16,
EXCEPT AS NOTED

TUBE



was coming next and Keen would just as soon not hear about it. Separated as they were, Barney could do little more than gesture wildly in Keen's direction. //

"Sorry," the Griffon murmured to no one in particular. "We don't have the luxury of a fancy flight test program. If Goldman is as good as he thinks he is, then this ship is going to fly. And as a matter of fact, it's going to fly right NOW!"

With that Kerry Keen gingerly maneuvered the ebony craft so that its spinners pointed into the wind. His hand eased the throttles forward and the twin Allison's roared to life, pinning the two men against their seatbacks. The floats slapped against the water, booming from time-to-time in protest to the waves. The Black Bullet cut through the chill air, her speed accumulating at a faster and faster clip.

"C'mon, C'mon!" a grim faced O'Dare now shouted, and as if in answer to a prayer the Black Bullet unstuck and was airborne. Keen let her gain some altitude, adjusted flaps, and retracted the floats - the new ship responded instantly and effortlessly. It was night but the two flyers had no trouble seeing one another's smiles of elation. Within minutes they were flying it as though they had they had flown the big ship for years. They let the Bullet cruise along in a leisurely fashion, eking out altitude as they drifted to the northeast. Their view of Great Peconic Bay was occasionally obscured by broken clouds, but to them Long Island was as familiar as their own back yard.

In the distance the insistent flashing of Montauk beacon appeared and Kerry banked the great ship to the south and west, roughly retracing the outward leg of the journey.

"She's a honey, eh Barney?" Kerry inquired of his co-pilot.

"Sure is, boss. I can't wait 'til we can really wring her out! This sedate, Sunday pilot business ain't fer me."

Kerry now bled off altitude as they came in over the south shore, cranking in just a notch of flaps and preparing to lower the floats, all the while monitoring his instruments.

"PUN-N-NG!!"

Suddenly a stream of tracers peppered their flightpath! Instinctively the Griffon threw the virgin ship into a violent roll, breaking sharply to the left, all the while forcing the twin throttles forward. He zoomed for the deck, the airspeed indicator moving fitfully upward as he did so, but still the incendiaries whizzed dangerously close.

"I'll try to outrun whoever is gunning for us, Barney!"

Like a meteor the twin nosed monster took off across the whitecaps. When Keen felt that he had sufficiently outrun his pursuer, he doubled back in search of the mystery fighter.

"Hope I haven't lost me touch now Kerry," Barney spat out.

"It's been a long time since we've seen any action."

"I hate to disappoint you old friend, but this was supposed to be a test hop. We aren't armed!"

"Kerry, look," the copilot interrupted. Off in the distance they could just make out the faint flickering of exhausts. The hunter now became the hunted.

"Let's stand off a bit and see what this bird is up to," Kerry whispered. "He probably figured we gave him the slip and doesn't realize we're in the neighborhood."

12.

The ebony ship played cat-and-mouse, darting in and out of the gathering overcast, all the while tailing the strange ship. They were following a path out to open sea and the Griffon worried that some unforeseen problem might crop up in the barely tested craft in these unforgiving surroundings. But just as he was about to turn back, Kerry spotted the payoff.

"It looks like Herr Gift told it to us straight, Barn. That plane is about to make a landing at sea and it isn't alone either. If I'm not mistaken, that dark shape below her is a surfaced German sub. Let's take a closer gander, eh?"

With those words he pushed the Bullet over and made a mad dash for the deck. The Bullet flew so close to the water that her powerful propellers churned up twin rooster tails of spray as they roared closer to their prey. There was no doubt about it now. It was a U-boat alright, with a ponderous tank on deck, intended no doubt to hangar the float plane that bobbed helplessly a few hundred yards off the sub's stern. Even as they took in the strange scene below, tiny flashes of light blinked across the sub's deck as her crew fired back at the dark intruder - Kerry Keen knew it was time to withdraw. If only they had some ammo!

"Next time, Mr. O'Dare, they won't get off so lightly..."

PHOTO PAGE

Photos one, two and three are of Dick Howards twin rubber powered models. All fly great! We are trying to get Dick to share his ideas and plans with us, this will maybe allow all of us to develop our own twins. The first photo shows four of Dick's twins, the McDonnell XP-67, Douglas A-26, Me-410 and his Lockheed P-38. Photo two is of his B-25 of only a twelve inch span. Number three pic is the McDonnell XP-67 in a closer shot.

