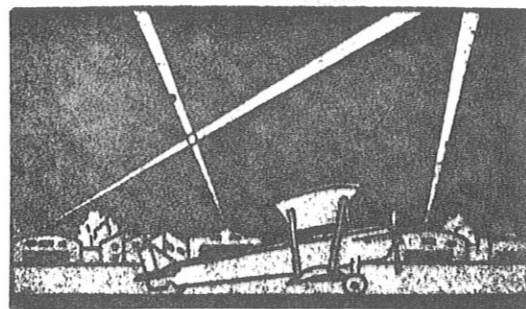
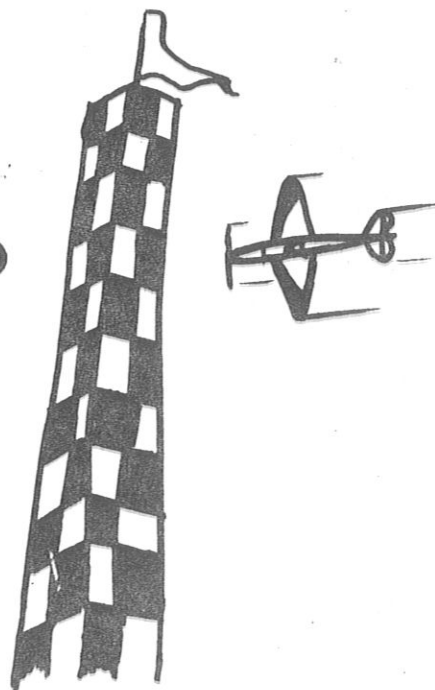
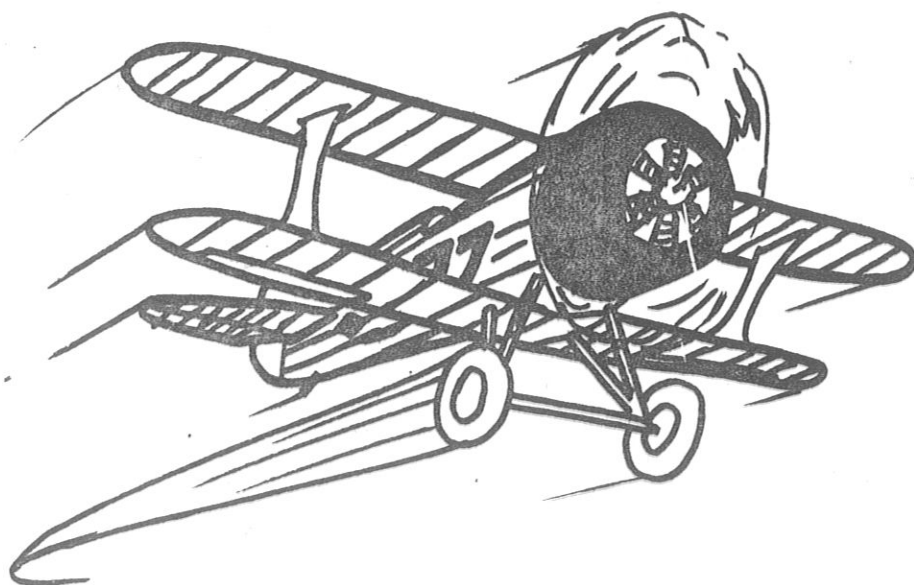


FLYING ACES

Club News



Issue # 9



All you pylon-polishing, plane-pushing pirdmen(?) ought to recognize the ship that graces our cover this month! You don't? Eeeek! Well then, it's the Laird Solution, the only biplane ever to win the coveted Thompson Trophy in the golden age of air racing. That was way back in 1930, and after a long career in air-racing, this ship has now come to Connecticut, where she rests in an honored place among the collection of the Connecticut Aeronautical Historical Association (Howzzat for a large handle, lads?). CAHA plans to restore to her original configuration, as you see her here, for in her long career (we believe she was still racing as late as 1939) she was modified many times.

This darb of a drawing was sent in by Jerry Greaves, of Newtown, Conn., who heard our shout for help last issue. And the Milford Fox, not to be outdone and outmaneuvered, set himself at his board and Michelangelo'd a whole flock of planes for our future issues. Yep, in future issues you can look forward to such delights as a Boeing 100, Luckheed Sirius and many others.



HEADQUARTERS

PEANUT

INSPECTION

(Contd)



As you skysters may remember, in a long ago issue of the News, we had an inspection of the Peanut Scale ships here on our World War One deadline. The inspecting officers were Air Vice Marshall Sir Hugh Trenchmouth, Captain Cuthbert Hardliegh-Bryte, and Lieutenant Rodney Rhys-Boylinge. Unfortunately, Sir Hugh Trenchmouth cannot be with us tonight, for he has retired to his garden and cottage in the Cotswolds (near Stow on the Wold). Also, regrettably, he has yet to recover from his namesake, acquired in a frog estaminet in 1915 (ever wonder why those lads were sent on so many foolish missions in the Big Scrap? It's because nobody could ever understand Sir Hugh.). But he was a brilliant polo player.

On the deadline today, props all in line, metalwork a-twinkle, nosehooks oiled, rubber lubed and fresh, rigging taut, and peanut pilots at rigid attention beside their mounts are the following ships: Curtiss Swift, Curtiss Helldiver, Hawker Fury, Fokker D XVII, Kawasaki 92, and few others, too far down the line to be sure.

Good Hung! Look who the inspecting officers are! The first is the evil Nikolai Borzeb, he of the golden eyes, and ignominious villain of many a Dick Knight thriller in the pages of FA of long ago. Next to him is Adolf August von Heinz, the Owl of the Ozone, the most dangerous enemy ever to face Phineas Pinkham. Why, it took Carbuncle a good three issues to bring the night-flying Owl down for keeps. (Seems he caught him in an eclipse of the sun.)

