



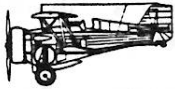
Vought VE-7SF



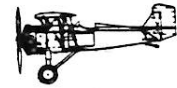
Curtiss F6C-3



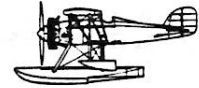
Boeing F4B-4



Curtiss BF2C-1



Curtiss F7C-1



Wright F3W-1



Boeing F4B-2



Curtiss F11C-2

MAX - FAX

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE D.C. MAXCUTERS

JAN/FEB 1987

MEMBERSHIP

Dues for membership in the D.C. Maxcuters is \$10.00 per year for residents of the U.S.A., Canada, and Mexico, and \$11.00 for all other countries. Your mailing label indicates the year and month of the last issue of MAX-FAX for your current membership. A red mark next to your mailing label is a reminder that your current membership is nearing its end. Send a check, payable to D.C. Maxcuters, to the Treasurer.

MEETINGS

The D.C. Maxcuters hold meetings on the first Wednesday of every month at the College Park Airport, the oldest continuously operating airport in the world.

PRESIDENT

BILL CERESA
11410 Blueridge Drive
Beltsville, MD 20705

SECRETARY

BERT PHILLIPS
1709 Crofton Parkway
Crofton, MD 21114

TREASURER AND NEWSLETTER EDITOR

ALLAN SCHANZLE
20008 Spur Hill Drive
Gaithersburg, MD 20879

***** NOTICE *****
THE "DREADED RED X" NO LONGER APPEARS ON THIS PAGE. IT NOW APPEARS NEXT TO YOUR MAILING LABEL ON THE OUTSIDE COVER. THE INCREASED VOLUME OF SUBSCRIBERS, AND HENCE "RENEW-EE'S", DICTATES THIS CHANGE TO BE NECESSARY.

UPCOMING EVENTS

- Jan 10 1987: Indoor flying at Sherwood H. S., 4:00 - 7:00. NOTE NEW LOCATION AND TIME!!! See map in this issue. Contest for WW-I Mass Launch.
- Jan 24 1987: Indoor flying at Sherwood H.S., 4:00 - 7:00.
- Feb 7 1987: Indoor flying at Sherwood H.S., 4:00 - 7:00. Contest for Comet 10 inchers.
- Feb 21 1987: Indoor flying at Sherwood H.S., 4:00 - 7:00.
- March 7 1987: Indoor flying at Randolph Jr. H.S., 2:00 - 5:00, Contest for Peanut Scale, Mooney rules. NOTE LOCATION AND TIME. See map in this issue.
- March 14 1987: Indoor flying at Sherwood H.S., 4:00 - 7:00.
- March 21, 1987: Indoor contest at PAX River. Start Building for the new Golden Age Military event. See the rules in the May/June 1986 issue of MAX-FAX. See Flyer in this issue.

CLUB NEWS

ALLAN SCHANZLE

After two years of yeoman duty, Tom Schmitt and Bill Poole now have the privilege of sitting in on the meetings with no responsibilities. Let's welcome Bill Ceresa and Bert Phillips, the new President and Secretary of the D.C. MAXECUTERS. Their addresses are on page 1.

If you failed to fess-up your 15 smackers for the Christmas banquet, you missed another good one. The food alone was worth the price, as it well should be, but the added benefit of camaraderie, wives/friends, and the guest speaker made it a delightful evening. Special thanks must go to Paul and Rose-Hélène Spreiregen for making the arrangements.

We also want to give you fair warning that we will sponsor a Jumbo Scale event at this coming Summer Fun Fly. So get crackin' on a biggie.

This issue is loaded with plans by our Arizona connection, Dick Howard. Dick has become rather prolific and proficient with twin rubber scale models, and he shares one with us, a Curtiss XF-87 Blackhawk. A second plan by Dick, an Embryo, is also presented. In addition to these plans, we have a book review by Pat Daily, a description of a new event proposed by Bud Carson, which he calls, Indoor Coconut Scale, and some notes by Tom Schmitt about Coconut Scale and the Comet 10 incher events that will be held at the next PAX contest on March 21. A few cartoons are enclosed, compliments of Bob Howard (Dick's son) and Kevin Sharbonda. The final installment (sorry to take so long in getting it to you) about Bleriot is included, and of course, two great pages of photos by Tom Schmitt.

PHOTO PAGES

Tom Schmitt

1. Dick Howard's XF-87 Curtiss Blackhawk, the feature plan in this issue. Photo by Dick.
2. A high flying Comet 10 incher by Allan Schanzle. The Dart needed a little more tail feathers. (Editors note: The stab may not need enlargement, but an increase in the rudder made mine stable).
3. Bud Carson's graceful flying Coconut Spirit of St. Louis.
4. Bert Phillips, our new club secretary, flew this Beech 17 at Pax River.
5. Evelyn Phillips, with her fine flying Robin, has become a serious competitor.
6. Pat Daily shows off his Boeing and the handsome Navy trophy it won at Pax River over a bunch of monoplanes.
7. Another entry in the Navy mass launch event, Pat Berg and his F4F-3.
8. One of our new members, Stefan Prosky, with a neat Avro.
9. Pat Daily's latest, a great flying Austro-Hungarian Albatross D-III. This will be a feature plan in the near future.
10. Dave Smith had a great time at our Summer Fun Fly.
11. A beautiful Mr. Mulligan by Dave Rees shows it's form at the Kudzu Flying Corps contest in North Carolina.
12. Dave Smith's fine flying P-47 at the Kudzu Contest.
13. Dan Driscoll's Comper Swift is somewhat intimidated by the 100 acre site in North Carolina.
14. Allan holds up his Dart 10 incher. These should be a lot of fun once the challenge is overcome.
15. Bud Carson restrains his Coconut, another challenge with much satisfaction.

COCONUT SCALE AND COMET 10 INCHERS
Tom Schmitt

What a combination - Coconut Scale and Comet 10 inchers! Two new events proposed for our winter Flying season with non-trophy events at PAX River in March. The "Coconut" event has been proposed by Bud Carson and in reality is an Indoor Jumbo semi-scale event with a 1 oz. minimum weight. Monoplane wingspan must be 36 inches, multiwings 30 inches. Surfaces may be single covered but aircraft must be in appropriate colors and markings. Bud had his Spirit Of St. Louis at PAX River in November and it was a real fun flyer. Judging is by endurance with possibly some Mooney scale evaluation.

The other event, "Comet 10 Inchers", was initiated as a result of Tom Arnold publishing a Comet 10 inch Culver Dart plan in a recent issue of the Scale Staffel Newsletter. The cute little Dart drew immediate attention and Jim Alaback was kind enough to furnish us with several other Comet 10 inch plans. We now have 6, and there is enough variety for all. Reasonable modifications are allowed and judging will be endurance. Minimum weight is 5 grams without rubber.

BOOK REVIEW

BY

PAT DAILY

AIR ACES OF THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN EMPIRE 1914 - 1918, by Dr. Martin O'Conner. Published by Champlin Fighter Museum Press and available for \$40 from Historic Aviation, 3850 Coronation Rd., Eagan Minnesota, 55122, USA.

Exactly seventy years ago today, Dec 3, 1916, Tenente Mazzoni and his crew of Tenente Borra, Tenente Guzzanti, and Caprole Castoldi were flying in their Italian Caproni Ca-1 bomber high above the Isonzo front. As they crawled through the cold dim winter sunshine with the Caproni's engines roaring, they were suddenly attacked by three aircraft of the Austro-Hungarian Army Air Service. Leading the attack was Oberleutnant Godwin Brumowski, piloting his Hansa-Brandenburg D.1 "KD" fighter (serial number 65.53). He was joined by two other Austro-Hungarian aircraft piloted by Gottfried Banfield and Karl Cislighi. The Caproni's gunner, Caprole Castoldi, was unable to hold the Austro-Hungarians at bay, and the Caproni was forced down over enemy territory. The Italians were taken prisoner and may have even had a glass of schnopps with their victors later that evening. This was Brumowski's fourth of 35 confirmed victories that left him as the Austro-Hungarian Empire's leading ace at the end of the War.

How do I know this? From this fantastic historical work by Dr. Martin O'Conner. This book, 336 pages, contains a history of 49 Aces, statistics, numbering schemes, victory tallies, loads of high quality photos of aircraft, and 48 color profiles along with 16 multi-views of significant aircraft. Artist and historian Ray Rimell provided the excellent color artwork.

What a Christmas present. I have spent hours studying this excellent book and constantly find new details. What intrigues me the most is the author. Dr. O'Conner is a physician (radiologist) from Vermont who is a modeler, like us. He became involved in Austro-Hungarian aircraft and history while trying to detail a model. This book is the result. It is super.

I just finished my Albatross D-III that I did in Austro-Hungarian markings. After I received this book, I was forced to recover wings, redo markings, and alter several construction details to make it authentic. Curse you Marty O'Conner, it's all your fault that I spent all these extra hours on an already completed model. But now it is authentic, and I even know that Friedrich Hefty flew this beauty (Alb D-III OEF 53.21).

Buy this book before they are all gone. It is a real investment!

THE COCONUT SPIRIT

- Bud Carson

The interest generated by my 36" indoor scale Spirit of St. Louis at the November Pax River gala came as a pleasant surprise and I was quite pleased at all the favorable comments it got. The model was designed for the sheer fun of it, and to this extent it was certainly successful, completing several dozen flawless flights to the delight of the crowd and the relief of the author, suffering nary a scratch or a blown motor. The idea came when I contemplated that magnificent flying site - something was needed that would fill up the room but do it in a survivable way.

Thus the Spirit was reincarnated in indoor trappings. As such, it won't stand up to the rigors of outdoor flying, but on the other hand, has proved remarkably resilient to the inevitable wall and rafter bashes that so often spell disaster to typical outdoor models when flown between four walls. During the initial trimming flights and before the correct amount of rudder offset was established (which proved in the end to be far more than I would have thought necessary) the Spirit had its share of heart-stopping encounters with the local terrain with nothing more than a split prop blade to show for it, proving once again that low inertia indoor model "crashes" tend to be rather leisurely affairs.

I hope this example will encourage others to follow suit with their own versions, even though there are no official events for this class. In case there ever is, I have labled this category "coconut scale" in keeping with the familiar peanut and walnut scale categories, the coconut being the biggest nut of all, yours truly excepted. To help things along, I have put down some thoughts, realizing that the formidable Maxcutters are superb modelers and need no instruction on basic technique.

1. For a first attempt, stick with the tried and true. I suggest a high-wing, externally braced configuration. Feel free to tinker with landing gear length, tail surface areas, and dihedral (all of which is allowed by FAC rules, incidentally) and make a working sketch or drawing before plunging into the actual construction.

2. Use Yoga, TM, or whatever suits to get yourself into an indoor mindset. Lightness not only spells endurance, it is the key to survivability; heavy models hit harder, and vice-versa. Select wood carefully for strength and lightness, and resist the urge (which can be quite overpowering at times) to add unnecessary structure. Don't get caught in the weight-growth tangle. When in doubt, scrim, obeying the aeronautical engineer's credo: simplify, and add lightness. Be especially careful about tail weight, which can be a real killer. A needless gram in the tail may easily require three more in the nose to balance it, wiping out a lot of the "lightness" that you have carefully "added" in the rest of the structure.

Remember that conventional models seem to have a lot of unproductive structure devoted to no purpose other than to prevent warps, collapsed wing ribs, etc. caused by tissue tension. Since you won't be shrinking the tissue on flight surfaces, they can be made much lighter than you are used to. The wings on the Spirit had only twelve 1/32" ribs and the trailing edge was 1/16" square.

