



Palomar R/C Flyers, Inc.

Transmitter



July 2019

AMA Charter 141

PRESIDENT'S COLUMN-Steve Gebler

July President's Letter

Shout Outs

Trifecta

Congratulations to **Keith Albert** for winning this month's Trifecta. Not only did he get to wear the esteemed "Chase the Skirts" tutu, but annihilated the completion throughout all phases of the competition to take top combat honors.

Maker's Faire

Palomar Radio Control Flyers Hero **Doug Abel** planned and executed an excellent presentation for our club at the Maker's Faire in Vista this month. Doug located all kinds of airplanes to build for families visiting the booth at the faire, had two flight simulators working and really did a great organizing the activities and securing volunteers to help out at the event. **Bill Hill, Richard Torres, Jennifer Walker, Chris Thompson, Rick Hilton**, and yours truly were also on hand for this fun and informative event.

Warbird Fun Fly

Chris Thompson and **Richard Torres** did an outstanding job creating this event and getting the word out (and some fantastic posters and advertising) for this event. **Chris Avellino** did a great job handling the flight line. **Jared Gregg** and his dad did some awesome photography during the event and Chief Cook **Joe and Barbara Villarreal** and his team created the pulled pork masterpieces. **Lisa Thompson** and **Jennifer Walker** handled registration and shirt sales.

A special shout out goes to "Mr. PVC", **Rick Hilton**. Rick's presentation about getting your planes to and from the flight field was both informative and hilarious!

Cosio Field Update

Despite the creative hard work that **Roger Cosio** did to help the club to locate alternative flight fields, unfortunately the location that we were able to secure off of Camino Del Rey and I-15 never was used due to some safety issues that we didn't anticipate when we were securing the field and the fact that the location was never really utilized by our club members. As such, we have terminated our use agreement with the Hilltop Group. Please do not enter that location any longer. Many thanks to Karl Gailey, Tina Woods and the DeJong family for their generosity.

Events

Here are some of the events coming soon:

Independence Day Celebration — July 4 at Johnson Field all day. Lunch will be available.

New Club Logo Voting — July 4 at the field. Cast your vote for the new club logo. Shout out to **Richard Torres** for his contributions.

Aerotow Fun Fly — the first Saturday of each month starting at about 10 A.M. This month's aerotow will take place on Saturday, July 6.

Trifecta — Sunday, July 7 - 9 A.M.



Club Meeting — Thursday, July 18 at San Marcos Senior Center
Model Aviation Day — Saturday, August 17

July Birthdays
Michael Skube
Stephen Oberrecht
Larry Stainbrook
Bob Clark
Steve Brower
Richard Gunderson
Steve Brown
Andres Poggi
Simon Hunter
Phil Hughes
Paul Gassen
Waye Bonfietti
Bob Bauersfeld
Maxine Lang
Ali Tajeldin
John Binikos
Liam Bryant-Thomas
Tim Hitchcock
Jared Gregg
Bob Gruenster
John Malmquist
Wyatt Williamson
Chris Sweeten
Robert Haskell
Heinz Marschhauser
Scott Dedic

Note from the editor:

Appearing in this month's issue of the Big "T" is THE MOST significant piece of writing ever published in this newsletter! It deserves to be read by a wide audience. Thankfully, it is lengthy!

Its author writes of experiences 80 years ago, (when I was born)! As you read it, you'll be able to experience a bit of what happened in England during the fury of WWII. We congratulate Lord Creedon for a masterful piece of writing! Good on ya, mate! Well done!

IN MEMORIAM

Joseph F. Kelsch died during the first week of June 2019. He joined our club in 2016. Your friends here at Palomar will miss you and your gentle spirit.



June 2019

Palomar RC Fliers Board of Directors meeting Notes

Compiled by: Patrick Pranica, Secretary PRCF

Board Attendants: Steve Gebler, President, Chuck Riley, Chris Thompson, Joseph Villarreal, Richard Torres, Patrick Pranica, , James Gallacher, Chris Avellino, Chris Wilson

Non Attendants: Steve Kerrin, Scott Dedic

Call to order: 6:33

- **Treasurer Report:** *Income: \$3272, Expenses: \$1746 Balance: \$79,487.77*
- **Membership:** *5 new members. Youth movement continues to build and is strong.*

Chair Reports

Safety: *Over flights continue to occur over the freeway and the pits.*

Fixed Wing: *Nothing to report. Lots of first flights now that the weather has improved.*

Heli: *Early returns show that the Heli Fun Fly brought in \$2359 with expenses of \$2074*

Glider: *Unsettled weather lowered attendance for the Aero Tow event. We may need to re-evaluate these events.*

Flight Training: *6 students. Instruction is going well but we need more batteries for the new Apprentice trainer. \$200 approved for purchase of batteries.*

Mice in the Shed: *Infestation invaded storage locker and contaminated all the contents. Approval for \$200 to replace supplies and sealed plastic tubs and shelving. Urgent that storage locker be securely closed.*

Multiple Events in a Month — Avoiding Limiting General Membership

Factoring in Paintball & Pylon Racing to be held once a quarter. Holes have been installed for racing poles. Consideration to all limit events to one per month or less.

Joe Kelsch Estate: *Calls continue from members and their loved ones for how to disperse their air-planes and supplies as much is old and of low value. Suggested that we display collections for donations followed by free offering.*

Samuel Robinson Donations: *Letters for donation offered.*

- **Maker's Faire June 15-16. *Still need helpers. Doug Able has contributed and immense amount of time setting this up. Several board members volunteered to help.***
 - **Pankey Rd Paving — *anyone know the contractor? Suggested we contact the original people that installed the pumping station. Conclusion is that the road is a county issue which my take a long time to resolve. Caution when driving on Pankey Rd.***
 - **Heli Fun Fly Lessons Learned: *High expense with minimal return. Discussions about fees and food services were sorted out. Consideration for separating fee structures reached no conclusion. Wrist bands were well accepted. Pay Pal worked well to limit registration challenges. Attendance was 20 pilots short of last year.***
- Gate Keycode Practices: *Discussion about rotating codes to reduce abuse and allow authorities access when needed.***

Events

- **June 15 - 16 Maker's Faire Vista**
- **June 22 Warbird Fun Fly**
- **July 4 Annual Celebration and BBQ**
- **July 6 Aerotow**
- **July 7 Trifecta**
- **August 17 Model Aviation Day**
- **September 21 Fun Fly**
- **September 28 Aero Tow**
- **October 18 - 20 Campout and Night Fly**
- **October 19 Club Meeting at the Field**
- **October 19 Poker Fun Fly**
- **October 27 Halloween Candy Drop**
- **November 9 Paramotor Fun Fly**
- November 9 Jet Event**

Meeting adjourned: 8:00 PM

**Patrick Pranica
Club Secretary**

July 4th Celebration

Where? At Johnson Field (our flying field)!

When? Open flying all day on July 4

Free Lunch served by the club @ 11:30

*You may bring a desert, but this is
voluntary.*

Who? All club members are invited.





Acting like the lord that he is– Lord Creedon! Lew is the author of the article that appears at the end of this issue of the Big “T”.



Patrick Pranica, Steve Gebler, Phil Kogan

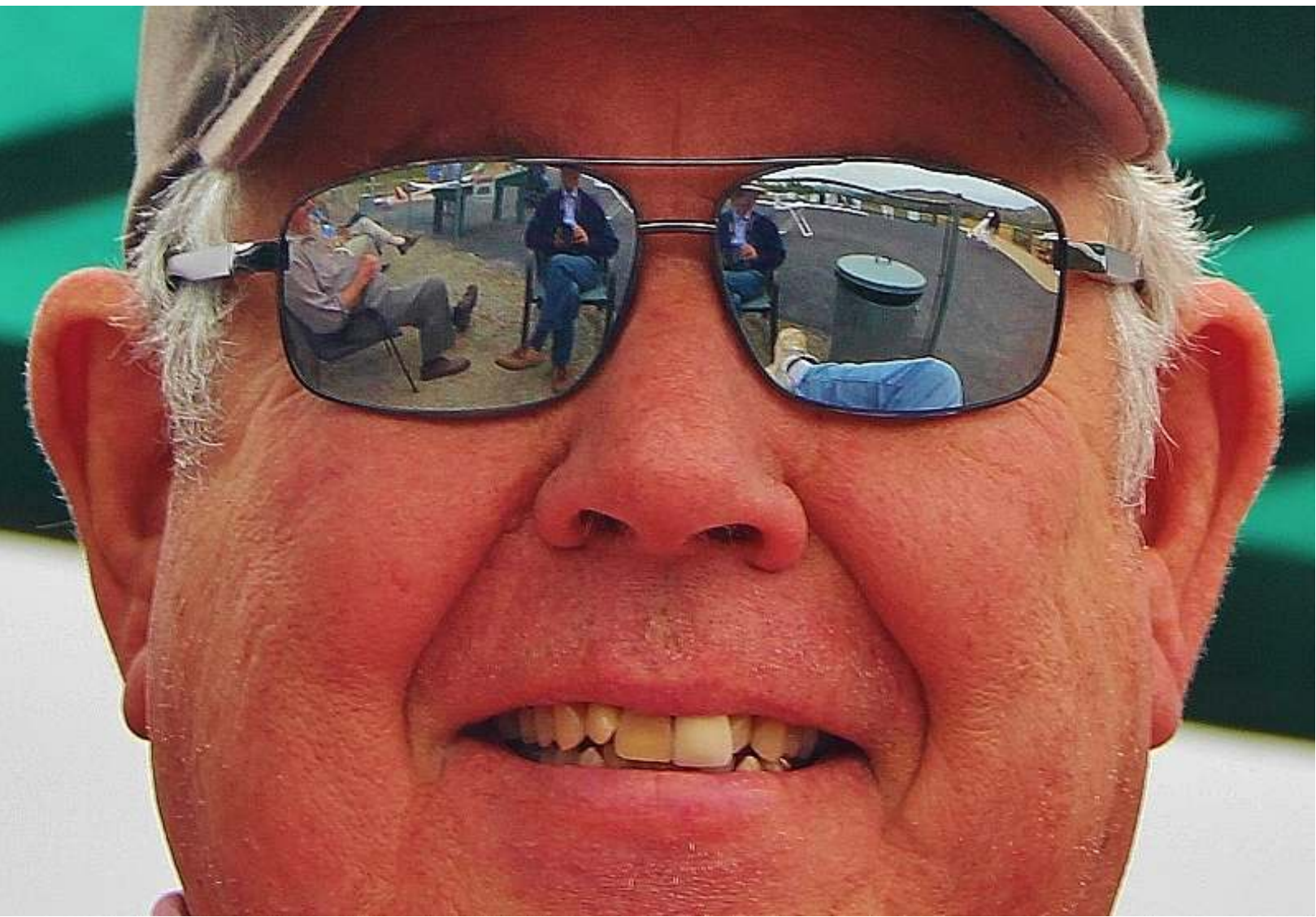


Jim Gallacher has this cartoon on the rudder of his new sailplane.



