

PIKES PEAK PILOT CENTER NEWSLETTER

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WHAT'S NEW

Gift Cards

Gift cards are now available. They may be used for any goods or services offered at the Pilot Center. Cards come in \$250, \$500, and \$1000 denominations. The recipient simply signs the back of the card and it will be activated on first use. Give someone the gift of flight!



EVENTS

November 3rd Club Field, Denver Academy of Model Aeronautics, sponsored by Magnificent Mountain Men is holding their monthly model aviation event. Call Art Hillis 303 627-2802. <http://modelaircraft.org/templates/ama>

Solos & Certificates

1st Solo

Mike Faherty – Oct 10
Andy Clark – Oct 15
Shaun Brown – Oct 17
Ken Louie – Oct 17

Private

Rik Anderson – Sep 24

ATP

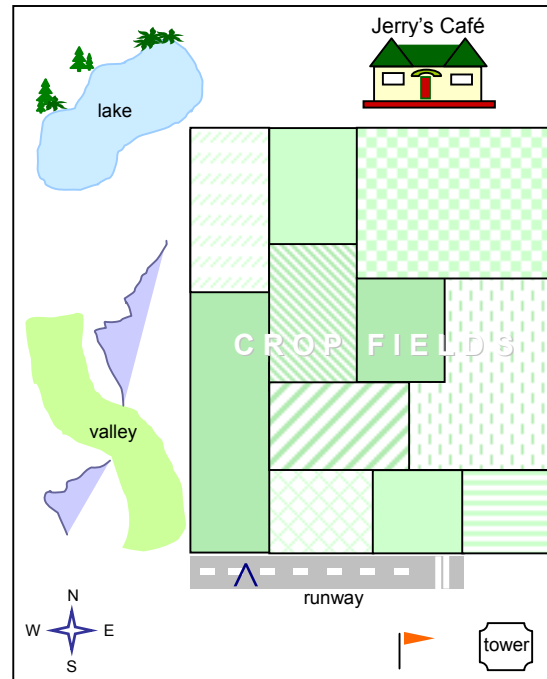
Clayton Doerksen – Sep 30

ET CETERA

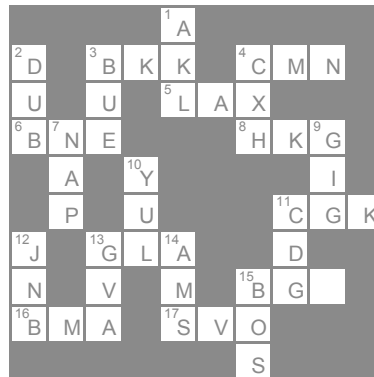
The first to submit the correct answers wins a prize! Winner & solution will be in next issue.

Scenic Flight & Lunch

You and a friend decide to fly to your favorite café for lunch. Find the most direct route to the café and back that includes all the landmarks: **every** crop field, the valley, and lake. Land on the runway, facing the wind. You may not: 1) cross a border or landmark more than once; 2) intersect your own flight path; 3) cross the runway; 4) turn more than 90° within a field.



**Scott Gregory was the winner
for October's game. Congratulations!**



World Airport Codes

Correction: I found BUE (3, down) is the code for the metro area of Buenos Aires. This does not specify an airport, but a region with many airports. The code for this city's main airport is EZE (which Mr. Gregory correctly penciled in).

Don't forget to check our website for activities, bulletin board & previous newsletters!



The Red Baron (cont.)


Manfred was determined to learn to fly and “threw” himself into the project “body and soul”. It is not clear how much of a “natural” he was, but he certainly enjoyed it. His *Solo* chapter begins, “There are some moments in one’s life which tickle one’s nerves particularly and the first solo-flight is among them.” The flight began in fear and ended in a crash-landing. Manfred walked away embarrassed but undaunted, and continued to go at flying with a passion. He passed his pilot exam, on his 3rd attempt in Dec.1915. He spent the next summer flying C-type (two-seat reconnaissance) planes in the East, bombing Russian railway stations and gaining a lot of, relatively safe, flying experience. Manfred’s ambition to fly a D-Type (single-seat fighter) plane was finally realized in Sept. 1916 when he was hand-selected by the great Oswald Boelcke to join his fighting squadron on the Western Front. There, the real, one on one, air combat would begin.

Manfred approached war as a game hunt. He actually wrote: “During my whole life I have not found a happier hunting ground than in the course of the Somme Battle. In the morning, when I got up the first Englishman arrived, and the last disappeared only long after sunset.” While I found this attitude a bit callous, it is probably what made him so good. He was the hunter and the enemy his prey. He did not get emotionally invested, he maintained a critical and objective perspective which allowed him to make intelligent decisions. As I read his account of battle after battle I quickly saw how emotion and empathy were their worst enemies. So many died when they flew to the aid of a friend or allowed anger and revenge to cloud their judgment.

