

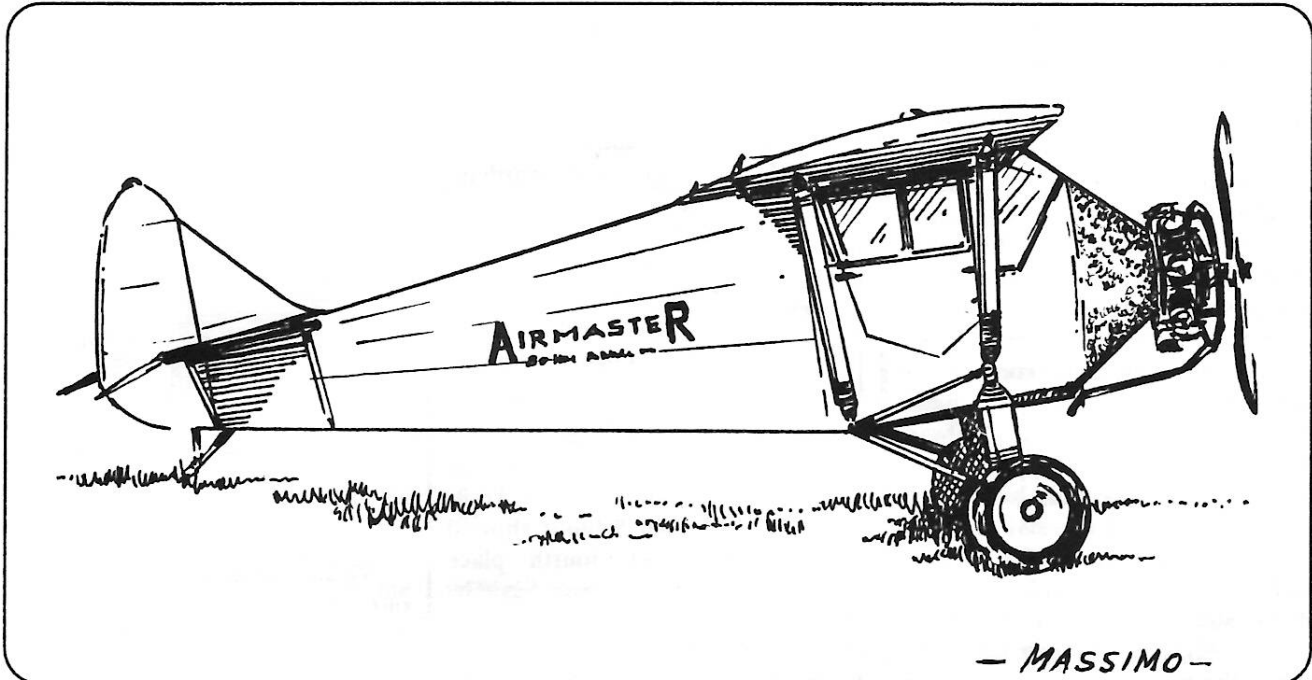
MAX FAX

Journal of the D. C. Maxcuters

...home of the dreaded POTOMAC PURSUIT SQUADRON of the Flying Aces Club

Editors:

Sept.— Oct. 1994



COMING ATTRACTIONS

- September 3/4/5 FAC-GHQ Labor Day Weekend Contest at AMA Flying Site, Muncie, Indiana.
- September 10 MAXECUTERS' SUMMER FUN FLY at COMSAT 9:00 AM to 5:00 PM. See announcement on p. 6 or call Allan Schanzle Phone (301) 840-5884.
- September 11 - 17 NATIONAL SAM CHAMPS at Muncie, Indiana.
- September 24 - 25 CAAMA Contest at Bill Saunder's farm, Cuckoo, Virginia.
- October 7 - 8 DAVE REES' SEAPLANE SPLASH Friday at 5:00; KUDZU FAC Contest at Raeford, N.C. on Saturday: see announcement on p. 6.
- October 16 MAXECUTERS' Sunday Afternoon Mini-Contest at COMSAT: Old Time Rubber, Electric mini Old Time Gas (FAC Nats rules), Lympne Power.
- October 30 MAXECUTERS' Sunday Afternoon Mini-Contest at COMSAT: ten-cent scale.
- November (??) PAX RIVER INDOOR CONTEST - Check in the NOV/DEC MAXFAX or with Claude Powell (301-872-4105) or Tom Schmitt (301-530-0327) for contest date and location confirmation. See notice on p. 7 for events.

Maxecuters survive searing heat, high winds, and a thundershower to score at FAC NATs

The Potomac Pursuit Squadron's Flying Aces, lead by defending FAC Champion Don Srull, carried home the Grand Championship, two of the FAC perpetual trophies, four *Kanones*, and four Blue Maxes in the Ninth Flying Aces Nationals at Geneseo, New York., on July 8, 9, and 10.

All of the Maxecuters who made it to Geneseo shared in the greatest prize of all: the good fellowship of the Flying Aces from all over, and the joys of sharing the FAC experience.

Braving some of the worst weather in recent memory, fierce competition from many quarters, and many snafus, the local lads put in a stalwart performance.

Don Srull repeated his Grand Championship with wins in FAC Scale with his Lippish P-13, Pioneer Scale with his invincible Voisin Hydro, and Electric Ducted Fan Scale with his Mig-15 -- though casualties due to the wind prevented a quorum for the fan jet event. Don edged out many other two-*Kanone*-winners for his GC win with some credit for his jet performance and second place finishes in Modern Military with this rubber-powered Mig 15, and Jumbo Scale with his Short Seaplane.

Dan Driscoll took first in the hard-fought World War I Dogfight with his Bristol Scout, and with it carried home the remarkable Cole Palen Memorial Perpetual Trophy (See photo # 13).

Frank Rowsome's Comet F4F Wildcat could not make it out of the low-level turbulence in the windswept WW II Dogfight, but it survived the dangerous launch to be the last down in the Flying Horde, for the fourth *Kanone* to be awarded to the home team.

Our president, Terry Pittman flew his marvelous Farman Goliath to second place in the intensely competitive Power Scale event, and with it carried off the Technical Achievement Perpetual Trophy.

The highly-respected *Blue Max Medal* for lifetime total of 16 wins in FAC competition was awarded to Maxecuters

Doug Buchannan

Bud Carson

Rolfe Gregory

Frank Rowsome

Congratulations!

Bert Phillips took third in Electric Old Time Gas with his Air Trails Sportster, and Tom Schmitt showed his form with two fourth place trophies, one in FAC Power Scale by maxing his Beardmore Wee Bee and the second in Old Time Gas with his Kerswap, which went OOS in the process.

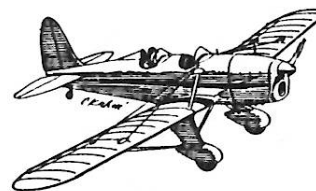
Among the Maxecuters' penumbral members -- non-local regulars at our bigger meets and good friends all -- Tom Hallman was one of those to put the squeeze on Don for the GC with two wins in FAC Peanut and Jumbo Scale, a third in the WW I Dogfight, fourth in Golden Age, and a fifth in FAC Scale.

Dave Rees took seconds in Golden Age and FAC Peanut, and a fifth in Power Scale. David Franks scored two third place trophies, in Golden Age and in the World War II Dogfight to emerge into the ranks of the world-class FAC competitors. John Houck took third in Golden Age Military and fourth in the hard-fought Thompson Trophy Race. Marie Rees garnered second in the

Powder Puff event.

Tom Hallman and John Houck were among the recipients of the Blue Max award.

We all took pleasure in one another's successes and shrugged off defeats. We all deeply appreciate the hard work put in by the Flying Aces Club organizers and CDs. Thanks from the D.C. Maxecuters.



IN THIS ISSUE

We have some catching up to do in our reports of club activities, including some anecdotes of our experiences Flying Aces Nats. The featured plan is yet another Golden Age or FAC Scale contender (one of these days we will get a World War II ship in there). This one is the prototype of the Airmaster, designed and built by the Ohio Aero Manufacturing Co. of Youngstown, Ohio in 1928, just in time to be clobbered by the depression. Charles Steinchack developed the plans using computer assisted reconstruction of three-views from the photos in an article on the Airmaster in the October 1928 issue of *Aero Digest*.

The second-string plan is for the Comet Arado AR-96 ten-center. Allan Schanzle built one of these last year and he has it flying superbly. See also the obits for our departed fellows.

I would like to dedicate this issue to three guys who do far more than their

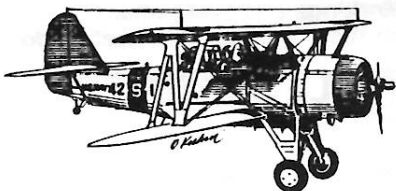
share to make this club and/or this hobby such a pleasure to participate in.

Take a close look at the *four* pages of photos in this issue, and think about the effort that went into their preparation and the care exemplified by the captions. Tom Schmitt works long and hard on the photo pages for every issue. His selflessness is legendary: he is always quick to volunteer to do favors for his friends and fellow modelers, and never seems to need any in return. His manners do what good manners are supposed to do: make everyone else feel at home, comfortable, and respected.

Our artist-in-residence Bill Ceresa -- alias Massimo -- has done all the cover art for *Max Fax* since long before your editor joined the club. He does all the buttons and the art on all the trophies. He redraws many of our featured plans. He always has a smile and has a bottomless supply of jokes to lighten up our time together. He, too, is always helpful, quick to assist, and delightful to be around.

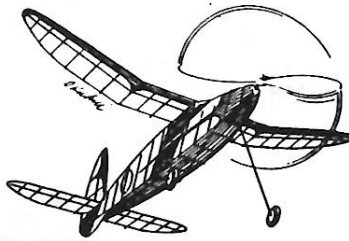
The third is a fellow few of us know. He isn't even been a member of the Maxcuters. John Marett is a Canadian who came down to the Flying Aces Nationals with a friend, just to watch and help out. He flies indoor models. He spent much of the three days of the FAC Nats at the down-wind end of the field helping competitors find their airplanes: a hot, dirty, exhausting occupation. What he did for two of us is featured in the article to follow on our Geneseo experiences. But we were only a few of the dozens he helped out in the heat and wind. He was the unsung hero of the FAC Nats.

Thanks from all of us, guys.



WHERE TO FIND IT

* *Kevlar tow* may be purchased in spools of 300' for \$10.00 plus postage from Monfort Associates, RFD # 2 Box 416, Wiscasset, Maine 04578. Platt Monfort also sells plans and semi-kits for canoes, sailboats, row boats, and kayaks using Kevlar-reinforced half shell stick frames and doped aviation Dacron covering, so if that intrigues you, ask for his plans catalog as well. I built one of his small canoes and have been very pleased with it. It weighs 12 pounds!



POTOMAC PURSUITS

Earl Stahl Mini-Contest -- On April 24, the D.C. Maxcuters held a mini-contest at COMSAT for scale models built to Earl Stahl plans. The weather was favorable and we had a nice turnout of at least seven aircraft with quite a variety present, almost all flying quite well. My much-battered Navion was an exception. It would find a way into a death spiral whenever I tried enough winds to break 45 seconds; on one of these it broke its prop. Jerry Paisley had the most memorable crash. His Stinson came down inside Rolfe Gregory's model box with quite a few winds remaining. The Stinson shook itself to pieces: not just the fuselage but also the wings and tail were chewed up by the confined thrashing in the box. Rolfe had a couple of ships in the box at the time; miraculously they survived the devastation going on next to them.

CD Terry Pittman divided us into a High Wing class, won by Bill Ceresa with his Howard, and an open class for all those present, won -- again -- by Bill and his Howard with outstanding flights both times. Congratulations to Bill Ceresa on two well-deserved *kanones*.

