



Connecticut Flitzer Werke

Aktuellen Nachrichtend!

The unique, specially-ordered Axial-Berlin propeller for the Morrisov machine has arrived, sparking renewed enthusiasm in the Flitzer Werke after this long, cold, snowy winter when the overbearingly dull gray sky fought the sun into submission, and the biting wind lashed into shreds the Bavarian flag flying on the Baronial hall.

The workers chose to cower in their hovels, submerged in *himbeergeist* schnapps, which is a lot cheaper than feeding them weinerschitzel und sauerkraut. Now I must light a fire under them, and force them back to work.

The propeller is 63-inch diameter by 31-inch pitch, in medium dark mahogany-colored hard rock maple. It is sized to give 85 mph at the top of the AeroVee's torque curve (65 hp continuous at 3,100 rpm) rather than at max power of 80 hp at 3,400 rpm, keeping the tips under the critical 80% speed of sound.

It will work. And the Morrisov machine will be in service before the F-35, although plans for an alternative Gebiru engine have been quashed by the Flitzer program's bean counters.



Flitzer: the Link with the Past

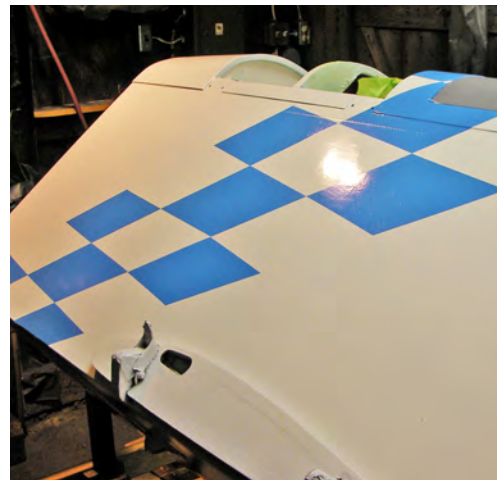
Just as Kaiser Wilhelm spent World War I fighting his British cousin, King George V, so the Morrisov family found itself on opposite sides in the Great War. But we had the Richthofens to help us in what might have seemed to the English a personal campaign to eradicate the Morris name.

Baron Ivan Morrisov himself was no stranger to the Fokker Triplane, the Scourge of the Skies, as the photo on the right shows. There is, however, no evidence in the Morrisov archives that he ever cocked a Spandau machine gun in anger at any of his distant relatives.

The first Morris shot down was The Red Baron's very first victim as a fighter pilot. On Sept. 17, 1916, British Second Lieutenant Lionel Morris was piloting an FE2B of 11 Sqdn RFC over the Western front, with observer Capt. Tom Rees, when Richthofen attacked. Both men died in the crash.

Then, next year, on April 13, 1917, Lothar von Richthofen shot down Captain George Bailey Hodgson and his observer Lieutenant Charles Herbert Morris in an RE8, in a dogfight where Manfred destroyed an accompanying British aircraft. Morris is believed to have survived, and was taken prisoner.





One starts by laying out a master stripe of diamonds across the pre-painted fuselage, thinking always of draping a glorious Bavarian flag lovingly across it. Two more stripes are added....

Diamants are a Baron's Best Friend

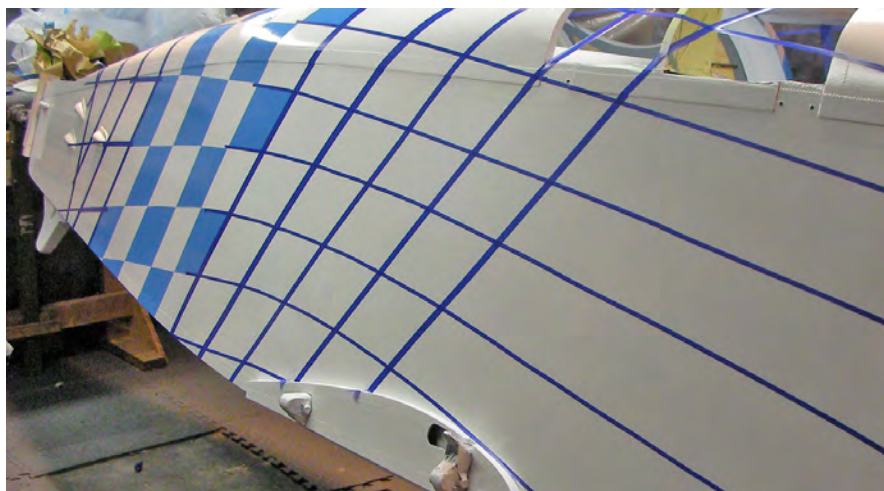


.....and then it all goes wrong.