Picture four is of Bud Overn wearing his Bill Barnes tee-shirt that you can read about elsewhere in this issue.

CONTEST CALENDAR

April 28...9th Annual Snowbird Indoor meet at McComb Fieldhouse, Edinboro, Pa. HLG, EZB, No-Cal, FAC Scale, GHQ Peanut, WWI Dogfight, Embryo, Bostonian. No-Cal, Embryo and Bostonian must weigh a minimum of 7 grams without the rubber motor. CD Vic Didelot, 4410 Lorna Lane, Erie, Pa. 16506 Ph. 814-838-3263

May 5.....Indoor Contest at Niagara Falls Convention Center, see info story this issue. Don't miss this one!

May 26....Erie Model Aircraft Assn. FAC Contest at Prangmore Aerodrome, McKean Pa. FAC Scale, FAC Peanut, Embryo, Thompson/Greve races, WWI Dogfight, HLG, Golden Age Scale, Oldtimer Commercial Rubber. CD Lin Reichel, 3301 Cindy Lane, Erie, Pa. 16506 Ph. 814-833-0314

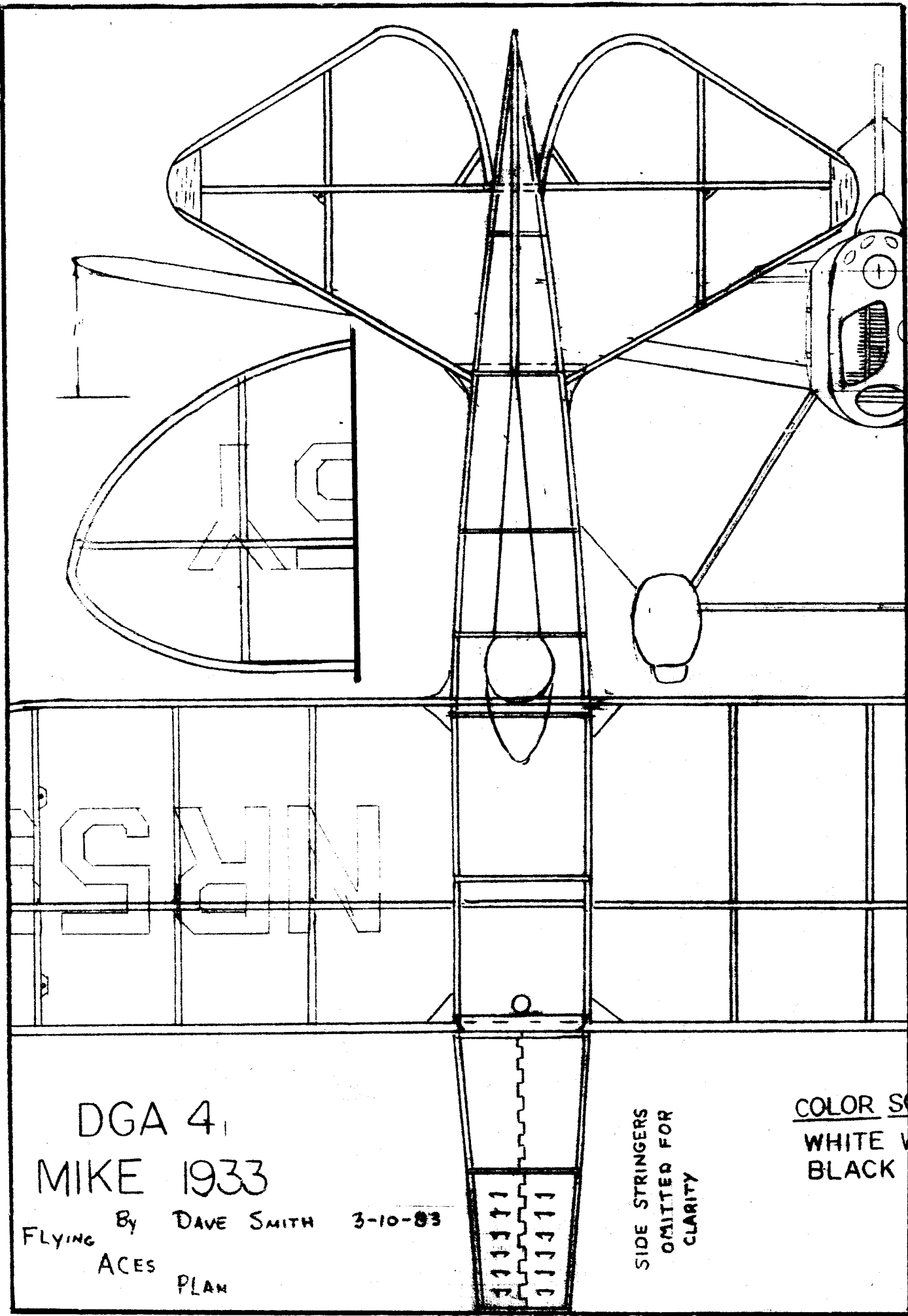
June 9....14th Annual Great Lakes Meet. FAC Scale, GHQ Peanut, Embryo, HLG. WWII Combat, FAC Jumbo, 020 Oldtimer Replica, Oldtimer Comm. rubber, WWI Peanut Dogfight. CD Joe Barna, 1428 West 32 St. Erie, Pa. 16508 Ph. 814-864-6933