Old Timer Mini-Contest -- On May 29, we held our spring Old Timer mini-contest at COMSAT. The weather was superb: very still air, no thermals, and a very slight wind drift to the north. It was like flying indoors. As we usually do, we divided the many Old Time Commercial Endurance ships into those of under 30" span and those in the 30" to 36" span, and had separate single-sortie mass launches in each class. Don Srull and your editor each had a ship that had the potential to do 4+ minutes in still air that we were grooming for Geneseo. I had never flown my Crusader with anything approaching full winds since discovering its best trim, and I wanted to try it. In an early test flight, Don's Lanzo Cabin DTed at the very edge of the woods; it seemed to brush tree branches 50' high as it came down. That put the fear of Hung in him. Then too, always the gentleman, Don rarely tries to win on his home turf. We spectators didn't know it but Don elected not to risk his; he only went to 25% winds and set his DT for about 45" and was one of the first down in the under 30" class. He was one of five to compete in the small-birds event, along with a couple of Commanders and a two others. Bert's Plecan Flyabout remained apart; it watched the contest from the top of a tree in which it had taken up residence a week before. It blew down in remarkably good condition the next week.

No one, including the CD, seems to remember who won. I've asked at two club meetings and we all still draw a blank. That tells you something about how seriously the Maxcuters take these mini-contests.

Continued on p. 16



FLYING CORPS FALL MEET

October 8, 1994

9:00 a.m. 'till dark *

Raeford, North Carolina

Fly 'till your drop!

Note new date!

Flown all day - Judging at 11:00 a.m.

Old Time Rubber -

Ducted Fan Scale -

FAC Power Scale -

FAC Rubber Scale -

FAC Jumbo Scale

\$5.00 entry fee - includes lunch on field

Don't forget the GREAT SEAPLANE SPLASH

at Dave's home in Goldsboro on Friday

evening, October 7 - 5 p.m. 'til dark

Dinner afterwards in local restaurant,

Dutch treat

Mass launch events

1. WW I Biplane

2. Golden Age

3. Combined Racers

4. WW II

5. Modern Production Civilian, after 1945

6. Peanut Scale

7. Modern Military, after 1945

8. Old Timer Kit Scale (20" span max)

Contest Director: Dave Rees (919) 778-6653

*Pizza & Beer Dinner after dark
(not included in entry fee)

D.C. MAXECUTERS 1993 SUMMER FUN FLY SATURDAY, 10 SEPTEMBER - 9 AM TO 5 PM SCALE and TIMED EVENTS

FAC SCALE

FAC POWER

LYMPNE MEMORIAL

JUMBO SCALE

EMBRYO

HAND LAUNCH GLIDER

Judging starts at 11:00 AM

Qualifying flight is not required except to post static scores.

Same as above.

Same as FAC POWER but only for Electric or CO2.

Same as above (36" Minimum span monoplanes - 30" biplanes)

FAC Rules.

AMA Rules

MASS LAUNCHES - SINGLE SORTIE - LAST ONE DOWN WINS

12:30 PM - OLD TIMERS -

1:00 PM - MODERN CIVILIAN

1:30 PM - RACERS AND AEROBATIC

FAC Rules (36" Maximum Wingspan - COMMANDER Eligible).

Production non-military aircraft (1943 - present).

One event for all racers and aerobatic aircraft.

MASS LAUNCHES - MULTI SORTIE

2:00 PM - WORLD WAR I

3:00 PM - WORLD WAR II

4:00 PM - GOLDEN AGE

Combat WWI BIPLANES with Markings, Rigging and Weapons.

Combat WWII aircraft with Markings and Weapons.

Any aircraft from 1920 through 1939. Retract gear must be down.

FINALE - A REALLY MASSIVE LAUNCH - SINGLE SORTIE

4:45 PM - TRANS COMSAT SPEED AND NAVIGATION -

Any rubber powered scale aircraft that flew in any of the other contest events.

CD Allan Schanzle
20008 Spur Hill Dr., Gaithersburg, Maryland 20879 - SASE Please or
Phone (301) 840-5884

PAX RIVER INDOOR CONTEST
SATURDAY NOVEMBER (??), 1994 9:00 AM to 5:30 PM
ROTARY WING HANGAR BUILDING 111 (???)
NAS/NATC PATUXENT RIVER - LEXINGTON PARK, MARYLAND

**CONTEST DATE AND HANGAR CONFIRMATION WILL BE IN THE NOV/DEC MAX-FAX OR
CHECK WITH CLAUDE OR TOM (PHONE NUMBERS BELOW).**

NO ENTRY FEE - DONATIONS TO NAVY RELIEF SOCIETY WELCOMED

MAJOR EVENTS (FAC Rules & Trophies awarded)

MASS LAUNCH

- 1- OLD TIME SCALE * 11:00 AM
- 2- WW-1 12:00 PM
- 3- NAVY SCALE 1:00 PM
- 4- PEANUT SCALE 2:00 PM
- 5- GOLDEN AGE 3.00 PM

OTHER EVENTS

- 6- FAC RUBBER SCALE
- 7- COCONUT SCALE **
- 8- 14 GRAM BOSTONIAN **

SPECIAL EVENTS

- 1- FAC POWER (Electric & CO2)
- 2- 7 GRAM NO-CAL ***
- 3- NOVICE PENNYPLANE (AMA Rules) ***
- 4- MASS LAUNCH CONSOLATION EVENT
FLOWN ABOUT 4:30 PM ****
- 5- COCONUT MASS LAUNCH *****
- 6- NO-CAL MASS LAUNCH *****
- 7- ELECTRIC BOGUS SCALE
BOSTONIAN *****

* **OLD TIME SCALE RULES** - Built from any old time kit plan which was sold before December 31, 1942 with a 20 inch wingspan orless. Construction may be heavier but not lightened; nose block and rear motor attachment may be modified.

** **COCONUT RULES** - All COCONUTS must ROG for official times except for the SPECIAL MASS LAUNCH event.

*** **Single best flight time determines winner.**

**** **SECOND and THIRD place flyers from the 5 standard MASS launch events are eligible to enter this event but must use plane flown in those events.**

***** **These events will be flown about 3:30 and 4:00 PM.**

***** **HILINE MICRO-4 MOTOR (or 2-cell rewind) required with a two cell 50 mah battery maximum.**

AIRCRAFT FOR SCALE JUDGING MUST BE TURNED IN BY 11:00 AM

No Qualifying Flight is Required.

ALL FLIGHT TIMES MUST BE SUBMITTED BY 4:30 PM DEADLINE

AWARDS -- 5:15 to 5:30PM

LOCAL RULE - ONLY ONE MASS LAUNCH EVENT PER AIRCRAFT

CONTEST INFORMATION: CLAUDE POWELL 1 (301) 872-4105

TOM SCHMITT 1 (301) 530-0327

IMPORTANT NOTICES:

**PLEASE CONTACT CLAUDE POWELL AT LEAST ONE WEEK BEFORE THE CONTEST TO
PROVIDE YOURS AND GUESTS NAMES FOR ENTRY TO BASE --- IF YOU HAVE DONE SO
IN THE PAST YOU DO NOT HAVE TO THIS TIME ---**

**PLEASE NOTE THERE WILL BE NO CHAIRS OR TABLES AVAILABLE
SO BE SURE TO BRING YOUR OWN**

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

-- In Memoriam --
ROWLAND HOOT

One of model aviation's bright lights quietly winked out this July on the eve of the FAC national meet. Rowland "Tink" Hoot succumbed to lung cancer at the age of 60. We became friends in the 7th grade, drawn together by our common love of flying models. Many, many happy hours were spent together flying every conceivable type of model at a local golf course which has long since been covered with houses. Hooty and I began attending contests together in the Philadelphia area, and within the next three years, we became well-known as those "killer" infant-seniors; and those little kids with the great big airplanes. We both joined the Main Line Golden Eagles Club whose members consisted mostly of recent WW II pilots and airmen who became our mentors at this impressionable age. We both have continued our modeling with time off for college, family, army, etc. We were "best man" for our respective marriages, and even though I moved to NC, we still found time to get together several times each year. New Years eve was always spent with the Hoots, without fail. Hooty was president of the Philadelphia SOTS model club and very ably ran meets for them over the years, and he will be missed by them I am sure.

In a lifetime of memories it is hard to select one that describes Hooty's personality best. In 1949 he and I had gone to the PA State Championship at West Chester Airport. I was flying FF gas and had flown my Zipper OOS for first place. Hooty was best at the big unlimited rubber ships and his first flight landed in the middle of the adjoining city reservoir. He spent most of the day getting permission to get into the fence, then finding a neighbor who loaned him a rowboat. By 3:00 PM he was back with the plane, a "Yonder," which had by then soaked up half of the lake. Hooty carefully poked pin holes in every rib section and blew out the water. By 4:00 the plane was dry again. He maxed his remaining flights and got the State Champ Trophy for Rubber! Most of us would have given up long before.

Rowland is survived by his wife Nancy and three children: Cindy, David, and Matt. Flying just won't seem the same any more without Hooty.

--Dave Rees

See also photos 1 and 2.

Thanks to Hurst Bowers for picking out the featured plan of the Airmaster by Charles Steinchak of Pittsburg, PA. Hurst has built a handsome version, scaled up X 1.5, for electric power. See photo # 4. Hurst made a change in the plans you may want to consider, in addition to leaving out the motor stick. The plan top view shows the parallel fuselage sides bending in to the motor mount at the leading edge of the wing. Had this been followed at the fuselage midline, it would have necessitated making the bend between bulkheads, a structurally unsound choice. He made the angle at the bulkhead under the main wing spar and LG mounts. There are lines in the top view suggesting this alternative. It would make a nice subject for a Coconut or a scale Texaco ship.

-- In Memoriam --
CLAUDE HUSTED

Long time Maxecuter of Wilmington, Delaware, Claude Husted passed away very suddenly in July. He was a prolific and proficient modeler. He always brought about a dozen very nice models to the fun fly, all of them beautifully color-doped. He was going to go to the FAC Nats for the first time this summer, and in fact had a new plane in the works for the occasion. His son Glenn and his nephew Bob Davis brought some of his planes to the Nats and flew them in his memory.

Claude served in the Army in Italy at the close of WW II. He was in Armed Services Radio. After that, he was a radio personality on WDEL in Wilmington until he couldn't stand Rock & Roll any more. Claude believed that real music was made by the big bands (he was right!) He then served many years as the administrator of the Masonic Home of Delaware. He retired a year or so ago.

He was my best friend of 50 years. He will be missed.

We extend our sympathy to his wife Betty, his son Glenn, and his daughters Elizabeth and Melissa.

-- Bert Phillips

PHOTOS

by Tom Schmitt

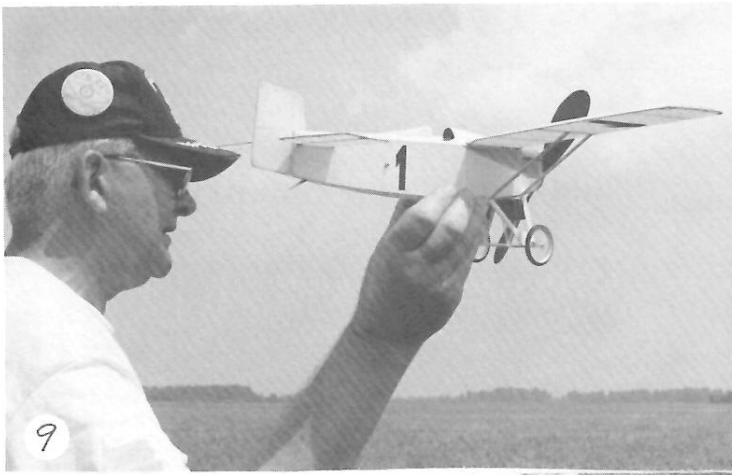
'LEST WE FORGET' - The Maxecuters and the FACers have lost two good friends this past summer; Rowland Hoot in photo number 1 and Claude Husted in photo number 2. Rowland was an inventive, witty modeler who was always fun to be with. We enjoyed seeing and talking with Claude at our summer fun flys and he was preparing to attend this year's FAC NATS when misfortune struck. His son Glen filled in for his dad and we are looking forward to seeing Glen again this September. It was our great privilege to know Claude and Rowland and we will miss them.

