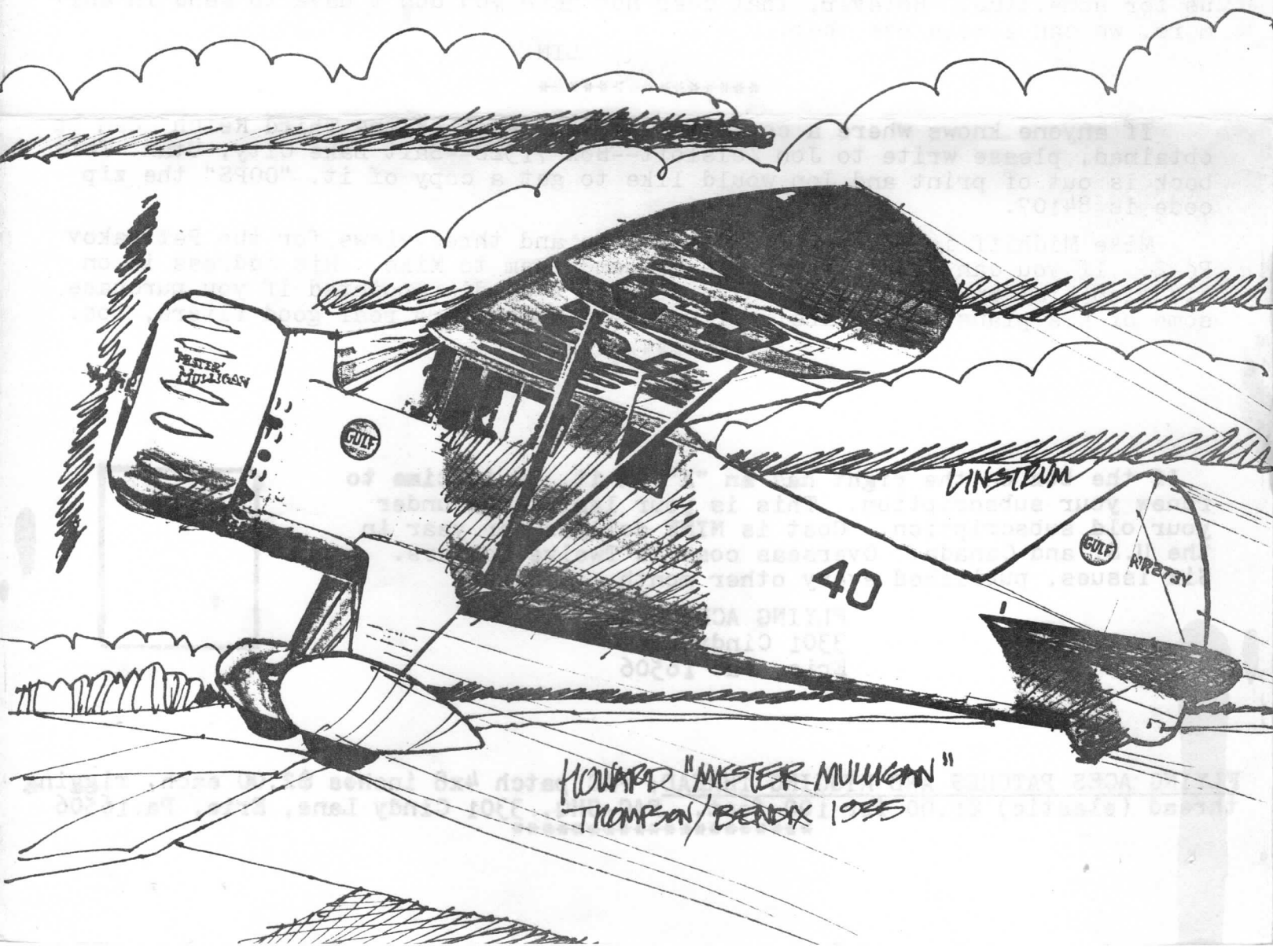


FLYING 85 ACES

Club News

ISSUE #102-28 MAR.-APRIL 1985



2.



COVER STORY

Our cover needs no story. Everyone should recognize it as Benny Howard's finest racing plane. Stories have been written about it in all aviation publications so we won't take up space here with repetitious writings. Mr. Mulligan is the first of a series of cover drawings that were done by Dave "VTO" Linstrum for the newsletter. We will be running them from time to time for you. They are all of racing aircraft and all are well done. Thank you very much Dave! I would like to take this opportunity to thank everyone who answered our request for cover drawings. We now have a good supply which should last us for some time. However, that does not mean you don't have to send in any more, we can always use them.

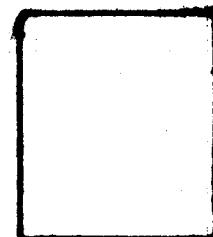
LIN

If anyone knows where a copy of "The Warplanes of the Third Reich" can be obtained, please write to Jon Zeisloft--Box 71328--Salt Lake City, Utah. This book is out of print and Jon would like to get a copy of it. "OOPS" the zip code is 84107.

Mike Midkiff is looking for scale info and three-views for the Petlyakov Pe-2. If you can supply these please send them to Mike. His address is on his plan list in this issue. Also you won't be dissapointed if you purchase some of his plans. They are really well done and are real good fliers, too.

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;

FLYING ACES NEWS
3301 Cindy Lane
Erie, Pa. 16506



FLYING ACES PATCHES AND RIGGING THREAD; FAC patch 4x8 inches \$2.00 each, rigging thread (elastic) \$1.00 for 100 feet. FAC-GHQ, 3301 Cindy Lane, Erie, Pa. 16506

Peanut & No-Cal Scale Postal Meet

3.

Here are the final results of the Postal Meet. And a great entry list it is. It sure is nice to see so many of you enter. It sure makes the whole thing seem worthwhile doing.

PEANUT INDOOR

<u>Pilot</u>	<u>Aircraft</u>	<u>Time</u>
J. McGillivray	Lacey	153 sec.
Jim Miller	Vagabond	101 "
Doc Martin	Bleriot XI	85 "
Geo. Leffler	Goon	84 "
Don Steeb	Lacy	84 "
C. Brownhill	Lacy	84 "
Bob Clemens	Found	78 "
Bob Gordon	RM-12 Radu	76 "
Dean McGinnes	IS-4	73 "
C. Brownhill	Halberstadt	67 "
A. Parmentier	Waterman Racer	63 "
Ken Groves	Fike	60 "
Ray Marshall	Piper Cub	59 "
J. Kortenbach	Nieuport 17c	58 "
Dan Briehl	Cessna Cent.	57 "
Bob Erpelding	Fike	51 "
Barry Fletcher	Fred	45 "
Paul Truupere	Ganagobie	43 "
Jeff Briehl	Turboporter	36 "

NO-CAL INDOOR

<u>Pilot</u>	<u>Aircraft</u>	<u>Time</u>
Ken Groves	Corben "Ace"	256sec.
Terry Gumm	Turboporter	235 "
Don Steeb	Found	225 "
Walt Van Gorder	Fike	222 "
Phil Cox	Turboporter	207 "
Larry Loucka	Lacy	203 "
Lou Leiffer	Fike	191 "
Bob Clemens	Tipsy Jr.	187 "
Don Srull	Hustler	168 "
Carl Schueler	Tailwind	160 "
Gary Hunter	Citabria	158 "
Bob Clemens	Curt. XF13C1	150 "
Mark Fineman	Turboporter	130 "
Dan Briehl	Cesna Cent.	57 "
Les Burdsal	Citabria	55 "
Jeff Briehl	Turboporter	36 "

PEANUT OUTDOOR

<u>Pilot</u>	<u>Aircraft</u>	<u>Time</u>
Bill Anderson	Lacy	172 sec.
Dick Kohfield	Jodel Bebe	139 "
Ken Groves	Fike	107 "
Al Lawton	Fokker V-23	103 "
Dave Linstrum	Fike	80 "
Mark Fineman	IS-4	77 "
Bob Thompson	Langley Aero.	70 "
Bill Anderson	Goon	68 "
Dave Stott	Fred	63 "

NO-CAL OUTDOOR

<u>Pilot</u>	<u>Aircraft</u>	<u>Time</u>
Dave Stott	Luscombe Phant.	536 sec.
Dick Kohfield	Zlin	216 "
Mark Fineman	Turboporter	171 "
Ken Groves	Corben "Ace"	136 "
Bill Anderson	Luscombe Phant.	96 "
Dan Briehl	Cessna Cent.	66 "
Jeff Briehl	Turboporter	59 "

A hearty salute to all who entered and the winners will be credited with a "Kanone" and their prize will be in the mail shortly. Jeff Briehl was the only junior entered and he to will earn Kanones and prizes also.

