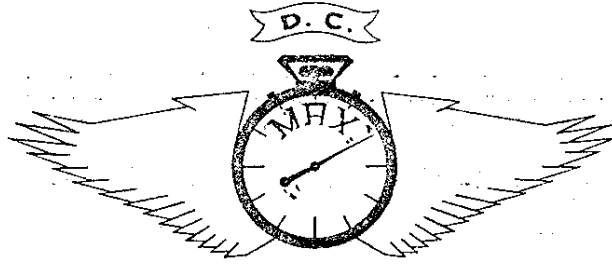


President:

Pat Daily
4908 Rocking Spring Dr.
Rockville, MD 20853
460-1298



Secretary-Treasurer:

Ray Rakow
9111 Crosby Rd.
Silver Spring, MD 20910
588-0317

Editors:

Pat Daily
Ray Rakow

"MEETING AT COLLEGE PARK AIRPORT--THE OLDEST AIRPORT IN THE U.S.A"

"MAX FACTS"

MAY 1977

THE NEXT MEETING OF THE D.C. MAXECUTERS WILL BE ON WEDNESDAY, MAY 4, AT 7:30 PM AT THE COLLEGE PARK AIRPORT --- please try and come .

UPCOMING EVENTS:

May 28 D.C. Maxecuter Thompson Trophy-Greve Trophy Event and Embryo Endurance Event to be held at the COMSAT field starting at 10:00 AM and go till finished. Rules are those of the F.A.C. --see the March issue for details. Rain dates are May 29,30.

June 5 --F.A.C. Spring Outdoor Meet. Location--Durham, Conn. Events: PNUT, FAC Scale, NoCal Scale, Embryo, Greve and Thompson Trophy Events. Make this one cause it should be fantastic.

July 16-- R.C. Schoolyard Scale event at the COMSAT Site. Start at 8:30 AM and will undoubtedly last all day! Single and multi-channel events with a junior event. See last issue of Max Facts for details.

August 27--WWI and WWII Rubber Flying Scale Combat Events at COMSAT. Rules similar to Thompson Trophy Events.

Third Thursday of every month is outdoorhandlaunchglider and catapult glider contests at COMSAT----starts on April 28 through the 3rd Thurs of Sept.

August is NATS MONTH --start building now. Maybe next year it will be on the East Coast!

CLUB HAPPENINGS -- by Pat Daily

The indoor season seems to just about be finished for the year, and I think a great many fliers and spectators had a great time at Kennedy High. A few Kudos are in order and I shall try to get them all down without missing anyone. First we would like to thank Kennedy High school for providing a great place to fly and a lot of flying dates! Next, it seems that Bill Saunders deserves a great deal of gratitude for arranging the dates and for sparking the interest of so many of his students to the joys of flying. The janitorial staff also deserves a Thanks for putting up with us, and probably the same should be said for the B-Ball team. Finally, all of you modelers deserve a Thanks for acting like the fine people that you are and for helping out the neophytes. Well Done. Lets hope next year is as good!

C. A. V. U.

By Rolfe Gregory

You can ask anyone in aviation, at least any old-timer, and he will tell you the guy is dead. But I am not so sure.

The guy I am referring to is Bert Acosta. I can immediately hear about half of you saying "Bert - who?" That's not an unusual question because his name hasn't exactly been a household word for the past forty or so years. Well, let's start with Lindbergh. Most of you have heard of him. How about Clarence Chamberlin? He flew the Atlantic two weeks after Lindbergh. How about Admiral Richard E. Byrd? He flew the Atlantic about three weeks later in the Fokker "America". Just before Lindbergh's famous flight, Chamberlin and Bert Acosta set a world's endurance record in the Bellanca "Columbia" and when Byrd's "America" flew the ocean, Bert Acosta was the pilot. He was one of the best pilots of the "roaring twenties" and certainly one of the most flamboyant. When someone had a difficult flying job to perform, or a new and weird design to test fly, Bert was the man they tried to hire. So, now you know who Bert Acosta was. Time Magazine described him this way:

Pilot's Pilot

Long before anyone ever heard of Lindbergh, Chamberlin, Post or Earhart, one of aviation's big names was Bert Acosta. Famed as a "natural" among pilots, he probably had a greater talent for flying than any man before or since. But like many another early barnstormer and stunter, he took to the fleshpots on earth as an offset to his work in the air. His life, consequently, became a rowdy romance in which brawls, jails and domestic entanglements were due to play a large part.

