

M.A.R.C.S. SPARKS

Monthly Newsletter of the Madison Area Radio Control Society
Madison, WI

AMA Charter # 665

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Come Fly With Us

MARCS meetings are held on the first Thursday of every month at 7:00 P.M. in Room 201B of the Madison Labor Temple, 1602 S. Park St. in Madison. Visitors are always welcome. We think we have a great hobby and we invite you to come and see and consider joining us.

Officers:

Pres: Wayne Lanphear
Vice Pres: Don Weigt
Secty: Burr Fontaine
Treas: Ed McDonald,

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The MARCS web site contains links to War Birds and Electric Flyers Special Interest Group web sites

Editor:

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Contribution of articles is encouraged. Deadline for submittal is the 20th of the month

Minutes of the MARCS General Membership Meeting, October 3, 2002

By Dave Rush for Burr Fontaine

Meeting called to order at 7:05 by President Lanphear 37 members present.

Visitors: Romey's grandson Peter visiting.

New Member: Cory Brown

Minutes from last month accepted.

Treasurer: Nothing to report.

Old Business: None.

New Business: Wayne visited a club in Aurora, Colorado. They charge a \$75.00 initiation fee and annual dues of \$80.00.

West end of field may be repaired.

Indoor flying at Dome will be \$15.00 – November 3rd – 7:30 am to 9:30 am.

Old web site is gone new one will be up soon we hope.

Cory Brown is opening a new hobby store 4702 East Broadway in the old Sports East Bldg. located near the Park and Ride just off Why 51 and 12/18. They hope to open on November 1st.

November meeting is election month – we need more people willing to run for some of the board positions. If you are interested, contact Bill Kinney.

A discussion of safety while flying at events took place. There was much concern expressed about aerobatics happening too close to the crowd and pits. It was also expressed that some of the extreme aerobatics make others uncomfortable to be in the air. Perhaps we need to consider limiting when things happen at events. The main idea expressed was to please be mindful of others while you are in the air and stay well out, away from the flight line. We also need to have written rules for people who arrive after the pilot briefing.

Upcoming Events: January 1 – FUN FLY, February – Club Banquet, March Meeting – Club Swap Meet.

Raffle: Mike Kimmerly – sweatshirt, Ed

McDonald – Tach etc., **Deb Kunz** – Power Panel.

Show & Tell: Dan Sutter – Standard Clancy Aviation Lazy Bee 40” wingspan – Geared 05 3-1 9.6 Nimh. Flies great but a pain to build!!

Wayne Lanphear – Hanger 9 Edge 540 with an OS 160 fx spinning an 18/10 prop The best ARF he has had (once he got all of the covering sealed!!!)

Viktor Bakhtin – Flying Saucer, Sandhill Crane and rocket gliders. Showed a video of the saucer flying.

Meeting adjourned at 8:50

Philosophy 101

I asked Tom if countries always apologized when they had done wrong, and he said, “Yes, the little ones do.”

Mark Twain

Dues are Due! Do Your Dues Now.

By Ed McDonald

As treasurer of MARCS, I am now accepting dues for calendar year 2003. Concurrent membership in AMA is required. Upon payment of MARCS dues AND showing your 2003 AMA membership card, I will issue your 2003 MARCS card. The MARCS membership card is the only authorized card to be used on the frequency control board at the field.

During the membership renewal, check the roster for all of the information the club has for you, including phone number and e-mail address, to make sure it is correct.

If you are unable to attend the meetings, send your check AND a copy of your 2003 AMA card to me, Ed McDonald, at 1918 Gulseth St., Madison, WI 53704. I will return your MARCS card to you.

Dues are as follows:

- ◆ Adult member, new.....\$40
- ◆ Adult member, renewal before 1/1/03...35
- ◆ Adult member, renewal after 12/31/02.....40
- ◆ Family member (a member of an Adult member household, no separate newsletter)...10
- ◆ Youth member (same as Adult but not 19 by 7/1/03).....15
- ◆ Associate member (no flying or voting).....15

This is Election Month

November is election month, but to have a legal one we need a quorum of twenty five percent of our

membership at the meeting. According to the membership total at the time of the October meeting, that would be 49 members. Had the election been scheduled for October, we wouldn't have been able to hold it, so be sure to be there in November. We can't have a valid election without you.

