

FLYING ACES

Club News

Issue #56



WHAT IF THE BAD GUYS BOMBED
BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT?

AMAZING COVER STORY!

Pg. 2.

B. (Bob, Buddy) Rogers has really come through this time! Yep, the Ponca City FAC Squadron, ready to take on the whole world in Flying Aces Moth single, personal combat, came up with the most astounding cover story yet to grace (?) our mighty pages!

Were you ever aware that the Nazi Germans had bombed Bridgeport? That's right! In the shining Spring of 1943, when your writers were still wearing their hand-me-down knickers and putting a "pocket" into their new Rawlings fielder's mitts, there was a bit of a disturbance in the skies over old BPT. We remember being sent into the air raid drill quarters (actually the main hall, where any "pill" could have wiped us all out with one deft blast) of the Greenfield Hill Dwight School and singing songs like "Keep 'em Flying, Uncle Sam", and "Remember Pearl Harbor". The shades were drawn, so we couldn't witness the furious action in the skies, as an FAC should, but we do remember hearing the booming of the mighty ack ack guns, the scream of diving planes, the chatter of MGs, and the blast of large explosions far off. The whole area was abuzz with rumors for weeks afterwards, but nothing ever leaked out into the pre-Watergate press, then more concerned with patriotism than the Big Story, First Amendment Rights then having been unheard of.

Now, at long last, It Can Be Told.

A score or more of Stukas (Just as Nazi is pronounced "nazzi", as in "snazzy"; so Stuka is pronounced "stukka", as in "pukka") had been launched from the Nazi navy's one and only carrier, the Graf Zeppelin, which had sneaked to within about five hundred miles of Uncle Sam's shores, together with her escort of the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau, fresh from their Channel Dash. These daring Stuka pilots had then landed on a Long Island potato field which was owned at the time by ex-Bundist Hans Schmidt. This potato field had been the scene of many a Bund rally before the war, but our vigilant J. Edgar Schmoover had been too busy at the races to get Schmidt or his potato field. So Schmidt, together with unnamed conspirators, refueled the se Stukas with gasoline saved from the A-ration for his Willys Americar coupe which they had doped up with potato alcohol. This gave the Stukas quite fantastic performance (they had thoughtfully brought a pre-war Auto Union race mechanic with them to tune their engines....you know the Heinies...always methodical), and they arrived over their targets within ten minutes from their take-off. This threw their plans out of kilter (you know the Krauts with their plans!), and only this saved the allied side from a major catastroscope.

Rumors that the Nazis came from the zep-
pelin von Ludendorff are simply not true. Everybody of any sense knows that that ship, together wkth its cruel commandant Anton Tubuloff, had been eliminated several years before the war, when Kerry Keen had dived one of his Black Bullets right through the ship, losing the Bullet, but sending the Ludendorff to its well-deserved doom. The only reason Keene missed this Nazi coup was that his gas ration card had been lost by the local ration board, and that tame Dutch sea captain who always used to deliver his munitions had been sunk by the Japs as he tried to maneuver into Bataan a year earlier. We don't know how much good the Darne ammo would have done our side, but those poor



beleaguered doughs on Bataan could have used those cheeses as a change from beans and canned salmon ("goldfish" they called it). So the hero from the pages of FA was out of this picture from the start. Drury Lang? He was busy at the trials of the Nazi spies who had been landed on the Long Island shore a year earlier.



The Nazis had been well-briefed by the Abwehr, their Intelligence, and knew exactly which targets to attack: Remington Arms, Vought-Sikorsky Aircraft, Bridgeport Brass, Dictaphone, Casco Auto Cigar Lighters, the PT Barnum Museum, and FAC GHQ. Some of those plants being located in the West End of Bridgeport, the local Hunkietown, evil tongues even wag to this day about 100 watt bulbs burning in unblacked-out windows, the Hungarians then being allied with the Germans, and some of their compatriots forgot their American ways and went to the aid of their Nazi friends.

Our boys at the Bridgeport Airport, being well equipped with North American P-51 Apaches, Curtiss P-40F Warhawks and (most deadly of all) Bell P-39 Airacobras), went to work with a will, once the initial surprise was overcome. When those Stukas came in low to drop their deadly cargoes, the Yanks were there, guns blazing, and sent every one of the Stukas to a flaming grave in the murky waters of Long Island Sound. Yes, the historic skies over Wordin Avenue, once scene of Gustav Weisskopf's flights two years before the Wrights, were once again split assunder, but this time by deadly combat with Weisskopf's own countrymen against those of his adopted land. How would Gus have felt, had he been alive at that moment? We can only conjecture and wonder, as once did C B Mayshark and August Schomburg, cover artists for FA in their stories.

Luckily for the future of the FAC, Dave Stott was in school that morning, over at Harding High, right near the Remington plant. This saved the FAC, as his house on William Street (read Wilhelmstrasse in Knockwurst language) was heavily damaged, the Abwehr being misinformed as to Dave's whereabouts. (They had thought he was going to call in sick that morning, skip school, and go out to the airport at about 1000 hours to watch the Corsairs. Thus, they'd catch him at home and eliminate their deadliest enemy in his nest, among his Maircraft solids.) Dave missed the whole attack, as he too was following air raid drill procedure and was hiding, cowering) under his American Chair Company desk while Miss McLaughlin, his Tenth Grade English teacher, howled in fright behind her oaken Teacher's Model. It was later said that it was hard to say which had made the most noise; Miss McLaughlin or the Stukas' sirens. Most kids in Dave's class voted loyally for the local...Miss McLaughlin.

At any rate, the damage to the Remington plant was confined mostly to splashed water, from the nearby pond. It seems the alcohol fumes from that potato alcohol (their tanks leaked due to those freedom-loving slave laborers in Nazi factories who did their work poorly) made the pilots woozy, and so they mistook Lakeview Cemetary for the neighboring Remington Arms!

Of the other attacks, only the bombs aimed at the PT Barnum Museum found a success equal to the attack on Dave's house. It appears that the model of a circus train was destroyed, together with a number of ancient circus wagons which had escaped the hatchets of cold-benumbed Bridgeporters during the Depression years.

In desperate fury at seeing their well-laid plans going awry, the Nazis furiously attacked some secondary targets their Intelligence had picked out for them: St. Mary's Point, a well-known trysting place for local lovers (just like the Nazis to assail the morale of our people!), and the Hull's Brewery in New Haven (the cruelest blow of all!). The attacks too failed, as our boys, armed with those 3/mm cannon in the noses of their Airacobras, and infuriated by the open viciousness of the Nazis, nailed every one of the Stukas, "splashing" all of them, either into Long Island Sound or some of the varied local swamps.