Don Thompson flying with his son Chris.





It looks like Steve Kerrin has a garbage can in his left eye! Lord Creedon is on the left and your editor is on the right side of Steve's glasses.



Steve Kerrin, Mike Lonnecker, Tom Pollinger, Phil Kogan, Jim Gallacher



Tom Pollinger and his Grumman Hellcat on June 6, 2019.

**Tom Pollinger flying his T-6, Texan. What a beauty!
The airplane that is....**





James D'Eliseo

Bill Hill



Showing the editor's prejudice, this is not a real airplane but a fan-jet (aka hair dryer). Real airplanes have a propeller and preferably 2 wings, although one wing qualifies. It's Chris Thompson's. It looks like a bullet in flight in the next photo.





It's stretching your imagination, but see the outline of a sailplane-sort of.



This and the following 3 photos show the vast collection of hobby parts and planes donated to the club by Samuel and Kathy Robinson. Samuel has been a long time club member and had to leave the hobby due to health reasons. A huge thank you to the Robinsons for all these items!!

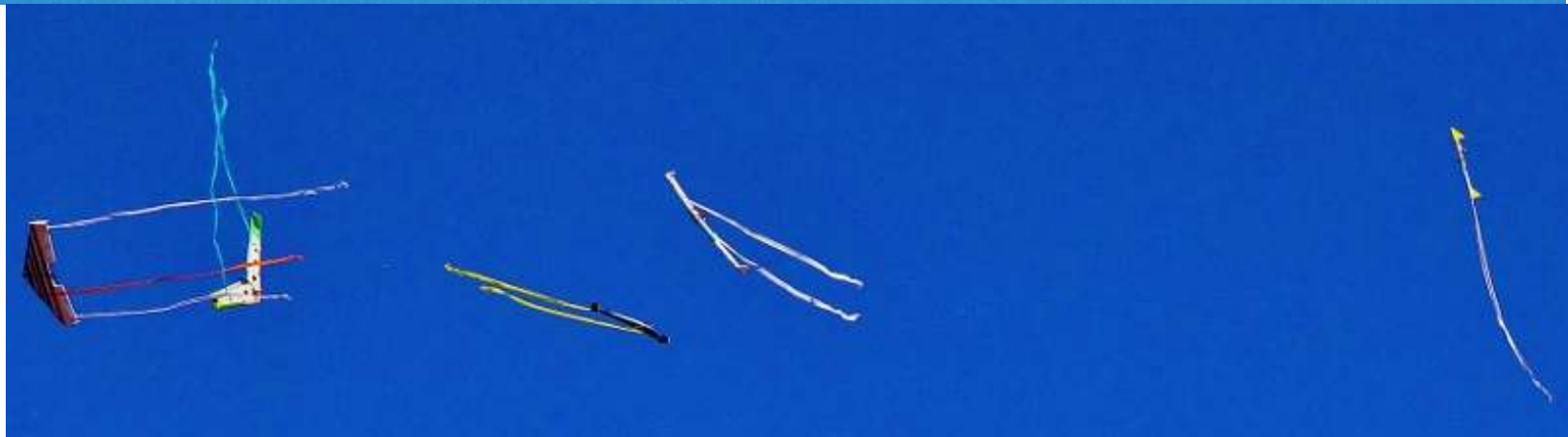
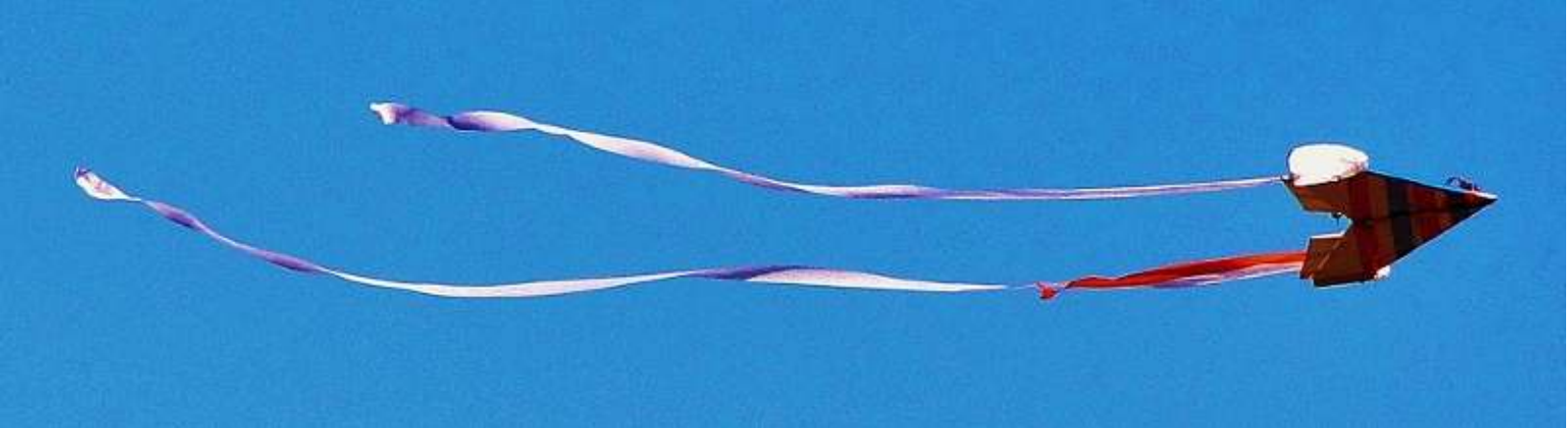




All these were give-aways.



