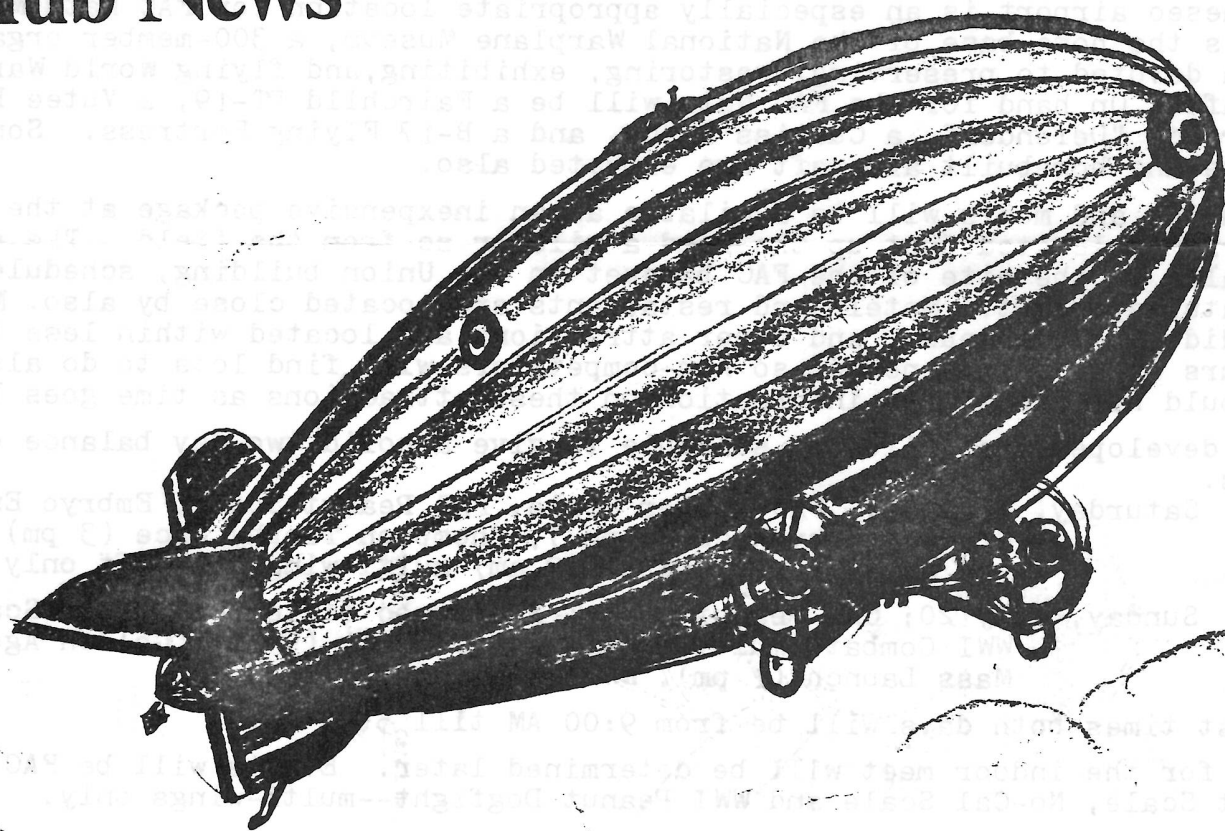


FLYING ACES

ISSUE #105-31 Sept.-Oct. 1985

Club News



2.

FLYING ACES

Nats mk V

JULY 19/20 1986

GENESEO, NY

To all Flying Aces;

The Flying Aces Nationals, Mark V is all set for 1986! The dates are July 19 and 20. The site is the Geneseo (say Jen-ess-eeoh) airport, Geneseo, New York, located about 30 miles south of Rochester, N.Y. Meet sponsor is the Western New York Free Flight Society. In addition, GHQ-FAC will hold an indoor contest at the University on Friday night, July 18.

Geneseo airport is an especially appropriate location for FAC Nats Mk. V, as it's the home base of the National Warplane Museum, a 300-member organization devoted to preserving, restoring, exhibiting, and flying World War II aircraft. On hand for the FAC Nats will be a Fairchild PT-19, a Vutee BT-13, an Aeronca "Defender", a Curtiss P-40e, and a B-17 Flying Fortress. Some antique and homebuilt aircraft are expected also.

Housing and meals will be available as an inexpensive package at the State University, located just up the road a mile or so from the field. The school will also be the site of the FAC banquet in the Union building, scheduled for Saturday night. Motels and restaurants are located close by also. Many splendid parks, museums, and other attractions are located within less than an hours drive from Geneseo, so non-competitors will find lots to do also. We should have some more information on these attractions as time goes by.

We've developed the following schedule to give a solid two-day balance of events.

Saturday, July 19; FAC Rubber Scale, FAC Peanut Scale, Embryo End., Greve Trophy Race (1 pm), Thompson Trophy Race (3 pm), and WW I Peanut Combat (9 am) multi-wing aircraft only.

Sunday, July 20; GHQ Peanut Scale, FAC Jumbo Scale, FAC Power Scale, WWI Combat multi-wing aircraft only (9 am), Golden Age Mass Launch (1 pm), WWII Combat (3pm)

Contest times both days will be from 9:00 AM till 5:00 PM.

Times for the indoor meet will be determined later. Events will be FAC Peanut Scale, No-Cal Scale and WWI Peanut Dogfight--multi-wings only.

Awards will be given to at least three places in all events.

Special awards;

Grand Champion....presented by GHQ.

Earl Stahl Trophy...presented by the Detroiten Geschwader.

Achievement Award...presented by the Erie Model Aircraft Assn.

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FEES;

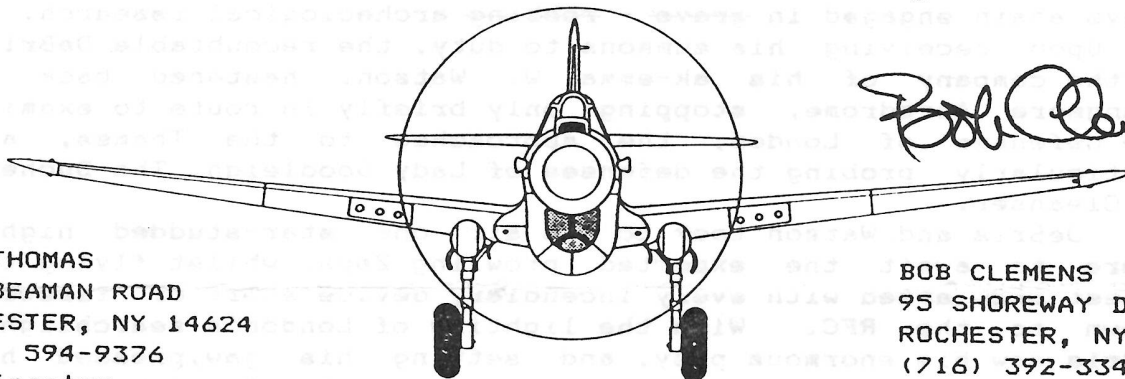
Contest entry fee, \$12.00 advance fee by July 1, 1986. After July 1 it will be \$14.00. This does not include the indoor meet.

Housing and meals are available under two plans. First is the package deal, for \$96.00 per person you will get your room for three nights, breakfast on Saturday and Sunday mornings, dinner on Friday and Sunday evenings and your ticket to the banquet on Saturday night. The second plan is this, your room at the dormitory will cost \$17.00 per person per night and the banquet will be \$10.00 per person. Meals are on you! If you are definitely going to attend, please submit your fees as soon as possible, especially for the banquet. Late comers can not be guaranteed a place at the banquet.

The National Warplane Museum will have an excellent concession stand on the field for your convenience during the contest.

We're trying to make FAC Nats Mk. V the best one yet. Please help us by spreading the word. More details as they develop.

Regards,



VET THOMAS
11A BEAMAN ROAD
ROCHESTER, NY 14624
(716) 594-9376
Co-director

BOB CLEMENS
95 SHOREWAY DRIVE
ROCHESTER, NY 14612
(716) 392-3346
Co-director

PHOTO PAGE

1. John Blair's Spad, we don't know if it is an original or if it's from an old plan, but she sure looks nice.
2. Jumbo Porterfield that belongs to Tim Bucher and we understand this one is a real flyer!
3. A Bare bones Waterman racer built by Dean McGinnes from the "Swamp Squadron" down Florida way.
4. Dave Stott has done another rather obscure racer. This time it's the Haines H-3 Mystery Racer.
5. Pistachio class, Nesmith Cougar by Shiro Takeuchi of Japan. Note the small size when compared to the 35mm film box alongside the model.