For a number of years Bert was flying high. He made a fortune, and spent it as fast as he made it. He threw fabulous New York and Hollywood parties and dated famous movie stars. His exploits, flying or otherwise, continually made the headlines. Then his world began falling apart. He became an alcoholic, lost his fortune, couldn't get or hold a job and landed on skid row. In the late 1940's I read an item in the newspaper that said Bert Acosta, the famous aviator of the twenties, was arrested as a vagrant in the New York subway. In 1954 some newspapers reported his death from TB in Bellevue Hospital, in New York, with burial in a pauper's grave, while others said he died of cancer in a sanitorium

in Denver, Colorado, and was buried in Los Angeles, California.

A few years ago, when I was with Fairchild Aircraft, in Hagerstown, Md., I received a call from the receptionist in the lobby saying there was a man there asking some engineering questions about the Fairchild 24, and would I speak to him. I said, "Sure, put him on". A voice came on, saying "This is Bert Acosta. I have two Fairchild 24's and I have removed the Ranger engines and installed experimental Chrysler auto engines, but the F.A.A. won't let me fly them because of the center of gravity change, and I need to know the C.G. limits for the airplane. Can you -" [REDACTED]

"Wait a minute", I said. What did you say your name was?"

"Bert Acosta - A-C-O-S-T-A", he spelled out.

"The only Bert Acosta I know of", I said, "was a well known pilot of the twenties, who flew with Byrd and Chamberlin, but he died in 1954".

"That's me", he replied, "but I assure you I am not dead".

"Can you help me?"

"Sure", I said, "you just stay there and I'll be right down because I want to see you!"

"I suppose you want to get a look at a ghost, eh?" he said.

Now, although I knew what Bert Acosta looked like from pictures, I had never seen him. The only person at Fairchild who really knew him was going to a management meeting and couldn't go with me to the lobby. He told me the real Acosta would have two parallel scars on his forehead that would extend into the hair line and be about one inch apart. The scars resulted from a crack-up at Mitchell field, Long Island, in 1924. Also, because my father-in-law, Tom Connolly, had known Acosta when they both flew out of Hasbrook Heights Airport during the 20's, I grabbed a group photo that included my father-in-law and headed for the lobby.

The man who got up to shake hands was a big tall man like

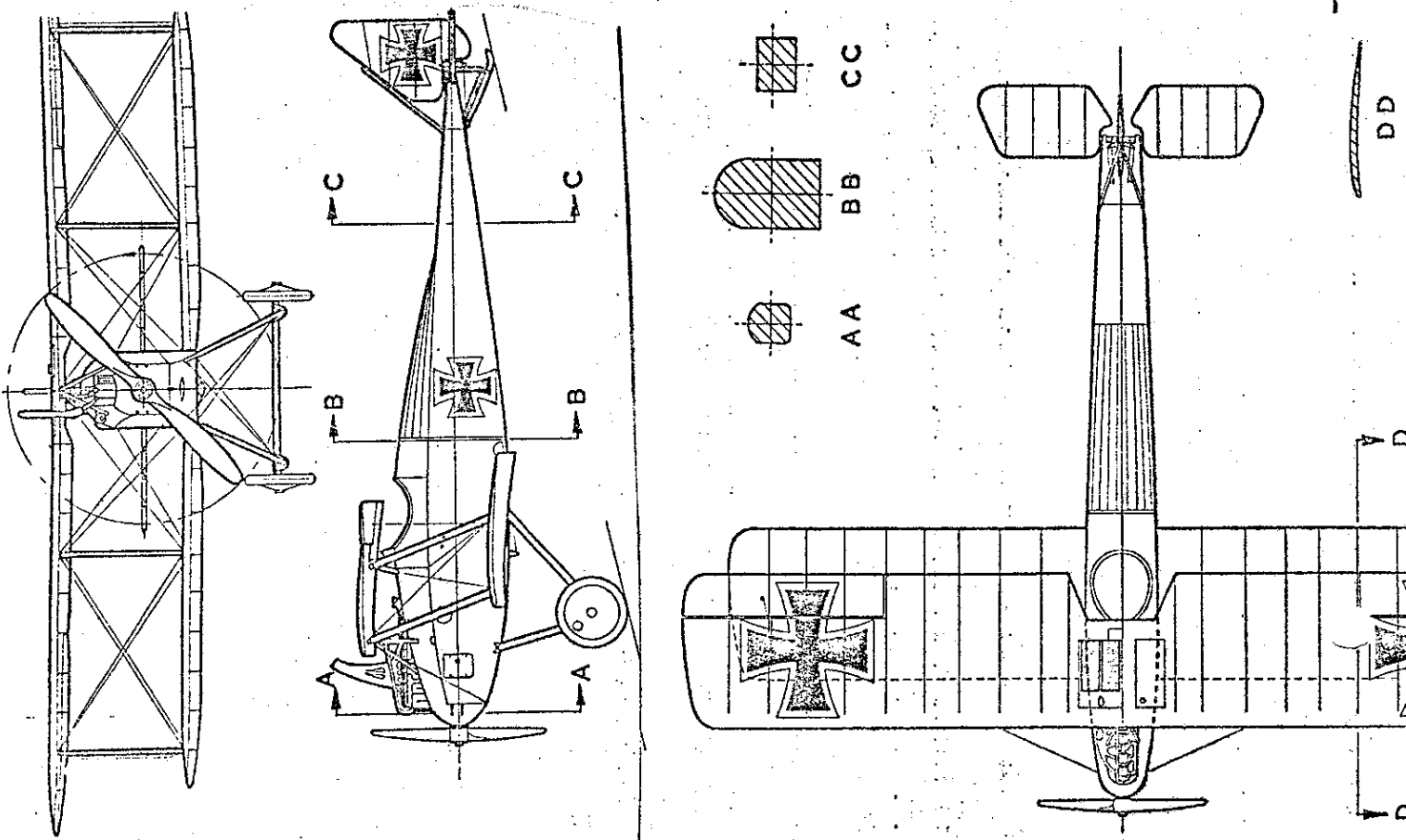
such.