TRIFECTA JUNE 8, 2019



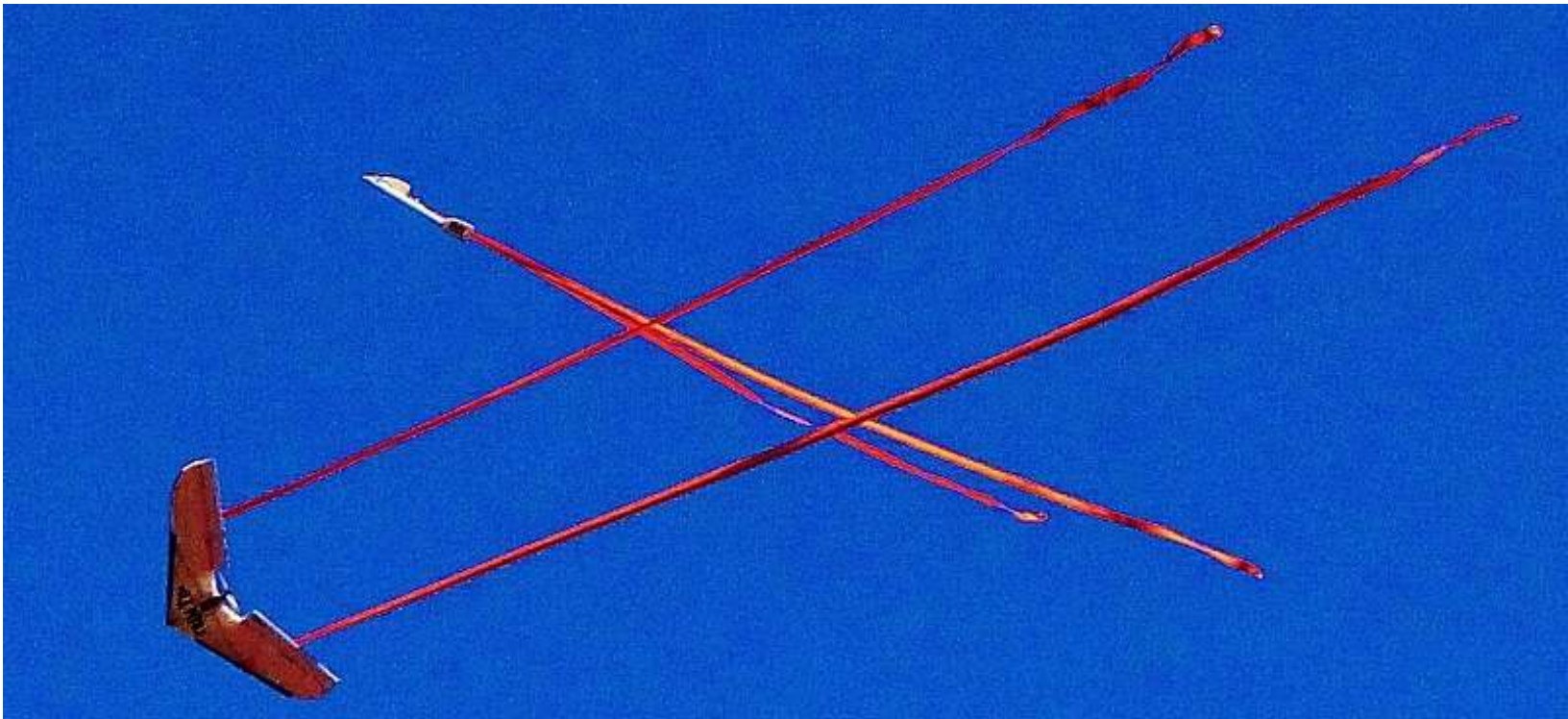


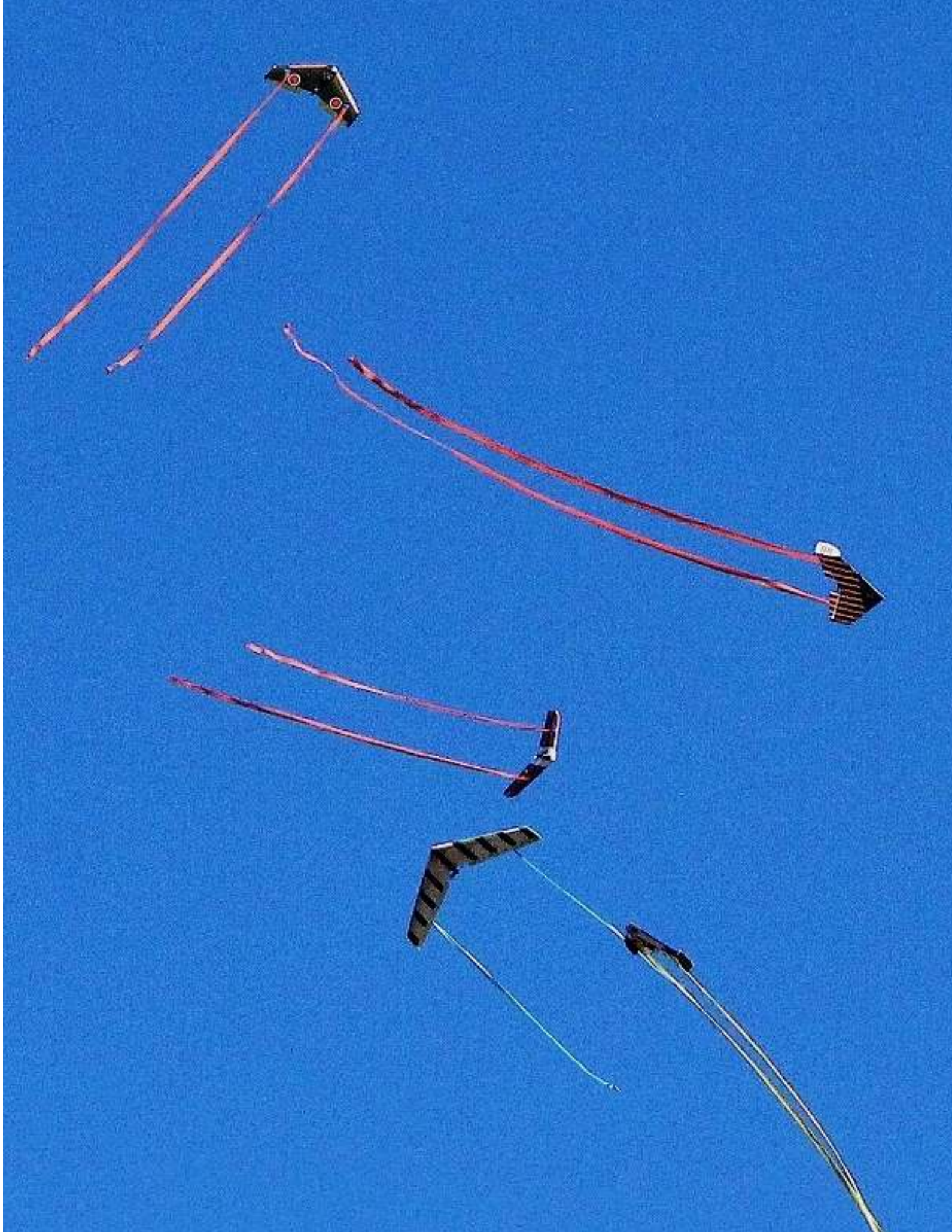
L/R Doug Albert, Keith Albert, David Storey, Brody Stadick, Chuck Riley, Virtual member Les Crook from the Temecula Valley Flyers, Eric Armstrong, Charlie Riley (USMC), Steve Gebler, Bill Hill. They are the usual suspects.



Club President Steve Gebler makes a successful launch. HEY! Not all launches are successful!







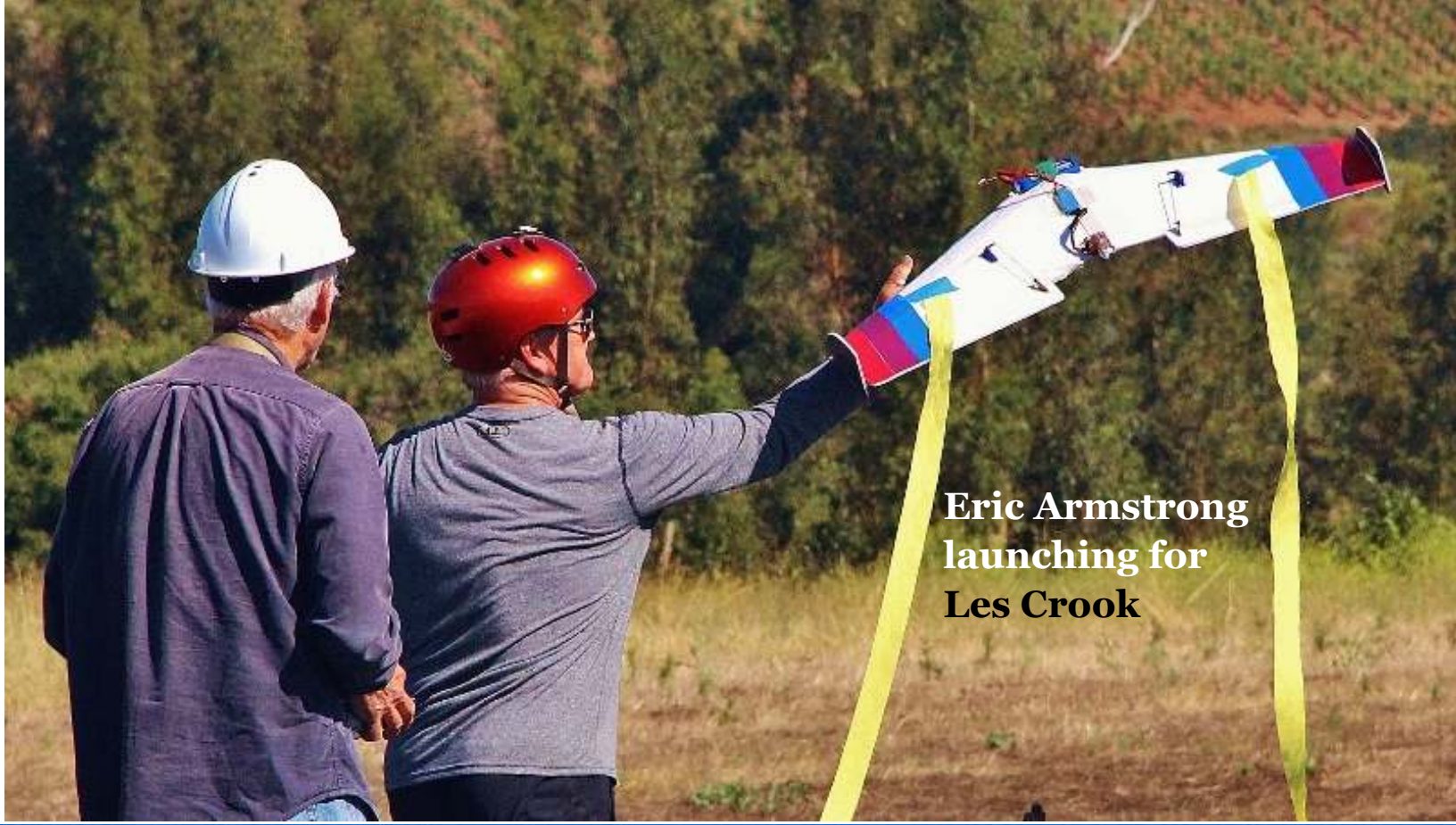


Charlie Riley, USMC



Dave Storey





**Eric Armstrong
launching for
Les Crook**



7 of the 10 planes flying! It's difficult to photograph them all together. Just try it!



Brody Stadick



Doug Abel



Brody Stadick, Keith Albert, Bill Hill, Dave Storey, Steve Gebler, Eric Armstrong, Les Crook, Charlie & Chuck Riley

Pilot's Meeting led by Eric Armstrong





Keith Albert was the high scorer in combat and got to wear the tutu.

Photo to left shows the men determining who was closest on the spot landing event.



