

M.A.R.C.S. SPARKS

Monthly Newsletter of the Madison Area Radio Control Society
Madison, Wisconsin AMA Charter #665

Volume 45 - January 2006 - Issue 1

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.

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

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Contribution of articles for publication is encouraged.

Deadline for publication is the 20th of the month.

Minutes of MARCS General Membership Meeting, December 1, 2005

by Patricia McDonald, Secretary

The meeting was called to order at 7:10 by President Tom Lazar, there were 32 people in attendance.

November Minutes: Minutes of the November meeting were accepted as printed in the December issue of MARCS Sparks.

Treasurer's report was available for review. Ed will take membership dues for next year now and when the AMA cards come he will mail MARCS card to members.

Visitors and New Members: None

Old Business: None

New Business: Tom presented Service Awards from prior years to members.

The Awards Banquet will be held at the Dry Bean on Tuesday 2/7/06. The cost per person will be \$20.00.

Nominations for this year's awards should be sent to Tom Lazar, not Dave Rush. Dave needs last years awards winner to return the awards at the January general membership meeting in order to have them engraved for this year.

Our next event will be the New Year's Day Fun Fly at Kettle Field. Flying hours will be 10 AM until 2 PM.

Members should be aware that shooting off fireworks at the field is prohibited and the neighbors will call the police.

Don Weigt had a copy of Charles Lindberg's biography for any member who wanted to read it. (Pat borrowed it.) He is also taking orders for the new publication from the National Air Force Museum. He can get a 25% discount until the end of the year. Contact Don if you would like to order a copy.

Ed McDonald printed a membership brochure to show off our organization and promote

the sport of RC flying. He handed them out to members in attendance. See Ed if you would like more. They will also be placed in local area hobby shops.

Any one interested in "dome" flying should contact Dave Rush. He can tell electric flyers where they are meeting on Sundays. The group is looking into several high school gyms.

The Model Railroad club will be at Olbrich Gardens during the Holiday Season..

Brad is looking for members to participate in the Program portion of the meetings. We all have a lot to tell and learn from each other.

Raffle Winners **Dave Rush** won an E-Flight, **Harley Nelson** went home with a wing holder.

Show and Tell: **Tom** showed several balsa planes from his Aunt's collection. He showed a Kellogg PEP, which was a model war plane series from WWII. **Harley Nelson** showed a Phoenix # 2, which he built from various salvaged parts of wrecks. **John Bandt** made a great presentation about his Leading Edge Glider P-63A King Cobra with leg PSS made of EPP foam. **Ray Walsh** brought a Patty Wagstaff Extra 300-US.41 from Great Planes ARF.

New Years Eve Midnight Madness

Although there is no planned event for New Years Eve, you are certainly welcome to come out to the field to get in the last flight of 2005 and/or the first of 2006. Just lock the gate behind yourself and don't shoot any fireworks. Some of the dogs in Hickory Hill Kennel are likely to be gun shy and Mrs. Suter won't hesitate to call the cops to protect them.

New Years Day Ski Fly

It doesn't matter if you have a ski equipped plane or not. Come on out to the field anytime on January 1 after about 10 o'clock and before about 1 o'clock. Eat some of Tom Lazar's famous chili (he hates to take any home), drink some hot spiced apple cider or hot chocolate and engage in some smart talk with your buddies. If you have a ski plane or a hand launched kind, bring it out and get in a few flights. Wheels are welcome too, but it looks like it'll be tough handling them on the snow this year. Tom always

awards some pretty nice prizes to those who risk frost bite to their fingers to fly on New Years Day, so get in on a good thing.

The plastic is up on the shelter, it's heated and it's usually shirtsleeve weather inside, so let's start the year right. There's nothing serious about it. It's all for fun.

Indoor Flying Update

As of time of publication, there is nothing new to report. The dome will be open, but it's prohibitively expensive. Other sites are being explored. Stay tuned.