"Pleece don't forget to holdt mein Hand, Nikolai. In dis sunlight der oldt Owl of der Ozone don't see so goodt, und nefer should dose bummers see der grosse von Heinz wandering aboutt among der planes and smashing das head on der props. Das hurts, mein freund!"

"Don't vorry. Nikolai takes good care of all his friends. And you are my friend, since you got me this job as a League of Nations plane inspector for the FAC. I'll take good care of you, heh, heh. Da!"

"Here's the first ship, Dolf. It's a Curtiss Helldiver, and the pilot has ears as big saucers. With that clipped moustache, he looks like a Hollywood aktor to me."

"Was ist dies 'Dolf' chass, bumper? I am der Owl! You vill call me dot, or I pull oudt der Luger and make many loudenboomers."

"Sshh! Adolf, let me talk to him!"

"You there, pilot of dis plane! Vis your non-regulation ears! Vot are you doing here, among these foöls which don't vork for Stalin and socialism?"

"Who, me? Why, fellow, my studio ran out of film for a while and I thought I'd get a part time job with the Navy to tide me over. It's a nice uniform, and the food is great. Beats the studio cafeteria and all those shrieking young girls. And that Duesenberg of mine sure can gobble the gas!" Hey; where's my gunner, anyway?"

"Dot foolosh lookink man, coming around the tail? With the big floppy mouth and idiot grin? Dot look like Vallace Beery to me, not Myrna Loy! Hey! You Clark Gable! De Aktor? Hey....please Mr. Gable, give me your autograph, please? Ah, please; my Zoya back in Moskva have heard of you and seen your pictures (even if dey is imperialist capitalistic trash). She neffer firgive me if I meet you and don't get your autograph. And you too, Mr. Beery. Pleasepleasepleaseplease!"

"Well, you sure don't act so arrogant and highfalutin how, Mr. inspector. Waddya say, gunner? Should we give this poor Russky a couple of souvenirs?"

"Awww! You know Ah'm an honorary FAC Clubster and Ah got'a boost aviatiän, like it says in the charter there. Ah'd like to give him a couple souvenirs on the beezer for his cracks about our pictures, but Ah gotta remember what Clint Randall said about FACs. Awww, awright, give him the autographs if he'll go away."

"Undt me too, ja? Oder I go to Erich von Stroheim and tell him to win his next war with you. Hein? Oh, danke! You haff made der Owl a fery happy man! I tell Herr von Stroheim vat gudt fellows you ist!"

"Thank you, comrades, ven ve Roossians vin the revolution, I not have you liquidated, nyet."

"Kommst du mit, Nikolai, maybe we find der odder Ach, Himmel, Donnerwetter! I tell you to holdt mein Hand undt helb me find der way. Now mein head smash bei der prop undt is schmarts terrible. Ach. Hilfe!"

Vass ist der next shib on der line?"

"You ought to know, you just bumped into it. Vere iss der Pilot of dis plane, Owl? Ach, njet! It is Richard Knight, standing next to his trusty Curtiss XP 934 Swift. Perhaps dis is de time to poison him or kidnap him. He is my mortal enemy in the Keyhow stories. I must kill him! But how? "

"Hello there, von Heinz! I know how it is for you in the day, for after that Gestapo slug creased my optic nerve there in Paris, I too had day blindness and couldn't see in the slightest light. But, during the night, I sent many a Gestapo and Four Faces man to his deserved doom, for then I could see like day.....and they couldn't see at all."

"Ach, how vell you know vat ve wendt through. Ach, das Pingham catch me in das eclipse and venn der sun he come oudt again....dot vass poof for der Owl. Ach. Ein prisoner was I. Der Owl. Ach, "Loog oudt, Herr Knight, I see ein shadow ofer your head! Duck!"

"Why Borzec, you filthy rat! It wasn't enough to steal Benita away from me and General Brett, but you have to try and hit me with a stillson wrench!" So saying, Knight pivoted, and his right arm flashed upward in a terrific blow, right to Borzec's adam's apple. Blood gushed from the wounded man's mouth, and he staggered to get free, but his treacherous attack had enflamed Knight's temper, and he was now determined to get his man. As Borzec staggered backwards, Knight whirled behind him and hurled him to the ground, kicking away Borzec's switchblade knife as he did so. In a flash he was upon the helpless Borzec who could only bubble for help. But none came, for even the dreaded Four Faces men feared to tackle Knight at times like these. The only thing that saved Borzec from his deserved doom was von Heinz, who in trying to help Knight, ran into the knife-like leading edge of the Swift's wing and knocked himself out...of breath and consciousness.



Many MPs and a few minuted later, the evil Borzec is carried away, to expiate his heinous crimes in a suitable plabe, such as Alcatraz. The hapless von Heinz is graciously provided with a Seeing Eye Dog from the local Goodwill establishment, and well primed with a stein of best Würzburger Hofbräu beer, he thinks he can carry on.

"Vell, Fido, vots der next one? Dot XF 934 vass so hot a shib, it even burn up mein autographs. Pfui!"

"Welcome to the tarmac of the Dragon Brood, Herr von Heinz. I'm General Mordrai Grogan, two-fisted, clean-cut, hard-fighting, fast-flying, well-paid saviour of slant-eyed slope-heads. Our Dragon Squadron, fighting for any local warlord who pays us enough for our ideals, will eliminate any bunch of skibis* you want.