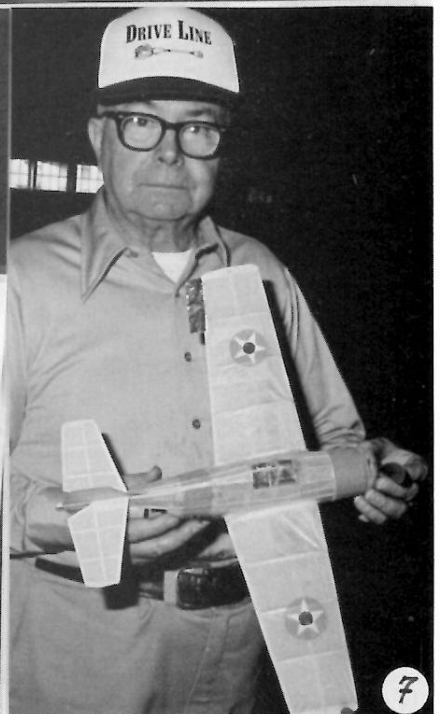
3. Take full advantage of any bracing that appears on the prototype. The wings on the Spirit were very tender when framed up and downright floppy when covered, which meant that they were about right. When the struts were added, the wings became stiff enough to take the flight loads, but still retained enough resilience to survive a cartwheel without damage (try that with your 15 lb. RC scale job!)

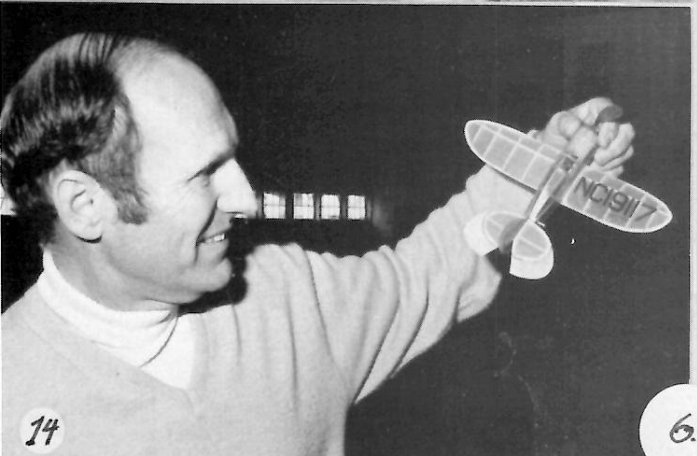
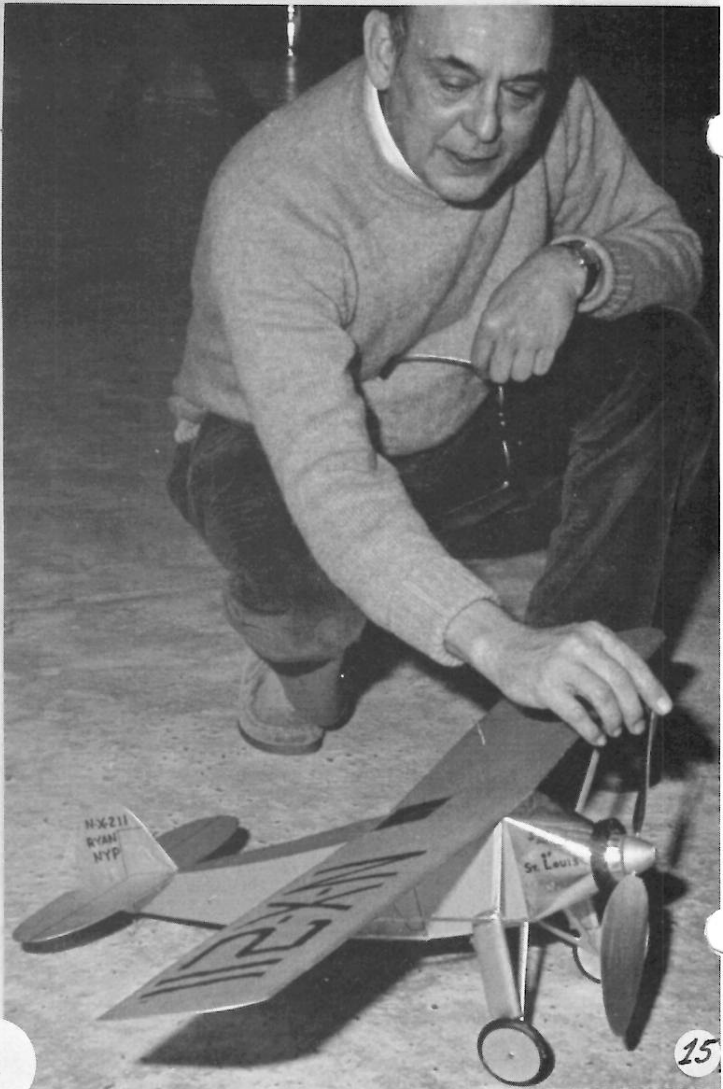
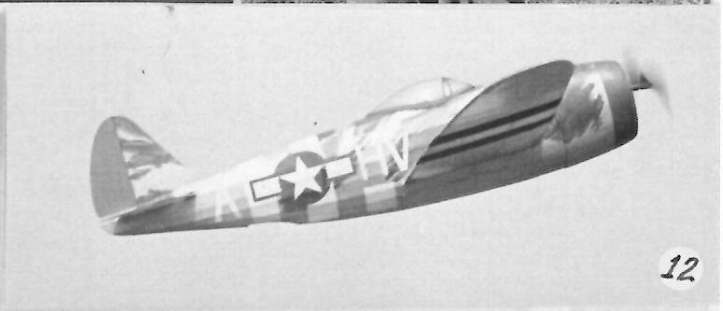
4. Fashion bulky items such as wheels, dummy engines, nose blocks, etc.) from foam. This not only saves weight but lowers their inertia so they remain attached during close encounters with immovable objects. If the airplane is very light and the wheels are too, the whole landing gear assembly can be glued on to the lower longerons without benefit of weight-enhancing piano wire reinforcements. Coat wheels, etc. with Elmer's or Titebond to give them dent resistance, strength, and a good base for sanding and finishing.

5. As for covering and finishing: all flight surfaces on the Spirit were single-covered with white paper that had been pre-sprayed with silver Rustoleum. The celebrated N-X-211 registration number was applied to the paper prior to covering using a large stencil coated with spray adhesive, and sprayed black. The fuselage was covered and shrunk conventionally, and later sprayed directly without benefit of clear dope. As a result, I don't think there is more than a gram of paint on this model, whic grossed out at just under 30 grams. Of course, colored tissue, magic markers, etc. can all be used, depending on the model. A light coat of clear acrylic on the raw paper will retard shrinkage and subsequent warping of the flying surfaces as humidity varies over time.

6. After much agonizing, I finally decided to attach the wings on the Spirit permanently since there seemed to be no way of maintaining rigidity with a detachable wing. This has worked out well, and losing trim each time the wing is removed is of no concern.

Otherwise, a model of this type goes together quickly, and is well worth a try. I hope to see the "sky" blackened with coconuts next Spring when we return to Pax for another fun-packed day. Who will be the first to build a coconut trimotor pusher canard? Anyone for a mass launch? BHC 11/11/86





6.

PART TWO

BLÉRIOT—MY FATHER

By Simone Rubel-Blériot

As told to Madeleine Raoul-Druval

ILL AND CRIPPLED, THE CONQUEROR OF THE CHANNEL FLIES TO FULFILL HIS HISTORIC MISSION

IT IS early on the morning of July 25, 1909. Louis Blériot dresses hastily and in silence. On crutches, and still without a word, he walks over to the barn and to his plane.

Everything is ready. Everything except the sun. Blériot must wait—the ruling of the *Daily Mail* specifies that the departure should take place after sunrise.

To calm his nerves, and as a chivalrous gesture, my father goes up for a trial flight over Sangatte, where his rival, Hubert Latham waits, thus informing him of his decision to make the attempt.

Then he returns, to find Leblanc posted with a white flag on top of the sand dune, ready to give the signal, as soon as the sun rises into view. Blériot sits in his plane, quietly waiting. He has said hardly two words since awaking.

At last, at four-forty A. M. the flag is waved! Now for it!

So much has been written (both accurate and otherwise) about that epic-making first Channel crossing that I think the best thing would be to give it to you in my father's own words, taken down verbatim from a speech he made a few days after the historic feat.

Here then are his own impressions of that fateful morning:

"I was lucky enough not to have many curious spectators at my camp, whereas Latham's was literally invaded and besieged by a noisy crowd of ten thousand people! I have always preferred to work alone and never liked having many persons around me. People had unlimited confidence in Hubert Latham, the dare-devil flyer, and I was the outsider. Everyone thought he would be the winner of the contest, and did not want to miss his departure—for which I am truly grateful! Besides, my recent injuries made people think I would never attempt a crossing in that condition. Less than 200 spectators, therefore, assisted at my take-off. That was still too many!

"At four-forty A. M. then, I start off. I was a little nervous. Would I manage to reach Dover? Or would I fall in the English Channel with my helpless legs? Not much chance of swimming in that condition! Once in the skies, however, I thought of nothing but my engine and my plane. Everything now goes well. I leave the French coast; I make straight for Dover. There is no wind. Soon, however, I notice that my speed is much less than I had hoped for.

"I have no landmarks now, so I fly perpendicularly towards the English coast. Without compass, having lost sight of France, and not yet seeing England, I immobilize my feet so as to keep the plane flying in a straight line. The complete isolation gives me a sinister feeling. For ten long minutes I fly quite blind, alone, above that immense sea.

"At last, on the horizon, a gray line. Hope revives. I am flying at 60 km. an hour. But the wind is rising, and I have to fight hard with hands and arms against it. Suddenly I realize that I am not over Dover as I had hoped, but in front of St. Margaret's six miles away. Three little boats appear just below my plane, and the sailors start shouting loud hurrahs. I thought to myself: Very kind, but I would rather you told me the way! How I regretted then not speaking any English.

"I decided to follow them. They hugged the white cliffs, and several times I attempted to scale the latter. In vain! The plane has lost altitude because of the wind, and I can not get over them. Anxiety grips me; my gasoline will not last much longer. I must land somewhere. Then suddenly appears another peril. My engine had never gone more than 20 minutes without over-heating. Today is no exception. It is getting very hot right now.

"At that minute, as though in answer to my

prayer, a light shower begins and, providentially, cools us off! But the gas is getting really low now. I must land.

"At last I see a break in the high cliffs. I can just pass, and fly in low and carefully. But the wind here is worse. At last I see a French flag furiously waved by a running man. I remembered then. It's the French reporter, Fontaine, who had written me that he would signal from the Dover Cliffs to show me the best spot for landing. I had forgotten."

"What luck! I can land. I come down cautiously. But the wind takes possession of my poor little plane. We are battered and buffeted. Never mind, I think, it's worth the risk of crashing for the nth time.

"I turn off the motor at 20 meters altitude, and wait for the land to draw inevitably to us. It's a crash landing, sure enough. The propeller is broken and the chassis damaged. Who cares! The English Channel has been crossed."

The flight ended at 5:13 A.M. It had lasted altogether only 32 minutes. But what minutes. Only Fontaine was there to greet my father. The plane had landed near Dover Castle, at a spot called north Foreland Meadow, where today there is a golf course. The monument that the English built in a sporting gesture to commemorate the flight, is an exact replica of my father's plane, in its true proportions. Every flyer, crossing the English Channel by the shortest route today, thus pays unconscious homage to his gallant precursor.

To complete the picture of Louis Blériot's arrival in England, we have the journalist Fontaine's own description of the dramatic event: "Dover town was sound asleep," he says, "on the night of July 24-25, when a telegram arrived announcing the possible departure of Louis Blériot the next morning. I had promised to be there when he made the attempt, and to wave some piece of cloth as a signal or landing. I decided on an immense French flag, so that the first thing Blériot saw on arrival was his country's flag. At 4:45 A.M. the French coast can be seen in the distance. My eyes are glued on the horizon. Sometimes a large seagull makes my heart beat faster. The hour is approaching. Can he have fallen in the sea? I gaze steadily outward. Suddenly appears something strange. It gets larger, blacker. Now a low hum, then a roar. I seem to go crazy! Grabbing my flag, I run frantically along the cliff; I wave desperately, seeing the plane fly toward Margate instead of Dover. He

is going the wrong way, he will lose the contest! I run, I call, I sob like a child, thinking all is lost! So upset am I by this terrible possibility that I find myself suddenly on the extreme edge of those high cliffs, almost over the edge—rolling down towards my death. At last the plane turns back, comes towards me. Now the pilot has seen my flag. He flies straight towards me. What a moment! Then, like an arrow falling, he is down, roughly, with a crash, only a few hundred yards away! I run, I run, I am shouting, I am crying, I have gone mad!"