One can see immediately that trying to paint the fuselage in symmetrically similar diamonds will not work, as the fuselage itself changes shape and curves over the turtledeck.

So one must improvise. If one is wedded to geometry, then it also becomes apparent that not all the rows of diamonds will fit on the fuselage as it narrows towards the rear. Some rows are in danger of petering out altogether—and that's not the desired effect.

Out then, with the masking tape, and do the things freehand! Just as in World War I.



At least, they are the Baron's best friend when they are finished!

Try it yourself, and you will understand why you see so few airplanes finished in lozenges and diamonds. Morrisov's machine, though, just has to be that way.

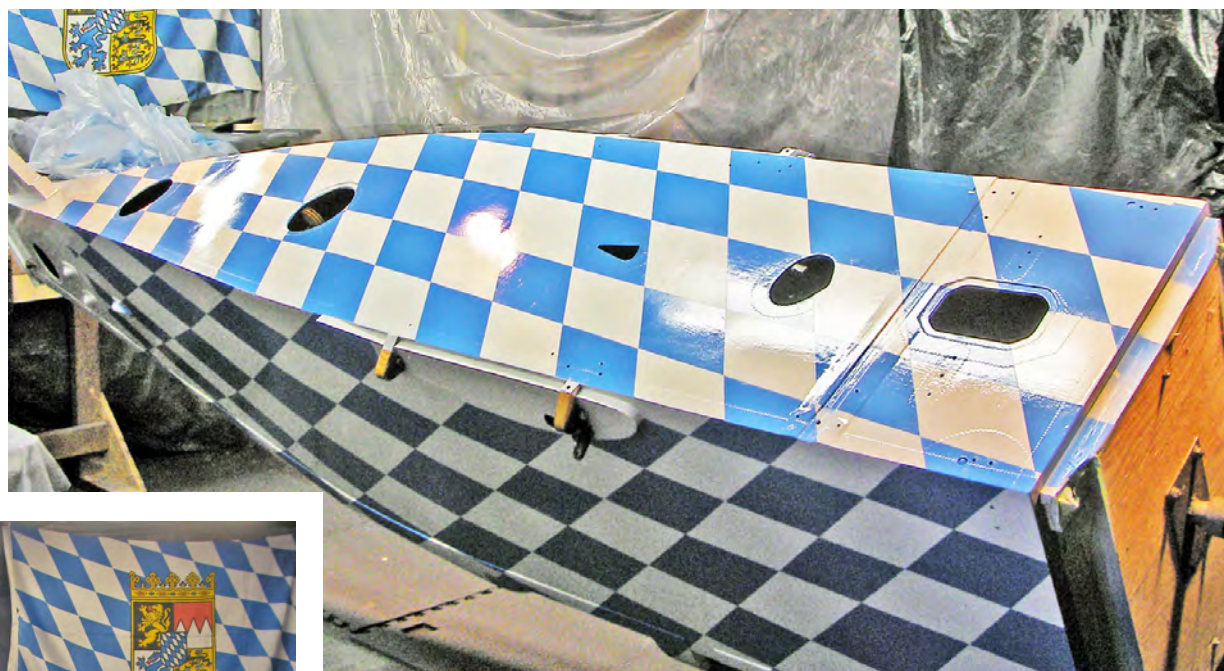
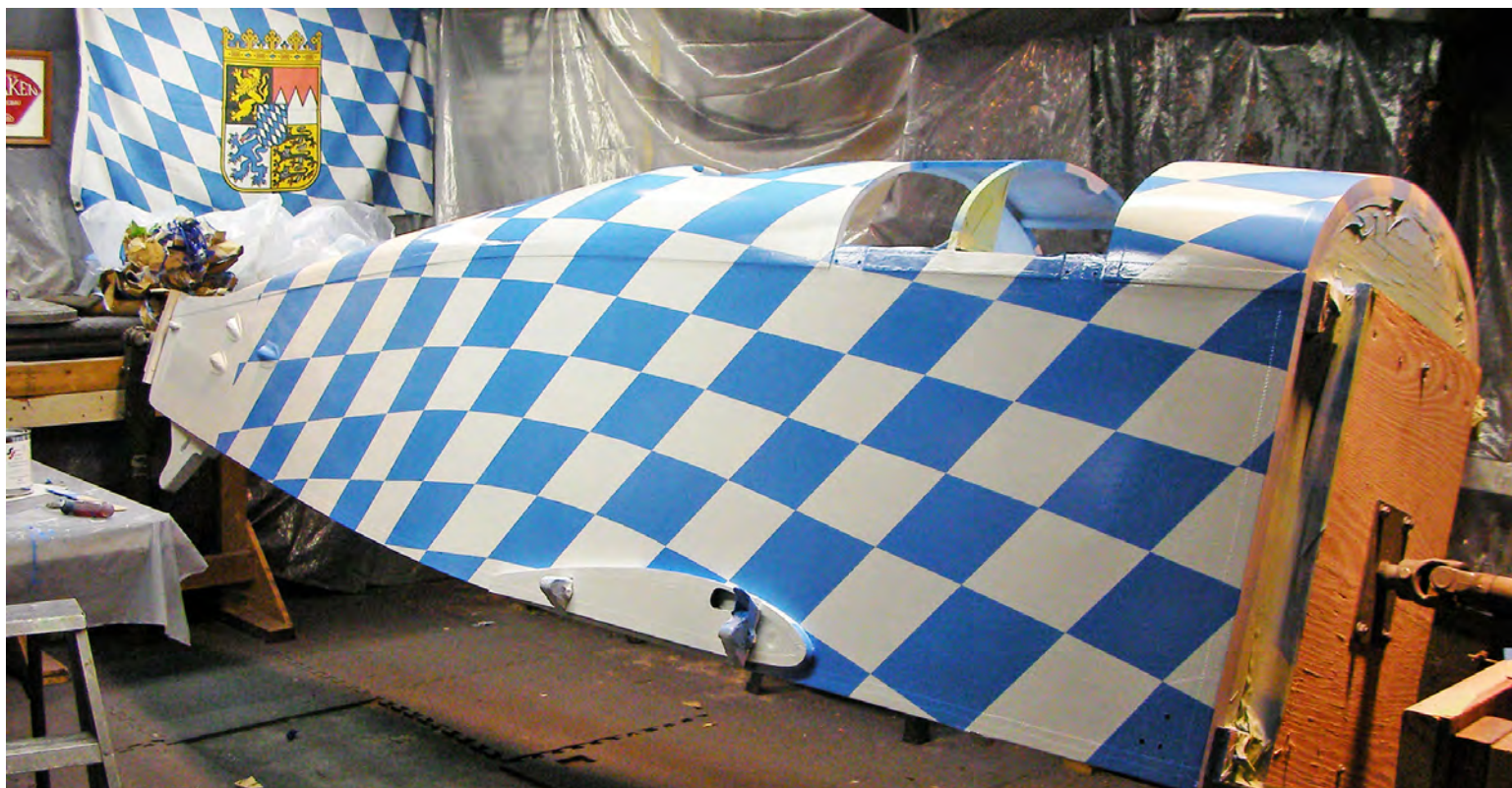
But if you can stand to paint lozenges, diamonds are for dummkopfen. You will already have built up those so valuable qualities that apply to everyday life and that so help those around you remain talking to you, like patience, and the love of solitude and keeping your opinions to yourself, as hour after hour flies by and the masking isn't yet finished. Meanwhile, Historische Fliegermärschen blare out through the Flitzer Werke to keep inspiration at its peak.

Luckily the workers don't mind the hardships, either, wanting to enrichen their lives through self improvement and personal sacrifice. And they like the music. It helps them remember the importance to them all of resurrecting the Baron's personal family history.

So the diamonds take shape. The most important thing is to make sure they don't line up with any feature or edge on the fuselage, as they will end up being far too regimented to be effective. The trouble then is to *stop* them lining up anywhere, because they seem to have a mind of their own and an affinity to be parallel with any straight edge they can find.

That freehand fooled them all, though!

The More the Better...Diamants, That Is



Diamants Won Her, But Hearts are Trumps



Cards have always played a large role in the life of Baron Ivan Morrisov, so much so that in the early days his flying comrades called him "Lucky" Ivan.

They also called him many other things. But no matter what they thought, they believed that life had dealt him a good hand.