Why, just yesterday, I shot down the infamous Major Wakatataktake over his own drome, back in Manchuria. My trusty P-12 bested his Kawasaki 92. Of course, I had the help of Ah Im and Ah Sin in their Curtiss Export Hawks. Those slopeheads are sure side-slippers. And they can almost stunt with a Jap....especially after a visit to the Heavenly Peace Opium Den in Peking. I'm going to have the tong mechanics put a barograph on them the next time they go down there. Want to see how high they get. "Hy not check out that slopehead in front of the Boeing P-26 next to me. He has been bought off by Chink Kai Schreck, some new up and coming warlord who has imported some clown named Chennault for his air force. Who ever heard of him? First name's Clair. Claire Chennault! With a name like that, wonder if I can marry him and get his money. It looks like us two-fisted, hard-hitting male-type heroes are fast disappearing. Names like his'll never go down in history."

"Yah, Ogay, I go bei der next shib undt talk mit der zlopehead dere."

"You no talk with me, you foleigner. You no speakee me, by golly, I lepresent the new China of future. Velly nationaristic. No havee no tluck with German fella. Nosuree. Go talkee with next pilot. I fight skibi allatime. No even go to Heavenly Peace. Me stlaight shootee. * skibi..... mid-thirties for Japanese

"Ach, was, der chink shtink sompin schrecklich*. Like der rice paddies. He belong in a laundry where he wasch himself mit der zope und wasser undt get clean now and den! OK, Fido, lead der grosse von Heinz audt von dis platz. I want go bei der Biergarten. I bin thirsty. Ach himmel! I can't gedt audt! Was ist? All dese wires aroundt me?"

"So solly, most leglettabre incident that you get caught in wires of my Kawasaki 92 fighter. Fighter plane of most exarted son of lising sun. Soon to fry to groly in Manchurian Disturbances. Most leglettabre for Chinese, but cannot be herped. Japan must leach for her destiny. But we Japanese know how is not to be abre to see. We too have plobrem with near-sightedness...must use glound grass in my goggres, and in camela, used for taking pictures of USdefence instarations...in Phirripine Isrands and Pearr Halbol. I rearned use of camela in University of Carifornia, crass of '32. Grad to see you again, now you my plisona!"

"Ach, hōmmel! Gedt me oudt! I no vant to be your prisoner, you bummer! Ach, ve Chermans! Ve can lig any Oriental! You see vot ve do dem Boxers in China in 1901?"

"Do not associate Son of Lising Sun with Chinese raundleyman! You cannot rick us, as you say. Imperiar Freet to stlong. Buird too many battreships. So solly, most leglettabre. But is part of China Incident."

"If I dont's gedt out of here soon, dere be Yapanese Incident right here, bummer! Gedt him, Fido!"

"Arfgrowlgrrrgnashrowfbark"

"Heeeeerp! I thlow you goggres, shoot you with Nambu souvenir pistor, srash you with samurai sword! No, I lun for herp! Herp!"

"Arfgrowlgnashbite."

"Aaaaaiieeeee!"

"Yiiiiiiiiiiiiii."

"Nun dot you got der Chap, Fido, gedt der grosse von Heinz oudt from dis mess. I bin in dese wires lonk enough und wenn he takes off andt I schtill be here, giffs der groundloopinks und kersplosch fur der two of us. Chust gedt mein Eisernes Kreuz* sebarated from de wires undt we go bei der bierhall and refrezh ourselves. Ach, for you giffs a nize meal of Chapanese Rumpsteak. Ho ho. Ach, we Chermans!"



(This foregoing hard-hitting critique of modelling has been a special feature of the News, featuring actual Peanut Scale ships which are on our model tarmac. Why not write us in about your peanut ships and their adventuresome pilots? We can keep this inspection running forever if you do. Of course, we can't be responsible for what happens to your pilots once they fall into our tender mercies...but worse could happen if they flew into a fast-moving car, tall tree, whirling RC propeller, shotgun blast, or what have you. Our Peanut pilots are taken mostly from the fiction pages of Good Old FA, our favorite and official mag. Read more about von Heinz, Ah Im, Dick Knight, Nikolai Borzec and others in the crackling sky yarns of this great old magazine, if you're fortunate enough to be in buying, borrowing or owning range of one or three issues.)

* terrible to you non-Heinies
* Iron Cross.

THE FLYING ACES MODEL LABORATORY.

This issue we present the "Flying Aces Halffoot Flyer" Capt. Paul Stott could just as well have named his molecular creation "Stick-around Stick" cause she sure can fly in a small space. Yep fellas, this free flight flea fighter (say that over again quickly 3 times) clocked 23 seconds in Paul's dining room turning $\frac{1}{4}$ foot diameter circles. This lil gnat won a first prize blue ribbon at Paul's school science fair making while tethered to a balsa pylon.

So, if you Wingsters are sweatin' in your helmets for a few hours flying time 'cause those March winds are howlin' across your tarmac and decorating the trees with kites that have escaped their earth-bound masters, the F.A. Halffoot Flyer is the next thing for your deadline.

Strip yourself some $\frac{1}{32}$ sq. balsa & slice 5 ribs from $\frac{1}{32}$ sheet to the camber shown on the plan & build up the wing and tail. Cover on top side only with condenser paper. Fuselage is made from $\frac{1}{16}$ by $\frac{3}{32}$ medium balsa. Tail boom is $\frac{3}{64}$ sq. The landing gear is made from slivers of bamboo with wheels of $\frac{1}{32}$ sheet. Wing mounts are $\frac{3}{64}$ sq. balsa.



Make wire hooks from .015 or .020 wire. Prop hanger is made of thin sheet metal or perhaps you have a suitable old one resting in your spare parts box.