None of the Nazis survived to tell the tale, but local humor has it that the fliers were not Germans at all, but really were German-speaking Poles from western Poland who had been chained into their pits by their cruel Nazi warlords. Others say the planes were crewed by German-speaking

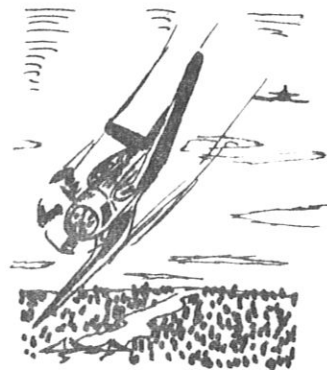


Japanese who were trying out their first Kamikaze mission, after giving up the good life as waiters at the Berlin Benihaha. Who can tell at this late date? All we know is that the Sound was filled with the oddest assortment of fishing craft for months after this attack, all seemingly dragging the dirty water for something, and that ever since Bridgeport has been the World Capital for Luftwaffe souvenirs. All kinds of dive brakes, wheels, old German tires, pieces of chain, bent machine gun barrels, sirens, and other pieces that seem to have a Stuka origin, keep turning up in the local tomato patches. Who can tell?

But B. Rogers knows!

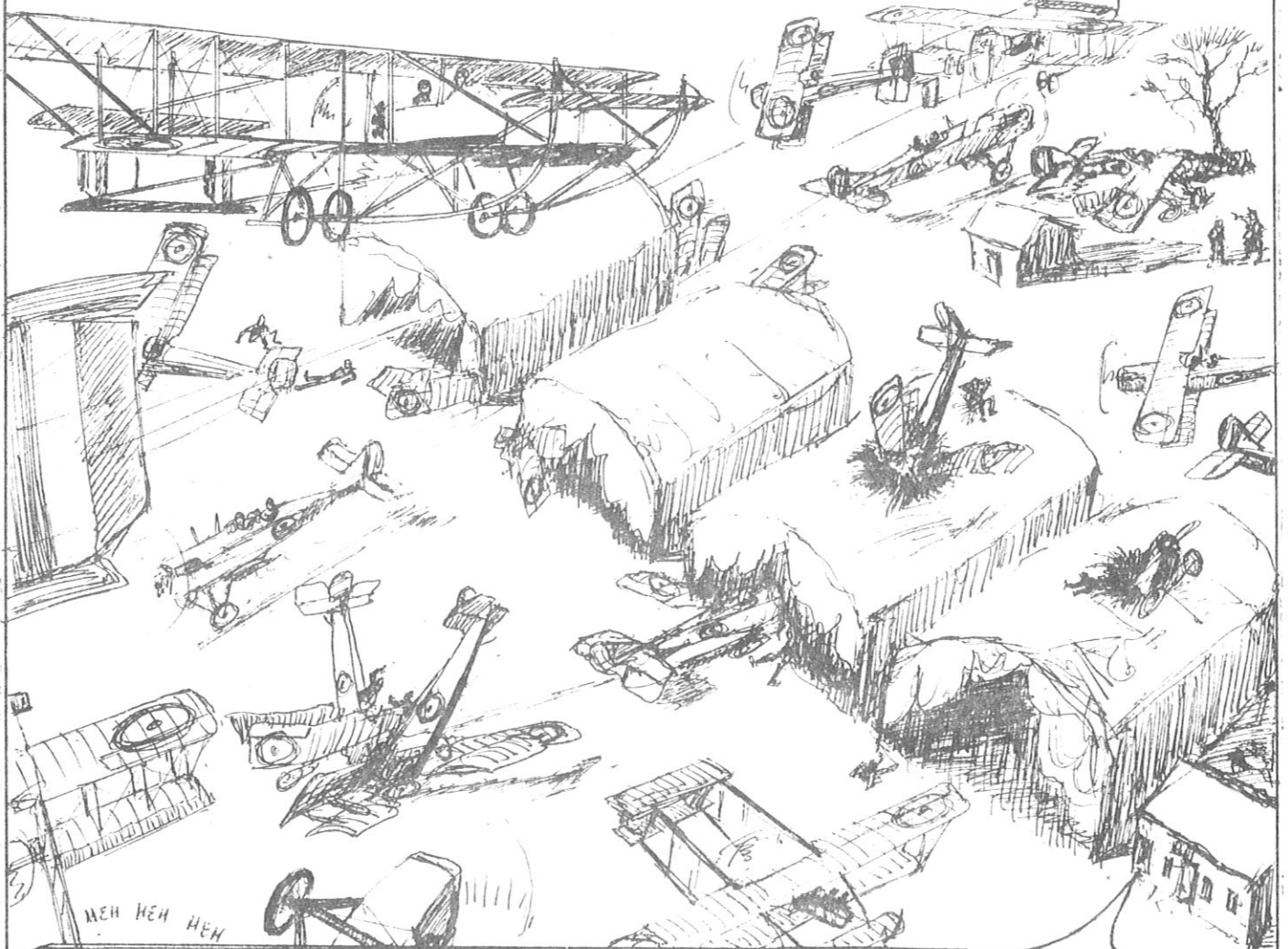
Schmidt and his ex-bundists were rounded up shortly thereafter, together with three hundred escaped Italian prisoners of war who were living on his farm, subsisting on a diet of potatoes in tomato sauce. It seems somebody kept forgetting to add sweet basil to the sauce, and one of the prisoners became disgruntled and told the local constable, who told J. Edgar Schmoover, and the game was up. The farm had come under scrutiny by the locals because of its low potato production, despite seeming blooming crops, so the whole thing was bound to come to an end as soon as Schmoover got back from the races, but who can tell how long that would have taken. Thank heaven for no basil!

After the raid, Davie Stott had to rake through the ruins of the Modelmasters' clubhouse to find his prized Maircraft solids in their frame with the souvenir World War One iron cross. He found it, and it hangs proudly over the door of GHQ right to this very minute. Bob Thompson was yet to build his first model (also a Maircraft) when all these events occurred, but he remembers them vividly, if vaguely....as is the way with seven-year-olds.



THE ADVENTURES OF GORDON GOODCHAP & CHESTER CHEETWELL

IN JANUARY, 1916 IMMELMANN AND BOELCKE RECEIVED THE POUR LE MERITE FOR SHOOTING DOWN ALLIED AIRCRAFT. THE "FOKKER SCOURGE" WAS ON. THE R.F.C. TOOK IT ON THE CHIN BUT CAME BACK FIGHTING. IN FEBRUARY, 1916 NO. 24 SQUADRON EQUIPPED WITH DEL-2'S AND LED BY MAJ. HAWKER, V.C. ARRIVED IN FRANCE. FLIGHT TRAINING IN THE R.F.C. WAS ACCELERATED. SPRING, 1916: GORDON AND CHESTER REPORTED TO BEASTLEIGH FOR FLIGHT TRAINING. CHESTER, HAVING FINESSED GORDON'S ORDERS ARRIVED FIRST; WEEKS LATER GORDON ARRIVED AND REPORTED TO THE ADJUTANT WHO SAID, (SEE BELOW)



"I'M SORRY, (YAWN), GOODCHAP, BUT YOUR NAME IS NOT ON THE ORDERS FOR LEAVE — ONLY CHAPS ON LEAVE ARE LT. GARDEN-HOSE, LATELY WITH THE QUEEN'S OWN MESS KIT REPAIR BATTALION, AND CAPT. TWADDLE, LATE OF 48TH MOBILE LISTER BAG BATTALION, "THE FIGHTING 48TH". I THINK HE SAID. I SAY, YOU'RE REPORTING IN, WOT — RATHER LATE, TOO, BLOT ON THE OLD COPY BOOK SORT OF THING — ANOTHER CHAP HERE FROM YOUR BATTALION, LT CHEETWELL; — RATHER KEEN, REPORTED IN EARLY FROM FOUR WEEKS LEAVE, DRIVES A LARGE BENTLEY, ALWAYS HAS A GIRL OR TWO WITH HIM!" (COMING SOON — VON RAUTENSTUCKS READY'S HIS STAFFEL)

CONTINUED — JERRY BOGINS '77

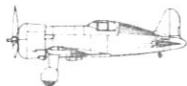
★BULLETIN★

"Murphey's Law" really works every time as most of our scanners of the F.A.C. model flying rules will, and do loudly attest. For those of you not familiar with Murphey's Law it is simply stated thus, "If any thing can possibly go wrong,.....it will".