Tranquilly, Louis Blériot climbs out of his wrecked machine and comes towards me. I hug him! "Well, it's done," he says quietly. "And Latham?" he then asks. "He is still at Sangatte." His tired face lights up. "In that case," says Blériot, "I am really happy to be the first man to cross the Channel."

At that moment two men come running up. They are, of all people, the customs inspectors, unruffled and with their usual formality. "Have you nothing to declare?" they ask Blériot; "Yes," says the latter, "My happiness!" "If you are the captain, what do you call your ship, Sir?" they continue unimpressed. "My ship?" says my Father with surprise, "well, it's a monoplane." And the unsmiling British Official calmly writes down on the usual official certificate: "I certify by the present, that I examined Louis Blériot; master of a ship called the 'Monoplane,' recently arrived from Calais; and that it follows from the verbal answers of the aforementioned master, that he had on board, during the trip, no animals, or infectious cases, calling for the detention of the ship; and that he is, therefore, free to continue his voyage. Stamped by me at Dover, this twenty-fifth day of July, 1909. This certificate delivered by the customs does not exempt the ship from any visit that may be made to it by the Quarantine Inspector of the port, in conformity with the law."

Suddenly Louis Blériot found himself a national hero in two countries. Our home was always full, in those days, of reporters from all countries, some of whom annoyed my Father intensely with their endless and often silly questions. Predictions were rampant for the future of aviation. Edison, with his usual accuracy, foresaw that in ten years' time planes would carry mail as well as passengers, and would travel at a hundred and seventy miles an hour, or more.

The English, ever good sports and good losers, were just as enthusiastic as if Blériot had been an Englishman, and did not spare their applause. A few among them, however, voiced their disappointment, and even their fears for the future which the Channel crossing had engendered. "Now," wrote H. G. Wells in an article, in the Daily Mail, which caused a sensation in London, "England can no longer stand sheltered behind her blue-colored sailors and the steel-plate of her battleships. I did not expect the Channel crossing to come so early; and events are five years ahead of my previsions. Well, and what have we English to deduce from this event?"

First, it appears clearly and painfully for our pride that the 'thing' from a to z was conceived abroad.

"Our neighbors were already flying, it seems, while *our* men of muscle and courage were still engaged in playing with golf balls! And now, our island is invaded by a foreigner, who has, furthermore, what we have not: wings!"

"The French and Americans can laugh at our planes, and the Germans have a lead of ten years over our puny dirigibles. In spite of her fleet, England is no longer an invincible island. As long as we had only to worry about dirigibles, the fear of aerial war remained groundless, for the dirigible can carry little weight in proportion to its vast dimensions, and above all cannot drop this weight without sending itself upwards like a bubble in soda water. But a plane can fly above and around a ship and cause much destruction. In one year, we will have, or rather, *they* will have planes able to take off from Calais and drop hundreds of explosives over the city of London. Then they can return to Calais and fetch another load."

Thus, if Wells was mistaken in regard to the Zeppelin (as was to be proved in 1914-18) he certainly prophesied accurately in 1909 the destruction to be accomplished by the plane.—He ends with this scathing commentary: "We can thank our Universities for this generation of well-mannered boys who think only of golf and cricket, while the French, Americans, and Germans are flying. Our colleges are without vigor of spirit or any ambition to lead the country. But, of course, we still have the Derby!"

My father was 37 when he fulfilled his greatest ambition: to cross the English Channel. But he still had many others, the most passionate of which was to prove to a still doubtful, and timorous majority that his feat was not to be considered in the light of a freakish, though successful, stunt. He wanted it accepted generally as a normal, feasible, almost easy voyage, soon to be accessible to the great mass of humanity, and above all—safe. He wanted the world to have faith, *his* faith in aviation. To this end he labored untiringly, multiplying his exhibitions in one country after another, taking up passengers as often as he could; above all working, working day and night at his job of building and improving ever better and better planes.

Those days were a succession of more records to break and more prizes to win. Blériot made a new speed record at the meeting of Champagne in August, 1909, with an average speed of 77 km. an hour, but had another bad landing. Then at the Air Meeting at Brescia, Italy, September 8 to 20th, he won most of the prizes. That same year, in December, he flew in Constantinople, where he had another bad accident, landing on a roof, which painful crash was later to be recognized as having caused my father's heart lesion, from which he eventually died. Shortly afterwards, in fact, his doctor forbade him to do any more piloting, and, for the remaining years of his life, he devoted himself exclusively to his passion for building planes.

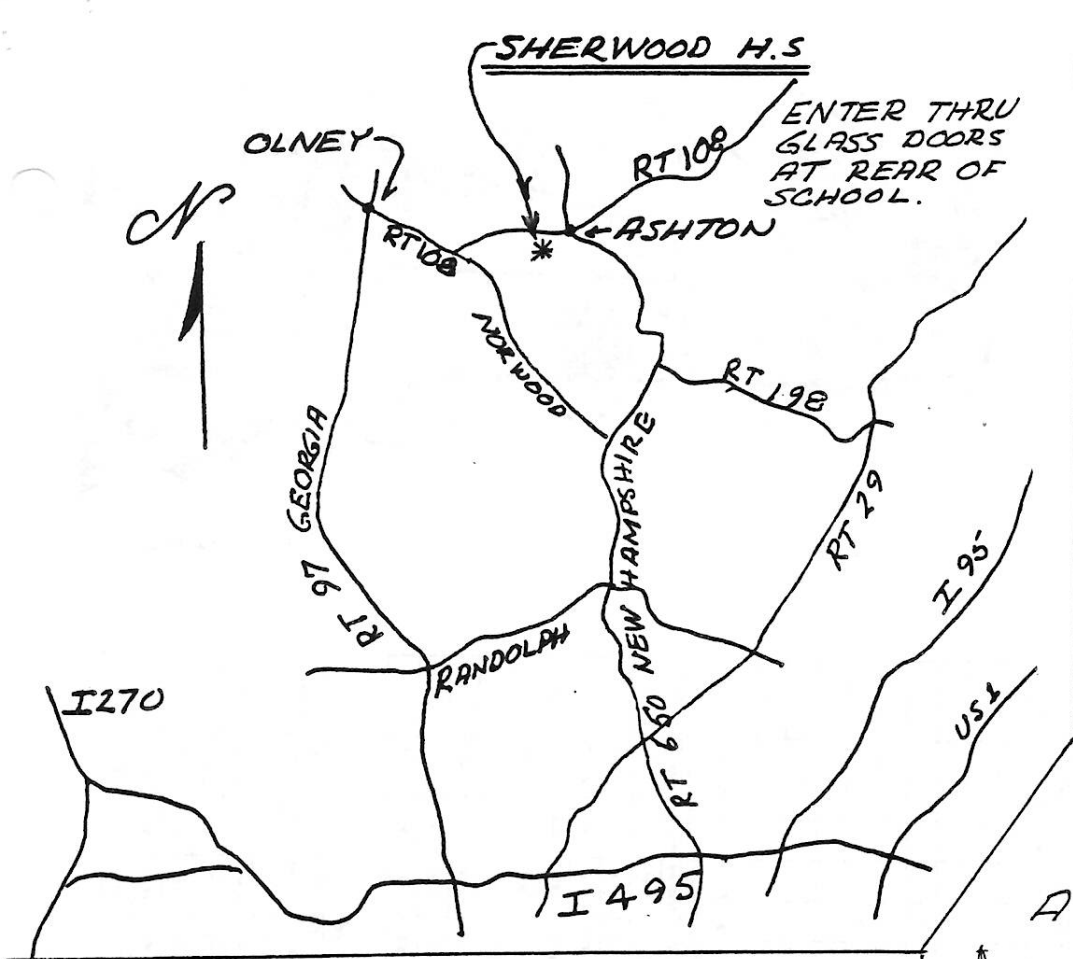
The war of 1914-18, and especially the role aviation was to play for the first time came as a tremendous disillusion to my father. Louis Blériot had hoped that aviation would be a further link and a help to better understanding between men of all nations.

But my father was nothing if not a patriot, and soon turned all his skill and knowledge to the service of his country in peril. The Blériot plane covered itself with glory in the following years, both as a reconnaissance unit and in bombing missions, and later (with the great Pégoud), in the first aerial dog-fight with enemy fighters. In 1915, my father, at the request of the French government (still doubtful of the monoplane), took up the construction of biplanes—the famous "Spads," first built by the constructor Deperdussin, for whom the company was originally named. These "Spads," the most remarkable biplanes ever built, rendered great service during the war, and soon became, under Blériot's direction, the fastest of all planes at the time, as well as the most formidable fighters! All the Allied Nations employed them, and new factories were started daily for further production. In those days, this rapid expansion was nothing short of a miracle.

Of 510,700 new planes built from 1914-1918 by Blériot and his associates, 3,300 went to the U.S.A., 2,200 went to Great Britain, 1,300 to Italy, 400 to Belgium and 300 to Rumania. In August, 1918, the factories were turning out 100 planes a day, although the planes were continually being perfected and made heavier and more resistant. There were six different models of "Spad" fighter planes; two 2-seaters and 4-one-seaters, of which one was a hydroplane of 210 hp that flew at 207 kilometers an hour—an amazing record.

Louis Blériot's health had steadily declined during those hectic war years, when neither time nor trouble was spared in the ultimate aim of victory for his beloved France. After it was all over, however, my father still refused to take the well-earned rest that his health required. After 1918, he turned back to commercial aviation and, from much work and many further researches, he achieved in 1933 what was perhaps his greatest triumph as a constructor, the famous "Santos-Dumont" hydroplane, named after his friend, the famous Brazilian pilot-constructor. This plane was to accomplish 38 crossings of the South Atlantic in regular schedule and in record time, and was of such an unusually fine quality that it finished its last run in perfect condition and was then put in a museum as a prize exhibit.

