THE PRESIDENT'S PAGE

By E. E. "Buck" Hilbert
President, Antique-Classic Division

THE DREAM TRIP

If you're like me and party to thoughts that someday, just someday, you'd like to bust the supercilious attitudes and procedures of one of these big controlled airports, then you harbor suppressed desires just like the rest of the world. Only there is a difference... today I DONE IT!

United Airlines employees Mainliner Club has several events during the year to build espirit de corps and foster a family feeling about the company. There are picnics, a Christmas party, other various doings throughout the year and an open house Family Day where most of us work, O'Hare Field.

At this big event the Boeing 747 hangar is made available and each department is invited to build a display and present to their fellow employees a description of their job and duties, and how this all relates to the Big Picture. Air Freight, Flight Operations, Maintenance, Stewardess Service, Ramp Service, Inflight Services, Cabin Services, even the Credit Union all take part in this. Loads of goodies like pineapple, sourdough bread and souvenirs are brought from all over the airline's far flung stations and offered for sale or as prizes to the people attending. There is a polka band, dancing, the Cookie Monster usually makes an appearance and even clowns add to the festivities. For the kids there are balloons and cookies and ice cream and puzzles and games, and it's all very much fun. It's a very popular event for kids and grown folk alike. Especially since most of the displays offer free items, some offer movies, and there is even a booth where chances can be had at a free Honolulu trip.

Well, what's all this got to do with antique airplanes? Well, I'm leading up to it, be patient.

About six weeks before the big event, as a pass passenger on a flight to Boston, I had on board one of the wheels who promotes and organizes this event each year, name of Curt Petzel. Curt and I are from the same alma mater, Lewis College at Lockport, Illinois. We have both been with UAL over twenty years. When he asked what I was doing for excitement these days, I handed him a couple copies of The Vintage Airplane. His eyes bugged like a stepped on (Continued on Page 21)

HOW TO JOIN THE ANTIQUE-CLASSIC DIVISION

Membership in the EAA Antique-Classic Division is open to all EAA members who have a special interest in the older aircraft that are a proud part of our aviation heritage. Membership in the Antique-Classic Division is $10.00 per year which entitles one to 12 issues of The Vintage Airplane published monthly at EAA Headquarters. Each member will also receive a special Antique-Classic membership card plus one additional card for one's spouse or other designated family member.

Membership in EAA is $15.00 per year which includes 12 issues of SPORT AVIATION. All membership correspondence should be addressed to: EAA, Box 229, Hales Corners, Wisconsin 53130.
# Table of Contents

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Dream Trip</td>
<td>Buck Hilbert</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Resurrection of a Spartan</td>
<td>Jack Cox</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bellanca...The Early Years</td>
<td>John Morgan</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reminiscing With Big Nick</td>
<td>Nick Rezich</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Curtiss Flying Wing Biplane</td>
<td>Jack Cox</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It Will Never, Never Run</td>
<td>Bob Zilinsky</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Letter From Paul Rizzo</td>
<td></td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**On the Cover...** Pat Hartness and his Spartan Executive.

**Back Cover...** H. M. Wegner's Aeronca Chief.

---

**Editorial Staff**

Publisher — Paul H. Poberezny  
Assistant Editor — Gene Chase  
Assistant Editor — Golda Cox

**Antique and Classic Division Officers**

**President** — E. E. Hilbert  
8102 LEECH RD.  
UNION, ILLINOIS 60180

**Vice President** — J. R. Niemander, Jr.  
P. O. Box 2464  
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. 33303

**Secretary** — Richard Wagner  
Box 181  
Lyons, Wis. 53148

**Treasurer** — Gar W. Williams, Jr.  
9 S 135 Aero Dr., Rt. 1  
Naperville, Ill. 60540

**Directors**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Address</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| Evander Britt   | P. O. Box 458  
Lumberton, N. C. 28358 |
| J. R. Niemander | P. O. Box 2464  
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. 33303 |
| Richard Wagner  | Box 181  
Lyons, Wis. 53148 |
| Gar Williams, Jr| 9 S 135 Aero Dr., Rt. 1  
Naperville, Ill. 60540 |

**Division Executive Secretary**

Dorothy Chase, EAA Headquarters

**The Vintage Airplane** is owned exclusively by Antique Classic Aircraft, Inc. and is published monthly at Hales Corners, Wisconsin 53130. Second Class Permit pending at Hales Corners Post Office, Hales Corners, Wisconsin 53130. Membership rates for Antique Classic Aircraft, Inc. are $15.00 per 12 month period of which $7.00 is for the subscription to THE VINTAGE AIRPLANE. All Antique Classic Aircraft, Inc. members are required to be members of the parent organization, the Experimental Aircraft Association. Membership is open to all who are interested in aviation.

Postmaster: Send Form 3579 to Antique Classic Aircraft, Inc., Box 229,  
Hales Corners, Wisconsin 53130

Copyright © 1974 Antique Classic Aircraft, Inc. All Rights Reserved
THE RESURRECTION OF A SPARTAN

By Jack Cox

"Restoration" is perhaps a more technically accurate term to describe the process some antique airplane enthusiasts go through to put their old birds back in flying condition, but in a few cases the amount and extent of the work is such that a stronger word seems necessary to more fully describe the blood, sweat and tears that have been expended on a pile of near junk to make it fly again. This is the story of such a project, one that might be called "The Resurrection of a Spartan" — for it was quite literally brought back from the dead.

N-17614 was Serial Number 13 of the Spartan 7W Executives to come off the production line in Tulsa and for a good part of its existence it appeared this mystical (to some) number was, indeed, an omen of bad luck. For too many years the aircraft sat on the Martinsburg, West Virginia airport gradually deteriorating and probably would have been scrap aluminum today except for the interest and determination of Spartan buff Pete Bryce (EAA 86354). At least once or twice a year Pete would look in on the old girl, turn the engine over, see the door was closed and whatever else he could do to stave off the ravages of the elements. All the while he was attempting to buy the Executive, but to no avail.

N-17614 had a special appeal to Pete because in addition to being the 6th oldest Executive left on FAA's records (it was built in 1938), this one was by far the lowest time 7W left.

As time passed Pete Bryce acquired several Spartan Executives, including his present one, N-111PB, Serial Number 14 (that's the striking blue and green machine recently featured in Alumigrip ads). Thus it was that when in late 1972 he was finally able to buy N-17614, it was surplus to his needs — but, at least, he had been successful in saving it from the scrap pile and could insure that ol' Serial Number 13 would end up in the hands of someone who would give it the TLC such a magnificent old bird so richly deserved.