In our Embryo Endurance rules the cube size to be part of the fuselage is stated as $1\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2} \times 3$ in one instance, and $1\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2} \times 3$ in another. Well, we didn't mean to sneak a rotten change in on you Embryo enthusiasts. The old dimensions of $1\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2} \times 3$ are the correct ones, so get your copy out right now and cross out the error.

While still in the Embryo hangar, Major Fred Hall asks this of the FAC Legislature, "Do you intend to give both plus 5 for a windscreen cabin and plus 5 for an open cockpit"?

Well Fred, you stood us on our nose with that one!! We never figured on a design like that! With great forethought and vision the FAC Legislature has decreed that you get plus 5 for either one, or the other. Never 5 for both. We say "with great forethought and vision" because if 5 points were given for both open 'pit and 5 more for a cabin can you imagine the loopholers showing up at the meet with 18 sets of exhaust pipes and wheel pants, sans wheels, glued here and there on the fuselage?!? So lets not lose sight of the reason for the new Embryo rules. They were made to create sporty looking designs, not to give points away.



Wedell-Williams XP-34



Tucker XP-57

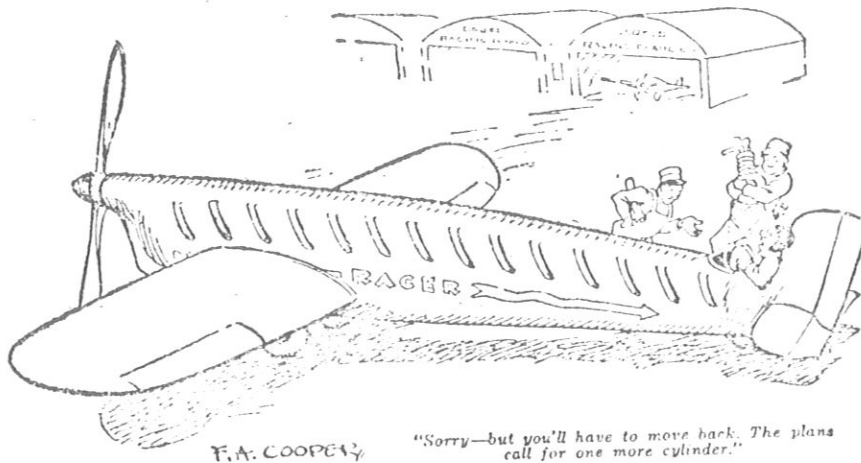
The other rule change we want to mention to our daredevils of the drawing beards who like to design their own scale jobs is the one that states that even proposed designs of full scale airplanes are eligible. Fellas, that sure ought to set a few mental lift wires to singing. Now you can build that Gee Bee Eightster or the Military Aircraft Fighter on floats that were published in the old Flying Aces mags.

How about the pair of Uncle Sam's sky fighters shown in the space above?? Or the giant Seversky Clipper transatlantic flying boat? The ten engined Pell Triplane, some work actually begun on this first of the "New York Bombers" conceived by the German Military, is another type which can be modelled under the new rule. Yep, skyslicers, the doors are open to many secret hangars now.

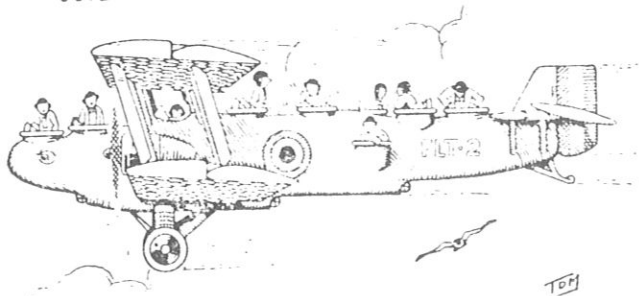
Uncle Sam has waited pretty patiently for Congress and a number of presidents to build the B-1. I guess the FAC will be the ones to do it, at last!



ROCKWELL B-1



THE POLTON & BALL 'WIDESTRAND'



The above cartoon is taken from the July, 1940 number of Flying Aces, while the one left is from Oct. 31, 1930 "Flight" from across the Atlantic.

It seems that even back then Guys were hard at thought devising a way to pick up a few extra points in Embryo! How many times has the wheel been recycled?