AN HYSTORICAL HYSTORY

by

Frank Scott

Again, and rather like an onion, The Historical Section of the McCook Field Aero Squadron, FAC, peels away the layers of time from the stories of some of the world's truly obscure aircraft and thereby proudly presents for the first time:

The Interceptor Airship

As related to the author
by Capt. Derick DeBris

Almost forgotten in these times of routine flights into space are the terrifying World War I night raids of the great zeppelins against England. Both the RFC and RNAS put forth brave, albeit nearly futile defenses into play against the attacking airships, but the outlook was increasingly bleak until Captain Derick DeBris was recalled from Palistine where he was on leave again engaged in ~~grave - robbing~~ archeological research.

Upon receiving his summons to duty, the redoubtable DeBris, in the company of his ak-emma W. Watson, hastened back to Prangmore Aerodrome, stopping only briefly in route to examine the defenses of London, the approaches to the Thames, and particularly probing the defenses of Lady Goodleigh, The Duchess of Cleanser.

DeBris and Watson took to the air one star-studded night, there to await the expected prowling Zeps, whilst flying the latest BE2C armed with every incendiary device short of firewood known to the RFC. With the lighting of London's searchlights DeBris saw his enormous prey, and setting his jaw, pressed his attack to the limits of his machine. The Hunnish zeppelin instantly responded to our gallant aviator's fury by taking no notice whatsoever, and cruised serenely overhead some 3000 meters higher than his mount could be coaxed to fly. Dismayed, Captain DeBris glided down to the un-lighted flarepath at Prangmore and smoothly alighted on, alas not the runway, but instead the golf-course belonging to His Honour, The Lord Mayor of Humpty. The progress of the aeroplane was abruptly arrested by its arrival in a sand-trap which served to break the undercart, longerons, two spars, and DeBris fall. Also broken was a favourite tree of His Honour who then threatened to break several of DeBris' thus far unharmed bones. Only the timely arrival of DeBris' bride and twins averted further damage.

The next morning our quick-witted Captain submitted a memo through official channels advising that, hereafter the flare-path might be used to better advantage were it to be lighted upon the approach of a friendly aeroplane; predictably the officials concerned were unmoved and nothing ever came of the notion.

Undaunted (it took rather a lot to daunt DeBris) the gallant captain immediately addressed the immense problem of defending against zeppelins. Seeing first hand that artillery and aeroplanes (at least BE's) could not avail against airships another solution had to be found, and found it was: DeBris immediately put the students of the nearby Observation Balloon School at Whimsey to work constructing the world's only Interceptor Airship.

The DeBris Fighting Balloon,* as it popularly became known, was a truly unique machine, being a small, carefully streamlined, rigid hulled air ship powered by two of the finest rotory fighter engines. It being reasoned that if aeroplanes could not prevail against raiding airships, certainly an airship could. With the ingenuity that we have come to expect from the captain, the problems associated with the pilot's ingestion of castor oil residues from the engine's exhausts was dealt with at the same time that unsurpassed upward visibility was provided: DeBris placed the two engines beneath the hull, and the cockpit on top. The usual need for a large ground handling crew was readily dispensed with by providing the craft with wheels - indeed it is recorded that the DeBris Fighting Balloon is the only known air ship to have a steerable tail-skid. The landing gear served too, as an excellent location to mount the three Lewis guns, one each being loaded with Brock, Pomeroy, and Buckingham ammunition. This location minimized the danger of muzzle flash reaching the airship's hydrogen, but also made servicing the guns in flight quite impossible.

Control about all three axis was considered excellent for an airship and the rate of climb was unsurpassed for several decades. The pilot's only complaint being the need to exit the cockpit VIA a length of rope, and entry possible only with the aid of the Humpty Fire Brigade's ladder unit.

The Fighting Balloon was utilized operationally only once, and then fell into a sort of obscurity. Upon receiving word one night of the approach of a zeppelin, Capt. DeBris, with the help of the Humpty Fire Brigade, clambered into the fighter's comfortably appointed cockpit as his fitter Watson swung the propellers. Take off was instantaneous, nearly vertical, and an intercept course set for the intruder. Upward sped the intrepid aviator until his hapless quarry was seen vainly twisting and turning in a futile effort to escape it's doom at DeBris's hands. But as it happened the hapless quarry was then seem to be a patrolling airship belonging to the Royal Navy, and so after exchanging cheery salutes, DeBris turned his mount for home ; and turned, and turned.

Incredible as it may seem, DeBris, virtually over his home aerodrome, was hopelessly lost; his craft, whilst affording unsurpassed upward visibility, completely obscured the view below. Thus DeBris had no idea of how, or where, to safely come down. In a later war Spitfire pilots would often roll inverted in order to see where they were, but in the Great war, and in an airship at that, this action was quite out of the question.

DeBris pondered his dilemma, and seeing the Naval airship still well in sight, guided his fighter alongside to fly formation on it, allowing thereby the great airship to guide him to safety.

A good plan this, and certainly well worthy of our DeBris, but as it happened the airship was just setting out on it's patrol and would not be landing for another twenty-six hours. There was naught for DeBris to do, but to fly until the naval airship chose to land. Fortunately the airshipman took heed of the cold and sleepy captain's plight, and from time to time lowered to him sandwiches and steaming mugs of cocoa on a rope.

6.

Eventually the patrolling airship and its unique fighter escort descended upon the Prangmore Aerodrome; the landings of both being accomplished in a comparatively normal manner. However, as the fighting Balloon taxied to a stop, Capt. DeBris inexplicably slid down the emergency egress rope and most rudely dashed right past his lovely bride, twins, His Honour the Lord Mayor and a host of assorted dignitaries assembled to congratulate DeBris for his establishing of an endurance record for Interceptor Airships which remains unchallenged unto this very day; no, instead of visiting with these well-wishers, Capt. DeBris bolted headlong into the nearby enlisted women's latrine, not to emerge for some considerable time!

As for the fate of the DeBris Fighting Balloon; little could be done for its truly dreadful downward visibility problem. Although DeBris' fitter & rigger Watson did some imaginative things with isinglass and mirrors, neither DeBris nor anyone else could be induced to take it up again.

Eventually the machine was stripped of its armament and power plants and sold off to a large department store in the colonies. Here it was repainted, fitted with large ears and whiskers, and now flies in a down-town parade every Thanksgiving Day!

Next- Marauding Zep thwarted by the flying Aircraft Carrier!

23rd ANNIVERSARY BANQUET

The Erie Model Aircraft Assn. will be holding their annual banquet soon and they would like to see all you FACers that are within driving distance to come and celebrate with them.

WHEN....Feb. 22, 1986

WHERE....Erie Elks Club, Lodge #67
2409 Peninsula Dr. Erie, Pa.

MENU....Buffet style

Cost....\$8.50 per person

HAPPY HOUR 6:00 pm.

DINNER 6:30 pm.

Guest speaker to be announced.

Reservations should be in by Feb. 17, 1986, If you plan on coming please contact;

Ebbie Shores
5048 Sir Lancelot Dr.
Erie, Pa. 16506
Ph. 814-833-5232

Lin Reichel
3301 Cindy Lane
Erie, Pa. 16506
Ph. 814-833-0314

CONTEST CALENDAR

Feb. 16....Third Annual Indoor Meet, CFFS, at Brook Park Armory, 6225 Engle Rd., Brook Park, Ohio.....EZB...Scraps & Mites...Jetco ROG...No-Cal Scale...FAC Peanut Scale...WWI Biplane Peanut Combat.5 pm till 10:30 pm CD Mike Zand, 7055 Seven Hills Blvd., Seven Hills, Ohio 44131 Ph. 216-524-3480

April 27...More info next issue. Erie Model Aircraft Assn at Edinboro, Pa.

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

7.

Early in 1930 on a trip to the Detroit Aero Show the number of side-by-side two-seaters surprised me - the Luscombe was typical. I also met an executive of an early conglomerate, Allied Aviation Corp. of St. Louis, who liked the lines of the Swift.

The marketplace in England held far more young men with girl friends plus the newly marrieds seeking a two-seater than perennial bachelors whose interests lay in a sporty, reliable single-seater for visiting country based friends and participating in air meets.

I sensed that Allied Aviation would be interested in an enclosed two-seater side-by-side version of the Swift for the U.S. market, and Nick came up with plans for the Aircar (see over page). The effects of the Wall St. crash of 1929 killed it, however. What a beautiful aeroplane it would have been - its potential sales far exceeding the Swift. I had lost my only copy of the layout, but Richard Riding, editor of Britain's "Aeroplane Monthly", recently sent me a copy.



Swift G-AAZD with 50 h.p. Salmson A.D.9 engine was ordered by Gordon Selfridge and was part of an original order for six Pobjoy and two Salmson Swifts.