All of the officers are running for reelection, but they are unopposed. I know they've done an awfully good job, but the meaning of "election" is democratic competition, so step up. There are three seats for three year terms to be filled on the Board of Directors plus a one year unexpired term for a fourth seat. Although there are five candidates, a couple more would be good. It's not a difficult job. Following are the board candidates:

- Harley Nelson, incumbent
- Bill Disch, incumbent
- Bob Miracle, incumbent
- Mike Kimmerly
- Craig Lovell

The top three vote getters will fill the three year terms and the fourth vote getter will fill the unexpired one year term.

Long Awaited Field Improvement

By Wayne Lanphear

Starting Tuesday, 15 October the City Parks Department began filling in the dip in the middle of the flying field and leveling out and smoothing the western half of the field. The field will be closed to all flight activities from 0700 to 1500 Monday through Friday or whenever city personnel are present, until the leveling is completed. Barring wet weather or higher priorities the work should be completed in approximately a week.

A shortened field will be available through next spring until the seeded area becomes capable of sustaining foot traffic at which time the full field will again be available. This should be by the end of May, again dependent upon weather, seed germination and growth. In the meantime please keep off the newly seeded areas and obey the warning and information signs.

I know this is short notification but the parks department found time to do this work which many of you have been requesting for years. Please give maximum cooperation to the parks folks while this much needed work is accomplished. As I receive new information, I will keep you informed.

Thanks for your cooperation.

Are You Ready for a Little Dome Flying?

By Daniel Dudovick

We will be flying again at the Urban Links Golf dome!

Electric flying starts at 7:30 am Sunday the 3rd of November, 2002. We will have the dome to ourselves for two hours, until 9:30 am. We do not have an exact figure of the cost to fly. Pilots should expect to pay approximately \$8.00 for the two hour session. Questions regarding future dates can be directed to: **indoor@kaztex.com**.

Awards Banquet

Although the date and place of the Awards Banquet have yet to be determined, it will be sometime in February. The Maple Tree, where we had it last year was so noisy that we are looking for a new place. If you have any ideas, get in touch with Dave Rush at 246-0862 or at **dgrush@hotmail.com**.

It's also time to start thinking about nominations for awards, including Submarine Commander, Smoking Hole, Tree Chopper, Scooter and the various service categories. These nominations may also be sent to Dave.

Volunteer to be a Flight Instructor

This year we had more people wanting to learn to fly than we had instructors to teach them. This is an intolerable situation. *Please* think about this over the winter and be prepared to step up next spring and teach a new member to fly. Teaching two would be better. Don't forget, at some point in the past someone took the time to help you -- now it's your turn to reciprocate. Do it!

The Bent Bird Winterize Your Models

By Don Weigt

So, it's getting colder. Soon it will be time for most of us to put away our models until spring. Now is the time to get them ready for next year: don't wait until the first warm spring day!

Some things should be done right away, such as draining the fuel tanks, clearing the engines of left over fuel, and protecting them with the proper type of oil or after-run treatment. Check the data sheet that came with the engine to see what the manufacturer recommends. You kept that, didn't you?! If you can't find the sheet, maybe you can locate the info on the Internet, at your dealer, or your buddies may have the same make and model, with the same data sheet.

Some data sheets recommend they be stored in certain attitudes. For example, my Supertigre G2300 should be stored with its prop shaft pointing up, to keep any old contaminated oil in the engine away from the ball bearings on the crankshaft.

Generally, gas motors need less treatment to prepare for storage, as the oils mixed with the gas is quite good for protecting the motor. Because glow fuel is alcohol based, the oils that mix nicely with it are less good at keeping water and oxygen from the metal surfaces, so a different oil should be used to protect them for storage.

You also should charge up your lead acid batteries used for glow plugs and starters right away. The best way to assure long life of these batteries is to keep them fully charged.

Clean up the models, and they can be stored until you are done winterizing your house, cars, snow clearing equipment, and so on. After you are prepared for winter, before starting any new models, you should fix up the old ones. This is a good time to repair any minor or nagging problems, patch the covering, and so on. Check how old the receiver battery is, and make a note to replace it in early spring if it's due. You won't want to bother with any of this stuff when the weather gets warm and the grass turns green! So, get them ready now!