It's Banquet Time Again

The Annual MARCS Awards Banquet will be held on Tuesday evening February 7 at The Dry Bean Saloon on Verona Road (same place as last year). Cocktails start at 6:30 PM, dinner at 7:00, followed by the awards program.

The menu sounds great! It includes chef carved prime rib, baked cod, twice baked potato, green beans almandine, tossed salad and carrot cake (I assume - hope actually - it will be Mrs. Rush's Famous Carrot Cake), all with coffee, tea or soda.

The cost is a bargain, as far as I can see, just \$20 a head. That's two bucks less than last year. When have you ever seen a price go down? Well, there's gasoline, but that had no other direction in which to go and lately its headed in the other direction again..

The sign up sheet for reservations is at the back of this bulletin. You can just tear off the last page (or print the next to last one if you get Sparks electronically) and send it to Dave at:

Dave Rush
5113 Ridge Rd.
McFarland, WI 53558

You may also pay Dave at the January or February meetings.

TROPHIES held by last year's winners should be returned to Dave by no later than the January meeting. If you will have a problem getting them to him by that time, please call Jerry Buss at 244-8534 to arrange pickup.

Unlike past years, please do not make award nominations with; your reservations which are sent to Dave. Please make award nominations to Tom Lazar (e mail tdlazar@yahoo.com) or 435 Hubbell St, Marshall, WI 53559, or phone 655-3396. Nominations may also be given to any Board of Directors member. PLEASE

DO MAKE NOMINATIONS.

As in the past, traveling trophy award categories are SMOKING HOLE for the worst crash of the year, SUBMARINE COMMANDER for the most spectacular water landing (crash?) in the drainage ditches or at the float fly, PAUL BUNYAN TREE CHOPPER for the most disastrous tree top landing and SCOOTER for the nice guy of the year (it has nothing to do with working for the club -- just being a nice guy). Then there are the certificates for service to the club. These are always a little dicy, since so many guys deserve them that it's easy to miss someone. Therefore it's important that we get your nominations to assure that no one is left out. If you believe that someone has rendered really outstanding service, perhaps a special, non-traveling, trophy is in order and you may recommend someone for that too. The Board will make the final decision on such nominations.

Nane the Plane Contest

In conjunction with the MARCS Awards Banquet, ye Olde Editor is again sponsoring a Name the Plane Contest. This year, I think I've got a really tough one and I expect to beat you guys. Actually, I expect that every year, but it never happens. As usual the prize for winning is a bottle of Chateau du Buss Sweet Red Razzleberry wine. If I succeed in beating you, it will be raffled. You must be at the banquet to win. A second bottle will also be raffled as a door prize.



This is a very odd looking airplane and there is something pioneering about it. To win, you must identify the airplane and identify the pioneering aspect. I don't think you would know one part of the answer but not the other.

Send your entry to me by e mail at jbuss@itis.com or call me at 244-8534. Leave a message if you get the machine. The first - if any - correct answer by a person attending the banquet wins. I won't disclose whether or not there is a winner, even to the winner,

until the banquet. Just for fun, even if you aren't attending the banquet, I'll enjoy receiving your incorrect guesses. Please say that you're not attending, if that's the case. It will ease my record keeping.

Last Call for Discount on Dues

By Ed McDonald

Pay your dues before January 1 and receive a \$5 discount if you are a renewing regular member.

Type of membership---Regular \$50, Family \$15, Junior \$20, Associate \$15.

If you want the newsletter mailed to you, add \$5 on a Regular membership renewal only.

Assume you are a regular member:

Membership amount-----\$50

Discount (before 1/1/06)---- 5

Subtract-----\$45

Newsletter mailing----- 0 (if Sparks electronically)

Amount due-----\$45 (\$50 if Sparks by hard copy)

The \$5 early payment discount does not apply to Family, Junior or Associate dues.

