

# Seattle Chapter News



Seattle Chapter IPMS/USA  
March 2010

## PREZNOTES



Our Spring Show is only a month off and planning is well underway. Hopefully all your models are close to completion. Again, I'll send out my usual request for volunteers to help on show day. Registration, show hosts, raffle table, seminars, and contest judges all can use an hour or so of your time. In the greater scheme of things an hour is not a lot to ask for and we always welcome the opportunity for you to help out at our show and make it the success it is. Speaking of the raffle, if

you have any (good) kits or items that will enhance the raffle, please bring them to this meeting. We can use all we can get.

Last month was the display at the Museum of Flight. The two-day model display attracted around 1,000 or so models and

*Continued on page 5*



### In This Issue

<b>When Flying Made a Splash in Seattle</b>	<b>3</b>
<b>Wingnut Wings Junkers J.1</b>	<b>6</b>
<b>Glencoe Navy Seal</b>	<b>8</b>
<b>Keeping the Memories Alive</b>	<b>10</b>
<b>2010 Shows</b>	<b>15</b>
<b>Judges Needed for Spring Show</b>	<b>16</b>
<b>Spring Show Special Awards</b>	<b>16</b>

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**Public Disclaimers, Information, and Appeals for Help**

This is the official publication of the Seattle Chapter, IPMS-USA. As such, it serves as the voice for our Chapter, and depends largely upon the generous contributions of our members for articles, comments, club news, and anything else involving plastic scale modeling and associated subjects. Our meetings are generally held on the second Saturday of each month, (see below for actual meeting dates), at the **North Bellevue Community/Senior Center, 4063-148th Ave NE**, in Bellevue. See the back page for a map. Our meetings begin at 10:00 AM, except as noted, and usually last for two to three hours. Our meetings are very informal, and are open to any interested modeler, regardless of interests. Modelers are encouraged to bring their models to the meetings. Subscriptions to the newsletter are included with the Chapter dues. Dues are \$25 a year for regular mail delivery of the newsletter, and \$15 for e-mail delivery, and may be paid to Spencer Tom, our Treasurer. (See address above). We also highly recommend our members join and support IPMS-USA, the national organization. See below for form. Any of the members listed above will gladly assist you with further information about the Chapter or Society.

The views and opinions expressed in this newsletter are those of the individual writers, and do not constitute the official position of the Chapter or IPMS-USA. You are encouraged to submit any material for this newsletter to the editor. He will gladly work with you and see that your material is put into print and included in the newsletter, no matter your level of writing experience or computer expertise. The newsletter is currently being edited using a PC, and PageMaker 6.5. Any Word, WordPerfect, or text document for the PC would be suitable for publication. Articles can also be submitted via e-mail, to the editor's address above. Deadline for submission of articles is generally twelve days prior to the next meeting - earlier would be appreciated! Please call me at 425-823-4658 if you have any questions.

If you use or reprint the material contained in the newsletter, we would appreciate attribution both to the author and the source document. Our newsletter is prepared with one thing in mind; this is information for our members, and all fellow modelers, and is prepared and printed in the newsletter in order to expand the skills and knowledge of those fellow modelers.

**Upcoming Meeting Dates**

The IPMS Seattle 2010 meeting schedule is as follows. All meetings are from **10 AM to 1 PM**, except as indicated. To avoid conflicts with other groups using our meeting facility, we must **NOT** be in the building before our scheduled start times, and **MUST** be finished and have the room restored to its proper layout by our scheduled finish time. We suggest that you keep this information in a readily accessible place.

**March 13**

**April 17 (Spring Show at Renton)**

**April 10**

**May 8**

**IPMS/USA NEW MEMBER APPLICATION**

IPMS No.: \_\_\_\_\_ Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
(leave blank) FIRST M LAST

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

Signature (required by PO): \_\_\_\_\_

Adult: \$25       Junior (17 years old or younger): \$12

Family (Adult dues + \$5, one set magazines, # of membership cards required: \_\_\_\_\_)

If recommended by an IPMS member, list his/her name and member number \_\_\_\_\_ (name) \_\_\_\_\_ (IPMS#)

**IPMS/USA** P.O. Box: 2475  
 North Canton, OH 44720

Check out our web page: [www.ipmsusa.org](http://www.ipmsusa.org)

## When Flying Made a Splash in Seattle

by Tim Nelson

On March 11 and 12, 1910, a small Curtiss pusher airplane was seen performing stunts and tricks at the Meadows Race Track, south of Georgetown in the area of modern day Boeing Field near Seattle. Seattle residents had been introduced to flying craft at the 1909 Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exhibition on the University of Washington campus, but that was only a dirigible. This was a true winged machine, the first of its kind to fly in the state of Washington.

The Meadows track opened in 1902 and served as a venue for horse, auto, and even motorcycle racing. This large facility (seating 10,000 in the grandstands), including a hotel/resort, was a major attraction and source of entertainment during the short northwest summer race season. Wagering was ubiquitous, and the surrounding saloons and other “establishments” benefited from the large crowds drawn to the area. The track was located within a bend of the old, meandering path of the Duwamish River, and was conveniently served by the major rail line running south from Seattle. The Meadows was a natural site for a major public event, and an easy choice of venue for a pioneer barnstormer looking to show his stuff. Enter Charles K. Hamilton.

Hamilton was known as the “Crazy Man of the Air”, and was one of the earliest stunt fliers. He toured the USA in 1910, doing trick flying for the Curtiss Exhibition Company. These shows were witnessed by large crowds which mostly consisted of people seeing an airplane fly for the first time. Airplanes were obviously not common in 1909 but the one Hamilton brought to Seattle that March was particularly special. It was the 1909 Herring-Curtiss No. 2 “Reims Racer” designed by Glenn Curtiss, which won the first major international air race at Reims,



*Hamilton's Curtiss airplane in flight at the Meadows (HistoryLink.org)*

France in August, 1909. It went on to win similar events in the autumn of 1909 at Brescia, Italy and Los Angeles (Dominguez Hills), CA, all piloted by Curtiss himself. These initial air meets proved hugely popular with the public and did much to spur the growth of aviation in these formative years.

After these racing successes, Curtiss leased the racer to Hamilton, who put it to good use in his barnstorming tour. After test flights at the Meadows track on Friday, March 11, his public flights began on Saturday, March 12, but were cut short with a crash in the infield pond. Fortunately, the impact did not do major damage to either Hamilton or his airplane. However, he was unable to get the engine dried out and back in running condition, and no further flying occurred on subsequent days. This caused some irate reactions among the enthusiasts who came to see Hamilton fly on Sunday and Monday, March 13 and 14. (Some accounts claim Hamilton flew again on March 13 and/or 14 but the above information is based on contemporary newspaper reports.) It is estimated that 20,000 people saw Hamilton that weekend, though not necessarily in

the air! He returned to the Seattle area a month later to fly with little fanfare on nearby Mercer Island.



*Hamilton's Curtiss airplane in the pond at the Meadows (HistoryLink.org)*

Hamilton went on to fly many more public demonstrations and inter-city record flights, but died of tuberculosis and complications in 1914. The 1909 Curtiss racer airframe and engine parted company sometime in late 1910/early 1911 and after 1912, the record trail for both disappears.