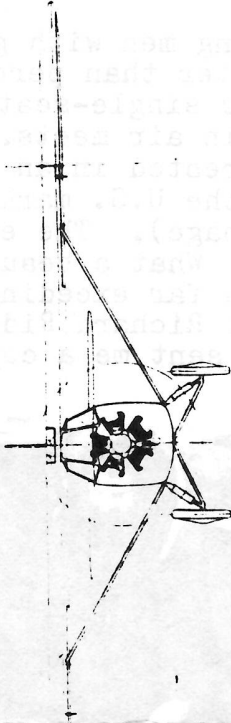
In the same mail came the above photo with its revealing caption. And therein lies a tail! When I was very young, a Marshall Field (Chicago) executive, Gordon Selfridge, started a large department store named after himself in London's famed Oxford Street. With the Swift in mind I paced the store windows between the classical columns - yes, ample room for a Swift. Engineering a meeting with Gordon Selfridge, Jr., he agreed this would be a pedestrian traffic-stopper on London's busiest shopping center - remember this was fifty-six years ago!

Already inside the store Selfridge had a display of flying togs, maps, goggles etc. So why not hang a Swift over it from the ceiling? Selfridge was ready to order six Swifts, two for display, and four - for the first time in department store history - to be advertised "available from stock".

But before the deal was on paper, the Wall Street crash brought me and my family to this country to rescue what we could from my wife's ailing parent's business. All to no avail, however, and Nick's company in England was feeling the pinch. So I have since assumed that the Selfridge plan fell through.

Imagine, then, my surprise to receive from Richard Riding this photo of the Selfridge Swift with its caption - not for my puny six, but 8 Swifts! Whether or not the Depression cut back that quantity, I will never know.

To be cont.



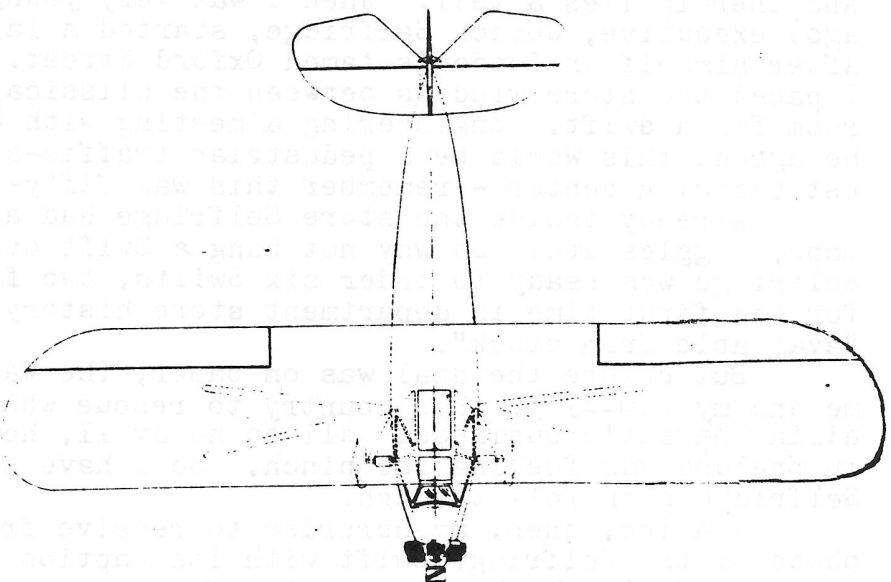
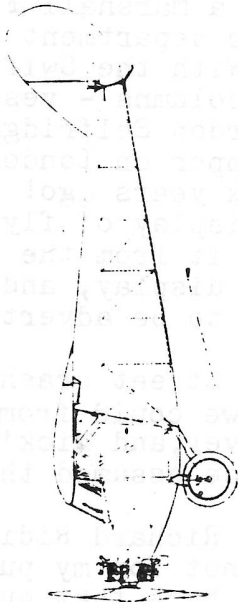
THE COMPER AIRCAR			
DIMENSIONS			
SPAN	33 ft 0 in	HEIGHT	8 ft 6 in
LENGTH	22 ft 9 in	WING LOADING	10 ft 0 in
AREA - WING	190 sq ft	WING CHORD	6 ft 0 in
AREA - ELEVATOR	13.5 sq ft	TAIL PLANE	14.5 sq ft
AREA - FIN	2.9 sq ft	RUDDER	9.1 sq ft
WEIGHTS AND LOADINGS			
WEIGHT EMPTY	800 lb	WEIGHT LOADED	1350 lb
DISPOSABLE LOAD	550 lb	WING LOADING	71 lb/sq ft
		POWER LOADING	18 hp/sq ft
PERFORMANCE			
MAXIMUM SPEED	85 mph	CRUISING SPEED	83 mph
LANDING	44 mph	INITIAL RATE	100 ft/s
		RANGE	340 miles

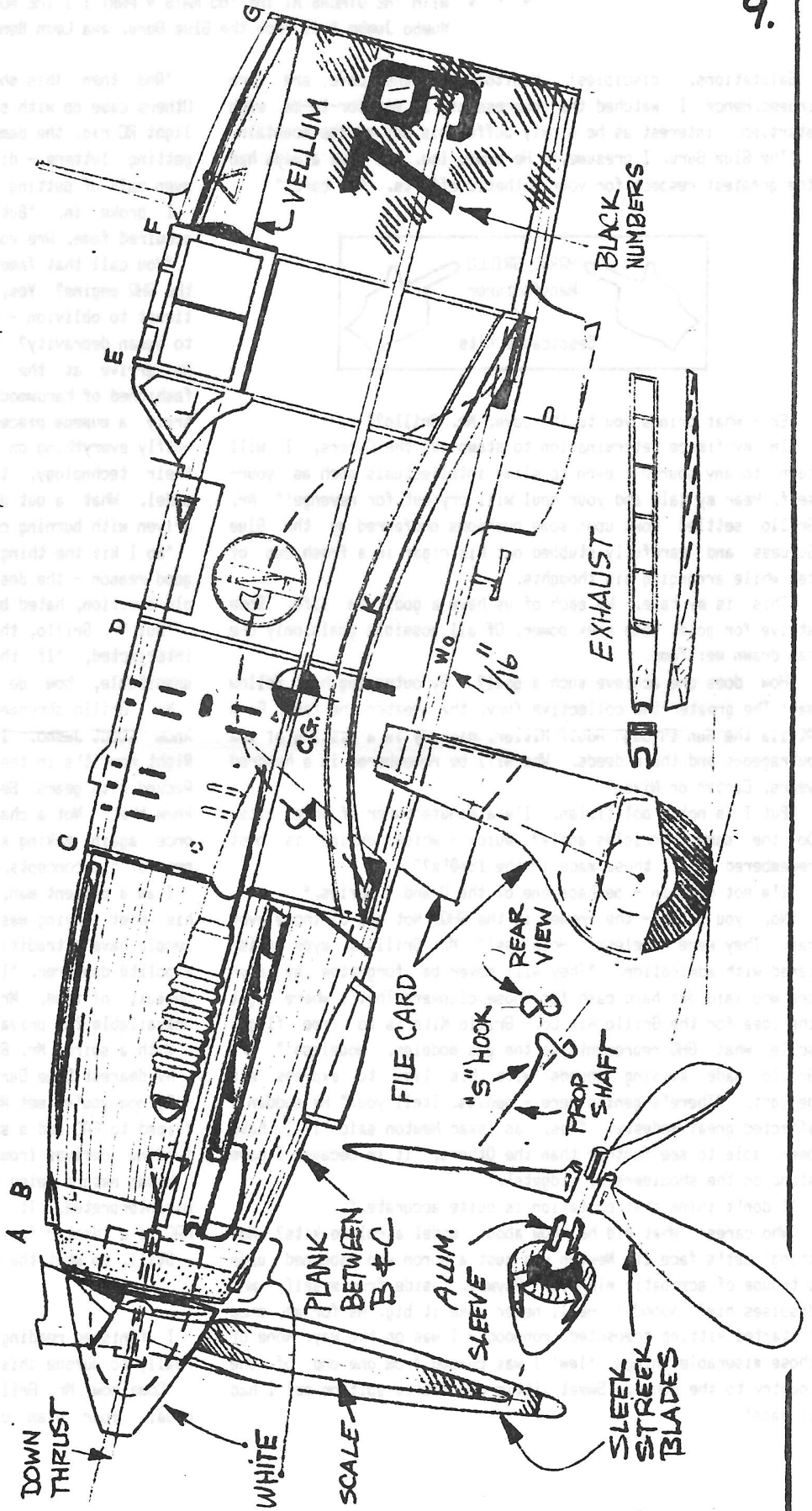
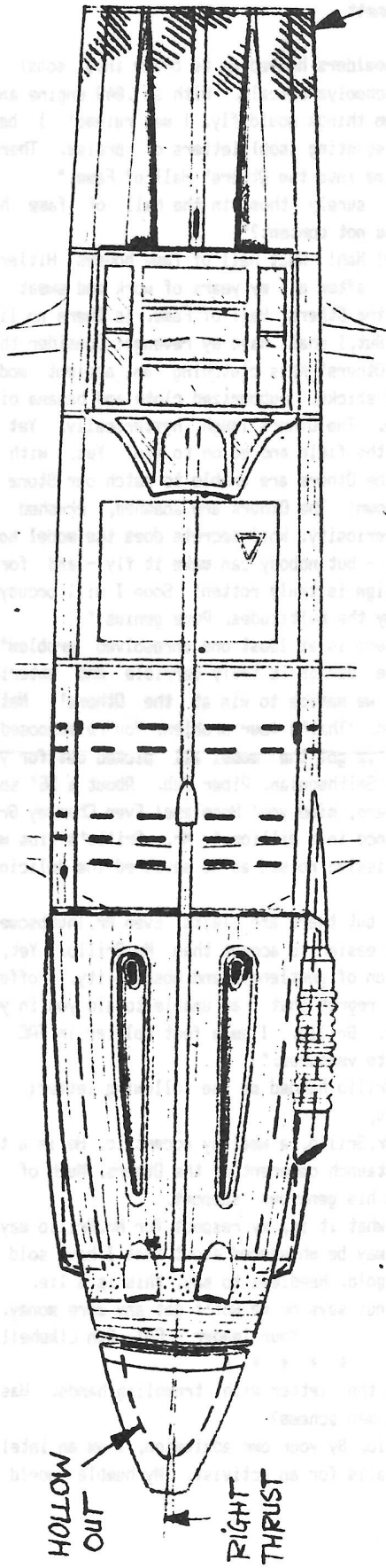
THE COMPER AIRCAR.