MORE CONTESTS

Jul 7, 1985...Hastings Airport, Hastings, Mi. OT rubber stick, OT rubber cabin, Rubber scale (FAC?), Jimmie Allen, Comm. rubber, Twin pusher, OT HLG, Compressed air. Joe Barrette, 5415 Mick SE, Kentwood, Mich. 49508

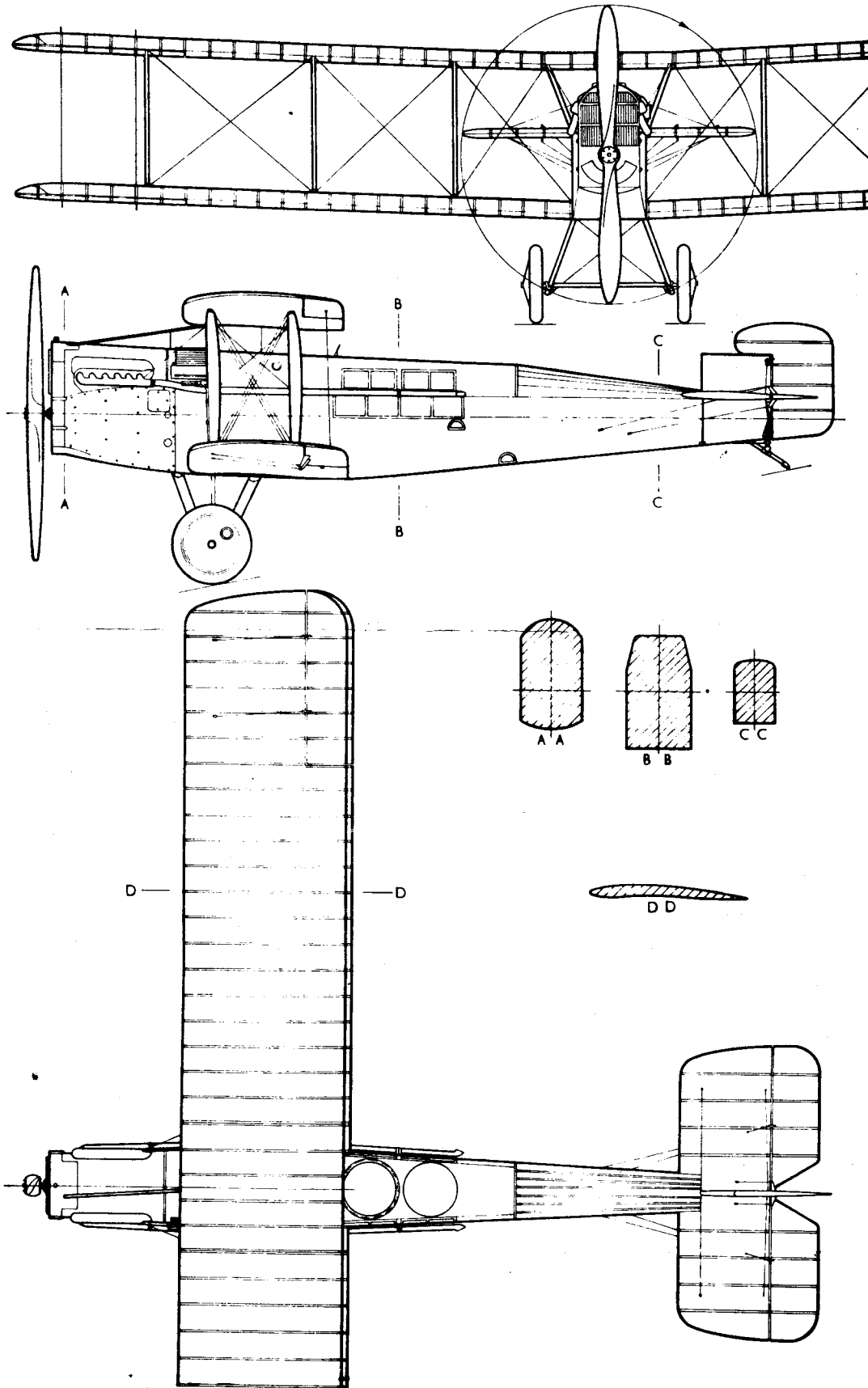
Sept. 28.....Three Rivers Airport, Three Rivers, Mi. All free flight gas events, OT 020 Replica, Rubber stick and cabin, Rubber scale, Twin pusher, compressed air, Jimmie Allen. Joe Barrette see above.

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 36 inches 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!

4.

Wallaby



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

The Doom Raider

Homage to Arch Whitehouse

CHAPTER VII: A DATE WITH DESTINY

A grim smile of determination played across the Griffon's face. The narrow escape from the raider's ambush convinced Kerry Keen that any plot to trap the nazis would have to excel in cunning. Now, just twelve hours - and almost as many cups of black coffee - later, he had come up with something so perfect, he could barely hide his elation.

"Oh Barney," Kerry intoned matter-of-factly, "you may have your chance to practice some gunnery tonight. Hope you still remember how."

"Mother of G...", the irreverent Irishman exhaled. "So this is to be the night, is it? I'm just itchin' t' take care of that feller that let us have it last night. How're we to do it?"

"Don't you worry about that too much, Barn. If you and Eric do what I say everything should work out just fine. Eric, how's the Bullet after last night's calisthenics?"

"No problem," the intense European responded. "Barney and I have checked her out and everything looks fine. The armament installation is nearing completion as we had planned: 20 mm cannons behind the props and eight .50 caliber machine guns in the wings. Along with the bombs on the wing center section, it will pack the punch of a navy destroyer."

"Splendid, splendid," Keen chuckled. "How much longer 'til she's completely ready?"

"Three hours at most," Barney replied.

"Fine. And Barney, before we return to work, make sure you move Herr Gift from the storage room to the paint locker."

"But boss, that's right next to the radio transmitter. Isn't that a little risky?" O'Dare blurted.

"Not at all, Barney. Besides, it's the risky part that I enjoy..."

The industrious trio set about their work but the complexity of the big sky charger added precious minutes to their task. Never-the-less, the gleaming ebony behemoth was ready and waiting as dusk settled over the Long Island shore. After a light supper, Keen and Barney donned their costumes of black and crimson.

"Imagine Drury Lang thinking that the Griffon was dead," the young ballistics expert smirked. "We should remove all doubts this evening!"

As they descended the stairs to the hangar, Kerry made a deliberate fuss outside the paint locker, chattering away about their impending departure. O'Dare and Goldman looked at one another quizzically but said nothing, for Keen held an extended index finger to his lips in pantomimed silence. Only when they were out of earshot of Gift did Keen tell Eric Goldman to leave

The Griffon Flies Again!

the estate as quickly as possible and not return for 24 hours. The engineer was puzzled but reluctantly complied with Keen's order.

