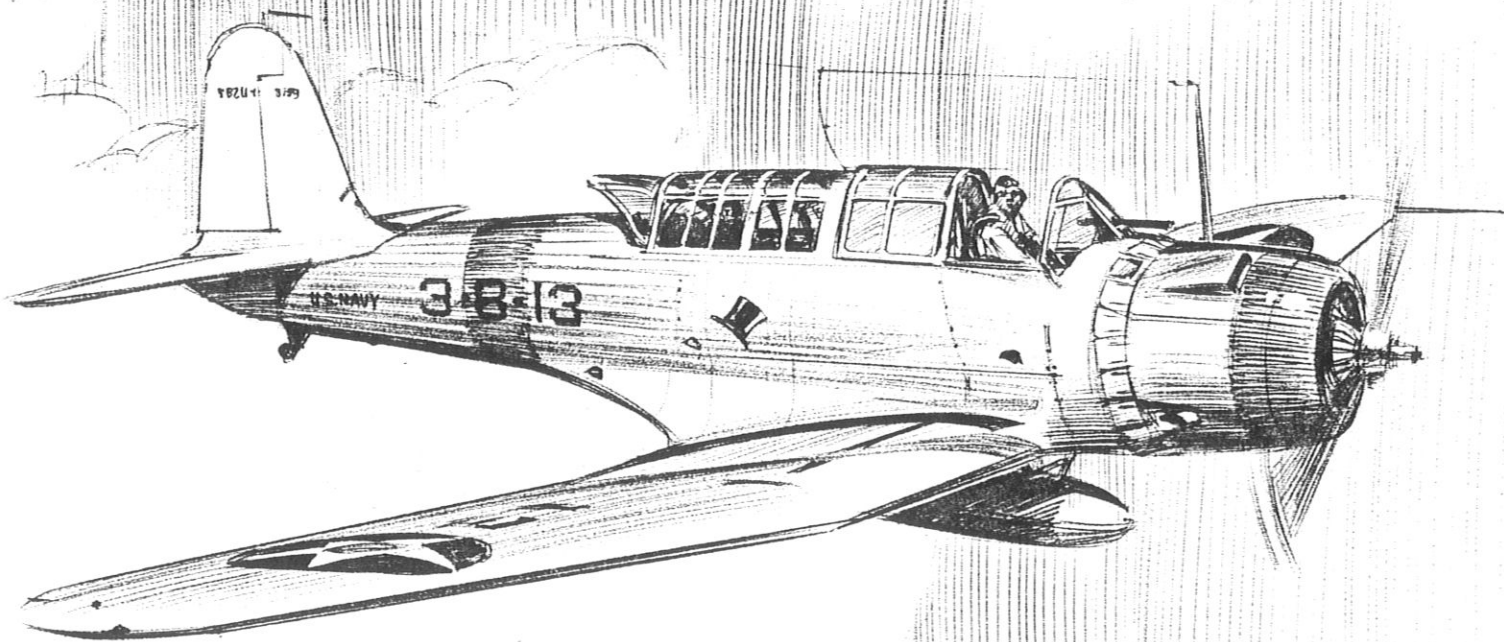


FLYING ACES

Club News

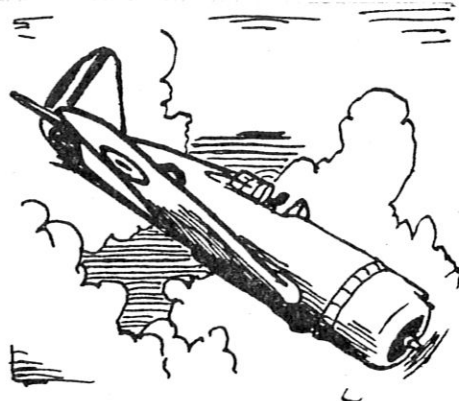
Issue #68



Yep, skysters, der Pres Bruning of the Detrouiten Geschwader has once more graced our pages with a cover and a plan. Old Pres might be pretty busy with his old house these days, but that house keeps him near his drawing board, and in those precious free moments he sneaks away from wallpaper, paste, drywall, braces, floors, drains, ladders and paintpots, and what does he do....head for the icebox and his larder of Stroh's? Not this FAC! He heads for his artwork and the FAC News. Wotta man! And this month's article for your delectation and balsa stripping is that old standby of the Stratford skies, the Vought SB2U Vindicator.

The Vindicator was quite a break-through in her day, being the first low-wing fully retractable landing gear ship accepted by Uncle Sam's Navy. It was really the first of the so-called "first generation" bombers, even though the Northrop XBT and Douglas TBD had preceded her into testing. That was in the summer of 1936. By summer of 1938 the Navy already had several squadrons of Vindicators assigned to duty on the carriers Saratoga and Lexington, with a sprinkling of the type on the Ranger. Although the design was slightly modified, going through the -2 and -3 versions, most changes had to do with the powerplant and minor mods to the armament. Unlike the Little BT-1, which was developed into the mighty SBD of wartime immortality, the Vindicator (and the Douglas TBD) showed little potential for the rigors of real wartime service, and were either being phased out or slated for early replacement by war's outbreak. As is always the way, of course, the Marine Corps got the equipment nobody else wanted, and the majority of SB2Us wound up there for their one moment of glory, Midway. It was from Midway that Major Lofton Henderson and his yet-untrained squadron took off to attack the advancing Japanese fleet on 4 June, 1942. The personnel as yet not ready to attempt full dive-bombing missions, Henderson had them attack in shallow glide-bombing attempts. The result was murder for our side, poor Major Henderson crashing his plane into a Japanese cruiser to ensure a hit. (Henderson Field on Guadalcanal was later named in his honor.) After this, the surviving SB2Us, like the surviving TBDs, went back to the training outfits stateside.

An interesting sidelight to the history of the Vindicator is that in 1939-40 quite a few were sold to the French. Boone T Guyton, the famous Chance-Vought test pilot went to France with a shipment of them and had many an interesting tale to tell about his experiences over there in converting the Frogs to American equipment. So far as is known, the French didn't use the Vindicators at all in combat, those units revving up on them not being combat ready by the time of the capitulation to Hitler. Thereafter, the British took over the delivery on the French contracts, where the plane was known as the Chesapeake. The writer remembers reading in a World War II publication that the Germans used some of their large stocks of captured Vindicators to attack the British Channel ports. Any-



body out there know anything about this? Is it even true?

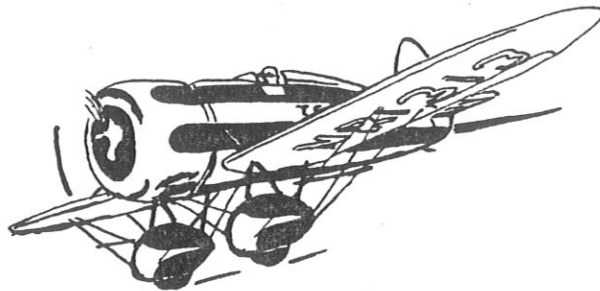
The last Vindicator seems to have been owned by Pratt & Whitney Aircraft, where it was used as a test-bed until about 1955. Even then the company realized the historic nature of the airplane, and tried to find a permanent home for her, but nobody was interested. After all, those were the days of \$35 SPADS and \$15 Civil War Colt pistols and muskets, and so this fine old bird was sent to the scrapyard.