The prop is made by cutting $\frac{1}{32}$ sheet from the pattern shown on the plan and soaked in hot water for 15 minutes. Twist prop blades & pin to a piece of $\frac{1}{4}$ " sheet balsa arranging pins in such a manner as to keep twist in prop & provide a slight cup to the back surface of each blade. Put the whole works into an oven & dry it out at 300 degrees. A coat of dope on the back of each blade will insure the cup staying in. Glue front hook on & balance prop.

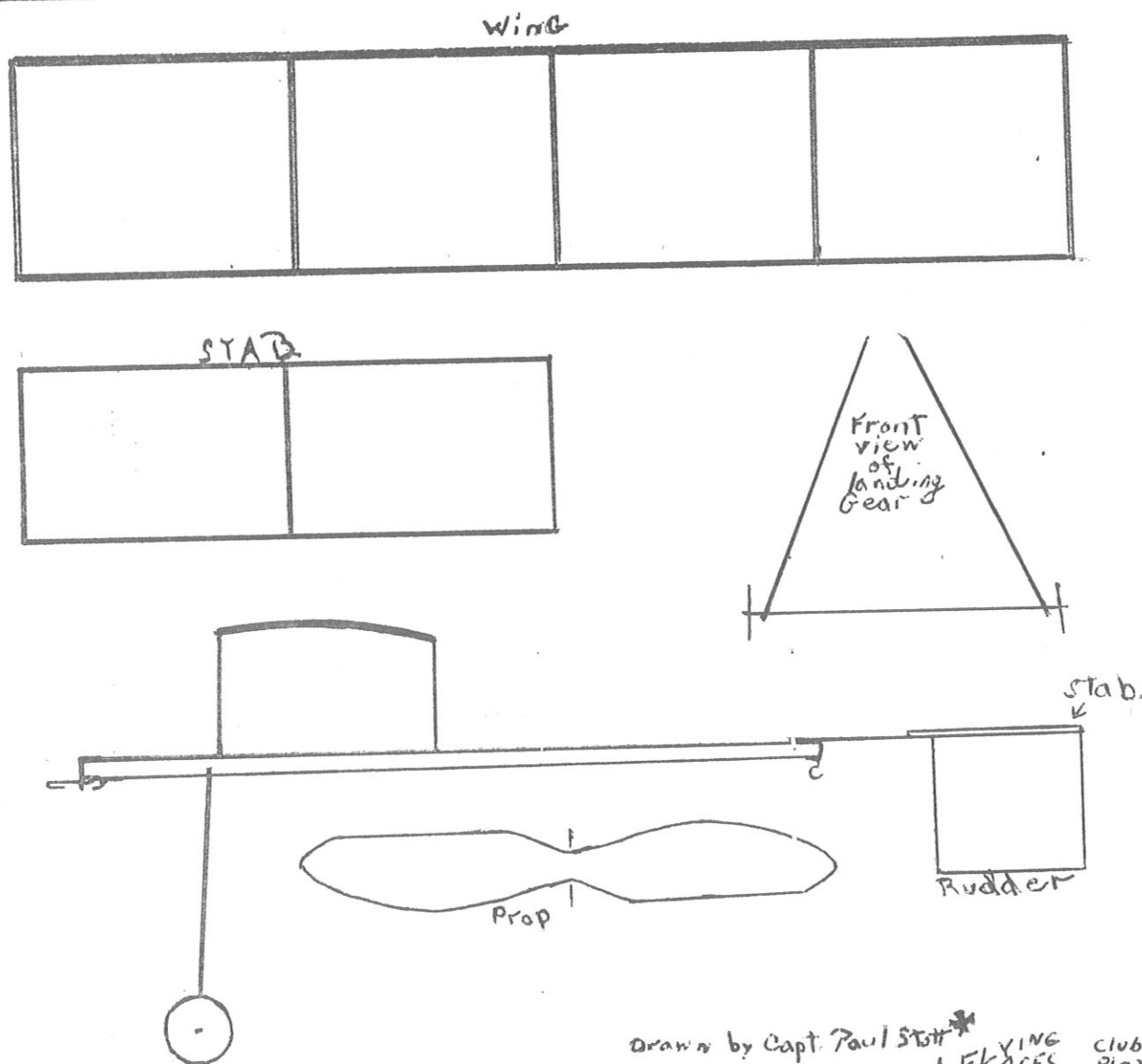
For the power plant a golf ball must be cut open & the windings of fine rubber removed. One loop, lubed, and 10 inches long is used.

Happy landings, Skysters!

Now don't forget, all you sky streaking clubsters with a flair for design, this is your chance to share the fruits of your labors with your fellow rib-slicin' F.A.C.s. If you've got a favorite sky chariot you'd like to see more of, why not glide it in to a three pointer on the desk of G.H.Q. (just the drawing, not the model.) Keep the drawing neat & clean & on as many pages the size of this one that you need. Make sure the lines are good and dark, pencil is O.K., ink is best. Use white paper and by turbulence, the staff here at G.H.Q. will see your brainchild gets printed in the good ol' F.A.C. News. Show the true spirit of the skys lads, keep your favorite newsletter of model aviation in the fore by keeping the text & model plans original! One for all and all for one! Lets make the bond of F.A.C.s as great as was the wartime comraderie of the sky battlin' warriors on both sides in the first Big Fuss back in 1914 to 1918.

MORE GUESS THE INSIGNIA ANSWERS..