Within a few short moments the daring pilots donned their 'chutes and climbed aboard the Black Bullet. As the hangar door was lifted by its hydraulic jacks, first one and then a second powerful Allison engine roared to life. The aerial dreadnought inched forward on the stout pneumatic tires that now extended from her twin floats. With gun muzzles gleaming and bombs glistening the newest Black Bullet was like a bridled racehorse being led to the starting gate.

As they inched the amphibion onto the beach, Keen caught sight of a figure darting through the hangar. "Perfect," he smiled to himself. "Everything is working according to plan."

The weather along the sound was uncharacteristically benign this spring evening, an unanticipated bonus from Mother Nature. The Bullet slid effortlessly into the slapping surf, her tires retracted, and then the sinister ship picked up speed as Keen cracked the throttles open.

"Say Boss, how're we gonner find these birds? You don't think we'll be as lucky as we were last night do ya?" Barney inquired.

"We are going to find no one at all, Barn. They are going to find us. I deliberately let Herr Gift break out as we left. By this time he has probably sent a radio signal to his kraut cronies, tipping them off that we are on the prowl. Now all we have to do is stick around the neighborhood and then give them a taste of lead when they show up. Simple."

"Yeh, simple..." the Irishman grunted into his headset.

Even with her heavy cargo of destruction, the Bullet's take-off run was shorter than that of the night before, evidence of the improving weather and the Griffon's sure hand at the stick. The intrepid pair hurled skyward, keeping their date with destiny. They didn't have long to wait.

"PING! PING! PING!" Once again a stream of tracers snaked across thier path! The Griffon wasted no time. He pointed the ebony craft toward one of the few remaining patches of cloud, the axis pilot in hot pursuit, squeezing off bursts of machine gun fire, which came closer and closer to their mark with each repetition.

"Tighten your straps, Barney, we're going for a ride!" Keen bellowed to his co-pilot. Once they were safely hidden in the vaporous camouflage, Keen whipped the Bullet into a classic Immelman that brought the duo out again into the clear.

"Look Kerry! At the base of the cloud, two o'clock high!" Sure enough, the intrepid aviator could just make out the flicker of his opponent's exhausts. Barney had already switched on the gun sights, which now glowed ominously in the darkness. Keen inched up on his opponent, stalking the German with practiced skill. Slowly, ever so slowly, the dancing lights of the hun's exhausts neared the pip on the Griffon's gunsight.

As the Griffon squeezed his index finger the eight Brownings screamed to life, issuing a highway of lead that converged upon

the helpless foe. The fearsome fusilade tore chunks of metal from the kraut ship, debris that was quickly followed by a stream of liquid and smoke. Kerry Keen had written the nazi's death warrant and now he was about to sign it. As his wounded victim descended beneath the safety of the cloud, the Griffon's thumb pressed down on a second button protruding from the control column. The Black Bullet stood still as her twin cannons spewed out shells. The results startled the two masked aviators: there was a blinding flash, a mass of wreckage and then ... nothing. The hapless foe had simply disintegrated!

"Good work, Kerry! One less of those divils to worry about."

"Our job isn't over yet, Barney," Keen intoned. "Let's see if we can locate the mother ship. Now that Gift has blown the whistle, that sub should be heading due east. I'll drop down lower so that we can get a better look."

As the Bullet descended, the Griffon took up a loose search pattern while Barney scoured the dark sea below through powerful binoculars. "Hey Kerry, there's something blinking down below. Let's give it a gander."

But scarcely had the words issued from his co-pilot than Keen's neck jerked involunatrily and his arm burned with a searing pain.

"BARNEY, I'VE BEEN HIT! TAKE OVER!" The Griffon clawed for his left bicep, which now throbbed in agony. The cold wind whistled through the cracked perspex beside him and he could make out a thin trail of vapor coming from the wing tank nearby. At the same instant Barney deftly hoiked the big ship about and out of the path of danger.

"The one thing I never figured, Barney. A second fighter! But wait ... if the wings on those buses can be folded back ... sure, they could get two of them into that tank on the deck of the sub."

The indignity of the second ambush and the shock of being hit were quickly put into perspective. The slug had deeply grazed the arm, but luckily, had passed through. Keen groped at the first aid kit, located a pressure bandage, and bound the seeping wound by gripping the dressing with his good hand and his teeth. It still hurt, but the Griffon was far from incapacitated.

"I'm taking over now, Barney. If there hadn't been two of us I would have been a goner for sure."

As they patrolled the sky, the blinking light appeared beneath them again. It was Gift in the launch, dashing for the sub and signalling the nearby sub with his lamp. The second of the vultures circled the launch and the sub protectively.

Without a moment's hesitation, the Griffon pushed the ebony fighter over into a shallow dive. His left arm still throbbed, but it was the right arm that held the stick.

"BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!"

Eight Brownings and two cannons barked out a symphony of death. First to go was the cursed spy Gift, caught in the raking machine gun fire that stitched right up the center of the launch. Next in line was the enemy sea fighter, stopped momentarily in a

rain of metal. It banked into the sea and cartwheeled helplessly wingtip over wingtip and then plunged headlong into the sea. Finally there was the sub itself, now suddenly vulnerable to the staggering firepower of the black aircraft.

Keen raced in low, much as he had done the night before, but this time his guns were blazing. The deck crew were like maniacs, some running crazily, without direction, while others dove over the side. The Bullet pulled up, banked, and came around for a second pass. This time the bombs arched out in a perfect trajectory, igniting a jagged path along the length of the U-boat. As they pulled up for a second time, there was an explosion of horrific proportions, so spectacular that it wobbled the great Bullet momentarily.

They watched as the raider shuddered involuntarily, broke in two, and slid beneath the waves. It had seemed like hours but in reality only a few fleeting minutes marked the entire adventure.

Kerry Keen pointed their charge toward Greylands. He felt a sense of relief tinged with euphoria encircle him, knowing that he and Barney had done their part to vanquish the enemy. He also took comfort in the thought that this time tomorrow the world would know that the Griffon lived.

Now it can be told! The author of our new "Griffon" adventure is none other than Mark Fineman! How many of you thought that this was an old story by Arch Whitehouse? Mark has done a remarkable job in imitating Whitehouse's style. Hats off to Mark for a job well done! Maybe sometime in the future Mark will have time to write another story for the newsletter.