Aug. 18...Erie Model Aircraft Picnic Meet, more on this later.

Sept, 22...16th Annual Midwest Scale Meet. More later.

Nov. ??...Fall Indoor Meet at Edinboro, Pa. More later.

The D.C. Maxecuters will hold a series of contests on the following dates, contact Tom Schmitt, 11014 Marcliff Rd. Rockville, Md. 20852 for more info. The dates are; April 12, 19, May 10, June 14, July 12, Aug. 9, Sept. 7.



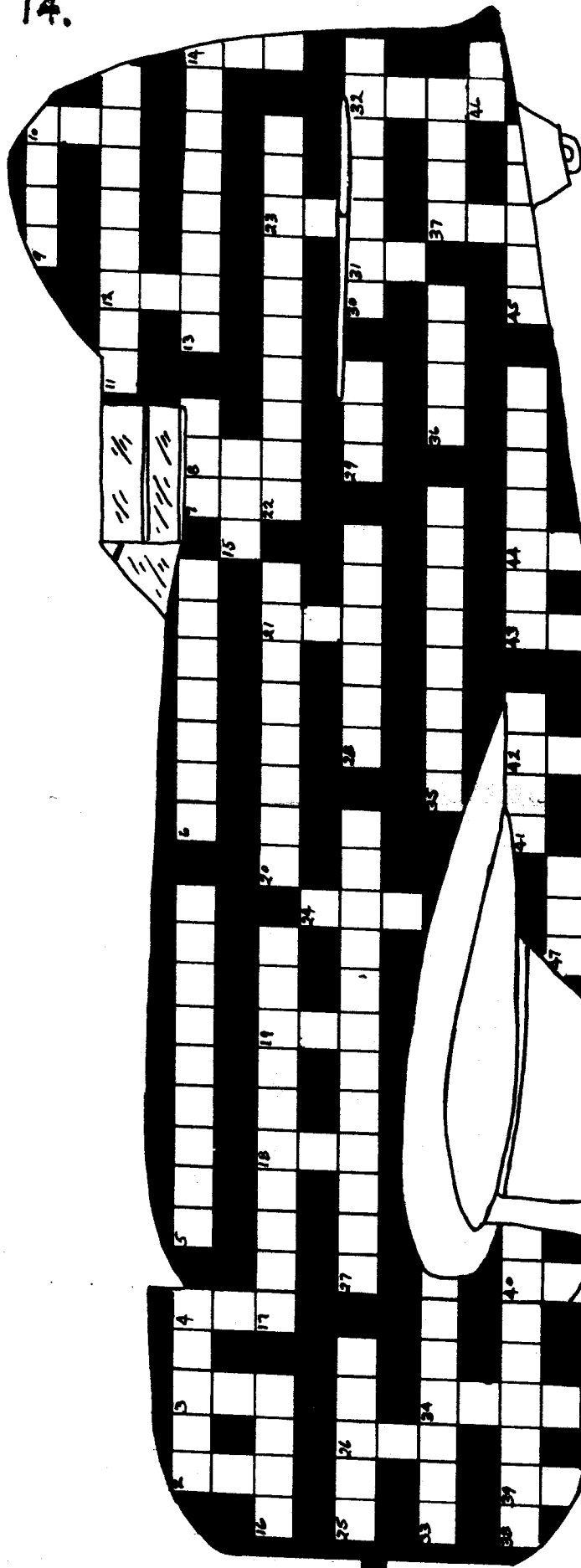
DGA 4,

MIKE 1933

By DAVE SMITH 3-10-83
 FLYING ACES PLAN

SIDE STRINGERS
 OMITTED FOR
 CLARITY

COLOR S
 WHITE V
 BLACK

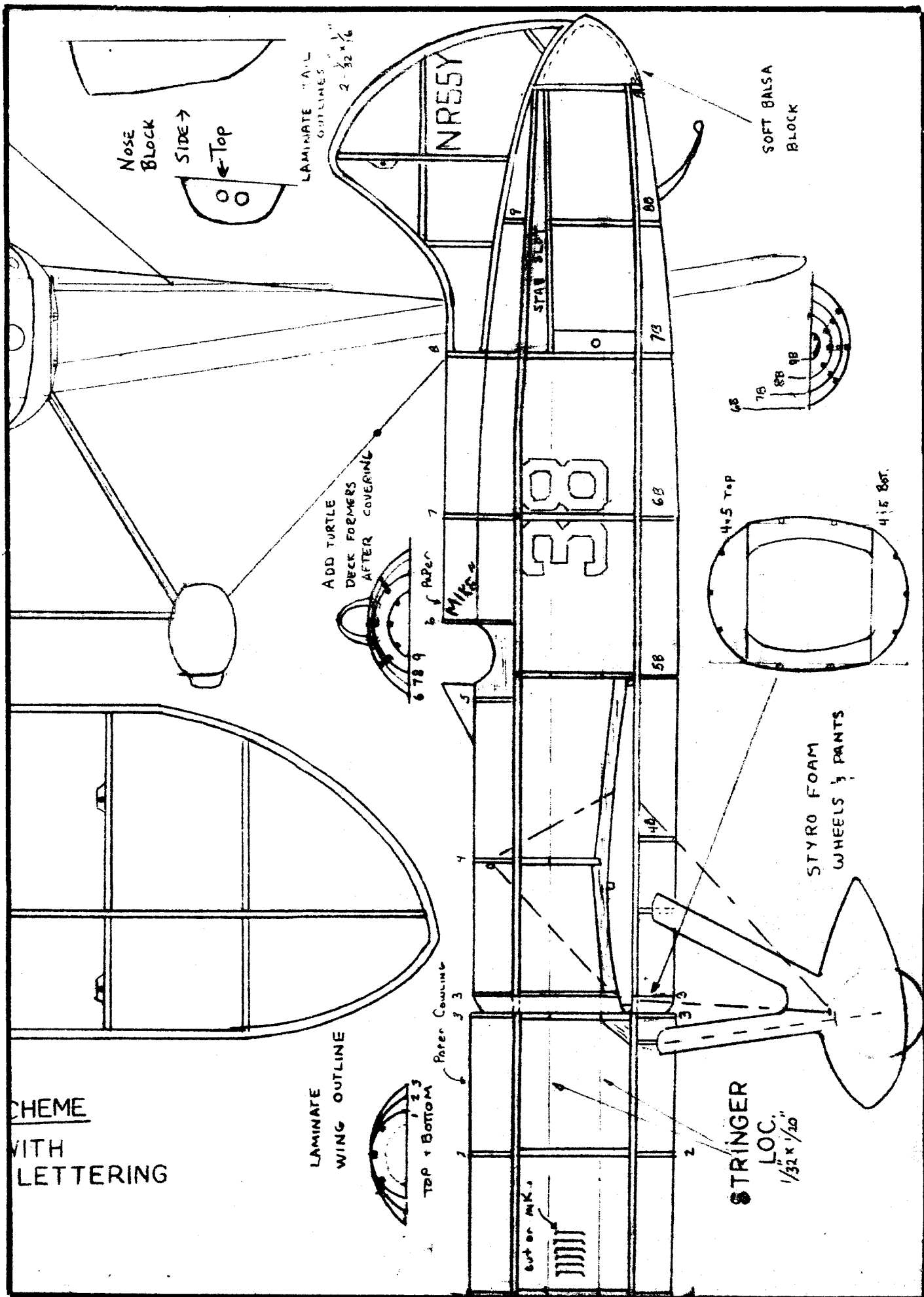


DOWN

2. As the _____ flies.
3. Pilots best friend (abb).
4. C-47 role for CG-4A.
7. Gen. _____ Arnold.
8. Five Kenones.
10. Int'l airline of 1930's.
12. Wing or prop _____.
14. 8th A.W. Ops area.
18. Goose.
19. Owner of Flt. 007.
21. Inst. for height.
23. Rear of wing.
24. Armstrong-Whitworth _____.
26. Power unit (abb).
31. Spy plane.
32. USAF crew chiefs.
34. Prop wash.
37. wing-fuel holding.
39. North Amer. _____ 6.
40. Models flown by wire.
42. Wirelless flight.
43. North Amer. _____ 9.
44. Fairchild _____ 19.

ACROSS

1. World famous model club.
(use LARGE letters)
2. _____ & Whitney.
5. Pilot of this ship.
6. Bent wing bird.
7. Familiar laugh.
9. Art Chester racer.
11. French race pilot-1936.
13. WW-2 fighter.
15. USAF fighter comm. (abb).
16. Eye patch flyer.