SCALE $\frac{1}{2}$ " = ONE FOOT.



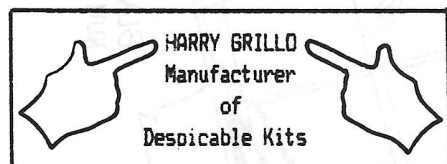
COMPER AIRCAR
Drawing No. 5A
Scale No.





Salutations, disciples! Visitors to the cave are rare indeed. Hence I watched the progress of a visitor-to-be with startled interest as he slowly puffed his way up the mountain.

"The Blue Guru, I presume." He bowed low. "I have always had the greatest respect for your pathetic efforts. My card."



"Er - what brings you to the cave, Mr. Grillo?"

"In my fierce determination to stamp out the Others, I will turn to any source - even to slimy intellectuals such as yourself. Hear my tale and your soul will cry out for revenge!" Mr. Grillo settled down upon some cushions proffered by the Blue Gurueess and carefully stubbed out his cigar in a fresh cup of tea while arranging his thoughts.

"This is my tale. We each of us have a goal in life. Some strive for gold. Some seek power. Of all possible goals, only one has drawn me: fame.

"How does one achieve such a goal? By outraging his fellow man! The greater the collective fury, the greater the fame. From Attila the Hun through Adolf Hitler, history is a listing of the outrageous and their deeds. Who will be remembered in a hundred years, Carter or Nixon?

"But I am not a politician. I'm a manufacturer of model kits. Do the same principles apply? Quick - which engine is best remembered of all those made in the 1940's?"

"I'm not certain - perhaps one of the O and R series."

"No, you idiot - the answer is the GHQ. Not one of those ever ran. They were hopeless. Hopeless!" Mr. Grillo's eyes glistened with admiration. "They will never be forgotten by anyone who laid out hard cash for those clunkers. That's where I got the idea for the Grillo Kit Co. - Grillo Kits is to free flight scale what GHQ represents to the gas modeler. Hopeless!" Mr. Grillo made kissing sounds with his lips to express his delight. "There's genius here - genius, I tell you." He suddenly affected great modesty. "Yes, as Isaac Newton said 'If I have been able to see further than the Others, it is because I have stood on the shoulders of midgets'."

"I don't think that quotation is quite accurate."

"Who cares! What did he know about model airplane kits? Nothing! Let's face it, Newton was just a moron who happened upon a troupe of acrobatic midgets. Anyway, aside from myself, who despises him? Nobody! He'll never make it big. As for me, once I started kitting creosoted ironwood - I was on the way. None of those miserable things flew! I was cursed from one end of the country to the other. Sweet little old ladies spit on me! I had it made!

"And then (his shoulders heaved as he broke into sobs) the Others came up with schoolyard scale. With an .049 engine and a light RC rig, the damn things would fly. I was ruined! I began getting letters - disgusting (sob) letters of praise. There's even talk of putting me into the Others' Hall of Fame."

I broke in. "But surely those in the hall of fame have acquired fame. Are you not content?"

"You call that fame! Hah! What hall of fame houses Hitler or the GHQ engine? Yes, after all my years of work and sweat - a ticket to oblivion - the Others' Hall of Fame. Is there no limit to human depravity? But, I shall have my revenge! Consider this: We arrive at the Others' Nats clutching an ancient model, fashioned of hardwood sticks, rubberized cloth and banana oil - truly a museum piece. The Others laugh hysterically. Yet we outfly everything on the field and go on to win! Yes, with all their technology, the Others are unable to match our Stone Age model. What a put down! The Others are abashed, crushed and driven with burning curiosity. What secrets does the model hold?

"So I kit the thing - but nobody can make it fly - and for a good reason - the design is truly rotten! Soon I will occupy my old position, hated by the multitudes. Pure genius!"

"But Mr. Grillo, there is at least one unresolved problem" I interjected, "If the design is truly terrible and materials unsuitable, how do we manage to win at the Others' Nats?"

Mr. Grillo shrugged. "That's your problem. You're supposed to know about Jumbo. I've got the model all picked out for you. Right now it's in the Smithsonian. Piper Cub. About a 56" span. Packed with gears. Gears, mind you! Hopeless! Even Charley Grant knew that. Not a chance in a million." Mr. Grillo's lips were once again making kissing noises as he savoured the deliciousness of his concepts.

I am a patient man, but there are limits. Even Mr. Thumbsome at his most trying was easier to accept than Mr. Grillo. Yet, my people have a tradition of gentleness and hospitality. I offered a polite demurrer. "I regret that I am unable to aid you in your pursuit of fame, Mr. Grillo. I am a foot soldier in FAC and unavailable for private ventures."

With a smirk, Mr. Grillo handed me the following letter:

My dearest Blue Guru,

By now you've met Mr. Grillo, a wealthy eccentric. He is a true friend to FAC and a staunch opponent of the Others. Much of our funding derives from his generous support.

Human nature being what it is, my respect for Mr. Grillo may be misinterpreted. It may be whispered about that I have sold out FAC to a lunatic for gold. Needless to say, this is a lie.

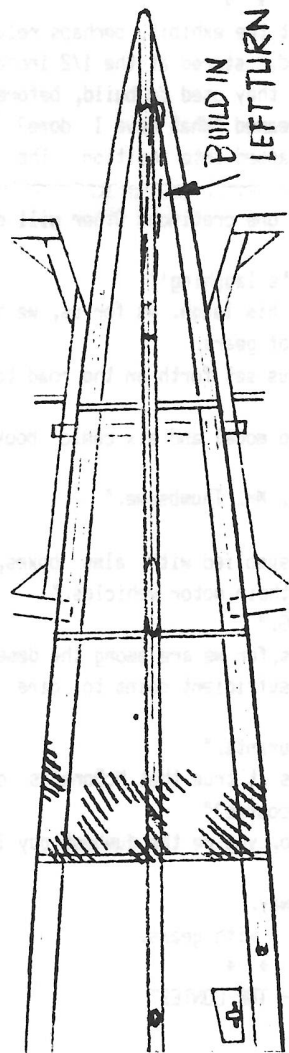
Still, do what the nut says or we won't get any more money.