3. Our editor for this issue is Frank Rowsome seen here with his Miles at one of last winter's flying sessions.

FAC NATS MK IX

4. Hurst Bowers with his Airmaster, an obscure aircraft which is the subject of this issue's full size plan drawn by Charles E. Steinchak. Mr. Steinchak donated 51 model drawings of unusual and interesting aircraft to the AMA Museum Library. All are in the 11 by 17 inch format and should be available on request from the AMA Library. We hope to have more of his plans in future issues.
5. One of the POWDER PUFF entries was Marie Rees' Vega in Amelia Earhard's colors.
6. The winner of the POWDER PUFF was Juanita Reichel with her high flying J-3.
7. Don Srull managed to get in some flights during the windstorm lulls with his new Short seaplane to garner a second place in FAC JUMBO RUBBER SCALE.
8. The winner of POWER SCALE was Joe Barrish with his magnificent looking and flying Martin Clipper powered by four geared Kenway motors.

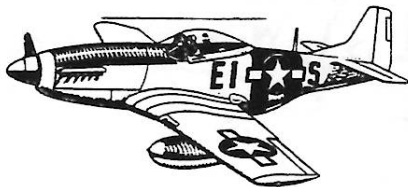




PHOTOS

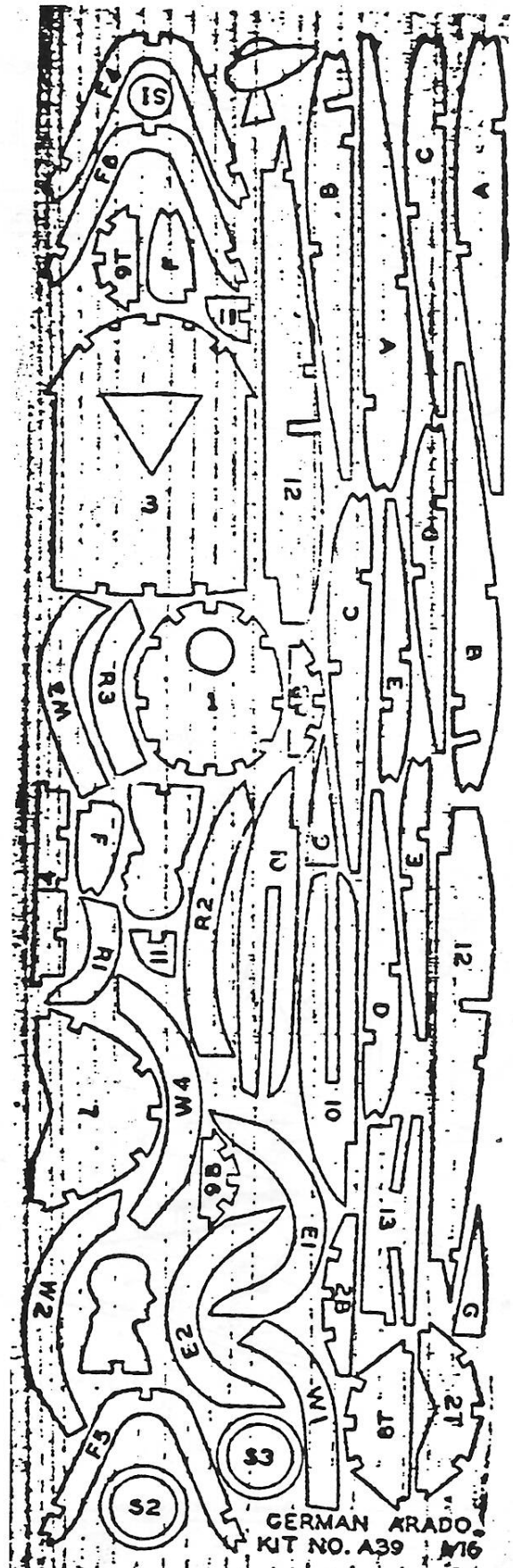
by Tom Schmitt

9. Pat Daily with his nifty Czech AVIA BH-7A racer.
10. Vance Gilbert brought his 'antique' tripe as a PIONEER entry and he regaled us as a troubadour at the FAC NATS banquet. That coupled with Bill Warner's lyrical verse more than made up for the weekend's difficult weather.
11. Bill Bell's venerable FAC JUMBO RUBBER Taylor Craft climbs out over Geneseo.
12. Ed Novak likes them big; take a look at his Beardmore 'Flexible'.
13. This photo is for all of you unfortunates who missed the FAC NATS and awards banquet. Dan Driscoll not only won the WWI DOGFIGHT event but also keeps for one year this elegant perpetual trophy in memory of Cole Palen. The B&W photo doesn't do it justice; background is a piece of Cole's D-VII fabric. Dan's winning entry was the Bristol Scout seen here with it's aerial dart box armament described in the May/June Max Fax.
14. John Lowe our model designer and draftsman extraordinaire with his Mr. Mulligan.
15. Dave Stott with his beautiful 'Hamilton Standard' Standard.



* **WARNING:** UFO CyA and its vapors attack rubber.

Ordinary CyA is often used around rubber motors without difficulty. The so-called "User Friendly Oderless" CyA has several advantages: it doesn't irritate your eyes and it does not attack styrofoam. However, on one occasion, I used it to secure the stop-knots on a rubber motor: within a few hours, all the rubber within a few inches of the knot had disintegrated. On another occasion, I used UFO CyA to harden the balsa around the holes for a rear motor peg. After giving it half an hour to polymerize (harden), I installed a motor, flew with it successfully that day -- experiencing no problems with the motor or the peg anchor -- and left the motor in the plane. When I went back to it the next week, the aft end of the motor had become very brittle and was full of cracks as though it were ten years old. I suspect the off-gassing of the UFO CyA did it.



GERMAN ARADO
KIT NO. A39 M16

Old Timer -- continued from p. 3

Jerry Persh, Marty Schindler, and I contested the big ole bird event. I got carried away and decided to try 1250 out of a possible 1450 safe turns on the 60-plus gram motor in my 60-gram Crusader, and I lost track of the turns I put on my Tomy Timer DT. The Crusader was still climbing when the competition was down. The prop had so much bite that it took 1' 45" to run off the winds, vigorously climbing the whole time. It became a tiny speck in the sky, circling majestically. Gradually, it showed signs of shedding altitude, at a marvelously slow rate of sink. It was clear that it would be up there for a long time yet. Gradually, the flight became a slow-race between the DT and the wind drift toward the thick woods to the north of the COMSAT field. It became apparent at about 3 minutes that the slow-race was being lost: more and more of its glide circle was over the woods. None of us wanted to see it treed, it was doing so well. All eyes watched it in silence. The DT tripped at 3' 30" at about 150 feet up and it settled gently, straight down. We could catch glimpses of it continuing to settle through the trees. It seemed to reach the ground! (3' 48"). I breathed again. Don was first to approach. It had settled into the clearing for the electrical transformers to the northwest of the field. That -- too -- could have made it inaccessible. The KEEP OUT sign means business; the Cyclone fence has a double row wye of barbed wire along the top. It had fallen inside the fence but close enough to the edge for Don to reach it with a stick and work it to the gate. There he could lift it up and -- changing hands at the hinges -- pass it over the top. That was a close one. It was my best prospect for a win at the FAC Nats.

Does anybody know who won the under 30" contest? If you did, you might get a Kanone out of it if you can tickle our memories for confirmation and get Stew to write Roy Courtney about it.

Ten-Center Mini-Contest -- Our dime-scale mini-contest was scheduled for June 19 at COMSAT. On the appointed day, weather was outrageously hot but the wind light, and the turnout exceptionally good. As we were getting ready for the mass launch, Allan Schanzle arrived bringing in his train dark clouds in the up-wind direction. We put off the contest a little to let Allan try some test flights and to see what those dark clouds would do.

It looked to be a battle of the titans as we had several outstanding fliers among the many ten-centers present. Stew Meyers has a red Fokker D-VII that -- on several previous occasions - has flown as though it were in a class with the very best WW I ships. Allan's Arado had put in some spectacular test flights but had yet to be blooded in a contest. (The Comet plans for Arado appear later in this issue.) Don Srull has a Mureaux C1 Pursuit from the Scientific High Flier plans that can put in a spectacular performance. Bill Ceresa also had a marvelous Mureaux that flew OOS some time before. Don's, however, had spent the prior two weeks basking in a tree. Though he retrieved it on contest day, it was too warped to be trimmable without shop repairs.

At a couple of warning gusts, the more cautious of us carried our model boxes back to our cars, but the gusts subsided quickly and the dark clouds appeared to be at a safe distance; most of us kept on flying. For quite a while, the clouds seemed to remain distant and non-threatening. I kept one plane out and got in a couple of good test flights. Then, in quick succession, we heard thunder, observed rapidly accelerating gusts, and a torrential rain began. Those of us with just one plane to take care of were okay -- barely. But Bert and Doug still had boxes full of models out on the field. The boxes began tumbling and flying through the air, moving much faster than anyone could run, shedding models -- or parts thereof -- as they went. Luckily no

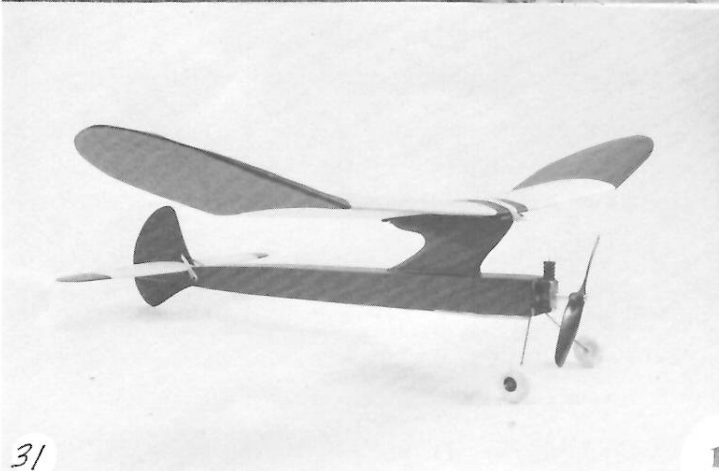
one was zapped with lightning, though a lot of us were running around -- largely ineffectually -- during the worst of it. We figure that Bert and Doug both set a record for the number of models that racked up maxes at the same time. Even their boxes maxed. Folding chairs maxed. The fierce wind subsided as quickly as it appeared, but the rain carried on with diminished intensity for an hour or so. Quite a few sodden Maxcutters collaborated in collecting Maxe wreckage. Boxes blew farther than models, all the way from the northeast corner of the field to the southwest corner of the COMSAT property by Interstate 270. Who says this sport is without excitement?

PHOTOS

by Tom Schmitt

16. Lindsey Smith, our friend from England, with his Earl Stahl Apache and it's designer Earl.
17. Lindsey's Apache moves out over Geneseo.
18. A magnificent electric powered Martin Mariner by Pres Bruning was a victim of the treacherous vagaries of the local windstorms.
19. Terry Pittman with his pretty little Czech Aero A-18 golden age fighter.
20. The Aero A-18 climbs for altitude. Maybe Terry will do the plan for us?
21. Jack McGillivray is seen here holding his diminutive Kalinin PEANUT.
22. Vic Nippert waiting for a respite from the gales with his Bleriot canard.
23. The winds also took their toll on ducted fan aircraft. Dave Rees's striking AVRO C F - 1 0 0 crashed in violent gust induced wingover on it's second flight attempt.
24. The CF-100 climbs away in its first flight.