Pres' cover drawing shows a resplendent pre-war Vindicator of Bombing 3, off the USS Saratoga. The tail surfaces are to be white, and the band around the fuselage and cowl is willow green, as is the wing chevron. Check that famous picture of the three vindicators in line abreast formation. This is the lead ship in that picture. The model depicts a Vindicator in grimmer days. This is one from VS-41, which is really still old Bombing 3 after a few designation changes, and she flew off the old USS Ranger in late 1941 and early 1942. We haven't got the Larkins book on USMC aircraft, but as we remember, that one shows one of the Midway SB2Us taking off on those fateful missions of early June, at a time when they had just eliminated the "meatball" from the US insignia.

→ RULES CHANGES ←

The FAC being a fascist, dictatorial outfit, it is able to respond to changes very quickly, and there is no need for rules proposals, cross-proposals, and the other paraphernalia of decadent democracy. Like the Duce, we move fast as this gleaming Travelair Mystery, flashing past your pylons.

At the June FAC meet it was noticed and noted that the races were getting "too easy" for several types of planes, namely the shoulder wing inline engined racers. So to make things harder in the future, at least where we feel we can control this thing, we have instituted the following change, to wit, that in the future the Thompson Trophy event will be only for radial engined ships of that era. Here's how the new rules read:



A. "Eligibility: In the list of race planes, rearrange the "X" in the eligibility column so that all radial powered racers are under the Thompson headings, and all others under the Greve"

B " The Shell Speed Dash: Add.....Only 2 ships may be entered by each flyer. They may be both radial powered, or both inline powered, or one of each type."

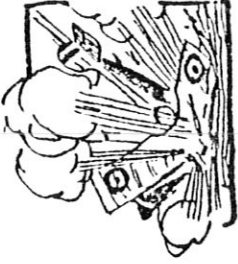
We know that certain historical distortions will result from this change, but we feel that is well worth it if we can again have those radials chuffing away in our race events. As it has been, only those super clean Folkerts, Chambermaids, Keith Riders, Mr. Smoothies, and Caudrons have had a chance.

Also, under the list of unofficial events eligible for Kanone victories, change Section 2 to read:

"Peanut Scale, using FAC Rules only." That means, Peanut-eers, that you score yourself a Kanone List victory ONLY when the event is run in the same manner as at the Pinkham Field meets, complete with the Scale Point Multiplier that we use here.

Well, here's Bob Rogers' comment on the Bad Guy Squadron. Stick around, for we have a sheaf of these things coming in future issues. It must be the ultimate riposte to those skullduggery dastards!

WISCRACK-UPS



Vrrr-ooooom! Bust our struts! We sure didn't expect to hear that old Pitcairn Mailwing buzzin' our drome in this soup. Heck, clubsters, even the seagulls are strollin' on solid terra-firma around Pinkham Field lately. Hey! Look there! Twang our lift wires, there is a 'chute flare driftin' down smack dab on the tarmac right square in front of ol' Hangar #1! Get that cannister open, Casey, and lets see the latest mail from our FACs both far and near.

Here is a letter from FAC Butch Hadland, all the way from jolly auld England. Quite a distance to go by Short Empire Flying Boat, eh chaps? Butch says he is seeking a position with British Airways so as to get over here to the colonies for a go at one of our meets in 1979. You clubsters may have read that Butch was here visiting Doc Martin, in Florida, not so long ago. Well Butch, you can bet your last farthing all the lads on this side of the pond are looking forward to a visit from you. But, be on your toes, America, for this Brittanian is a battler, and his presence will be felt!



FAC General Iron Mike Midkiff, former Cleveland Free Flight Society Squadron ace is now down in the Lone Star state along with an old contact of the FAC, Vic Larsen. This dynamic duo is laying ground work for future FAC action. They already have a neat flying site handy to them and are making good use of it. That's the old spirit of the skies, Mike! Keep us informed of your doings, and stay clear of the cactus...that stuff can raise un-Hungly heck with a guy's empenage!

From FAC G-2 comes a report that one of the agents, who must remain incognito (but he signs his report with the code initials, "E.N.", could it be Eduard Nieuport?) who is working on the theory that the leader os the infamous "Bad Guy Sqdn." is clearly under the influence of the late Walt Disney! Our secret agent points out that the cover drawing pilot sports only three fingers, and a thumb. Also, the shoe style is Disney-like. He adds, "The entire rendition is quite "Mickey Mouse", Haw-w-w-w"!

Here is some more news from the great south west. That pair of Arizona Loners, Capt. Dave Smith, and Lt. Dick Howard tell us they made the trek to sunny California to take part in the Flightmasters FAC meet (instigated by FAC Fernando Romos) and did quite well for themselves. Dave won FAC Scale with his PT.-19, and third spot in WW II dogfight flying his Yak-3. His wingman, Dick Howard won the Thompson with a Chambermaid. Even more spectacular, was Dick's winning 4th in Peanut with an Armstrong Whitworth Quad! These cowboys know how to corral trophies!