AVRO 560

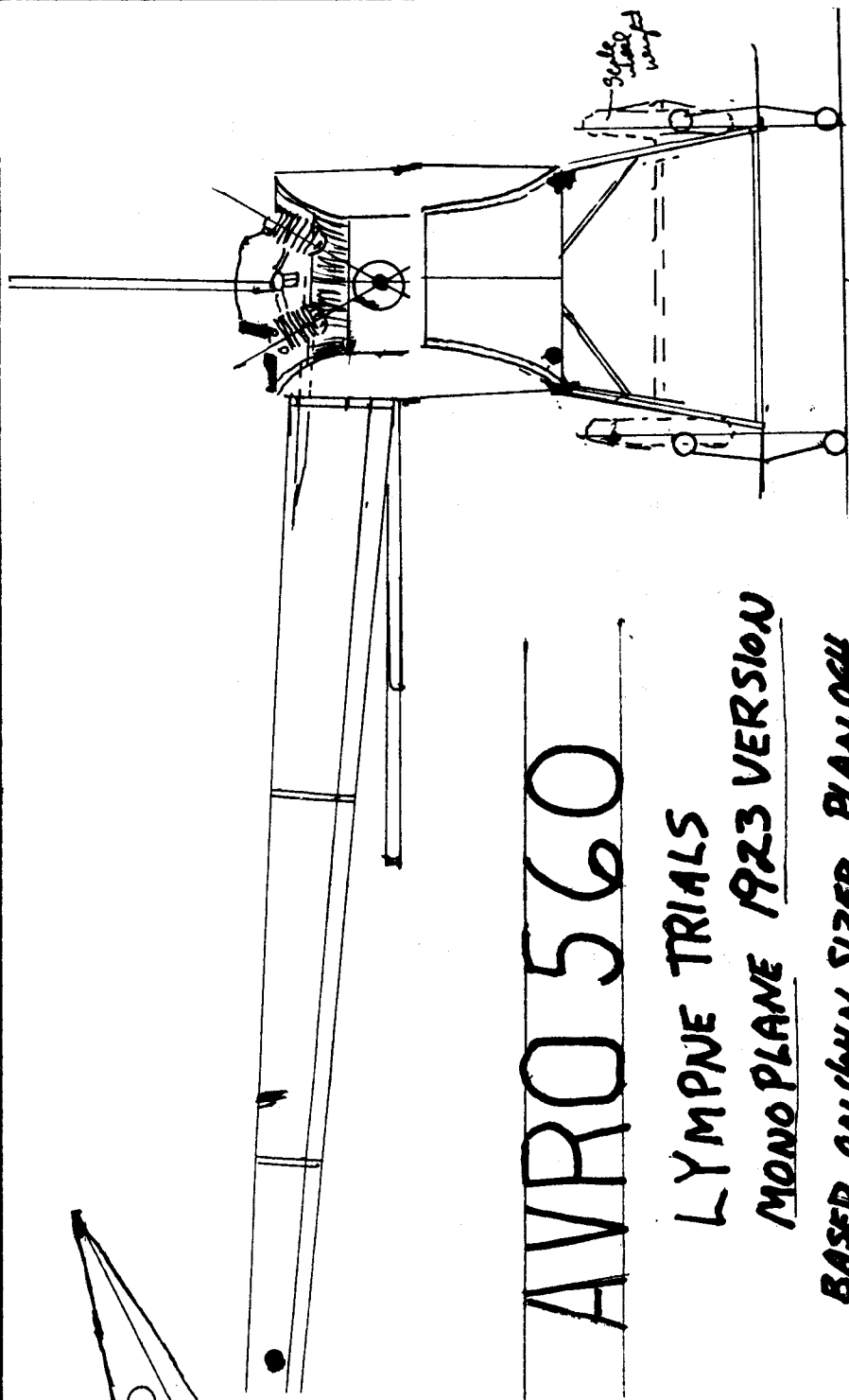
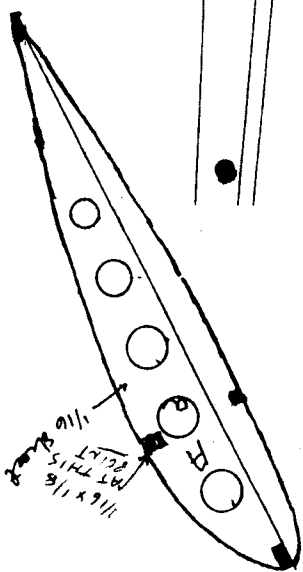
by

Paul Helman, Md.

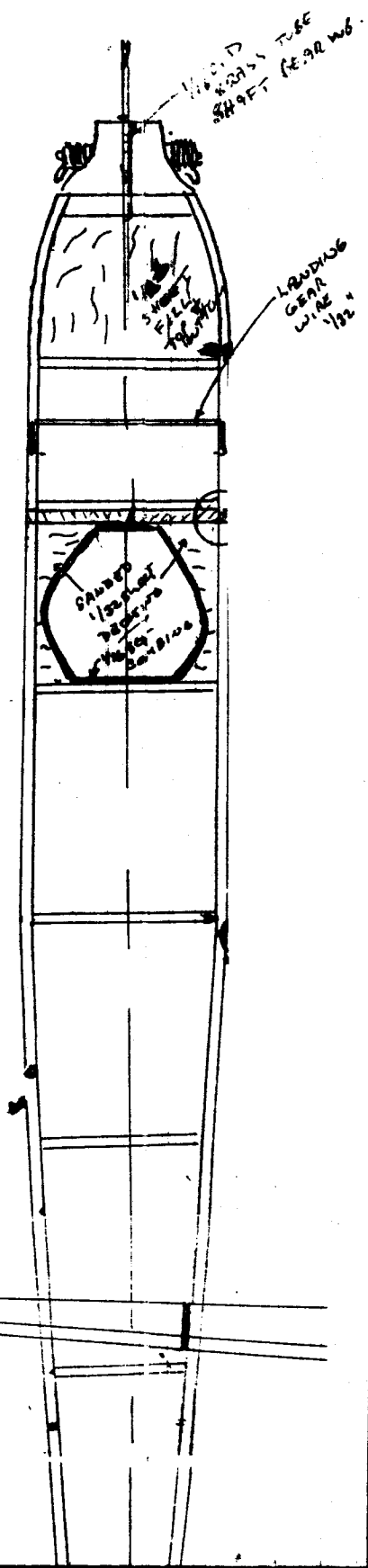
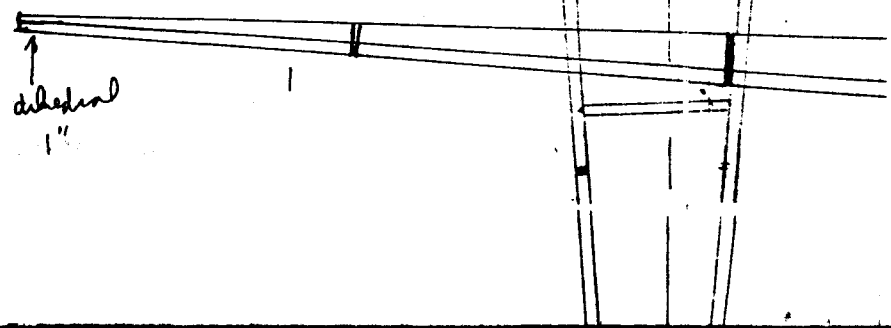
My plan of the Avro 560 was based on drawing #064 from John Sizer, 69 the Avenue, Lowestoft, East, Suffolk, England NR33 7LH. I recommend his plans most enthusiastically if you are not already familiar with his work.

It is a simple model and came out just over 10 grams--less a bit of nose ballast. With three degrees down thrust built in it pretty much flew "off the board", handling a reasonably tight right turn. As noted on the plan I started with a 6" Peck prop--minimally trimmed--but will go to higher pitched pine blade of greater area. Flew on loop of 1/8 (Champ. Rubber) for 40 seconds by the third flight. Should do over a minute easy. Also would adapt to Co/2 very nicely.

The Avro 560 was powered by a 2 cylinder air-cooled, 24 hp Blackburn "Tomtit" 697cc engine. The version shown is from the 1923 Lympne Trials in which it was mounted upright. Subsequently the airplane was turned over to the RAF under whose auspices it participated in the 1924 Trials. Both versions are shown on John Sizer's drawings. The major difference being the inverted mounting of the "Tomtit" and redesign of the landing gear to a more standard "V" structure, with a foot larger track. Hope you have fun with yours.