17. 1930's aerobatic ship.
20. Atomic bomb dropper.
22. Boeing P-26.
25. 1930's model company.
27. Alameda calling _____.
28. Builder of above.
29. Yellow trainer.
30. N.A.A. product.
33. Gooney bird creator.
35. Wing formula numbers.
36. Air Sedan Co.
37. Prettiest biplanes.
38. Our heroes base.
41. Japanese surprise.
43. Two wings with a round engine.
45. Model power unit.
46. Ryan _____.
47. Grumman animal.



16.

NIAGARA FALLS INDOOR MEET

Here is one contest you will not want to miss Clubsters! There will be 11 events that you can enter, there has to be something there you can enter. The site is the Niagara Falls Convention Center and it is huge. It has a ceiling of seventy feet and the floor dimensions are 260 feet by 310 feet! By the way, that is Niagara Falls, New York.

The events are as follows; FAI Stick, EZB, Novice Pennyplane, HLG, Embryo, Manhattan Cabin, FAC Scale, GHQ Peanut, 7 gram Bostonian, WWI Dogfight--multiwings only, No-Cal Scale.

For more info contact; Jack Brown, 1446 Red Jacket Rd. Grand Island, N.Y. 14072. BE THERE!! THE DATE IS MAY 5, 1985!!

PLANS BY MIKE MIDKIFF; 3/4 scale Jap Grace and Judy, \$5.00 each, Mike Midkiff, 7611 Cypress, Humble, Tex. 77396

PLANS BY DIELS; SAE for plan list, many fine peanut and other rubber powered scale plans. Dave Diels, Box 101, Woodville, Ohio, 43469

MICROX Box 1063 Lorain, Ohio 44055
Phone (216) 282-8354

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Piper Vagabond
Piper Cub
Stinson 125
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Sport Scale Models 22" Span

PC-6 Porter

PC-6 Porter
Taylor Craft
Stinson Voyager
Rubber or CO² Power
Kits each ... \$6.95

Sport Models**Hornet Embryo**

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with 18" Span
designed to win!
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(Ed., Note: After publication of the story of the Westland "Whoopee" as test flown by Captain DeBris, we received the following letter from Mr. Montagu Tite-Wahd, Formerly Senior Accountant with Westlands at the time of the Whoopee. Because certain allegations were implied in the article and at the risk of igniting an on-going controversy, we have printed Mr. Tite-Wahd's letter as received.)

Ledger Cottage
Pounds Lane
Sterling, Bucks

Dear Colonel Reichel:

Lately I was spending my usual Thursday afternoon in the periodicals reading room of the British Museum and I was quietly jeered to distraction by a rowdy group of club types who were reading the Westland "Whoopee" article in the Jan.-Feb. issue of Flying Aces Club News. Since I am acquainted with some of these gentlemen, Lord Frittering for one, you can imagine my embarrassment due to certain direct and indirect references (slurs) to me in the "Whoopee" article.