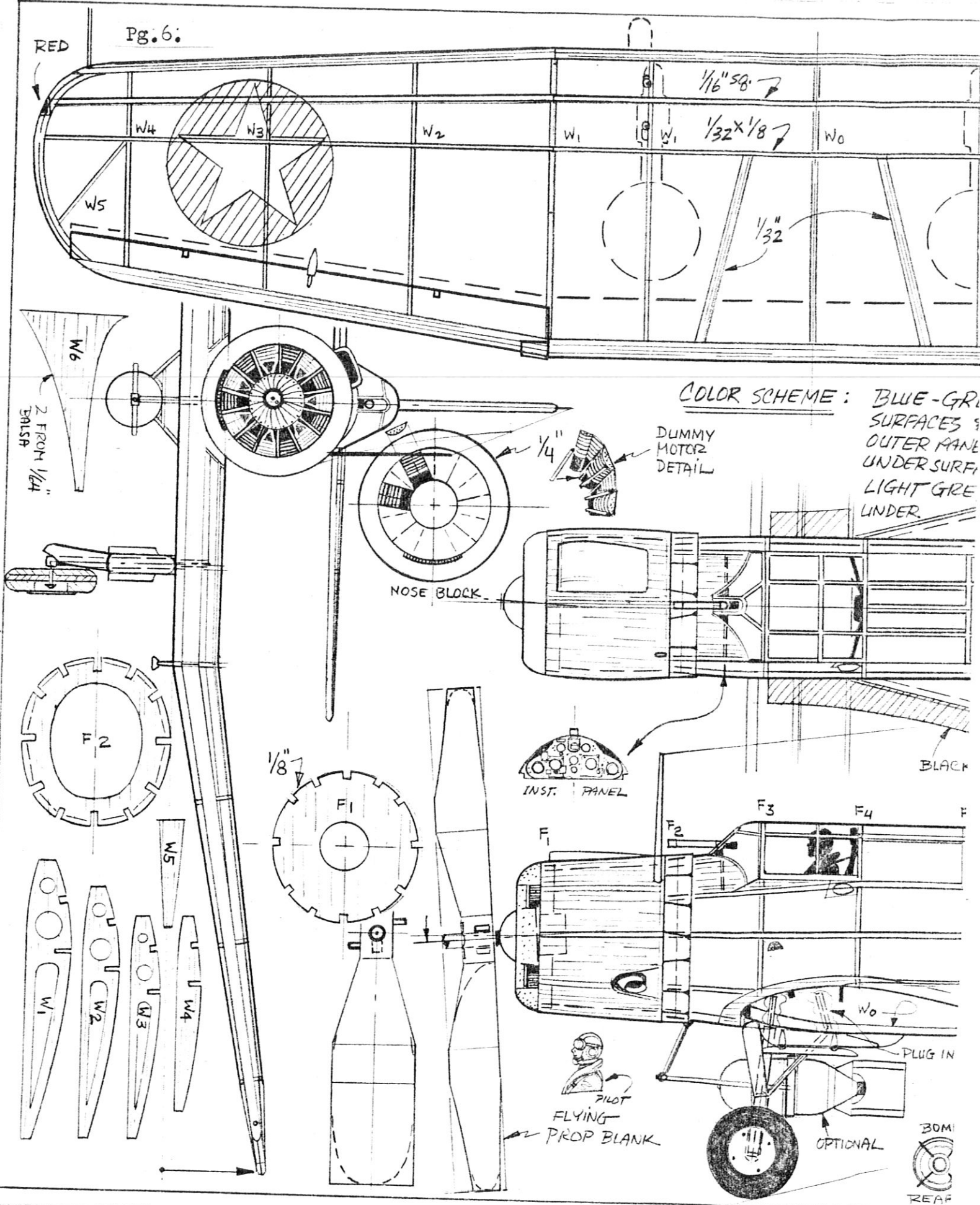


How about this one, fellas,... "I have just finished reading FLYING ACES, and it's a knockout. I like the stories that Bob Burt write about "Battling Grogan" in China.etc.

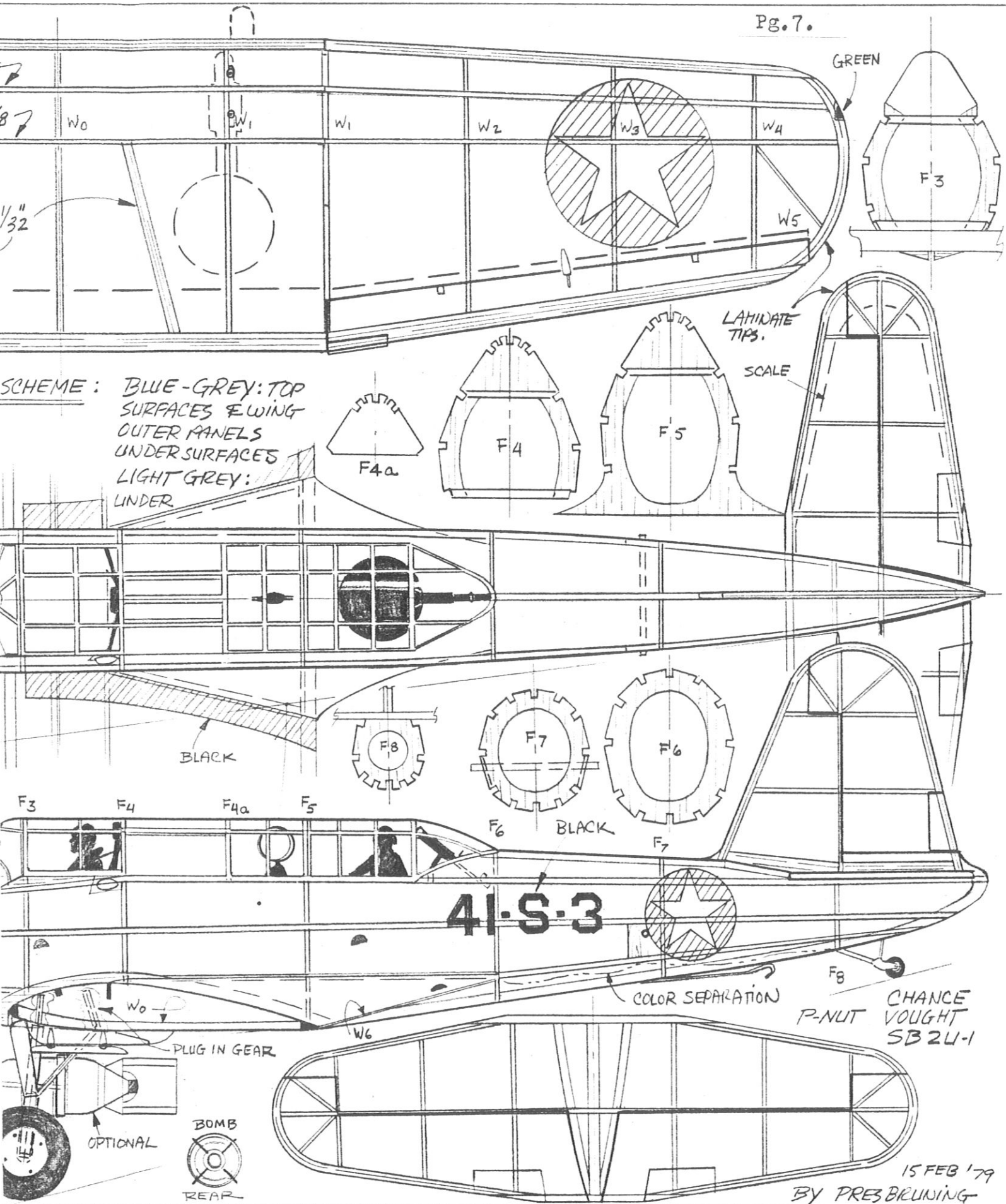
Yours till I crack up, Truman Weaver, Sioux Falls, S.D."

This letter was published in the July 1932 issue of Flying Aces magazine. G-2 thinks that Major Truman C. Weaver, USAF (Ret.) and this fellow are one, and the same, nest paw????

RED



COLOR SCHEME: BLUE-GREEN SURFACES & OUTER PANEL UNDER SURF. LIGHT GREEN UNDER.





THE ADVENTURES OF GORDON GOODCHAP & CHESTER CHEETWELL



THE CHEETWELL CUP

By Lt. Jerry Bockius.