Meadows race track grandstand, 1910  
(HistoryLink.org)

A 1909 gambling ban in Washington was a death sentence for the Meadows. However, the facility persisted for some years as a public venue (apparently serving as a barn yard, among other things) until continuous industrial development, straightening of the Duwamish River, and the construction of Boeing Field forced its demolition.

The stimulating impact of Hamilton's flights at the Meadows can only be guessed. Given Seattle's subsequent major contributions to aviation, it is safe to assume that the event had an inspiring effect on at least some individuals who later devoted their careers to this new industry. This would likely include future employees of a soon-to-be start-up airplane company founded by William Boeing.

Where exactly was the Meadows track located? A little detective work allows the site to be identified with reasonable accuracy (see figure at right - by Tim Nelson, original map HistoryLink.org). It occupied the area slightly north of the modern Museum of Flight outdoor air park (1) and main exhibit complex (2). The impressive Meadows grandstands were apparently located on the south side of the

oval, near the row of poplars adjacent to the MoF air park. Stables rimmed the north and west sides of the oval, in an area near the modern Insurance Auto Auctions building (3) at 8801 E Marginal Way S. The oval extended east across modern E Marginal Way S (4) to today's general aviation hangars near Boeing Field runway 13R/31L (5).

*Boeing Field*, by Cory Graff, Arcadia Publishing, 2008

Personal emails to the author, Carroll Gray, Editor *World War One Aero* magazine

Personal emails to the author, Katherine Williams, Archivist, Museum of Flight

*Pacific Northwest Magazine* (*Seattle Times*), "Tracking the Takeoff", August 31, 2003 by Paul Dorpat, (<http://seattletimes.nwsource.com/pacificnw/2003/0831/nowthen.html>)

Modeling the 1909 Curtiss "Reims Racer" - [http://www.internetmodeler.com/artman/publish/aviation/Renwal\\_1\\_72\\_Curtiss\\_Flyer.php](http://www.internetmodeler.com/artman/publish/aviation/Renwal_1_72_Curtiss_Flyer.php)

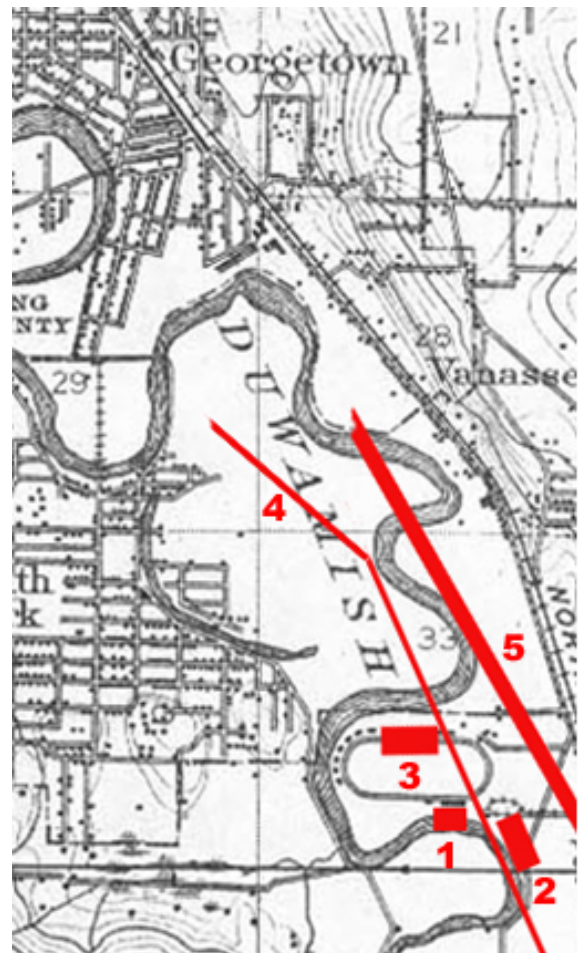
Museum of Flight, Seattle, WA ([www.museumofflight.org](http://www.museumofflight.org))

Today, nary a trace remains of the Meadows facility, but it can be easily imagined sprawling across the mostly vacant lot north of the Museum of Flight air park (future home of the Museum's planned transport and space galleries). Patrons of the nearby Museum café can dine in the Meadows Room, while gazing at numerous photos of Hamilton's historic flights. From there, the view northwest along the Boeing Field ramp takes in part of the site where the Meadows once stood, where crowds cheered and jeered a bold aviator and his Curtiss racer on a cold weekend in March, 1910.

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**References**

HistoryLink.org Online Encyclopedia of Washington State History, "Meadows Race Track", February 19, 2001 by David Wilma, ([http://www.historylink.org/index.cfm?DisplayPage=output.cfm&file\\_id=2995](http://www.historylink.org/index.cfm?DisplayPage=output.cfm&file_id=2995))





*(Above, Meadows Room at the Museum of Flight;  
Below, Meadows Room, Hamilton photos -  
both photos by Tim Nelson)*



**PrezNotes**

*from page 1*

helped draw in huge numbers for the Museum. I want to thank everyone that participated. Also, a tip of the hat to Mike Shaw of Galaxy Hobbies and Emil Minerich of Skyway Model who put on the make-n-take on each day of the show. The make-n-take provided me with the opportunity to help a new modeler build her first model. Chevelle will be two the day after this weekend's meeting and she already has her grampa completely wrapped around her little finger. She already knows "airplane" rushing to the window every time one flies over the house. (Just like grampa does!). At the Sunday portion of the Museum of Flight show we sat down and she built her first model, a Thunderbirds F4E Phantom. She can now say Phantom (after a fashion) and she can zoom the airplane around the house (also like Grampa)...



We'll see you at the meeting,

*Terry*



## Wingnut Wings 1/32<sup>nd</sup> Scale Junkers J.1

by Terry D. Moore

In 1916 the German Inspectorate of Aviation Troops (Idflieg) issued the J type design specification for an armored ground attack and liaison aircraft. Junkers responded with their J.4, a metal aircraft. The new aircraft received the designation J.1 by the Idflieg which was somewhat confusing as Junkers first metal aircraft was also designated J.1 and was not related to the new aircraft. The J.1 was constructed of duraluminum (dural) tubes with a corrugated dural skin on the wings. The engine bay to the gunner's position was constructed of steel to offer protection to the engine, pilot, and gunner. The fuselage aft of the gunner was fabric covered and the tail surfaces were dural. Although the aircraft was relatively slow it was popular with its crews because of the protection provided by its armored forward section and metal construction while attacking enemy ground targets.