That someone turned out to be Pat Hartness (EAA 27545) of Greenville, South Carolina. Already an avid homebuilder with one of the first plans-built Volksplanes to his credit, Pat was looking for a new and more challenging project. He found it in an unusually common manner — Pete Bryce's ad in Trade-A-Plane. The remains were purchased, brought to South Carolina and were shortly laid out in a vacant corner of Pat's Pepsi bottling plant awaiting the ministering hand that would bring on the resurrection. Pat has a very comprehensive scrapbook and slide collection today to show how N-17614 was quite literally taken apart down to the last castle nut and put back together again with new parts and materials where needed. There are no exaggerations intended here — the engine, prop and complete airframe were literally re-manufactured, so that for all practical purposes the Spartan emerged as a new airplane.

Since it was to be used as an Executive was originally intended to be used, as an ultra plush piece of private transportation, the aircraft was changed and added to in order to make it just as up to date from an equipment point...
of view and as plush by today's standards as the aircraft was in the world of 1938 when it was first built. For instance, Cessna 310 wheels and disc brakes were substituted for the originals to make ground handling in crosswinds a little less exhilarating. A completely new instrument panel was fabricated and filled with every electronic goodie commonly used today in executive aircraft with the exception of radar (see picture). It even has a stereo tape deck for music loving passengers.

When it came time to do the upholstery, the Exec was turned over to Stevens Aviation of Greenville. This outfit is more accustomed to fitting custom threads in the likes of Lears and Gulfstreams, but they spared no effort in fitting N-17614 with one of the most beautiful interiors ever put in a single engine airplane.

The final touch was the paint. It had been hoped that the skin could be polished out but the years of neglect had taken their toll and it just wasn't possible to attain a polish that was up to the standard of the rest of the restoration. Instead, it was decided to paint the entire airplane a silver gray and trim it in a red and yellow factory trim design. Pat has some humorous stories to tell regarding the paint job. Briefly, it was painted at least three separate times using some well known super finishes, but they simply weren't good enough to suit Pat. Each time the paint was stripped off and a new start was made using another brand. Finally, a specially formulated acrylic paint was used that proved to be satisfactory. The resulting finish is one of those that always looks wet and about an inch deep . . . really stunning.

As the Executive neared completion, a new N-number was applied for. The Serial Number 13 had never held any terror for Pat Hartness — in fact he looked up on it as a talisman of sorts. He was born on the 13th of the month and always considered it his lucky number. When he heard the serial number of N-17614, he knew this was meant to be his airplane. It will come as a surprise to exactly no one to learn that the new registration number is N-13PH. The fuselage also contains the logo of Hartness Engineering, another of Pat's business ventures, which adds an element of authenticity to the appearance of the plane since most Executives were purchased new for corporate use.

After all the little detail items and a few mechanical bugs were worked out and the Exec was flying nicely, Pat and his wife Jo (who, incidentally, was selected Mrs. EAA during the 1971 Oshkosh Fly-In) decided the plane should have a coming out party. Invitations were sent to various friends, owners of all the remaining Spartan Executives and well known Spartan enthusiasts. They even ordered good weather . . . and got it!

On Friday, October 11, four of the 16 or so Spartan 7W Executives still on FAA's records landed at the Greenville Downtown Airport and taxied up to Thermal Belt Aviation's large hangar, which had been emptied out, scrubbed and polished for the big occasion. Sitting right in the middle of the vast open space in pristine splendor was Pat and Jo's N-13PH, flanked by two beribboned Bird-of-Paradise arrangements on tall stands . . . an impressive setting for an impressive airplane.

Eat your hearts out, Bonanza owners!

(Photograph by Jack Cox)
The Executives flying in were: Peter Bryce of Bryce's Mountain Resort (Ski Bryce), Basye, Virginia in N-111PB (Serial Number 14); Colgate Darden III of Cayce, S. C. in NC-17633 (Serial Number 21); Floyd Duncan of Burbank, California in N-17658 (Serial Number 27); and George Mennen of Morristown, N. J. in N-34SE (Serial Number 34).

That evening a champagne buffet was enjoyed by a large number of local and out of town guests — right in the hangar around the flood lighted Spartan. A special ramp had been put in place so everyone could walk up over the wing and admire the cabin.

It goes without saying that Spartan gab sessions went on until the wee hours of morning, however, all the owners rousted out early the following day for pictures and some buddy hopping. Five Spartan Executives may not sound like many, but so spread out around the country are the planes that these five constituted the largest gathering of the Model 7W any of the owners could recall probably since the factory days. An invitation was extended to all to attend Oshkosh '75, so perhaps an even larger number will be there next summer.

A lot of nautical terms and customs have been carried over into aviation. New boats and ships have been christened before their initial launch as far back as there are any records. Most of us in the EAA world fly for fun and the social side of aviation is important to us. We think it's a great idea to have a christening or send off party for new and just-restored aircraft. Why should those boat nuts have all the fun??

(Photo by Jack Cox)
Pat and Jo Hartness - hosts for debut of Spartan N-13PH.

This close-up shows a lot of the tremendous work that went into the rebuilding of this Executive. Few aircraft have had such a glorious send off - the graceful floral stands are topped with Bird of Paradise arrangements.
A once-in-a-generation photo - 5 Spartan Executives and their owners. Left to right, George Mennen, Floyd Duncan, Pete Bryce, Coke Darden and Pat Hartness.

Coke Darden - his Spartan is said to be the most original of those flying.

Pete Bryce

(Photo by Jack Cox)

Floyd Duncan

(Phot by Jack Cox)

George Mennen

(Phot by Jack Cox)
The Bellanca XSE-2 experimental Scout. The sole example built was destroyed when spun in by Stewart Chadwick. Powered by a big Wright Cyclone. Note the carrier arresting hook under the tail.

BELLANCA . . . THE EARLY YEARS

Part IV

By John McC. Morgan (EAA 83694)
Summit Aviation, Inc.
Middleton, Delaware 19709

(All Photos Courtesy of the Author)

This month we present the fourth in a series of pictorial articles on the legendary Bellanca Aircraft Corporation of New Castle, Delaware. During the middle '30s the company did a lot of what we today might call "prototype" or "one off" work. A number of unusual aircraft came from the drawing board of G. M. Bellanca, several of which were for the military. All this ended in the late '30s when production of the "small" Bellancas began, the low wing Model 14 series. The author, John Morgan, is Vice President and General Manager of Summit Aviation in Middleton, Delaware – not far from the old Bellanca factory around which he grew up.