Acosta, but the black hair and mustache were now gray. The two scars on the forehead were there and he looked just as a 67 year old Acosta should have looked! I showed him the group photograph and he promptly picked out my father-in-law. He reminisced a while and then told me how he had become a drunk, sunk to the very bottom, landed on skid-row and ended in Bellevue Hospital as a charity patient with T B. He said he was actually almost dead when, a few days before his reported death, an old, wealthy admirer somehow hearing of his condition, came to the hospital, bailed him out and took him to a ranch in Tyler, Texas. There he regained his health and swore he would never touch a drink again. He showed me the F.A.A. registrations, in the name of Bertram B. Acosta, for the two Fairchild 24's. I gave him the C.G. information he wanted and he left - said he was heading for New York to see a publisher about an autobiography, "Wild Oats in Aviation".

A short time later, I wrote about the episode to the president of OX-5 club but never received an answer. Then about two years ago, I found a file at the Smithsonian on Acosta, and there was my letter. Next to it was a letter from Pete Goff, another old timer, written to Acosta at the address I had given in my letter telling Bert he had learned he wasn't dead after all and would like to hear from him. The letter had been returned, marked "Not at this address".

There the story ends, and I still don't know for sure what really became of Bertram B. Acosta.

HALBERSTADT D-II



APRIL FOOL'S DAY HANDICAP CONTEST

The HMFIC (that's Head Motivating Force In Charge, or whatever else you care to read into the acronym) sponsored his April Fool's Day Handicap Model Flying Is Chancy contest on, what else, April 1, 1977. If nothing else, it was different. Envision a precision F/F landing event with no practice or trim flights. And then you try for a maximum flight time while some little kid (my son, Chris) runs around the gym trying to shoot your plane down with a blast from an air gun. And if that 'tain't enough, you've got to draw two handicap slips from a well used plunger. Gee, I don't recall cleaning the plunger after it was used on the morning of the contest. Oh well, it didn't seem to smell too bad.