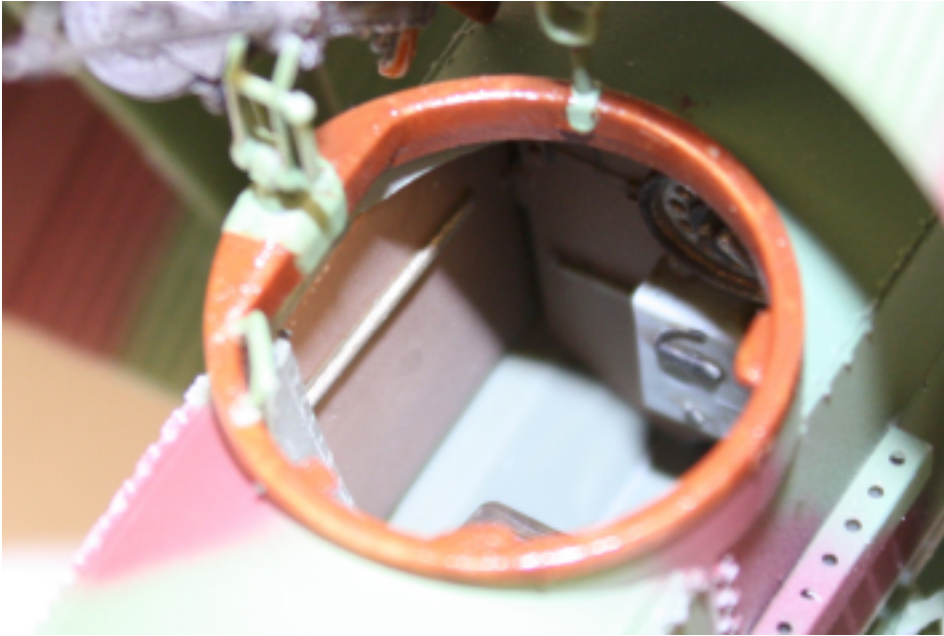
Initially, I was rather hesitant to start the Wingnut Wings kit due to the large number of parts that were in the box (I'm



used to somewhat simpler models). The model sat on my bench for quite a while before I started it, solely because of the quantity of parts. I need not have worried. Once I started actual assembly I found that it was a project that I could not stop working on, sometimes as soon as getting home from work – something I rarely, if ever, had done before.

The model has 152 injection-molded parts on nine sprues, plus a small photoetch fret with 17 parts. The huge decal sheet has markings for five different aircraft. The instruction book is just that, a book with 24 pages including a detailed assembly section, numerous photos of the J.1 taken during the Great War, and photos of the remains of two J.1 aircraft. The Wingnut Wings kit also directs you to their website which has additional information and photos on the aircraft not covered in the instruction book. The instruction book will certainly find a place on my bookshelf now that the model is completed. The kit assembly portion of the instructions are of the exploded view type and are relatively easy to follow. That being said, I would recommend studying them closely before starting (I found that I had left a few parts off by not paying close enough attention in a few steps!). Assembly is very straightforward and every part is very well engineered and fit near perfect in every step. An assembly like the pilot's seat has 16 parts and the engine has 27 parts. The manner of assembly for the engine alone is such that no visible seams show when the engine is completed. On the upper wing there is a small gap between the inboard part of the aileron and the wing center section. I was able to take a small part not used in the kit with the same corrugation





as the wing and cut it to fit into the gap. All major sub assemblies fit quite well together and to other assemblies. The only assembly issue I had was in steps 11 and 12, where the upper wing center section is attached to the rest of the airframe. I thought it would be a bit fiddly as the upper wing center section had a bit of play when it was mounted to the four main struts. However, when you get to step 13 and attach the remaining struts the assembly becomes quite rigid. It helps that the struts plug into the wings with some rather stout pins so alignment is not an issue. The wing outer sections fit into the center wing sections without the need for filler. As a matter of fact, I had to use only a minimal amount of filler putty in a few spots on the aft fuselage, probably due to my own ham-handedness.

Painting callouts use Tamiya, Humbrol, and Misterkit colors. The decals go down quite well, although I had a few issues with them settling down over the corrugations on the wings. Solvaset helped a great deal and repeated applications made the majority of the wing decals snuggle into place. My decals didn't all go down well, but decals aren't my strong suit anyway.

I can say without trepidation that this is one of the best kits I've ever had the

pleasure to assemble, even with the large number of the parts in the box. The model took me only three weeks to finish. The subject matter, design, and execution of this kit shows that Wingnut Wings really care about their product. I can't give enough superlatives to tell you how much I enjoyed this model. There will certainly be more Wingnut Wings kits in my future.

Bring on the Gotha!





## Glencoe Models 1/8th Scale Navy Seal

by John DeRosia

According to much documentation- the NAVY SEALS (United States Navy SEa, Air, and Land Forces) along with some other combatants make up the Special Operations Forces of the US Navy. Navy Seals are employed to take part in direct action and special reconnaissance. They are trained in unconventional warfare, foreign defenses, counter-terrorism, and hostage rescue. Personally I'm glad they are on our side. The mystique of what their missions entail helped me make the split second decision to buy this model – and the fact it was cheap.



Big! Fun! Cheap! Easy! Big! Simple! Few Parts! Big! Oh...and did I mention Cheap?

I definitely didn't need my 45x tri-focal glasses to build this guy. OK, let's get serious. I bought this model some time last year for under \$10. Yes - not over 1,000 pennies. I think it was \$8.97. No short term loans involved, no signing away our home and stuff like that for some of the big mucha-mulla dollars required for models these days. As a side note - I just got a mail order model flyer and saw the same model advertised on sale for only \$3.99. I always thought it would be cool to have a **big** chess set with large figures....let's see, 32 of these for \$3.99...oh never mind...I'm straying from this model review.

See, the thing is I can stray because this whole project was so fun and easy and **fast**. When I bought it last year, I spent one evening for about two hours trimming the minor flash and gluing everything together. All that is except his face and swim mask – excuses for that are coming up later in this article. Yes - the whole darn thing was 99.99% done in two hours. It definitely came with the famous older model “gap-aschious” syndrome which I had to remedy. I used my good old ‘model-bondo’ – styrene bits dissolved in liquid model glue to a thick consistency - and filled those gaps that same night. No sanding - ever! Speed forward now to the

first few nights in February 2010. Not sure just what went on after that night in 2009 – I never got back to completing this model. I'm sure I violated the sacred IPMS Law #32 that says “do not start another model while seven are on your bench not completed”. But most likely the Navy Seal guy was called away on one of those secret missions and sure enough - he faded away. I hope the Navy supplied this one a swimming Seeing Eye dog since he didn't have a face glued in place.

I'm in-between completing my large 1/72nd GATO sub so for some reason was again called to my modeling bench to those poor long lost uncompleted models. I just needed a break from the sub. ‘Sub’-consciously these unfinished models make me feel guilty morning noon and night because they are not done. Right! - you've never had an unfinished model intimidate you that way. Boy have they got you trained. Before I knew it, Mr. Navy Seal calls me from my bench and says - “Hey - I'll make a deal with you”.....

After four hours of cleaning him and hacking away dust, dog hair, and a strange looking growth on his left side (I came close to calling the CDC - the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta - that Everett,





Washington may have a strange fuzzy alien looking species on one of my models), but then realized it was a piece of old pizza. I still wonder how that got on him since he never ventured into the dining room...that I know of...