Your leader - Col. Run Likehell

* * * * *

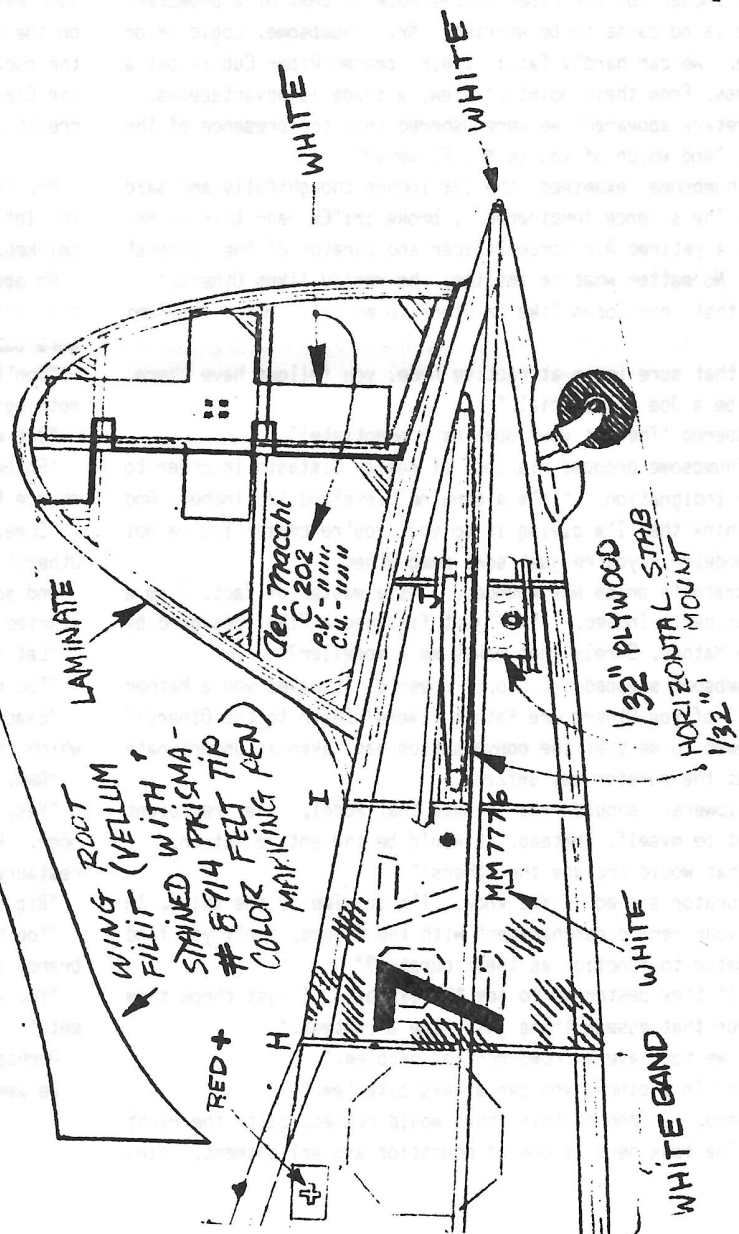
I finished reading the letter with trembling hands. Was I really to pursue this mad scheme?

"Come now, Mr. Grillo. By your own admission, I am an intellectual. Your plan calls for an activist. My humble world is

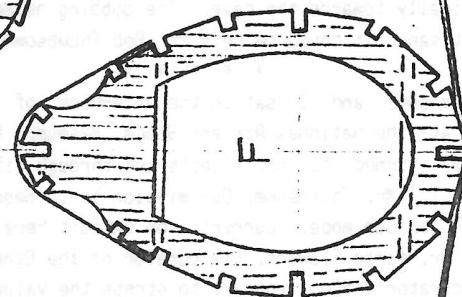
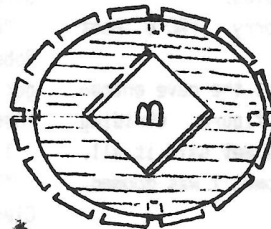
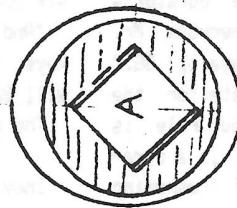
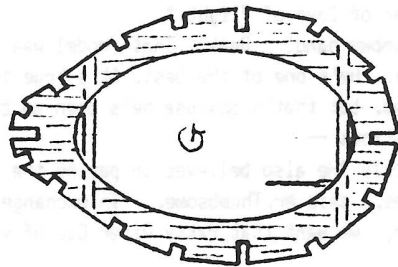


- IRREGULAR CAMOUFLAGE PATTERN (DRY BRUSHED OVER TISSUE)

MACCHI M.C.202 **BY PRES BRUNING**



BUTT AGAINST FORMER "G"



limited to meditation and equations. Surely there are those within FAC who are better suited for dynamic roles."

Mr. Grillo smiled an oily smile. "Don't worry. FAC's most dynamic member is on the way to join us."

With a growing sense of horror, my eyes sought the cave entrance. Far away in the hills marched a yet tiny figure, striding energetically towards the cave. The bobbing helmet said it all. My heart sank. It could be only Mr. Bob Thumbsome. I was doomed.

* * * * *

Mr. Thumbsome and I sat in the ante-room of the curator's office at the National Air and Space Museum. A nervous Mr. Thumbsome turned to me. "Let's run through it again, GG." "Very well, Mr. Thumbsome. Our mission is to negotiate for the geared Piper Cub model, currently on exhibit here. Your role is that of Mr. Hearse Flowers, the curator of the Others. In a curator to curator dialog, you are to stress the value of freshening up our respective exhibits. You offer to trade a genuine Cleveland 1/2 inch for the Piper Cub. My role is that of a promoter.

"There is no cause to be worried, Mr. Thumbsome. Logic is on our side. We can hardly fail; their geared Piper Cub is but a sorry mess. From their point of view, a trade is advantageous."

A secretary appeared; we were ushered into the presence of the curator. "And which of you is Mr. Flowers?"

Mr. Thumbsome examined the 1/2 incher thoughtfully and said nothing. The silence lengthened. I broke in: "Er -ah- this is Mr. Flowers, a retired Air Force Officer and curator of the Others' museum. No matter what he implies, he really likes Others."

"GG, that guy looks like an Other to me." I began to feel uneasy.

"Say, that sure is an attractive model you fellows have there. It must be a Joe Ott special."

I whispered "There's your opening - negotiate!"

Mr. Thumbsome dropped his look of sullen distaste in order to register indignation. "It's a genuine Cleveland 1/2 inch. And if you think that I'm giving it to you, you're crazy! You're not even a modeler - you're just some dumb Other."

The curator's pride was wounded. "As a matter of fact, I am a model builder. Indeed, I've just finished a Fike designed by Clarence Mather. Surely that makes me a modeller?"

Mr. Thumbsome snapped out "No, it doesn't. It makes you a Mather Fiker. All of you Others are Mather Fikers! Death to the Others!"

It seemed to me that the conversation had taken an unfortunate turn, but the curator was unfazed.

"Mr. Flowers, should you donate that model, the recipient would not be myself. Instead, it would be the entire nation."

"But that would include the Others!"

The curator sighed. "You know, I'm puzzled by one thing. In view of your -er- disenchantment with the Others, don't you find it traumatic to function as their curator?"

"Nah. If they pester me to see the exhibits, I just throw them out. I run that museum thing just like a contest."

"Well, we too have a crowd control problem."

"You do? In a pinch, you can always bite 'em."

"No-o-o-o. I don't think that would reflect quite the right spirit. The task here is one of education and enlightenment. Think

of your Cleveland model, crafted by an unknown hand, as an offering on the altar of love of flight."

"Crafted by an unknown hand? Bunk! That model was built by Robert S. Thumbsome. He's one of the best. It's true that he's got only 11 victories, but that's because he's been so busy with these stupid negotiations --"

I interjected quickly "He also believes in paying the Piper."

"The Piper? Oh yes," said Mr. Thumbsome, "In exchange for the Cleveland 1/2 inch, we want that ratty Piper Cub of yours and six comic books."

"And you shall have them!", said the curator, reaching for his keys. "It's a pleasure to do business in such a mature fashion. Will Batman suffice?"

The geared Piper Cub was ours.

* * * * *

Inevitably, there have been those who question the veracity of these tales. To doubters and scoffers, I offer the following hard evidence: go to the glass case housing the model exhibits, on the main floor of the National Air and Space Museum (under the escalator, at the entrance to the Museum Shop). You will see the Cleveland 1/2 inch, a Curtiss F 11C-1, with the following credit line: "Built by Robert S. Thumbsome".

* * * * *

Mr. Thumbsome and I loitered at the exhibit, perhaps reluctant to let go. A visitor approached, stared at the 1/2 inch and smirked, "Look at the funny stuff they used to build, before RC."

An agonized Mr. Thumbsome screamed "What have I done? I've sold out!". The goggles were slapped into position. The teeth were bared ____.

"Don't, Mr. Thumbsome! Biting one cretinous Other will change nothing!"

"But what are we to do, GG! He's laughing!"

"So be it. He is a fool. Let him laugh. As for us, we have a chance to learn the lost secret of gears."

"Come, Mr. Thumbsome, let us set forth on the road to the Others' Nats!"

And so, clutching one tattered model and six comic books, we started down the long road.

"Let us keep to the main roads, Mr. Thumbsome."

"Too many cars, GG."

"Exactly. Such roads are well supplied with alms boxes, into which the rich fling coins from their motor vehicles."

"Aww, those are toll booths, GG."

"Yes, and the bells toll for us, for we are among the deserving poor. Perhaps we shall find sufficient coins to dine in a restaurant!"

"Big deal. I've eaten in restaurants."

"You have? Tell me about it. Is it true that McDonalds offers brandy and cigars with the last course?"