You may have read of my arrest on arson charges, caused by Cheetwell setting my newspaper afire whilst dozing in the reading room of our London Club. Very embarrassing: "Ex-RAF officer accused of setting fire in club; motive obscure", etc. Have been released from gaol (again), thanks to Cheetwell's nephue, Chesley, who is carrying on in the firm of solicitors Lighe, Cheetwell, and Steele, which was founded by Chester's uncle and Sir Bayhad Lighe (once runner-up for the amateur golfing cup in the 1890s). During the Great War they were most helpful many times, particularly in the mess with Cheetwell's bookmaker, Al Betzeroff, and the affair with the Handley-Page which flew from England directly to a German aerodrome. Their associates in Cairo, Bilkham, Phleeceham, and Hyde, were also most helpful when we were in the Middle East. Cheetwell's part in the Handley-Page fiasco remains obscure; however, as I explained to you en-route to Lady Droopington's, the episodes with miss Prangle - whom we knew then as "Boom-Boom" LaTour, were eventually explained to me by Scotland Yard at the request of a relative in the Cabinet, shortly before our posting to Iraq in the early 1920's.

I digress from the reason for this letter; but since you have elected to chronicle the experiences of my old university chum and myself without revealing our true identity (although many old RAF-types seeing the FAC News would arrive at an accurate conclusion - vigorously denied), these letters may be pertinent.

Chester was retired as an Air Commadore, and apparently rates an official biography. The Air Ministry is trying to get someone like Roderick Penmore-Whitewash for this, and Cheetwell is working on atrocious memoirs which undoubtedly the Ministry will have to buy from him to prevent publication. He showed me several chapters, which can be described only as a national embarrassment, and most of the women are still living!! Therefore, an unsuspecting world can grasp the real story through the FAC News.

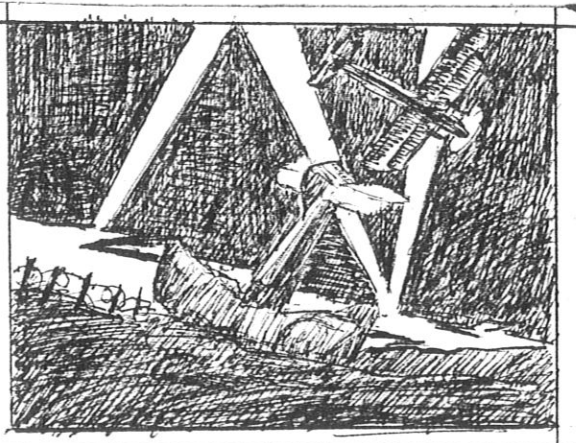
Cheetwell lives here in the same Hampshire village, Little Chisling-On-the-Syde. It's not too far from our first RFC station at Beastleigh - later RAF Beastleigh. The Syde is a fine trout stream, and in 1916 we splashed many an angler by flying along it below tree-top height. How Cheetwell did this in the 1939-45 War and became an officer in the Royal Marines attached to the RAF via the RNVr is another story.

Next to taking credit for the getting me out of gaol, all Chester talks about is the "Cheetwell Cup". He can empty out the local pub in 2½ minutes flat when he begins on "The Cup". The entire village can hardly wait until his London engraver finishes the thing and it is shipped to the States. Cheetwell merely alludes to "The Cup" as something that has been in his family for some time. It is indeed an old mug, but here is the real story of how Cheetwell came by it.....

In the early 1920's we were stationed in the Middle East, near Mosul, flying "Brisfits" and DH 9A's, putting down some tribal wars, driving armoured cars, and thinking up excuses for trips to Cairo.

At Hinaidi, Iraq, Dawd L. Moore, our former (1914-1918 War) Wing OPS Officer and Adjutant to No. 170 Squadron on the Western Front, was Squadron Leader of No. 170 Squadron which flew the old Vickers Vernon, a twin engined bi-plane transport version of the Vimy bomber. We had not been very popular with 170 Squadron since the "forced landing" episode in Dover in 1916 with the two Sop 1½ Strutters we were ferrying to them in France; I wound up in gaol, two steps in front of an angry mob, whilst Cheetwell was wine and dined by the Mayor and provided with a suite by the City Fathers, at a posh hotel.

"Dawdy" Moore (I think he was called "Binky" at his public school) had a very nice mess at Hinaidi. Whenever we flew down there, Cheetwell insisted on running the wheels of his undercart on the mess roof! He claimed it got them spinning so there was less wear on landing. This always outraged "Dawdy", who would complain to the AOC - who, in turn, would come over to the mess and, after about four gins, would tactfully mention the subject. After a few more gins, he would agree with Cheetwell that it was the economical thing to do, since the RAF was short of funds. One day before the arrival of the AOC at the mess bar, "Dawdy's" Equipment Officer - Alan Rentsch - quoted some gin-soaked figures which supported Cheetwell's ridiculous claims, and was promptly transferred to Rutbah Wells, a dessert landing strip on the Cairo-Baghdad airmail route.



Another of Cheetwell's ploys to infuriate "Dawdy" was his continual maligning of the tubby old Vernons, and the general lack of precision flying practice by 170 Squadron, obviously inspired by a non-athletic CO. ("Dawdy" had wiped out the undercart of a borrowed DH 9A on the roof of his mess trying to duplicate Chester's flying; the aircraft was rather a write-off when he landed). "Dawdy" promptly produced a cup which alluded to his (former) athletic abilities. One thing led to another, and out of that alcohol haze, with a background of cheers

from others at the bar, a wager arose, Phoenix-like, from the ashes of otherwise reasonable men.

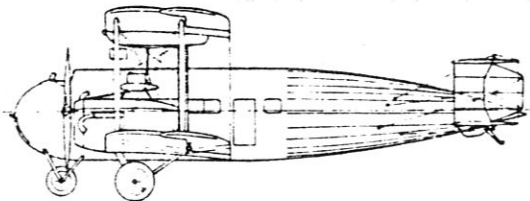
Cheetwell had bilked "Dawdy" into betting his cup, and returning Alan Rentsch to Hinaidi, if Chester could roll a Vernon! If Chester couldn't roll a Vernon, "Dawdy" would show him how, and Chester would give "Dawdy" his Cairo address book. The latter item was considered priceless in those days. It is rumored it now reposes in the British War Museum. None of us knew then that "Dawdy" had never rolled a Vernon. (We learned later that the well known test pilot, Fentom "Crossed-Fingers" Crasham had been sacked for trying to loop one. He told us this in Kabul, where he was trying to join the Afghanistan Air Force, which then consisted of Von Rottensocks and Herr Bruning, the notorious weapons and aircraft experts).

There was a great crowd on the field when Cheetwell sauntered out to the Vernon. In those days, chaps flying out of Hinaidi wore a sort of combination sun/flying helmet which we called "Baghdad Bowlers"; Chester was wearing a regulation black "city" bowler. He tricked me into going with him, but since I had never crashed a Vernon, I didn't really object more than usual to experiencing, first hand, that much wood and wire scattered over the landscape.

The factory gen ststed that the Vernon would do 100 MPH flat out with two Rolls-Royce "Eagles". It was supposed to cruise at 75. We climbed out of Hinaidi Aerodrome, and when Chester coaxed the old bus up to about 1,000 feet, he made a flat, skidding turn like a rank amature, straightened out, and let the wings wobble while he flew on the edge of a stall. I yelled something to him about spinning not being included in the wager, but all he said was, "Heh, heh, heh". Then the nose dropped when we were lined up with the field, and the throttles went forward. I realized he was putting on a show for "Dawdy", and assembled guests (translated: drunks).