PHOTOS

by Tom Schmitt

25. After losing his Martin to the trees at COMSAT last summer, Bill Bell produced another for the FAC NATS.
26. Jack Moses with his Defiant. Jack likes the big ones.
27. A casual viewer can easily understand that Jim Miller goes after bonus points first and attractive aircraft second.
28. Ray Rakow winds and Bill Ceresa holds Ray's Earl Stahl Caudron for the WW II event.
29. Gene Shepard and his twin MICRO-4 electric powered Burnelli.
30. Mark Fineman trying to hold his Electric Old Timer Powerhouse in the windstorm; lost out of sight over SUNY.
31. The Photo Editor's Electric Old Timer KERSWAP was lost out of sight going east over Geneseo. It was constructed from one of Al Lidberg's semi kits of Old Timers, powered with a HILINE Micro-4 motor and is (was) a great flyer.
32. Al continues to crank out great Mini-Old Timers. Here is one of his latest, the WEDGY, a Leon Shulman design. Along with the WEDGY, Al has introduced a BROOKLYN DODGER and a MISS AMERICA for his fourth series of mini-old timers. Al's plans are great and the semi-kits include good print wood. Each semi-kit is \$6.00 plus 20% postage (\$7.20) shipped first class. Add \$2.50 if rolled plan is desired. All three Series 4 semi kits (rolled plans + printwood) shipped first class for the special price of \$21.00 postpaid. Send your order to A. A. Lidberg /model plans service, 1008 E. Baseline Rd., Suite 1074, Tempe, Arizona, 85283. (Phone 602-839-8154) Try one; they are lots of fun and the event is sure to catch on fire!

COOKING AT GENESEO

The sense of being there, by Frank Rowsome -

On Thursday, July 7, the great migration of Flying Aces converged on Geneseo, with many Maxecuters among them. We found ourselves in yet another un-air-conditioned dorm on the campus. Not a few of us, your reporter among them, found ourselves assigned to rooms on the top floor. An experience like that four years ago had so par-boiled some of our fellows that they have forgone the comradeship of the dorm to stay in an air-conditioned motel every year since. Forewarned, most had brought a window fan. Mine could power a small wind tunnel. The gathering of aces in the halls and in the dining hall Thursday night was surely worth it, or so we hoped.

A few of us went down to the field after dinner for some calm-air trimming: the last still air we were to see until the morning of our departure. If only it had all been like that.

Friday morning on the field: high and climbing temperature, high humidity, and gradually increasing breezes toward the north west. Scattered cumulus, and a hazy, sizzling sun. The grass was tall and thick: great for forgiving landings but a chore to walk through. I had elected to contest both Old Timer and Embryo: both Friday events that entailed long chases. Both my birds needed a lot of trimming. The heat rapidly rose to about 100° F in the shade (far more in the sun). The humidity was so high that the breeze had no discernable cooling effect on our sweat-soaked bodies. We simply could not dissipate excess body heat. We all consumed cold drinks by the gallon.

Several of us contested World War I in the first mass launch of the meet. Don's marvelous Fokker D-VII was a casualty of a mid-air that chewed up

his tail feathers -- a foretaste of the many mishaps that were to beset Don. Emerging from the fracas was our own Dan Driscoll in first place! See the lead story and photo # 13. We're proud of you Dan. A masterful job.

In late morning, I put up my Crusader for its official flights in Old Timer: a pair of maxes, so that I joined Jerry Paisley, flying his Commander, in a many-way tie for first, but it was drifting out of its once-marvelous trim. Don had a motor break in his Lanzo Cabin after he had hooked up, damaging the ship and putting him out of the hunt in OT Rubber. It may have been a blessing in disguise for him, because maxes were putting our ships nearly a mile away, and the long hikes were severely debilitating in the heat. Bert put up his Plecan Flyabout -- the last survivor of our one-design a few years ago -- only to see it join all the others, taken to the bosom of Hung. It was still climbing when last seen, about ten minutes out. He had wanted to take it to England in August.

Around noon I reached for a pair of pliers from my toolbox that had been sitting out in the sun. I had to drop them quickly; they were too hot to hold! A roll of Scotch tape in my kit had melted into a gummy blob.

Fry-day -- as it was becoming -- was also the occasion for racer qualification. Both Don's Greve and Thompson racers crapped out. So did my Caudron. I have to admit I was rather relieved that I did not have to chase the beast.

After lunch, I put up my Embryo for its first official flight. Miraculously, it got off the table and hung in there for its max, but the trek was one too many for me. I began to get severe cramps on the hike out after it -- symptoms of heat

prostration -- and could barely drag myself back to my sunshade, where I collapsed, panting and in aching all over. I sat there for the next two hours, unable to move farther than necessary to fetch more ice water to drink or pour over my head.

Kevin Sharbona brought his RV and erected a broad awning/sun shade that became a magnet for exhausted and overheated codgers from the club. One of our number -- eyeing the assembled geezers -- called it "Kevin's Nursing Home."

In retrospect, I am astonished that there weren't a steady stream of ambulances going to and from the field that day. Flying Aces have well-honed survival skills, it appears.

Doug flew his Farman in Golden Age. It got a max, but the wind carried it so far in two minutes that he had to spend the rest of the day searching for it. He found it and brought it back, returning after 4:30 -- too late in the day to post its time.

Jerry Paisley flew his Cessna C-34 coconut that had won Golden Age at Geneseo in the off-year meet last July. However, his nose block and prop fell off at 1'37", probably 3000 or more feet from the launch point. He found the prop but could not find the nose block.

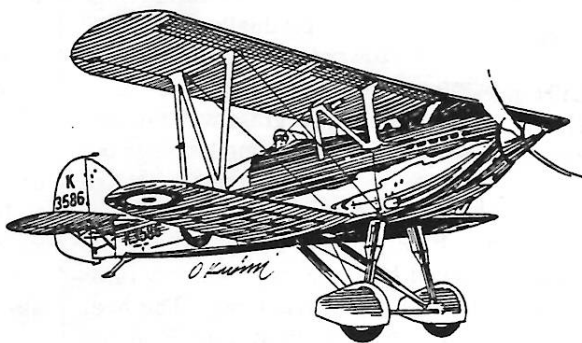
Around 4:00, I marshalled my little remaining strength to try my two remaining official Embryo flights. In the first, it got off the table, was flipped into a snap Immelman in the gusting wind, did a perfect down-wind touch-and-go on the table, and crashed ignominiously in the grass a couple of seconds later. Thus ended my Embryo chances. It had gotten above the table so it counted as an official flight. What a relief that I had no chasing to do. I had to rest a while before I had the strength to break camp.

Back at the dorm parking lot I kept the engine running and the AC on full, basking in the cooling breeze, until the engine temperature gauge

climbed above normal. When I shut down and got out of the car, I heard that telling hiss: a blown radiator hose. Just what I needed right about then. A long time in a cold shower helped a little, but the aching was not to depart for two days. Not a few Flying Aces had a much worse time of it than I.

After dinner in the blessedly air conditioned cafeteria, we had to collect our scale models for FAC judging. The temperature was about 85° and climbing on the display hall, and 95° and climbing on the vendors floor, so we spent less time admiring one another's ships or shopping than we would have preferred. The poor vendors were in the worst shape: trapped at their tables all evening. Those who could beat a hasty retreat to the comparative cool of the patio, where it was unpleasantly hot -- but less so. That night it was time to keep the fan on full, blasting directly on my naked form.

Saturday proved to be just as hot, and the wind much stronger, this time toward the campus. I knew I had to get my Old Timer time in as early as possible before the wind grew still worse, to keep it on the field. I



worked up to 500 turns on the Crusader, and just that was enough to put it about 3000 feet away in a one minute flight. As I trudged after it, a thundershower broke. It was already so hot that I gloried in the soaking as I slogged back. Of course, the tool kit had been open. I found it with a quarter of an inch of water in every compartment, and all the car windows had been open, too. The rain passed

quickly, to be replaced by the relentless sun, which soon dried everything out.

I knew that I did not have the strength for a long search, so I decided to forego trimming and try for an official time on the Crusader Old Timer shortly after the rain ceased. Its once magnificent trim was long gone, but its long motor run did the trick. It just squeaked by the 120 second threshold.

Jerry Paisley also needed but one max with this Commander to stay in the tie for first in Old Timer. He wound his bird, and managed a good launch in the turbulent air. It climbed out true to form. On its second circuit, it emitted a horrid noise, and turned into a shower of bits of sticks and tissue. The nose block had pulled through the fuselage coming to rest against the rear peg. Too bad no one got that one on video tape.

Lindsey Smith and his charming wife came over from England for the FAC Nats, and stayed with Don Snull on the way. I had the pleasure of meeting and talking briefly with them on the field on Saturday. Lindsey is one of the spearheads of the FAC Eagle Squadron in England. (See photos 16 and 17). Lindsey is the fellow who markets those marvelous vacuformed pilots, engines, and wheels through Small Scale Custom Services. Lindsey met Earl Stahl for the first time, there, and delighted in showing him his Stahl-designed NA Apache (prototype of the Mustang). Earl, for his part,

was intrigued by Lindsey's many photos of one of the English contests for Stahl-designed models: quite a popular event.

Many of us, got to meet Earl for the first time on the field on Saturday. In person, he appears to be a mere mortal, though a charming and gentlemanly one. Who knows what creative genius lurks inside a Flying Ace? To Terry Pittman's delight, Earl

agreed to autograph Terry's Stahl Skyfairy. Be careful of those thermals now, Terry.

The fierce winds of Saturday took their toll on the many FAC scale, electric ducted fan jets, and High Wing Peanuts scheduled to fly on that day. A max would send a model up to the SUNY campus or into the woods.

The wind was at its peak at the time of the World War II dogfight in early afternoon. Some of the best aircraft were blown too far away to be found or flew away during the elimination rounds, including Tom Hallman's Mig-3 and Mike Escalante's Me-109. Unlike many, both of these stories had a happy ending. Tom's Mig was found under a car in the town of Geneseo, and it is being returned, apparently in good shape. John Marett was at the base of the ridge during the WW II fracas, helping to spot where the long-fliers came down. He helped a great many. Though too busy to go after it at the time, he got a bearing on where Mike's Me-109 went down in a wheat field. Noting that it had not been found, he went looking for it during a lull in the action on Sunday and found it!

One of our number thought it noteworthy that in the fierce winds of Saturday, the sunshade belonging to a bunch of aerospace engineers kept blowing down, but the sunshade belonging to a bunch of business majors down the flight line stayed up without difficulty.

As the day wore on, the temperature remained very high, but the humidity gradually declined. The wind, though devastating to our sport, felt good on our abused bodies.

After the WW II Dogfight, I still had two hours in which to post official times with the Piper Cub that I had prepared for the High Wing Peanut event. But I was exhausted -- never having fully recovered from the day before -- and having walked many miles in the tall grass that day. I thought about the possibilities: the

Cub might crash and be damaged. It might fly well, even putting in a winning flight. In that wind, such a flight would put it out of sight. There was a real chance that it would fail to get a good official flight time because it would be out of sight long before it had flown for two minutes! I thought about all the walking in the sun I would have to do if it flew at all well. I thought about all the time I had put in to prepare it for this day. I thought about the time the judges had spent in the heat the night before to judge it and its many competitors. And, I thought about the fact that if I left it in the box, I would have it to fly another day. So I left it in the box. Many, many other competitors were making similar decisions. Visiting with ones fellow modelers is much less exhausting than chasing.

Around 4:30, I packed up and went back to the dorm for a long, cold shower. I had failed -- or quit -- in all of the events I had come to contest, except for Old Timer, where I was still in a many-way tie for first place, though my Old Timer Crusader was flying worse and worse with each successive flight. Somehow, it was drifting out of trim. I examined it carefully but could see no warps or anything else wrong.

That evening, the Flying Aces Club had arranged for us to have dinner at a fair hosted by the Town of Geneseo -- intended for townspeople and tourists. It was still abominably hot, and few of us felt like a stand up perambulation of a town fair, and long lines to get food at tent concessions. It might have been a pleasant fair under other circumstances, but we were all wiped out by two days on our feet in the sun. I drove as close to the fair as I could get to minimize the walk. Still, I made the acquaintance of some fellow modelers I had not met before, and ate with some old friends. Sitting down, thank God.

For me, it was early to bed. To my astonishment, Vance Gilbert told me he went to play some basketball that

evening! Where ever the truth may lie, he made a late night of it, I know.



Sunday morning looked to be a repeat of the weather of the day before. I gave some thought to going to the flying field at first light to try to rediscover a good trim for my Crusader, but was even windy at first light and I was too drained to want to try it. Another good breakfast in good company at the SUNY cafeteria. I then drove to the Seven-Eleven for ice: they were sold out. A bunch of us trooped over to another convenience store. They had not opened yet so we all stood around and waited. Finally, they opened. They, too, were out of ice. I tried the third and last place in town that sold ice. They, too, had none. This was looking a disaster in the making but there was nothing for it then.