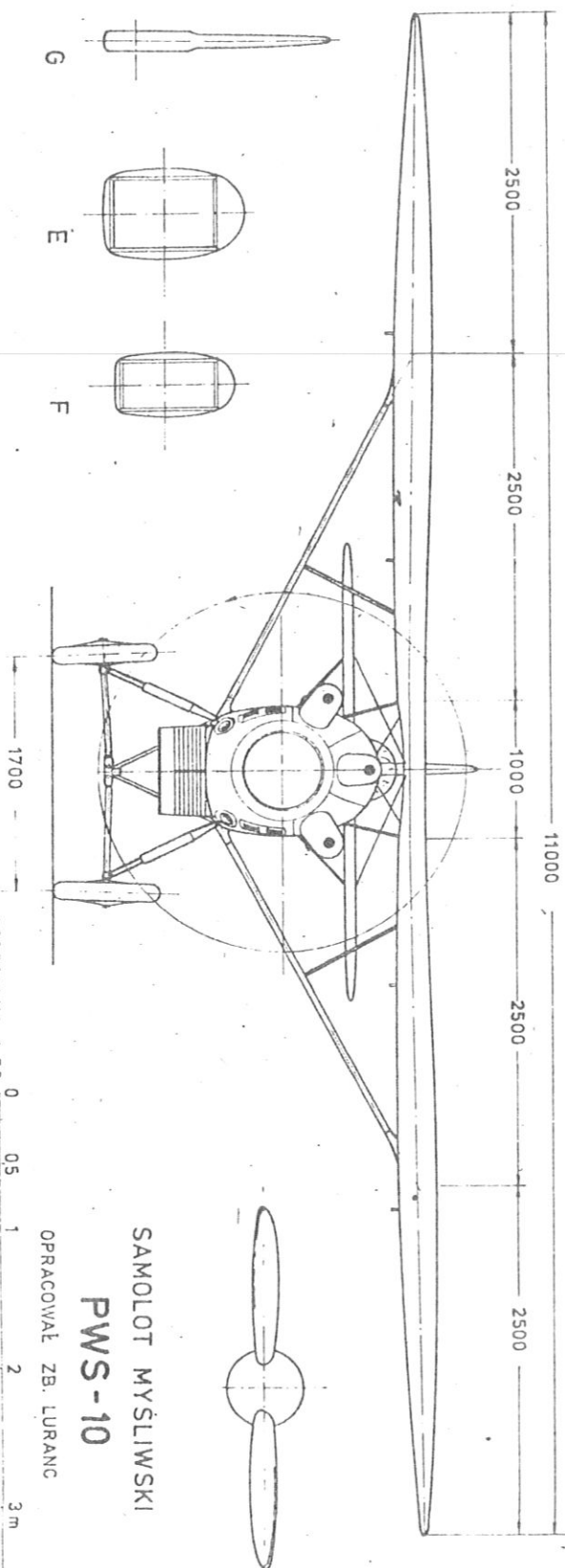
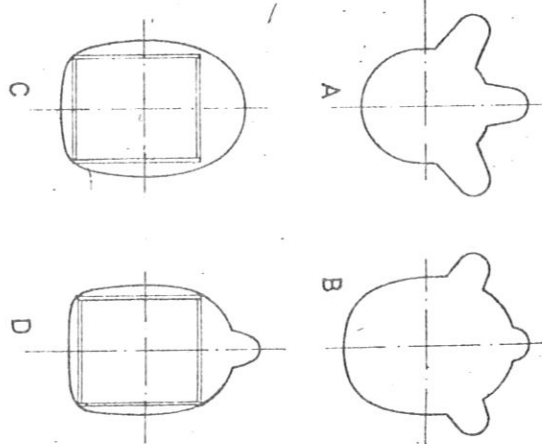
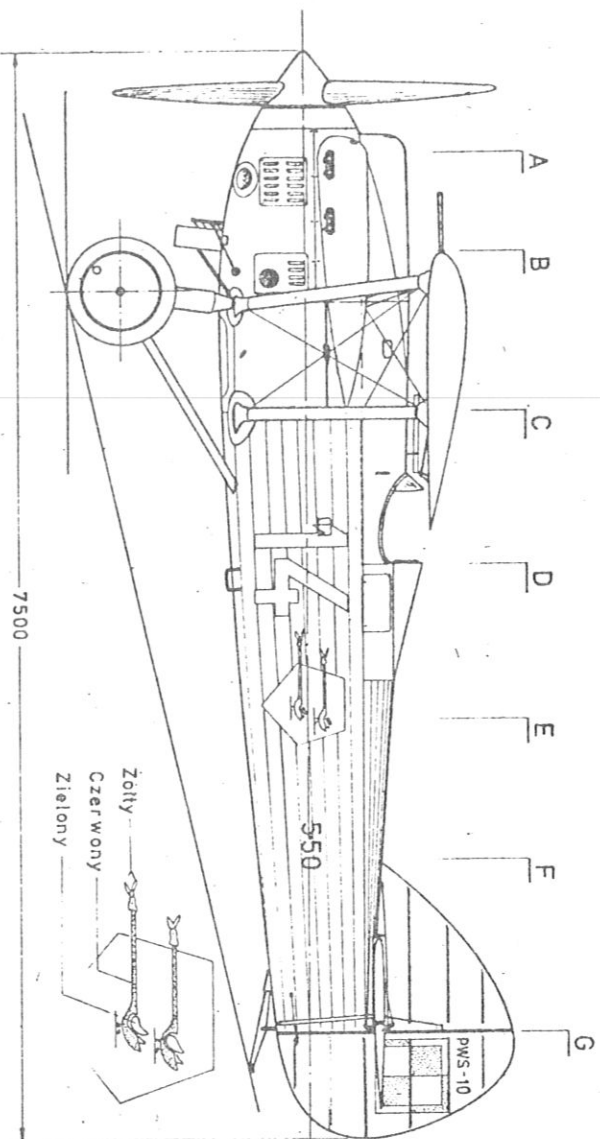
THREE VIEW SALOON.

Raiz-zit gless in toast! Gless honey flavored vodka! Goddam good like hell fella fight-it plane dis place! Fly high like white iggle, dive fest like falcon! Well, all foolin' aside, this neatly detailed drawing was sent our way by Herr Snap Von Schotz, alias Bob Mesher, Detroitien Geschwader. And further kidding aside, this bird must have been hot stuff for she saw action in the Spanish Civil war as well as equipping the Polish Air Force.

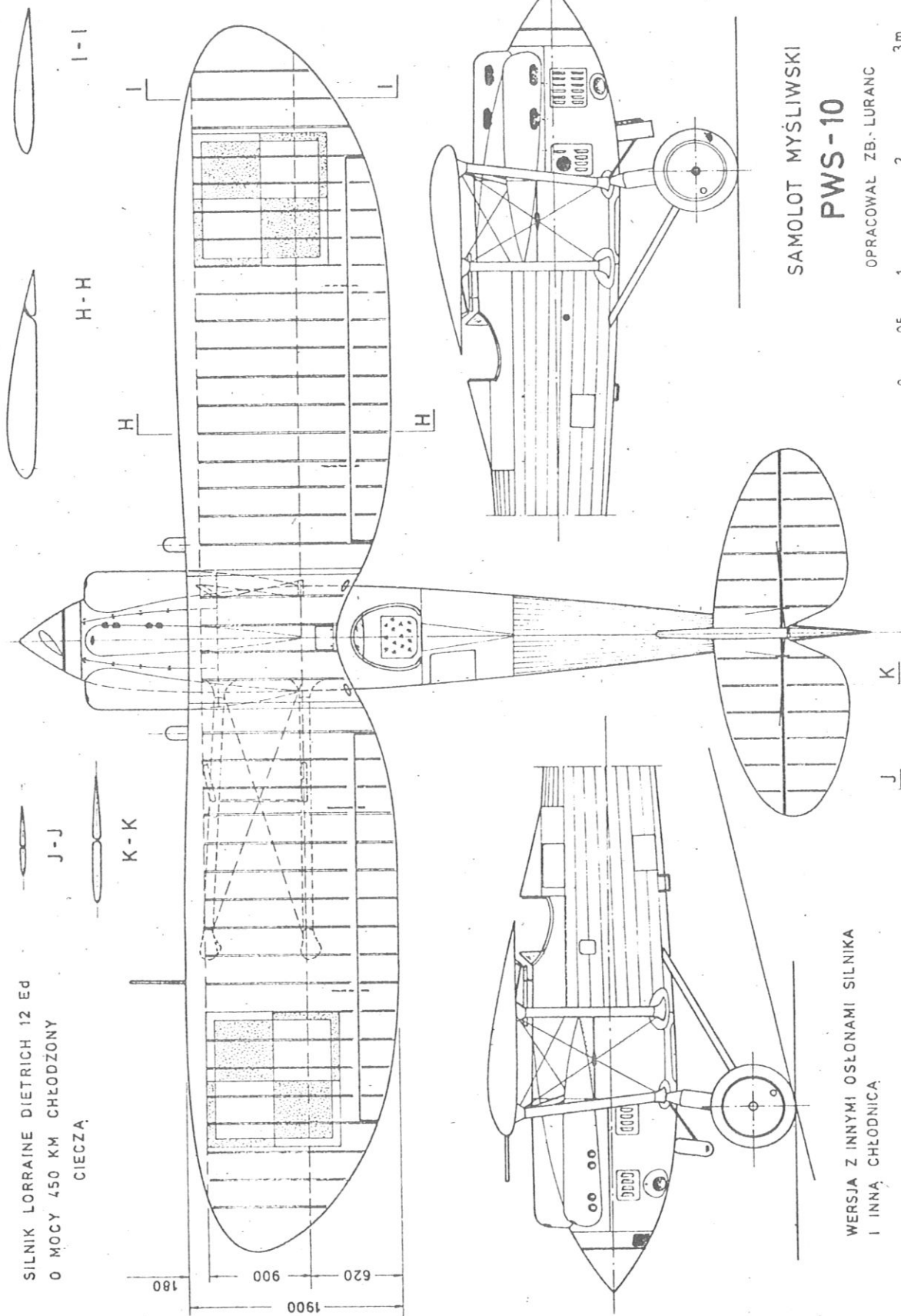
We have nothing here at GHQ on the Spanish job except a very fuzzy black and white photo. This photo depicts a PWS 10 that has obviously been captured by the Nationalists as these machines were delivered to the Loyalists, and the markings on the rudder on the ship in the photo are the black "X" on the white field of the Nationalists! Aircraft in this confusing war often ended up fighting on both sides during their career. But, NEVER the pilots. If you were unfortunate enough to be brought down on the opposite side of the lines in Spain, you were invariably shot by firing squad!