We crossed the fence in a shallow dive as the AOC's motor car skidded wildly to avoid what appeared to be an out of control Vernon about to prang. Chester yelled, "If only Sir Reginald Percy could see this!", as he deftly manipulated the throttles and controls as the old bus slowly creaked through a slow roll in front of the crowd. We then flew around the perimeter of the establishment at roof top level, with Chester tweaking the throttles so it sounded as if we were about to have an engines-out touchdown. He kept this up all the way through a beautiful landing.

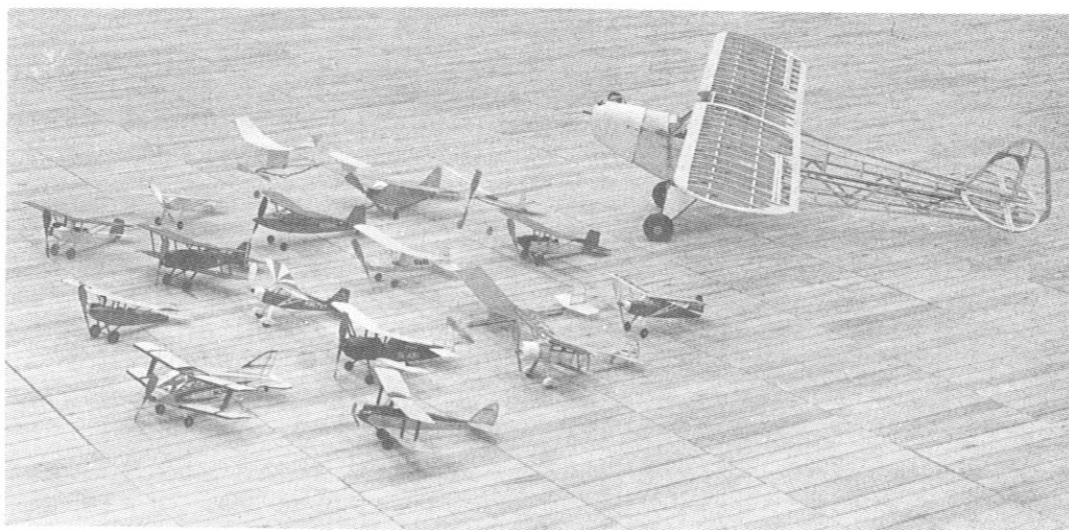
The crowd cheered, and "Dawdy" rushed out to the Vernon before the AOC could get him, and promptly took off down wind. He made two passes over the field, and on the third one he put the Vernon into a roll. The wing tips hit the ground and skidded along vertically while the bulbous fuselage rolled out of the wood and wire maze, and folded up like a wood and fabric accordion. When the dust settled, "Dawdy" crawled out from under, asked for a cigarette, and stumbled back to the mess. He graciously gave the cup to Cheetwell as the AOC came storming in, waving a chit for umpteen thousand pounds,...the cost of the Vernon.



Vickers Vernon

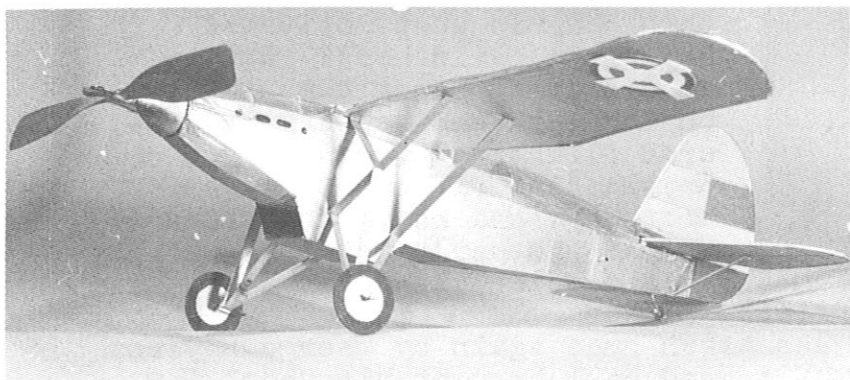
also in his honor). It is intended to rotate the Cup as a perpetual award for whatever accomplishment, honorable, or not, that Appeals to the capricious whimsies of the judges at the moment. The Cheetwell Cup will be awarded at each FAC Fall Meet, based upon the winners season long performance.

There you are, Clubsters..the true story of the Cheetwell Cup. Thanks to Jerry Bockius, the cup now resides here at FAC GHQ, Hangar #1 to be awarded as the judges decree. Needless to say, the Cup is as tarnished as Cheetwell's past, and will remain so, in his honor. (It still holds a stiff portion of gin,

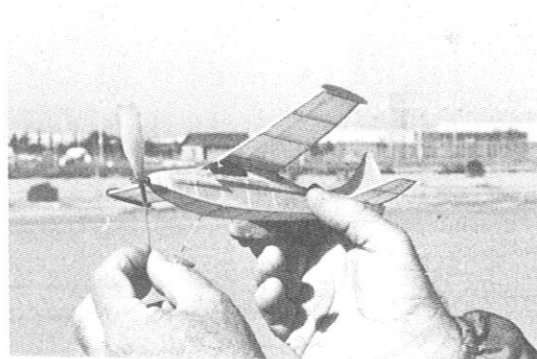


This may look to us on the "inside" like a pretty normal, ordinary, garden variety bunch of refugees from the Carter family's operations. It isn't. It is the turnout for the Romeo Area RC Club's February Meeting, held in Rochester, Minnesota, on 7 February of this year. Now of course, you don't just go out in Minnesota in winter and fly your planes, so they went indoors and had some fun. That great J-3 Cub parked behind the line-up like some mother hen, wondering what those chicks will get into next, gives us an indication of the contrast in sizes that we have in modelling these days. And look over the craftsmanship. Quite a high order, with that Hyper-Bipe particularly nice. We don't know which plane won, but first place went to Brian Kriegwell.

We say helmets off to the RC flyers of Minnesota! They are big enough to try to learn from us. Are we big/rich enough to learn from them? And Reg Waterworth, the Secretary of the club, reports that everybody was surprized at the number of entries, that they all had fun, and that they are planning a "eanut event for their annual club picnic this summer!