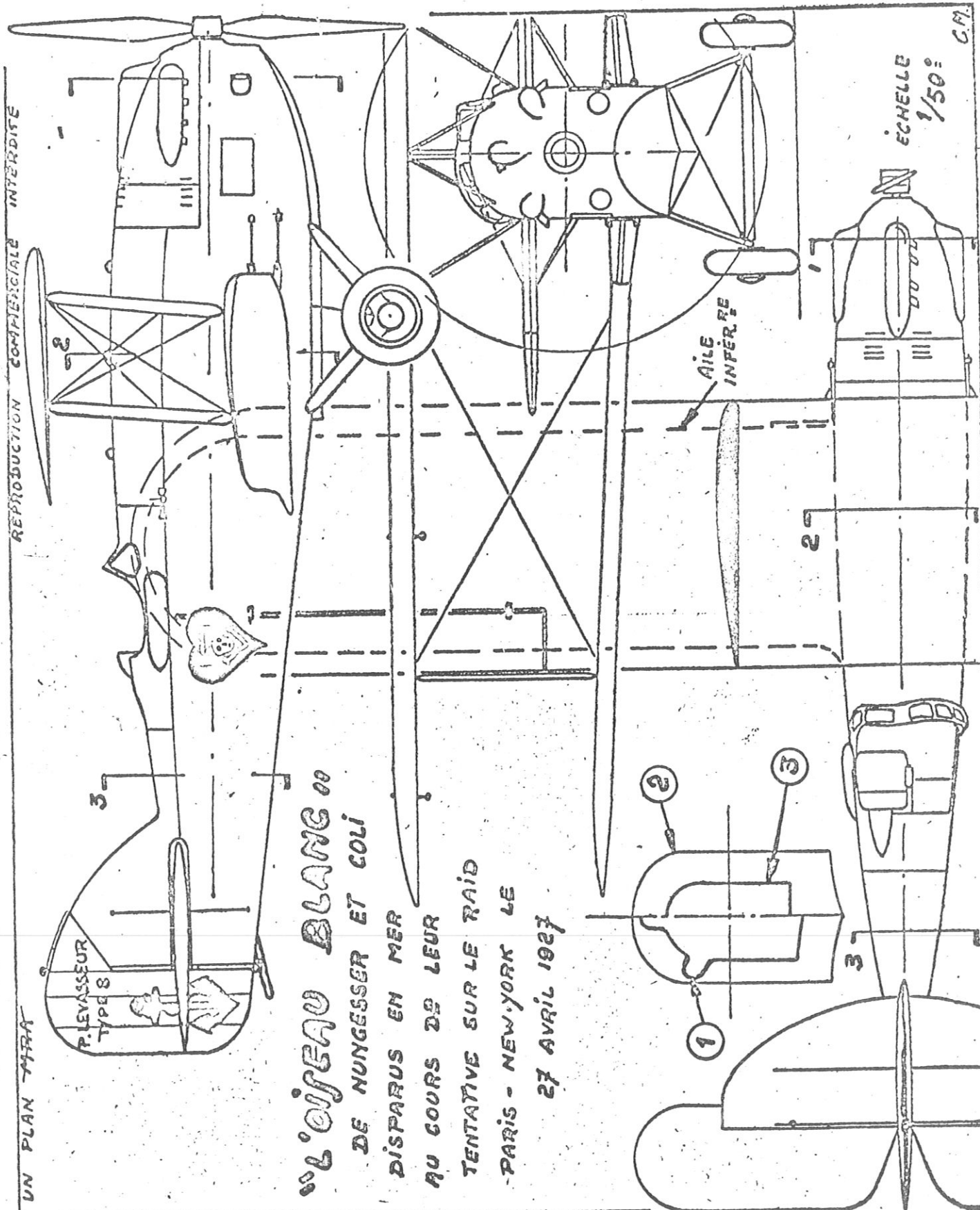
Yep, G.H.Q. has been bombed with more correct answers to the Travel Air insignia quiz. Lt. Frank Scott, Dayton Ohio Sqdn; Lt. Bob Nelson. N.Y. Sqdn; & Lt. Bob Heywood. Vandalia. Ohio Sqdn. all hit the target but too late to reap any spoils. Too bad, lads. But we'll run another soon, so keep your wits sharp.



l'Oiseau Blanc

The ship on the following page is the one flown over the Atlantic by Charles Nungesser in May, 1927. In it, he disappeared forever, no one knowing anything about his fate. Oddly enough, a few years ago a fisherman off Nova Scotia dragged up a part of an instrument panel, and there are those who say this panel is a part of the White Bird (l'Oiseau Blanc), so mayhap the great frog World War One hero almost made it to these shores before going down forever.

Nungesser, you know, was perhaps the greatest French hero of the skies in the Big Scrap. He was wounded innumerable times and always survived to have another bash at the Hun, his final score being 45 air victories. He was third ranking among frog aces. In 1927 he determined to win the Orteig Prize for the first flight Paris-New York. See that hull-like fuselage? that was made for water emergency landings, for the wheel undercarriage was dropped off. Howzzat for you FAC judges?



Sent in by Bill Warner, Lt, FAC. (who was in la belle France)

WITH THE MODEL BUILDERS

(Here's what's happening among the FACs and what your fellow FACs are building and flying. Why not shoot us an air mail letter here at GHQ and let us in on what's happening in your hangar?)

It looks like the skies over Orange, Mass will be darkened this year by the 54" Berkeley Rearwin Cloudster that Capt Hank Struck has built. This huge behemoth of the air will be a courageous contender wherever she goes and has already forced Bob Thompson to build a 48" Curtiss Robin (Comet) in order to hope to stay in the same league. It looks like a year for Riesenflugzeuge*.



Lt Alex God, the Fascist Conqueror of the Skies had a Ryan M-1 made up less than a week after he got his last issue of the News. Any of you skysters have so energetic a production line. Alex has built all the Peanuts we've ever printed. Yep, he's got more peanuts than most elephants eat in a lifetime. (But watch out for those horses, Alex. It seems they like planes, too!!)