A color plate of the Polish Air Force version is in "Fighters Between the Wars, 1919-1939", by Kenneth Munson. All upper and side surfaces were olive green, as were the struts. Bottom surfaces were light blue. Wheel covers and spinner, aluminum.

So, if you are tired of the run of the mill PZL fighter, why not get out the T-square and 4-H pencils and get to work designing your own PWS-10? Oh yeah, don't forgeddit planty glesses vodka!!



SILNIK LORRAINE DIETRICH 12 Ed
O MOCY 450 KM CHŁODZONY
CIECZĄ



WERSJA Z INNYMI OSŁONAMI SILNIKA
I INNĄ CHŁODNICĄ

Pg. 9.

SAMOLOT MYŚLIWSKI
PWS-10

OPRACOWAŁ ZB. LURANC

PODZIAŁKA 1:50 0 0.5 1 2 3m

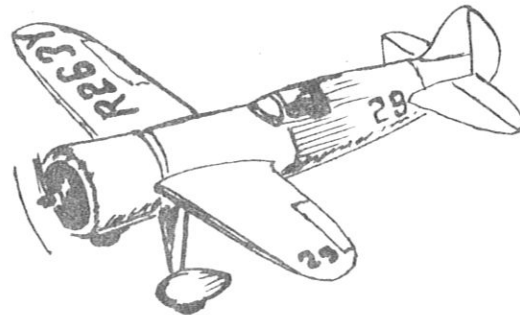
Spring FAC Meet Races.

Over two dozen sky hurtling meteors were attracted to the action at Pinkham Field this spring. Some brand new ships were in evidence as well as a few flyers new to the race plane game. Hank O'Dwyer was on hand with a Tom Nallen designed Kieth Rider Suzy to help him around the pylons for his first race event flying. Ed Morrison; also new to the races, flew a Howard Pete. Tom Nallen Sr., who has retired his faithful Suzy, rode the courses with a new Kieth Rider R-4. Just joining the FAC ranks was Joe Whiting piloting a Gee Bee "Y". A 23 inch Chambermaid flown by Bill Henn. Bob Neulin with a Bonze. And last new ship was Bill Miller's Kieth Rider San Francisco built in one week's time! Seems Bill was caught short when he lost his brand new Schoenfeldt Firecracker the week before the races, so burned the midnight oil to get ol' 131 out in time! Howzat for clipped wing courage, fellas? Real style, we think!

Two other FACs who made a long trek to the pylons were Pat Daily piloting a Folkerts Toots and Dennis Norman with a nearly finished Chester Goon. Pat is from Maryland and Dennis from Ohio.

On to the Races!!! The Shell saw 25 speedsters bering thru the morning ozone to secure their places in the Greve and Thompson, not to mention the honor of the Shell itself. Bill Henn flying the big Chambermaid was the winner with double the time of the second place man, Fred Hall piloting his faithful Gee Bee "D". Third place was secured by Bill Wood and San Francisco I.

The Aerol line up saw Bob Thompson; Laird Solution; Ed Morrison, Pete; Cherubini, Laird; Mick Nallen, San Francisco I; Herb Shirley, Howard Ike; Ed Heyn, Crosby CR-4; Bill Miller, Rider 8-Ball; Bob Neulin, Bonze; Chrissy, Folkerts Toots (another new racer we missed mentioning above) and Joe Whiting, Gee Bee "Y"



One mad flight in the crowded sky! Racers every where! They thin out, and finally only Bill Miller's Rider 8-Ball is the only one aloft. Victory! And on to the Greve for mere, much more, of the same wild action!

One P.M. and Greve starter, Dave Stett, is calling for a line up of the 10 qualifiers. Let's take a look as the clipped wing sky scorches are rolled past the stand to the starting line up wind.

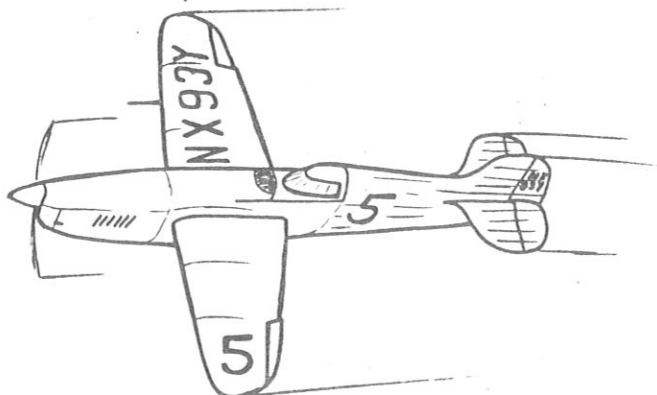
There is Bill Henn and the Shell winning Chambermaid. His chances look pretty good to us. San Francisco I and Bill Weed are the next to go. Another hot contender.

Here comes Pat Daily amid cheers from his fellow D.C. Maxecuters, trundeling the Peanut Folkerts "Toots" to the line. A real skyrocket! Next is that consistent runner, Don Garofalew and his Caudron. Is that champagne he is sipping??? Is he that sure of victory??? And now another Caudron piloted by Herb Shirley. This ship almost didn't make it here for the big races, as she was lost for quite a few hours back at the home 'drome after a cloud cuddling test flight. Good luck, Herb!

These were the planes of the first heat of the Greve. A short heat it was, too. Don Garofalew blew his Renault and the other Caudron crashed on take off, Herb Shirley escaping injury miraculously!

Line up for the second heat saw Fred Hall, Gee Bee "D"; Hank O'Dwyer and his brand new Suzy; Tom Nallen Sr. and his new Keith Rider R-4, son Tom Jr. with the Peanut Geon, and Ohio Ozone Splitter Dennis Nerman piloting a larger Geon.

At the starter's signal off they roar in a tight pack. No room for error in judgment here, fellas! It is the Geon of Dennis Nerman that is first down, and on the next lap Hank "Peanuts" O'Dwyer is down.