Most of us keep our batteries charged up all winter. We may charge them overnight occasionally, or even put them on a timer to automatically charge them 30 minutes or an hour every week.

Here are two things to consider. First, overcharging a NiCad battery is not good for it, even though they tolerate it quite well. Second, some studies show NiCads last longer when stored discharged. So, you could just store them in a cool place until spring, and not bother charging and fussing with them. Or, use a battery tester and discharge them until they are down to 1 volt per cell before storage. Either way, give them a full charge before their first use next spring, and they should be fine. At least, they'll be as good as if you'd

charged them weekly or monthly. Plus, you'll have saved time, bother, and a little bit of electricity.

READERS' RESPONSES. Wow! We have readers! I have wondered at times...

I've received comments from several people. They have been about the column on the loose tank stopper causing a fuel leak inside a plane, and about lower voltages from older batteries and that it is a good idea to replace them before they fail.

About the stopper article: Burr Fontaine related the method he uses to check for leaks. He thinks he must have read it somewhere, but doesn't remember actually doing so. Burr says to fill the tank half full of fuel and connect the fuel and vent tubes together with a short piece of tubing. Tighten the stopper until there are no leaks when the tank is turned upside down and squeezed gently, then give it another third of a turn or whatever extra you feel is necessary for good measure.

Probably not a bad idea to check for leaks in spring this way too after a winter of storage. It's a lot easier than putting everything in a bucket of water and looking for bubbles. To each his own.

Fred Bast said he just tightens the screw through the stopper until the brass tubing doesn't shift anymore. He says the tanks he's done that on have never leaked.

About the battery article: Jim Biersach from Hobby Horse shared the following. About 20 years ago, Fred Marks at Ace R/C analyzed 1,000 radio control system failures. These were radios that were sent in to Ace R/C for repair. About 40% were caused by receiver batteries that had dead cells or reduced capacity. About another 20% were caused by the same problems with transmitter batteries. Combined, about 60% of all radio equipment problems were caused by batteries! That's more than from all other causes combined!

Modern batteries probably are better than batteries were then, but so are modern electronic assemblies. So, chances are that batteries account for as high a percentage of radio problems now as then, maybe even more.

I suggested replacing batteries every third year. In the spring would be a great time up here! Jim said changing them every second year would be even better. It's your money, and your airplane; you decide.

That article also suggested replacing old switch harnesses, perhaps after a few hundred flights. Jim Biersach reported Dick Buescher suggests replacing the

switch harness when installing a radio in a new airplane.

I want to thank everyone who commented, and especially those who had ideas to share here!

Interrogating the Kriegies, Part III **The Interrogation of 2nd/Lt. Richard Price, Jr.**

By Jerry Buss

This continues the story of Hanns Scharff, Master Interrogator of the Luftwaffe as told by himself in *The Interrogator*, co-authored by Col. Raymond Toliver..

There really was no Lt. Price. It's a name Scharff made up in citing an example of how he made his interrogations. All of the incidents recited actually occurred, but to several different American pilots and the pseudonym is used, according to Scharff, to avoid embarrassing them. Actually, Scharff interrogated few second lieutenants. He primarily questioned field grade officers, especially group and squadron commanders.

a bright sunny morning at 1030 hours Dick Price sorties with his group on a bomber escort mission to Happy Valley (the Ruhr), confident that he is the world's greatest fighter pilot and is certain to become the Rickenbacker of this here now war. His 354th Squadron of the 355th Fighter Group is detailed to guard the left flank of the bombers and Dick is Tail End Charlie. Just before 1130 hours oil suddenly covers his windscreen and his engine temperature soars. The engine seizes up and at 1132 hours, he radios: "Catspaw Red Four to White One. Bailing out. Engine trouble." He releases his seat belt, jettisons his canopy and rolls inverted. Too late, he remembers that he should have disconnected his oxygen hose and radio lead. Once shut of its pilot, the Mustang twists and turns wildly, dives and scatters itself in flames over an impressive area. BUNA investigators soon come calling and create a file on what little booty is left to be taken, giving it a number, J-678 (J for jaeger, or fighter, and 678 for the 678th one recorded). Squadron markings are obliterated, but the gun camera's film is found more or less intact.