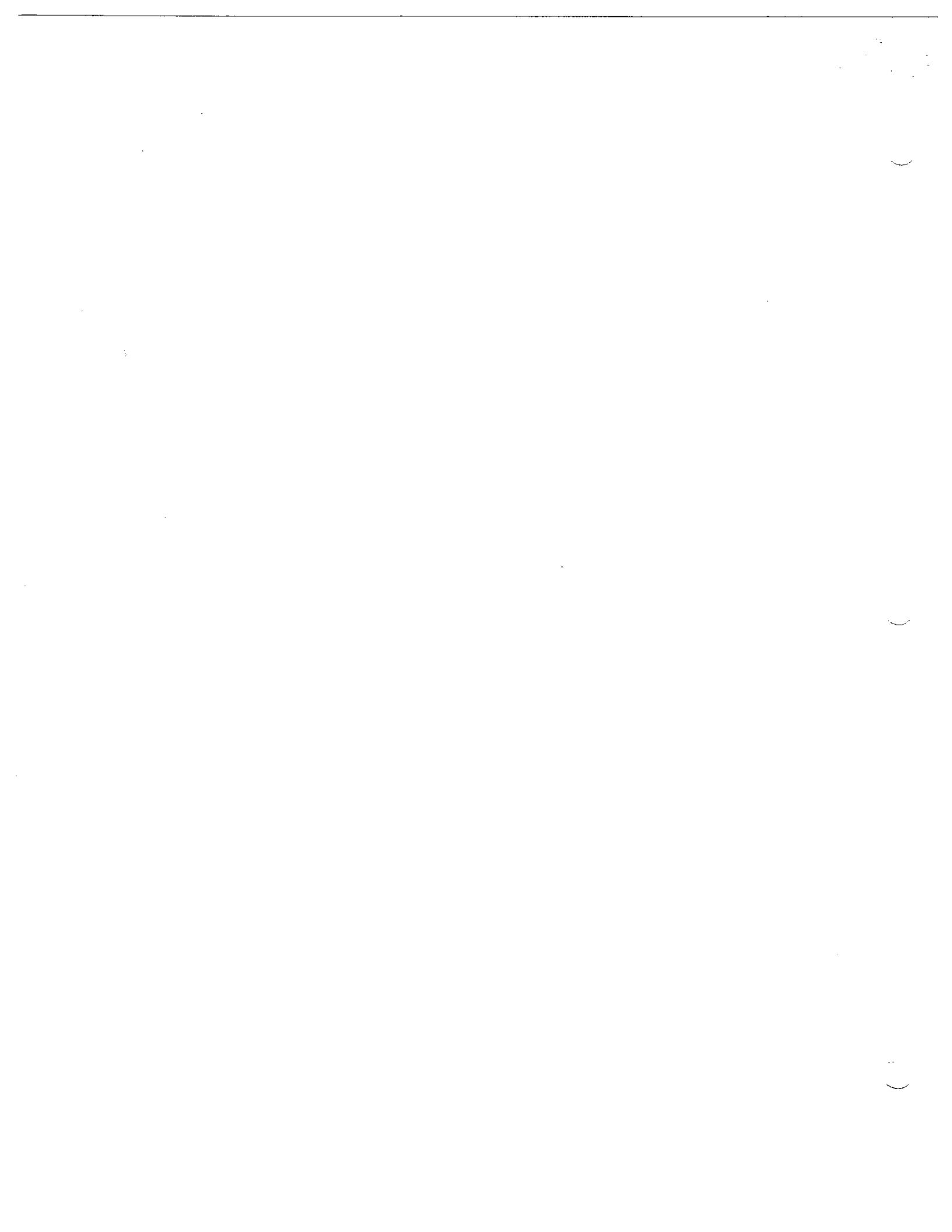
The results are tabulated elsewhere in this newsletter, and a list of the handicap points is also given. Would you believe the winner of the Precision Landing Event (Steve Poretz) came in last in the Endurance event (he drew the magic number "14" from the plunger), while the Endurance winner (Don Srull) was well down the list for the Precision event.

Now for a few words about the Endurance winner, Don Srull. We all know he's good, in fact, he's one of the best. But did you know he was also born with a horseshoe in the center hip pocket? Check out the handicap points and you'll see he pulled not one, but two "minus zero" slips from the plunger. Now I know for a fact that there were 250 pieces of paper in the plunger, and that only 5 of those had "minus zero." The probability of pulling one of those 5 is $\frac{5}{250}$ or one in 50 (assuming all 250

pieces were in the plunger when he drew). Now that's not too bad, but the probability of drawing two of those magical slips is $(\frac{5}{250}) \times (\frac{4}{249})$, or about one in 3112. Gentlemen, that type of luck can only be described as coming right off the barnyard floor. On top of this, Chris saw to it that Don's plane was destroyed on a practice flight - the blast of air hit the stab and fin dead center and snapped the fuselage. But thanks to the miracle of Hot Stuff, the plane was again flying in a matter of minutes.

All things taken into account, it seemed to be an interesting evening, with everybody having a chance at the trophies, and that was the intent of the whole idea. If you think the events were a bit unusual, you're right, but as they say in show-biz, you 'ain't seen nutin yet' - just wait 'til next year. Boy, have I got some weirdo ideas for 1978.