At the field, I tried the Old Timer in a sequence of trimming flights with partial winds of the motor. The trim had somehow changed drastically. At first, nothing seemed to work. Then it got a little better -- I was on the trail of improvement -- but the wind was becoming too strong to tell much about the trim, and it was still not right. The wind was fierce and getting stronger. About this time one of the Maxcuters came by, reporting that he had found ice in town -- they had restocked the convenience stores -- and he had bought several extra bags, knowing of our needs on the field. He gave me one, so I was fixed for the day with the necessary survival gear.

The way the winner of the Old Timer competition is determined on the third day is as follows: each of those who had gotten three two-minute maxes in the first two days of competition (out of two official flights on Friday and up to two on Saturday)

were tied and still in the competition. On Sunday, these survivors had to fly against a three minute max. Those whose planes stayed up for three or more minutes in their first officially timed flight were still in, and those who logged less than three minutes were out. These are officially timed flights, not mass launches, so the contestant is free to decide when to make his attempt. The next flight is an attempt at four minutes, and so forth until everyone fails to make it. The one with the longest flight time in the last round wins.

Usually, it takes a flight of four or more minutes to win. However, on Sunday the wind was so strong that even a two-minute flight would put the plane off the field, and retrieval would be chancy at best. At noon, the best time recorded thus far had been 158 seconds, or 2 minutes and 38 seconds.

So I waited, hoping the wind would fall in late afternoon. All of my other events had come and gone on the preceding days, so I was free to spectate and kibitz. I spent much of the day watching the action from under the shade, and occasionally helping out another contestant as a timer, or a mechanic or "stooge" in a mass launch event, searching for a downed model, or just visiting up and down the line of competitors and admiring their models. As the day wore on, the temperature fell, but the wind stayed strong. I met some nice people, had a good time, and began to recover from the exhaustion of the previous days.

Around 3:00 the wind was still very strong and showing no signs of abating, so I decided to throw caution - and the Crusader - to the winds and try an official Old Timer flight. By that time, one of my competitors had succeeded in recording a three minute max in his first elimination round of the day, so I would have to equal that and fly again to beat him. I gave the ship full winds on its rubber motor, set the timer to drop it out of the sky at a little over three minutes, and

found an official timer. I launched into the wind. It went up about fifty feet, was blown back and over by the wind, and it dove at full power straight into the ground, smashing in the nose. In any case, it was an official flight and my few-second time meant that I was out of the contest, whether or not the plane had been flyable after that. So I had struck out in all my events.

Ironically, the wind did subside a little around 4:00. I might have been in contention if I had waited for my Old Timer flight or tried a few more test-and-trim flights, but that would have left me with little time for retrieval and a second official flight.

At the very end of the meet there is a mad, crazy consolation event. Every airplane that flew in any of the dozen mass launch events and failed to finish in the top five can enter the Flying Horde. All the planes participate in a one-round mass launch. No eliminations, no second or third place -- just the last one to land wins a trophy and has a *Kanone* credited to his lifetime victory total. Two years ago, during the last FAC Nats, around fifty aircraft were entered and a Flying Horde it truly was. Miraculously, there had been no mid-air collisions that year. The sky was darkened with the swarm of models. A photo of it graced the cover of *Model Aviation*.

Technically, my Wildcat qualified, since I had entered it in the World War II mass launch -- and it had certainly failed to win, place, or show. I almost didn't bother to enter, but with the falling temperatures, declining wind, and my recovering strength, I decided to give it a try. The contest had been so exhausting that this year only about 35 or 40 contestants lined up for the Flying Horde. Still, it included some of the best. I gave the Wildcat motor its maximum safe number of winds and prepared to launch at the countdown. The wind was still quite strong -- about 15 to 20 MPH, though well below the 30 to 40 MPH earlier. I

fully expected my model to crash on launch as it had in WW II the day before. But this time it got off successfully, and with 20 or more others managed to climb above the turbulence near the ground.

The twenty or so who managed a good climb out from the launch rapidly blew down wind to the north, getting smaller and smaller in the distance. Jerry Paisley was my "mechanic" (a euphemism for "stooge" that was in vogue at the Nats) who served as a spotter. He remained standing near the Contest Director, for this last event to help him with the daunting task of identifying who is last down. I started off at a rapid walk to follow the model down wind. It became clear that mine was among the last five or so to come down -- little specks in the distant sky. At the northern horizon was the high ridge, on which the college campus and the village of Geneseo is located. As the models dropped behind the line of sight to the ridge, I lost sight of my small, dull-colored airplane. I waited a second to see if I could catch sight of it again, but I did not, so I gave the wave to Jerry to indicate that mine was down -- or out of sight. Only after that I caught sight of it -- or possibly someone else's plane -- still circling low over the end of the field. The one I was watching stayed up for another ten or fifteen seconds. I thought that I might have won, but would not get credit for it, as I had already given the signal that mine was down. I was watching too intently that indistinct speck against the ridge to see when the other planes in the distance landed, and I wasn't sure the plane I was watching was mine, so I couldn't be sure which had won.

In another ten or fifteen minutes I reached the area where the last planes came down. There, waiting by what turned out to be my plane, was a fellow I had met earlier in the day, John Marett. He flies only indoor models. That seemed like a wise choice to me at that point. He asked if the Wildcat was mine. I said it

choice to me at that point. He asked if the Wildcat was mine. I said it was. He said he had been at the end of the field to watch the results and had seen which one was last down. It had been my Wildcat! He was not, of course, an official of the contest, and considering my wave, I thought it extremely unlikely that I would get credit for the win. But he volunteered to accompany me back to the flying field to try to locate the Contest Director and report his observations.

After the long hike back, we searched for the CD and could find him nowhere. One of the people we asked said that he had gone off to congratulate the winner of the Flying Horde. Ah well. Still, the helpful Canadian tagged along, and we ran into someone else who said that the CD had gone for a ride in one of the Stearman biplanes at the working part

of the airport. We walked up that way and met him as he came back. He had -- despite Jerry's demur -- been able to keep his eye on the last planes to land and knew that the one in the middle -- mine -- had won, and readily accepted the confirmatory observations of my new-found Canadian friend. He congratulated me on my win, and took my name for the record! I was surprised and delighted. I had really won the trophy after all!

A couple of drinks in an air-conditioned banquet hall began to restore us, and there were many friends and new acquaintances to exchange war stories with. Dinner proved to be institution food -- not up to the standards of the college cafeteria where we normally ate -- but nobody minded very much.

In the awards ceremony, plaques were awarded to first through fifth

place in most of the events. The wins were broadly distributed among the 157 contestants; no one got more than two outright wins. Many of the winners were young wippersnappers such as Tom Hallman and Chris Starleaf. The weather, mischance, and the rising talent of the younger generation are putting the pressure on the established masters.

Vance Gilbert was slated to sing for us after dinner. He did give a very funny, brief speech, but demurred at singing -- he said his voice was hoarse from three days in the pollen. The audience insisted on one song, "The King of Rome," which we much enjoyed. We would have liked more.

Bill Warner has made up a very funny song about the Flying Aces Club with stanzas for most of the Squadrons that had us rolling with mirth. We did not want it to end.

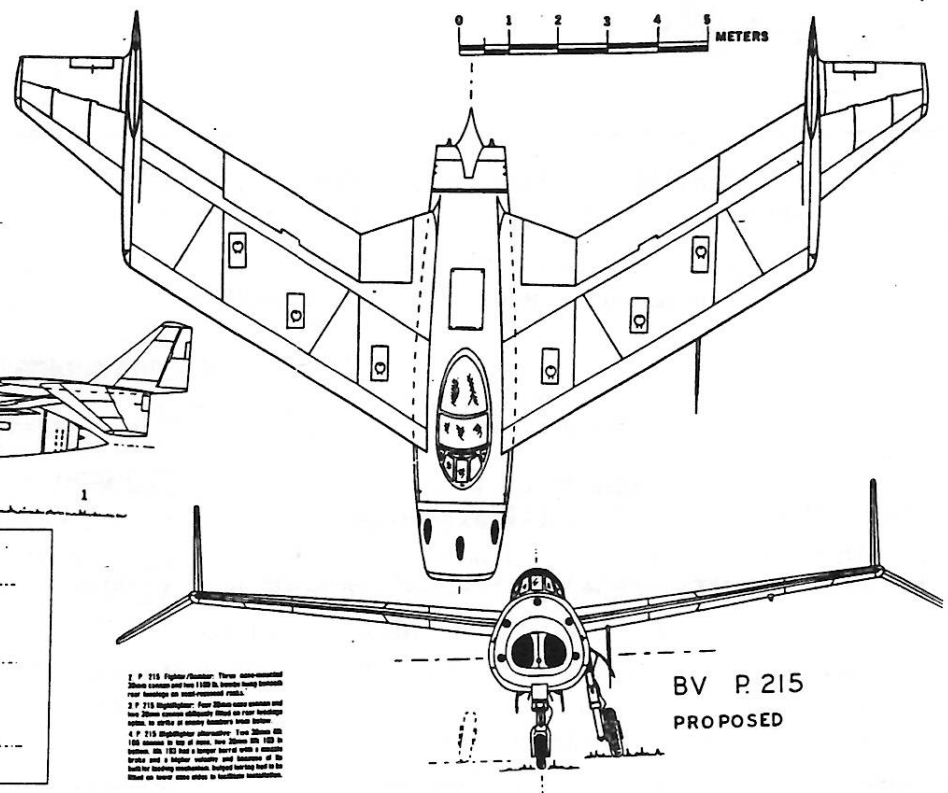
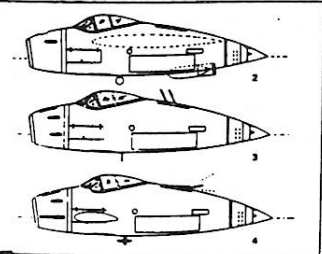
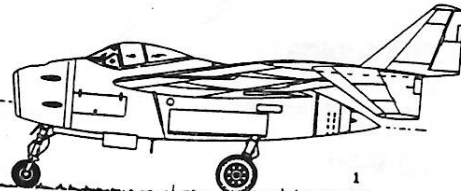
Don Srull need not be the only one to fly and win with Neverheardofems from the last days of the Third Reich, nor be the only one to win with ducted fans. See the following for

ideas for electric ducted fan, or rubber powered jet. The 3-V's below and on the next page were shrunk from 11X17's that come with each issue of *Pssst-Off Sheet*, a newsletter

for jetet models. Subscriptions -- which I recommend -- are \$9:00 for six issues (domestic) from Roger Wathen, Sr., 3242 N. Dequincy St., Indianapolis, IN 46218.