Mail your dues and a copy of your 2006 AMA card to:

Ed McDonald
1918 Gulseth St.
Madison, WI 53704

If you don't have your new AMA card yet, you can just pay the dues now, taking the early payment discount, and present the card to me when you get it. I will issue your MARCS card to you then..

Memorium

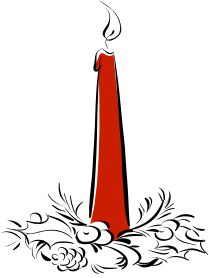
MARCS members offer their sympathy to Wayne Lanphear and his family on the loss of his wife Miyoko, on November 20.

You'll Get No "Happy Holidays" From Me

For weeks I've been getting stuffers with my newspaper advertising "Holiday Sales" at every department store and shop in town. Not one of them has a "Christmas Sale." Were it not for Christmas, these stores would lose a ton of sales, so why hesitate to acknowledge those who observe Christmas and spend lots of money with them? Those who don't do Christmas likely aren't shopping a lot anyway so why

give credence to that tiny minority who try to "dechristify" His Holy Day (the root source of the word "holiday"). Perhaps if some vestige of Christmas were allowed in schools they would better for it. I've received wishes for happy holidays from acquaintances and cash register clerks and even a Salvation Army bell ringer. I've heard news reports of the holiday trees in the state capital rotunda and on the White House lawn. I'm holidayed to utter frustration.

I don't do "holidays." I do "Christmas" and if you celebrate the cleansing of the temple, that's great: Happy Chanukah to you!



So a very Merry Christmas to my Christian friends, and good will to those of other faiths, whether you celebrate something at this time of year or not. And a happy and prosperous 2006 Anno Domini to all of you as well.

The Bent Bird

The Off Season

By Don Weigt

Here we are, in what some call "the building season"... How are you storing your planes for next year's flying? Seems I just wrote about that, but it's time again.

Almost all of us fly models as a hobby or sport, not as a job or business. So, we can do what we want, when we want. But, if preserving your investment is important to you, or if you want to make the best use of limited hobby space and time, then it pays to do things efficiently. So, properly store your existing models before filling your workshop with new plane parts and balsa dust.

First, drain the tanks and fuel lines of any remaining fuel, if you haven't already. If your plane has a smoke system, then you'll probably want to drain that, too, to avoid the chance a leak would make a mess where you store the plane.

Then, clean the model. Next, fix any dings that you want taken care of before next flying

season. This is a good time, while they're still fresh in your mind, and before there's a rush to "get to the field" in spring. Yes, spring is a long way off, but it will seem to suddenly arrive, and those repairs put off now may still not be done.

The dry cool air in our homes in winter is pretty good for storing stuff, but corrosion can still happen. Lubricants for glow engines have to mix with the alcohol in the fuel, so may not protect the engine from moisture, and with it oxygen, which together cause rust and other corrosion.

An engine is a precision device, and corrosion can hurt its performance, or even make it useless. So, oil every engine you ran this year with WD-40, regular auto motor oil, or some other lubricant that protects better against moisture. An after-run oil should do the same, but I have never used any, so I can't write about them.

I have read that silicones are bad for glow plugs. They can alter the glow plug element's surface so it can't fire the fuel and air mix. They can glow just fine, and still not work. I have had old plugs like that. You might want to avoid oiling your engine with any product that contains silicones.

Do remember to oil the carburetor throttle barrel, turn on the radio, and cycle the throttle from low to high and back again a few times. This protects against corrosion, and will also prevent the barrel freezing in place and not turning come spring. The oil in fuel can sometimes get so thick, the throttle barrel won't turn without tremendous force, and that after days of soaking in Liquid Wrench™ or other strong stuff. Don't ask me how I know!

Any easily removed battery that probably won't be used until spring can be put in a sealed plastic bag and stored in your refrigerator. I especially like the bags that "zip". Cold battery storage (but not cold enough to freeze), will delay the day when the battery needs to be replaced.