At last it is time for the final duel for the Greve honors. The survivors of the two heats line up for take-off after a tense wind up of already punished motors.

The green flag is dropped and off they roar! Tom Nallen Sr. is the first one down with his Keith Rider R-4.

Roaring into the second lap after another tense

winding of motors finds us in an unusual situation where Fred Hall is first down, and Pat Daily is unable to continue because of ripping a wing off the Folkerts on a fence! The Goon of Tom Nallen Jr., the big Chambermaid piloted by Bill Henn, and the Keith Rider "San Francisco I" of Bill Wood flash into the next to last lap. The little Geon is down first after putting up a fine show against the other two.

The last lap! Winding up the motors for this one is pure torture! Don't blow it now! Well, these two pros don't, and away they rear! No crowded sky this time! The danger of mid air crashes past. Bill Henn is the winner after another long flight! Helmets off in salute, FACs!!

Now for the big one! The coveted Thompson Free For All! In the first heat Bill Henn is out with a blown motor in his Mr. Smoothie, and Hank O'Dwyer is eliminated next with his Suzy.

The second heat finds Don Garofalo the victim of a blown motor once again! Tough luck, Don. Two in a row! Dennis Norman and his Goon are out in the next lap.

Let's have a look at the starters for the final blast off of this spring's Thompson. On the line is Tom Nallen Sr. with the Rider R-4. Next to him we see Bill Wood in the 'pit of his Keith Rider. And there he is again, folks! yep, it's Royall Moore next with the geared Gee Bee "Z" A tough customer, as we all know. On down the line is Pat Daily with his Folkerts all repaired to try his hand at polishing the spires of the T.T. Next we find young Tom Nallen Jr. with his Goon followed by dark horse, Herb Shirley and his Caudron that was out so quickly in the Greve.

"Wind 'em up", yells the starter, and the whir of the gears begins. At the drop of the flag they rear off in a frighteningly close pack! Maryland's Pat Daily is first down on this lap. Another winding of motors and off they zoom into the second lap, again closely packed. Tom Nallen Jr. and his Goon are next eliminated. Another tense wind up is the prelude to the next lap where Bill Wood is out.

Wow! Look at this next lap! There is the Gee Bee, the "dark horse" Caudron, and the new Rider R-4 that seems to be getting in the groove for pilot Tom Nallen Sr. Yeah, but as luck would have it, the Menasco in the R-4 blows leaving the final lap to the Gee Bee and Caudron.

Off they rear! And in the case of Herb Shirley's Caudron we mean it literally! It really DOES roar! Now the Caudron is a high climber, and it is way up there, while Royall Moore does his undulating flights down low keeping the crowd of spectators breathless! Boy, it is a close battle, but that faded old blue Caudron does the trick garnishing the Thompson Trophy for Herb Shirley! What is that saying about teaching old dogs new tricks? You'll never get Herb to believe it, gang!!!

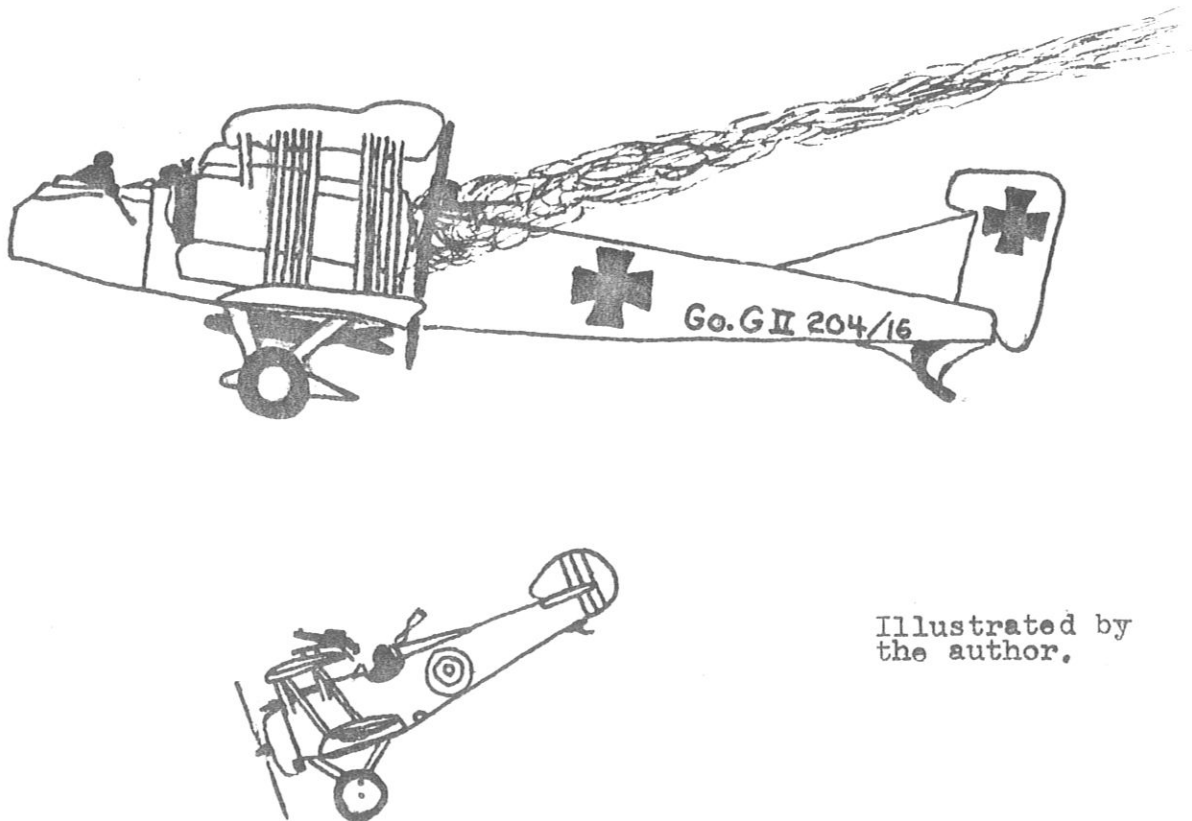
THE SIXTH KILL, by Dan Armstead.

The blood dried on his goggles as the heat of the early morning sun broke the smokey clouds of dawn. He eased the stick back, and threw the plane into a climb. He cursed as the engine failed to give the power he needed.

It was less than two hours since he had taken off from his squadron's landing strip. He was proud to see that his mechanic had painted a fifth kill on the side of his Sopwith Camel. Slightly light headed due to the early morning air, he waited patiently for his sixth kill. He broke off from the rest of his squadron and in a few minutes was under an enormous German bomber. The gunner on the bomber noticed the Royal Air Force fighter, and even though the biplane was out of range he fired in vain. Smiling at the gunners attempt, he looped into the sun and prepared for his sixth kill.

Putting his plane between the sun and the bomber, he threw the stick forward and plunged down upon the bomber. Grasping the machine gun triggers with his numb fists, he waited. He knew if he fired a burst of tracers it would alert the gunner. Closing in he waited, and waited until he could make out the stitches on the canvass covering of the plane.