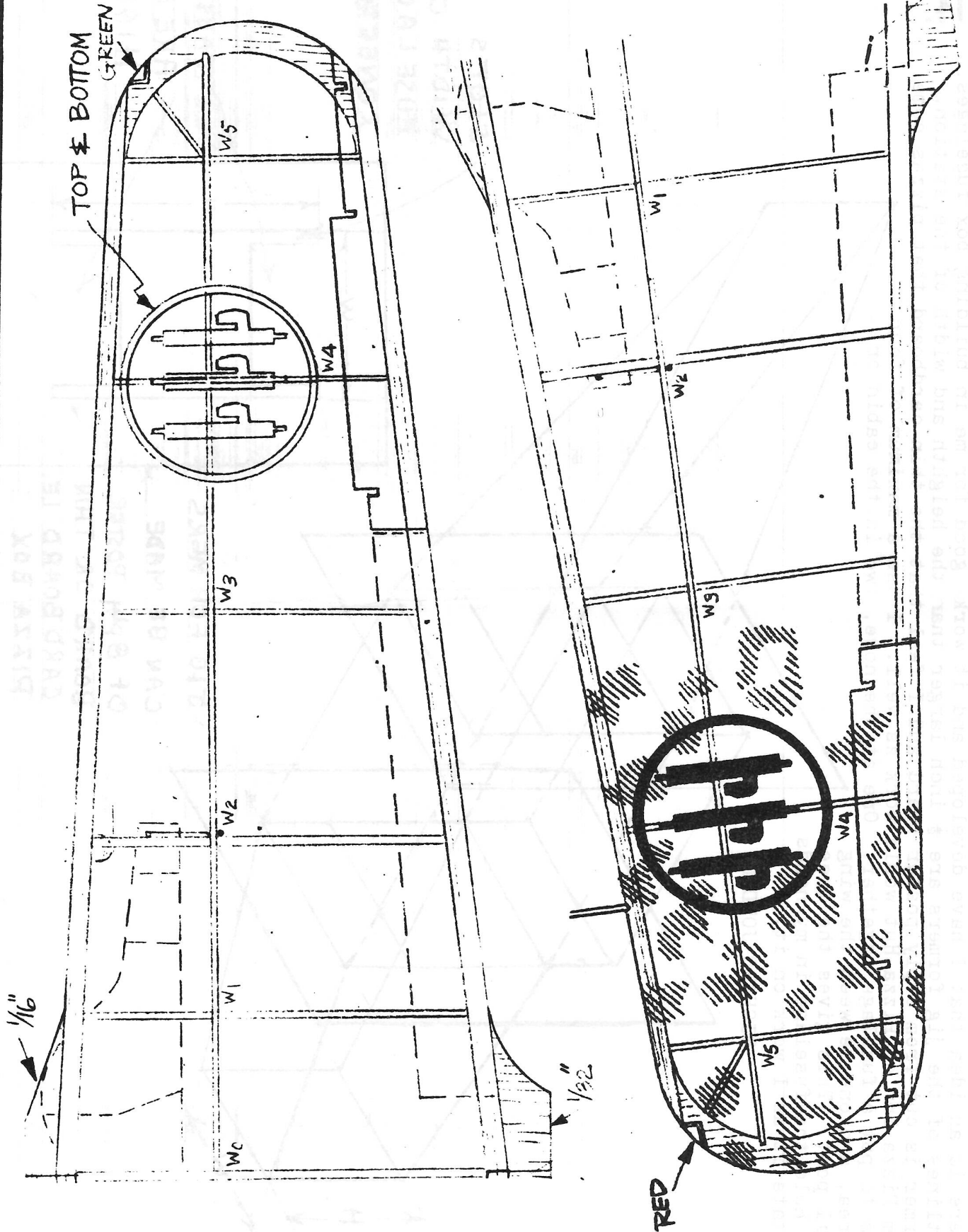
"You know, GG, outside of Jumbo, you're the dumbest guy I ever met."

Perhaps so. But we were under way.

We were on the way to Chicopee - with gears.

* * * * *

NEXT: PART II - THE CONTEST

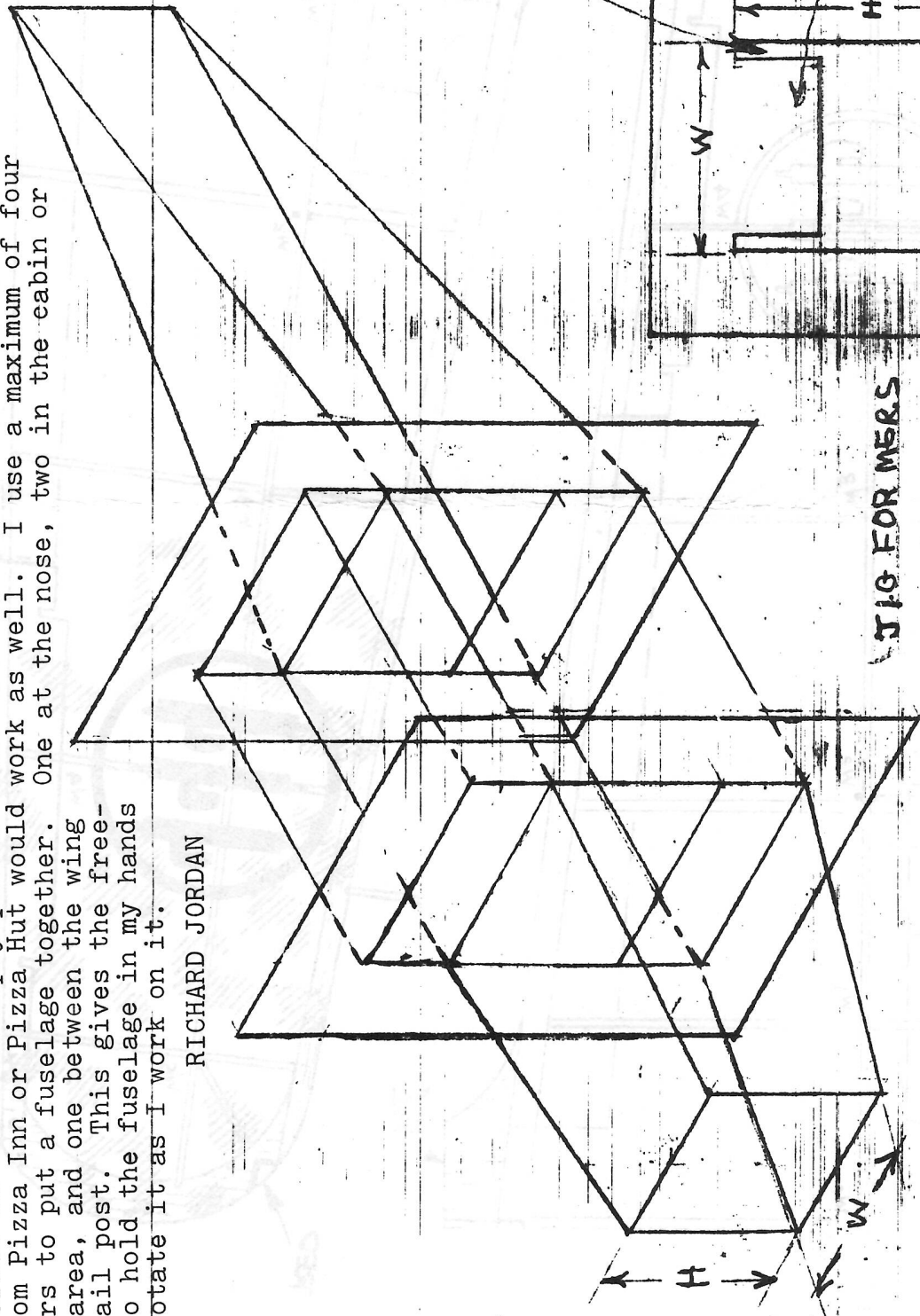


Dear FACers,

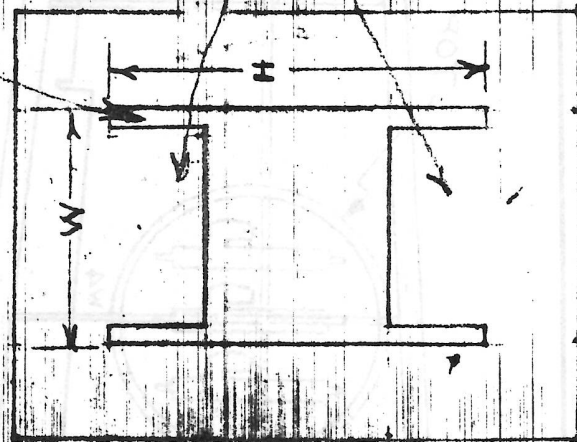
Here is an idea that I have developed and it works good for me in building box fuselages. The outlines of the jig formers are $\frac{1}{2}$ inch larger than the height and width of the station. The former is cut from 8 ply poster board and I feel that the thin cardboard that pizzas come in from Pizza Inn or Pizza Hut would work as well. I use a maximum of four formers to put a fuselage together. One at the nose, two in the cabin or wing area, and one between the wing and tail post. This gives the freedom to hold the fuselage in my hands and rotate it as I work on it.