Shanz

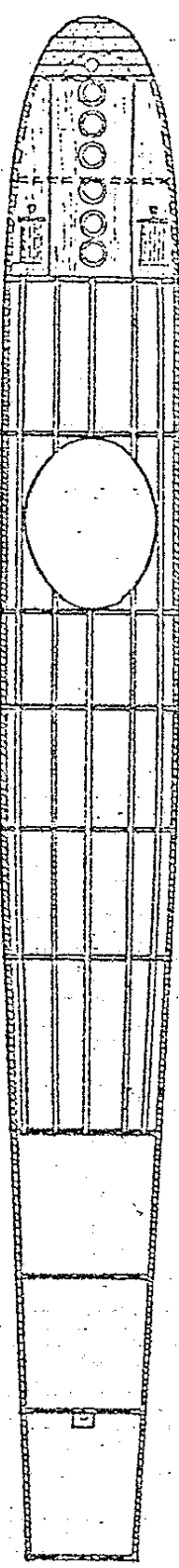
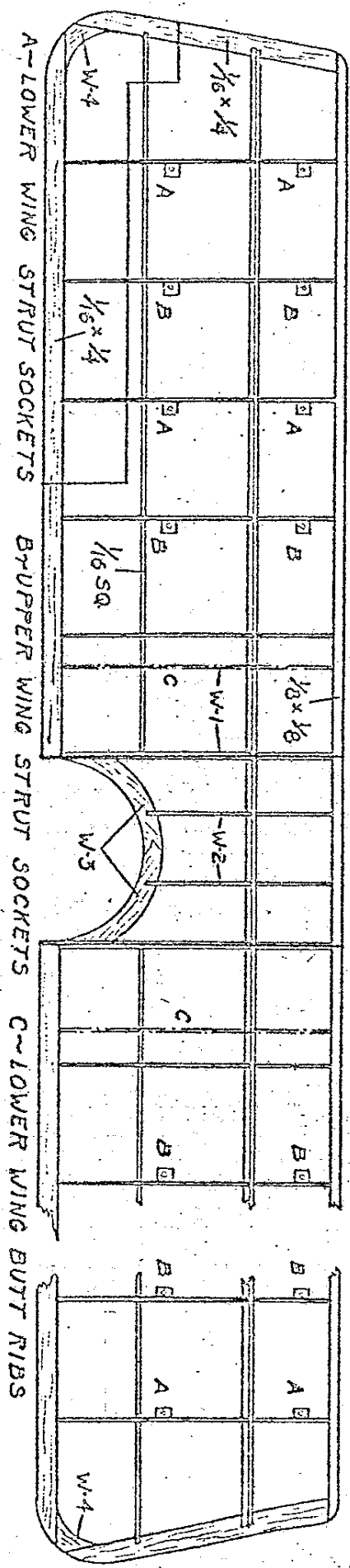


100

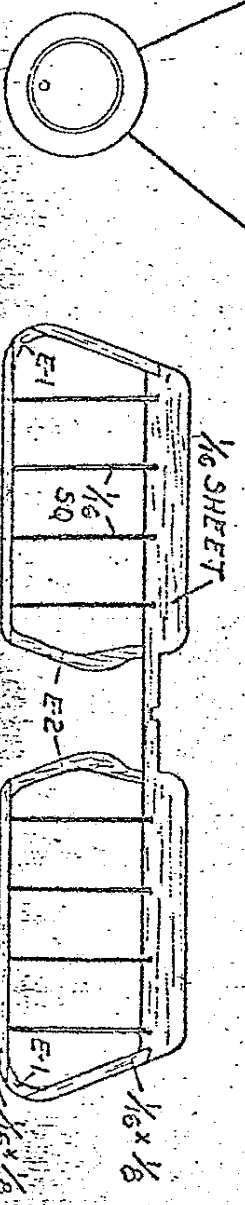
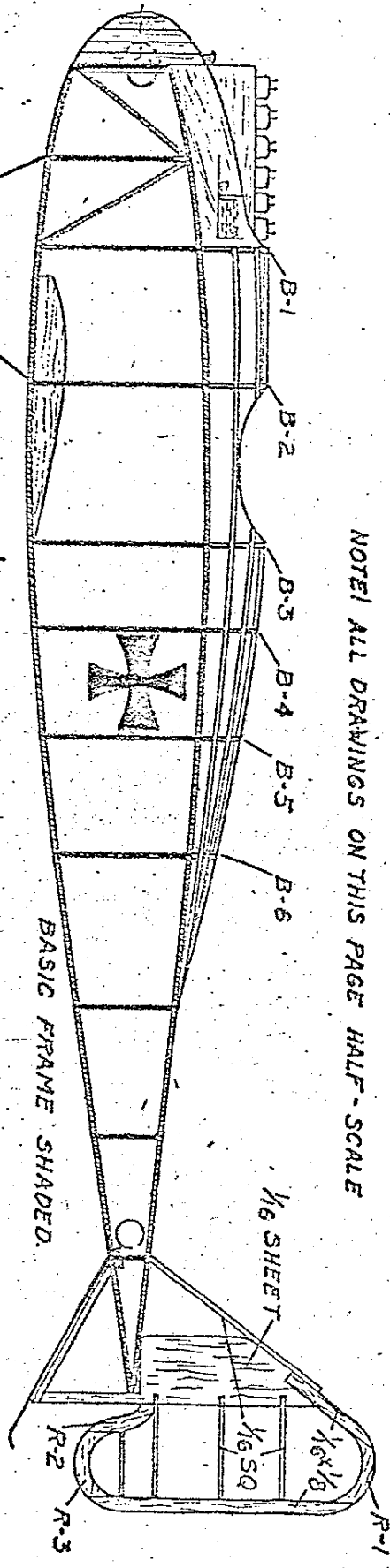
100