Clubster Jerry Greaves sends up a picture of his all-sheet Pilatus Torbo-Porter. Looks to us like a Bill Hannan-like work of art. Jerry says it weighs in at .4 ounces for 13 inch span. Sounds pretty good to us here. Look out, Fritz Weitzel!

Jack Whittles gave us a squint at his new Gloster Gladiator, another fine old ship built right off the sacred pages of Flying Aces. The sight of this glorious ship ought to make the heart of any true Britisher or Norwegian beat faster. This ship sports full details and insignia; we don't know yet how she flies, but she'll be right up there in scale points. Yessiree.

A Waterman peanut is being readied by Clubster Ed Eeshar, and Ed's wingman, Bob Nelson tells us he spun his own Waterman into the street in front of his house. You know the moral of that story, don't you fellows....yep...!if you're going to fly them in the street, do it at night, so nobody can see your foolishness." Right?

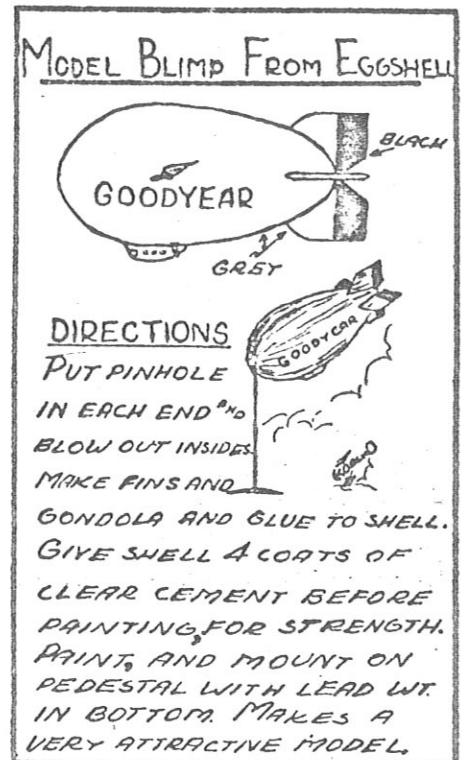
Young Clubster Jimmie Jenkins, the Tailspin Tommy of the FAC has a Stinson Tri Motor (Model A or U, Jim?) readied, and if you'll fly on over to Jack Chilmark's model tarmac, you'll see his spanking new Wiley Post Model A biplane ticking over on his deadline. Mallory Chilmark, the first aviatrix Kanone of the FAC, is in the hangar, working on her 24" Monocoupe.

Len Wiczorek is hard at work on a Hank Struck designed Fokker F 14 ambulance plane for the U S Army Air Force. (Why not fly over to Bob Nelson's place and see if that Waterman peegot needs some help, Len?) When Ken left Connecticut for his Long Island home drome well stacked with plans after visiting the lair of the Milford Fox, he was well pinned with projects for the winter. Glad he's doing some of them. Come on out, Len!

And what's that steam coming from the Milford Foxhole, with Bob Jespersen hard at work? He's got a 30" Howard Pete, a 30" Travelaire, 33" Fairchild 71, and a Bellanca YO-50 on his ways. Plus others. Wow!

* Heinie for Giant airplane. Sorry we're using so much German tonight, but it's the beer we're consuming while composing.,

What came first? Chicken or the egg? Who cares, just so long as they got here in time to give the FAC eggshells to make blimps out of. And you can even hard-boil 'em for Easter, too! Lt Dave Stott made one of these gems from the pages of that mag we all love to read, good old FA, and she's a bird that any mother hen would be proud to have in her barn. How about five or six of them, to make yourself a winger of a mobile? Some could be US Navy, one the ZMC-2 Metalclad, and a couple the Goodyear blimps that you see in the summer sky or on the TV sports events. By the way... any of you lighter than airsters catch that swell article on the Goodyear blimps in Sports Illustrated recently? It did our hearts good here to see that the spirit of the Hindenburg wasn't really burned as crisp as we thought. Yep, that old spirit is so alive, that Goodyear is about to build another of these fat floating flightsters, which flap their flabby fabric over so many events. Why not have your own Goodyear blimp. It's like having a premier event taking place on your tarmac all year round!

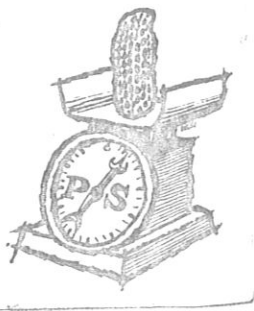


NEWS OF THE MODEL MEETS

Peanuts move in on gambler's territories! Yep...Nevada had its first peanut meet (Howard Hughes in attendance? incognito, of course,) at Las Vegas on New Year's Day. Thirteen ships entered and a few others were flown for fun, just to make the RC boys blow their minds and relays. We don't know how many silver dollar tokens were exchanged, but there were two aviatrixes in attendance; Sherri Mattson, flying a GrAD, and Doris Haight, whooping it up with a P-51. The gals placed 5th and 6th out of a field of thirteen. The winner was Bob Haight with a Focke-Wulf Stösser, second was Bill Warner, who availed a Witten Bonzo, and third overall (first junior, was Jim Warner, with a Farman Mousquite. Bill Warner, who was our official correspondent for this meet, sends us a shot of some of the ships in the line-up, and we see a Brewster Buffalo in the background. Some fine looking mods, there, gang! Keep up the good work, and hope you didn't have to hock your balsa to get home.