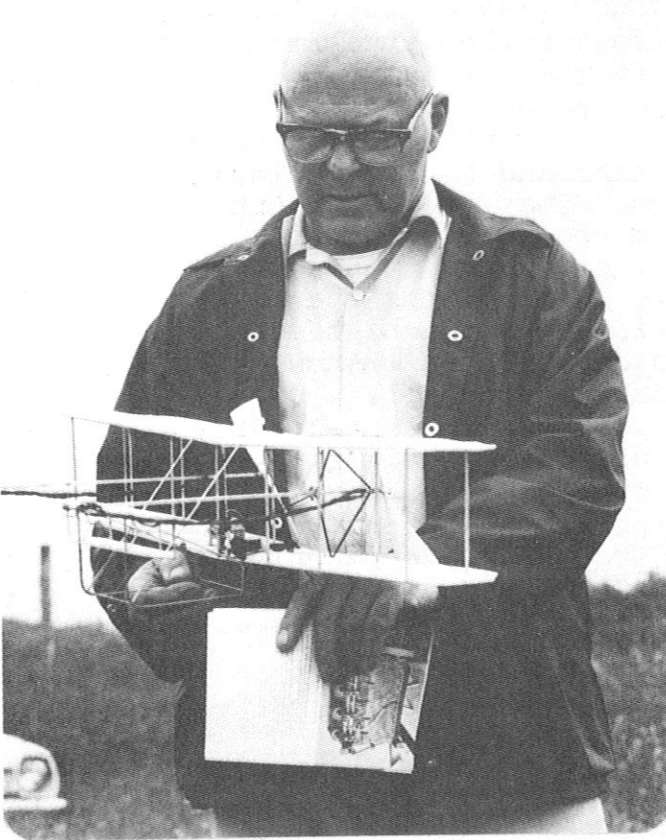
Here's Ed Heyn's Ikarus IK-2, which Ed tells us was a monster to trim, but he got her good enough to win at an indoor meet at Glastonbury. See the jacked stab.



These aren't a mighty pair of hands; it is just that the model is small. Dick Howard's 1/2 size "Son of a Reach".

Threatening weather, threatening bomber attacks from the Bad Guys Squadron, but only a sprinkle and a fizzle, as no less than 47 staunch and true FACs battled for glory and awards over Pinkham Field on June 3rd. Even gasoline shortages seemed not to deter the long treks made by some far flung clubsters. This about tells the story in brief of conditions for that memorable day.

In Peanut Scale, 20 Nut gnashers snarled skyward with young Billy Henn besting all in a sturdy Lacey M-10 that earned him 606 points. George Meyers slipped into second spot in his Davis DA2-A scoring 558 points. Meyer's squadron mate (SOTS), Fred Ewing, yanked down third with his Witman Tailwind scoring 508 points. No doubt, the finest looking Peanut entered was the Hawker Fury built by Bob (Bamboo) Bender. Next time out, fellas, get a gander at this bus....a Peanut Jimmie Carter would cherish.



Twenty seven models were on hand for the FAC Scale show with a well rounded collection of various types from "Tailskid" Hamlen's Target Drone to Bamboo Bender's top scale point scoring Taube. But Skysters, it was the absolutely startling Wright Flyer of Royall Moore that had the winning ticket! Now, just how many of us would even consider, for more than thirty seconds, tackling a project like that? No doubt about it, that machine does fully deserve it's compliment of bonus points, for remember, no matter what ship you enter, it must do at least one flight of 15 seconds to activate the bonus score. Do you think the high bonus point value of this ship is what motivated Royall to build her?? Not so! He did it to honor the Wrights on the 75th anniversary of powered flight. GHQ has tagged Royall "the fifth Granville brother", and now, "the third Wright brother", but what we

all really know is that he is a modeler's modeler, and brother to us all. Wingsters....helmets off!!!

Second place in FAC Scale was taken once again by George Meyers piloting a unique Vari Vigen, while Fred Hall brought his Jodel D-9 into third spot. As to scores, The Wright scored the highest FAC Scale score yet...a fantastic 164 points, with a top flight time of 33 seconds. Hall's Jodel scored top flight time of the day in FAC scale, turning the hands of the stop watch for 95 seconds. The beautiful Rümpler Taube of Bob Bender scored top scale points with a max of 62.5. Quite an array, eh clubsters???

Embryo Endurance saw sixteen nifty nimbus nudgers whip skyward from the card table into the dampened ozone, only one of the lot being a biplane. Chuck Drew blasted all opposition with two makes plus 76 secs to win the Amiable Amoeba plaque for his mantle. Lt. Tony Faranda hopped into second with his "Sunny" based on theories laid down by Charles Hampson Grant (with some nice Italian seasoning, we suspect). Lt. Jeff Chrisey captured third with his "Square Bird" from modified Sherman Gillespie plans.

No-Cal Scale drew six active participants with General Chet Bukowsky flashing through the sodden skies with his U.S. Navy experimental fighter, the Curtiss XF13C-1 to win. Billy Henn once again showed the old timers the course to home in on when he flew his Helio Stallion in to second place. Tom Nallen's Heston Phoenix, a rare bird, took third spot.

THE RACES

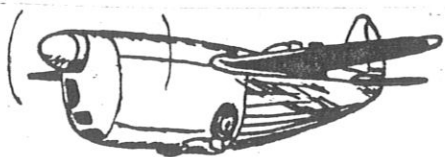
The Shell Speed Dash got under way in the morning air with 21 clipped wing terrors flashing through the grey skies. New-comers to the pylons were Art Collard, Chuck Drew, Mark Fineman, Brian Knapp (who took the photo of Royall Moore and the Wright), and Ed Pelatowski. All entries but one turned in their two flight figures to attempt to qualify for the Thompson and Greve events later in the day. Bill Henn emerged victor of the Shell with his Mr. Smoothie, followed by a brace of newcomers, Chuck Drew (Chambermaid), and Ed Pelatowski (Chambermaid) in second and third spots, respectively.

The Aerol Race

A formidable line-up of nine ships awaited the starter's flag for the wild and wooly one lap Aerol. Herb Shirley, Travel Air; Fred Hall, Howard Pete; Dave Stott, Tilbury Flash; Bill Miller, Rider 8-Ball; Brian Knapp, Rider 8-Ball; Garafallow, Caudron; Art Collard, Folkerts SK-3; John Stott, Chambermaid; Mark Fineman, Suzy; and Royall Moore, Gee Bee R-1.

Down drops the flag! Off they all roar, darkening the already dark sky! Close calls! Finally spreading out, some dropping out, now settling down to a few...Herb and the Travel Air are third, the Tilbury Falsh is second, while third is captured by another newcomer that will bear watching, Art Collard and his big SK-3.

The Greve Trophy.



Line-up for the Greve included Bill Henn, SK-3; Chuck Drew, Chambermaid; Ed Pelatowski, Chambermaid; Fred Ewing, Suzy, George Meyers, Pete (little); Herb Shirley, Schoenfeldt Firecracker; Jeff Chrisey, SK-2; Joe Whiting, Caudron; Ed Heyn, SK-2, and Bill Miller in the Kieth Rider, Miss San Francisco.

After the heats were over, the final got under way with the six survivors stabbing wing tips at each other as they rounded the scattering pylon! First two out of action in the first two laps were the SK-2 piloted by Jeff Chrisey, and Fred Ewing in his diminutive Howard Pete.

Herb Shirley dropped out in the third lap with a sick motor that took ill in the very beginning of the race. The fourth go-around saw Ed Pelatowski and the Chambermaid out of it. This left Ed Heyn, SK-3; and young Chuck Drew to battle it out. Away they roared, both looking good, but it was the Chambermaid of Chuck Drew that settled down last, thereby winning Chuck's first race for him! Welcom to the Pylon Polisher's Club, Chuck! Well done.