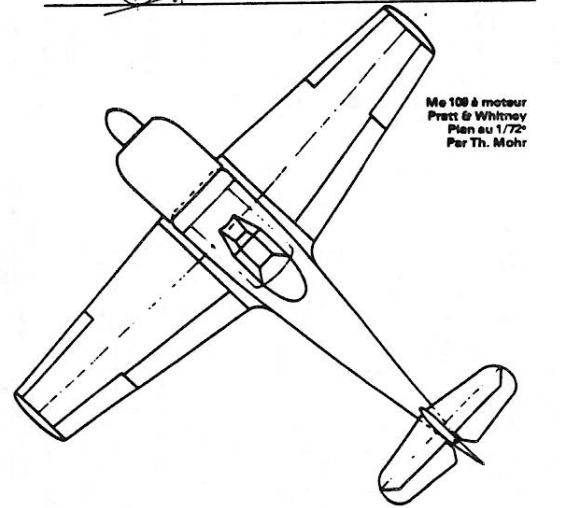
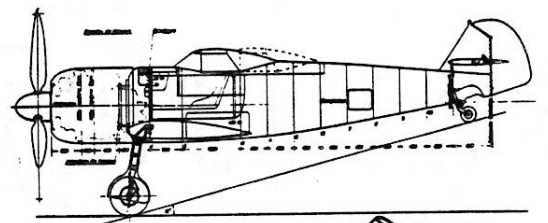
Besides his work on the planes and projects for bigger and ever better planes, which he continued right up to his death, Louis Blériot remained actively interested in the two schools for pilots, which he started and financed himself, one at his private airdrome at Buc and the other at Pau, started as early as 1910. It was largely due to him that France took such an early lead in aviation over all other nations and he has even left a cash prize for the first pilot to fly 1,000 kilometers an hour—a prize which will surely be won soon! In 1921, Blériot was sent on an official



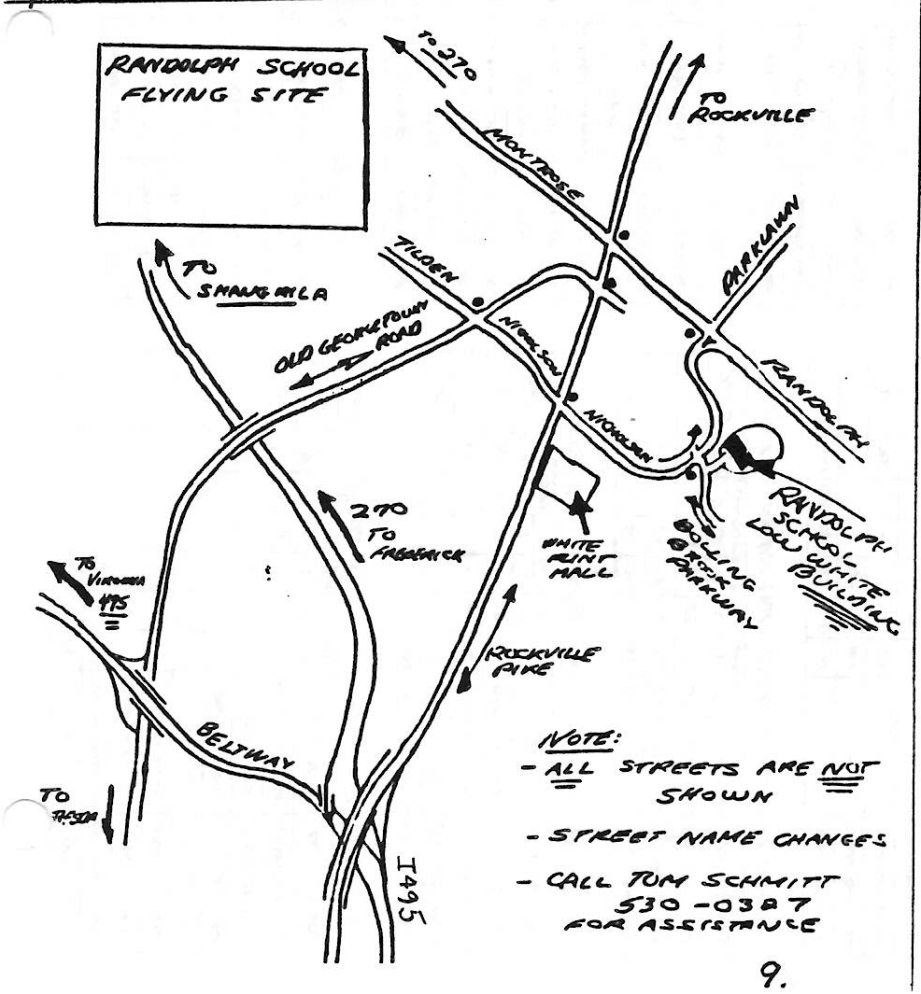
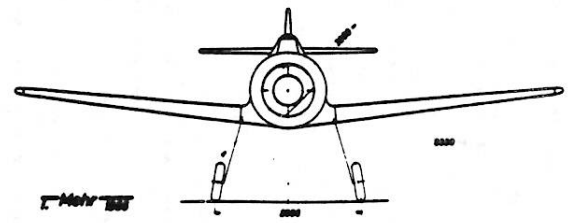
mission to the U. S., a trip which he accomplished successfully although in very poor health. The following year he established the Paris-London and the Paris-Bucharest airlines and continued his studies on four-motored planes. He was equally interested in the ultra-light planes built for speed and in the heavier ones designed specially for the safety and regularity of passenger transport.

All his life my father remained a worker and a fighter. He died as serenely as he had lived, having sacrificed the best of his health and strength that we of today may fly in comfort and safety. His death was a great loss to France and to the world of aviation, and his memory will remain an inspiration to the sport-loving youth of all countries. One of the last things that Louis Blériot said may well serve as his testament and as a gentle lesson to those who would attain success and triumph, without the courage and perseverance which make real achievement possible, "Success is but a long patience, and perseverance does end by bringing its reward."

A RADIAL 109?



Me 109 à moteur Pratt & Whitney Plan au 1/72^e Par Th. Mohr



NOTE:
 - ALL STREETS ARE NOT SHOWN
 - STREET NAME CHANGES
 - CALL TOM SCHMITT
 530-0387
 FOR ASSISTANCE

FAC SCALE RUBBER - PAX RIVER - 1 NOV.

CONTESTANT	AIRCRAFT	TIME	FLIGHT TIMES - SECONDS	PLACE
			1st 2nd 3rd	
DAVE REES	ELFOPY	53	0 55 70 118	1
EVYLN PHILLIPS	CONTESTOR	37	0 30 30 32	2
BEAT PHILLIPS	BEACH 17	28	- - - -	
PAT DAILY	ALBERTUS DIZI	28	- - - -	
BILL BELL	BOHME P88	27	15 16 18 19	3
BILL BELL	DOUGLAS W-43	27	3 15 32 32	4
BILL BELL	AGATHA DVA	26	5 17 - -	5

FAC CO2 SCALE - PAX RIVER - 1 NOV.

CONTESTANT	AIRCRAFT	TIME	FLIGHT TIMES - SECONDS	PLACE
			1st 2nd 3rd	
DAVE REES	MYRABINE	58	15 20 37 20	102
PAT DAILY	AVSALDO SWS	55	18 106 18	102
ROY SCHMITT	ATRY CALDER	55	10 38 40 41	108

PENNY PLANE - PAX RIVER - 1 NOV.

CONTESTANT	AIRCRAFT	FLIGHT TIMES - SECONDS	PLACE
		1 2 3 4 5	
BUD CARSON	-	412 305 - - -	505
ANDY KUMERT	-	386 - - -	386
PAUL SCHWABER	-	218 207 252 - -	252
GLORY STAMBERG	-	448 344 268 337 150	448

HAND LAUNCH GLIDER - PAX RIVER - 1 NOV.

CONTESTANT	AIRCRAFT	FLIGHT TIMES - SECONDS	PLACE
		1 2 3 4 5	
GLORY STAMBERG	GLIDER HILL	32 35 39 25 37	15
ANDY KUMERT	WIMPA (SUNSHINE)	43 42 40 36 42	127
PAUL SCHWABER	-	30 35 37 30 36	106

HELICOPTER - PAX RIVER - 1 NOV.

CONTESTANT	AIRCRAFT	FLIGHT TIMES - SECONDS	PLACE
		1 2 3 4 5	
ROY SCHMITT	BILL AUGUSTA	27 21 - - -	48
ALLAN SCHWABER	BILL AUGUSTA	32 29 - - -	66
CONNIE MCHESSELS	BILL AUGUSTA	33 24 - - -	57

* PROPULSION BY ALLAN SCHWABER

U.S. NAVY MASS LAUNCH - PAX RIVER - 1 NOV.

CONTESTANT	AIRCRAFT	ROUND ELIMINATED	PLACE
		1 2 3 4 5 6	
DAVE BOGHANAN	CONTESTOR		3
DAN CARSON	SKYRACER		
PAT DAILY	BOHME P88		1
PAT BERG	F4F3	X	
ROY SCHMITT	WACHT	X	
BILL BELL	GRANDWAG P10	X	
ROY SCHWABER	CAROLAN GLIDER		
ANDY KUMERT	HILL CRT	X	2

PEANUT SCALE MASS LAUNCH - PAX RIVER - 1 NOV.

CONTESTANT	AIRCRAFT	ROUND ELIMINATED	PLACE
		1 2 3 4 5 6	
DAVE REES	CONTESTOR		3
DAVE BOGHANAN	HE 100 V8	X	
BEAT PHILLIPS	COUGAR		
DAN CARSON	LOHMEYER RIBBY	X	
BILL BELL	DOUGLAS	X	
ROY SCHWABER	MYRABINE		1
ANDY KUMERT	LACEY M10		2
PAUL SCHWABER	BLAKE	X	
BILL CARSON	HILBERSTADT	X	

GOLDEN AGE MASS LAUNCH - PAX RIVER - 1 NOV.

CONTESTANT	AIRCRAFT	ROUND ELIMINATED	PLACE
		1 2 3 4 5 6	
DAVE BOGHANAN	ALLOY SPORT		
EVYLN PHILLIPS	CONTESTOR	X	
DAN CARSON	MARSH 24	X	
ROY SCHMITT	ARMY SHOOTER	X	
BILL BELL	CHARLES ROBIN		
BIRCE PRICE	MONOCORNE		1
ROY SCHWABER	CHAMPAGNE		2
PAUL SCHWABER	FLISS M107		3

BOSTONIAN - PAX RIVER - 1 NOV.

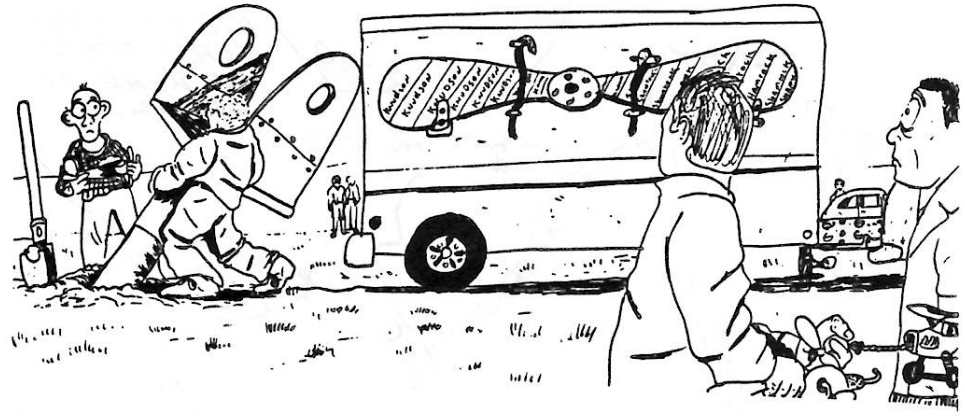
CONTESTANT	AIRCRAFT	FLIGHT TIMES - SECONDS	PLACE
		FIRST SECOND THIRD TOTAL	
DAVE BOGHANAN	CONTESTOR	65 74 76 215	2
BEAT PHILLIPS	BOY	40 42 - 82	
DAVE BOGHANAN	CONTESTOR	40 43 44 127	
ROY SCHMITT	ARMY SHOOTER	62 50 65 177	3
BILL BELL	ARMY SHOOTER	26 35 36 97	
ANDY KUMERT	CONTESTOR	28 27 27 82	1
PAUL SCHWABER	ARMY SHOOTER	55 53 58 166	
BILL CARSON	ARMY SHOOTER	37 32 37 106	
BILL CARSON	BULLET	58 57 58 173	

NO-CAL - PAX RIVER - 1 NOV.

CONTESTANT	AIRCRAFT	FLIGHT TIMES - SECONDS	PLACE
		FIRST SECOND THIRD TOTAL	
DAVE BOGHANAN	P-51B	67 75 76 218	5
BUD CARSON	DOUGLAS	135 118 - 253	
ROY SCHMITT	MEL-1	28 28 27 83	2
BILL BELL	CYRUS	26 26 27 82	
PAUL SCHWABER	LACEY M10	90 88 98 276	1
HILL CARSON	BEST SHOOTER	67 76 61 204	

WV I MASS LAUNCH - PAX RIVER - 1 NOV.