David Storey

Eric Armstrong





Charlie Riley, USMC

Les Crook



Chuck Riley

Mike Lonnecker



Spot Landing event





Eric Armstrong, Bill Hill and Steve Gebler



Steve Gebler

Chuck Riley

Trent Stadick

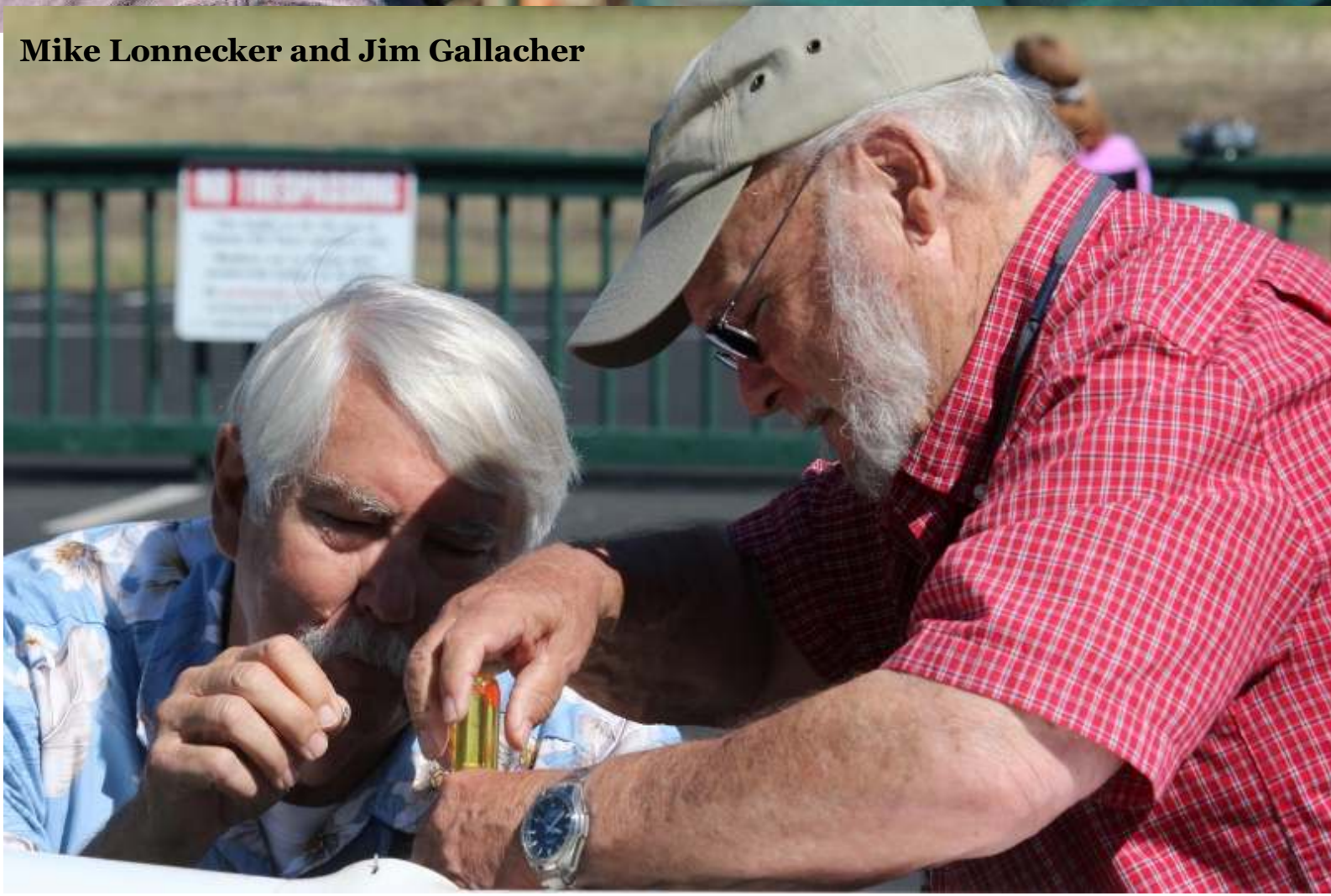
Scorekeeper Darrell Albert

Mr. Combat– Darrell Albert





Mike Lonnecker and Jim Gallacher





On June 22, 2019, our club hosted a Warbird Fun Fly. Chris Thompson created the event and it was just right! 23 planes flew in and landed with precision! Lunch was provided and a raffle took place at its conclusion. The weather was perfect and we all had a great time! Many thanks go to Chris and to Joe and Barbara Villarreal for preparing lunch. Even Mrs. Lisa Thompson helped out in registering the pilots. Terrific program! One of the finest! Many Thanks!! Photos of this gala event follow.



Chris and Lisa Thompson led this fun-filled day! Take a look at Chris' shirt/jacket! Most cool! The next photo shows the back of his shirt! It looks like it's one-of-a-kind! However, look at Lisa! What a beauty!



PLAT
s are taken at
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will be flown at
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operated between
through Saturday,
operated between
Thank You

Varley Longson and his P-47 which looked great on the ground and in the air. He won Model-of-the-Month for it at our June club meeting!







Joe Buko's B-24 and below is Chris Thompson's Grumman Bearcat





Former club member and past vice president Curtiss Kitteringham flew his Jenny at scale speed. It's a combo build but is mostly a Lou Proctor kit. What a treat to watch it in the air! Wingspan is about six feet. Has lots of external drag-all wires!



Patrick Pranica and president emeritus George Dawe



John Cutler won best of show with his Fleet bi-plane. He scratch built it to utter perfection and it flies like the full scale plane! Great going, John!!!!





F7F Tigercat by Eric Armstrong



Bill DeMore, John Cutler, Pancho Castillo, Tom Minegar





Chris Thompson's Bearcat and a P-40



Tom Mulder



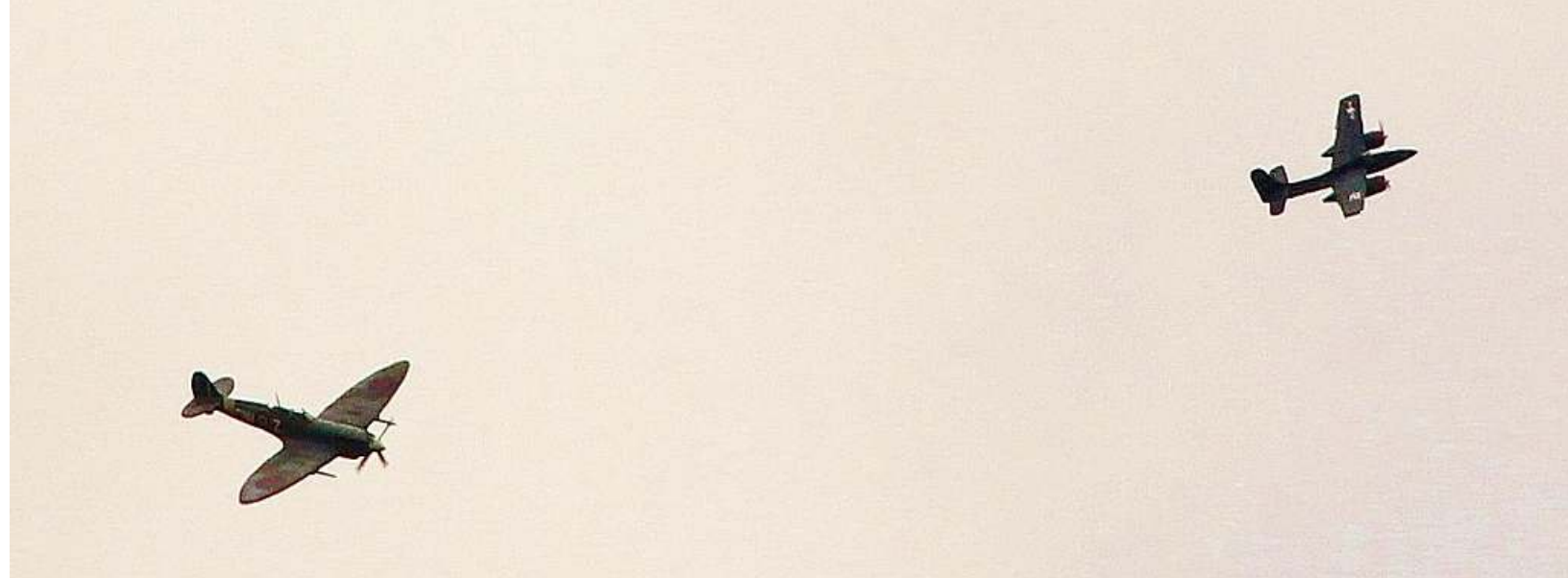
Richard Torres brought some of his many warbirds. That's quite a collection!



The wings are too small.



Brody Stadick among the warbirds.



Eric Armstrong and Chris Avellino were flying together.



Richard Torres helped Joe Villarreal serve lunch.







Magnificent airplanes! (even tho the jets aren't real planes.)





Joe Villarreal, Varley Longson, Eric Armstrong



John Cutler was given a prize for the People's Choice award.



Tim Hitchcock was the raffle winner.



SBD-5 DAUNTLESS U.S. NAVY DIVE-BOMBER

FEATURES

- Vintage 1940s style 40cc motor with 2-stroke
- 1/2" 24V NiMH battery (1200mAh)
- 1 Propeller (not for sale separately)
- 1 Motor (not for sale separately)
- 1 Servo (not for sale separately)
- 1 Receiver (not for sale separately)
- 1 Battery (not for sale separately)
- 1 Propeller (not for sale separately)
- 1 Motor (not for sale separately)
- 1 Servo (not for sale separately)
- 1 Receiver (not for sale separately)

POINTS TO NOTE

- SBD-5 is a 1/2" scale model
- SBD-5 is a 1/2" scale model
- SBD-5 is a 1/2" scale model
- SBD-5 is a 1/2" scale model

SPECIFICATION

Wingspan	10.5" (267mm)
Length	10.5" (267mm)
Weight	2.5oz (70g)
Motor	40cc 2-stroke
Battery	1/2" 24V NiMH

ARE **RC**

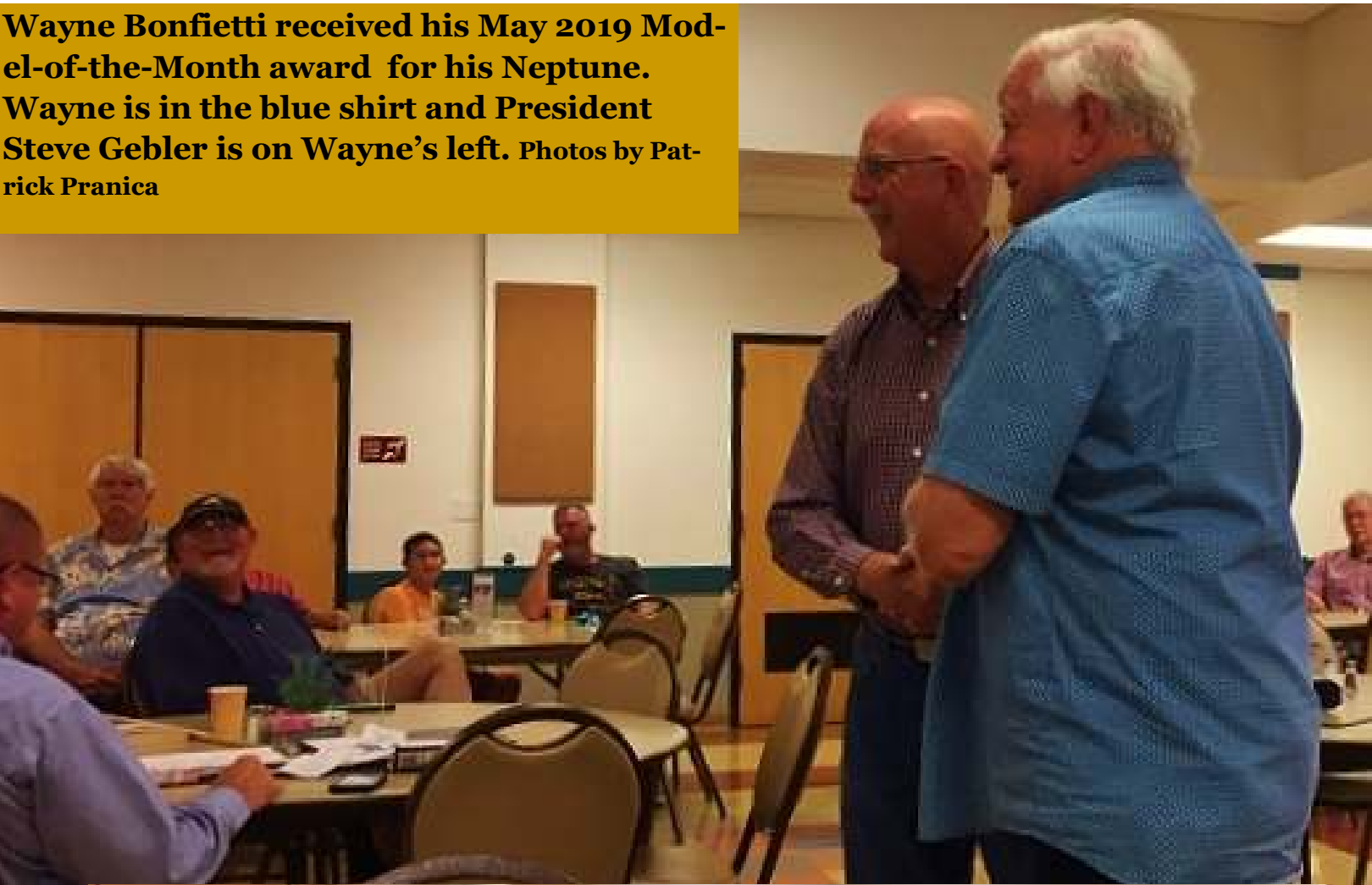
Taken after the Warbird Event. Tim Hitchcock.