He was once again clean and ready to come out of retirement. Back to the face. Faces on models intimidate me because it is a weak side of me in modeling. I'm getting better though. I still have 12,000 faces to paint to get as good as many of you folks already are. I did glue his face on and then pondered on my plan of attack for painting him in several more days. My choices were black, black, or black. I decided on black. But first I painted his face and hands sort of with flesh colors. The eyes were **huge** in 1/8th scale. I had to redo them three times. My wife looked at me on the third try and said - "Those military men with blue eyes in movies sure look like hunks don't they?" Well, I

remedied that fast - his eye balls are dull black, boring, no life of any kind of eyes! No shiny blue eyes on scaled plastic men folk in my home!

I had decided to mask off the human color parts and spray the rest black, then do weathering and highlights on a few things like the air tank and knife. Let me tell you - this Navy Seal had a chip on his shoulder. He kept saying "Hurry up - get me done, I have a 'Priority 1' mission to go on". I therefore ended up doing my usual paint by brush routine on the guy that very night instead of spraying him in a day or so.

I used thin dull black paint mixed with a slow drying thinner. I double dare you to find any brush strokes on the guy. I lightly weathered some of his air tank areas and lead belt. I ended my paint on him with a black wash - yes - on a black painted figure. Here's the thing. I knew that cheap

old water based thinned black poster paint when dry actually has a whitish look which makes a person think of dried salt. Get it?...like dry ocean salt...where he supposedly came from according to the box top...not Kansas City! It's the Navy thing...no oceans inland.

Lastly, I cut out a piece of clear plastic for the face mask since I'm sure I lost it six months ago. For stability, I glued the figure on a piece of plastic "For Sale" sign and weathered that with a little sprinkle of colors. It still didn't look that good so I glued the whole thing onto a left over piece of shelf wood. It looked better to me...besides - I didn't have any driftwood...OK - you're catching on. That Navy-ocean thing is sinking in. Sinking?

Finally - the best part. He stood like a 'stiff' holding his knife. What a dunce look. Well - I surely wouldn't tell him that to his face. But I wanted to convey a 'mission' for this guy. Aha! He is holding a knife - a knife for what purpose? I decided to have fun with **bright red glossy** paint on his knife and blood splatters on the base. Even gives me the creeps looking at him since I normally don't model with such a visually morbid message. But let's give the Navy Seals lots of credit. They definitely contribute to us being free. I like being able to model them in the safety of our home.

I will state under torture by three 1/8th scale 8-1/2 inch high Navy Seals that I honestly did not spend more than a total of maybe 10 hours on the whole project. Sometimes, it's fun to model a subject that is easy, fun, has few parts - and you can still let your imagination go.

Keep your wife (or partner) happy if you are in a relationship. Buy the \$10 (or less) model and spend the rest of the \$100 plus (left over by not buying that very expensive kit) on roses for her. You do bring roses home every now and then, don't you?

Which reminds me - I need to get to the flower shop!

## Keeping the Memories Alive

by Andrew Birkbeck

Two events coincided to launch me on my childhood interest in World War One, "The Great War": one of our neighbors where we lived in Vancouver BC had a large mantelpiece above their fireplace, and sitting front and center was an amazingly beautiful World War One German black and gold Pickelhauben (Spiked Helmet) whose original owner was a Prussian NCO. The helmet had been "liberated" by a relative who had fought in WW1 with the Canadian forces, and every time I entered my neighbor's home, I simply had to gaze at this amazing helmet. Then early in 1967, I heard on the radio a wonderful song that I immediately fell in love with: "Snoopy Vs. The Red Baron", by The Royal Guardsmen. "Who was the Red Baron?", I asked my Father. He told me to visit the school library, and see what I could discover about the helmet, and the Baron.

A year after this interest in WW1 was aroused, I began my journey along the road of scale modeling. And lo and behold, there were models covering subjects from WW1! Strange looking aircraft with not one, but two, and sometimes THREE wings! I was hooked. And back then, the IPMS Nazis didn't exist (at least in my small world) to tell you that your wings weren't straight, and your model wasn't properly rigged!

When I went to University, my modeling dropped off, but my fascination with WW1 continued, and I spent as much time studying the conflict, and its origins, as I could as I worked towards my Master's degree. When I entered the workforce, I had more time to model, but I kept away from WW1 aircraft models, as by then I had run into my first modeling Nazis, and it was made clear to me that it was "unacceptable" to build rigged aircraft without the rigging. Man is a social animal, and he craves acceptance by his peers. It was clearly unacceptable to build unrigged models!

My interest in WW1 modeling however has recently been reignited on a trip to New Zealand this past Christmas and New Year to visit my various Kiwi relatives. On the flight from LAX to Auckland, I came across an article in *The Economist* titled "From Memory to History". Harry Patch, aged 111, and Henry Allingham, aged 113, had both died in 2009, the last British men alive with memories of fighting on the front in the First World War. With this article in mind, and upon recovering a couple of days later from my jet lag, I headed with the family to the Auckland Museum. A massive three story granite building set atop a hill commanding a panoramic view of the city, the Museum is home to New Zealand's largest database covering the military personnel of the nation, dating back to the Maori Wars of the 1800s, right up to the present day, and the forces from the Vietnam War, Iraq, and Afghanistan. And lining the imposing walls on the top floor of this building are the names of all the servicemen who gave their lives for their nation in WW1.

New Zealand sent more men to the battlefields of World War One than any other nation, on a per capita basis. And certainly no group travelled as far to the slaughter of WW1 as the Kiwis. And what sacrifice was put forth: the population of the country in August 1914 was just under 1,100,000. Yet some 100,444 men (and women) shipped overseas to "The War", an astounding 42% of all those of military age in New Zealand. Of these brave souls, 58,014 became casualties, with 16,781 being killed outright. Many more died of their wounds, and from being gassed, postwar. These are the names that line the white marble walls atop the Auckland Museum. During our weekly assembly when I was at high school (having moved from Vancouver to Dunedin, NZ) five names from these walls, together with those from WW2, Korea, and Vietnam, were read in rotation from the Honor Roll, the list of former pupils killed on foreign fields of battle. For such a small school, it was a very long list.

While most amateur historians of the First World War will know of the sacrifices put

forth by the Kiwi soldiers at Gallipoli against the Turks in 1915, together with their Aussie cousins, it was on the Western Front where most of the slaughter involving New Zealand forces occurred, mostly involving actions of the New Zealand Division. Beneath the neatly mown lawns of the various Commonwealth cemeteries dotting the countryside of Belgium and France lie many thousands of New Zealanders. Many, their headstones inform us, are "known only unto God". One thousand of them falling on just one horrific day in October 1917, at the village of Passchendaele.

Flying high above the trenches of Passchendaele during the slaughter of 1917 was my Grandfather's cousin, Robert Birkbeck. Born in October 1898 in Bournemouth, England, Robert joined No. 1 Squadron, Royal Flying Corps on June 10, 1917. Over the course of six months from late July to early November 1917, and flying various Nieuport fighters, he gained the status of "Ace", downing ten German aircraft, the majority of his "kills" being Albatros D.V fighters. One known Squadron he came up against was Jasta 26, for Lt. Wagner from this enemy squadron was one of his victims. Robert was during this time period promoted to Captain. Following this tour of duty, he moved on to fly scouts, eventually becoming one of the very first airmen awarded the DFC, in 1918.