MARCS 2003 Calendar of Events

Event	Date	Location
Midnight Madness	December 31, 2002	Kettle Field
New Years Day Fun Fly	January 1, 2003	Kettle Field
MARCS Awards Banquet	February ??, 2003	TBA
MARCS Annual Swap Meet	March 6, 2003	Labor Temple (monthly meeting)

Illusions about becoming the Rickenbacker of this here now war seem smashed. However, to his amazement, when Price touches down in his parachute there is no one there to greet or to arrest him so he gets away from his landing site as quickly as possible, heading west. Ten days or so after swimming across the Rhine, when the road signs turn from German to French, he approaches a man in a farm field and, using phrases from his escape kit's list, lets it be known that he is an American aviator. In due course, he is picked up by an underground cell which hides him, feeds him, provides a clothing disguise and, using one of the five pictures from his escape kit, makes up a forged ID card. In about a week he is ready to be handed off from cell to cell across France and is finally put aboard a fishing boat that will smuggle him across the Channel. Perhaps his dream of glory will be realized yet.

Unknown to Price or to the French, his progress has been monitored. The Gestapo does nothing to interfere with the escape attempt to this point because if they make an arrest and break up the underground cells that they are onto the French will simply rebuild the network and they will have to start all over to learn the new operation. The more fugitives the cells help, the safer they are for they are doing the Gestapo's work for them in rounding up downed flyers. Some day they will deal with these French, but not yet.

As the fishing boat pulls away from its pier and out into the harbor, a harbor patrol boat pulls up next to them, ordering those aboard "*hande hoch*." Twelve of the men aboard appear to be American flyers and are immediately shipped to Oberursel.

On arrival at the Dulag, Price is ordered to put all of his possessions on a table - wallet, pencil, pen knife, handkerchief, cigarettes, lighter, fake ID pass, etc. He protests giving up his wrist watch, but is assured it will be returned when he leaves for a permanent POW camp. If it were an army issue watch, the Germans would keep it. Then he is ordered to undress, down to and including his skivvies. The interrogator carefully checks the clothing, finding the remainder of his escape money,

compass button and silk map. Had Price declared the escape money it, too, would have been returned to him. Since he didn't, it will help to finance the Reich's war effort. His possessions are listed and Price is made to sign it.

Then the questions begin. Price cooperates readily on the first three: name, rank and serial number. He also states that he lost his dog tags. In answer to bomber or fighter pilot, home town, squadron number, date shot down, where shot down, next of kin and a host others, he refuses to reply, citing the Geneva Convention. Seeing the folly of the situation, his host sends Price off to cell 21A in the cooler. "Tomorrow," he says, "you will be seen by an interrogator from the USAAF Fighter Section, Herr Scharff."

In anticipation of tomorrow's questions, Scharff begins his background check. Price's forged ID shows that the picture was taken in the 355th Fighter Group, but when and where did he go down? Five fighter wrecks are presently unmatched to pilots. Two are Mustangs from the 4th and 362nd groups. The third is a P-38; the 355th flies Mustangs. Two unmatched Mustangs have been down for quite some time, but both were so badly smashed and burned that markings could not be identified. One came down just east of the Rhine and one in northeastern Germany. Gun camera film from the one near the Rhine was unexposed, showing that the pilot had not fired a shot. The other's film was destroyed in the crash. Which plane is Price's?

A review of radio monitoring transcripts on the frequency used by the 355th for the dates on which the two planes crashed reveal Price's transmission to his leader about bailing out. It's the one that went down near the Rhine. The Catspaw call sign ties him to the 354th Squadron. Now it's just a matter of reviewing the detailed background information on Price and his buddies and superiors to help set him up for a fall.

The following morning, the guard brings Lt. Price his breakfast. There are two slices of hard, foul tasting black bread and some kind of greasy ersatz butter, along with a cup of tepid ersatz coffee which he discovers later

is made from ground up and roasted tulip bulbs. He complains bitterly, but the guard simply walks away, smiling wryly. He has to eat the same kind of stuff and he doesn't like either.

At the interrogator's morning briefing, their commander, Oberstleutnant Killinger, a hero of the first war on the Russian Front, instructs them that Luftwaffe Headquarters is particularly interested in three pieces of information. Many civilian casualties are being suffered in train strafings that have recently begun. "What orders are being given to pilots about strafing trains, especially if they appear to have passenger cars in them? Are they only to go after the engine or may they hit the entire train? Secondly, when do fighter pilots get rid of their drop tanks, when they first sight enemy fighters, when they actually engage or sometime between? Thirdly, what is the significance of ten consecutive rounds of white tracer ammunition? And remember men, if you meet the man today who bombed your house and killed your family, you must show no emotion."