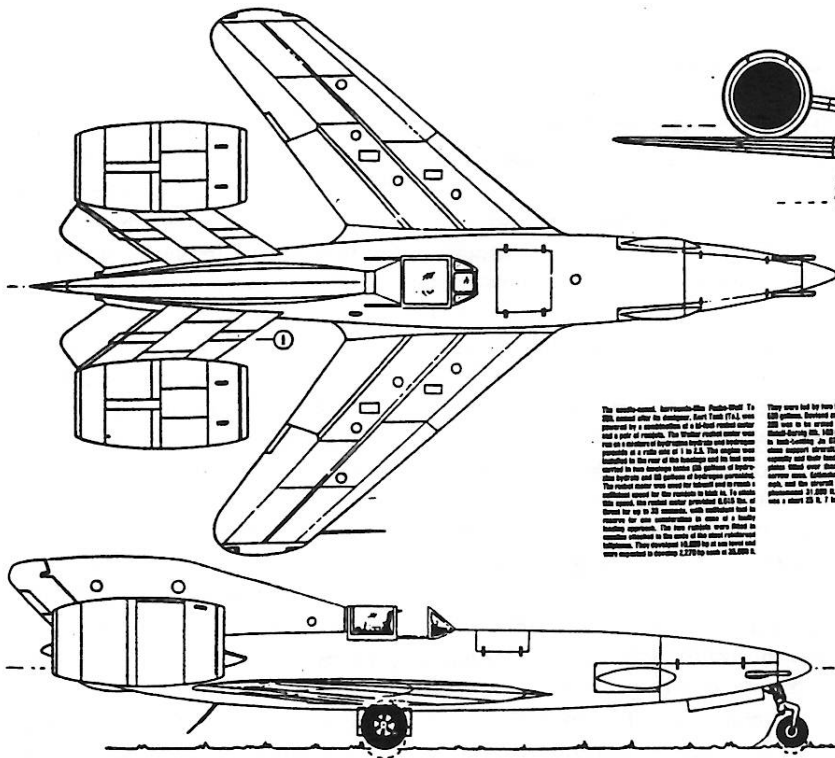
PSSST..OFF 3-VIEW PLAN NO. 119 V
 Prepared by: ALLEN HUNT, Dunbar, WV

Dr. Hunt's own excellent project for 119V and then was for an excellent modeler P. 215 P for 119V. Together with the Chief Designer, George King, Chief Designer Tom Gault and Chief Designer John Gault, the model was built with great attention to detail. The model was built with a rubber powered jet engine and a motor-driven propeller. The model was built with a rubber powered jet engine and a motor-driven propeller. The model was built with a rubber powered jet engine and a motor-driven propeller. The model was built with a rubber powered jet engine and a motor-driven propeller.



P. 215 Fighter/Chaser: Three non-vented 20mm cannons and two 1200 lb. bombs being launched from the nose. (see modeler's notes)
P. 215 Nightfighter: Four 20mm cannons and two 1200 lb. bombs being launched from the nose. (see modeler's notes)
P. 215 Nightfighter alternative: Two 20mm cannons and two 1200 lb. bombs being launched from the nose. (see modeler's notes)

BV P.215
PROPOSED

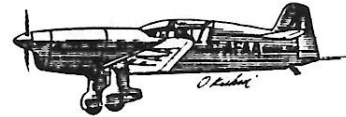
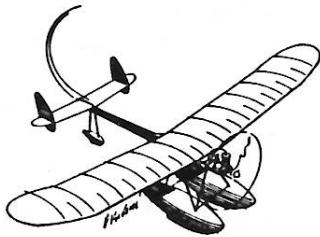


The multi-seat, two-engine Ta 283, named after the designer, Kurt Tank (T.A.), was powered by a combination of a 14-hp radial engine and a pair of rotors. The Walter radial motor was the first of a series of engines that were developed in the year of the biplane and the first was mounted in two nacelles 200 inches of diameter. The radial motor was used for takeoff and to reach a cruising speed for the rotor to take to its critical speed, the radial motor produced 600 hp, of which 400 hp was used to drive the rotor. The rotor was 20 inches in diameter and had a tip speed of 400 mph. The rotor was 20 inches in diameter and had a tip speed of 400 mph. The rotor was 20 inches in diameter and had a tip speed of 400 mph.

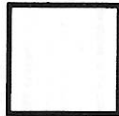
FOCKE-WULF Ta 283
PROPOSED



PSSST..OFF 3-VIEW PLAN NO. 117 V
 Prepared by:
 ALLEN HUNT
 Dunbar, WV



NOTE: Your Dues Are Due



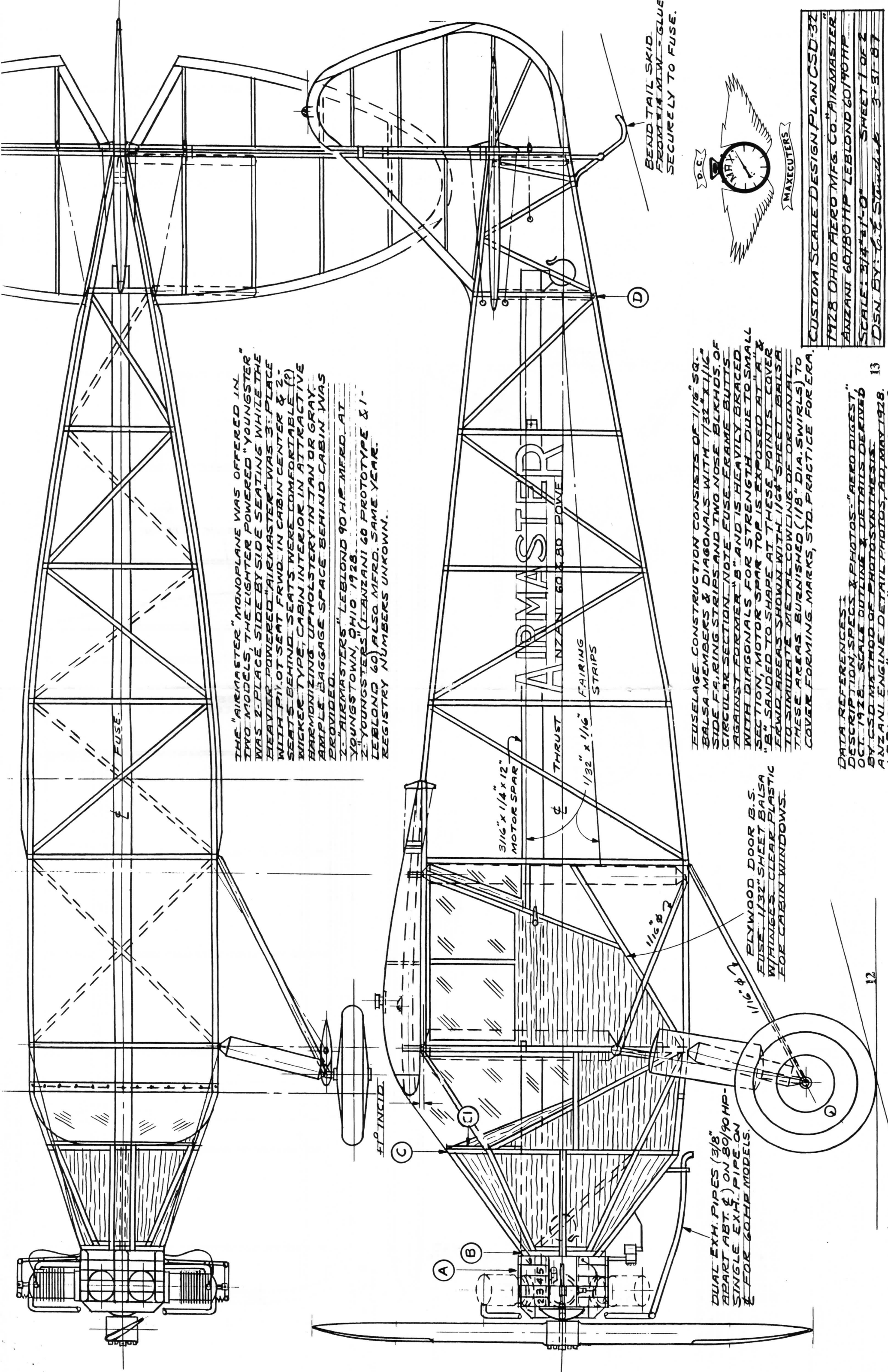
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MEETINGS The D.C. Maxecuters hold meetings on the first Tuesday of every month at the College Park Airport, the oldest operating airport in the U.S.

MEMBERSHIP Dues for membership in the D.C. MAXECUTERS is \$15 per year for residents of the USA, Canada, and Mexico, and \$25 for all other countries. Your mailing label indicates the year and month of the last issue of your current membership. A red "X" in the box above is a reminder that your dues are due. Send a check, payable to the "D.C. MAXECUTERS", to the treasurer.



THE "AIRMASTER" MONOPLANE WAS OFFERED IN TWO MODELS, THE LIGHTER POWERED "YOUNGSTER" WAS 2-PLACE, SIDE BY SIDE SEATING WHILE THE HEAVIER, POWERED "AIRMASTER" WAS 3-PLACE WITH PILOT SEAT FRWD. IN CABIN CENTER & 2 SEATS BEHIND. CABIN INTERIOR IN ATTRACTIVE BARKER TYPE, UPHOLSTERY IN TAN OR GRAY. AMPLE BAGGAGE SPACE BEHIND CABIN WAS PROVIDED.

Z- "AIRMASTERS" LEBLOND 90HP MFRD. AT YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO 1928.

Z- "YOUNGSTERS" (LEZANI 60 PROTOTYPE & 1-LEBLOND 60) ALSO MFRD. SAME YEAR. REGISTRY NUMBERS UNKNOWN.

FUSELAGE CONSTRUCTION CONSISTS OF 1/16" SQ. Balsa MEMBERS & DIAGONALS WITH 1/32" X 1/16" SIDE FAIRING STRIPS AND TWO NOSE BIRKHOFS OF CIRCULAR SECTION. NOTE FUSE FRAME BUTTS AGAINST FORMER "B" AND IS HEAVILY BRACED WITH DIAGONALS FOR STRENGTH DUE TO SMALL SECTION, MOTOR SPAR TOP IS EXPOSED AT "A" & "B", SANDED TO SHAPE AT THESE POINTS. COVER ERWID AREAS SHOWN WITH 1/64" SHEET Balsa TO SIMULATE METAL COILING OF ORIGINAL. THESE AREAS BURNISHED (1/8" DIA. SWIRLS) TO COVER FORMING MARKS, STD. PRACTICE FOR ERA.

BEND TAIL SKID FROM M.W. - GLUE SECURELY TO FUSE.



CUSTOM SCALE DESIGN PLAN CSD-32
 1928 OHIO AERO MFG. CO. "AIRMASTER"
 ANZANI 60/80HP LEBLOND 60/90HP
 SCALE: 3/4" = 1'-0" SHEET 1 OF 2
 DSN. BY: G.E. Standaert 3-31-67

DATA REFERENCES:
 DESCRIPTION, SPECS & PHOTOS - "AERO DIGEST"
 OCT. 1928. SCALE OUTLINE & DETAILS DERIVED
 BY CSD METHOD OF PHOTOSYNTHESIS.
 ANZANI ENGINE DETAIL PHOTOS AD. MAY 1928.
 LEBLOND FROM CSD: 7 & CSD: 19.

DUAL EXH. PIPES (3/8" APART APT. 1/2") ON 80/90HP - SINGLE EXH. PIPE ON 60HP MODELS.

PLYWOOD DOOR B.S. FUSE. 1/32" SHEET Balsa W/PIPING'S CLEAR PLASTIC FOR CABIN WINDOWS.

ALUMINUM HINGES MADE FROM THIN CU OR ALUMIN STRIP

CONTROL SURFACE HORNS - MAKE FROM W.P. WITH LIGHT M.W. CABLE

1/16" x 1/8" T.E.

1/16" x 5/32" SPAR

FUEL TANK 12.5 GALS. EA.

FUEL TANK OUTLINE

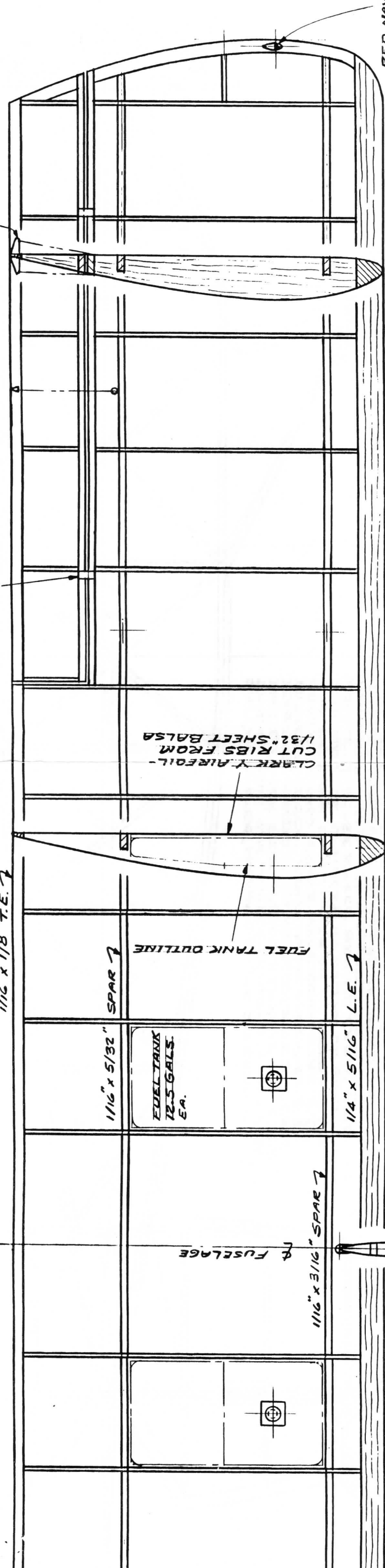
CLARK Y AIRFOIL - CUT RIBS FROM 1/32" SHEET Balsa

1/4" x 5/16" L.E.