Just before he squeezed the triggers, scenes of his five other kills flashed thru his mind. His heart beat to the pulsating throb of the Clerget engine. For the few moments his twin Vickers' guns fired he and the plane were one, a single fighting machine.



Illustrated by
the author.

Soon the large Getha bomber was aflame, but the gunner was still firing wildly out of the smoke. He soon realized what the gunner was doing, and in a final salute to the valiant gunner he flew the Camel through an intricate victory roll. Failing to remember that a stray shot can kill, he accidentally flew into the German's line of fire. He felt a bullet jamb itself into his engine. Soon his worst fear was upon him. His plane was on fire! He bent his head and wiped his goggles off on his coat. Noticing the stain on his coat, he realized his forehead was gashed and bleeding. As the blood hardened on his goggles, he quickly looked up at his burning plane. It was not burning! It was merely the blood on his goggles that gave him the illusion that his plane was on fire! He pulled his plane up from it's "death dive" and climbed. His sixth kill was accomplished.

News of the Model Meets

F.A.C. SPRING MEET.

Threats of rain and wind did not deter the two dozen staunch aero enthusiasts from making the trek to Pinkham Field to vie for honor and glory last June fifth. And from far and wide they came. Nine new faces shining with delight appeared from distant lands like Ohio and Maryland. Half of the gang from Maryland arrived in grand style...they flew up in Stu Meyer's airplane! What kind, ye ask? Why fellas, what ship belongs over Pinkham Field? What great nostalgic name comes to mind, clubsters?? BELLANCA!!! Yep, one of only six Bellanca Cabinaires built was the aero taxi for these FACs. Quite a piece of navigating, Stu. We dip our sextant in salute!

Dennis Norman and Gordon Roberts drove in from Ohio, and many others from Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Mass., New Hampshire, and New York. Together with our old reliable FACs the entire mob was kept plenty busy with all the events to fly. New models, as well as new faces. But enough of this, let's see how the fellas did for themselves this day.

Peanut Scale, 13 entries.

1. Lt. George Armstead, Pacific Standard Racer	289
2. Maj. Fred Hall, L3-A Aeronea Defender	269
3. Capt. Tom Nallen Jr., Texan	260
4. Lt. Chuck Drew, Lacey	245
5. Lt. Ed Heyn, Davis DA-5A	241

FAC Scale, 29 entries.

1. Capt. Hank O'Dwyer, Keith Rider Suzy Racer	149½
2. Capt. Gordon Roberts, Focke Wulf TA-152	141½
3. Lt. Bill Henn, Chambermaid Racer	140¾
4. Tom Nallen Sr., Curtiss XP-55 Ascender	134
5. Capt. John Stott, Mauboussin MP-40	127

No-Cal Scale, 10 entries.

1. Maj. Fred Hall, Wittman V/W Racer	277
2. Capt. John Stott, Chambermaid Racer	238
3. Lt. Pat Daily, Douglas O-43	175
4. Gen. Chet Bukowski, Curtiss XF13C-1	164
5. Bill Henn, Helio Stallion	159

Embryo, 16 entries.

1. Capt. Gordon Roberts, "Debut"	313
2. Maj. Fred Hall, ?	312
3. Gen. Chet Bukowski, ?	242
4. Lt. George Armstead, "Sixteenth Square"	186
5. Lt. Allan Schanzle, "Pre-Fetus" (Haw-w-w-w!)	167

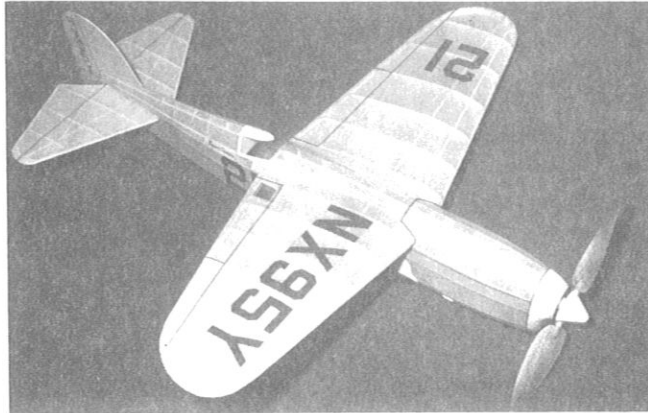
Spirit of St. Louis, 4 entries.

1. Capt. Bill Wood	119½
2. Maj. Fred Hall	109
3. Lt. Dennis Norman	85
4. Capt. Gordon Roberts	79

Top Junior was brand new Lt. Chuck Drew

What color was Allan Schanzle's "Pre-Fetus"? Pink and blue, of course. The dismal swamp with it's pre-historic and unearthly monsters claimed Gordon Robert's Embryo, "Debut". Young Chris Schanzle's No-Cal Cassutt was a beaut made very neatly of white styrofoam. Stable flyer. Looks like Lt. Armstead might just have

a Lacey killer in that Pacific Standard. Nice thing about it is that the killer doesn't look like the victim or any of it's relatives. The Pacific Standard is a nifty shoulder wing racer with an open cockpit from the era of the Waterman Racer. Give 'er the gun, George!



On the left, tissue trimmers, is the winnah! Bill Henn's Chambermaid that copped the Shell and the Greve this spring. Bill originated this job from Hirsch 3-views. She's a big 'un, spanning 23 inches. Biggest trouble this crate gives is staying within the field! Bill wears those track shoes and shorts for good reason!

★ NEWS FLASH! ★

The gang here at Hangar #1 was lolling around one sunny afternoon discussing the high cost of flying these days, be it full scale, or models. As the subject of AMA membership fees soaring to great heights caused voices to raise, it was little wonder the boys did not hear that fast bipè bearing the insignia of the Erie Model Aircraft Association, Wm. Penn Sqdn., F.A.C. come roaring over the field to drop a message cylinder.

The gang high tailed it over and anxiously open it up. Out jumped a rubber snake! The gang over in Pennsey has been reading too many Pinkham stories again. Anyhow, the rest of the contents of the cylinder is no joke, skysters, here is in part, what it said.....

"The E.M.A.A., Wm. Penn. Sqdn, F.A.C. will commence to award a Blue Max medal to all clubsters upon reaching sixteen (16) victories, as it was done in the Imperial German Air Force during W.W.I.

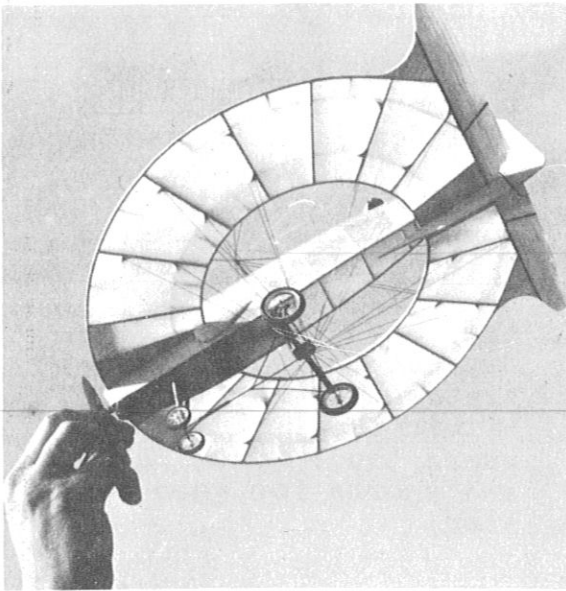
Regards,
Wm. Penn. Sqdn, F.A.C.
Lin Reichel
Commander"

How about that, wingsters? Sounds like true military honors for those who qualify. Better get busy and BUILD, FLY, WIN, with the F.A.C.! The message goes on to say that the medals will be presented by the Wm. Penn. Sqdn. Commander at Pinkham Field on the day of the Fall FAC Meet! So you have 'til then to try to add more descendus to your score!