Meanwhile down below, my great Uncle Archie was up to his neck in mud and dead bodies. We know far more about Uncle Archie's experiences in WW1 than Cousin Robert because Archie did future generations a huge service by keeping a daily diary during his military service. Archibald Kirk Greves (my maternal great Grandmother's maiden name) was born in Hastings, New Zealand on 12th October 1896, one of the eight children of David Greves, tailor of Hastings, and his wife Isabella. Archie, as he was known to everyone, was the second youngest child, but only attended school for six years, until age 12, as was fairly normal for his time. It must have been a good six years, however, as during his future military

service, he clearly had a good grasp of the English language, and good writing skills.

Archie, like so many of my relatives, was involved with farming, and when war broke out in Europe in 1914, he was a 17-year-old shepherd, too young to enlist. He was also, at 5 foot 6 inches, a tad on the small side. Yet despite the slaughter then taking place in Gallipoli, Archie decided to try and enlist in June 1915, still under age (20 was the limit in New Zealand). He however failed the medical test, the doctor saying he was a half-inch short in the chest measurement! Undeterred, he spent his own money and joined a local training gym, to bulk up his muscles. It worked, and he was sent to Trentham Military Camp, near Wellington, in October 1915, taking his place as a mounted rifleman, B Squadron, 9th Reinforcements, New Zealand Expeditionary Force. His first assignment: trumpeter!

Boarding the troopship *Tahiti* on January 8, 1916, his unit (together with many more), shipped out to Zeitoun Camp, on the outskirts of Cairo, Egypt, arriving February 7. February 11, while doing a route march, Archie and his comrades all looked to the sky as an aeroplane passed over head: none in his unit had ever laid eyes on one! "The OC (officer in charge) halted us and said have a good look and be done with it". While in Egypt, Archie became a member of the New Zealand Field Artillery, NZFA, 3rd Brigade, 11th Battery, and it was to this unit that he would be posted to for his two-and-a-half years on the Western Front.

April 6, 1916, Archie's unit shipped out of Cairo, heading for Marseilles, France. Aboard ship, they were reminded of what lay waiting for them on the battlefield: "Did a bit of tailoring this afternoon; we had to sew a pocket on the inside of our tunic to carry a gas mask in. During the afternoon we were shown how to adjust the PH gas helmet. I should say it would get damn uncomfortable if worn for any length of time...". Following the voyage, the troops boarded trains, and at every stop, the French civilians gathered in big crowds to cheer them on. "All along the line, French

girls threw kisses to us". They headed along the Rhone river, past Lyons, the outskirts of Paris, heading for Le Havre. Detraining, they marched seven miles before being issued with their equipment, guns (18 pounders), and horses. After a few days sorting things out, they reboarded their trains, and headed to the Ypres salient. April 24: "we heard the booming of guns from the front for the first time".

For the next two weeks, Archie and his crew came up to speed with their artillery practices, trying to master the Allied technique of the "creeping barrage". Friday, June 16: "our infantry are holding their first raid tonight. Orders came through at 11:45 pm and the guns opened up immediately and kept up for 45 minutes. Our best was 15 rounds in one minute. All told we fired 125 rounds per gun". Such was the routine into the summer, before his unit was moved south as reinforcements for the Battle of the Somme, which had been raging since July 1. September 3, Sunday: during church service "a terrific bombardment opened up though practically ten miles away. We could hardly hear the Padre for the remainder of the service. This bombardment kept up all day." Sept. 5: "Tomorrow we enter the battle of the Somme".

At the front, Archie describes his "accommodation": "As far as making a bivy for myself, I got a few ammunition boxes, spread my oil sheet over them, and this is my home". Sept 6: "Reveille was at 3am. Fed the horses, had breakfast, moved out at 6am. Passed through town of Albert, plenty of evidence that Fritz had shown a dislike for the place. Endless lines of motor lorries, wagons, limbers and vehicles of every description. Here and there dotted on the battle field one noticed a grave with a rifle stuck in the ground and bit of wood tied to it with the following inscription 'here lies an unknown British soldier.'"

Sept. 11, a gas shell burst within yards of his team, but thankfully the wind was blowing in the opposite direction, no casualties. Sept. 12: transporting ammunition to his gun along a road, "the team

ahead of us, a six horse team of greys got a direct hit by a HE shell. What a mess; men and horses. Exit the lot. Had the shell been a minute later we would have had an abrupt ending". Sept. 14: "The NZ Infantry are attacking in the morning. There's a rumour that a new creation of war machine is going over with them. Tanks! It's 8pm and the heavens are one red glow, a terrific bombardment has opened up. No doubt clearing the way for our boys going over in the morning."

Life at the front: "Was up twice with ammo. The guns are in Devils Gully. The name speaks for itself. No health resort or violet patch. High explosives cordite fumes, gas put over by Fritz, mixed with the stench of rotting corpses, mules & horses. Hard to explain but gave one a feeling as if a rotten egg had been pushed down his throat." Sept. 25: "An NZFA corporal had been killed during the night and his body is lying on the road. It is impossible to avoid running over it as the road is under direct observation of Fritz. We do this particular stretch at a gallop. It would be suicide to attempt to stop and remove the body. C'est la Guerre."

Sept. 27: "Devils Gully: a screech, a crash and by the size of the shell hole it must have been a 5.9 inch or bigger. The mud saved us. The shell buried itself fairly deep and though only a yard or two off, the burst seemed to go straight up and all we got was a shower of mud. Had the ground been hard the team would have been blown to pieces by shrapnel..." Sept. 28, Archie reports the Corporal's body still can't be reached, they keep driving over him as they go back and forth with their ammunition at full gallop. Oct. 2, "Near the road from Delville Wood to the Flers turnoff there are quite a few dead not buried, including Fritz. One had evidently been wounded in the sit-upon (buttocks) and was bending over a log having it dressed when one of our shells exploded nearby blowing his head off and killing his cobbler".

Later in October, the ammunition horse teams increased from six to eight horses, due to the heavy mud, and it was due to



the heavy wet weather that action ground to a halt on the Somme battle fields. Despite the poor weather, some days were fine, and Archie and his mates had front row center seats for action above them in the skies: Oct. 20, "We were loading ammunition at the advanced dump when three of Fritz's planes came over on a spotting expedition. The roads were teaming with traffic. Our luck was in. Three of our battle planes approached and there was a battle Royal. One Fritz was brought down and it crashed about 300 yards from our dump." During this time, the NZ Division spent 56 days in battle at the Somme, the artillery units having carted half-a-million rounds up the line to their guns! 1,700 Kiwi dead, 7,000 wounded.

October 31, Archie and his unit withdrew from the front lines for some well earned R&R. On Dec. 1, his gun pit was visited by what seemed like the entire brass of the Army: General Plummer, the Army Commander; General Godley, the Army Corps Commander; General Russell, the NZ Divisional Commander, and General Johnston, the NZ Division Artillery Commander! During the visit a German aeroplane flew low, 100 feet, over their emplacement. "Everyone was popping at it with rifles" but all missed. "What a haul if Fritz had landed a bomb in the pit at that moment!"