AVRO 560
LYMPNE TRIALS
MONO PLANE 1923 VERSION
BASED ON JOHN SIZER PLANOCH
EAST SUFFOLK ENGLAND

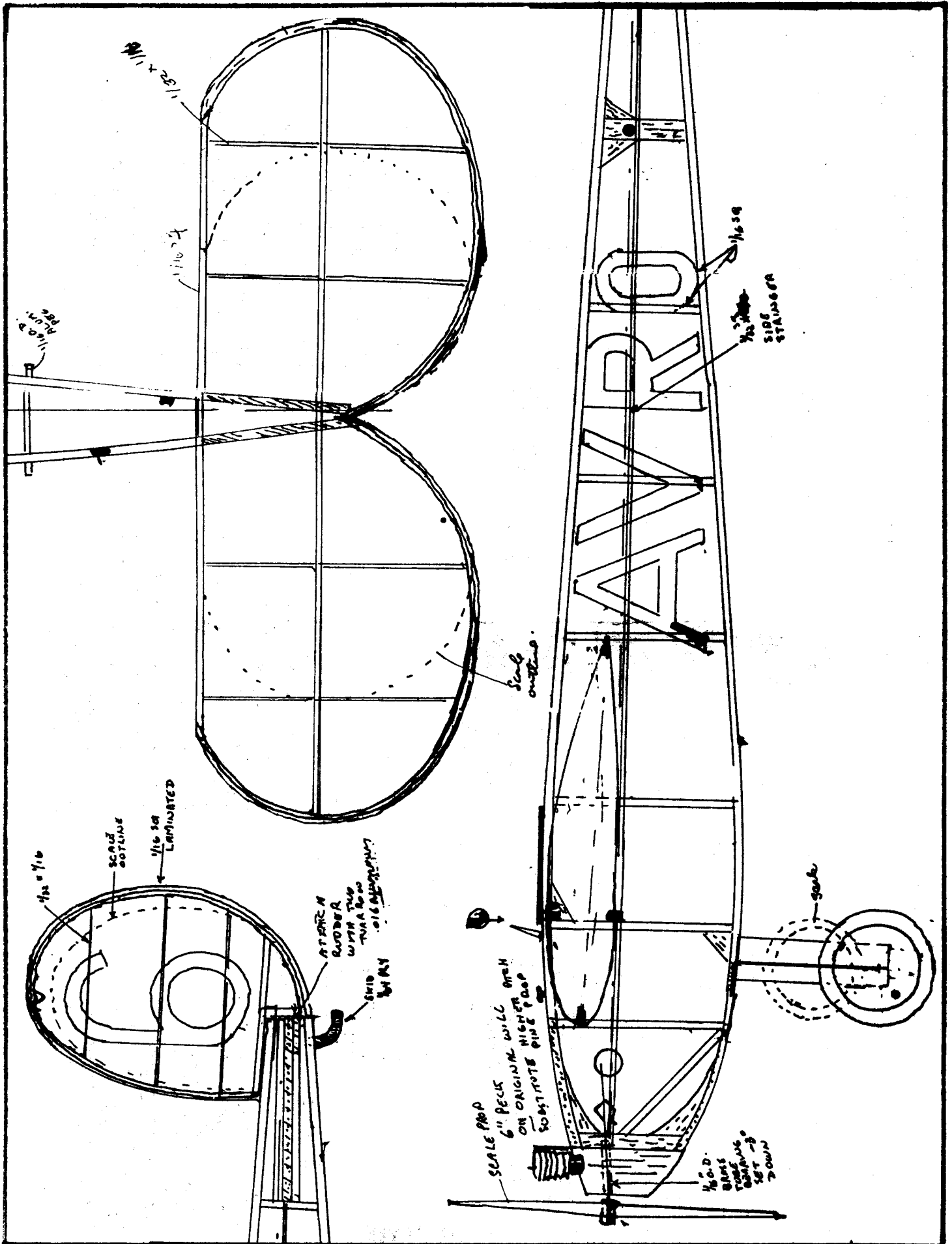


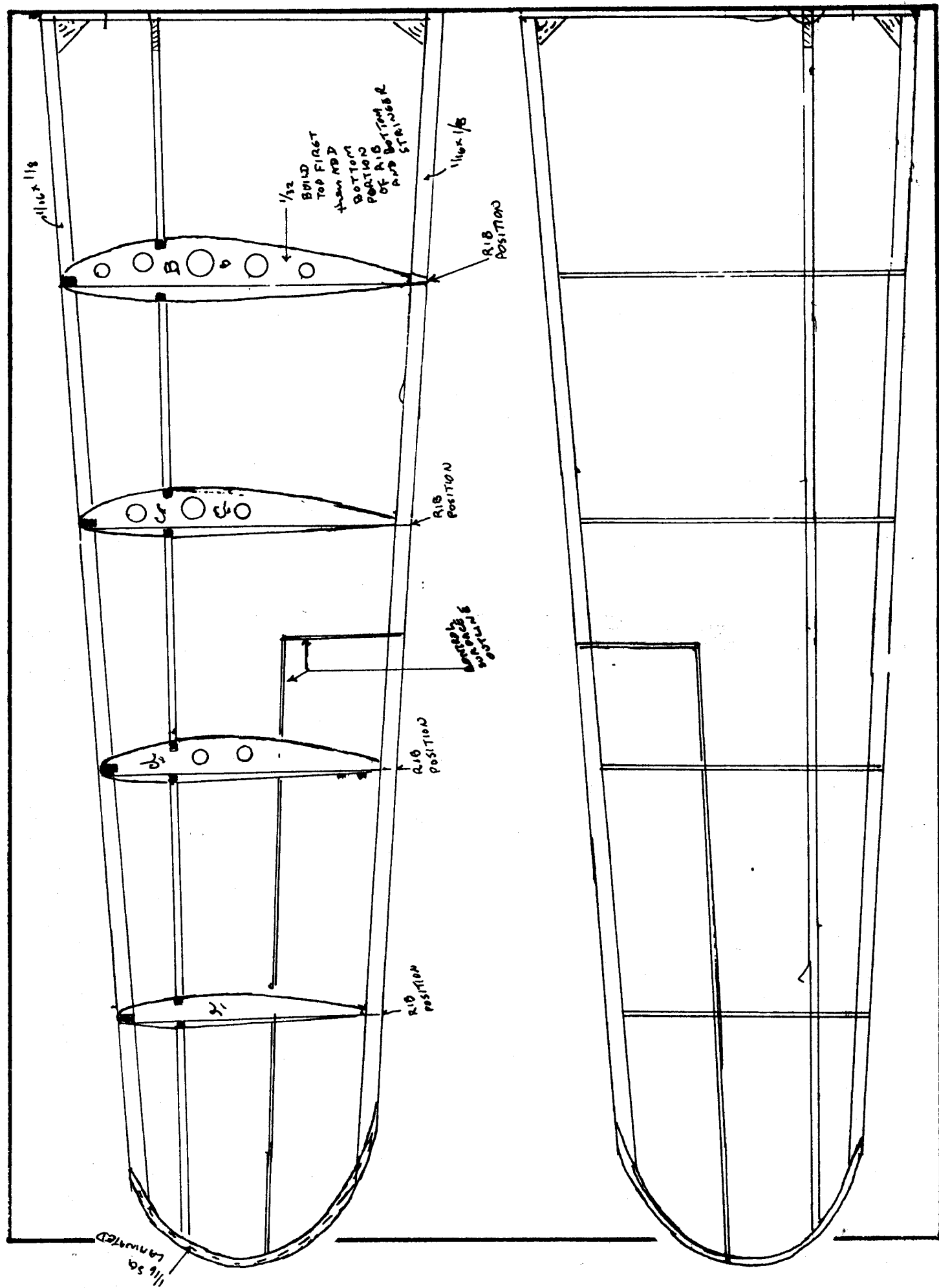
GULF COAST MODEL AVIATION
BY
MIKE MIDKIFF