Scharff's questions begin with the usual ones about whether Price is a bomber or fighter pilot, what group, what squadron. He must fill out a form listing his next of kin and address so they can be notified he's safe. When was he shot down? Where?

To each question, Price refuses to answer. Scharff growls, "You are a spy, aren't you? You are wearing civilian clothing. Why should we believe you are an American pilot? Why should we not just shoot you?" Price protests, but gives no information. "If we have to keep you here too long because you refuse to cooperate, you know your superiors will think you are talking. It's to your benefit to tell me what I need to know now. Think about that and we'll talk some more tomorrow."

Back to the cooler.

For two more unproductive days the questions go on. Scharff wants Price to sign a log, a kind of autograph book, that he keeps. Everyone who goes through the Dulag does so. Price looks at it. It lists names, rank, squadron, group, sometimes hometown and often comments by the prisoners. "These men must have turned traitor," he says. "You judge too harshly," says Scharff. Back to the cooler. At night Price and another kriegie communicate by Morse code tapping. The cooler is bugged.

On the fourth day, Scharff expertly performs a couple of card tricks, tells a few jokes and recites some marvelous limericks, but asks no questions. Then he wonders aloud if a certain member of the 354th Fighter

Squadron ever got over his embarrassment at a practical joke that was played on him. Price is astonished. Then Scharff goes into his act, telling Price the identification of his group and squadron, his home address, the date, time and place where he was forced down and quotes his radio transmission saying that he's bailing out. What doesn't this man know? Scharff goes on dropping names of Price's friends and superiors and talks about some of their foibles and exploits.

"Actually, Lieutenant, there's nothing you can tell me that I don't already know, so I'm going to have you shipped out to your permanent camp on the next transport. It'll probably be three or four days." Lieutenant Price, though dumbfounded, smiles inwardly to himself, thinking *he got nothing out of me*. Then he signs Scharff's book listing his rank, squadron and group. He also writes a letter to his parents.

"Perhaps," says Scharff, "since you've been through a great deal these last couple of months, you might enjoy a walk in the forest, up the mountainside. I have a quiet day scheduled tomorrow and if you would give me your parole not to try to escape, it could be a pleasant interlude before you must go to the Stalag Luft. I always find it quite enjoyable, myself." It sounds like a great idea to Dick and after breakfast the next morning they set off.

The forest is a beautiful, park-like place. The war seems light years away. Scharff is friendly and highly talkative. He talks of his life in peace time. He talks of his children. Each of his three boys is named Hanns, but each has a different middle name. Price begins to relax. There seems to be no end to the limericks Scharff can recite and soon Dick Price is laughing easily. There are no questions being asked and it's a beautiful day. Their conversation is easy give and take.

Next to the trail is a large ant hill. Scharff strolls over to it and produces a white handkerchief which he unfolds and lays on the hill, disturbing the ground slightly as he does so. Ants swarm out furiously. Some attack the cloth. Some begin repairing the damaged tunnels. A few are carrying eggs away from the apparent danger. Others simply run about wildly. "How like people," Scharff observes. "They are so organized," Price replies. "They must have a strong leadership," says Scharff. "It's probably a democracy," says Price. "No," Scharff disagrees, "such organization can only be had in a dictatorship." "Maybe they are communists," suggests Price. "No," says Scharff, "in your Texas you have red

ants. They're communists. I've heard that they are warlike and that they enslave black ants." The conversation goes on with one of the two making a statement and the other sometimes contradicting and sometimes supporting it. It's a free ranging, friendly debate that sometimes provokes laughter from one or the other.

"How like these ants our countries are," Scharff muses. "Always, in spite of our organization, there come problems. Look at the food we are forced to eat here. Your own people are having serious logistics problems in operations out of England, so far from home. Perhaps that's what's creating an overload on your industry in the States and that's why shortages are occurring there too. For instance, there is a chemical shortage in munitions factories where they are not able to make enough red tracer ammunition and instead are making white. It must be rather difficult for you pilots to see the white, unlike the red."