FUSELAGE

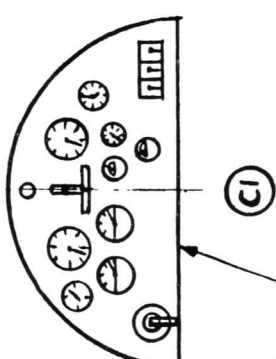
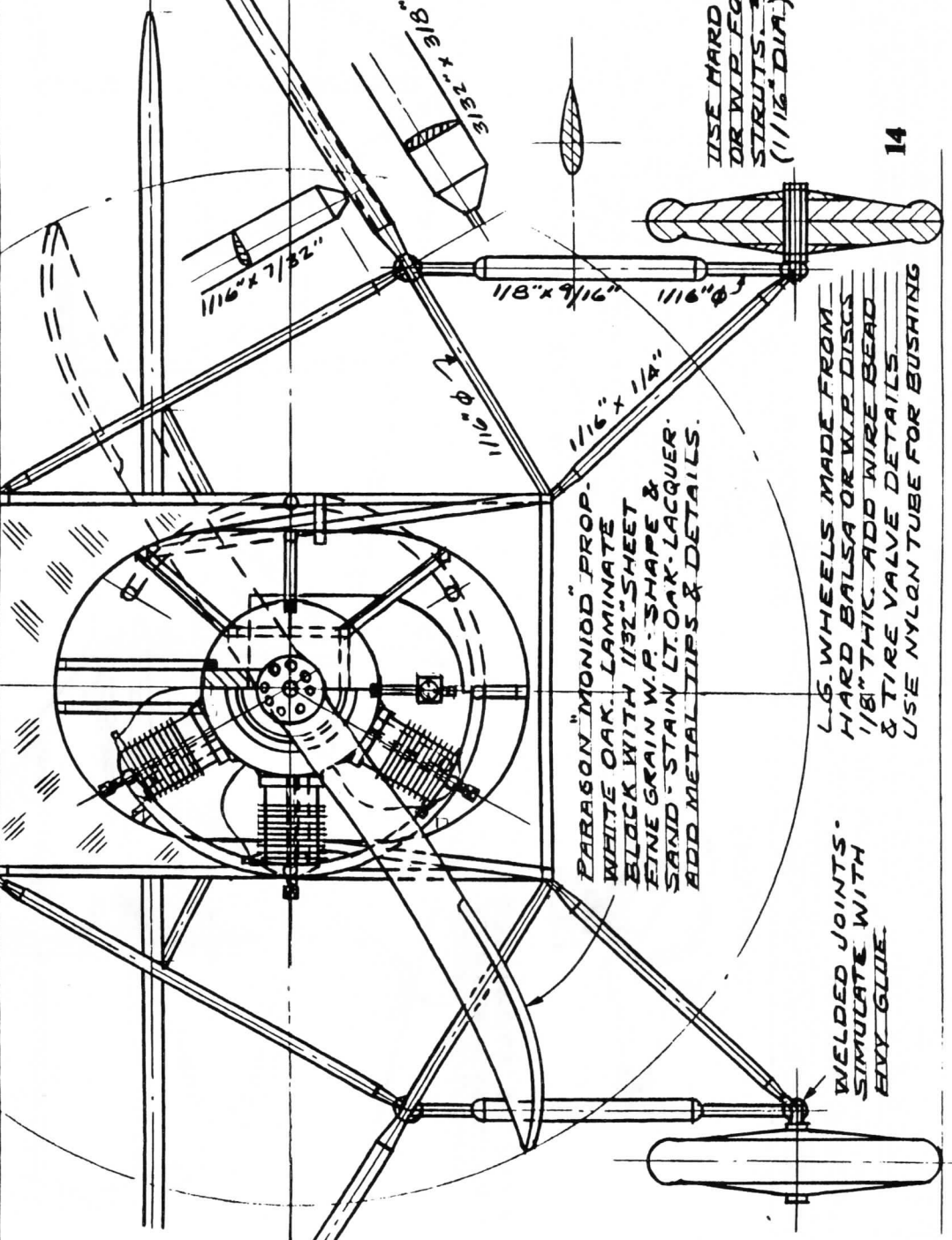
1/16" x 3/16" SPAR

RED NAVG. LT. GREEN WHITE

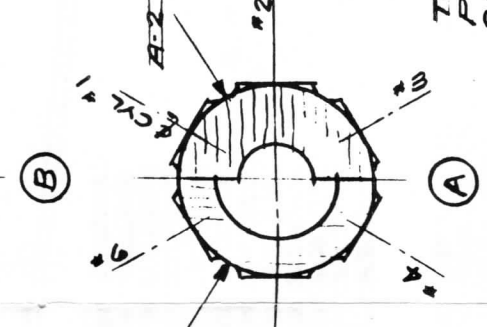
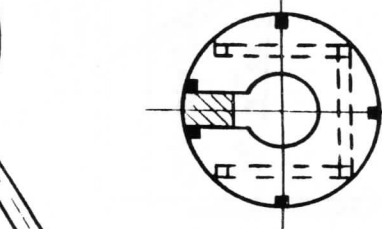
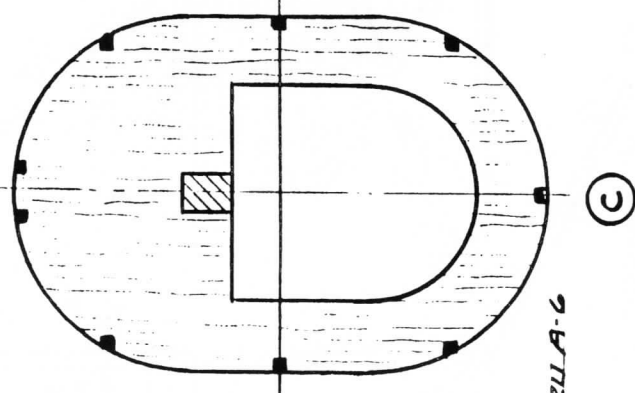


WING STRUTS - HARD Balsa - SAND TO CLARK Y SECTION, SAME AS ORIGINAL.

REAR STRUT 1/16" x 7/32"



MAHOBANY PLYWOOD INSTRUMENT PANEL DIAL FACES LT. GREEN NUMERALS / PTRS. BLACK



PROTOTYPE "AIRMMASTER" MODEL WITH ANZANI 60 HP ENGINE DEPICTED. PLANE COLORED ENTIRELY SILVER, NOSE COWLING & ALL METAL PARTS NATURAL ALUMINUM. PROPELLER NATURAL LIGHT OAK STAIN. MISC. DETAIL BLACK. "AIRMMASTER" LETTERING B.S. FUSELAGE B.F. ENAMEL BLACK. CABIN INTERIOR FINISHED IN TWO TONE TAN.

CUSTOM SCALE DESIGN PLAN CSD-32
1928 OHIO AERO MFG. CO. "AIRMMASTER"
ANZANI 60/80 HP - LEBLOND 60/90 HP
SCALE: 3/4" = 1'-0"
DSN. BY: G. F. Stanchel 3-31-87

THIS 3/4" SCALE (1/16" THICK SIZE) PLAN IS FULL SIZE SCALE OFF ANY DIMENSIONS. NEEDED.

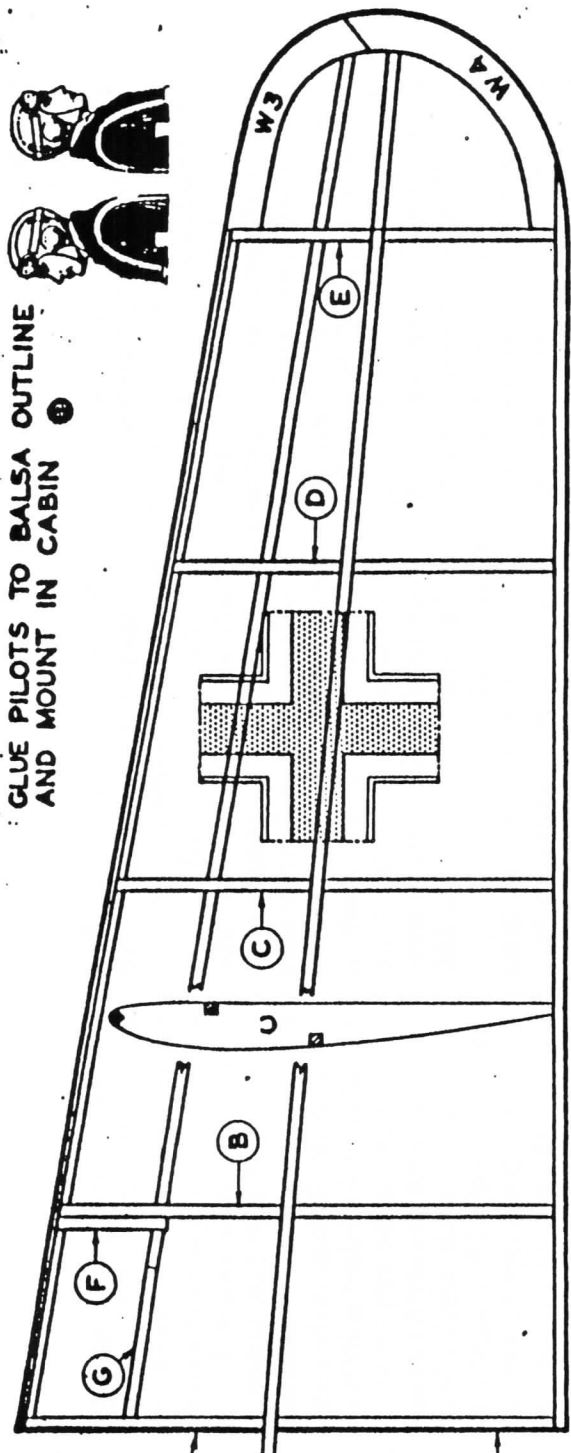
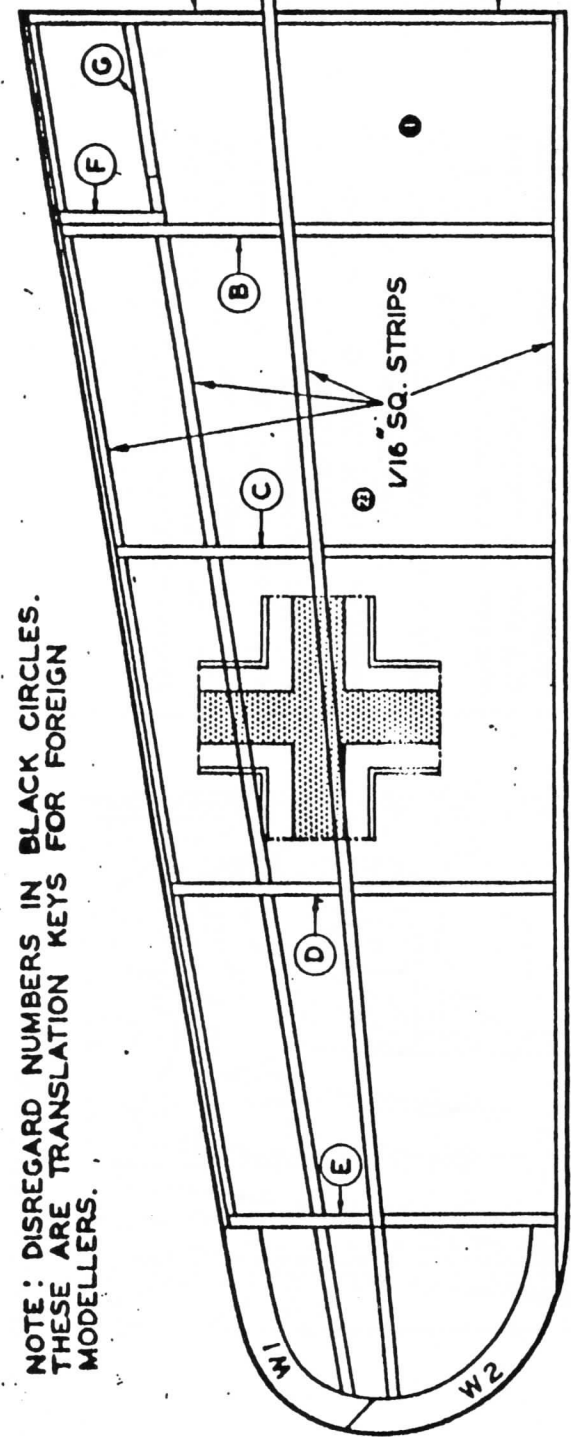
L.G. WHEELS MADE FROM HARD Balsa OR W.P. DISCS 1/8" THICK. ADD WIRE BEAD & TIRE VALVE DETAILS. USE NYLON TUBE FOR BUSHING

WELDED JOINTS - SIMULATE WITH EPOXY GLUE.