I was the Senior Accountant at Westlands when the "Whoopee" or rightly "Whoopoe" aircraft was built: and for some time after the test flying programme carried out by that rotter, Captain DeBris.

To set the record straight, I believe it only fair for you to publish my end of the story.

Please refer to subject FAC News, page 11. It is true that in St. Moritz in 1933 I did try to physically encourage Captain DeBris to execute an heroic decent of the adjacent slope, Schuss de Morte, without skis. What they obviously did not tell you was that I was in St. Moritz in 1933 recuperating from the breakdown I suffered after completing the audit and cash settlements related to the "Whoopee's" test flights. I saw the care-free Captain DeBris with a couple of pretty girls and my mind was boggled. Then he had the audacity to stroll over to me and ask if I were Westland's head accountant, said something about Sloven-Lee's brother-in-law had given him my name. Then he presented me with a pocket-worn bill from one of those inns, where he had landed the airplane, for additional "fuel"! I was properly horrified: I had just closed the books on the "Whoopee". That bounder, DeBris, proceeded to ask me to pay-up straight away because he was becoming bored with the dunning letters.

Another thing those two ~~elewns~~ authors did not tell you was that due to some cheap trick by Captain DeBris it was I who negotiated that slope--without skis.

My record for the Schus de Morte course still stands. Next day in hospital I received an honorary membership in the Alpine Club and the Swiss Medal for Valor. Unfortunately, while the presentation committee were still there, I was visited by DeBris who had several beauty chorus-type girls giggling with him. He was drinking gin and Vermouth through a straw from a Throttle, Botham & Bottle, Ltd hot water bottle (they're very good) concealed in his westcoat.

DeBris and the girls became quite matey with the committee, one of whom, Chandra Bannerjee Singh, knew Captain DeBris from the latter's junket to India to demonstrate the Bristol "Bhedsore". You may recall this was one of the first attempts to design an hospital-type aircraft.

In anticipation that Scott and Bockius will sometime publish their usual DeBris whitewash about the Bristol "Bhedsore", to set the record straight, it was used as a bomber. And that was before the Rajah of Bhedsore, who was actually one of the Cheetwells, (according to informed sources) changed his arms and flag (and wing insignie) to a red cross on a white field. I understand they are still arguing this in Geneva.