This is the poor XSOE-1 Scout observation ship. Only one built and it never flew as it couldn't be rigged due to insufficient number of tie rods. It was delivered to Philadelphia NAS by George Haldeman who taxied it up the Delaware River.
The Bellanca bomber – powered by two Wright Cyclones of some 650 hp each and Curtiss electric props. Only two were built.

The Bellanca bomber on floats. Ed Smith, still with Summit Aviation in Middleton, Delaware, and Roger Q. Williams delivered this aircraft to Columbia, South America.

The Navy bought a few Standard Skyrockets – this is one of them. It is being finished at Bellanca for delivery.
Shirley Short, left, and George Halderman with the Bellanca Pacemaker “Rosemarie”. This close-up reveals several interesting technical points of the early Bellancas: manual spark control for the nose mounted magnetos of the Wright J-5, the compass mounted ahead of the windshield, the unusual wheel fairings, etc. A magnifying glass makes it easy to read the “Hartzell” decal on the propeller.

Russell Boardman and John Pollando after setting a distance record of 5,040 miles in their Bellanca – from the U. S. to Turkey. This picture is actually a post card from Russell Boardman to Ilia Islamoff back at the factory in New Castle. The note on the back says, “I deeply appreciate your telegram of congratulations. With cordial thanks and best wishes from Istanbul. - Russell Boardman.” Boardman was to be killed in the crash of the Gee Bee R-1 at Indianapolis in 1933.
The first of the famous Skyrocket line. This model differed from the earlier Pacemaker in that it had slightly larger wings and a P&W Wasp engine. The exhaust manifold was sunk into the cowling so that the outer periphery of the manifold was flush with the cowl ahead and behind the manifold. This aircraft was built for Bendix and was painted dark blue. Notice the high seating position of the co-pilot.

The last of the "big" Bellancas. After the high wing Bellanca Skyrockets were phased out of production at New Castle, the jigs were sent to Edmonton, Alberta where a few more were made. This is the last of the line, a Skyrocket with a P&W R-1340 (650 hp for take-off).

"Liberty", a Pacemaker owned by Otto Hillig of Liberty, New York and piloted by Holger Hoirils. The two flew this plane to Denmark in 1931. The aircraft later made another successful trans-Atlantic flight with a different crew. Today we remember the Spirit of St. Louis and the Lockheed Vegas as the great ocean spanners, but the Bellancas were far more numerous, finally making crossings almost commonplace by the middle 30s.
THE 1947 CLEVELAND AIR RACES

The 1947 National Air Races introduced four new races over the first post war race of 1946. They were the Kendall Oil Trophy race for P-51s, the Tinnerman Trophy race for P-63s, the Allison Trophy race for jets and the Goodyear Trophy race for the all-new 190 cubic inch midget racers. The midgets were a revival of the pre-war backyard racers that reflected the ingenuity and inventiveness of individuals that was missing from the year before.

The announcement of the midget racers brought the largest crowd ever to Cleveland — including the Rezich Brothers 3. I flew in — in a Howard DGA-15, Frank went with his boss, Wilson Newhall, to crew the P-63, and Mike drove with his wife and the precious cargo of liquid refreshments. Cleveland was much like Oshkosh — transportation and lodging were at a premium. We always licked the lodging problem by reserving two large adjoining suites that would sleep eight in beds and thirty on the floor. Transportation was no sweat because buses ran from hotel door to airport gate. The big problem was ice for the refreshments. Unlike the culprit in Oshkosh, we did not clean out the neighboring hotel of ice, but instead picked up fifty pound bags en route to the hotel. The porters in Cleveland will never forget that bunch. I'll never forget the look on their faces when they would ask, "Where do you want the ice bags?" — and we would tell 'em, "In the tub". Everything went into the tub — beer, booze, cheese, salami and the hog jowls for the maids.

The midgets became overnight favorites with their 2.2 mile race course laid out in front of the grandstands which permitted the fans to see the "race horse" start and all of the truck-mounted pylons. Quite a contrast from the Kendall, Tinneman, Sihio and the Thompson where the fans could only see the start and the straightaway. After the first midget heat was run, the crowd was wild — this was the kind of racing they came to see.

The midgets brought in a whole new breed of pilots and airplanes. It also brought in some antiques. I spent most of my time in the midget area . . . or, as they call it now, the "pits". I noticed some old pre-war airframes wearing new wings, landing gears and the new Continental 85.

First to catch my eye was Chief Oshkosh, Steve Wittman's racer of the 1930s, originally powered by a Cirrus engine. It was still red and had the same NX14855, but carried a new racing number, No. 20, and was now called "Buster". A little further up the line I noticed the old Brown Bushey racer and the only change appeared to be the engine. It carried the same NR — now NX834, and racing number 19 and was called the Robinson "Suzie Jane". Someone told me that Benny Howard's old "Pete" was on the field, so I turned my attention to finding it. I walked past it twice and didn't recognize it! It carried a new NX number and no more looked like the old "Pete" than I looked like Clark Gable.

It was interesting to see these old machines competing with the new generation racers. Of the thirteen qualified new racers, the favorites were the "Cosmic Winds" rumored to have been designed and built by Lockheed, and Art Chester's new "Swee Pea I". It was Art Chester and Benny Howard who had fostered the new 190 cubic inch class race category.

The "Cosmic Winds" were to be flown by veteran Lockheed test pilots "Fish" Salmon and Tony Le Vier. Speculation in the area was that the midget races would be dominated by Art Chester's "Swee Pea" and the "Cosmic Winds". The head-scratchers were trying to figure the Wittman-Brennand combination.

Who ever heard of Wittman going to the Nationals and not flying his own airplane? I heard a hundred different reasons why Witt wasn't going to fly the midget, but it was my old boss, Benny Howard, who had the answer that proved correct. "He is a sleeper," said Benny, "and if these guys knew anything about horse racing they would know you don't put a 200 pound jockey on a three year old."

"And as for experience, that kid probably has more supervised pylon practice in that type racer than any other pilot on the field — keep your eye on him."

Benny was right — Wittman's theory proved quite profitable. The well-trained 105 pound Bill Brennand won the
first Goodyear Trophy race at just over 165 mph to beat out Paul Penrose flying Art Chester’s “Swee Pea”, followed by Fish Salmon and Le Vier in the highly touted “Cosmic Winds”.