Don't forget the wheels and landing gear! Cleaning the oil off wheels may extend the life of rubbery or foam type tires and wheels. It certainly improves their appearance, and makes them less

likely to dirty things they contact. On the other hand, wheels with metal hubs or bearings may need lubrication on the axles. This is a good time to take care of that.

Servos, receivers, switch harnesses, and transmitters don't usually need any attention. But, you might want to keep the transmitter in a plastic bag, to protect its switches and controls from dirt and dust if it's stored in your workshop. Also, if the transmitter is due for factory maintenance (JR recommends every 5 years for mine), the sooner you send it in, the sooner you'll have it back and be ready to fly again in spring.

If your models are stored in your workshop, you might want to bag them when you're building those new ones, so they don't get filled with balsa dust. It's mighty hard to dust out the interior of a model plane!

And, do be careful how you pick your storage places. Next to a furnace may be a fire hazard, and certainly isn't the coolest spot in the basement. Uneven heating there may cause warping. Conversely, too close to an outside wall, especially an uninsulated one, may be such a cold location that moisture condenses on and in the model, which will warp the wood.

Models may get splashed and dirty, as well as wet, stored next to a laundry tub or washer (yes, I've experienced this first hand, too..) Storing models around any plumbing may get them wet from leaks, spills, or condensation. Wet wood warps and weighs more. Wet radio gear usually is inoperative, and if the water isn't pure (distilled), radio gear may not function properly again even after it is completely dried out.

Wood airplanes are prone to warping, so be careful not to put twisting stresses on them in storage. After the long winter, you may find the wing and stab badly warped. They are the most critical, and being long and thin, also are the most warp prone parts of most models.

So, look carefully at how they are supported when stored. This probably means not stacking them where one supports another, especially out near the tips, where twisting loads will tend to warp

a whole wing or panel. This is a good reason to make some storage racks for the wings, to hold them safely and compactly, and without twisting stresses.

Once you have your "Survivor 2005" winners prepared and stored, it's time to get to work on new planes for next year. You'll have more workshop space available, and no nagging pressures to fix your fleet before spring!

Karaya Ein

By Jerry Buss

At Krakau, on their way to southern Russia, Erich Hartmann and three other newly created *jagdfliegern* (fighter pilots) found that there were only some Ju-87s available for transport. They were destined for Marinpol, a hundred kilometers or so from their own destination at Maykop. They could likely hitch a ride to their new base, if they could fly the Junkers to Marinpol. None of them had ever flown a Stuka before, but it didn't look very difficult. Erich was the last to take off and, gunning the engine, he stepped on the right brake to steer clear of the field controller's shack. Nothing happened. The brakes were completely dead. Before he could chop the throttle the Stuka plowed into the wooden hovel, tearing it into toothpick sized splinters and scattering papers of all kinds all over the field as the prop reduced its length by half. The controller was furious, but Erich was saved when the second pilot who had taken off ahead of him returned with a smoking engine. On landing, eager to escape a possibly serious fire, he used too much brake and stood the dive bomber on its nose, where it stayed, tail pointed to the sky. Having lost half of his Stuka's to these ham handed baby pilots, the controller arranged somewhat delayed transport for them in a *Tante Ju* (Auntie Ju), a tri-motor Ju-52.

Maykop, at the moment, was the home of the highest scoring *jagdgeschwader* (fighter wing) on the eastern front, JG-52. It had been in Russia since the invasion in June 1941. It was composed of top *experten* in the Luftwaffe and commanded by Oberst (Colonel) Dieter Hrabak, who at the time

had a score of 60 and wore the Knights Cross of the Iron Cross round his neck. Erich was surprised that Hrabak had dirt on his boots and wore a dirty, oil stained, rumpled uniform that he had probably been sleeping in for a long time, but he had an air about him that, with the Knight's Cross, commanded respect, not for his rank but for the fact that experience and leadership shone through his rumpled appearance. He obviously didn't stand on rank, but on ability to lead and Erich was greatly impressed, for a lot of the German military wasn't like that. Hrabak would survive the war with 125 kills. As he delivered a welcoming lecture and briefing to the four new pilots, a Messerschmidt landed trailing smoke. It was flown by Walter Krupinski, "Count Punski" to his friends. He had been shot up by flak over the Caucasus Mountains. Krupinski and Erich would become close friends.