RICHARD JORDAN

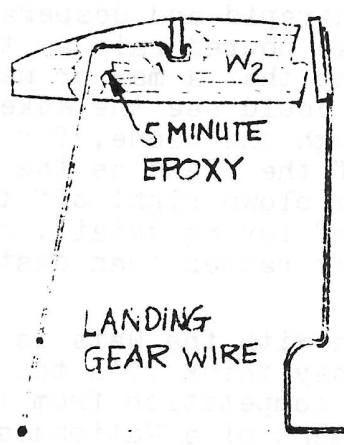
14.



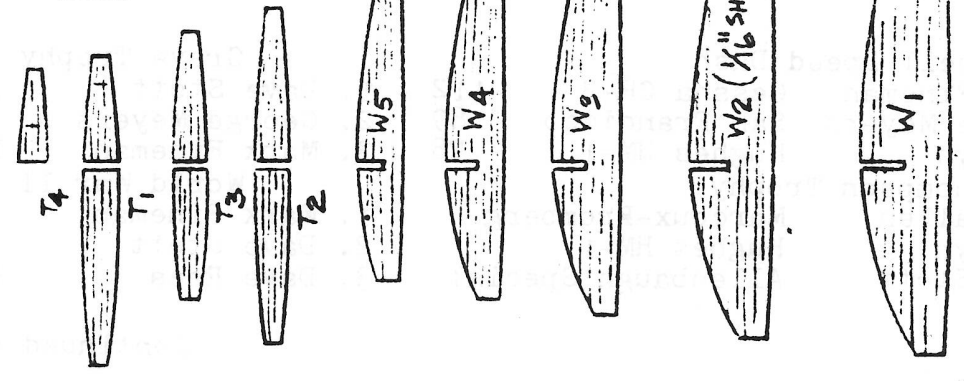
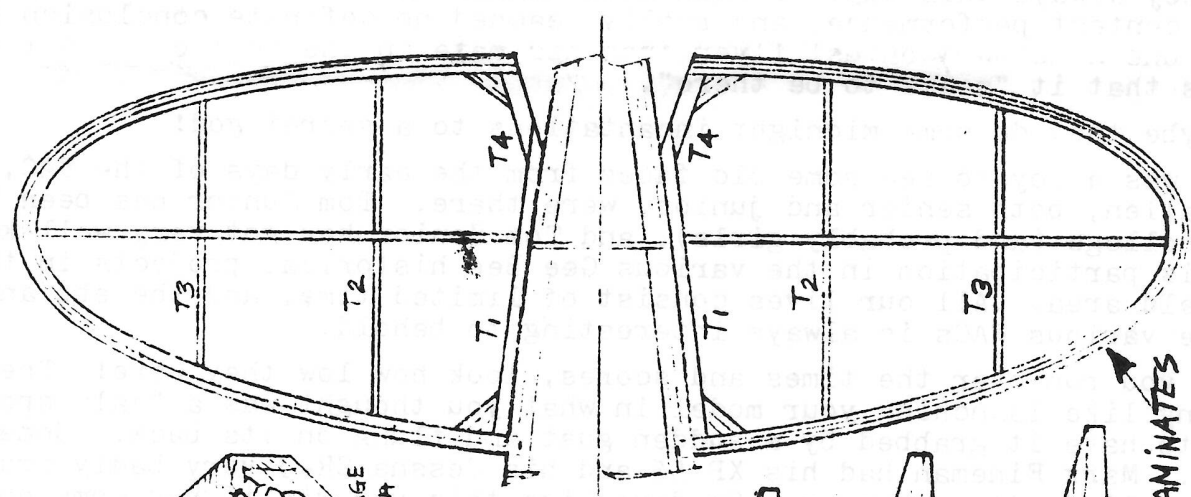
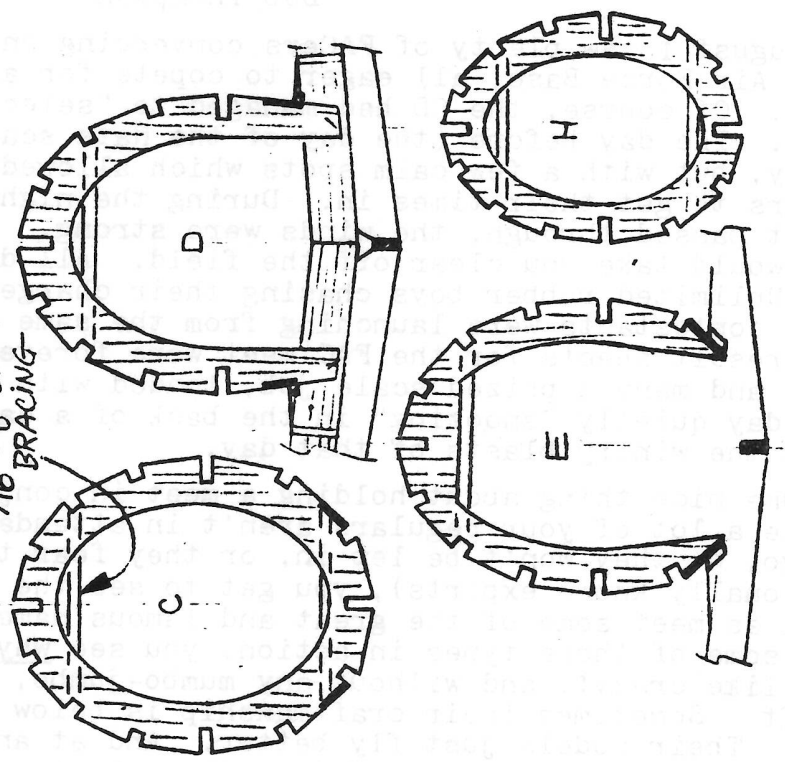
SLOTS
WIDTH OF
FUSELAGE
LONGITUDINAL



JIG FORMERS
CAN BE MADE
OF 8PLY POSTER
BOARD OR THIN
CARDBOARD I.E.
PIZZA BOX



$\frac{1}{16}$ " SQ CROSS BRACING



W_2 ($\frac{1}{16}$ " SHEET)

FAC AT THE AMA NATS

by

Bob Thompson

16. August 1 saw plenty of FACers converging on the Nationals scene at Westover Air Force Base, all eager to copete for a coveted place on the Kanone List. Of course, the CD had managed to "select" a day with unpromising weather. The day before (the day of the Nats scale events) had been nasty and rainy, but with a few calm spots which allowed the intrepid and desperate flyers to get their times in. During the night it had poured rain as the front passed through, the winds were strong. So strong that a max or near max would take you clear off the field. All day you could see the Wakefield and Unlimited rubber boys chasing their charges through the ozone, for the Nats contestants were launching from the same area of the field as the FACers. The result sheets for the FAC meet were forever being blown right off the CD's car, and many a prized scale job, loaded with piles of loving detail, spent the day quietly "snoozing" in the back of a car-hanger rather than dast attempt the wintry blasts of that day.

One nice thing about holding a meet in conjunction with the Nats is that, while a lot of your regulars aren't in attendance (they think it's too far to go, or they won't be let in, or they fear the hot competition from the nationally known experts), you get to see the excitement of a Nationals, as well as meet some of the great and famous names of modeldom. And when you see some of those types in action, you see why they are famous...their models fly like crazy!..and without any mumbo-jumbo, midnight incantations, or witchcraft. Sometimes their craftsmanship is below a level a lot of us expect to see. Their models just fly better. And at an FAC meet they are just as laid-back and relaxed as some of the other skysters scattered around the field. Are they always this way? I know Bill Hannan had his mail-order "symposium" about contest performance, and really reached no definite conclusion on what makes one a better contest flyer than his mate in the next car. All we can say is that it "seems to be there".

Maybe they do some midnight incantations to a secret god!

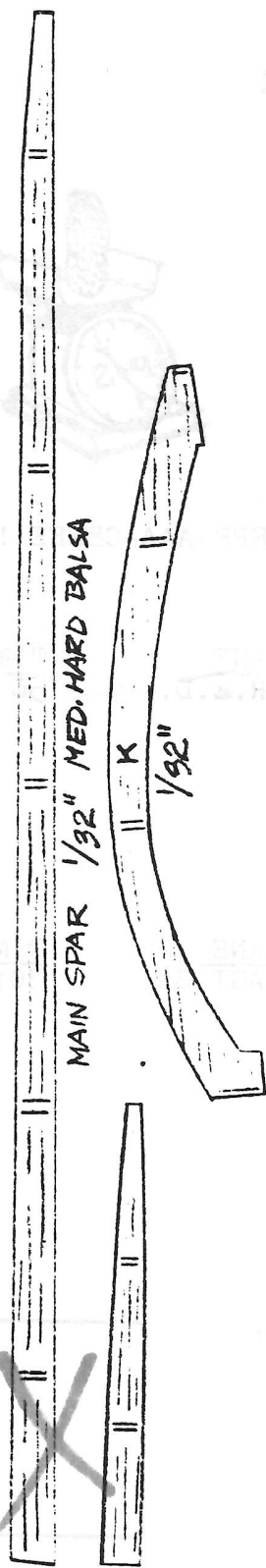
It was a joy to see some old faces from the early days of the FAC, too. Tom Nallen, both senior and junior, were there. Tom Junior has been busy with college (and probably girls), and Tom Senior has got very well-known for his participation in the various Gee Bee historical projects in the Springfield area. All our lives consist of limited time, and the ebb and flow of the various FACs is always interesting to behold.