"Hell no," Price replies, "they can make all the red tracers they want to. The white stuff just goes into the end of the belt to tell the pilot he'd better break off and go home because he's out of ammunition." "Oh, I see," says Scharff, who goes on with the conversation, changing the subject to American central heating in private homes. He wonders silently if the ants back there don't think to themselves *HERE WE GO AGAIN* every time they see that damned Kraut soldier coming by with an American prisoner.

At the end of their outward trip, they stop at the Hohe-Mark, a former royal castle on top of the mountain that is now a hospital run by some Lutheran nuns (no, I never heard of Lutheran nuns before either) and a fine orthopedic surgeon, Oberst Dr. Itterhagen. They treat injured American and UK flyers with great compassion. Price is allowed to visit a friend from his own squadron who Price had thought was dead. He is badly burned, his hands and head still completely swathed in bandages. Scharff distributes gifts to several of the more seriously injured prisoners and plays a few hands of poker with Itterhagen, an RAF prisoner and a couple of Americans. Luck is against him today. Before leaving, they are given an excellent lunch, the kind served regularly to the patients and staff of the hospital.

They return to the Dulag by way of a different trail. Walking along a brook and seeing trout scoot away from their shadows, they are suddenly confronted by a sign posted by local residents warning of danger. A bomb-like shape, badly dented and bent, half leans

against a nearby tree. Looking closer, they see that it's an American drop tank left behind by some passing fighter. "It's fortunate," Price allows, "that those things aren't bombs like the sign says. They must be scattered all over Germany. If they were explosive, we'd all be goners." "You ain't kiddin'," Scharff replies. "Don't you get in trouble sometimes if you drop your tanks too early?" "Yes," says Price, "there's a lot of talk about that going around 8th Air Force." "Yes," says Scharff, bluffing knowledge that he doesn't have, "I've heard that, but those bomber boys are just jerks." "Sure," says Price, "they want us to hang onto them as long as possible so we don't have to turn back before they do. We aren't allowed to drop them unless we get into a fight, you know that." "Yes, I do," says Scharff, "but if you wait to engage before you drop them, it's already too late, isn't it?" "Yes," says Price. "We get rid of them as soon as we spot your fighters. We need time to accelerate and get in position before we actually make contact." "Of course," is Scharff's reply.

That night Scharff treats Price to the cinema in Oberursel. There's a newsreel on the 1936 Munich Olympics. He swells with pride as "Roosevelt's Black Legions," including Jesse Owens and Glenn Morris, receive gold to the German's silver. On leaving the movie house Scharff suggests a beer and Price is glad to accept. They go to Scharff's office and a steward from the officer's mess brings the brew. On taking the first swallow, Price's attitude suddenly changes. Scharff immediately senses his mistake. "Captain Berger, your S-2, warned you about our plying you with wine and women, didn't he?" Price agrees. It would only worsen the situation if Scharff were to deny a ploy. "Perhaps tomorrow night," says Scharff, "but you'll have to do without the women. That's strictly verboten." "Ok," says Price, "if the wine is good."

Scharff's assistant, Otto Englehardt, known as Wild Canadian Bill for his years spent in logging camps in British Columbia, comes in and joins them in drinking beer. Then Major Horst Barth, formerly of listening post fame and now Scharff's immediate superior, also joins them. He has a guitar and they sing songs like *Home on the Range* and *Lili Marlene* and talk about the war in a snatch here and another there, but mostly about their hopes for the future. Scharff says that things are changing and the invasion must not be far off. "The Americans know that they own the sky. They come down to the ground now to strafe." Price says he is surprised about that. When he was forced down, they

weren't allowed below 18,000 feet. Obviously, he can be of no help with the train strafing question.

As Price prepares to climb on the army truck for his journey to Stalag Luft II, with his personal possessions restored, Scharff hands him a package with some food and cigarettes in it and wishes him well. "I respect your strength and your loyalty to your country," he says. "You're a Hell of a guy Hanns," says Price. "Thanks." As the truck rolls away he thinks, *That's really a pretty decent guy. I hope he's not in trouble because he couldn't get anything out of me.*

Next month, The Griefswald Seven.

Don't Forget

November is election month. We need you at the meeting to be sure we have a quorum.