During November 1916 through May 1917, Archie's unit was moved in and out of front line areas, and there was little major action during this time due to poor weather. There was lots of physical training occurring in preparation for a major new offensive set for June, 1917

June 7, 1917: General Plummer, Second Army, and Uncle Archie launch the Battle of Messines, initiated by the explosion of 19 mines under the German lines, totaling nearly a million pounds of explosives. June 10, a shell landed and exploded six yards from Archie's bivouac, but he survived. The same day, local anti-aircraft units shot down a German plane, and Archie and his mates, having removed the pilots for burial, tore the plane to bits for souvenirs: "I managed to get a piece of the wing".

At the end of July, Archie got away on leave for a week, visiting London, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Edinburgh. Clean uniform, a real bed with clean sheets, decent meals, and never a worry about dying in the mud. Promoted to Bombardier upon his return to duty, he survived a number of close shaves before being rotated out of the line in early September, and having the opportunity to visit Paris. This was quite the treat for a young country lad from the Antipodes, and he managed to take in the Eiffel Tower, the Palace of Versailles, and a number of concert venues. Being spotted as a Kiwi soldier by an Englishman while waiting for the bus, he was asked if he had any NZ stamps with him? "Having just received NZ mail before leaving the line I had plenty to offer him, with good results for he asked me out for the day at his expense. He wasn't eligible for the British forces as he had a gammy leg. He was designing aeroplane engines for the French government. His name was Claude E. Burke". He and Archie spent four days together, all at the Englishman's expense, the latter wishing to show his appreciation to a Kiwi who had travelled so far to serve his country.

Passchendaele (Third Battle of Ypres), Flanders, October 7: "Raining very hard. While waiting for a couple of gunners to bring up some sandbags a very familiar smell came to my nostrils. I cast my eyes around and there just at my feet lay a pair of Highlander's legs complete from the knee down. Poor beggar had evidently got in the way of a shell. This place is a sea of mud and a second Somme..."

Happy 21st Birthday: Oct. 12: a low flying Hun aeroplane attacked Archie's position: "One could see the features of the observer" he was so low to the ground, and "the bullets whistled all around us", though all survived the attack unscathed. A shell also landed in his position the same day "and blew a man fully 20 feet into the air. All we got was a shower of dirt and a few remnants of sandbags". Archie survives another near miss. Meanwhile the conditions were so horrific, weather wise, the mud so deep and sticky, that getting

the guns into place became a massive struggle and "we often resorted to heaving on ropes in teams of up to 100 men, pulling the guns into place". It was during this time that Archie was awarded the Belgian Croix de Guerre for his "selfless work under enemy fire, digging hapless men and horses out of the abominable mire" etc. This was done with his hands, "as no spades available". Oct. 14: carnage so great on Oct. 12 that a truce was called to gather the dead and dying on both sides. Archie volunteered to go into "No Man's Land", but was rejected as being "too small" for the job, it taking six stretcher bearers to bring one man back, due to the horrific mud.

Oct. 15, Archie was on the toilet, when a German air attack commenced. As the bombs exploded around him he dived headfirst into the mud: "had to sleep in my wet clothes but I suppose a wet hide is better than a broken one". Throughout October Archie, despite bouts of dysentery, struggled on amongst the explosions and in the mud. A near miss killed 22 horses and wounded 10 more: "Seems hard that these poor dumb creatures are mutilated in such a manner". Finally in November, Archie's unit was rotated out of the line, his body, if not his nerves, intact. Then after a "rest" at the rear, the unit was rotated forward to the front near Ypres again. And while "not a health resort", on the bright side "the mud would be frozen"! Sustained attack during winter was rare so the objective became to harass the enemy, inflict steady damage and plan so that the most could be made when longer days, warmer weather and the thaw would make hopes of a breakthrough more realistic. So Archie's unit wintered at such descriptive spots as "Hell Fire Corner" and "Dead Mule Gully" etc., daily performing their duties of bringing up the ammunition, maintaining their animals and guns, and lobbing shells at the enemy as best they could. Dec 17: "to get water to wash one has to break the ice in the shell holes. This morning I was saved that trouble. Was just going to have a wash when a high explosive shell burst above me and a splinter of it broke the ice thus saving me the trouble. All the same I would have sooner broke it myself."



*Archie Greves, photographed just prior to leaving for Europe*

Archie wintered at one stage in an old Hun concrete pillbox with four foot thick walls, better protection than normal against HE shells. However, Dec. 20: "Fritz gave us a change instead of HE shells, he sent over gas shells. One struck the entrance of officers and battery staff's bivy gassing four men severely. I got a small whiff which made me sneeze for a couple of hours".

Christmas Eve, 1917: in his pill box: "Two or three officers have just crawled in for a singsong there is no standing up in this bungalow. All movement is on hands and knees. Often the candles are blown out when a shell bursts near the door and it also makes one's ears ring". Christmas Day: "snowing like mad" but this didn't

stop cook "putting on a good (in fact better than good) menu: roast turkey, ham roast and mashed potatoes, boiled carrots and onions and plum pudding. One poor beggar didn't have a very happy Xmas: a HE shell burst above him. One splinter practically cut him in half from the head down".

Jan 13, 1918: Mail Day: "These mail days one cannot help noticing the expressions on the men's faces. Those who get mail go away quite happy and those who don't generally get off to their bivies and say nothing. In our battery we have about five Smiths and one chap's initials are WC Smith. The orderly room sergeant was

giving out the mail and coming to Smith was asked which one. "S\*\*t-house" (WC) he sings out. Not very clean humour, but all the same, it was humorous".

Feb. 4, a very grim day: "a stray 5.9 enemy shell struck the wheel of No. 2 gun killing four of the crew. The fifth died at the clearing station. He had the back of his head blown away. The other four had legs and arms blown off. Was quite a job getting the limbs to match the right body. Bombardier Mawdsley (my cobber who enlisted with me from off a sheep station in NZ) was absolutely blown to pieces. He was about 14 stone (200 pounds in weight) and what was gathered of him little more than filled a sand bag." Feb. 6, burial day: "I thought I was pretty case hardened, but during the burial service a tear crept into my eye when I looked down into the grave and saw my old cobber's remains laying beside the other men. They were buried in the Dickebusch Road cemetery near the remains of the town of Ypres".

Feb. 11: "Had a trip a few km behind the lines to Abiele. A few big heads were there including the commander of the Belgian forces. He pinned a bit of ribbon with a bit of bronze attached to me: Croix de Guerre recommended three months ago". Feb. 22, a unit inspection by OC, a Major: "The major recognized me as one of his old B Squadron 9th Reinforcements. After yarning to me for a few minutes he remarked "What age are you now?? 21 says I. "I thought as much" and went on his rounds. Nearly three years ago I had told him I was 20 and this was the first meeting since leaving NZ".

Mid-February to mid-March, 1918, Archie was sent to "gas school", to learn more about German poison gas attacks, which had increased in frequency during early 1918, and also to learn about such new terror weapons as flame throwers. He then hurriedly rejoined his unit in March, when the German armies around Amiens launched an all out offensive. When his unit arrived, the Allied forces were in retreat, and attempts were being made to avoid a complete German breakthrough.