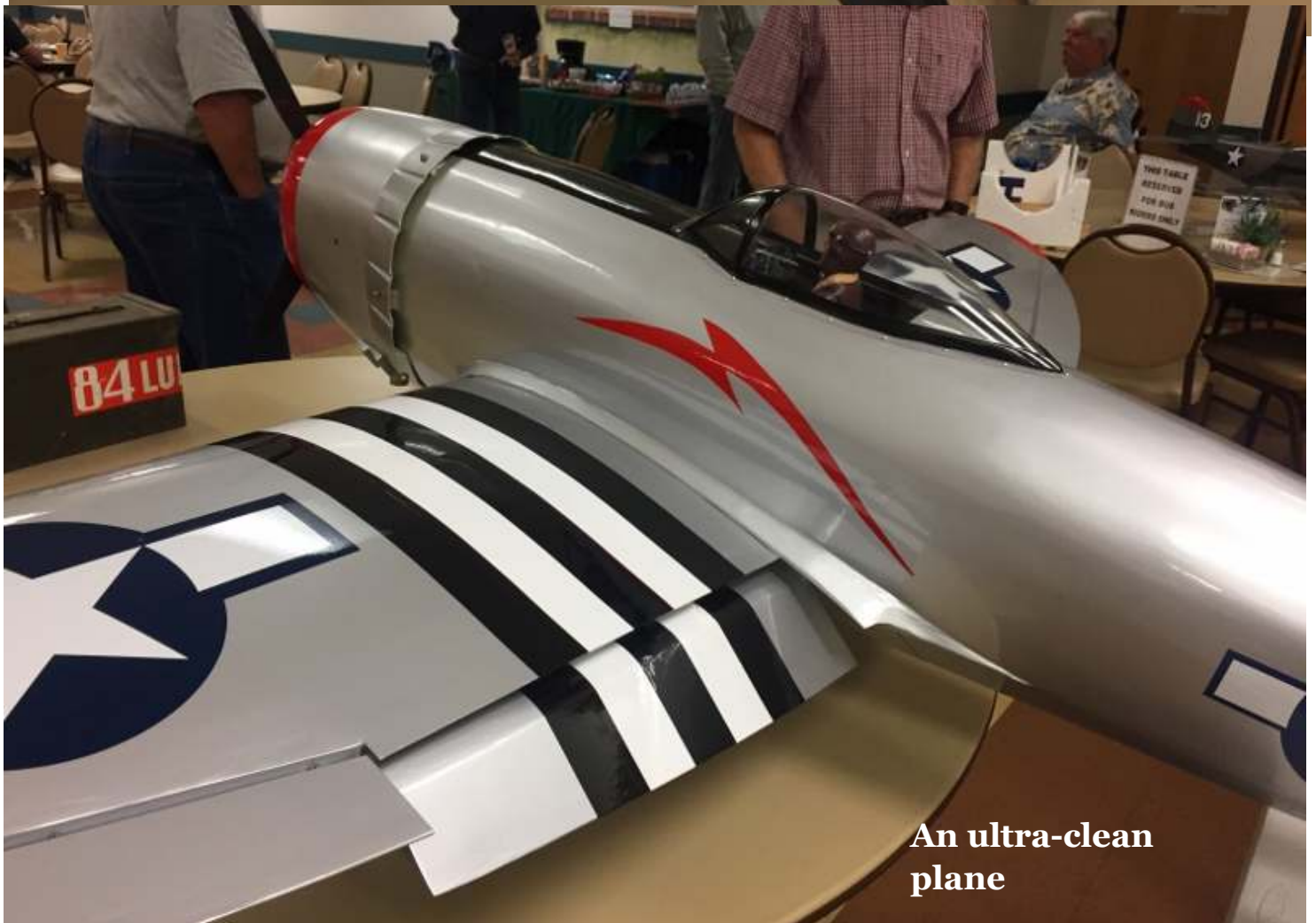
**Eric Armstrong with F7F Tigercat
Kelvin Phoon photo**

June 20, 2019 Club Meeting

Wayne Bonfietti received his May 2019 Model-of-the-Month award for his Neptune. Wayne is in the blue shirt and President Steve Gebler is on Wayne's left. Photos by Patrick Pranica



Varley Longson won the June Model-of-the-Month for his sport-scale P-47 Thunderbolt.



An ultra-clean plane



As Leslie Nielsen said, “Nice Beaver!” It belongs to Chris Thompson.



President emeritus Bill Hill brought his two Pietenpols, one large, one small. I looked up the spelling of this airplane and it is indeed Pietenpol! 5 demerits for incorrect spelling! See, the Big T is good for something!! To what am I referring? Check out the following photo!



AS SEEN AT THE FIELD



Alan Wolstenholme has maidenized a new Lysander with a 75 in. wingspan from Phoenix Models. It is powered by an OS-AX-55 glow engine running a 3-blade 12 x 8 prop. He is using a JR-9503 radio. Alan has painted the camouflage scheme on it.



Chris Thompson is flying this Ultimate biplane from Aeroworks. It is powered by a DA-50 gas engine running a 22 x 10 prop. It has Savox and Hitec servos and a power safe receiver. Chris is also flying this clipped wing Monocoupe from Pacific Arrow (PHOTO ON NEXT PAGE). The wingspan is 69 in. and it weighs 14 lbs. 5 oz. It is powered by a RCGF 26cc gas engine running an 18 x 6 Xoar prop.





Frank Burke has taken maiden flights with both of these 2 new planes. Edge 540 ARF from 3D Hobby with a wingspan of 75 in. It is powered by an RCGF 35cc gas engine Also this new Profile plane (PHOTO ON NEXT PAGE) that was built from Ron Wilson plans. The wingspan is 55 in. It is powered by a DLE-20 gas engine running a 16 x 6 Xoar prop. with rear exhaust and is running an 18 x 10 Xoar prop.



Mike Elrod took a maiden flight with this Reactor from Great Planes with a 84 in. wingspan. It is powered by a DA-50 gas engine with a 23 x 8 Xoar prop. It weighs 17 lbs. and has a 25 oz. wing load.





Here is Ron Schuyler and his new Extra 300 LP with a wingspan of 72 in. It is powered by an RCGF 32cc gas engine running an 18 x 10 prop. It is red/white/blue, outfitted with a smoke system, and is sporting our patriotic flag ready for 4th of July.



Ron Roberts is flying his new A. J. Slick 540 from 3D Hobby after a successful maiden flight. The wingspan is 71 in. It has a Hacker A-60 electric motor running a 20 x 10 prop. The ESC is a Castle 100 with a 6S battery 5000 mAh. It is flown with a Hitec radio. Ron says his biggest adjustment is getting it out of garage and fitting in van, as compared to his smaller version of the same plane.

Friends: Lew Creedon is from Southampton, England and was a boy during the beginning of WWII. He wrote a memoir of his experiences about what the war felt like and has graciously shared his treasure with us. Lew is a fine writer. Many thanks to you, Lew! This is the first time it appears in print. Thank you for sharing these vivid memories with us. You da bomb!

Joseph Buko Editor

WAR AT TEN ONWARDS

A Fortunately Continued Life

By Lew Creedon

The year 1939 was rather mixed for me and I suppose for most inhabitants of England, including my compatriots living along the south coast. Being ten years old this was the big year when in March, you took an examination, on the recommendation of your school master, to see if there was enough spark in you to go to that educational Mecca, King Edward the Sixth School, Southampton, founded by the eponymous monarch in 1553 AD. Well there was, and I received handshakes from my benign schoolmaster, Mr. Marshall, and announcements at the school assembly of this hoped for, by my parents at least, of a step up in the world. I was allowed to leave “ordinary” school until lunchtime to go home and convey the news to my mother, who of course always thought this would happen. I ran all the way home getting really out of breath on the way.

There followed a period of obtaining the appropriate uniform and equipment, a leather satchel for books from my aunt, the specified two kinds (!) of shoes and much other gear, some of it to a mandatory list. After that the year dragged on a bit, livened somewhat by the news that my best friend and fellow model aeroplane enthusiast was also on the list with me.

Then in August I got the mumps, a bizarre disease of no great importance which at one stage, fortunately only for a short period, makes your salivary glands swell up giving the impression of a singularly lucky chipmunk. Although confined to bed by mandate, I felt completely fit. One Sunday morning my Grandmother visited and since I could then hear reasonably well, from my upstairs bedroom I heard her say to my mother, ”He’s started “. Pretty significant words considering it was September the third.

Lying in bed I thought over the fact that I had heard that in the event of war the school was to be evacuated in bloc to somewhere else.

At the time the war was viewed as being equivalent to the destruction by bombing of the small town of Guernica in Spain, but spread over the entire country. The government had hundreds of thousands of cardboard coffins all ready, and we all had gas masks. They knew how destructive bombing could be but it was not for some four years that anybody really realized that aerial bombing was a colossal effort that at least at the beginning put all the bombs in ineffective places. (The process needed smartening up.) Hence the dispersal of civilians to rural or industrially insignificant areas.

So I thought, "That does it! Hooray, they can't evacuate me, I've got the mumps, the best thing that ever happened." Subsequent conversation with my mother firmly put paid to that idea, which had a short life in quite a few homes and resulted in a ragtag arrival of few evacuees at our destination in the next month or even year, of which I was to become one. Two quite remarkable late arrivals were John McAlpine, who wore a black tie instead of the school version. His father was ship's doctor on the Athenia, sunk by a U-boat on the first day of the war; the other was Werner Goldberg, who spoke mainly German and who didn't have his parents with him.

So about three weeks into the war my mother took me on the train the vast distance of about thirty three miles from my home in Southampton to Poole, reducing the population around me from about 176,000 to 56,000. You might not think this to be significant if you cannot compare the two places.

Southampton where I started from was a port capable of handling any ship in the then world including the Queen Mary which was the largest. It had recently had a major refit; it could service and repair most ships then at sea. It had cargo handling capacity which was the largest in Europe and more than ample warehousing including a major cold store. From my bedroom window I could actually watch the Queen Mary enter the largest dry dock in the world for her annual overhaul— a truly wonderful target.