SCAMM indoor meet at the Hartford Armory: This get-together was held on 2 Feb, and was a real balsa-bake for all who were lucky enough to have models and attend. Al Buzzard Bailey swept the field in Scale with a brand-new Obscure Aircraft Bristol Brownie. Its circles were insanely tight, and its flights just as long. That thing never came down until it had smashed a minute on the clock. And she sported full details. That's the right attitude and performance, Al! 135 points under FAC rules. It Dave Stott (at that time... he made himself a captain by this feat., made 126½ points with his his Wright Model L. Jack Chilmark made himself 126 points (only ½ point difference, skysters! What a close-fought battle, with a Clarence Mather PT 19. Capt Paul Stott was top Junior flying his deadly peanut Monocoupe. He also captured top junior in Peanut Scale with that same Monocoupe. Peanut Scale saw a victory by Dave Stott with his original Waterman Gosling. 94 seconds. Capt Hank Struck with his Howard Pete was a-nipping at Waldo's tail feathers with 92 seconds. John Stott

Stott was third, battling along with a Curtiss O2C Helldiver, with 76 seconds. That's the same ship used by Clark Gable and Wallace Beery at the front of this issue, so you know she's a flyer as well as a talker.



PEANUT POSTAL MEET RESULTS

The great day for the Irish having come and gone, the big Peanut Postal meet is over, and we

have to announce that it was won as follows:

Eastern Outdoor Wing:

Nov 29:	Paul Stott,	25 Sec,	Monocoupe
Dec 1:	Dave Stott,	43.2 Sec.	Waterman
Dec 1:	Ed Novak:	23 Sec	Aristocrat
Dec 1:	Paul Stott	32 Sec	Monocoupe
Mar 16:	Jack Chilmark	28 Sec	Aristocrat
Mar 17:	John Stott	34 Sec	Huntington Sport

Thus the "Winco" (that's RAF slang for Wing Commander) is Dave Stott.

Western Outdoor Wing:

Jan 6	Jon Hashizaki	33:5	Bleriot
Feb 9	Bill Hannan	31 Sec	Aristocrat
Mar 2	Jon Hoshizaki	34.4 Sec	Junkers D-1

So it rooks rike rlieutenant Hoshizaki is our Wing Commander out there. Arr you West Coast fryers out there be sure to sarute him.

Indoor Wing:

Dec 22	John Stott	29.6	Boeing P-26
Jan 27	Frank Scott	19	PB-7 Grain Kitten (what kind of cat is that. man?)
Feb 2	Paul Stott	21	Monocoupe
Feb 2	Dave Stott	34	Waterman
Feb 9	John Stott	33.6	Huntington Sport

Looks like a double victory for the Waterman, so all you wingsters who haven't got the plan from the News better run and write a letter to Bill Hannan and get a copy of this ever-victorious plan. Dave Stott, who designed this bird, has really cleaned up with it.

We ought also to mention that that Feb 9 time put in by John Stott was made on the day of the most hideous snow storm to club the Northeast in many a year. John, in his FAC eagerness to get a win, pushed his little VW all the way to Hartford that day, flew determinedly, and almost (but not quite) got home. That's the true spirit of the skies John. Pity it was all in vain.... and only by .4 of a second!

Our Western Wing Commander from the East. Jon Hoshizaki, sent us a neat drawing of his Junkers D-1 on the post card. No wonder he's a Winco with that sort of attitude about aviation! With that sort of enthusiasm, how can you lose.

Also, the editor of this mag is very glad that Dave Stott won two of the events, as making all the trophies promised would have been quite a task for Dave. So, thanks, Dave, for winning. Sure saved yourself a passel of work!

And, thanks to all who wrote in, as well as those who competed, but felt their times to be too low. How sorry you are if they were better!

FORTHCOMING MEET

The last page of the News is the flyer for our big meet in May. Note that we have had to up our price for the meet to 50¢ per event. This is so we can mail you wingsters your fresh copies of the News first class. You know, we've had a lot of static from some members about the postal

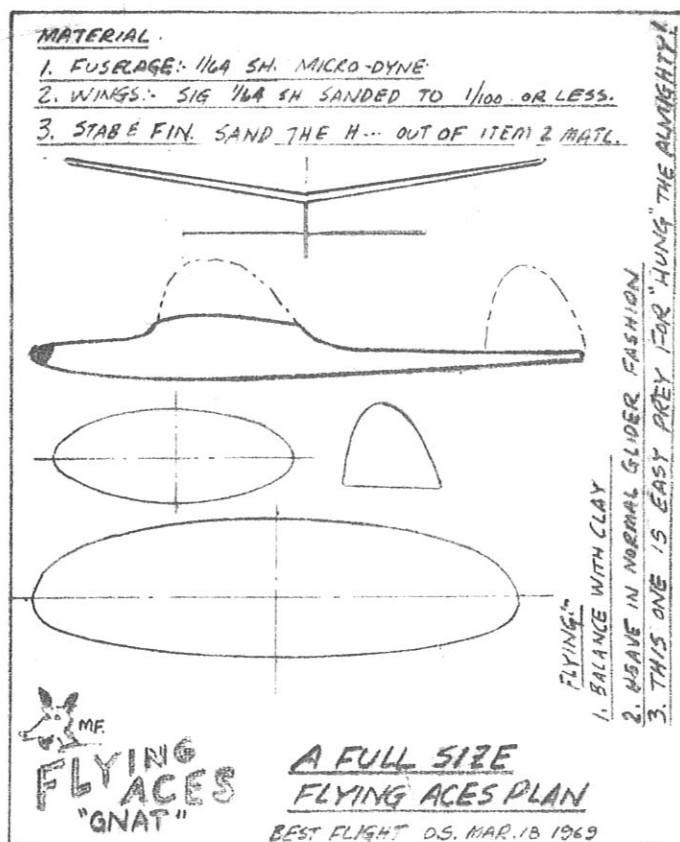
service, and how the issues were taking weeks to arrive in New York from Connecticut. That's not right so the only way we can get around those illiterates and log-jams in the USPD is to send the issues by first class.