I believe the only reason Le Vier finished fourth was because he was tired. BELIEVE-YOU-ME, he was the busiest guy in Cleveland. It seemed to me that he was in the air all the time, first qualifying the P-38, then qualifying the midget, racing the ‘38, racing the midget and in between flying one hell of an air show in the P-38. If you think Bob Hoover is great in the Shrike, you are right, but Le Vier in the ‘38 was somethin’ else! He was first with the dead engine routine including a no-flap landing with both engines feathered, finally rolling up to the grandstands and jumping on the binders for a bow.

The ‘47 Nationals closed with a disastrous Thompson race. Before it was all over they scattered iron all over the Ohio countryside and airport. The tragic comedy started with twelve airplanes qualifying and thirteen starting. Now, remember, at Cleveland they used a race horse start and not the air start used today at Reno.

When the starter’s flag was dropped, it was 25,000 horsepower headed for the scatter pylon — boy, talk about a lot of company in a corner! And that’s bunches because not everybody got to the first turn. Right after the gear doors closed, a P-51 crapped its guts and went in, tearing off a wing and burning. Next, a P-38 landed with the Allisons oozing out of the cowl. Then it was Paul Penrose, the fellow who had flown Art Chester’s midget — he made it to the airport without breaking up the ’51. Tony Jananzo, flying a Corsair, bought himself a plot in Marble Park on the Number Two pylon. He was supposed to have been married on the evening of the next day, but they used the booze money to buy a casket instead.

This was followed by a ’51 going in on the back stretch which was marked by the black smoke — Woody Edmondson was luckier than Tony . . . he recuperated. Next was a P-40Q. I had never seen a “Q” before (or since) — it had to be the only one in the country. It was an advanced model of the P-40 with a bubble canopy. This bird and its pilot Jean Ziegler were the 13th starter — he had not qualified for the Thompson but lined up and raced anyhow. He pulled up in the east corner, blew the canopy and went

This is a post card from the 1947 racing era and is a part of Big Nick’s aviation collection. “Buster” is Steve Wittman’s pre-World War II “Chief Oshkosh” modified to conform to post war Goodyear trophy specifications. The airframe had originally been powered by a Cirrus and later a Menasco. As shown here it is powered with the Continental C-85 common to all the Goodyear racers. Notice the Wittman features — the wildly curving scimitar prop, spring leaf landing gear and wire-braced wing. “Buster” is now in the Smithsonian’s collection in Washington.
for a walk. The floating canopy hit someone on the ground and the P-40 buried itself in the Ohio countryside. Oh! I almost forgot... back to the start...

One of the Corsairs failed to get the word on the start and was almost a lap behind by the time he got the gear up. He ran full bore trying to catch up and finally the Wasp Major gave up the ghost and he put it on the tarmac all in one piece. This left the finishers — Cook Clelland in his XF2G-1 Corsair, first; his second Corsair flown by Dick Becker in second place; Jay Demming in third place in Tex Johnson's 1946 winner, a P-39Q, the Cobra II; Steve Beville's P-51 was fourth; Tony Le Vier's red Lightning was fifth followed by a limping P-63.

The big "bores" haven't changed much in 27 years... they are still running the same way at Reno. Guts, money and horsepower, but very little racing.

With the running of the Thompson over with, it was then time for fun and games. Some 2500 airplanes were about to depart the Cleveland Airport — and I was one of them. If you think the mass exodus at Oshkosh on Friday evening was frightening, you should have been in that DGA-15 with me at Cleveland when they turned us loose three abreast at three second intervals! There was no briefing or monitoring tower — just a bunch of guys waving off twin Beeches behind J-3s, Airknockers behind DC-3s; some turning left, some right and the rest going in all directions. Oshkosh is child's play compared to Cleveland. Can you imagine the slobbering fit the FAA would have if we used five abreast take-offs at Oshkosh with five second intervals???

During the past 35 years I have attended most all the major air meets and to the best of my knowledge, there has never been a mid-air collision during the arrival or mass departures at any of the meets. I believe there is a message here — it is obvious that we know how to act and behave in a highly congested area without the use of a bunch of fancy radios and control towers. We have been proving it for over 25 years but Big Brother still won't accept it. Why? Maybe it is because every time Big Brother uses his club we run and hide and let our leaders get beaten up — then accuse them of not fighting hard enough for us. We have only a handful of leaders on our side and they can't do it all by themselves. We need every arrow in the pouch to penetrate the skin of Big Brother. If you are building a new airplane, rebuilding an old one or are flying one now and plan to fly it two or three years from now, you better put down your glue pot and take to the quill and inform your lawmakers that control towers and other facilities are being placed at airports by Federal decision and not by the demands of general aviation people using the airports. General aviation is paying its own way with the User's Tax and federal fuel tax. The Federal Government installs these facilities and then wants to require those of us who paid for them in the first place to pay again to use them.

The Ford administration has just proposed $5.00 and $10.00 landing fees for non-commercial aircraft landing at airports where an FAA control tower is in operation. This is outright extortion.

And this is only the beginning... if we let them get by with this, next will be mandatory flight plans — at $5.00 each, license renewals at $25.00 a whack, proximity warning units at $10,000 each, encoding altimeters, no flying after 60 years of age without co-pilot, towers at private airports... yes, all these are in the mill — all this for VFR flying and much more for IFR flying.

So, if you think your old bird can handle all this equipment and your pocketbook is bulging, keep on glueing. Me? I'm writing several letters a week and am blowing my horn loud and clear. But I can't do it all by myself, nor can Paul Poberezny or any other individual. It takes all of us. I have been in this business a long time and I have learned to recognize the smell of a skunk in the wood pile... and BELIEVE-YOU-ME, there's a big one out there now!!

Merry Christmas!

— Big Nick

Next Month — 'The Pylon Club', Part I.
Rear View of the Curtiss tailless biplane that Glenn Curtiss constructed shortly before his death. Note the variable angle of incidence which washes out toward the tips.

The last work of the late Glenn Curtiss was this tailless plane. It is designed for "flivver service". It cannot loop, spin nor dive and has a landing speed of only 19 miles per hour.

The wing spread is 35 feet, and the power is derived from a three-cylinder engine. It was expected to sell at about $1,000. This airplane was never placed on the market.

This picture and caption appeared in the May 1932 issue of Popular Aviation (the magazine that later became Flying). The configuration of this 1930 Curtiss is very much like the Dunne D.8 of 1911.