CONTESTANT	AIRCRAFT	ROUND ELIMINATED	PLACE
		1 2 3 4 5 6	
DAVE REES	ARMY SHOOTER		
BEAT PHILLIPS	ARMY SHOOTER		
DAN CARSON	STE 5	X	
BILL CARSON	ARMY SHOOTER	X	
PAT DAILY	ARMY SHOOTER	X	
L.A. BERG	ARMY SHOOTER	X	
BILL BELL	ARMY SHOOTER	X	
BRUCE PRICE	ARMY SHOOTER		1
ROY SCHWABER	ARMY SHOOTER		2
BILL CARSON	ARMY SHOOTER		3



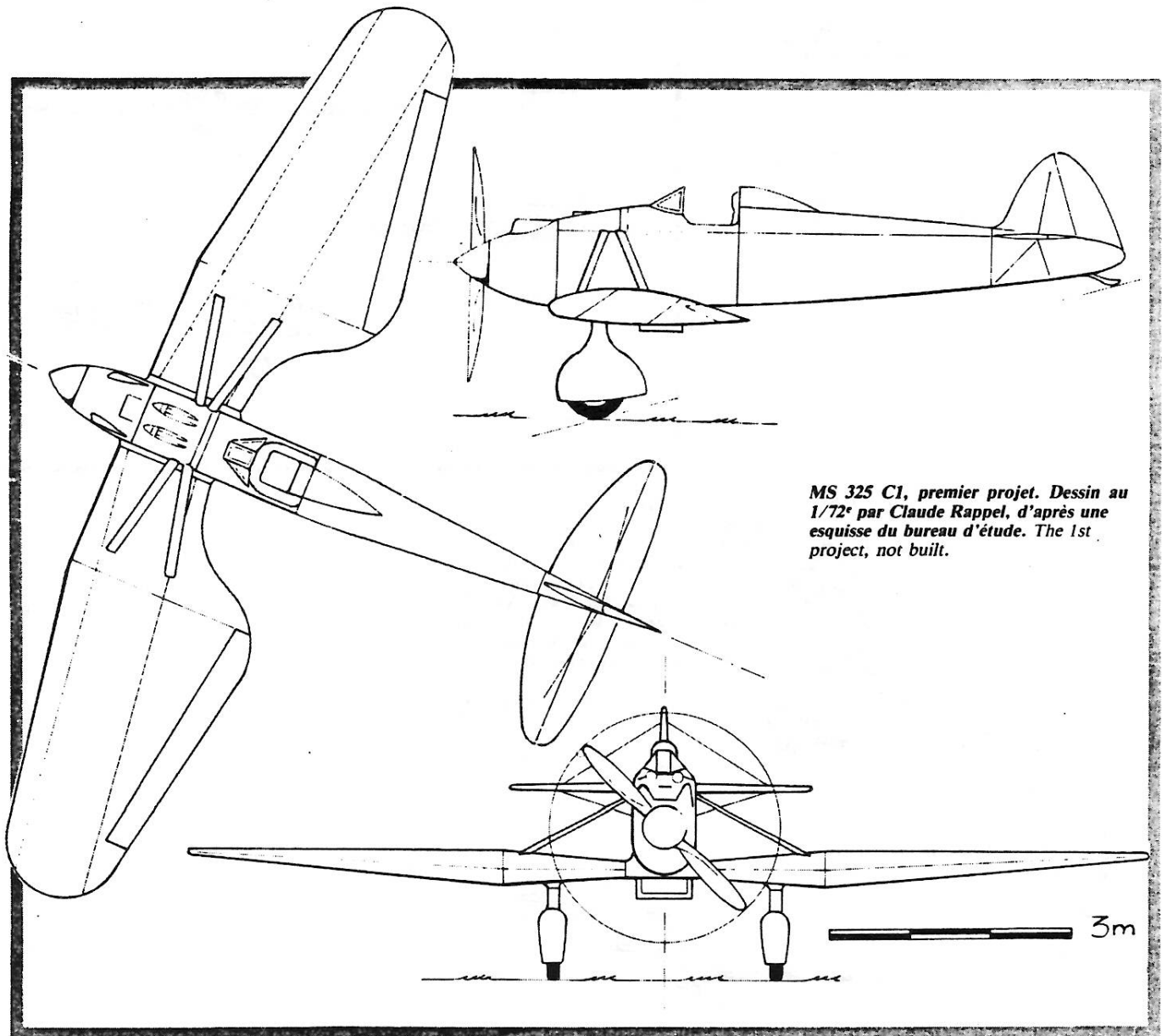
Bob Howard

THE CURTISS XF-87 BLACKHAWK

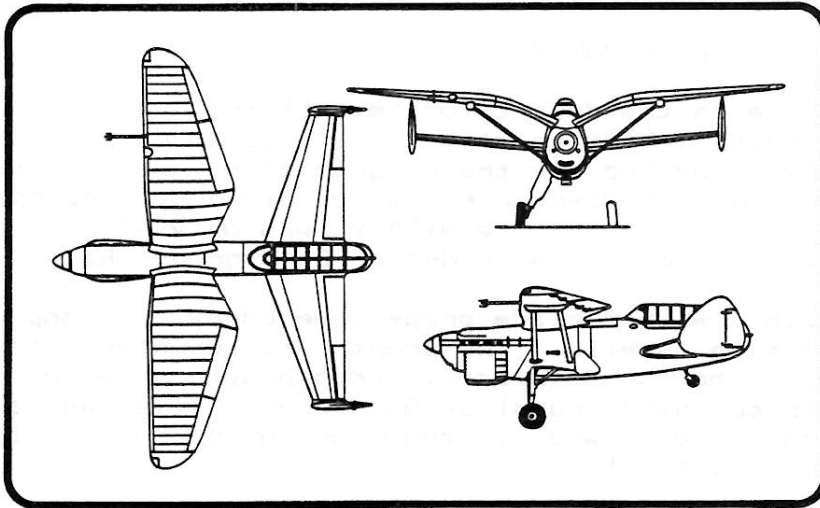
DICK HOWARD

I don't have a place here in the desert for test flying, as it is all rock and cactus, so that means I have to wait 'till I go to California or Phoenix. To test this model, I waited for the Flightmasters annual contest in California. I didn't enter the Blackhawk, but I did get a chance to crank in some winds. Even so, my best time with it was only 45 seconds. (Did I read that correctly.....ONLY 45 seconds!!!! Good grief! Ed.)

I'm flying it as a twin, with 4 blade props powered by two loops of 1/16, 14 inches long, in each nacelle. The props are counter-rotating outboard over the top (away from the fuselage). Prop blades were cut from yogurt cups, and mounted in spinners (hubs) at 55 degrees. I've had to add a few more degrees of downthrust over what is shown on the plans. A single engined version is planned for the future.



MS 325 C1, premier projet. Dessin au 1/72^e par Claude Rappel, d'après une esquisse du bureau d'étude. The 1st project, not built.



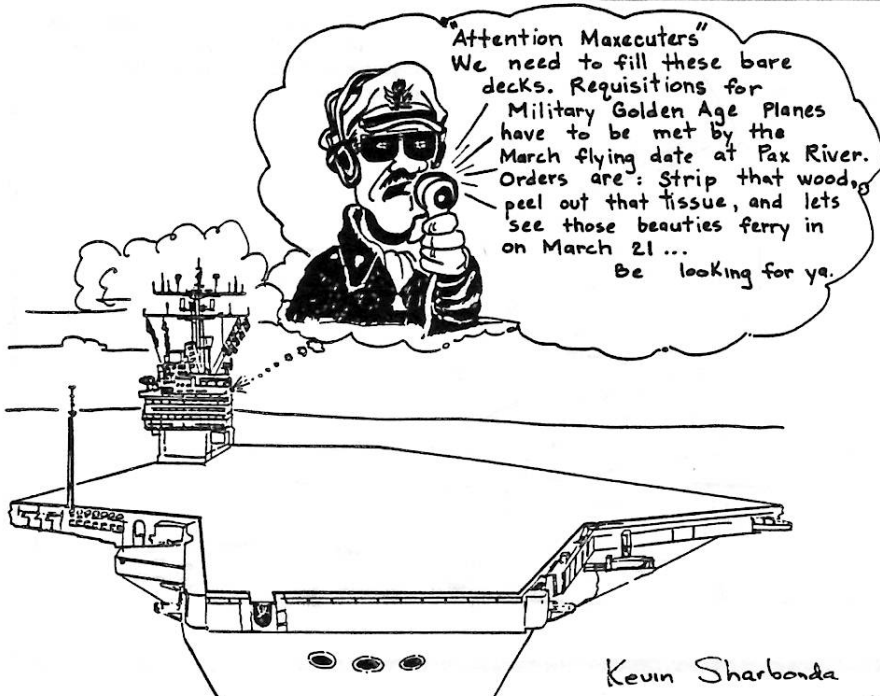
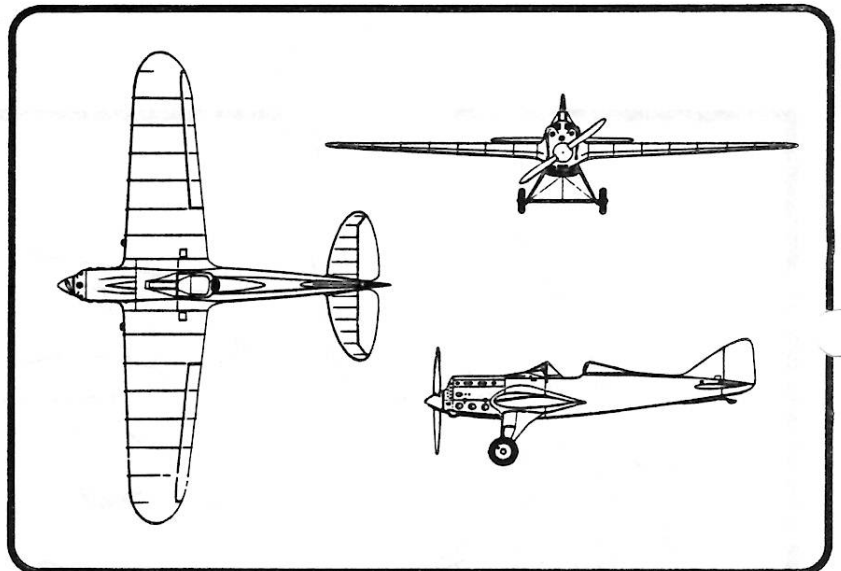
7 - Following successful trials of the tandem wing formula, the Delanne 20 was ordered as an experimental two-seat fighter. This same formula was later tested in England on a "Lysander".

7 - DELANNE 20 C 2 : La formule d'aile « en tandem » avait été mise au point par Delanne sur un appareil de faible puissance. Elle apparut suffisamment prometteuse pour justifier la construction d'un chasseur biplace. Le mitrailleur bénéficiait d'un champ de tir exceptionnel, ce qui poussa les Anglais à essayer plus tard cette formule sur un « Lysander ».