A jagdgeschwader was normally composed of three *gruppen* which were each made up of three *staffeln*, of 12 aircraft each. A staffel was divided into three *schwarm* (four plane flights) and each schwarm was made up of two *rotten* (two plane elements). Examples of unit designations might be II JG 52, identifying II Gruppe of JG 52, or 7 JG 52, identifying 7 staffel, III Gruppe, JG 52. Staffeln 1,2 and 3 were always I Gruppe, 4, 5 and 6 made up II Gruppe and 7, 8 and 9 made up III Gruppe. Thus 7 JG 52 implies being part of III Gruppe. Erich was assigned to 7 Staffel, based at the time at Soldatskaya, near the oil rich Baku region on the edge of the Caucasus Mountains, well beyond the far eastern end of the Black Sea and a very long way from Germany and Usch.

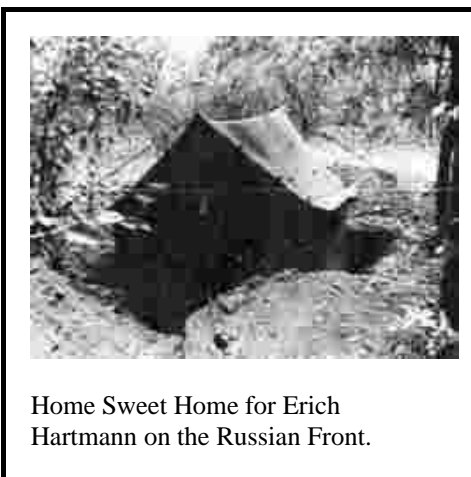
It was October 1942 and the German advance into the Soviet Union was 16 months old and approaching its high water mark. Far to the north, in an industrial town that stretched for 30 kilometers along the west bank of the Volga River the mighty, unbeaten, 270,000 man German 6th Army under General Friedrich von Paulus had been investing the town since late August and was simply pawing at its defenders. After walk-overs in Poland and France, their action in Russia had mostly been a march into a void. Much over-

impressed with its own power which was openly arrayed for all the world to see, the 6th didn't yet take its enemy seriously. They could take the town at their leisure. Four months hence the name of the town, Stalingrad, would be a synonym for the graveyard of the mighty 6th. The Russian front would begin a slow, but unstoppable, movement toward the west and Germany. Ultimately, due to overwork, starvation, freezing and disease in Soviet labor camps, of the 200,000 who survived the battle to enter captivity, about 5,000 of the 6th would one day return to Germany - between seven and fifteen years later.

Gruppenkomandeur of III Gruppe was Major Hubertus von Bonin, another legend of the Luftwaffe. He was every bit as unkempt as Hrabak and Krupinski had been and had a similar veteran's leadership attitude that impressed Erich, despite his antipathy toward military discipline. He was about 30 years old and had fought in the Spanish Civil War where he claimed 4 victims. As a member JG 26 Schlageter in the Battle of Britain, he had added nine more and over forty since arriving in Russia. In briefing the new pilots, he said they must learn to fly with their heads, not with their muscles. Only kills counted in the air and the pilot with the most kills and the most experience lead the rotten and schwarms. If a sergeant pilot had a higher score or more experience, then he lead and God help the officer who didn't obey him instantly in combat. In the strain of battle, a man of inferior rank might chastise a superior mercilessly, but once on the ground all was forgotten and normal military discipline was expected. A month later Erich heard an R/T exchange between Leutnant Grislawski, a high scoring, Knight's Cross with Oak Leaves holding youngster, and von Bonin while the pair were engaged in a dogfight with some I-16's. Von Bonin was wingman to Grislawski and was having a lot of trouble staying with his leader. Grislawski called him a damned sonuvabitch and once, replying to an excuse by von Bonin for lagging, suggested that von Bonin should kiss his ass. Later, on the ground, von Bonin told Grislawski that his ass was much too dirty to kiss. Everyone

laughed and the matter was forgotten.