AIRCRAFT	WING SPAN	SCALE
<u>SB2U VINDICATOR</u> - "Wind Indicator" Navy-Marine Corps Dive Bomber.	32"	3/4" = 12"
<u>SBD DAUNTLESS</u> - "The Clunk" Navy Dive Bomber. Famous Ship Killer Of WW II.	31"	3/4" = 12"
<u>SB2C HELLDIVER</u> - "The Beast" The Navy's Controversial Dive Bomber.	30"	5/8" = 12"
<u>P40F WARHAWK</u> - Long Tailed North African Work Horse.	28"	3/4" = 12"
<u>AIRCO D.H. 5</u> - NEAT, REVERSE STAGGER, BI-PLANE, WW-I VINTAGE	26"	1" = 12"
<u>F4U CORSAIR</u> "WHISTLING DEATH" MARINE CORPS PREMIERE FIGHTER	33"	3/4" = 12"
<u>D4Y 4 "JUDY"</u> - Japanese Attack Bomber Converted to Kamikasa.	30"	3/4" = 12"
<u>C6N1 "MYRT"</u> - Japanese High Speed Recon Aircraft - Super Model Proportions.	30"	11/16" = 12"
<u>A-20 HAVOC</u> - Twin Attack Bomber. Light Simple Construction.	38"	5/8" = 12"
<u>SOPWITH 1-1/2 STRUTTER</u> - WW I Two Place Recon Fighter. Fine Rubber Model.	29"	7/8" = 12"
<u>SOPWITH PUP</u> - .049 Powered F.F. or Single Channel.	30"	1-1/8" = 12"
<u>Laird Super Solution</u> - Biplane Racer From The Golden Era.	22"	1" = 12"
<u>Travel Air</u> - Texaco 13 - Low Wing Air Racer From The Golden Age of Air Racing.	24"	7/8" = 12"
<u>Bristol M1B</u> - .049 Powered F.F. <i>SCALE</i> Britians Obscure WWI Monoplane	34"	1-1/8" = 12"
<u>P-26A</u> - .044 Powered F.F. <i>SCALE</i> Boeing's Famous "Pea Shooter"	31"	1-1/8" = 12"

ALL PRINTS ARE BLUE LINE 22" x 33" size. Each print sells for \$5.00 which includes postage and handling.

M. Midkiff
7611 Cypress
Humble, Texas 77396





LIVING IN THE EARLY DAYS OF AVIATION

By Colonel (Hon) Adrian Comper

Nick Comper's 24 years as a pilot and later a designer of record-breaking light aeroplanes of low horsepower was well summed up by the late C.G. Grey, The Aeroplane's famous editor: "Comper was solely cut out as a designer", he said, "he should never have attempted to enter the commercial sphere for which he was temperamentally unsuited. So long as he confined himself to the technical aspect he did very well. But in the managing director's chair he never seemed to fit happily". Grey knew Comper well, for the designer and his family used to holiday with the Greys.

And Richard Riding, editor of Aeroplane Monthly wrote: ".... he was looking forward to test-flying his 'Scamp' (Sept-Oct issue), later the C.F.I., shortly before his tragic death in a Hythe street in June 1939, at the age of 42. Ironically, he considered his life a failure. If he could have witnessed the enthusiastic crowds that surround any of the five airworthy Swifts wherever they appear today, 50 years after he designed it, perhaps he would have thought differently".

And so fifty years later two outstanding events occurred. The first, preceding the half century by a few years, was a World War II Swift epic - a romantic adventure! Air Chief Marshall Sir Trafford Leigh-Mallory, a long standing friend of my eldest brother, Sebastian, wrote him in December 1942: "I thought that you would like to know that a Frenchman arrived on the South Coast flying a Comper Swift".

That patriot with the help of the Free French Resistance had managed to hide his Swift from the Germans and somehow to secure enough aviation fuel when the appropriate moment came to cross the English Channel unseen by the German Occupation! Thus one more Frenchman arrived to fight for the Allies.

The second event is equally remarkable. Although today there are five fully air certified fifty year old Swifts still flying in the hands of their private owners, no more are available anywhere. Yet two more enthusiasts not to be outdone are adding to the list by each building one themselves from scratch, having located Pobjoy engines good as new.

As this is written, one of them, John Greenland an Englishman and a Captain of Swissair Airline's 747 Jumbo Jets, whom I have never met, is about to visit me between flights terminating in Toronto. He had learned that Nick Comper's youngest brother who in the early days worked with him was still alive and kicking! In correspondence he has told me the fantastic tale of how he or anyone else can build a Swift from the original factory drawings.

As John Greenland understates: "It is a most odd tale". The bundle of drawings, some 250 in all and in delicate condition, were discovered in an attic in Bridlington, a small watering place on the Yorkshire coast in England, amongst various other things which had been left there by a sailor who had rented a room in the building. Who he was and what has become of him remains a mystery. The bundle of paper sheets was given about ten years ago to Captain Alan Chalkley who had just retired from British Overseas Airlines Company; Alan owned a Swift. Blueprints were carefully made by the Rolls-Royce people two years ago - one set for John Greenland and one for Captain Roger Bailey, a Swift owner.

As a boy John often flew with his father, a deHavilland test pilot, to Air Races and Air Shows and at the latter saw the outstanding aerobatic performances of the Swifts. These events originated his determination one day to own one! He now owns a Piper Cub and a once derelict Fairchild 24 which, being a licenced ground engineer, he restored to airworthy condition.

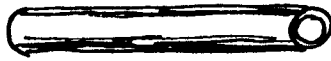
(To be continued).

PITOT TUBES FROM ALUMINUM TUBING

BY
"IRON MIKE" Midkiff

15.

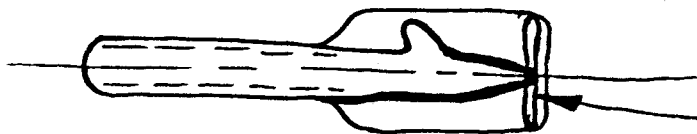
- 1) APPROPRIATE ALUM TUBE OF THE RIGHT LENGTH



- 2) SQUEEZE ONE END FLAT



- 3) SHAPE THE PITOT HEAD WITH A FILE



- 4) "HOT STUFF" THE SEAM TOGETHER

OTHER AREAS WHERE ALUM TUBING IS GREAT:

- ARRESTING HOOK



SQUEEZE & ROLL

- RIGGING FITTINGS



FLATTEN & DRILL

- ANTENNA



SQUEEZE TOGETHER
& SHAPE

- EXHAUST STACKS



BEND & FLATTEN

* * * KISS ME IN THE DARK BABY * * *

(Conclusion - With the Others at Taft)

Mumbo Jumbo #16 from the Blue Guru aka Leon Bennett

(UPDATE - The FAC is defending the International Jumbo Trophy against a challenge from the Others. Bob Black, the Wake champion, representing the Others, will be flying an ordinary Wake, modeled after a man-carrying Wake. FAC contestants Bob Thumbsome and the Blue Guru have just arrived at Taft, the scene of the contest, after many months at sea.)

* * * * *

Salutations, disciples! News of our arrival spread quickly across the field. Shouts of "They're here!" brought reporters on the run. Cries for an impromptu press conference filled the air. "Where have you been? Where's the model?"

Mr. Run Likehell stepped forward to represent us. "Gentlemen of the press, our champions are weary after their long sea voyage and request but a few quiet moments to gather their strength. In the meantime I can assure you that those rumors about Capt. Thumbsome biting Others are untrue. These are merely lies spread by the PR apparatus of the —"

"Chief, you should have seen the one I got near Mexico. He must have been twelve feet tall and I —"

"Er - yes Bob. We'll develop that thought some other time. As for our model entry, design responsibility is in the good hands of the Blue Guru. Now GG, as we call him, has lost more contests than any FAC member. That's the best way to learn, by making mistakes. And GG has made more mistakes than any of us. I hear that you have a fresh approach to prop design, GG. Would you care to say a few words about the prop design of the FAC entry?"

"It will be fashioned of lead." Mr. Likehell blanched and began to fan himself.

"Er - ah - lead? Well, we in FAC are concerned primarily with methods, not materials. Tell us about the prop forming approach. You know, computer guided laser cutting techniques and all that stuff." Mr. Likehell appeared to be perspiring heavily despite his brisk fanning efforts.