CURTISS FLYING WING BIPLANE

By Jack Cox

Here is a little mystery of sorts inadvertently dropped in our laps here at EAA Headquarters by Ed Escallon, president of the Florida Sport Aviation Antique and Classic Association. Ed sent up a copy of the book Wings in the Sun by William C. Lazarus, a history of aviation in the state of Florida. On page 138 we found the following paragraphs:

“One of the final episodes in the life of Glenn Curtiss ... occurred in Florida in late 1930. Curtiss had constantly dreamed of an airplane which would become a 'family car of the air'. His last efforts in this direction was a 'flying wing' biplane with a pusher propeller. It was designed so as not to spin, loop or dive — for the benefit of the thousands of potential buyers who would be willing to spend $1,000 which Glenn Curtiss believed it would cost to produce in quantity.

Curitss . . . arranged for the plane to be flight tested at Miami. However, before it took to the air on its initial flight, Glenn Curtiss died.”

A picture elsewhere in the book showed the aircraft in flight over Miami in late 1930. Photo credit was: "Courtesy Aviation Operation Magazine".

We first approached George Hardie, Jr. of our EAA Museum staff, a Curtiss authority, to see what he knew about this machine.

George knew about the aircraft and was able to produce the picture shown here, but was aware of no other pertinent information. Apparently, the flying wing was test flown in Miami shortly after Curtiss' death at Buffalo, N.Y. in the late summer of 1930 and then slipped into oblivion.

Who can add to the story? Does anyone have any pictures we could borrow long enough to publish here in The Vintage Airplane? Who could we contact to find out more about the aircraft? The registration number of the plane was 10405 — you fellows with the old registration lists, what can you turn up?

Any and all info and pictures sent to your editor will be published in The Vintage Airplane for all to share and enjoy.
I was to hear these words many times by just about everyone... but let's start at the beginning. I had just about finished building our house, all but the recreation room, the one room I was looking forward to doing. My love for aviation was going to be expressed in this room. I had hundreds of ideas just waiting to be made a reality—the color of the paneling, three twenty-two foot beams, book case here, this wall all pictures, prop hung here, some old instruments placed here, but the bar—that was going to make the whole room. This would be my master piece. Being a nut on World War I and having an obsession for rotary engines, I had it all pictured in my mind: a half-circle bar built around a rotary engine. Now everyone knows you can get a WW-I rotary engine just about anywhere, especially if you want one just good enough to put in a bar. Off went an ad to Trade-A-Plane, then two, then three, etc. A few years went by. A few answers came, all make an offer... I own what! All the way home I was thinking my wife was right. She said I'd come home with an engine no matter how bad it looked. As my brother helped me get it in the basement work shop, I heard him muttering to himself, "I always thought my brother was nuts, this proves it— at a dollar a pound yet!"

After the mud is removed, the engine is soaked with penetrating oil for a few days. Now let's get it apart. Must have been used on an air boat, I think, as I take off the starter, someone did a good job of putting that starter ring gear on the back of the engine. That won't be replaced. Front cover comes off—I'm sick. One bucket of acorns, a shopping bag of nest material and one dead mouse are removed. The carb, which is at the end of the hollow crankshaft, was the only thing missing. This was the varmint's entry to the engine. I can't begin to tell you what it looked like inside.

IT WILL

NEVER

NEVER

RUN!

By Bob Zilinsky (EAA 30122, A/C 110)
7 South 070 Thurlow
Hinsdale, Illinois 60521

(All Photos Courtesy of the Author)

By now everyone has heard about the engine that is supposed to turn with the prop while the crankshaft stays stationary and comes to see it, if there is such an engine. All say the same thing, "It will never run." Maybe I can salvage a few parts so let's get it apart. First you have to get it to move. A stand is built so the engine can be rotated. Penetrating oil helped on the outside but what cuts castor oil? Over cleaner does—and do I go through the oven cleaner! A little heat here, some oven cleaner, some penetrating oil and guess what, a cylinder can be removed, then another one. Under the castor oil you can get the metal to shine. Forget it, it will never run — they're right,
just salvage some parts.

Some four months later the engine is completely apart. Man, those pistons and rods clean up nice. So do the rings. Those ball bearings clean up great. No pits in either balls or races. You know, I'll bet I can get it to run again. Look at the workmanship that went into her. The only gaskets are at each end of the intake pipes and around the rear case where the crankshaft goes through. All other parts are machine fits. Nickel or special alloy steel was used throughout the engine, with close tolerances to less than four one thousandths of an inch. Cylinder forgings weighed 62.5 pounds before finishing; 7.75 after machining. The crankcase started out weighing more than the entire engine, 260 pounds with accessories; finished 28.25 pounds. Boy, what would one like this cost to build today? The exterior of the engine is vapor blasted. Looks pretty good even with the pits here and there from the rust. Every part cleans up as new. The cast iron liners in the cylinders where the valves were open have some pits but a hone will take most of that out. Thank heaven for castor oil, it preserved everything inside. Oil pump and mag clean and work fine. Get some new balls for the rocker arm bearings and she can start to go together.

Now I know all I need is a prop and carb. I can use an automobile carb, but let's see if we can get a Le Rhone carb. More ads in Trade-A-Plane. Three props come, all unairworthy. A carb is found, but I can see it is for a 110 not an 80 — but it was taken off an 80 and sure enough the needle and seat turn out to be for an 80. O. K., let's fix up one of those props so we can run her. At least I got a prop hub with one of the props. Use the small Tommy Morse prop — you won't have to make the stand so large.
A LETTER FROM PAUL RIZZO

(EDITOR'S NOTE: In the February 1974 issue of The Vintage Airplane, we featured an article by Dave Jameson of Oshkosh, Wisconsin on the Taperwing Waco, NR-7525, he once owned. One of the pictures illustrating the article showed a former owner of NR-7525, Paul Rizzo, congratulating Italian racing pilot Major Mario Di Bernardi after the Major had put on an impromptu air show with the Taperwing during which he broke every U.S. regulation in the book at least 3 times apiece! Dave has since located Mr. Rizzo in East Meadow, New York and is corresponding with him. A copy of the February Vintage Airplane was sent and the following letter is in response. Mr. Rizzo opens by commenting on Dave’s reference in the article to the Taperwing’s tricky heel (or “spur) brakes.)