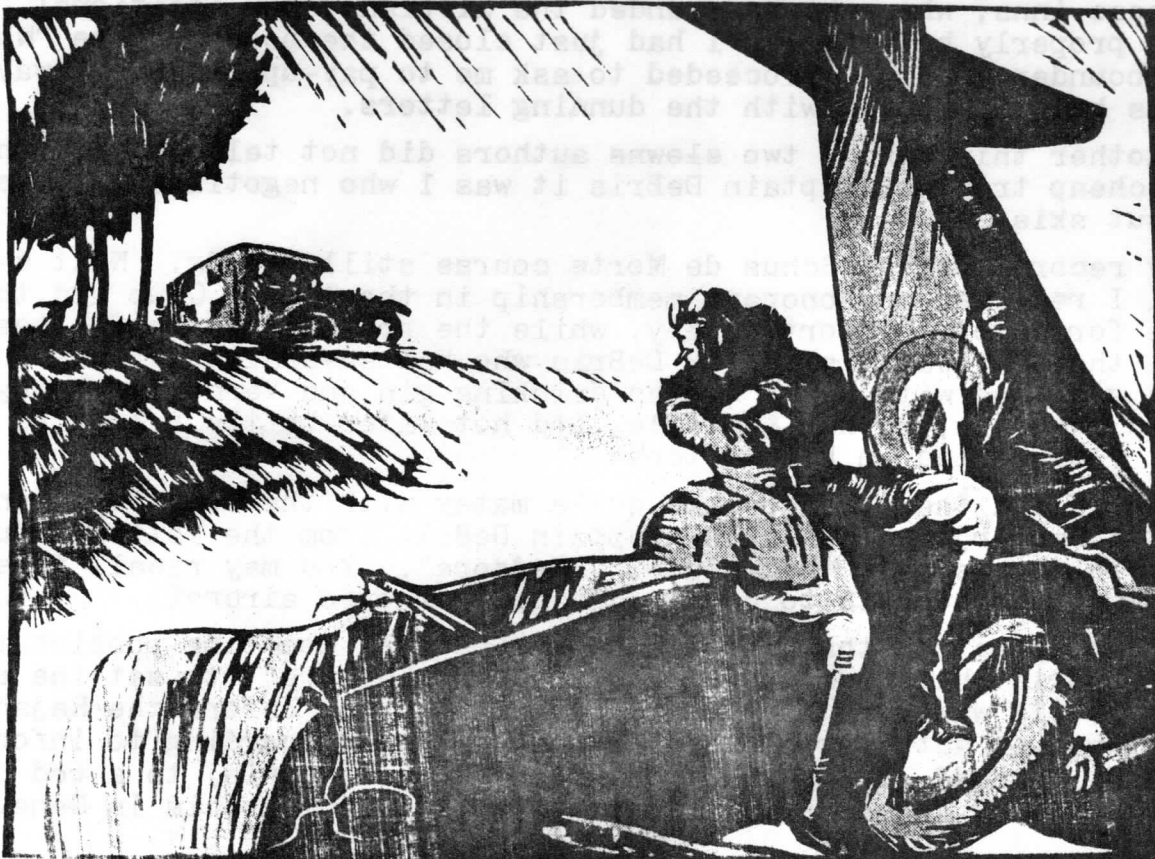
18. I digress- In hospital DeBris spilled most of his gin and Vermouth on me and my bed. Of course the committee did not see this, they were too busy with DeBris' girl friends. When they got back to me they decided I was a drunk and a disgrace and disqualified me from the Alpine Club membership. Some weeks later while I was in Paris recuperating, again, the Swiss government began legal proceedings against me for the return of the Medal for Valor. Thus began an international legal entanglement which dragged on for years and which has jailed me several times on the continent and caused me to be highly suspect with Scotland Yard. Just try to obtain an accounting position with Detective Inspector So and So walking in the door behind you everytime! It is no wonder I am completely put off by chocolates and watches.

Scott and Bockius did not mention it but I almost ~~get~~ saw Captain DeBris in Cannes in 1927. They also did not tell you he was there "resting" from his latest French experience, the Dewoitine "Diddley", a jockey fighter he test flew at Villa-coublay (the French version of RAF Prangmore or Muddle-some Heath). He did not recognize me of course, due to all the dental work required after my descent on Schuss de Morte. Apparently he was under some sort of restriction. It was impossible to get close enough to ~~sheet~~ meet him because of the number of Surete agents.

However, I again digress. I remember well the "Whoopee" cushion at RAF Prangmore because I had to go up there several times during the ensuing audit. On each occasion I was its victim in the mess. Undoubtedly more of this will be divulged with the true story of what really happened at RAF Prangmore re: that ruffian DeBris's visit with the "Whoopee". Suffice to note I have done my best to ~~get~~ even square things with the then OC Station Prangmore who tried to recommend Captain DeBris for an O.B.E. or D.S.O. Then there is the on-going battle with Whitehall after OC Station sent in papers for DeBris's DFC.

Someday I will be able to sneak up on DeBris and Sloven-Lee's brother-in-law. Remember, they do not know about all that dental work at St. Moritz.

Montagu Tite Wahd



1984 FAC PROMOTION LIST

19.

Don Srull from General to Air Marshal
Geo. Meyers III from Major General to General
Jack McGillivray from Colonel to Brigadier General
Ross Mayo from Lt. Colonel to Brigadier General
Mike Zand from Lt. Colonel to Colonel

Dave Rees from Lt. Colonel to Colonel
Bill Hannan from Major to Lt. Colonel
Jack Fike from Major to Lt. Colonel
Bob Clemens from Major to Lt. Colonel
Ken Groves from Captain to Lt. Colonel

Ed Morrison from Captain to Major
Doc Martin from Captain to Major
G. Wagner from Captain to Major
Emerson Elwell from Lt. to Captain
Mark Drela from Lt. to Captain

Phil Cox from Lt. to Captain Walt Eggert, Sr. from Lt. to Captain
Dudley Prisel from Lt. to Captain Larry Loucka from Lt. to Captain

Last year's promotion list contained 16 names. This year, 19 FAC officers were promoted for a new yearly record. EFF, AA, CEE!!! forever!!