March 27: "Ran into a Tommy battery going the opposite way. One of our boys asked their sergeant major where their guns were. He replied, "Jerry's got them". He then asked where we were going, and we replied to see where the old Hun was. He said 'you will soon be coming back again...'"

Things were very precarious. April 5: "Worst day I have spent in the forces to date. From early morning we were deluged with gas shells and then came HE shells. Unable to eat breakfast as all our supplies tainted with gas. Tried some bread but out it came. It started to burn my throat. Cook killed by HE shell. During the day, a sergeant and myself were talking to three machine gunners in a small building and my mind became a blank. When my senses returned I found we were in a heap of bricks. An 8-inch shell had struck the outside corner. The machine gunners were all wounded but sergeant and I were only bruised. Later a whiz bang burst a couple of chain away from the gun and a splinter pinged over my head getting an NCO who was standing directly behind me in the shoulder. I missed a 6+2 farm (a grave) and he got a beautiful Blighty (trip back to England)". The fighting was ferocious and Archie's unit's lines held. Orders came through to fire 600 rounds per day, per gun. Despite Archie's fire, and then receiving enemy counter fire, there were brief periods of calm, where sporting events took place, such as soccer matches involving officers. The latter came in for "special attention" in terms of hard tackles "within the laws of the game", of course! By late May, things on the front had stabilized.

Still, life was always dangerous: June 8, Archie was hit by shrapnel after a shell burst above his trench. Thankfully, nothing "serious". And he got to view more tanks: "Around our cook house there is a real Hornet's nest of tanks. They're generally on the move at night. Had a short ride in one and they are no Rolls Royce". June 12: a huge shell crashed down on Archie while he pumped water. "Thank Christ" it was a dud... Later that night he received mail: news that his little

sister Jean had drowned back in NZ on March 23 while swimming.

Through July and August Archie's battery did its usual yeomanry work firing on the enemy lines from such places as La Signy Farm and Rossignol Wood. And once the Germans spotted where the allied shells were coming from, they duly returned counter fire, often forcing the allied guns to move position. Then on August 21, another "big push": The British 3rd Army began an attack along a 10-mile front south of Arras, while the adjacent 4th Army resumed its attack in the Somme. "Worked all night on our gun position. 4:55am the offensive started. Fired smoke and HE shells. There was a very dense fog so it made a very good screen for our infantry. At 7:24am we got the order to cease fire. Was quite deaf for the rest of the day. This afternoon, had a bath (what was to turn out to be my last on the battlefields of France). Being 24 hours without sleep it freshened me up considerably." Aug. 22, Thursday: "I am this morning, moved forward a few thousand yards into the village of Puisieux-au-Mont. Nearing the village a horrible smell that is very difficult to describe met one's nostrils. It's a mixture of dead animals, human flesh, high explosives and gas and once one has smelled it, it is never forgotten. The village itself was just a heap of bricks. The position was 800 yards from the German front line. Just before daybreak Fritz let a barrage down on top of us. I happened to have my elbow on the wheel of the gun talking to two gunners named Hulston and Murray who were squatting on the ground. Hulston said something to me and I don't remember the remark for at that moment a HE shell burst right underneath the gun killing Hulston and Murray outright and a splinter of it got me in the calf of my right leg. When I recovered from the shock the first words that left my mouth were "the bastard has got me this time". "An officer sings out who is hit now?" I reply "I am Sir". "

The explosion had occurred at 4:30am, but due to continued heavy shelling, Archie was unable to move position until 8am. Hulston had received a piece of shrapnel

through his heart, while Murray "was practically riddled with splinters and I owe my life" to him having taken the brunt of the shrapnel shards. At 11am Archie made it to the dressing station. "Several men who were going into action sung out "have a beer in London for me, Lucky bugger" 'Righto', I yelled back. At the dressing station was inoculated against tetanus, had a cup of cocoa and lay down on a stretcher and went to sleep. Up until then I had been over 50 hours without sleep...".

For the next 12 weeks the NZ Division advanced, along with the other Allied forces involved, and pushed the Germans back across northern and eastern France, breaking the Germans' famous Hindenburg Line, a formidable series of fortifications and defenses 10,000 yards deep. The line of attack took the NZ forces eventually to Le Quesnoy, a town occupied since the beginning of the war, and liberated by the Kiwis a few days before the German surrender on 11 November 1918. To this day, the inhabitants of Le Quesnoy celebrate their liberation by the New Zealanders, which required the scaling of the town's formidable 10 meter high ramparts.

As for Uncle Archie, he and his wounded leg were evacuated to the No. 1 South African hospital in Abbeville, and after recuperating there four days, shipped to Dover, and thence to the New Zealand hospital at Walton-on-Thames in London. Aug. 26: "two doctors at the foot of my bed. I caught the word "operate" and perspiration started to appear on my forehead and then I started to vomit", as he thought they were going to amputate his leg. They did not. Archie was surprised at the fortitude of many around him in hospital with far worse injuries than him: "It's great the way some of the men with more serious wounds take things. One chap at the head of the ward has both legs off at the hips with other injuries and with only a few days to live is one of the happiest in the ward". Archie was in hospital for a number of months, hobbling into London regularly on leave to visit with any fellow Kiwi artillerymen he could



locate, and seeing the sights as best he could on his crutches. Nov. 11: "At dinner the OC told us the Armistice had been signed and we're to have the rest of the day off. Had a great time in London".

Upon his return to NZ in March 1919, Archie received his discharge papers, showing he had served for 3 years 183 days, of which 3 years 59 days had been served continuously overseas. As with many returning servicemen he was troubled by his wound for years afterwards, requiring surgery and therapy to regain reasonably normal movement and relief from ongoing pain. It was while undergoing such treatment that he met his future wife, Doris, a nurse. They were married on June 14, 1923, his wife's wedding ring being fashioned from a gold Sovereign he had carried with him through the war. They were married for over 60 years, taking possession of bush-covered land in 1925, and christening it "La Signy Farm" after the area in Europe where he was wounded in 1918. As he cleared each paddock, he named it after a battle or place where he had fought, where he had experienced the whiz-bang of high explosive shells, and the loss of so many friends: Westhoek Ridge, Puiseaux, Polygon Wood, Dickebusche, Hooge Crater, Serre Ridge. And on this farm, he raised his three daughters, Bevaline, Betty, and Valerie, and each day thanked the good Lord that he had survived his ordeal in France and Belgium, while many of his friends did not. He took a keen interest in his community, especially the children, and it was due to this involvement that he was awarded the Member of the Order of the British Empire (MBE) on June 13, 1959.

Then in late August 1964, Archie set off on a pilgrimage on the 50th Anniversary of the start of the Great War, back to the places remembered from his youth. A special journey, in his words, "To pay homage to the two gunners who were killed with the same shell that got me". He arrived in the UK via ship, and then travelled via ferry to Belgium, staying the night in Ostende, before setting off by train for Ypres the next day. At the railway

station the next morning: "While waiting to purchase my ticket for Brugge, Roeselar and Ypres I met a gentleman who was going to Ghent. He spoke good English and asked me where I was going also where I come from. I showed him some photos of myself taken 46 years ago in France. He asked me for the information ticket I received from the Railway inquiry office. He purchased two tickets, I put my money down to pay for mine and he said, "Oh no! I've paid for it; it's the first time I have been able to express my thanks for what you performed 50 years ago and made me possible to be a free man". I noted that while the gentleman had booked himself a 2nd class ticket, he had purchased for me one in 1st Class".