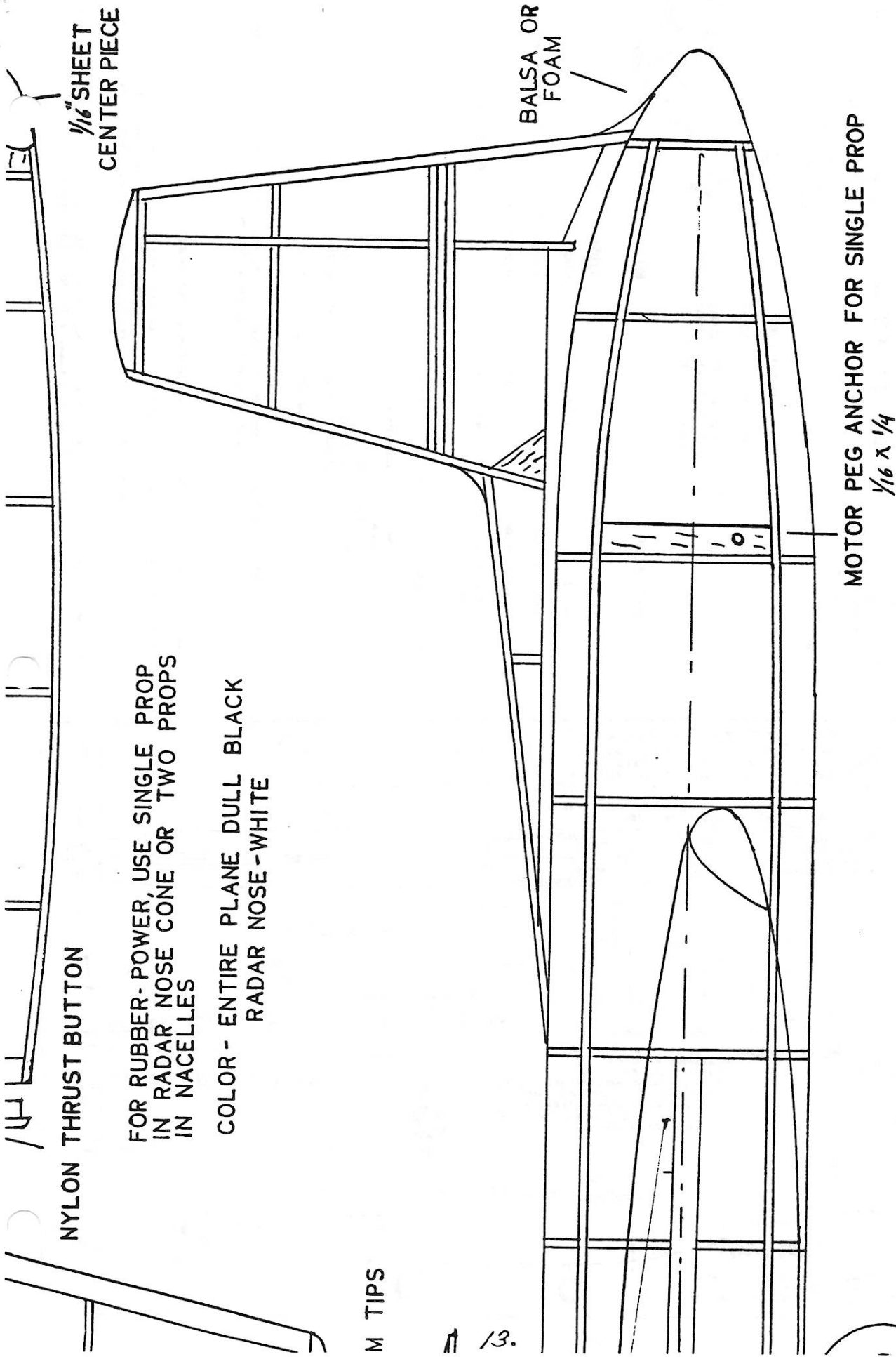
21 - The general design of the Bernard 20 owed much to the previous high-speed aircraft of this firm.

21 - BERNARD 20 : Le dessin de cet avion devait beaucoup aux appareils de record précédemment mis au point par ce constructeur. Totalement en bois, il possédait une aile cantilever bâtie autour d'un robuste caisson.

21



Kevin Sharbonda

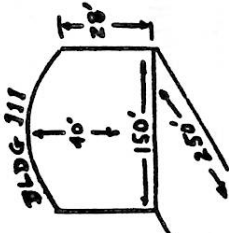


CURTISS XF-87 "BLACKHAWK"
 DICK HOWARD

FOR RUBBER-POWER, USE SINGLE PROP
 IN RADAR NOSE CONE OR TWO PROPS
 IN NACELLES

COLOR - ENTIRE PLANE DULL BLACK
 RADAR NOSE - WHITE

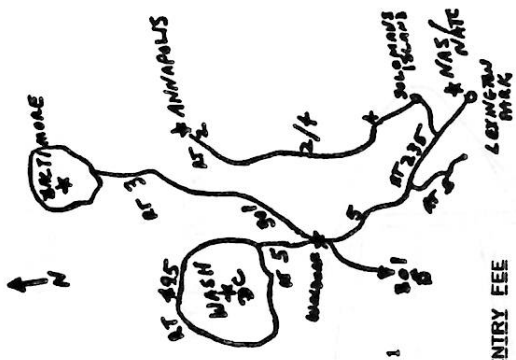
M TIPS
 13.



INDOOR MODEL AIRPLANE CONTEST

21 MARCH 1987
9:00 AM - 5:30 PM

ROTARY WING HANGAR, BUILDING 111
NAS/NATC PATUXENT RIVER, MD
LEXINGTON PARK, MD



- EAC RULES NO ENTRY FEE
- MASS LAUNCH 1:00 PM
- NAVY SCALE 2:00 PM
- PEANUT SCALE 3:00 PM
- GOLDEN AGE MILITARY 4:00 PM (1920 - 1934)
- OTHER EVENTS FAC SCALE
- INDOOR POWER SCALE (4 OZ MAX.)
- BOSTONIAN
- NO-CAL (7 GRAM MINIMUM)

SPECIAL EVENTS (NO TROPHIES)

- INDOOR HANDLAUNCH GLIDER
- MANHATTEN
- PENNY PLANE
- COMET 10 INCHERS. SEE NOTICE IN THIS ISSUE.
- INDOOR COCONUT SCALE. SEE NOTICE IN THIS ISSUE.

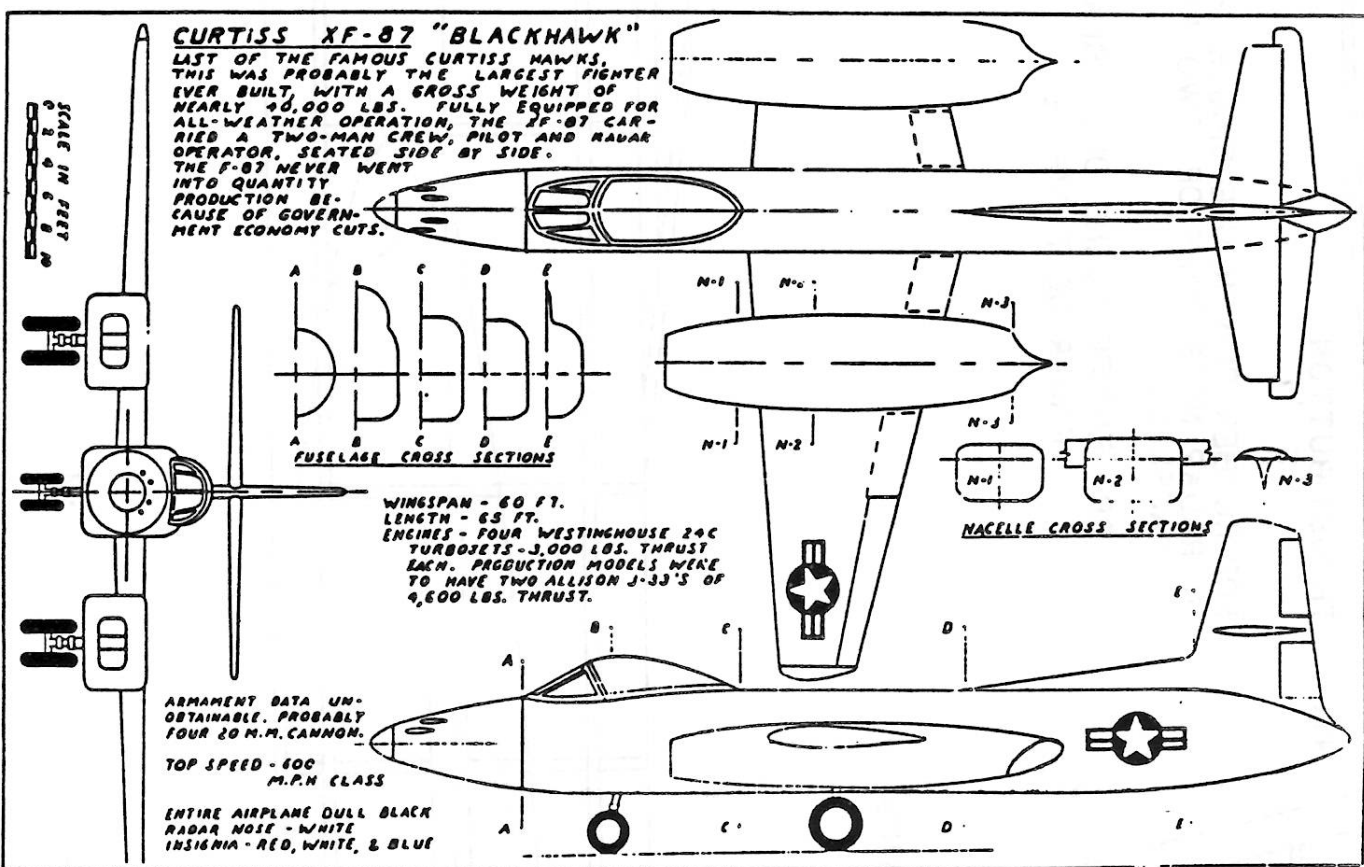
AWARDS: 5:10 - 5:30

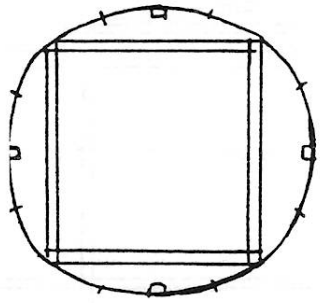
FAC JUDGING STARTS AT 11:00 AM. NO QUALIFYING FLIGHT REQUIRED. ALL FLIGHT SCORES SUBMITTED BY 4:30 PM.

LOCAL RULE: ONE MASS LAUNCH EVENT PER MODEL.

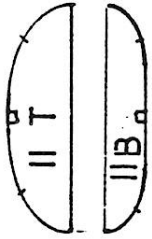
INFORMATION: COORDINATORS: CLAUDE POWELL (301) 872-4105
TOM SCHMITT (301) 530-0327
CONTEST DIRECTOR: ALLAN SCHANZLE (301) 840-5884

SPONSORED BY: NAVAL AIR STATION/NAVAL AIR TEST CENTER, PATUXENT RIVER, AND ST MARY'S COUNTY RECREATION AND PARKS.