ANOTHER BLUE MAX WINNER

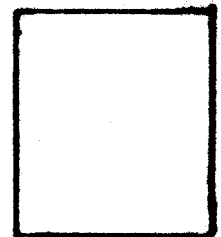
Lt. Col. Rudy Kluiber of Lakewood, Ohio has now earned enough "Kanones" to be awarded the coveted Blue Max medal. With his sixteenth victory he now joins a long list of Flying Aces. We welcome Rudy into the membership of the "Pour-le-Merite". May he continue to have much success in his sojourns into the ozone.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

THE crossword puzzle that you will find within this issue was sent in to us by Fran Allessandro. We will award the first clubster to send in the correct answers a prize of some kind. Answers will be in the next issue. Get your skull-caps on gang and go to work. We want to thank Fran for his contribution to the newsletter, this is the kind of stuff FACers are made of.

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 in the U.S. and Canada. Overseas cost is Twelve Dollars. Six issues, published every other month. Send to;

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Erie, Pa. 16506



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OLD TIME 10 CENT KIT PLANS AND PRINTWOOD; Many plans and printwood, \$1.50 each plan, \$1.50 for printwood, good wood too. Jack Fike, 630 Fairway Lane, Bloomington, Ind. 47401

BILL BARNES FLIES AGAIN !!

Last summer, while reading my granddaughter a childrens book, I was surprised to see that the author was Charles S. Verral.

"Could this be, I wondered, the same man who wrote many of the "BILL BARNES AIR ADVENTURE" novels in the 1930's under the house name of George L. Eaton?"

Sure enogh, it was! Free lance writer and pulp authority, Will Murry, located Mr. Verral in time for his 80th birthday (and Bill Barnes 50th anniversary). The theme for the party was Bill Barnes. Guests were dressed in '30 ish costumes or aviator outfits. Slides of the magazine covers painted by Frank Tinsley were flashed on the wall. Suspended in the atrium of the hosts town house was a giant model of an airplane with the B.B. logo on it. A live radio-style reading of a never broadcast show was performed by his friends and neighbors.

The cake was decorated with illustrations from "AIR TRAILS" including one of "Shorty". Will Murry gave Mr. Verral a rubber stamp with the "Silver Lancer" on it and Burt Leake and I gave him tee-shirts with Bill Barnes and Air Adventurer themes and logos on them. While these were individual gifts, they were presented with the good wishes from all Bill Barnes fans.

Mr. Verral still plays tennis, is an editor and continues to write sports articles and adventure books from his 3rd floor den, where he turned out many of the Bill Barnes stories.

On the wall of that den, hangs an awesome sight! The original full-sized oil painting for the Nov. '34 issue by Tinsley of....the "Scarlet Stormer"!

BUD OVERN

(Thanks, Bud, for sharing this with us. It is always nice to hear that some of our early heroes are still with us. ED.)

BILL BARNES TEE-SHIRTS

You can get your Bill Barnes tee-shirt from Bud by sending him \$10.00 plus \$1.50 for postage. Specify size S M L XL. Send to; Bud Overn, 1043-C E. Chapman Ave., Orange, Ca. 92666

For the rubber stamp of the "Silver Lancer" and other aviation rubber stamps, write to; Aerostamps, 60 Ely Ave. Box 56, Sabina, Ohio 45169

HELP BEAT THE POSTAGE INCREASE

You can help defray the increase in postal rates by ordering one of the souviner plans that we have left over from the FAC Nats Mark IV. The plan is of the Northrop "Gama", it has a wingspan of 36inches and was drawn by none other than our own Pres Bruning. Which means that it is really a top notch plan and you can get one for just four bucks and that includes postage. Send your money to GHQ right away, be the first kid on your block to get one! Haww!

COVER DRAWINGSCOVER DRAWINGS

We can use cover drawings for the newsletter. Sometimes we get stuck and don't have anything for the cover and this can be a big problem. We are sure that a lot of you clubsters are pretty handy with a pen or pencil and can do a good enough job for us. It does not have to be a masterpiece to be enjoyed by our members and you can cure what is sometimes a big headache. Thanks in advance from GHQ.