It was small wonder that Hrabak and von Bonin looked rumped and scruffy. The Messerschmidt was a short ranged machine and fuel needed for loiter time could not be wasted by flying back and forth from bases safely behind the lines to the front where Russians could be found. Often, especially while movement of the front was still eastward and there was little chance of being overrun by a Russian advance, they were based only 15 kilometers or so from the front, widely dispersed and well camouflaged. Erich's first



Home Sweet Home for Erich Hartmann on the Russian Front.

home in Russia was a foxhole, dug by himself, to protect from shrapnel and covered by a tent to keep out the rain, all concealed under brush and grass. Winter quarters were a bunker dug into a hillside with a

baffle wall, or birm, in front to keep out shrapnel or strafing. Several men dug and inhabited each bunker where they lived with little heating and no bathing facilities, but with an increasingly prosperous colony of lice and other vermin, hoping that the line would not move till spring and force them out of these comfortable quarters and into the *real* cold. Any existing buildings were avoided for they were fat artillery or strafing targets.

Erich was first assigned to fly as wingman to Uberfeldwebl (master sergeant) Eduard "Paule" Rossmann, an *experte* and owner of a Knight's Cross who had over 80 kills and a reputation for never losing a wingman. He was also a gifted teacher, a "head" fighter who wouldn't consider dog fighting by choice, and an excellent marksman. On October 14, 1942 Erich and Paule took off in a pair of Bf 109 G4s on a patrol and were soon directed toward a flight of IL-2s that were strafing

German road traffic. Paule soon spotted them and called out their position, but Eric couldn't see them until they were almost among them. Then he dashed in front of Paule, spraying the air with completely useless, wild gunfire, expending every round he had. Suddenly he found himself surrounded by green airplanes, all of which seemed to have as their only reason for being to try to kill Erich Hartmann. He broke off and hid in a cloud. Coming out on top he heard Paule on the R/T telling him to turn right and allow him to join up on him. Looking back Erich saw an airplane a



Edmund "Paule"

kilometer or so back but gaining on him and he ducked back in the clouds in panic. Emerging, there was that plane again. After more hide and seek in the cumulus he emerged apparently all alone. Then his fuel warning light began to blink. When he landed wheels up just inside the German lines, an army truck returned him to his base. After receiving a severe chewing out by von

Bonin, Paule instructed him on his sins. He had:

1. Separated from his leader.
2. Flown into his leader's firing position.
3. Climbed through cloud layer.
4. Mistaken his leader for the enemy.
5. Failed to follow Rossmann's order to rejoin.
6. Lost orientation.
7. Destroyed his aircraft without inflicting any damage on the enemy.

A much chastened future ace of aces was a most penitent kid who spent the next three days as a gofer for the fitters and armorers of 7 Staffel.

Rossmann had seen green replacements before and understood the process they had to go

through. As he continued to teach, Erich watched Rossmann's approach to combat and saw its effectiveness. Forget turning contests. Use stealth. Use the sun. Fire as soon as in range and the guns bear and keep firing until the enemy goes down. Paule was an expert marksman at any range and he used that to great advantage. Erich remained combat blind for a time, that is he couldn't see the enemy until they were upon each other, but slowly he overcame it. It was an ability that Rossmann worked hard to impart and Erich said later that it was what enabled him to survive in battle. The pilot who sees the enemy first has the fight half won before a shot is fired.