Poole was also a port. The largest vessel it could handle was probably 3000 tons, a strategically insignificant amount. It had however⁶⁴ a very large harbour, roughly

two and a half miles square and later to be unrecognized (by the Germans) as being very, very useful. It was and is a very pleasant town where I don't think I ever had a negative experience although one or two were highly dangerous. My mother and I went by train to Poole and were shunted through the school, Poole Grammar School, which had a syllabus comparable to King Edwards but not the prestige, thence to the Municipal buildings from whence we were directed to my home for the next two years in St. Mary's Road.

The house was a neat well maintained traditional English three bedroom bungalow. Its owners Mr. & Mrs. B. were nice and of a type to benignly impress their standards on me forever. They, poor folks, had to take what evacuees came since they had spare rooms, so a certain amount of courage was needed on their part. I hope to this day I did not call on it. After a strange handing over, my mother walked off down the road to the station while I watched through the window, trying to hide tears.

My host, (host and hostess were the mandatory nomenclature) was a skilled carpenter of 37, a trade unionist, branch secretary (unpaid), and choirman at the Parkstone Congregational Church, which has left me with a lifelong appreciation for religious music since I was more or less compelled to attend choir practice and church or be left home alone. Not in wartime! His wife (a mere housewife!) was also in the choir. By my standards at the time their house was luxurious, they had some lovely Poole pottery which I have since collected myself and a piano, and most important a feeling of comfort. I found out years later that they were involuntarily childless.

Surprisingly none of the above events were actively imposed by Germany, this was the so called "phony" war. (The etymology of that word escapes me.) Lord Gort and our solidly ill equipped troops trundled across the channel with their shovels and bayonets and precious little else, fully prepared to start again where they had left off in 1918.

Poole Harbour is nearly cut off from the sea by a substantial sand bar, imaginatively called Sandbanks, a piece of real estate priced to match Manhattan and from the declaration until the war actually began⁶⁵ this was a delightful nearly

deserted beach. A member of my class had a father, locally employed, who undertook voluntarily to teach his son and anyone else who came along to swim there. Regrettably my course was interrupted by events, never to be resumed. In passing, it was customary when you got the scholarship, to receive a bicycle and this enabled me to go anywhere within perhaps fifteen miles, and Sandbanks was only five.

Then the trouble started. Both Poole and Southampton are about seventy miles from the French coast where the Germans turned up in May and June. It was apparent that Britannia had better rule at least the waves in earnest. Recreational Sandbanks initially became deserted. I still cycled there because it was a nice place but the lack of company was very obvious. There were events that made a considerable impression. I was one day digging a tunnel into the side of a big sand dune when there was a loud bang and the tunnel fell in and buried my arm. (It was small diameter tunnel.) I rushed to the top of the sand dune and looked towards the harbour mouth to see a large cloud of spray and/or steam and what looked like the bottom of a vessel. No confirmation in the press of course but I had heard that a Heinkel seaplane was about laying mines from the air at night. Something of a waste, there were much bigger vessels to the east at that time.

Troops began to appear at Sandbanks, one day I had the enlightening experience of watching bayonet practice, a truly educational experience for a young lad. You have to put your foot on the body sometimes to get the bayonet out.

There was a chain ferry which ran across the harbour mouth to the Studland Road, but normal people, unless they had a car or bike usually took "Davises Boats" which consisted of one 20ft. open boat with a diesel engine and was much more fun. At this time it stopped its competitive ferry job and went to Dunkirk where it ferried troops from the beach to larger ships. It resumed work with small commemorative brass plate after the war.

The teaching program at school was very different from the peacetime one, since two complete schools were in residence in one building. The arrangement was admirable. On one week one of the schools started classes at 8.45 am and finished at 12.45 pm, 4 hours on six days a normal 25 hour week. The other school

started in the afternoon at 1.15pm and worked until 5.15 pm the exact equivalent. At the end of each week, the schools switched times and never the twain met. The V.I.P.'s neat trick was that Poole Grammar School kept their desks holding their books, which we were in honor bound not to open, and we had specially imported lockers in the equivalent classrooms. I never heard of an illicit transfer of goods in five years. The mornings were of little use due to the need to lunch before 11.30 and were mostly confined to dull activities like homework, although I did visit the library (P.G.Wodehouse especially and Richmal Crompton) certainly not in search of erudition.

The afternoons were different. We could easily visit places within five miles and even ten at a push. I used to go sometimes to Bournemouth if I was a bit homesick, a good ride to get a Southampton newspaper which was printed there.

A result of this arrangement was that one weekend we would be free from Saturday lunch to Monday lunch and on alternate weekends from Saturday evening to Monday morning and this, in spite of the perceived dangers, allowed us to go back to Southampton for two nights on the correct weekend. Until June 1940 we certainly did not perceive any danger and by then, when the random and thinly spread bombing began to thicken up, we were pretty set in our ways. In hindsight, until the bombers were radar and pathfinder directed, very few raids were actually raids, being little more than random scatterings, as a few unfortunate villages and farm animals found out. This counter intuitive return weekend made use of the train service of course. The logical relevant train times were 2.24 pm to Southampton and 10.29 am to return to Poole but schoolboys with characteristic ingenuity found out that there was a train to Southampton at 12.44 pm on Saturdays, a difficult one minute anomaly. It was discovered that by running like the devil you could leave school at 12.45p.m. and actually catch the 12.44, a sort of reverse time travel. The solution was progressive. Firstly the boys left a minute or two early while their master either unintentionally or in collusion looked the other way. Then the station staff, having noticed some breathless schoolboys on a regular Saturday basis, failed to start the train on time and the final resolution was that the headmaster altered the quitting time to 12.30 p.m. for that Saturday only. A very distant result is that anybody reading this should

not be confused if the tale wanders between the two main locations, Southampton and Poole. The events moved between the two locations virtually every two weeks.

Reverting to Sandbanks the chain ferry was kept going right through the war but access to the beach was cut off. I still cycled to Sandbanks because "The Haven" at the tip of the peninsula was an interesting place to watch boats, cars and people. The boats were significant at the time of Dunkirk not because they brought soldiers back from the beaches, since that run was too far, but any little freighter from the other side of the channel was likely to have a few rather desolate but almost invariably very well dressed people standing on deck for their first glimpse of a fortunately continued life.

One day, cycling back to Poole from Sandbanks I presumably got too deeply into thought and cycled at a plodding speed into the back of a stationary car. There was no other traffic and I was "deep in thought". My bike however was slightly and irretrievably bent but still completely functional. On the subject of bicycles, Ted Clarke my friend at that time of two years standing, had to change the worn brake blocks on his bike. He replaced them with wartime blocks and on a run down the rather long Constitution Hill they melted, fortunately without fatal results.

It was about this time that I had an interesting and dangerous experience while under the impression that it was only interesting. The local anti-aircraft guns were like everybody else very aware of Guernica and were not about to allow that to happen to us. For the first but certainly not for the last time, as we were walking home from church one Sunday in the dark they opened up with a terrific series of explosions. We walked on, huddled together and felt comforted by the thought that we were well defended. After some small interval we heard noises as if some boys were throwing stones up in the air. It took a little while to realize that we were being rained with shell splinters, some with known masses of a half-pound all of which

had fallen at least two thousand feet. We got home all right. A similar event in London, presumably on a larger scale the death score was Germans 0 (actually there were none present), civilians 14.

In Southampton at this time my father was installing the government supplied Anderson Shelter, which owed nothing at all to the eponymous Sir John Anderson, the Home Secretary at the time of its inception. As a person later involved in earthy engineering I have to say it was a superb design for whom no credit was given to anyone. It is worth a description in case of an accidental atomic war. It was put together from pieces of corrugated steel just under one tenth of an inch thick, corrugated at 2" depth at about 8" pitch and held together with 5/8 inch bolts. The body was straight at the sides and was curved at the top to form half an arch some seven feet high, the pair five feet wide and there were corrugated end plates. The arch pieces were about two feet wide and lapped over so that the shelter could be built in increments of two feet. The normal length was eight feet. It was designed to be buried to a depth of three feet and the excavated earth was to be piled on top of the arches. My father decided it could be buried to four feet deep with the aid of a stepdown, giving a lot more earth to go on top. He not only installed ours, a considerable labor but also a second one for my aunt and grandmother. I would mention that the first of a stick of four bombs fell about five feet alongside the second of his shelters, stripped the earth from that side and the top and leaned the arch sideways by about two feet. My aunt and grandmother were inside, completely unharmed.

The second of that stick hit the back of the house opposite ours. I wanted to go round there to look at the damage... my mother, significantly said no!

The third bomb of that stick also created a story since it didn't explode. All three bombs were small probably no more than 100 kilograms. The appropriate soldiery arrived to get rid of it. The ground was very soft clay and these poor soldiers dug a deeper and deeper hole for perhaps a week while the area was fenced off and the bomb sank deeper as they dug. They couldn't get under it. The hole had to be shored up with timber to keep it open. The decision was eventually made to

explode it 'in situ'. It was about four feet from a house which was obviously going to be damaged, but there was little alternative. The people who lived there were allowed to remove all their possessions which they did, I imagine hurriedly, and the police went round the area telling everyone that at four o'clock the device would be exploded. "Stay indoors and away from windows..." Both my house and Ted Clark's house were in the designated area and I was visiting him as we were building a model aeroplane. His mother dragged a mattress into the living room and put it on edge round the dining table legs and at five to four we got under the table, quite a crowd.

The bang was typical and not too earth shattering, it was the subsequent shower of mud and timber shoring that had the real effect and was unexpectedly noisy. Ted's mother had bed sheets on her clothesline drying and the mud stains lasted the life of the sheets! The house bricks bore the stain for forty years. Real clay! The timber made excellent firewood and I found large bomb fragments.

Another event in our street was when an incendiary bomb landed on semidetached house opposite ours. It lodged in the guttering (these bombs had braking fins) and fizzed away in the usual manner. Had a ladder been available it could have been easily dislodged, there wasn't one so two homes were destroyed.

My father did a rather interesting thing about this time. A bank had been bombed and he brought home several pennies he found. It was technically looting. The penalty was death! !