"Certainly. I will form the lead blades by beating upon them with the jawbone of an ass while chanting the rhythmic cries of my people."

Mr. Likehell redoubled his fanning speed. "Yes, it's technology that makes America great. And these men - our champions - represent the cutting edge of that technology." Suddenly shifting gears, he adopted a confidential tone. "These men may not seem to be geniuses. Indeed, they may seem like, well - hopeless morons. The real strength of the FAC consists of inspiring even these idiots to a championship performance. Come to the fly-off tomorrow (sob) and you will see us win! (sob). At this point Mr. Likehell was too overcome with prideful emotions to continue the press conference.

* * * * *

The embers of our fire burned low. We had enjoyed a superb repast prepared from food supply remnants recovered from the dinghy after Mr. Likehell had set it ablaze - undoubtedly to celebrate our safe return from the seas. I regret that aspects of the American idiom elude me and can only assume that his expression "weirdo creeps" refers affectionately to those who creep into one's heart.

After dinner I turned to Mr. Thumbsome. "The contest takes place tomorrow. Perhaps we should start designing our entry." Mr. Likehell was once again overcome with emotion and withdrew.

"There are but few configurations offering the short nose moment necessary for a lead prop. One such is the Bleriot XI. Plenty of wing area, simple structure - yes, there is much to be said for it, Mr. Thumbsome."

"OK, but what do we do for materials, GG?"

"The field seems covered with suitable stuff. Taft Jumbo rules call for Mooney type static judging. The fidelity of the Others entry is perfection itself. It follows that we must be second. If we must be second, there is little point in excessive constructional labor. Found wings and tails are suitable."

We passed among the garbage cans and soon possessed a plethora of components. An old timer class C fuselage with the covering removed from the aft end did look somewhat scale-like. And there was much to be said for the Zipper wings, although as Mr. Thumbsome pointed out the scale appearance was blenished by the massive polyhedral. Working with 5 minute epoxy (we lacked the time to employ instant glue) we soon had a recognizable model. Indeed the model was so striking that Mr. Likehell, moved by who knows what distant memory, fainted dead away upon sighting it. Perhaps the enormous "kiss me in the dark baby" decal flashing in fluorescent monocote from the wings had some special meaning for him.

No ass jawbone being available, I settled for a Brillo fuse and soon hammered some lead balancing weights into a decent prop shape. Fashioning a slip type freewheel clutch out of a wine bottle cork was the last step. Our entry was finished.

* * * * *

A contest day is different. Tension hangs in the air. Superstitious rituals are performed by otherwise rational men. Laughter is too loud. The strange camaraderie known only to men under fire emerges to support the contestants against the fates.

I watched Mr. Thumbsome prepare. He doffed his helmet, whipped out his kazoo and blew a cleansing column of air across the goggles. The kazoo was repocketed and the helmet clapped on. That was it. He stood ready. I realized the significance of the moment - save for myself, only his wife has seen him without a helmet. Yes, he does have hair.

We ambled across the field, struck by the eerie silence.

There was Bob Black, surrounded by pole mounted variometers and mylar streamers - but where were the Others? Only after I raised my eyes and scanned the periphery of the field - a maze of oil derricks and mobile homes - did I spy the great mass of Others.

"Great Stott, Mr. Thumbsome - there are thousands of Others standing shoulder to shoulder around the rim of the field!"

Mr. Thumbsome, although the bravest man I have ever known, quailed at the sight. "Look GG - they each have a prayer rug." Indeed it seemed so. Each rug carried the words "Nature's Helper". Organized in battalion strength, each company flaunted its own fighting flag. "Nature in the raw means disease and free flight" flapped next to "Lack of control causes babies - use RC"

Standing in the center of the field was Mr. Hearse Flowers tuning his giant transmitter. Visual signals passed between Mr. Black and Mr. Thumbsome - a series of nodded heads and winks. Suddenly the meaning of the prayer rugs burst into my consciousness.

"Wind, Mr. Thumbsome! Wind now! Wind for your life!"

"But I don't even have the rubber in it, GG!"

"Forget the rubber. Wind now!"

Mr. Flowers moved a lever and a thousand rugs hit the earth with a giant "whomp".

"But how can I wind the motor if there is no motor?"

"Do not quibble, Mr. Thumbsome. Wind or all is lost."

The Others advanced 5 paces and the rugs came down again. "They're making a thermal, Mr. Thumbsome! Wind!"

Mr. Thumbsome at last began to grasp the situation. The goggles were slapped into position. A rusty winder appeared from some filth encrusted field box. As I held, he began to wind.

"But how do I know how many turns to put in, if there is no motor?"

"Put everything you have into it."

Mr. Thumbsome leaned into his task. Accelerating a lead prop is hard work. Slowly the blades began to come up to speed. Punctuated by the ever nearer "whomps", the prop at last took on a satisfying blur. "More, Mr. Thumbsome, more!"

Mr. Black was clearly ready to launch. His head swiveled from variometer to streamer, seeking the magic moment, while the beaters moved steadily closer.

NFFS Sympo has published an analysis of the Great Taft Launch. Equations have shown the wisdom of Mr. Black's instincts. Perhaps this is so. But as I saw it, the key signal came when the variometer, pole and all, was lifted straight up into the air. As Mr. Black noted, "That thermal was so strong that if I didn't let go of the damn model, I would have been carried up with it."

Mr. Thumbsome did not exactly launch our model, he merely receded from it. We were aloft.

Initially the fast climbing Wake moved towards the top of the bubble while the slowly chugging Bleriot drifted along at the thermal base. But after two minutes the Wake motor died, while the lead prop was still grimly grinding away, its momentum but slightly reduced. After 10 minutes the two models had exchanged positions. Those with binoculars claimed that we were on top by 200 feet at the 15 minute position. At 20 minutes we

were alone in the air, the wake having settled upon the kitty litter factory. At 40 minutes the Bleriot entered a cloud base, never to be seen again.

Mr. Likehell was suddenly at our side. "I knew that you boys had it in you to win", he beamed.

"But we haven't won. Taft Jumbo rules call for static judging after flight. There's nothing to submit!"

"Couldn't you make another one in a few minutes? There are plenty of garbage cans here", he said hopefully.

"But we used the only wing that had a 'kiss me in the dark baby' decal."

"Forget the decal. Nobody will know the difference!"

"But that wouldn't be scale. Everybody knows that scale means making a model that is a faithful reproduction of another model. Nope, that just wouldn't be scale."

Mr. Likehell spluttered "But that's not it at all. Scale means a model that looks like the real thing."

"Sometimes" riposted Mr. Thumbsome. "But nobody knows what the Bleriot really looked like. There were no color photos then and every 3 view is different. Maybe there really was a 'kiss me in the dark baby' insignia."

"But what about the Smithsonian replica? It was unmarked!"

"That's their opinion. Now that I've built the definitive model, I know it had those markings on it."

"But Bleriot was French. He wouldn't even understand 'kiss me in the dark baby' " argued a desperate Mr. Likehell.

"That's his problem."

"Bob, would you hand the trophy to the Others - just because of some minor perfectionist considerations?"

A contest official broke in with "All right you guys, you've got 15 minutes to turn in your model."

Mr. Thumbsome turned an agonized face to me. "What should I do, GG? I'm damned if I do and damned if I don't!"

"In scale, it is always so. One man's nit-picking perfectionism is another's crude abomination. Who is to say what is right? Only you can decide what is a fair approximation. Our only guide in this valley of tears is sweet reason."

Two tears slowly welled up under the goggles. "I've made up my mind. No decal, no model! Let the Others take that trophy and shove it. Yes, sweet reason has shown me the way!"

* * * * *

And so we didn't win. But we had outflown the Others and sweet reason had gained an adherent.

All things considered, it was a good day.