Erich didn't fly with Paule every day. On November 5 he took off as wing man to Oberleutnant Treppe, an experienced combat pilot, as part of the lead rotte of a four ship schwarm. He had worked hard on his combat vision and was the first to call out bandits, 18 IL-2s escorted by 10 Lagg-3 fighters. When Treppe couldn't spot the Russians, he ordered Erich to take the lead and, without regard to odds, they went slashing through the fighters firing a few bursts to break them up and then on, into the Shturmovics at very low altitude. Some of the pilots with whom Erich had flown, unlike Paule, advocated closing to point blank range. With this in mind, he closed to within fifty meters before opening fire, but saw his tracers, including the 20mm cannon, go bouncing off the enemy's armor. Several bursts had absolutely no effect, despite being heavily clustered hits. Common wisdom had it that the IL-2's Achilles heel was its oil cooler, under the belly of the beast. Why not try it!

With little room to spare, he ducked under the Ilyushin and hauled in, up close. When the Russian filled his entire windscreen he fired and, immediately there was an explosion. Red flames and black smoke poured out of the engine compartment of the enemy. Too late, Erich realized that more than that poured out. The Russian immediately began throwing away parts, big ones, which showered his Messerschmidt with a fury. Almost instantly, it lost airworthiness and

there was nothing to do but search desperately for a level piece of ground, for he was far too low to bail out.

He bellied in successfully, just inside the German lines and was delivered by the Wehrmacht to his airfield. It was the custom of JG-52 to give a "birthday party" to a pilot who had survived a particularly dangerous situation and that night a party with suitable libations honored Erich Hartmann's rebirth. So far, he had pranged a Stuka and two Gustavs against one IL-2. He was closer to being a Russian ace than a German *experte*, but he was learning, albeit rather slowly for now.

Two days later, Erich came down with yellow fever and spent nearly a month in hospital. Here, he had time to stare at the ceiling and analyze his experience so far. His combat vision was better. He had not broken ranks in his fight with the Shturmovick; he had been disciplined. He had gotten in close and he had seen how deadly such an attack was. Paule was a great marksman, but at two or three hundred meters a lot of his bullets still went wild. Up close was devastating, good shot or not. He went over what he had learned from Paule and others and he formulated a tentative strategy: "See - Decide - Attack - Reverse, or Coffee Break." See the enemy before he sees you, decide if he can be attacked successfully, attack and then break away quickly. If he can't be successfully attacked, lay back - take a Coffee Break - and wait for an opening. And, of course, come out of the sun whenever possible. Although greatly abbreviated, it was very much like the *Dicta Boelcke* formulated in 1916 by Oswald Boelcke, the father of air to air combat.



MARCS 2005 Annual Awards Banquet

When: Tuesday, February 7, 2006
Happy Hour: 5:30
Dinner: 6:00, followed by Awards Program

Where: Dry Bean Saloon
Verona Road

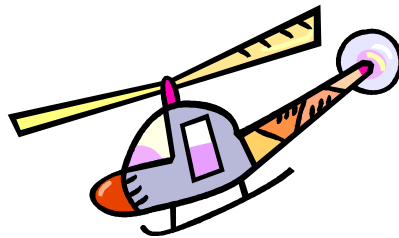
Menu: Chef carved prime rib
Baked cod
Twice baked potato
Green bean almandine
Tossed Salad
Coffee, tea or soda
Mrs. Rush's Famous Carrot Cake

Reservation: Name _____

No. of Persons _____ @ \$20 ea. =\$_____, enc.

Send check payable to MARCS to: Dave Rush
5113 Ridge Rd.
McFarland, WI 53558

M.A.R.C.S.
1918 Gulseth St.
Madison, WI 53704



Your headquarters for RC planes, trains and automobiles

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315 S. Thompson Rd.

Sun Prairie, WI

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Mon.-Fri., 8:00 to 5:00