Dear Mr. Jameson:

I sure enjoyed the article about the Taperwing Waco. I would like to make a few comments: regarding the strange rudder bar and “spur” type brake levers — you are correct in saying you had to get accustomed to them. I had no trouble with them as I put in many flying hours in the ship, but when I loaned it to Roger Q. Williams (trans-Atlantic pilot), he nosed it over on he first landing and damaged the prop and wing tip. He blamed it on those darn brakes.

You said that the Waco looked like Al Williams’ famous Gulfhawk. Al Williams admired the Waco right after I had painted it and had all the chrome work done. I’m sure that is why he had the Gulfhawk painted the same color. The Gulfhawk was done AFTER he had seen the Waco.

The picture enclosed (on a page from a scrapbook and, unfortunately, not useable here — Editor) shows the Taperwing with a wing off. I got caught in fog between two mountains while flying down the Hudson River. The ceiling kept dropping and I couldn’t get back in the clear again, so I landed on the parade ground at Camp Smith (military) in a space about 400 feet long — but the approach was good. I pancaked in and applied full brakes but skidded in between two trees — heading for about 100 tents. One wing hit a tree and caused the ship to ground loop. The front spar was damaged, but other than that the ship was O.K. This happened early in the morning and you should have seen the soldiers take off in all directions when they saw the ship headed for the tents. Some had shorts on, some did not and some still had lather on their face — guess they were in the process of shaving. The grass was wet and I didn’t count on this as I was sure I could stop before hitting the tree.

The military guarded the ship for one week. I then came up with the repaired wing, put it on, took my socket wrench and loosened the prop clamps and set the prop in a flatter pitch (I had the hub and blades marked to increase or decrease the pitch — more on this later). This gave me about 200 more rpms. I headed the ship in the direction that I had come in as I had no obstacles in my path. The military boys (3 or 4 on each wing) held the ship back as I revved up the engine with my brakes locked. At my signal the men let go and off I went. I had to yank
it off after a run of about 400 feet but the extra rpms took care of the rest.

Now, about the prop. When I last had the prop balanced and etched, I had Pester (Pester’s Propeller Service) put marking on the hub and blades so I could at will change the prop pitch. The reason for this was because I did a lot of passenger hopping from farms, etc. When I would drop into a field, I was often told that I would never get out with the Taperwing because the field was (so I was told) too small!

On one occasion, I dropped in at a farm in Cableskill, New York as I was under contract to put on some stunt flying and also drop off a parachute jumper at a fireman’s convention. In addition to this I also had planned on hopping passengers after the show. Holger Hoiriis, the pilot who flew Otto Hillig across the Atlantic in his Bellanca Miss Liberty (see the Bellanca story elsewhere in this issue — Editor), told me he thought the field was too small for passenger work. But I went to work on my prop as I had planned and, of course, had no trouble getting off. I carried more passengers than Hoiriis was able to in the J-5 Miss Liberty. The reason I did more business was because I flipped my passengers around a bit and they liked it and told others.

On another occasion I was flying a doctor to visit his mother who had been injured in a car wreck. On the trip back home to New York City, the doctor asked several questions, each time turning around to talk to me. I would throttle the engine back and would answer his question and then advance the throttle again to normal cruise. The last question he asked was when I was over the heart of New York. I again throttled back, answered the question and then went back to cruising again. When I approached Floyd Bennett Field for a landing (I always came in high), I throttled back and then started to gun the engine to clear it out as one would normally do. Nothing happened — the engine just turned at about 200 rpms and would not respond to the throttle. Lucky I was up high — I just got into the field and after coming to a stop, I shut off the engine and took off the cowling. The throttle lever had come off the carburetor and was disconnected. Can you imagine what would have happened if the doctor had asked one more question while over New York? After this incident I put a bird cage spring on my two other planes also so that I would at least have full throttle should this ever happen again.

Trouble struck two other times in the Taperwing. On one trip the ailerons did not respond as they should — I looked out and saw my left aileron strut broken at the bottom and it had swung out in line of flight. At another time I got splattered with oil suddenly and my oil pressure gauge dropped to zero. I knew the line was broken, so I reached under and pulled it against the longeron and flattened it out with my crank handle. This did the trick — I had no oil pressure showing, but I knew the engine was getting the oil.

During one of the air shows at Floyd Bennett, I was to race against another Taperwing Waco that belonged to Archie Baxter. This ship had a Wright J-6-7 engine of 240 horsepower. I had a J-5 in mine. The race was from Floyd Bennett to Curtiss Field (Valley Stream) and back — approximately 15 to 17 miles. Some of the boys had bets on the Wacos. I had bet Baxter $10.00. We both started at the gun — Archie got off the ground and started his turn while I was still on the ground. After I got off, I climbed and then lost a little altitude, got it on the step and headed for Curtiss. I passed Archie on the way back and won the race — also collected the ten dollars.

He bitched because I had the front windshield off and had the front cockpit covered, but I also had set the prop in a higher pitch — which he did not know about . . . so, between the prop and the streamlining, I was faster than his 240 hp Taperwing.

Sincerely,
Paul Rizzo
De Bernardi Broke U.S. and City Aviation Laws Doing Them but Escaped Summons.

By SHERMAN B. ALITTLE

The Italian pilot who carried the Schneider cup home with him in 1926, broke a majority of the existing air regulations in the United States last year. His action was by President Hoover, and later in the day he was loaned the machine turned over to the aerial police. Although the police lured the plane to the airport for an inspection, the pilot allowed the plane to be pulled aside by a member of the aerial police of the city, and questioned. Air Patrolman Frank Tallman. Great photo-graphs too... Ely, Card, Cam, Spad, Jenny, Ford Trimotor, P-40, and more. One to sit back and enjoy.

Schneider Cup Winner.

Every one at the airport knew that de Bernardi could fly, for in 1926 he came to this country and carried the Schneider cup home with him when the contest was staged at Norfolk. When the group of foreign flyers arrived at the airport for an inspection of the new municipal airport de Bernardi spotted the taper-winged Waco on the line and immediately began inquiring if he was given permission to fly it. The owner, Paul Rizzo, said he would give him a chance the following day when the Italian said "I only want to stay up a few minutes."

De Bernardi pushed aside the offer of a parachute and climbed into the plane for the spin. He didn't wait for a signal nor to taxi to the runway. He started from the apron in the front of the hangar and when only two feet from the ground, in a plane he had never seen before, he started his antics by fying with the wings at a steep angle to the ground.

Although the aerial police and the inspectors from the Department of Civil Aeronautics were there to watch, the Italian for his performance. Only the management responsible for bringing the foreign flyers to the national air races, signaled him out and told him not to repeat the show.