As you run over the times and scores, look how low they were! There's nothing like launching your model in what you thought was a "calm spot", only to have it grabbed by a sudden gust and flung on its back. Some did worse. Mark Fineman had his XP-55 and his Cessna CR-3 very badly crash when they stalled into a runway. On days like this you win if you come home with all your models (relatively) intact, and the skyster who has models for each event is truly flirting with doom. He can wipe out a years work in a day, almost as good as a fire.

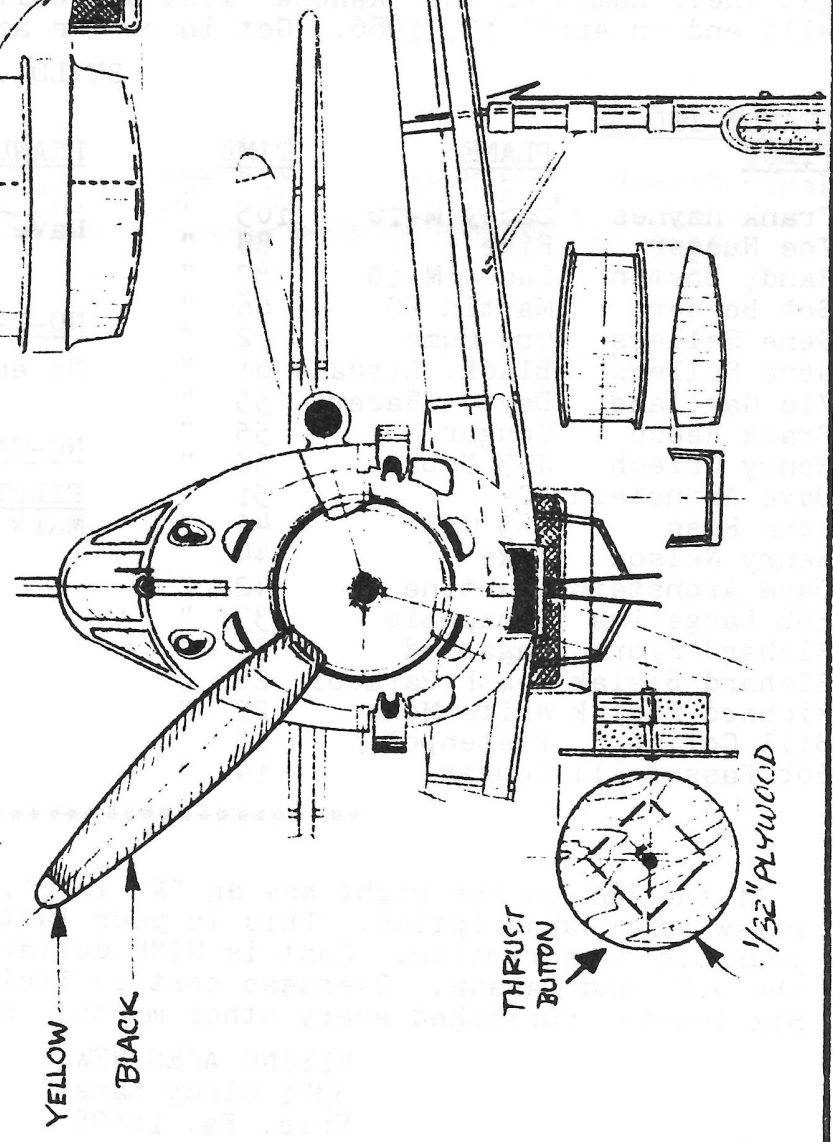
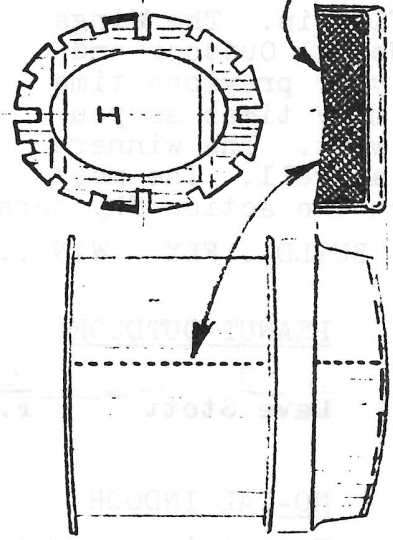
RESULTS:

Shell Speed Dash			Greve Trophy	
1. Mark Fineman	Cessna CR-3	112	1. Dave Stott	Haines Mystery
2. George Meyers	San Francisco	89	2. George Meyers	San Francisco
3. Ed Heyn	Hughes HM-1	78	3. Mark Fineman	Mr. Smoothie
Thompson Trophy			World War II Combat	
1. Tom Nallen	Marcoux-Bromberg		1. Mark Fineman	Nikitin IS-4
2. Ed Heyn	Hughes HM-1		2. Dave Stott	Curtiss 19R
3. Dave Stott	Allenbaugh Special		3. Dave Rees	Myrt

Continued next page....

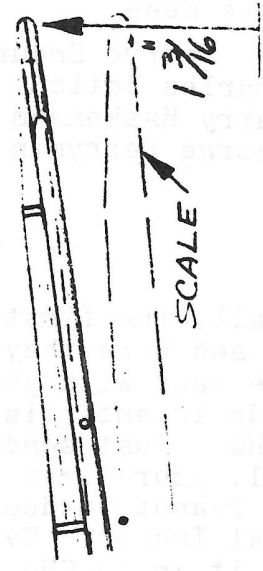


POWER: 1 LOOP 4 MM
PIRELLI 16" LONG



THRUST
BUTTON

1/32" PLYWOOD



FAC Scale

1. Don Srull	Lippisch F-13	167
2. George Meyers	Curtiss SOC-3	144
3. Dave Rees	Mr. Mulligan	129

GHQ Peanut

1. Allen Lawton	Fokker V-23	562
2. Bill Passarelli	Cougar	482
3. Ted Langley	Tailwind	468

Embryo Endurance

1. Charles Sotich	Eaglet	255
2. Harry Haakonsen	Prairie Bird	235
3. George Perryman	Speckled Bird	197

No-Cal Scale

1. Vance Gilbert	Citabria	107
2. Harry Haakonsen	Lynn	63
3. Ed Cattey	Citabria	58

Peanut & No-Cal Scale Postal Meet

Well, the first list of results are in for the Postal Meet and here they are for you skysters to look over and maybe beat with your models. Remember now, all you have to do to enter is fly your model and send in the times to GHQ. Just send in a post card with the name of the model, your times and what wing you flew in. The Wings are, Peanut Outdoor, Peanut Indoor, No-Cal Outdoor and No-Cal Indoor. Everytime you better your previous time send it in to GHQ. You may enter as many times as you want and enter as many models as you want. The winners get their names on the "Kanone" list as well. The meet will end on April 13, 1986. Get in on the action Skysters.



BUILD...FLY...WIN...EFF-AAA-CEEEE!!!!

PEANUT INDOOR

PILOT	PLANE	TIME
Henry Orzech	Ord-Hume	127 sec.
Frank Haynes	Lacey M-10	105 "
Joe Nuszer	Fike	88 "
Randy Boston	Lacey M-10	87 "
Bob Bender	Martin MO	66 "
Gene Sellers	Ord-Hume	62 "
Gene Sellers	Black. Airdale	61 "
Vic Gagliano	Dayton Racer	55 "
Frank Reese	Cougar	55 "
Henry Orzech	J-3 Cub	52 "
Dave Aronstein	DC-8	51 "
John Ross	J-3 Cub	45 "
Henry Nelson	Fike	44 "
Dave Aronstein	Dewotine	42 "
Bob Langelius	Ganagobie	33 "
Richard Fiore	Vagabond	31 "
Richard Bielak	Heath Parasol	28 "
Richard Bielak	White Mono.	27 "
Bill Colish	Pietenpol	15 "
Bob Passarelli	Cougar	14 "

PEANUT OUTDOOR

PILOT	PLANE	TIME
Dave Stott	F.R.E.D.	56 sec.

NO-CAL INDOOR

No entries as yet.

NO-CAL OUTDOOR

PILOT	PLANE	TIME
Mark Fineman	Ts AGI SK	301 sec.

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