Now, The Baron was not completely lacking in sympathy, it’s just that a certain detachment was always present. This excerpt is a good example - “He defended himself to the last. However, in my opinion he showed more foolhardiness than courage. This was one of the cases where one must differentiate between energy and idiocy. He had to come down* in any case but he paid for his stupidity with his life.”

Another, rather obvious, observation of mine, was how *incredibly* dangerous this was. There were different dangers to every aspect: the aircraft were new designs with minimal testing, (lower wings falling off the D.II planes was a common problem!) unreliable engines, and who knows what damage following dogfights or a few field landings; they flew in all weather, and landed on all terrain; not to mention people on the ground and in the air *shooting* at them. All together, the chances of coming back were very slim. Which brings me to my next observation: this book was very depressing - everybody dies: Holck (Manfred’s model), Boelcke 1917, Manfred 1918, his brother 1918, and on and on.

However, it is the very horror and complexity of these events that makes a first-hand account of them (albeit edited by German Propaganda) so important. In all, I found the Baron’s memoirs very interesting. But perhaps the most enjoyable part was not accounts of his experiences, but his vision of future flying machines.** Who better to hear from on such a topic than “The Ace of Aces” himself, Manfred von Richthofen.

- E. Kunz 

*perhaps in a forced landing

**See insert for excerpt “The German Flying Machines”

Autobiography: “The Red Air Fighter”, by Manfred von Richthofen

The German Flying Machines

Excerpt from "The Red Air Fighter" by Manfred von Richthofen

In the course of the War the German flying machines have experienced great changes.* That is probably generally known. There is a colossal difference between a Giant Aeroplane and a Chaser Aeroplane.

The chaser plane is small, fast, quick at turning. It carries nothing apart from the pilot except machine-guns and ammunition. The Giant Aeroplane is a colossus. Its only duty is to carry as much weight as possible and it is able to do this owing to the huge surface of its planes. It is worth while to look at the gigantic English plane which landed smoothly on the German side of the front. The giant plane can carry an unbelievable weight. It will easily fly away dragging from three to five tons. Its benzine tanks look as large as railroad cars. In going about in such a colossus one has no longer the sensation that one is flying. One is driving. In going about in a giant plane the direction depends no longer on one's instinct but on the technical instruments which one carries.

A giant aeroplane has a huge number of horse powers. I do not know exactly how many, but they are many thousand. The greater the horse power is, the better. It seems not impossible that the day will come when a whole division will be transported in such a thing. In its body one can go for a walk. In one of its corners there is an indescribable something. It contains an apparatus for wireless telephony by means of which one can converse with the people down below. In another corner are hanging the most attractive liver sausages which one can imagine. They are the famous bombs which cause such a fright to the good people down below. At every corner is a gun. The whole thing is a flying fortress, and the planes with their stays and supports look like arcades. I have never been able to feel enthusiasm for these giant barges. I find them horrible, unsportsmanlike, boring and clumsy. I rather like a machine of the type of "le petit rouge."**

If one is in a small chaser-plane it is quite immaterial whether one flies on one's back, whether one flies up or down, stands on one's head, etc. One can play any tricks one likes, for in such a machine one can fly like a bird. The only difference is that one does not fly with wings, as does the bird albatross. The thing is, after all, merely a flying engine. I think things will come to this, that we shall be able to buy a flying suit for half-a-crown. One gets into it. On the one end there is a little engine, and a little airscrew. You stick your arms into planes and your legs into the tail. Then you will do a few leaps in order to start and away you will go up into the air like a bird.

My dear reader, I hear you laughing at my story. But we do not know yet whether our children will laugh at it. Everyone would have laughed fifty years ago if somebody had spoken about flying above Berlin. I remember the sensation which was caused, when, in 1910, Zeppelin came for the first time to Berlin. Now no Berlin gutter-brat looks up into the air when an airship is coming along.

Besides Giant aeroplanes and little chaser machines, there are innumerable other types of flying machines and they are of all sizes. Inventiveness has not yet come to an end. Who can tell what machine we shall employ a year hence in order to perforate the atmosphere ?

* For example the German C-type planes that Richthofen writes about were 150 horse-power in 1916 when he flew them. By the beginning of 1918 they were 260 h.p., and by April of that year they had 500 h.p. engines. As a result, the ceiling the C-type rose from 12,000 feet to 20,000 feet.

**The English referred to The Baron's all-red fighter plane as "le petit rouge".