While De Bernardi was extended every courtesy, Rizzo the owner of the plane, was picked aside by a member of the aerial police of the city, and questioned. Air Patrolman Friedman took the plane's license number and listed part of the offenses committed by the pilot.

Miss Ruth Nichols and Miss Laura Ingersoll, both of whom showed to be the first woman to span the Atlantic, each had her plane on the ground yesterday afternoon. Miss Nichols was getting in position for the start of her flight. Her plane has been reconstructed by Col. Clarence D. Chamberlin and is ready for it. Dr. James H. Kimball, New York weather expert, says the weather is favorable for the flight.

Field attaches at the municipal airport expect the two flyers to start at the same time and see if one can pass the other. There are two women in the race, just like the one between the Herndon-Pangborn team and the Boardman-Poland plane.
frog, and before the day was out there was a memo in the mail asking if I couldn't bring an antique airplane in for this Family Day event.

At first the idea seemed ridiculous. It's a TCA, the world's busiest airport, and they don't even consider anything smaller than a Lear Jet worth the effort to control, let alone an antique without an electrical system, radio, transponder, encoding altimeter or any other of the essentials. But the seed was planted, and as the idea was nurtured in my brain I reacted to it with enticing glee. "I'll take the Aerocona C-3l! I'll go at the busiest time of the day...I'll screw up traffic so bad they'll really never recover from it! I'LL DO IT!"

"O'Hare Tower, this is NC-13556, twelve miles northwest, request ILS runway 14L for landing, over."

No, let's go them one better—"O'Hare Tower, this is NC-13556 and NC-431K eleven miles northwest requesting parallel approaches 14L and 14R, over." Now for the benefit of the uninitiated, these runways are the two main instrument approach runways at O'Hare field. During the busy times of the day there are aircraft only a couple miles apart stretching for twenty or thirty miles on final approach for these two main runways. You can see the fiendish plan getting even more deeply etched into my mind as I visualize the C-3 at thirty-five knots indicated, and the Fleet at sixty IAS leading this tremendous array of transports down the final approaches for landing. Wide bodied and skinny bodied jets are making S's of themselves all over northern Illinois trying to stay behind us, and we go merrily sliding down the chute for landing. And then, think for a minute how long it would take to taxi the whole length of those 10,000 plus runways. Why, with the tower HAVING to give us priority, the following aircraft would be backed all the way up to Madison, Wisconsin. And can't you just see the lineup of jet aircraft following behind as we taxi leisurely past the tower and over to UAL's hangar? Well, that was a dream, now let's tell it like it was.

Now the red tape. A talk with my boss first. There are certain advantages with having been one of the best co-pilots the boss ever had. He remembers this and since I still consider him to be one of the best Captains I've ever flown with we have a mutual admiration society going. I would do anything for this guy — he will pat me on the head occasionally and this is really all the reward I need. He goes to bat for me and within several days he has softened up key people and they are very receptive to my request.

Coming in without a radio is just not possible, but we will waive all the other stuff. You WILL come in as soon as daylight permits Saturday A.M. and you WILL leave as soon after daylight as practicable on Monday A.M. O. K., let them believe it, as soon as practicable after daylight may turn out to be 9:30 but we'll keep our fingers crossed when we swear to the affirmative.

Next time, You WILL have two way radio! And Executive Office's Communications gets into the act. They have a Bayside they will check out and loan me for the big event. Only catch — I must apply to FCC for a special permit to be "legal" on the big day. I do this on a handwritten piece of paper with a P. S. to please expedite the reply. Tongue in cheek I mail it. Lo and behold, I am the possessor of a special waiver and also the Special Radio Permit before I can even complain about the bureaucracy and its fuddy dudleys.

First obstacle: about five days prior to the event, I get a memo to the effect that the maintenance service supervisor will not allow the airplanes in his hangar. I go through channels and put the pressure on the guy, but he won't budge. He does not want the awesome responsibility of having these aircraft two nights and one day. Since his hours are days only he cannot accept the responsibility. We acquiesce.

Before I proceed, we have picked up another aircraft to complete our entourage. We now have Earl Potter, one of our mechanics and an avid EAA'er, who wants to bring in a Pitts Special. Why not? We have opened the door, let everyone who wants come in. Besides Earl is a builder and a good one at that. He is also a Lewis College alumni.

The "Line Up" now is me in Mr. Fleet, Earl Potter in the B&F Pitts, and Matt Poleski (polish for Smith) in the C-3. We'll show them. The C-3 at METO power, the Fleet at slo-flite and the Pitts flying rings around us, we'll come bustin' into O'Hare with a flourish like they have never seen. Oh, yes, one little detail. The Fleet will have the radio and the other two will take their cues from hand signals. Let's call the tower.

"Hey look, tower fellas, the terms of our waiver are unworkable. We cannot come in Saturday, UAL will not hangar our machines, thus we must come in Sunday A.M. and rather than leave Monday A.M. we will leave Sunday afternoon. What time? Well, we will arrive before 9:00 A.M. and we will leave after 4:30 P.M. You what? Oh, you're busy after four-thirty, but you'll work us in. Well, no that's real nice of you. We will call you when we are ready to come in. I can't help but chuckle. My fiendish plan is all set to go into motion. I am going to do it. With three airplanes reinforcing my attack on the world's busiest airport, how can I lose?

Now, let's tell it like it really happened. Sunday A.M. came bright and sunny and just perfect for flying. There was frost on the ground as I rolled out Mr. Fleet and "Tiny", the C-3. Matt came whirring around the corner just as I started propping "Tiny". I propped and I propped, and he propped, and just as we were getting desperate it caught, ran about thirty revs and quit again. Well, would you believe it, that E113 popped and coughed and spat for the next fifteen minutes before it finally decided we were serious, and then ran like a watch. I gotta put a primer on that Aerocna E-113, has anybody ever done it?

Mr. Fleet now, he likes to go places, he also likes brisk mornings, so he started right up, and was ready to go, right now. So I ran back to the phone, called O'Hare Tower and told them we were on the way, that we were stopping at Elgin to pick up the Pitts and we'd be there about a quarter to nine. This led to some animated discussion between the guy holding the phone and someone in the background who was insisting that it was yesterday we were supposed to come in and not today. How can some people labor under such misapprehensions, after all this was today, so let's get with it. We are coming, watch out for us! He gave in and said call approach control when you leave Elgin. I mumbled a roger and ran out to the running Fleet.