The Thompson.

The very same line-up as for the Greve were awaiting the starter's signal for the Thompson Trophy event, except that George Meyers was flying his large Howard Pete.

The line-up for the final gave us Ed Heyn's SK-2; Meyer's Pete; Henn's SK-3; Drew's Chambermaid; Shirley's Schoenfeldt Firecracker; and Joe Whiting's Caudron.

Breee-e-e-em! Off they scream, good Hung! That was a close shave! Twice, the same pair of ships almost collided in mid air! Meyer's big Pete is diving! Pow! It hits it's owner! Next lap the Firecracker of Shirley's fizzles out, and the next lap puts Henn's SK-3 out quickly! Boy, that was a favorite to win, too! Racing is a crazy business! The fourth lap finds Ed Heyn limping around the pylons with a sick Menasco in the SK-2. It is Whiting and Drew who are left to the task of bringing home the bacon, but newcomer Chuck is an old hand now, and he roars across the finish line to capture the T.T. as well as the Greve! No grey day as far as Chuck is concerned!

Well, Skysters; another swell meet has gone west, and in spite of the poor weather, the fun had by all was in distinct contrast. Race officials noted that there was a tinge of monotony growing in the Greve and Thompson in that the line-up for these two different events read the same! And the lack of radial powered racers was evident. 'Twas our own Captain Downthrust (left)

who suggested that the Thompson be reserved for radial powered racers only, and that all the other ships be relegated to the Greve, whether or not they had been Thompson racers (and winners) or not.

The Captain's suggestion was put forth to the pilots at the end of the meet; and all thought it a good solution to the matter. It was then put to the rules committee, who as you must have noted in another section of this issue, made it law.

Well, it looks like all of us pylon scrapers will be heading for the plans file to see what we can start chips flying on in order to get a big radial powered crate ready for October first and the new style Thompson. There are twenty eight models to choose from, though many are different versions of the same machine, such as the Wedell Williams racers. Yet, there is still a good variety left. All in all, it is bound to give new life to the event, and show me an FAC who is not ready to whack out a new ship to vie for honor and glory over Pinkham Field!

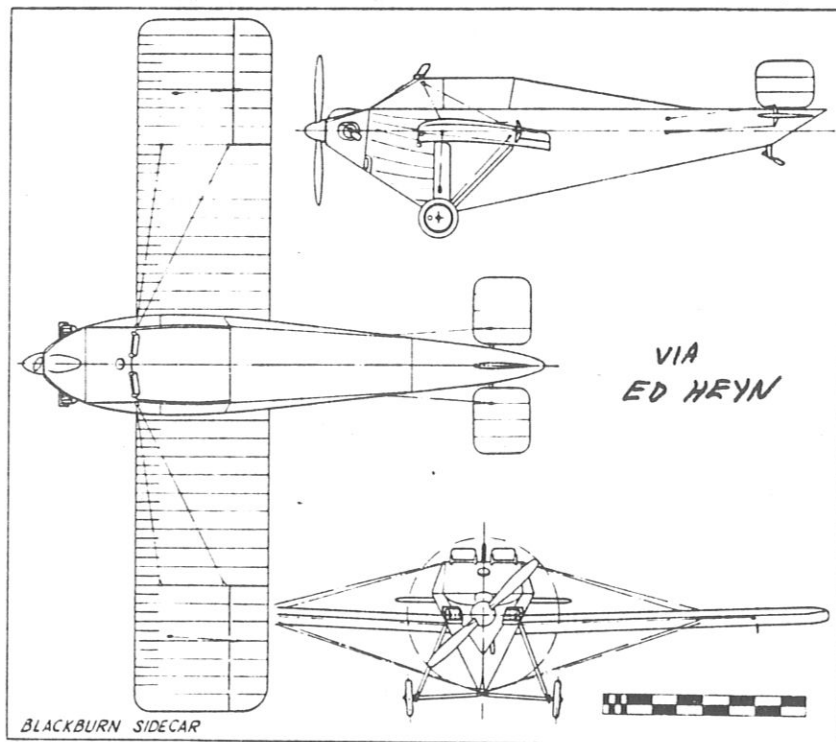
BUILD! FLY! WIN!!! F.A.C.!!!



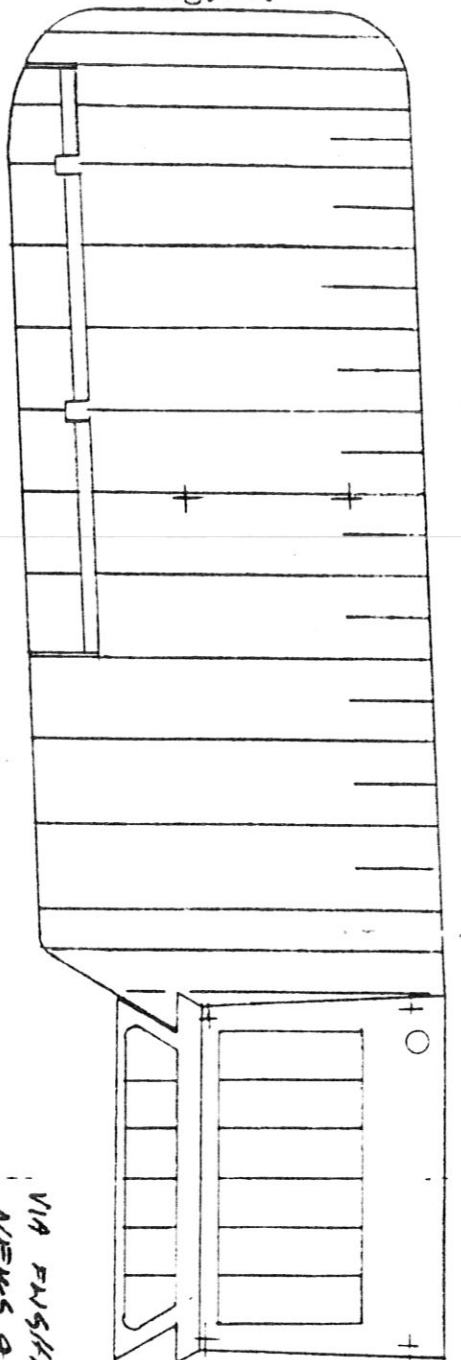
This being a saloon, the very place that Carrie Nation tried to hack apart and shut down, we shall now proceed to get to the real business of a saloon. And we shall open the evening's bibulations with a sidecar....a Blackburn Sidecar. Ed Heyn was kind enough to send us this three view, taken from Blackburn Aircraft Since 1909. One picture shows a bevy or sporting type women of the day draped about the airplane, one hussy sitting on a Union Jack. Yes, by Jove, there'll always be an England! The underside of the fuselage and wings seem to be of the same light color (yellow?), with the topside a darker shade (red?). "Sidecar" was painted in ornate script ahead of the twin wind-screens, probably in white. When first built the plane carried no registration, registration not yet having been invented, but later it carried G*EALN, even though there is no record of it having flown! (It was a different world then, skysters.)