100

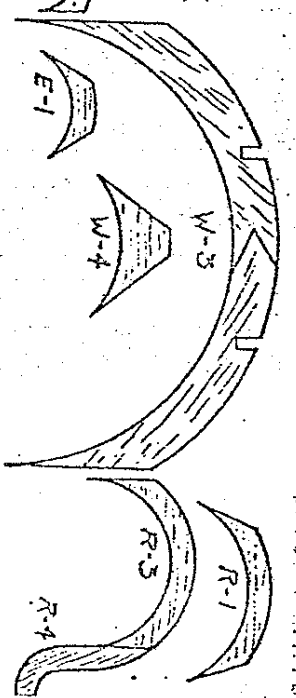
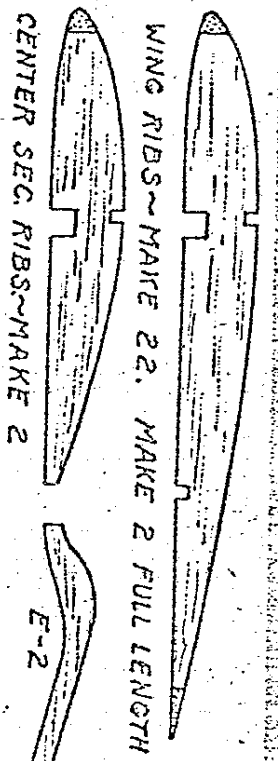
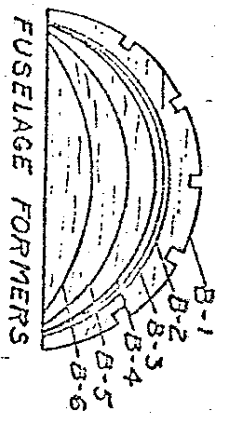
100



NOTE! ALL DRAWINGS ON THIS PAGE HALF-SCALE

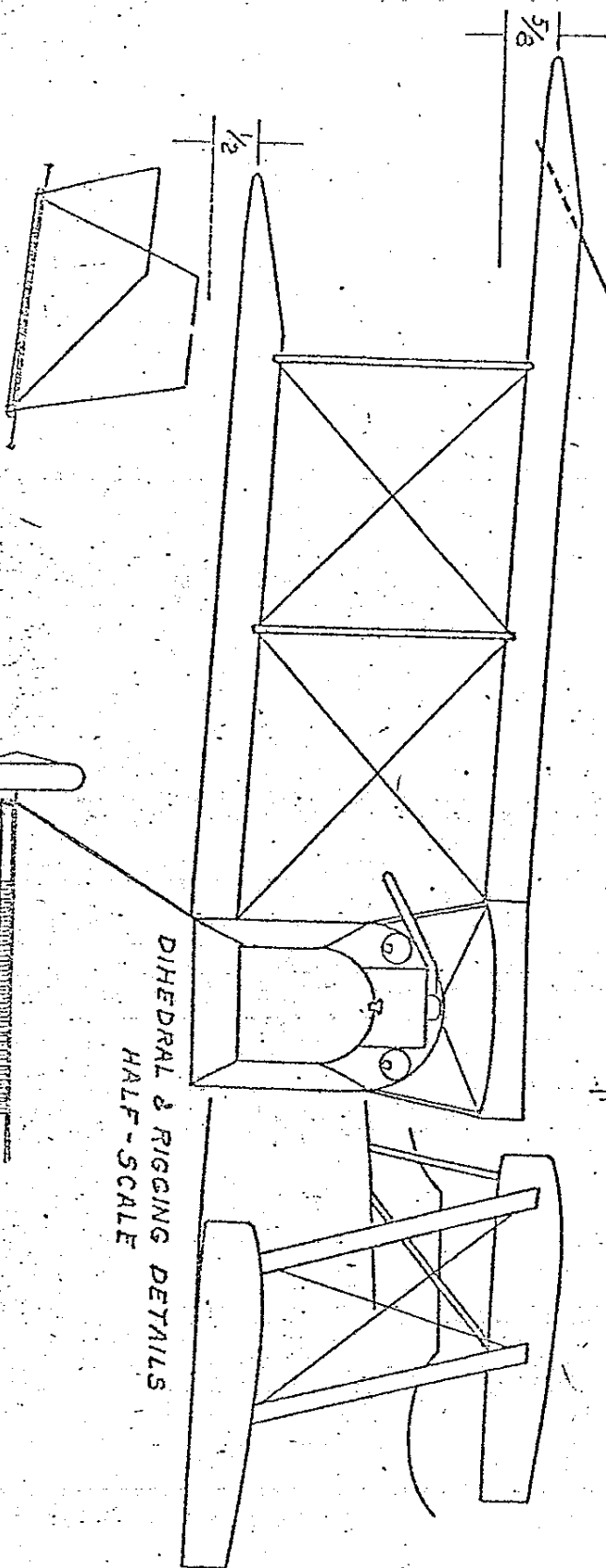
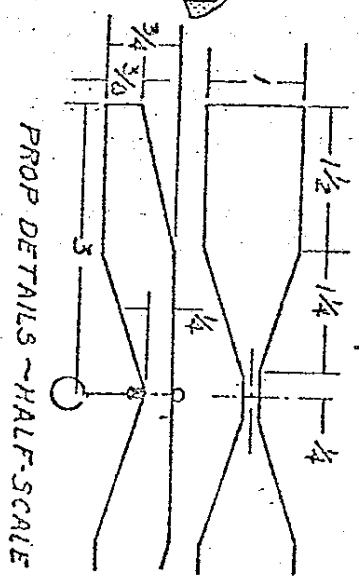
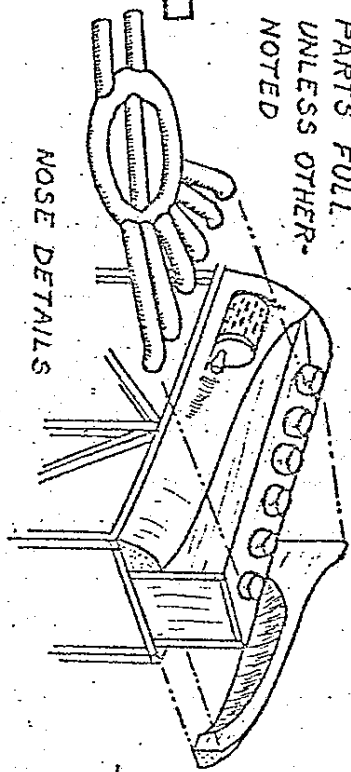