Poole was being revised. What was obviously a tank defense line was being established. It involved Poole Park Lake, the railway line which enclosed it and a variety of natural features intended to delay any enemy advance pending obliteration, not that there were many anti-tank weapons available. A lot of this involved 'in situ' cast concrete blocks of over a cubic yard in a line enclosing the beach. It was necessary in places to leave gaps in this line for daily access and at this point there

was often an old car filled with sand which could be pushed into the opening. I never saw an anti-tank gun; I reckon they were spread very thinly.

There was no conceivable reason to bomb Poole at this time but a couple did land a hundred yards or so from where I lived. (My billet?) It is interesting to speculate that if you were flying in marginal visibility the large expanse of water stretching inland, which Poole Harbour represented could be mistaken for Southampton, in which case the two bombs which landed nearby would have hit potentially valuable targets. They got my attention at least. One hit the hotel/restaurant "The Shah of Persia" and left it a beacon of flame. (I visited recently and none of the staff knew about it.) The other landed on open land and made a neat crater about 40 ft. diameter with uniformly sloping sides. This, of course, was used as a perfectly banked cycle track by the youth of the area, and is now a small bungalow.

About this time my school, my parents and my hosts decided that I had better change digs. I never had any explanation for this, or much else, come to that. So without malice I moved a little further from school to Wimborne Road, curiously un-numbered. Here lived a fellow evacuee, George Groves from the middle of Southampton, a year younger than me and compatible. We both liked aeroplanes.

Our new hostess was, to us, a "very old" widow of sixty three who turned out to be a bit of a sport, quite capable of passing the cigarettes around, having a niece who lived in Stenhurst Road with her charming daughter Molly who interested me strangely (at least that's what I thought at the time). My friend Ted lived a mile or so up the road in Broadstone in a large house with three unmarried sisters. He moved eventually to Constitution Hill in Poole as a result of strange events. A great deal of tension was apparent in that household and it transpired that one of the sisters was pregnant from undefined cause, resulting in dinner plates being thrown about (with dinner). Hence the move to Constitution Hill. Life however continued in its loosely defined way.

I had at least two interesting events on my way home from school. There was, one day a mess in the middle of the street consisting of a white powder and some pieces of metal. I identified it as the remains of an incendiary bomb which had

burned itself out. Somebody, whom I resent to this day, had taken the braking fin which stopped it falling fast enough to smash itself to useless small pieces. The principal residue was a lot of white powder. Since this was Milk of Magnesia in its purest form I dipped my finger in it and licked it off. There were no perceptible consequences.

The other interesting event was that I found a recently discarded banana skin! If you think this is trivial, just remember nobody in England had seen a banana for three years! But that is another story.

My interest in aeroplanes was given a large amount of subject matter while in Poole. Firstly and most conspicuously the Harbour being very large was an ideal place for seaplanes. There was an extremely active flying boat training base which used Supermarine Walrus amphibians based in a large yacht servicing hangar in Sandbanks. That aircraft is extremely noisy and the landing approach often was over the school resulting in a temporary hiatus in lessons. Even worse, if there was a northerly component in the wind the takeoff path was near the school. There was also a biplane floatplane, a Fairey Seafox which had two floats and astonishingly a triple float, radial engined Chance Vought Kingfisher trainer. And that was just the training establishment based in Sandbanks! I don't know if the Catalina flying boats also present were actually on antisubmarine patrol duty or training.

The yacht club at Lilliput was completely separate and rather intriguing but you had to be very observant to notice what went on, since it merely operated launches. These went out to the visiting Short "C" class airliners which were civilian planes which, as far as I know mostly visited, via Li6. The Middle East and South Africa, even possibly the Far East. It was on one of these flights that Leslie Howard was shot down and killed.

The aircraft that was most important, although we didn't know it at the time, was the very large Boeing 314 A. Like most large flying boats at the time it was built in the belief that the world lacked enough aerodromes. If you were Winston Churchill or head of the Imperial General Staff or some such person, you would fly in one of those to Lisbon, the Caribbean and Florida. The V.I.P.s came from

London, stayed overnight at the Royal Bath Hotel in Bournemouth (nothing but the best) then to Lilliput and via Boeing 314 A to see the President. On one or two occasions an Airspeed Ensign flew over for no conceivable reason except possibly pilot curiosity and only once a Junkers 88. (a German twin military plane that flew over 300mph)

Southampton at that time experienced the best night bombing raid the Germans could manage i.e. the bombs fell pretty much where intended. No radar was needed. Their intentions were erroneous. They knew that Southampton was at the junction of two rivers, so they bombed that. What they did not realize was that this was a commercial area. Shops by the hundred were destroyed, but very little else. My aunt, who worked in a downtown department store went to work one morning and could not find the store. She was unable to find the street either! Supermarine Works were not damaged, neither were the ship repair facilities nor the docks except by odd strays.

Having decided, presumably by reconnaissance that they got it wrong, they did the only possible but very expensive thing for them ... mount daylight raids. These were very accurate and were virtually part of the "Battle of Britain". Supermarine works were virtually wrecked, somewhat late as everything vital had already been shifted to over thirty different locations within thirty miles only one of which, a car dealership in Southampton, received so much as an unimportant near miss.

I witnessed one daylight raid which was reasonably successful, or damaging depending on your point of view. There was that day a cloud base of about three thousand feet and just below it following the line of the New Dock wall was a Junkers 88. There was a lot anti-aircraft fire, the sky peppered with puffs of smoke which the pilot ignored, obviously intent on his target and holding a straight course. They all appeared to miss, there was no visible effect. One of the planes gunners had the infernal cheek to shoot our local barrage balloon down in flames. The plane flew out of sight. I heard from my father that evening that he was targeting the docks and scored a direct hit on the large cold storage facility which burned. The dock eventually was running in butter! That sort of thing was worrying. Lots of noise; we felt like spectators. There was an anti-aircraft gun on the cold storage roof, and the crew were stranded up there. My father

volunteered to go on to the roof by crane as did a few others. He wasn't chosen being a bit older. The fellow who went up there got the George Medal.

In August 1940 I was home for the annual School Holiday of about a month. Thus I saw quite a bit of action. It consisted mostly of vapor trails, high up intertwining figures on most occasions, other times the trails were short. It was not really possible to follow the action although there was plenty of it. The significance of the one outstanding piece of action I saw was explained to me some fifty years later by one of my working colleagues who made extensive studies of the air activity of that period and was a modeler, up to the point of having models on exhibition in the Smithsonian. What I saw was two parachutes about the same height, probably about five thousand feet, descending normally, if such a description can be applied. I heard later that one landed about three quarters of a mile from my house and some sort of fist fight took place!

The long delayed explanation was that one parachute carried a wounded German pilot and the other a wounded Flight Lieutenant Nicholson. Flt. Lt. Nicholson had shot down the German when he was wounded and in his burning Spitfire. The altercation occurred amongst the Home Guard, under orders to shoot at any more than two parachutes. Someone thought it was wrong to shoot at wounded men, or in this case at all. They missed anyway. The Flt. Lt. was awarded the only Victoria Cross of the Battle of Britain. My Grandmother, who was in charge that morning ordered me back in to the shelter.

To the north of Poole at that time there was a very large expanse of heathland stretching up to Tolpuddle. When the Stukas first appeared over France, they were seen to be a very effective weapon. It was not realized at the time that they were easy prey for fighters, and it was clear that we had no such weapon. The result was that the Westland Lysander was quickly adapted to one of its original design goals and set about training on the above heath as a dive bomber. Most intriguing from my viewpoint they dived steeply behind a rise in the ground before pulling out. I don't think they were ever used in that role. The heath had other uses. Live fire exercises were conducted amid distant explosions and tanks roamed the heath. I was never aware of any limitation on access to these areas

which I often visited. My friend Roy Pomeroy discovered a heap of .303 rifle ammunition which had been run over by a tank, so in accordance with the contemporary schoolboy ethic he pocketed a fair sampling. (Didn't we all?) Later by way of experiment he put a complete round on to a small fire. The bullet penetrated his abdomen in the region of his appendix and a girl I knew helped him walk home with the bullet in him. The doctors took out his appendix "for an encore".

My first "host" worked as a carpenter (as wartime directed labour) in a factory at Holton Heath which was engaged in producing amongst other things 4.7" AA shells and 20mm. aircraft cannon munitions. Blanks for the AA shells were delivered to Holton Heath by rail and were trucked to the factory on inadequate looking vehicles, three wheeled tugs with two wheeled trailers, right past my billet. Sometimes bits of the cargo fell off (really!) and in this way I acquired a 20 mm. live head cannon shell. I kept it for a while but Pom's experience with a comparatively miniature munition induced me to bury it. Some forty years later it was no longer there.

However there was a good chance of survival if you confined yourself to .303" bullets. The thing to do with these was to take the bullet out of the cartridge, stand the cartridge upright on a piece of slate and set fire to the cordite contents. This produced a bright flame for about a minute, followed by a sharp crack as the spent case rode 100 feet into the air and the copper percussion cap drilled through the slate and three inches into the underlying soil.

The cissy thing to do was to remove the cordite sticks, arrange them on a piece of wood and burn your initials into it. Another thing, desirable but only rarely obtainable, was the Thunderflash. This was designed to make a very loud but harmless noise for battle training purposes. What you must understand is that these dangerous objects were all boys' treasures and conferred status on their owners. If you could have acquired a 1000lb. bomb you would probably have become King.

My friend Brian Turvey while on vacation in Southampton, got a twisted intestine needing an operation. He died of the consequent infection. No penicillin.

Not all hostesses were what one might hope for, mine for instance sometimes passed round the cigarettes. Another kept her lad up late playing Monopoly when he wasn't well. Didn't help his polio. One had a husband in the forces but took in young men! I'm sure there were others. Mine also had a niece about a mile away who had a pretty daughter who visited evenings after her shorthand lesson. I had to walk her home for which I was a bit young, but we did hold hands, not to mention Ted Clarke's three sisters in Broadstone.

My mother visited about the time the Germans got to the French coast. We went to Bournemouth and went up the East Cliff near the Royal Bath Hotel. From there we had an excellent view of the Royal Engineers who were demolishing the pier with explosives. Once again lots of timber flying up in the air and loud bangs. About this time three very tall masts appeared on the top of the Purbeck Hills. They were a vital part of the South Coast radar chain, and partly covered for Ventnor when it was bombed out for a short while. It was believed they were never suspected by the Germans, they were very hard to see since they were so slender.