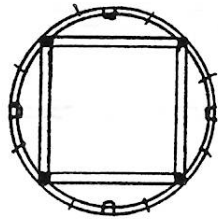




2

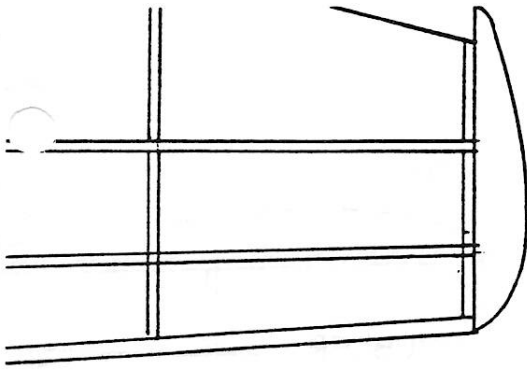


10 TOP & BOTTOM



1

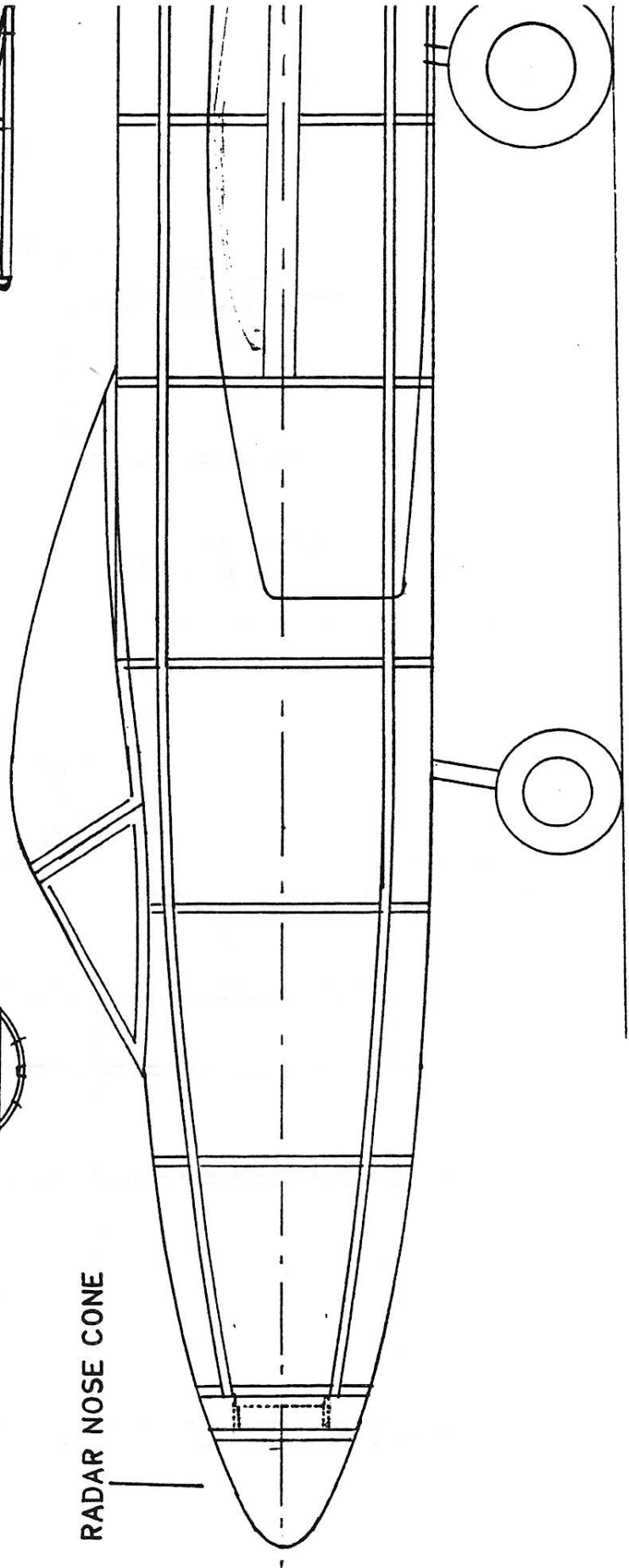
VACU-FORMED CANOPY



SOFT BALSA OR FOAM

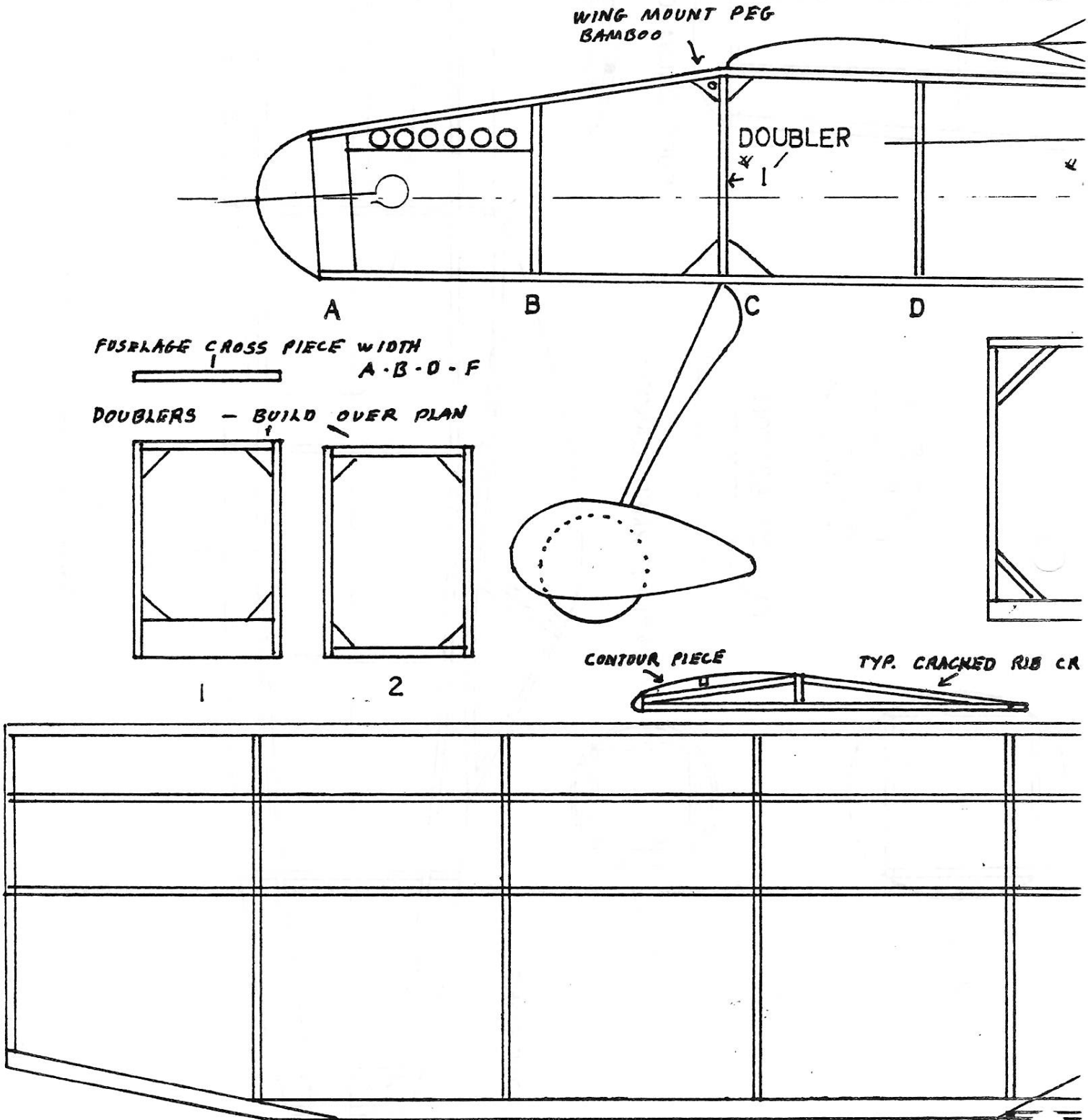


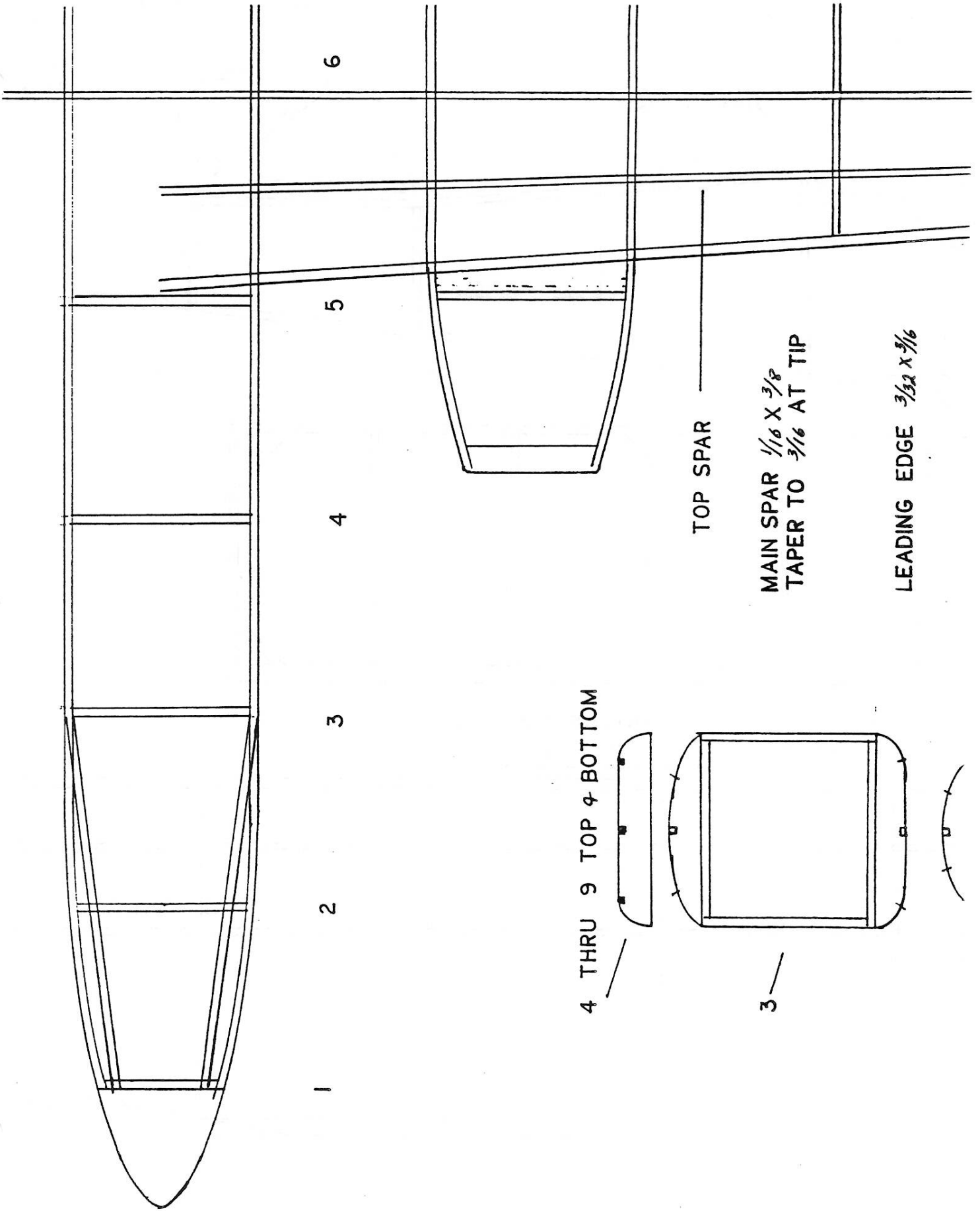
5. RADAR NOSE CONE

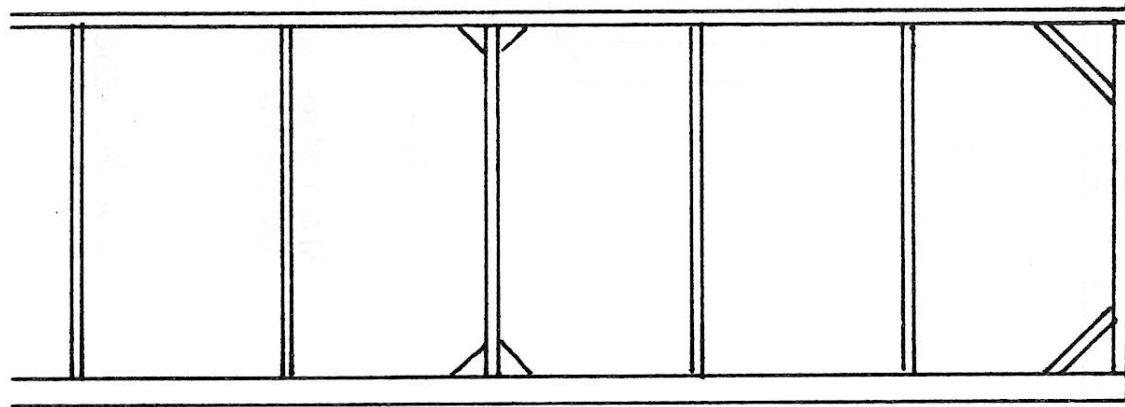
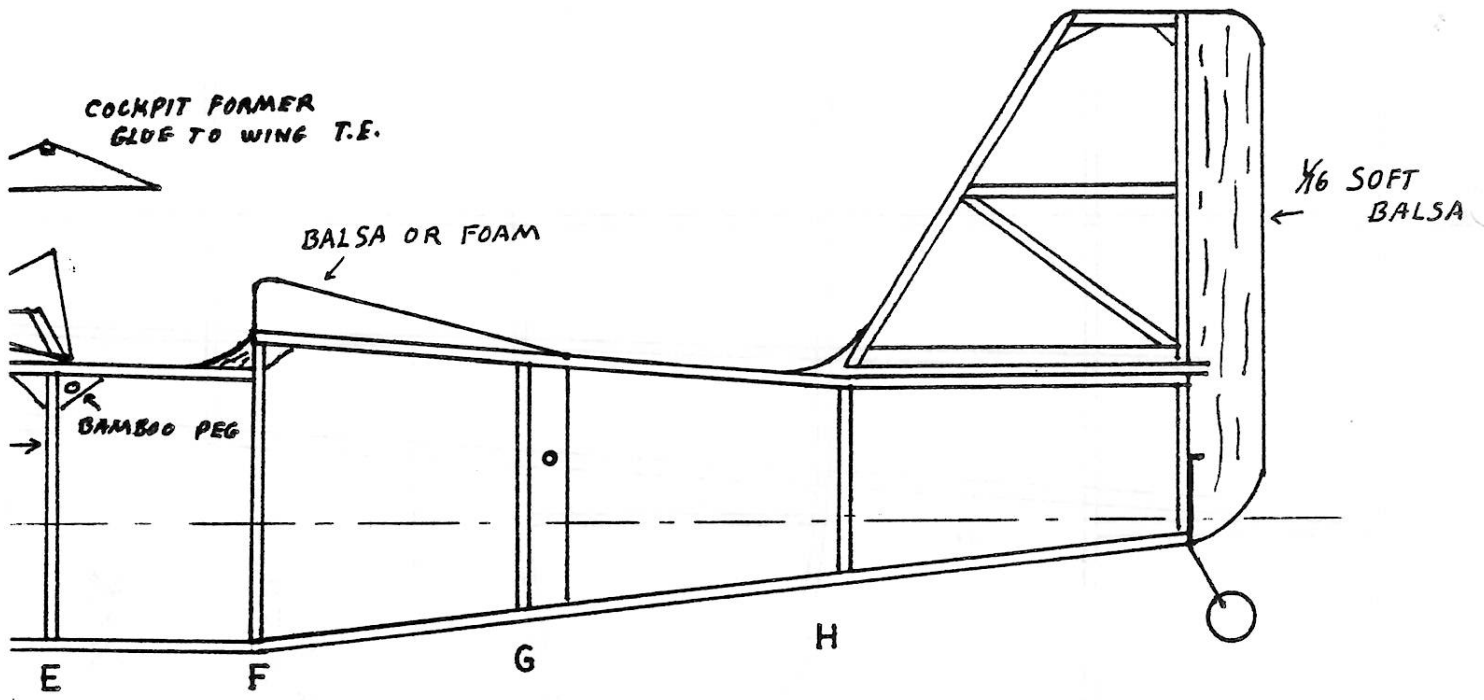


