

POINTLESS PREDICTIONS

A Hazy Look Into the Future With Fearless Fred's Fortright "Forecasts"

(Editor's Note: This journal ordinarily gives no consideration to unsigned material, unproven and unfounded reports, day dreams, the products of wool gathering, etc., etc. We make one of our rare exceptions in this case. But we assume no responsibility and you proceed strictly at your own risk. If it is any consolation Fearless Fred's Forecasts have never yet been correct).

This peerless prognosticator's office is besieged again this year with tear-stained requests from soaring pilots all over the country, wanting my guaranteed advice as to how they'll finish at G. P. in the 23rd National.

Well—having just completed an assignment for the Democrats and Republicans as to the finishing horses in a little race meeting they will hold later in the year—and confidentially, there is one sure thing in that race, name rhymes with 'hike'—I will now turn my attentions to the next biggest race of the year—the 23rd National stay up and go, to be run off in Texas in early August.

It's a little tougher this year — anything can happen in Texas, anything at all. In fact most things already have—especially in the way of soaring flights. Of course this is not generally known by reason of the modesty of the Texans and their reluctance to publicize world shaking events that have transpired within their borders.

But they can't hide it from old Fred who ferrets out the facts.

This year I hardly know whether to pick 'em for the horse or the jockey. They's some hot jocks in this one alright, but some super red-hot ships also. And some of the highest going machines will be ridden by pilots who for the most part have not heretofore run in the money. In fact some of my high picks this year are fellows who in the past I advised to stay home and fertilize the front yard.

Then to make the cheese more binding, the TSA aggregation have come up with a rules set-up that fur-

ther complicate my comparisons. It's going to be a frustrating fracas I'll tell you for sure. So—I'll tell you what I'm going to do.

I am going to have to revert to science. It's no big job really to shift gears from the obvious to the occult. I've got to show this formula to Raspet sometime—although I've a sneaking notion he is already using it at times.

My first phophecy is this—the psychiatric wards are going to be crawling with soaring pilots after this contest. The scoring formula will do it to 'em. Speed is the thing—you gotta go fast to win but if you go fast and fall on your face you can't win. It's a self-defeating proposition. Then you have the further frustrating situation of cutting yourself the fattest slice of time out of the soaring day. The stuff in Texas goes up from 'can to can't'—that's can see to can't see. It's a mighty difficult thing to sit there awaiting that exact best time, while known 'duffies' are apparently zinging off around the course in what at first sight might appear to be record time. You can get 1,000 points for going 30 miles one day and the same number of points for going 300 miles the next. All pretty confusing.

As any fool can plainly see, my problem in placing 'em is a complicated one, but nothing as compared with that of the pilots in the 23rd National. The men in white coats will be on duty full time during the contest. Have no hesitancy in stepping right up to one and telling him you flew in Napoleon's air force. He will understand.

Now—down to it, if I'm up to it: and I yam—

SINGLE SEATERS—These are the people who want to be alone—all by themselves in first place. There'll be probably 50 of this class, so you subtract 49 from half-a-hundred carry none and that leaves 1. One *Paul Bikle* that is. And assuming the number first mentioned, I place him in there between 1 and 50 but most likely the number right after 0.

See how simple this is. I always say 'science and skill will win out over ignorance and superstition.' (These calculations, courtesy Univac).

Now we could take next the pilot who will finish 49th—but let's do it the hard way as they say in Vegas—let's make 'Snake Eyes' with two ones. Two ones is two and that's not too much to expect of two Smith boys, Stan and Bob—these two could tie for two. The B. Smith entry is not a sure thing at this time—Stan and his 1-21 are. So you see, Bikle already having number one, you take the ones from—1-21 and whatta 'yo got—Stan Smith in 2—simple as that.

Now based upon this same hypothesis, and those don't necessarily make the best bases but you gotta use something—you'd take 123—who now is the top 1-23 pilot in the business, a 1-23 will be in 3rd place as Smith and Bikle already have the 1 & 2. Goodhart won't be around this year, Ivans and Schweizer will probably still be seeing gay Paree (They are both bachelors—and French dames are said to be the most) so that's that. Bikle is flying the BG-12—sooo that makes Forbes and his 'Weihe' come in here as No. 3. Funny how these things work out.

Now in number 4 place we will put Maxey, Coverdale, and Thompson—The 'Jenny Mae' 'Skylark' and 'RJ-5' in that order—this assuming they have some distaste for the No. 1, 2, & 3 places mentioned next above. And assuming further that Wiberg, Gherlein or Brown take off a day or two during the contest to pick strawberries. So there you are for place No. 4—clearly and concisely calculated with nothing left to doubt—except 46 other S-Seaters, any one of whom under the scoring system and Texas conditions, can easy as pie louse up a scientific prediction such as this.

Now you see why the men in the white coats!

Now as the Income Tax Man said to me—Let's see if your deductions are allowable:

1st Bikle in the BG-12

2nd Stan Smith in the Schweizer 1-21

3rd Forbes in his 'Weihe' (She's a doll boys, wears a thin dress and you can see everything.)

4th Maxey escorting 'Jenny Mae'

5th Coverdale having a lark in the 'Skylark'

6th Thompson aboard the 'RJ-5'

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