OK, Mom! Don't blame GHQ for this fill! It was found by super-sleuth Dave Stott in an early issue of FA and copied for our enjoyment now and always. Glug glug glug Ah for the days of Capone and chorus girls! And drunken air-mail pilots.



And if you'll turn your eyes to the next page, you'll see we go from ugly potential Peanut, draped about with sporting women, to a real beauty, enough to light the eye of any FAC. Just imagine this beauty sitting next to you as you picknick at an FAC meet, gently pouring lubricant onto her...motor, getting ready for an Odyssey in the ozone with her, a real sporting number, that parasol (wing) tilted at a few degrees incidence, her struts all agleam as she looks into your eye and says, "Let's go".



SPAN 30'0"
LENGTH 21'2"
SCALE 1/30

120 H.P. D.H. GIPSY III

from: FLIGHTMASTER JAMES DEAN
A mail carrier from the wilds
of Canada- only one built.

VIA FLIGHTMASTER
NEWS & VIEWS

Data from Janes 1933

Finish: Overall Red
with registration
in black.

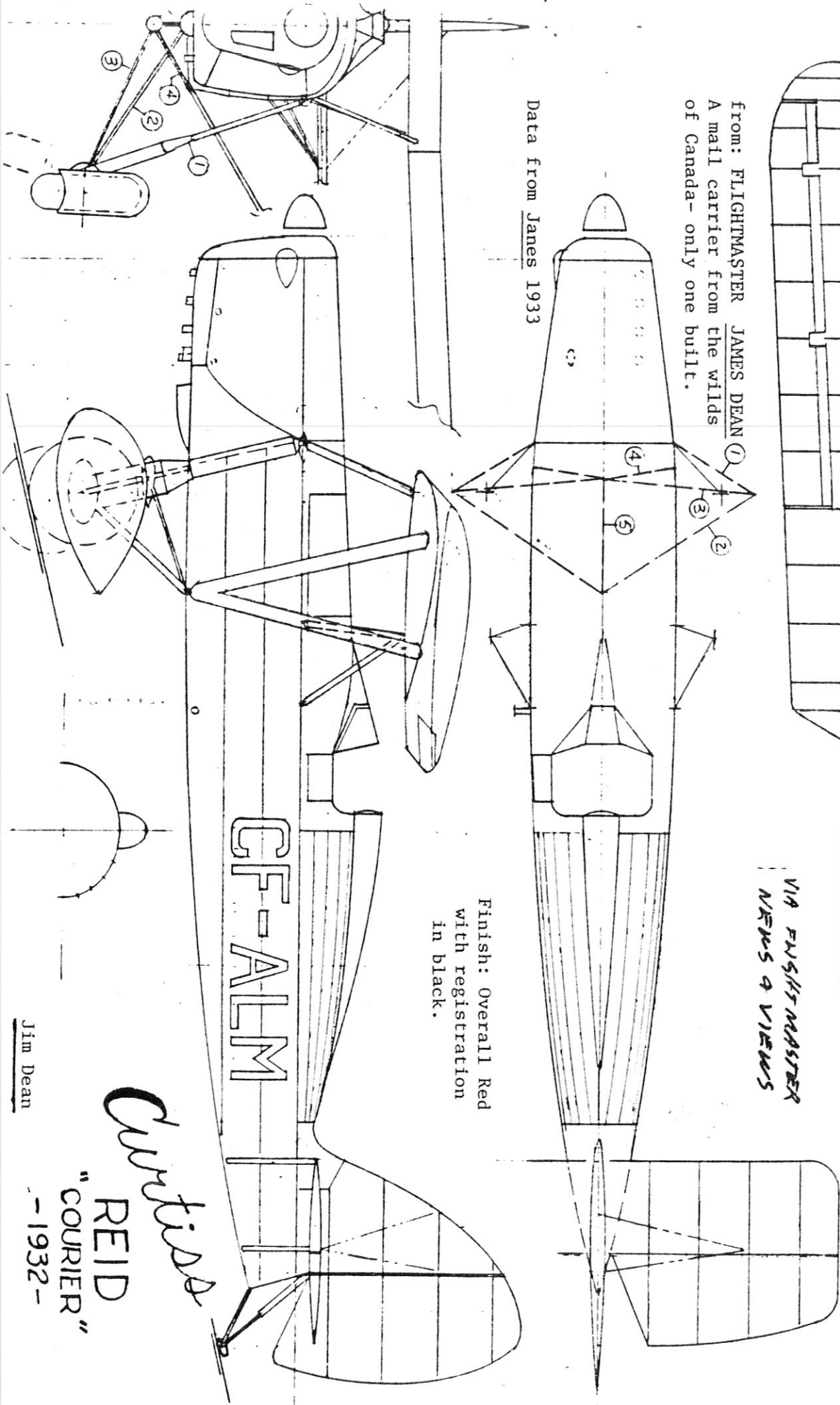
CF-ALM

Curtiss

REID
"COURIER"

-1932-

Jim Dean



DASTARDLY DEED OF DOOM AT THE MEET

Yes, tissue-trimmers, true to their testament, the Bad Guy Squadron struck at the FAC Spring Meet. Just after the prizes had been awarded to their happy recipients, Dave Stott noticed a nondescript paper bag lying in the headquarters tent. He picked up the bag and opened it. To his horror he found what looked to be four (4) sticks of dynamite and a crude timing device made from a Timex watch and a pencell! Quickly we called over Bob Bender, the craftsman who does double duty with the NYPD Bomb Squad when he isn't guarding hungry rioters and looters at the Tombs. (You all know what people will do when the lights go out!) Bob took one look, shrank back in terror, but then caught the mistake the Bad Guys had made. They had used a cheap watch which had failed...the second hand wasn't moving. Just like those Bad Guys to boob the job, but a lucky thing for the gang, gathered in horror around the tent! Imprecations were hurled at their infamy. Just read the threatening tone of their words!

"Now hear this*

Our reign of terror begins today with this time bomb.

If you discover it after the time shown on the watch it has already gone BOOM & your HDQS is completely destroyed.

This is only the beginning.

The Bad Guy Squadron "

Yep....as Bob Rogers cartoon strip has shown, this is only the beginning! Wait until you see the nasties Bob has the Bad Guys doing in the next episode! You'll tremble in terror! (Just a hint....it is the ultimate crime to all FACs!)

CITATIONS AND PROMOTIONS

Here's the latest dope on who's advanced in rank among us FACs. Tack this onto your regular Kanone List to keep it, and yourself, up to date with Who's Who in the FAC.

Fred Hall	promoted to	Brigadier General
Chuck Drew	promoted to	* Lieut Col w/ Blue Max
Dave Smith	promoted to	Captain
Joe Whiting	promoted to	Captain
Herb Shirley	promoted to	Captain
John Toth	promoted to	Major
Dennis Norman	promoted to	Brigadier General
Chris Scott	promoted to	Captain

* Orders have been cut to Major Reichel, requisitioning a Ordre Pour le Merite for Col Drew.