EMBRYO "SPORT"

DICK HOWARD

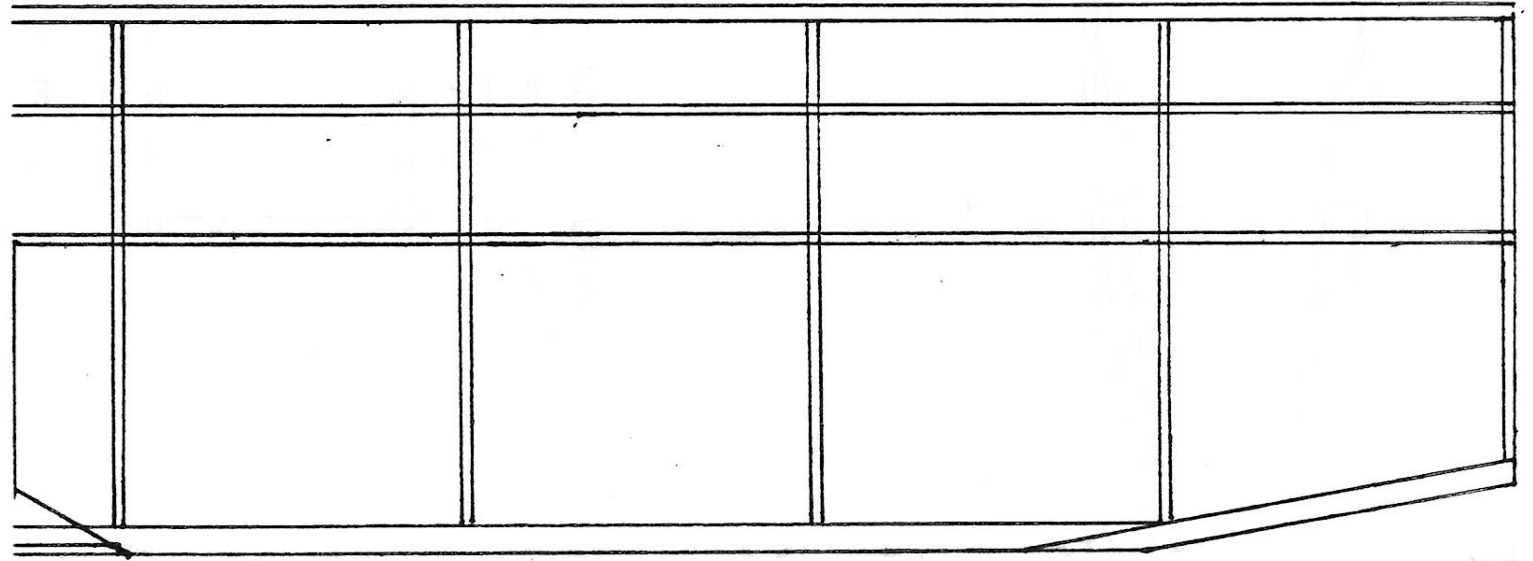


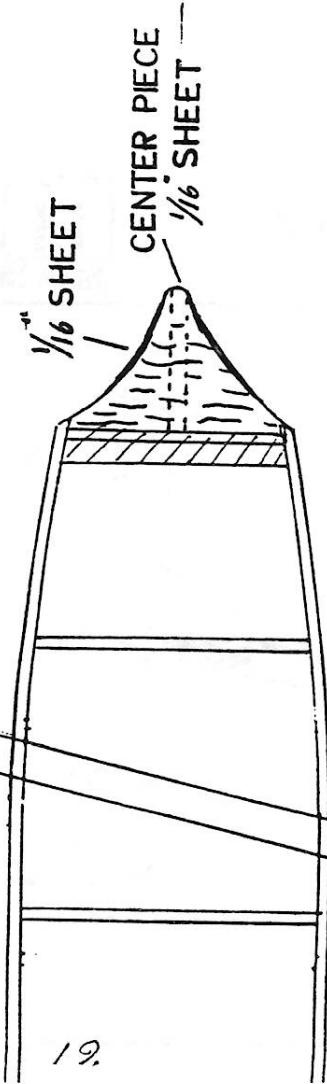
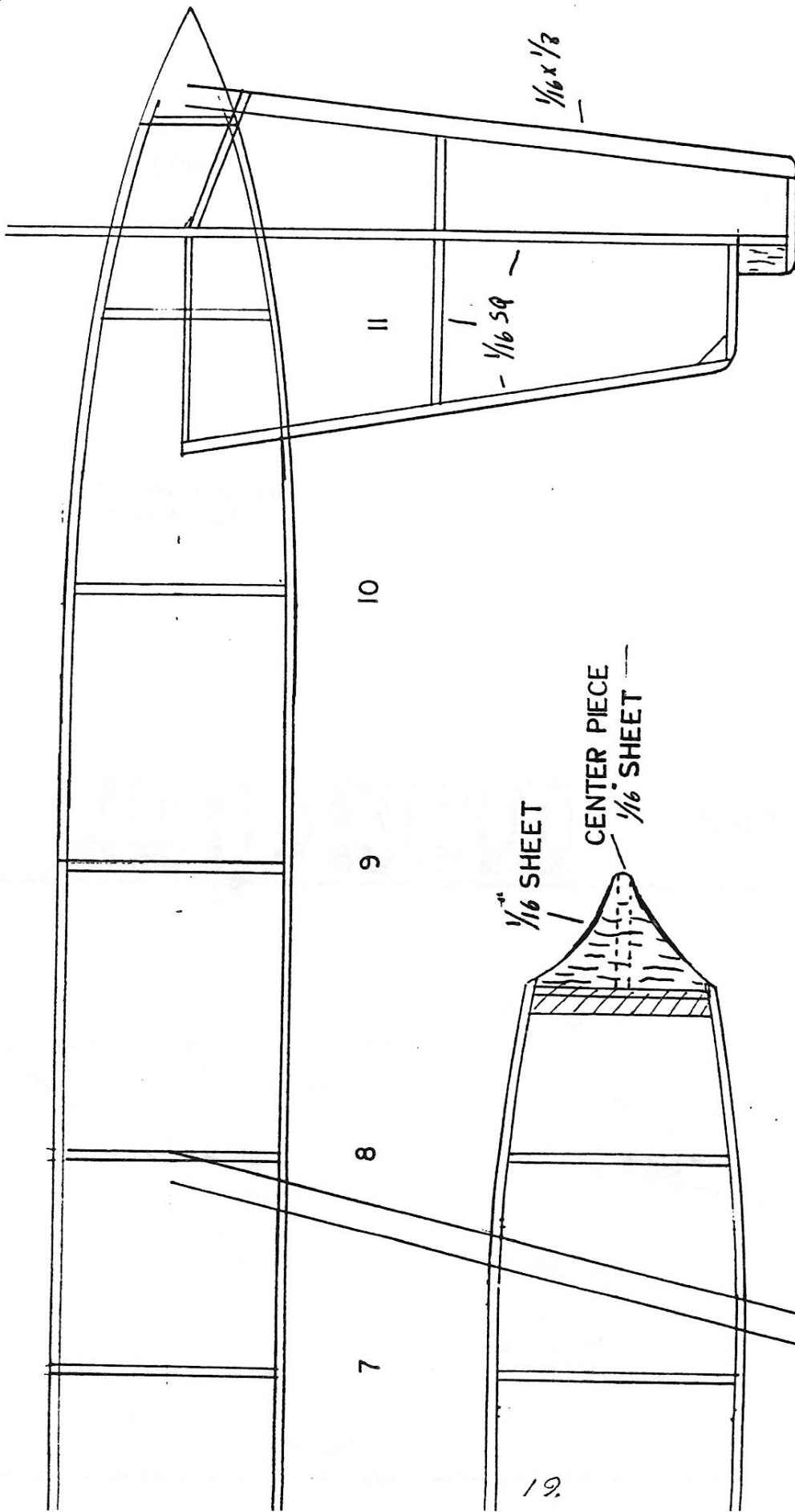




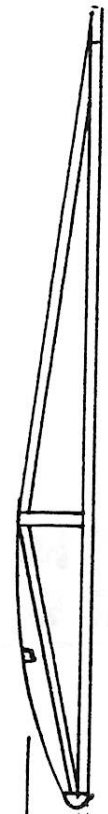
IS SECTION

ALTERNATE RIB $\frac{1}{16}$ SHEET

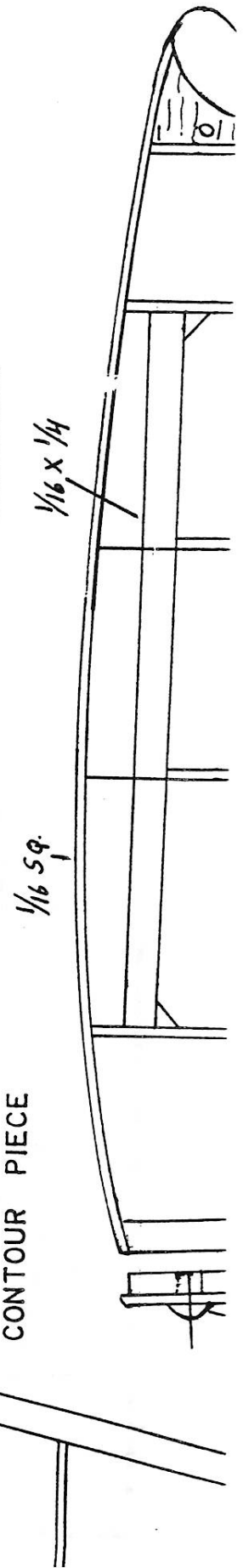




TYP. RIB SECTION (ROOT RIB)



CONTOUR PIECE



DUES DUE



FIRST CLASS

2008 Spur Hill Dr.
Gathersburg MD 20879

JAN
FEB

'87

max-fax