Dr. Henry de Poorter of Ghent also gave him a written introduction, to be given to the Mayor of Ypres upon his arrival. The Mayor gave Archie a special certificate marking the 50th Anniversary of the War's outbreak, and then Archie hired a taxi. He stopped first at Tyne Cot cemetery at Passchendaele, where 11,000 crosses mark the graves of the identified soldiers, while a large memorial stands to the 34,000 who were never found. Then to the Dickebusche Road Cemetery to visit with his old friend Bill Mawdsley, who died together with the other members of the gun team killed in February 1918. He remembered picking his friend up, "As one would do with a baby – one of the very sad memories of the war". Then further on, he visited the graves of other friends he had known, or met during his "war journey": Ponte Cobbe, who he had gone on leave with in Paris, Sept. 1917, and George Pollock, "a good living bloke" who had been his tent mate in Egypt: Caterpillar Valley Cemetery, outside Longueval; Thiepval, Beaumont-Hamel. Finally to the Commonwealth War Cemetery at Bienvillers-au-Bois, south of Arras in the Pas de Calais region, and there to the graves of Jim Hulston and "Tubby" Murray, they who had died, and he who had survived, reunited once again after nearly 50 years.

Archibald K. Greves: 1896 – 1983

### Further Reading:

*Western Front: The New Zealand Division in the First World War 1916-18*, Matthew Wright

*On My Way To The Somme: New Zealanders and the bloody offensive of 1916*, Andrew Macdonald

*The Maoris in the Great War*, James Cowan

*New Zealand Artillery in the Field 1914-18*, Lieut. J.R. Byrne

*The New Zealand Division 1916-1919*, Col. H. Stewart

## 2010 Shows

Here are the dates, as currently known, for 2010 shows. More information will be given when it's available:

2/13-14/10 Seattle Museum of Flight  
NWSM Show  
2/21/10 Mt Vernon 15th Annual  
4/10/10 Lynnwood Galaxy  
4/17/10 Renton IPMS Seattle  
5/2/10 Puyallup MCS 21  
6/12/10 Fort Worden NOPMS 5  
7/23-25/10 Puyallup Good Guys  
8/4-7/10 Phoenix IPMS Nationals  
9/18/10 McMinnville OHMS  
9/25/10 Lynnwood Galaxy Sci-Fan  
??/??/10 Silvana 5th Annual  
10/2/10 Moscow ID Bring out Good Stuff  
10/9/10 Burnaby IPMS Vancouver  
??/??/10 Clackamas OSSM

Thanks to Carl Kietzke.

## Judges Needed for Spring Show

by Charlie Sorensen

Spring is around the corner and with it our IPMS Seattle Spring show on April 17! Once again we're asking your help in judging the contest portion of the show and a sign-up sheet will be prominently posted on the Show & Tell table at the March club meeting. Along with your name we need a contact number and/or e-mail and what you plan on entering. Your specific expertise as far as judging particular subjects would be of help, also.

This year we have up-dated our club website at <http://www.ipms-seattle.org/> to include more information on the show; rules and regulations particular to IPMS Seattle, a "modeling basics" section that describes specific points that judges look for in specific categories, and a couple changes to the category list are some of the things you can find. Please take the opportunity to peruse them as we think you'll find these additions quite helpful.

Look up my co-head judge Mike Millette or myself at the meeting if you have any

questions or thoughts on the contest. See you then!

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## Spring Show Special Awards

Best Finish/Ted Holowchuk Award, sponsored by IPMS Seattle

Best British/Commonwealth Subject, sponsored by Robert Allen, Andrew Birkbeck, and Marilyn Laird

Best Canadian Subject, sponsored by IPMS Vancouver BC

Best Submarine, sponsored by Oregon Historical Modelers's Society

Best Bare Metal Finish, sponsored by IPMS/Tacoma Green Dragon/Les Sundt Memorial Chapter

Best Small Air Forces, sponsored by Mike Millette & Mike Medrano

Best Pacific Theater, sponsored by Tracy White

Best American Subject, sponsored by Norm Filer

Best French Subject, sponsored by Djordje Nikolic and Jacob Russell

Best German Subject, sponsored by Doug Girling and Gary Webster

Best Italian Subject, sponsored by Stephen Tontoni and Will Perry

Best Fire/Life Safety, sponsored by Seaside Fire Service

Best 1/32nd Scale Aircraft, sponsored by Craftworks

Best Best Street Rod/Custom, sponsored by IPMS/PSAMA

Best Japanese Subject, sponsored by Taryn Nikolic

Powderpuff Award, sponsored by Marilyn Laird and Jill Moore

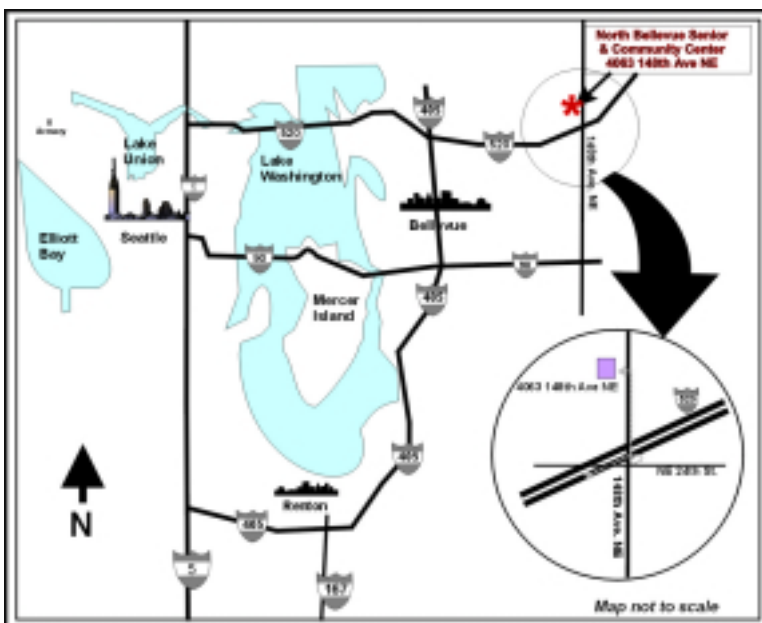
Best WW II Artillery, In memorium Dale Moes

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## Meeting Reminder



## March 13

### 10 AM - 1 PM

**North Bellevue Community/Senior Center  
4063-148th Ave NE, Bellevue**

**Directions:** From Seattle or from I-405, take 520 East to the 148th Ave NE exit. Take the 148th Ave North exit (the second of the two 148th Ave. exits) and continue north on 148th until you reach the Senior Center. The Senior Center will be on your left. The Center itself is not easily visible from the road, but there is a signpost in the median.