When our school arrived in Poole there had been very little time for preparation. This was slowly made up for. Firstly air raid shelters were dug, some near the school, but in view of the large numbers others were five minutes vulnerable walk away! They consisted of boarded trenches, quite deep and covered with about two feet of earth. They had a problem in that when a couple of classrooms of boys shuffled through them the dust was virtually opaque, with concomitant breathing and seeing problems. Fortunately they were not much used being replaced by the "brick box" type early on. The other improvement was viewed with much less enthusiasm by the pupils. Two houses were acquired, Ledgard House and Seldown House, both since "developed". This enabled two of our half days to be filled with lessons. Definitely retrograde!

Something which at this length of time I still find hard to account for was the attendance of a small group including myself at a dance at the Centenary Hall, (I

didn't, know anyone, including myself who could dance). It was presumably "oversubscribed" since we never did get in nor did a group of sailors standing frustrated at the entrance. One sailor in the group said to another, "Are you from the Turtle?" The reply was apparently unsatisfactory since the interrogator punched the respondent so hard he landed in the middle of the street. There were probably inter-ship wars superimposed on the larger pattern

We did other innocent things. My friend Godfrey Cawte and I decided that the twenty five foot sandstone cliff at Whitecliff (no reason at all for the name) which at that time was practically vertical, offered an excellent opportunity to cut steps and climb (we had read a few Alpine books). We obtained a perfect iron spike to dig with and set to work. This attracted a small amount of attention amongst our friends and we were about ten feet up when one of these friends visited. He tried the first ten feet and the cliff face with him on it departed its station, leaving him unharmed, covered with sandstone and sand, lying on his back on the beach, fortunately soft sand. We were annoyed; it set us back about two weeks! We set to work to repair the damage, cutting replacement steps in better quality sandstone until we were very near the top. It was evident that we could cut no further steps in the crumbly 45 degree slope which constituted the last three feet, so we went home. I happened down that way a day or so later, I looked at it and decided it was fit to climb. I succeeded and as the clay crumbled under my feet stepped to the top. I simultaneously decided that it was utterly unsafe and totally foolish. I met Godfrey the next day and told him. In spite of his considerable investment in the project I think he saw that I was thoroughly scared and so agreed. We took out the lower few steps. Today that has eroded to a scrubby, mild slope with bushes, the name Whitecliff is even less appropriate.

We weren't all stupid all the time. The school collected salvage for the war effort; one courageous group pushed an old Morgan three wheeler two miles to the scrap heap! And we collected astonishing amounts of paper! There were other more or less violent incidents. One day I was, as usual on my bike, riding past the Municipal Buildings in Poole, looking into the Park across the cricket ground when there was a loud explosion on the other side of the field accompanied by the

customary cloud of earth and mud. A bomb had landed with no warning whatsoever and blown up the tiny park zoo, killing the monkey. No warning, no sirens, just an impromptu bang.

It transpired that there was an undetected German aircraft above the broken cloud. Apparently he had spotted a Boeing 314A coming in to land on an unusual E.W. approach and had taken appropriate action. The sirens went later. My last encounter (second hand) with violence was when a crippled JU88 flew low over Upper Parkstone and crashed in the northern reaches of Poole. In a rather ghoulish manner I cycled to the crash site in the hope of souvenirs. I found a piece of obviously tubular control rod made of aluminum, However I mistook it for drain pipe and left it! I found out later that one off the crew had bailed out at low altitude and landed on the roof of the pottery in Upper Parkstone sans parachute. I still marvel at the callous insensitivity of the youth of which I was a member.

An intriguing event was the arrival of foreign troops. We had some French ones near us but I, at least, lacked the courage to embark on schoolboy French. Their English was limited but I believe to this day that they made the best coffee in the world. Theirs was a very courageous position after being “defeated”.

Next there were the Americans. We often had to join in the softball games which we enjoyed I believe more than the Americans, very little standing about and much noise. I continued playing softball until about 1950 with other English aficionados, the equipment was inherited. We also found out there were regional Americans, just imagine, real Mexicans!

There is in Branksome in one of the more jungly areas a footpath suspension bridge across the “chine”. Our use for it was to try to set up a resonant oscillation. You couldn't get it more than three or four degrees out of kilter which was always a disappointment. If you have read Winston Churchill's youthful memorabilia you will know he stayed with relatives nearby and played here. One day in an attempt to avoid his “enemies”, he jumped from this bridge into a tree which he intended

to climb down and “get away”. Unfortunately he missed the tree and ended up in hospital.

One day during a German lesson a very unusual aircraft circled over Poole Harbour. I could not recognize it neither could the local anti-aircraft gunners. They responded with the utmost effort. The noise, which seems to figure largely in warfare, was once again very loud. It was a floatplane appropriately enough but it only did two circuits and left. The utterly stupid schoolboy response was to rush to the very large window for the best possible view. Our German teacher, a wounded veteran of the Somme, enjoined us in the loudest voice of which he was capable to get away from the large expanse of glass. Nobody was hurt except possibly our poor schoolmaster at the sight of so many idiot schoolboys. There was of course no press coverage but it transpired that, in conformance with the belief that the world lacked airfields two Spitfires had been given floats. This was the only second improved one, piloted by Jeffrey Quill. He said later that he wasn't frightened of the guns, if they could not recognize a Spitfire after three years of war they obviously weren't sharp enough to shoot him down.

By about April 1944 it was obvious that something unusual was about to happen so I did a lot of cycling to examine the symptoms. The furthest was to Holmsley Airfield, half way back to Southampton, converted from a very large open heath to an airfield with long crossed runways and many aircraft standing spots. American B24 bombers (Liberators), not too remarkable in wartime, were scattered about in large numbers. One had its elegant high aspect ratio “Davis” wing stretching about 20 feet across the A 35 highway, badly parked but high up.

Much more active was Somerford Aerodrome in Christchurch which was a base for P47 Thunderbolt fighters being used at the same time as locomotive busters in France. When I was there hanging on the fence they seemed to operate in a continuous stream, I saw one return with a damaged wing (standing right under their flight path!!)

There were several in the hedge at the approach, east, end of the field, presumably the result of “short landings”. It was a very small airfield, originally belonging to Airspeed who made “Oxford” trainers and post war the “Ambassador” airliner. I got to know this airfield better later. Much, much later it consists of small bungalows.

My furthest ride was to Tarrant Rushton airfield. As far as I could see it had only one runway. If there were more they would not have been visible to me since, from the top of an overlooking hill all that could be seen were “Horsa” gliders and their tugs, Albemarles and DC3s, at least a hundred aircraft. It was quite clear what was about to happen. The field appeared to be paved with aircraft.

During this period the whole of South coast was cut off from the rest of the country by fiat, and by good fortune I was inside this banned area and could move freely.

Operating the usual school travel cycle, I was in Southampton during this time and was absolutely astonished at the scene. All the roads leading towards the docks and some portion of all the adjacent side roads were filled with American army trucks. I also saw a large convoy of trucks labeled as the “Red Ball Express”. It was an entirely black personnel transport group, apparently devoted to feeding the front line with munitions. Large locomotives were being loaded down the ramps on to ships, which to a railway enthusiast like myself is inconceivable. (Locomotives are only flexible in the horizontal plane). Apparently the Thunderbolts had done a complete job.

And the streets of Southampton were draped with wires connected to what looked like trash cans (dust bins). Fortunately this system was not required but had the enemy shown up the entire town would have been immersed in dense synthetic fog and there would have been no detectable targets. Presumably all the enemy planes were in Russia, as they didn’t turn up.

I was in Poole on June 6 th . I woke up at the usual time to the sound of many aircraft. The sound of aero engines continued until about ten o’clock. The cloud

base was probably two thousand feet and most of the planes were below it and heading south.

By now I was old enough to stop being a spectator so I joined the Air Training Corps in Westbourne. I may say that at first this was incredibly boring, at least the Morse code bit which practically constituted the whole effort. I'm still not too good at it.

The drill was not excessively unpleasant and was enlightened by a fellow K.E.S. pupil who arrived at the opinion that had, when marching, to march you simultaneously advanced both right limbs followed by both left limbs realizing of course which was which.

We had a real disappointment, which may not sound much, but as the most aeronautical of the group hit me hard. We were scheduled on Sunday morning for a flight, my first, at Somerford aerodrome ten miles away. I cycled to Somerford Sunday morning in pouring rain and was parked in a local bungalow for a two hour wait for the Anson to have its flat tire fixed after which it was found to be unserviceable, so we cycled home in the pouring rain. I didn't see any aeroplane and was wet to the skin till late afternoon. By this time the Thunderbolts were in France and I don't suppose Somerford figured largely in the battle plans. However I had the satisfaction of winning the aircraft recognition contest by an enormous margin (no one else had a clue). I knew the Sovaia Marchetti 72 and the Northrop A17A amongst others.

I was finally checked out of the Air Training Corps by an Officer I had not previously met and left Poole with a few token high jinks. A tea party laid out overnight in the school quadrangle, and other disreputable actions elsewhere which I won't mention for fear of delayed retribution. I have a few regrets. I never saw a V1. But did get a chance to take a good look at a V2 later. It was parked unattended on a trailer at the side of the main road out of Southampton.



Bill Hill and Patrick Pratica like to make electric planes from inexpensive foam-core. Here is one of Patrick's favorites on June 22, a very overcast and windy day. He landed just fine but as the plane sat on the runway, a gust of wind blew it over. No damage was done. The wheel rims are made from the ends of aluminum cans and the tires are made of foam. Thus, they are big and very lite.



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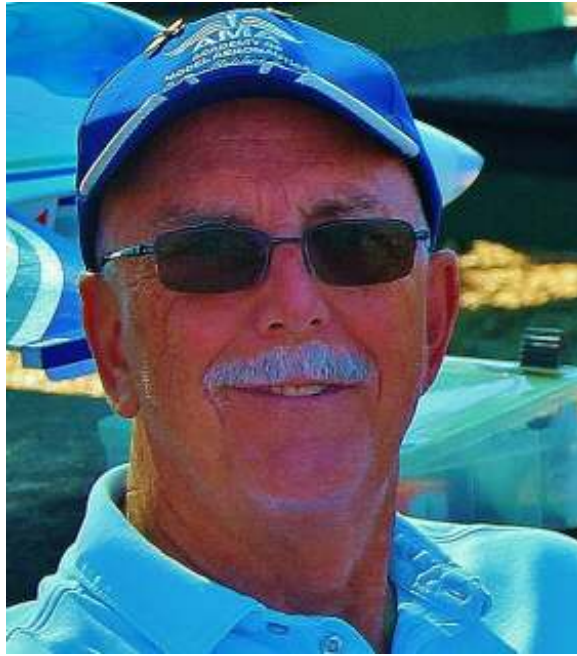
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