PARSON "MONIOD" PROP. WHITE OAK LAMINATE BLACK WITH 1/32" SHEET ETNE GRAIN W.P. SHAPE & SAND - STAIN LT. OAK. LACQUER. ADD METAL TIPS & DETAILS.

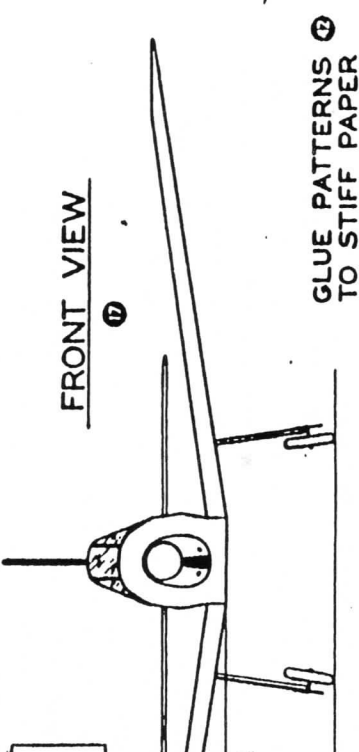
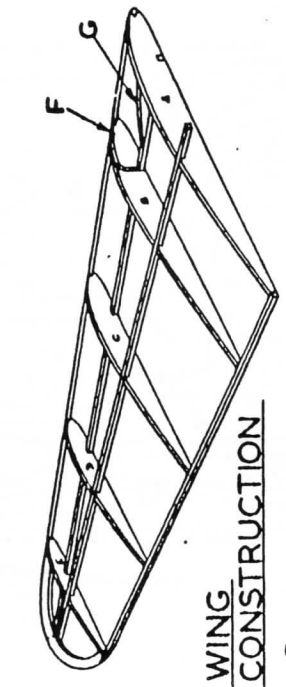
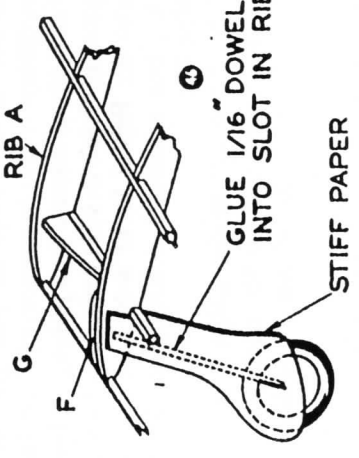
USE HARD Balsa OR W.P. FOR L.G. STRUTS - #26 M.W. (1/16" DIA.) AXLES.

NOTE: DISREGARD NUMBERS IN BLACK CIRCLES. THESE ARE TRANSLATION KEYS FOR FOREIGN MODELLERS.



GLUE PILOTS TO BALSA OUTLINE AND MOUNT IN CABIN

LINE UP BOTTOM OF RIB HERE AND SLANT RIB OUTWARD



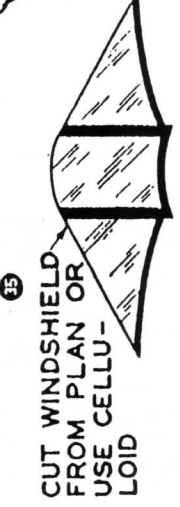
WING CONSTRUCTION

GLUE 1/16" DOWEL INTO SLOT IN RIB

RUBBER

1-1/8" DIHEDRAL

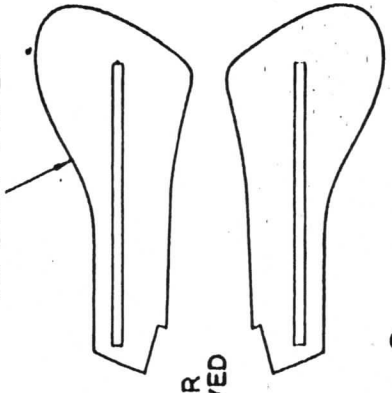
FRONT VIEW



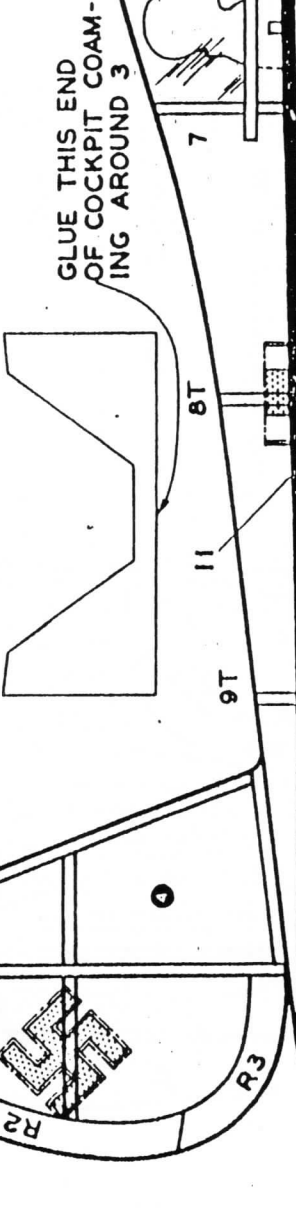
CUT WINDSHIELD FROM PLAN OR USE CELLULOID



DOWEL HOLDS RUBBER MOTOR



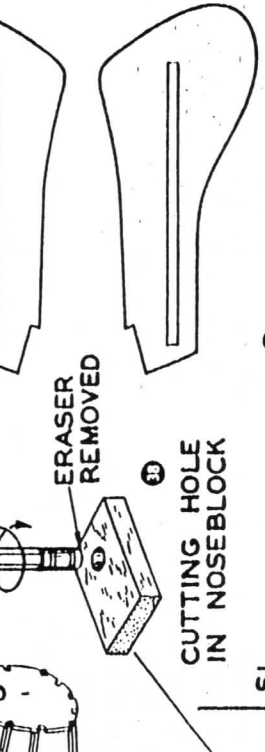
GLUE PATTERNS TO STIFF PAPER



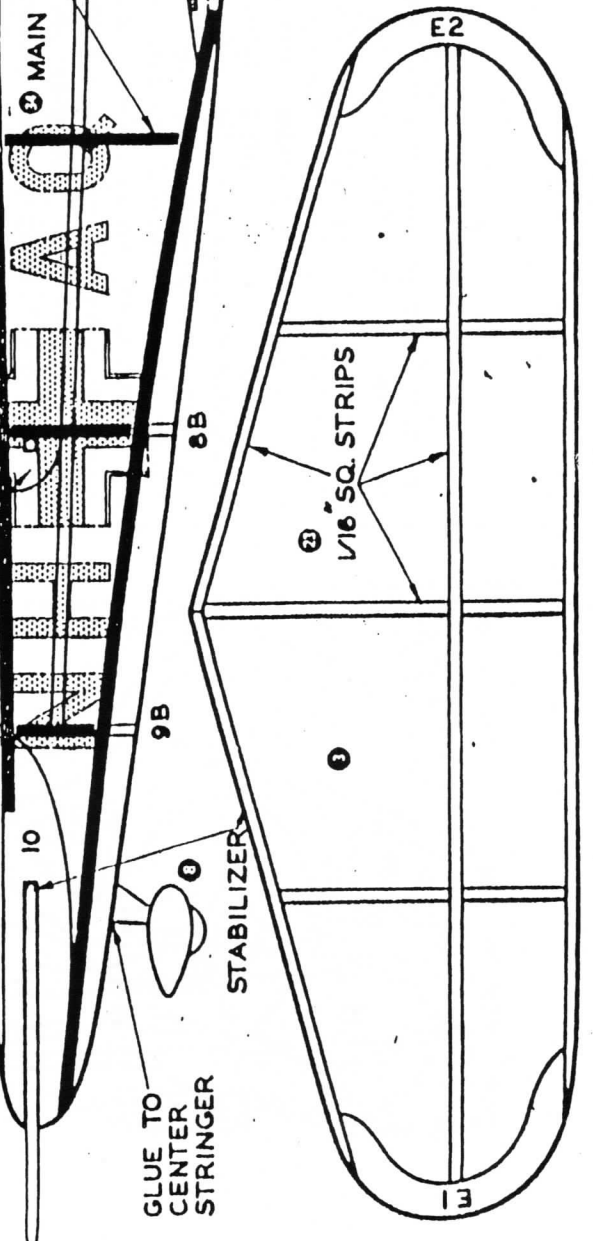
GLUE THIS END OF COCKPIT COAMING AROUND

GLUE TO 3

NOTCHES FOR 1/16" SQ. STRINGERS



THRUST BUTTON CONSTRUCTION



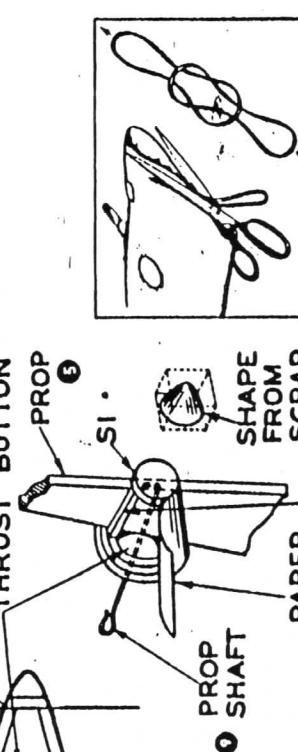
GLUE TO CENTER STRINGER

STABILIZER

MAIN FRAMEWORK

1/16" SQ. STRIP

1/16" SQ. STRIP



THRUST BUTTON

PROP SHAFT

PROP

1/16" SQ. STRIP

1/16" SQ. STRIP

1/16" SQ. STRIP

1/16" SQ. STRIP

1/16" SQ. STRIP

1/16" SQ. STRIP

1/16" SQ. STRIP

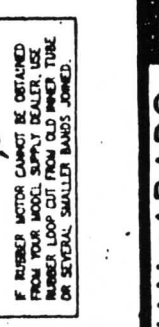
1/16" SQ. STRIP



BEND PIN WITH WHEEL ON



TOP VIEW OF FUSELAGE NOSE



RUBBER MOTOR CANNOT BE OBTAINED FOR THIS KIT. IF YOU CAN OBTAIN ONE, PLEASE CUT IT FROM OLD BATTERY TUBE OR SEVERAL SMALLER BATTERIES JOINED.

GERMAN ARADO

WINGSPAN 16" LENGTH 12-5/8"

KIT NO. A39 DRAWN BY [Signature]