LAYOUT DETAILS
 HALBERSTADT D-1
 DESIGNED BY D. DANIELSEN



NOTE! ALL PARTS FULL SIZE UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED

TRUE LENGTH LANDING GEAR



DIHEDRAL & RIGGING DETAILS
HALF-SCALE

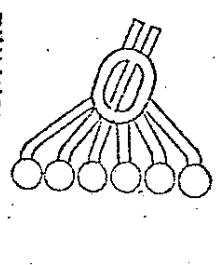
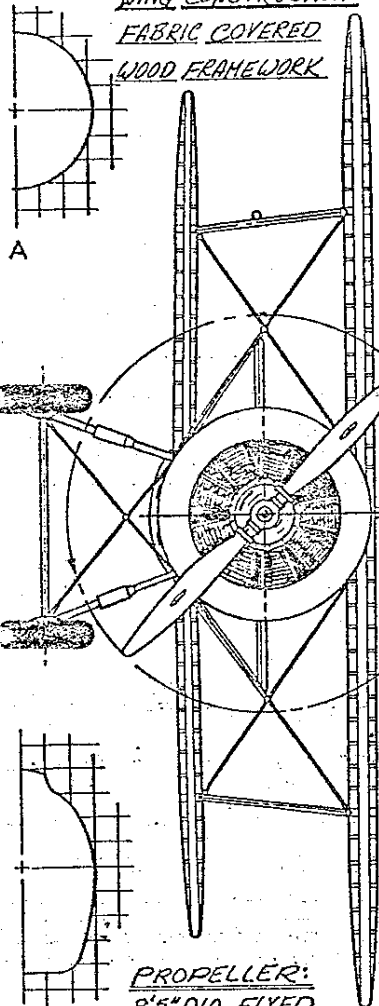


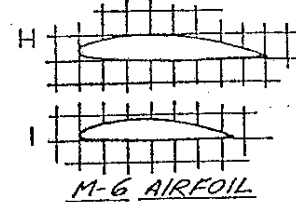
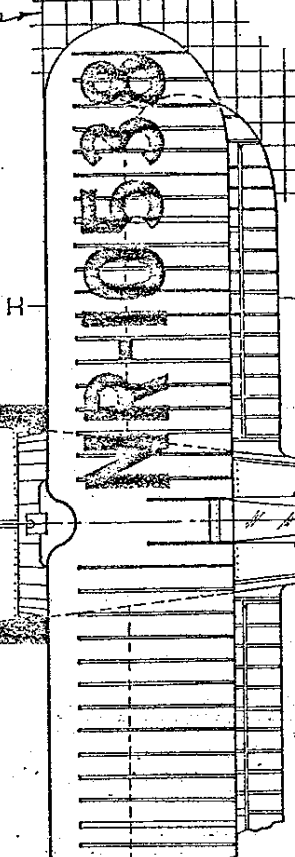
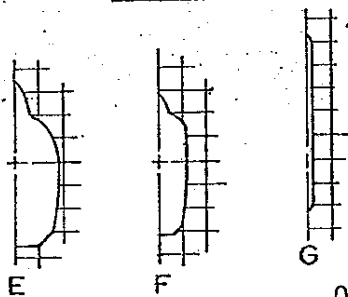
PLATE 2
HALBERSTADT DI