* * * * *

Serious Stuff About The Lead Prop

The concept was published in *Aeromodeler*, Sept 1944, by a Mr. Wynne. Is the idea any good? The attractions are obvious. No rubber motor to explode, little or no torque, all those short nose configurations become feasible at last and of course, dead quiet operation. What is the catch? Gyroscopic forces? Does anybody out there know whatever happened to this idea? I would appreciate any info available on this long forgotten concept.

18. For your obscure aircraft files, we present:

THE 1924 S.B. DUMMY II

Early liasons of the Taylor Brothers and Mr. Piper, resulted in the 1930 Chummy--which evolved into the venerable Cub--now hyped by Wagero as the CuBy.

However, little is known of the Chummy's predeceesors except that Siddley Burns, an uncle of Mrs. Taylor's step father, dabbled in kites. It seems that Siddley managed to ~~duplicate~~ some of the Wright kite-glider experiments, without much sucess--except for the S.B. Dummy II.

After months of disappointment and sabatoge by the neighbors, Burns decided his captive gliders needed more ballast. A moustached male manniquin from the attic proved to be just right, so it was wired to the kite. Hence the name "Dummy". (The suffix "II" indicates that S.B.I didn't make it.)

Siddley's neighbors' interest was spurred as they saw his kite go higher than ever before, with its "passenger". This spark of new respect was fanned by their belief that the Dummy was alive.

And Siddley loved it-- and let them think it.

Then one day, the wind quartered, and the S.B., on a very long tether, swooped down to the bedroom window of Miss Twila Peach. Twila wasn't dressed to receive guests, so, when the manniquined Dummy appeared at her window, Twila nearly swooned. Just as she held a pillow up for protection, the wind quartered again and Twila saw the voyeur bouncing at the other window before she passed out.

Two versions of the story circulated for a while--one by the men, the other by the ladies. All that remains of the S.B. II is a long coil of rope and Siddley's warm memory of fleeting respect.

Author's note:


Unfortunately, the S.B. Dummy II was never photographed. A news photog who came to cover the story reported that he heard ol' Siddley mutter something about habeas corpus as he burned the kite and its passenger in the garden. His headline read:

"Siddley Burns Dummy, Too"

That headline is the only proof of the Dummy's existance. Sorry, scalers.

S. Bilder

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two part plan 1935 #224			
Mr. Mulligan	16"	7.95	

Catalog Reprint List

Year	Company	Price	Pages
1939	Modelcraft	\$3.00	18
1939	Scientific	4.00	34
1940	Scientific	4.00	32
1940	Comet	4.00	38
1940	Megow	12.00	128
1941	Comet	10.00	64
1941	Megow	12.00	128
1942	Megow	12.00	128
1942	Comet West Coast	12.00	40
1943	Scientific	4.00	20

<u>Megow</u>			
Curtiss Helldiver	12"	\$6.95	
Fokker D-7	18"	8.95	
Corben Super Ace	18"	8.95	
Corben Super Ace	12"	6.95	
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All kits suitable for the new "Dime Scale" rubber event and the Brown Jr. A23-CO₂ motor. All kits are handmade and include the new Scale Flight Model Co. kit box.

Scale Flight kits consist of the following--Contest grade printwood (all parts printed out). Contest quality stripwood cut size. Machine cut balsa propeller(just like the old days) Or a plastic competition prop. The best Japanese tissue available-Has that superfine "krinkle". Wood wheels-Not plastic. Competition nose plug (bushed).Thrust washers (brass)and prop shaft. Prop freewheeler. FAI rubber strip motor. Copy of a genuine 10% plan that was used in the 1930-1940 era.Many plans 50 years old.

All prices subject to change without notice.

20.

CONTEST CALENDER

- June 30....CFFS FAC at LCCC..Elyria, Ohio..1-9pm. (plus 20 for ROW) FAC P-nut, FAC scale, Golden Age mass launch, No-Cal, WWI Peanut, WWII Peanut, Embryo, OT Co/2 Replica, CD Russ Brown, 4909 N. Sedgewick, Lyndhurst, Ohio
- June 30....Detroit Cloudbusters...at Ford Test Track, Utica, Mich...Embryo, Peanut Scale, Jumbo scale, FAC scale, P-30, WWII Combat, Golden Age, CD Ralph Kuenz, 14645 Stahelin, Detroit, Mich. 48223
- July 7.....14th Annual Great Lakes Meet..FAC scale, GHQ Peanut, Embryo, HLG, WWII Combat, FAC Jumbo, .020 OT Replica, OT Comm. rubber, WWI P-nut, CD Joe Barna, 1428 West 32 St. 16508...ph 814-864-6933 This meet was postponed from June 9th.
- July 12....HLG and P-30 at Comsat...Tom Schmitt, 11014 Marcliff Rd. Rockville, Md. 20852
- July 21....CFFS at LCCC, Elyria, Ohio...10--5pm...FAC Peanut, FAC scale, Golden Age, No-Cal, WWI Dogfight, WWII Peanut, WWII Combat, Embryo,
- Aug. 9.....Co/2 scale mass launch..at Comsat..Tom Schmitt..see above.
- Aug. 11....CFFS FAC Races..at LCCC Elyria, Ohio...10-5pm...GHQ Peanut, FAC scale, OT 10 cent & Hi-Flier kit scale, Thompson/Greve races, Post War Cleveland Handicap, OT Co/2 Replica, WWI Dogfight, HLG...CD Russ Brown.
- Aug. 17....Grand Island, N.Y. O.T. & FAC MEET...For more info contact; Jack Brown, 1446 Red Jacket Rd. Grand Island, N.Y. 14072
- Aug. 18....Erie Model Aircraft Assn. Picnic Meet...FAC scale, FAC Peanut, HLG, Embryo, FAC Power scale, Thompson/Greve Races, WWI Dogfight, .020 OT Replica, OT Commercial Rubber, Golden Age scale. CD Vic Didelot 4410 Lorna Lane, Erie, Pa. 16506 ph 814-838-3263.
- Sept. 7....Summer Fun Fly at Comsat, FAC SCALE, Golden Age Reproductions kit scale, FAC Co/2 scale, Mass Launches--Races, WWI, WWII, Golden Age, Embryo, HLG, Catapult Glider...CD Allan Schanzle, 20008 Spur Hill Dr. Gaithersburg, Md. 20879 ph 301-840-9883.
- Sept. 8....Canton, Ohio...more on this later.
- Sept. 15....CFFS Fall FAC at LCCC Elyria, Ohio...GHQ Peanut, FAC Scale, OT and Hi-Flier kit scale, No-Cal, Co/2 FAC Scale, Thompson/Greve Races, Post War Handicap Race, Embryo. CD Dave Pishnery
- Sept. 22...16th Annual Midwest Scale Meet...FAC Scale, GHQ Peanut, Embryo, FAC Jumbo, FAC Power Scale, WWII Combat, HLG, OT Commercial Rubber, Golden Age Scale, WWII Peanut Combat. CD Lin Reichel, 3301 Cindy Lane, Erie, Pa. 16506 ph 814-833-0314
- Nov. ?.....More on this one later.

PHOTO PAGE

All photos by Roy Biddle and were taken at the Erie Model Aircraft Indoor meet at McComb Fieldhouse on April 28, 1985. Thanks Roy!

Reading across the top and down;

- #1 Bill Anderson built this neat version of the Bellanca "Aircruiser", flies as good as it looks, too.
- #2 Stahlwerk by Ross Mayo. As yet not trimmed to its full potential.
- #3 Vic Peres newest bonus point getter, the Savoia Marchetti SM-79. She got 74 seconds for Vic. Nice steady flyer. All props powered. Span 17 inches.
- #4 Jack McGillivray has done it again with a sensational Isaac's Fury at 15 in.
- #5 & 6 Fine flying peanut version of the Neuport 17c by Jorgan Kortenbach.