The FLYING ACES GNAT

That old Milford Fox, Bob Jespersen, has struck again! And note that snappy signature he has used on the bottom of the plan! Yep, we can see old Reynard himself, peeking out at us from his foxy plan here.

And can this little mite fly! We took one of these out of its carrying case (a plastic card box) at GHQ and flew it around the dining room for a spell. She flies JUST like her bigger sisters. Little stalls, and other maneuvers. Fine, Fox, fine. And say, Fox....did you get your inspiration for this little insect's lines from the old pioneer glider kits? She resembles them to us here. A cute little buzzardlet, and we printt his plan in the sure knowledge that each and every one of you out there is going to want one of these for a rainy or windy day. Nope, there's no excuse for not being able to "aviate" at ANY time of the day or year now! So get building and flying, clubsters!

This little ship will reward you with many soul-satisfying flights. Note that the original flew OOS on March 10? That was in Sikosky's parking lot. Think what you can do on your regular model tarmac. But be careful where she lands.....she's awful easy to lose!



NOTES FROM THE WORKBENCH

Wonder if any of you wingster's have thought of the uses of old calendars in modeling. Yes sir, not only can you use the numbers for registration on the wing of your latest light plane but search for some of those company trade marks, like Texaco or Gulf to use on your racing jobs. Think about it.

We don't know about the rest of you former notchers, but everybody around Hqts. always figured when you wrapped thread around a dummy cylinder you were supposed to space each wrapping with a thread sized gap in-between. Well getting a gander at clubster Hank O'Dwyer's Meyers OTW dummy engine, we could see we were as wet as a whale at 40 fathoms with his mouth wide open! Hank wrapped his cylinders with thread without any spacing (that is one wrapping right next to the other) and the effect was 100% better, by turbulence! So next time you've got to juggle J-5 jugs pull this trick out of your helmet.

Himmel! the fuel tank is empty---we gotta land this issue right now!

FLYING ACES

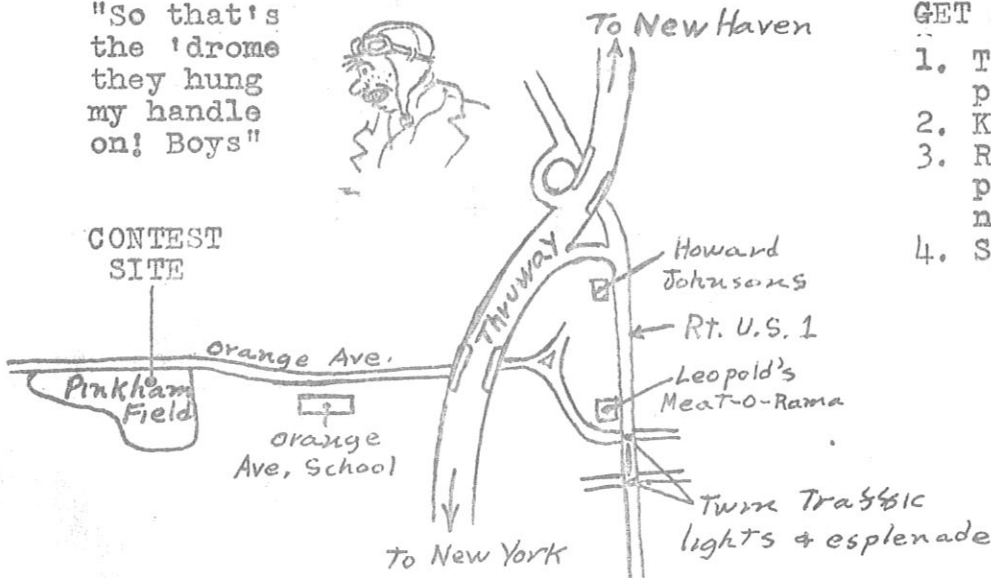
All Rubber Powered
Model Airplane
Meet - May 18, 1969
9:00 A.M. To 4:00 P.M.

A FREE SUBSCRIPTION TO THE INFAMOUS FLYING ACES CLUB NEWS TO ALL
WHO ENTER!

"So that's
the 'drome
they hung
my handle
on! Boys"



To New Haven



GET A GANDER AT THE PRIZES!

1. Trophies for each 1st. place.
2. Kits & supplies.
3. Repros of old time plans-both scale & non-scale.
4. Special awards.

ENTRY FEE
50¢ per event-
students FREE.



1. Flying Scale:



2. Sport:



3. Peanut Scale:



Each contestant may enter two models Flying Aces Club rules. If you need a copy write to Adjutant Dave Stott, 66 Bankside Street Bridgeport, Conn 06606. Remember, plans must accompany each model or no scale points can be earned. (OUCH) Any non-scale model with under 100 sq. inches of wing area. 90 second max. No folding props allowed! 10-13 inches wingspan, scale models, all prominent details must be in place. Models will be inspected at entry.

Prize donors include:

Fred's Variety of Bridgeport; Michael's Hobbies, Milford; Branford Hobby Shop; Hobby Center of Hartford; Hannan Graphics, Escondido, Calif.; HQ Officers of the Flying Aces Club.

Don't be left out of the fun, fellas. This is a "low pressure" contest where the accent is on enjoyment for all, even the judges! So you fledglings who haven't been in "combat" yet come on out & see what you're missing. Shucks, last years "sport" event was won by a shaved down "Sleak Streak" Commercial stick model against some tougher looking birds!