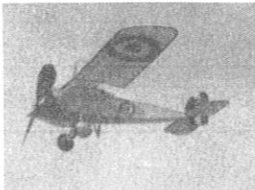
FLYING ACES FALL MEET INFO

Advance advice to our ace high aere modelers is to get all your crates in trim in time for battle on OCT.2, 1977 at Pinkham Field; in Durham. All our usual events, plus the special Spirit of St. Louis event for this year only. See you then!!!

With the model builders



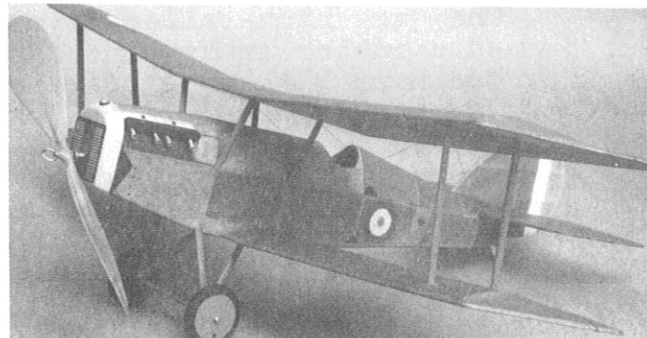
Lee-Richards Annular Monoplane CO-2 powered Peanut by Bill Warner. Could well be made for rubber. Howzat wing area compare to a Lacey, Bill? That is no celluloid "cheater" on the tail, just a hair on the photo printer. Reminds us of the old ditty, "As ye wander on thru life, brother, whatever be your goal, keep your eye upon the doughnut, and not upon the hole"



French airmail stamp? Naw! This tiny pic is a tiny plane. It is a Peanut Morane Parasel by Bob Neulin, from Herb Shirley's plans in the FAC News a while back. Bob likes to build 'em from the FAC News or better yet, Flying Aces. Hope she makes it back to the Frog 'drome with that prop as dead as a mackerel! It was with a ship like this that Lt. Warneford brought down the first Zep in the Big Fuss!



Flightmaster's Fernando Ramos and unidentified fellow pylon polisher prepare for a Thompson that we understand ended in as much catastrophe as the Dole. Hung dealt the clipped wingers a nasty one in the form of high winds. Take a magnifying glass and check these trees in the background. By turbulence, THAT is turbulence!



Neat as a pin, is the way to describe this Peanut Martinsyde F.4 Buzzard by Major Fred Hall. These ships also saw service in the Spanish Air Force in the 1920s, being phased out before the Civil War. Fred, this sky-fighter is just the thing for those swell Glastonbury W.W.I Dogfights. How about a copy of your plan for publication in the ol' FAC News?

We are very proud to number among our honorary members four of the gang from the Flying Aces magazine of old. Joe Archibald, creator of Phineas Pinkham; Avrum Zier, model editor; Jesse Davidson, author, modeler, pilot; and creator of many fiction heroes, and factual articles, Arch Whitehouse.



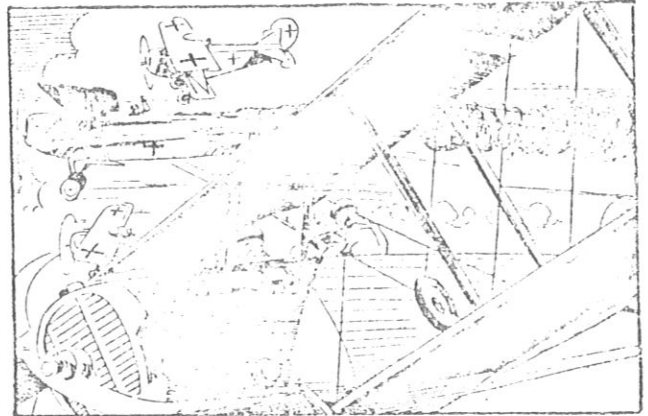
1—Born in Northampton Eng., in 1895, Arthur "Arch" Whitehouse came here with his parents when he was nine. At fourteen, family financial hardships forced him to leave school to sell papers in Newark. A 1910 air race attracted him to making models which he tried to fly with clockworks. Then he nearly got a ride in a Bleriot—but it wouldn't take off.



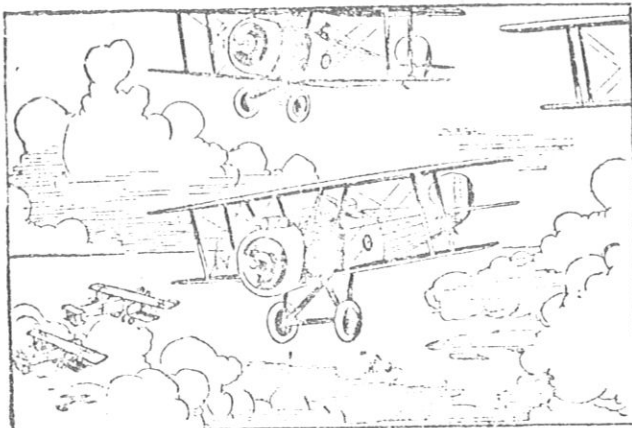
2—Later Arch built and flew a hang-glider of his own design. Then when war broke out in '14 he quit his current job of helper in Thomas A. Edison's laboratory and worked his way to England on a cattle boat. On the way over the crew mutinied and Arch only escaped with his life. He landed by sliding down a hawser at Liverpool—and joined a cavalry outfit.



3—Being handy with a rifle he was soon put in the machine gun school. Then it was France and action! But Arch quickly decided that trench warfare wasn't so swell and he found himself envying the airmen. So he pulled wires to get transferred to the Royal Flying Corps. It was not until late 1916, however, that young Whitehouse got his "break."



4—Sent to No. 22 Squadron as a gunner on F.E.2B pushers, he chalked up a victory on his very first "show." Again and again he scored. And at one time he acted as Flight Commander, though then only a Corporal. Later, in a Bristol Fighter, Arch and his pilot were sent crashing by von Richthofen—but only after they'd downed three of the Baron's tail men!



5—Arch was wounded in 1917 . . . came back to fly bombing missions over Cambrai . . . next led a big warplane formation into a 70-plane dogfight with a German Circus, an action in which his outfit downed 23 Jerry jobs! Then came training on Camels at Cranwell while quartered with the present King of England. Finally, he commanded many North Sea sky patrols.



6—Credited with 16 victories, Lieutenant Whitehouse received the British Military Medal. After his return to the States, he quickly won a new success as a popular author drawing upon the authentic background provided by his skyfighting experiences. His first air yarn appeared in FLYING ACES more than ten years ago—and he's been an F. A. writing Ace ever since.