WING CONSTRUCTION: 1/8" SQUARES

FABRIC COVERED
WOOD FRAMEWORK



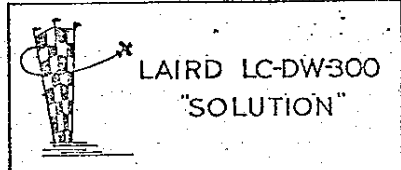
PROPELLER:
8.5" DIA. FIXED
PITCH



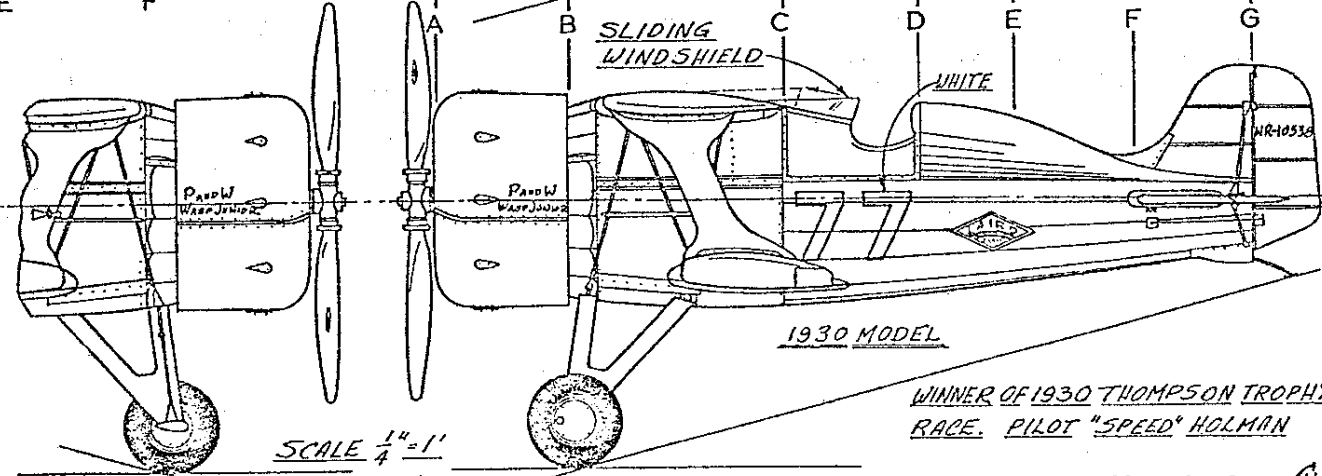
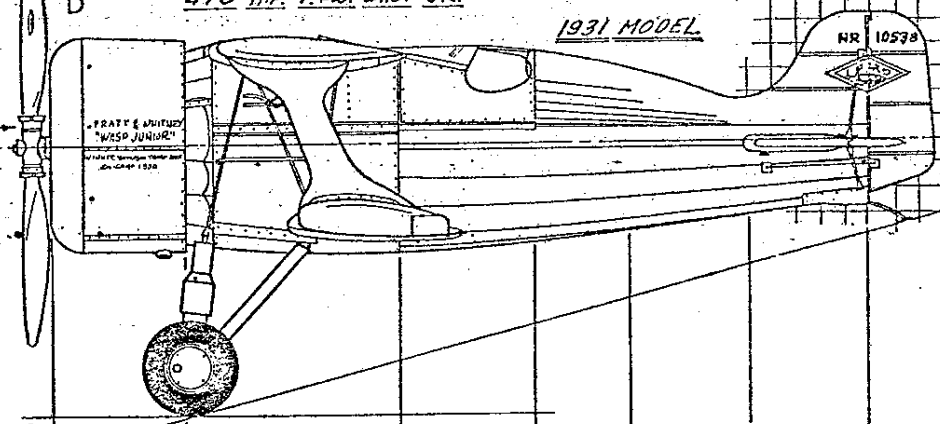
SPAN-UPPER-21'
SPAN-LOWER-18'
LENGTH 19' 6"
WING AREA 112. FT²
EMPTY WEIGHT 1500 LBS
GROSS WEIGHT 1835 LBS
MAX SPEED 202 MPH

COCKPIT SIDES
FOLD DOWN

COLOR SCHEME: BLACK FUSELAGE, GOLD WING & TAIL



POWERPLANT:
470 H.P. P&W WASP JR.



WINNER OF 1930 THOMPSON TROPHY
RACE. PILOT "SPEED" HOLMAN

SCALE 1/4" = 1'

FUSELAGE CONSTRUCTION: FABRIC COVERED STEEL TUBE

10/10/10

()

()

()