True to his intent, Earl was waiting at Elgin. We made a three minute stop, told him approach control would advise the runway and we were off. We stuck pretty close together. Oh, it wasn't much of a formation by "Blue Angel" standards, but it was in the right direction. I cranked up the Bayside. I could hear approach control working trips, but all my calls went unheeded. Maybe if I relocate the set. I pulled it up into my lap and tried again, antenna extended at an awkward angle past my nose. Again my calls went unheeded, but I was determined to get in. I wasn't going to let a little thing like no radio, keep me from my public — my fellow employees were counting on me. Onward we flew.
Finally, a response. "Aircraft calling approach, you are unreadable!" Whaddaya mean unreadable, you heard me didn’t you?

By now we are getting so close to O’Hare that I can see the big jets taking off. They are using the northwest runway and the west runway. They are also landing on 27R and 32R. 32L is closed. I give up on that approach guy, I switch to tower.

"O’Hare Tower, this is 431K, do you read, over?" "431K, this is ORD, you are badly garbled, what is your position, over?" "I AM FOUR MILES NW!" I yell so loud that I’m sure if they opened the window they could hear without the radio. "What type aircraft, 431K?" "ANTIQUE! ANTIQUE Biplane! FLIGHT OF THREE!" I enunciate frantically and clearly. "Roger, 431K, continue right base, you are cleared to land runway 22R, wind is variable 320 at 13 knots, are you able 22R?" Again I try to answer and again he complains I am garbled and unreadable. I strangle the mike and yell, "AFFIRMATIVE", so loud he has no doubts that we can use it.

Now comes the fun. Matt’s first landing on pavement with a 12 knot direct cross with maybe a little tailwind, too. I don’t have too much time to worry about him. I do see a DC-10 waiting to take off on 32R and am relieved to hear the tower tell him to hold for three light, no radio aircraft turning final for 22R. "Cleared to land 431K, hold short of 32R, acknowledge." Here we go again. "HOLD SHORT! ROGER! HOLD SHORT!" I ease Mr. Fleet onto the runway and he decided to look at both sides of the runway to see if the grass is any good. The pavement is 200 feet wide though, so there is no problem keeping him on the runway. I hold up well short of 32R, like three thousand feet or so, and as I clear the runway I look back to see Matt in the C-3 right behind me. Earl and the Pitts are initiating a go around. Oh my gosh! I forgot about that squirrely Pitts on pavement and with this crosswind. The DC-10 is still holding, the tower is real quiet waiting to see what Earl is going to do. He does it. He does a 360 right over the numbers and plants it right where he wants it, a beautiful landing, and the entire process took so little time. I almost slump out of sight as I melt with relief down to the bottom of the cockpit. The whole dream of screwing up the airport evaporated long ago. All I want now is to park this thing and get something for this hoarse, dry throat.

To shorten up this whole story, the Family Day was a huge success. Earl, Matt and I were treated like pioneer aviators. There was a constant stream of UAL people looking at the machines, and wonder of wonders, there were literally hundreds of them who came from all over the airport, from every department, to look at these little machines that flaunted the big machinery that operates O’Hare. The local cops came out, the tower people came out and the fire department came to look. The photographers were there. The word soon got around, I guess, and there was a group from TWA that came over ... and American. It was really somethin’!

We left about four-thirty. I rounded up another mike and that cured the garble, but just in case, I had a UAL company truck with a ground control radio escort us to the takeoff runway. Maybe we didn’t have the parade of jet aircraft following us, but we did have an escort of city vehicles, one leading and one behind. The fire department vehicles followed them, and they all had their Kleig lights going. It was a grand parade out to 32R and tower held a 747 in position until we could take off and make the first turn out.

Earl busted the gun to the Pitts and left us hangin’ in the air as he moved out for home. Matt and I flew a fun formation back here to the Funnv Farm and shot some landings and did a little dog fighting to finish off ... it was a grand day. Probably the first time in history that a Fleet and C-3 flew into the world’s busiest airport. Oh yeah, I know, what happened to all the dreams of the ILS and the backup of traffic, and all that? Well, I’ll tell yuh, there’s a Family Day coming next year . . .
Left to right, Buck Hilbert; Matt Poli­
Leski, UAL 727 Flight Officer and
Aeronca C-3 ace; Earl Potter, UAL
mechanic and Pitts pilot; and Curt
Petzel, UAL Maintenance Supervisor
at Chicago’s O’Hare Field. All are
graduates of Lewis College’s School
of Aviation, Lockport, Illinois.

CLASSIFIEDS

WANTED — Wings, ailerons and lift struts — or plans for
these items — for my basket case 1931 Stinson Jr. S.
Also need 1930 Monocoupe 90A wing and metal prop­
peller for a Lambert R-266 and a Curtiss Reed prop,
No. 5501. Jim Horne, 3850 Coronation Rd., Eagan,
Minn. 55122. Phone: 612/454-2493.

FOR SALE: Cub — 65 HP, 370 STOH, 1972 Ceconite, new
annual, lights, ELT, $3,300. Glenn Fite, Box 6026, Clear­
water, Florida 33518.

Calendar Of Events

JANUARY 24-26, 1975 — LAKELAND, FLORIDA — Sun and Fun Midwinter
Fly-In. For an informational mailing, contact: Martin Jones, 1061 New
Tampa Highway, Lakeland, Florida 33802.
JULY 29-AUGUST 4, 1975 — OSHKOSH, WISCONSIN — 23rd Annual EAA
Fly-In Convention. Sport aviation world’s greatest event. It’s not too
early to make plans and reservations!

FLORIDA SPORT AVIATION ACTIVITIES — The very active Florida Sport
Aviation Antique and Classic Association has a fly-in somewhere in the
state almost every month. The decision on the location of the next fly­
in is usually made on too short notice for inclusion in The Vintage Air­
plane, so we recommend to all planning a Florida vacation that they
contact FSAACA President Ed Escallon, Box 12731, St. Petersburg, Florida
33733 for fly-in details. Join the fun!

Back Issues Of The Vintage Airplane

Limited numbers of back issues of THE VINTAGE AIRPLANE are available at .50c each. Copies still on
hand at EAA Headquarters are:

1973 — MARCH, APRIL, MAY, JUNE, JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER, NOVEMBER,
DECEMBER
1974 — JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH, APRIL, MAY, JUNE, JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER,
OCTOBER, NOVEMBER
The Vintage Airplane is the official publication of Antique Classic Aircraft, Inc., a division of The Experimental Aircraft Association, Hales Corners, Wisconsin.