He usually emerged unscathed from his flying escapades with Ernst Kessler and Rolf Steiger in Courland in 1919, where the young Bavarian cavalry Leutnant went by the German name of Johannes Moritz.

Then Mara, a vivacious Latvian gypsy dancer, arrived on the scene one evening and twirled the night away with the dashing Moritz. He fell into a tailspin for her, but his comrades in the anti-Bolshevik Kampfgeschwader Sachsenburglways weren't going to let him get away with it that easily. They would support his quest for her only if he could beat them all at cards.

Over the next few nights, Moritz gambled to win her. Playing hand after hand, he finally prevailed, telling all who would listen that really he was dealt a queen.

To the amusement of all, Mara called him Ivan, the Russified version of Johannes. And just for merriment, Kessler dubbed him Moriszhov to complete his Russian persona.



Moriszhov's courtly composure soon earned him the additional name of "Baron." How Johannes felt about this at first is uncertain, but later he answered to the name, and was referred to as 'The Baron' by all on the Jasta, and the new recruits (such as there were), assumed the title was bona fide.

When circumstances turned against the Counter-Revolutionaries, the Germans, German Balts and all personnel retreated in orderly fashion, except for 'Morrisov', who stole a Junkers CL.1 and flew south with his gypsy bride to help liberate Munich.

But cards remained a serious passion, and Morrisov's fortune began to wane. Like his wartime hero and part-time employer, Ernst Udet, he struggled to maintain the lifestyle to which he not only aspired, but managed to live.

Then came the fateful night in the club where Mara was performing and Morrisov, in a last desperate gamble, named her as his final bid.

The tension mounted as he played his last hand of cards.

Hearts trump everything, Morrisov was to discover, as he watched Mara dance into the night. She was later to join a performing group of belly dancers, and forge a new life devoted to perfecting her art without him.



Spinning the Flitzer

The workers have been spinning the Flitzer here for some time now, but the Baron won't be trying it until there is daylight beneath the wheels. Indeed, none of the workers have dared sit in the cockpit through a full revolution, probably because the seat belts are not yet fitted.

The Flitzer Werke rotisserie—no, not a flight simulator but a valuable production tool—has more than proven its worth in allowing the fuselage to be rotated (some would say spun) to any angle. This has vastly improved access to every part of the fuselage, and allowed working on it without bending into impossible angles or diving head first into the cockpit and injuring oneself trying to assemble complex parts while upside down.

So useful has the rotisserie been that any future project will adopt one far earlier in the production process, probably even before the plywood skinning of the fuselage.

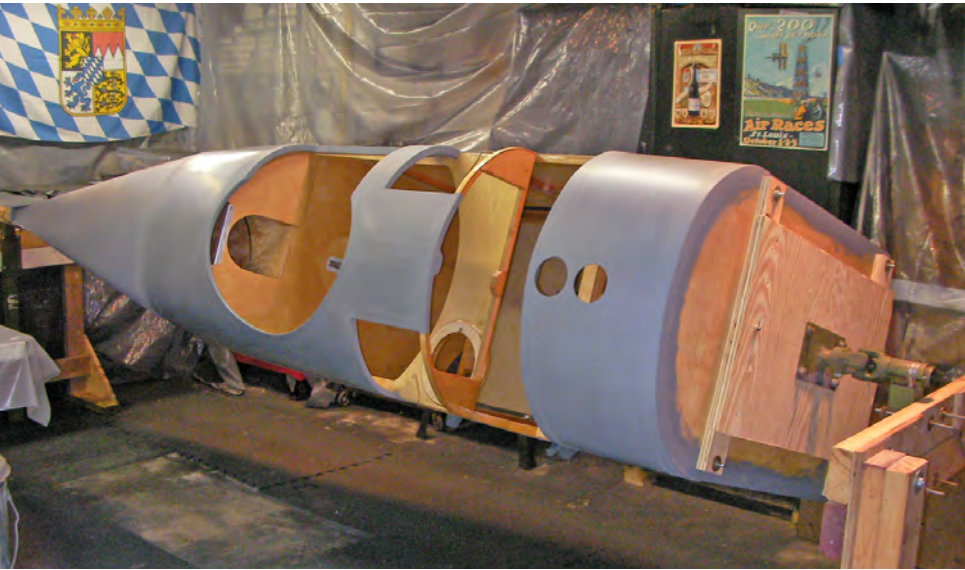
It would have been invaluable had it been devised before applying fabric to the plywood skin. And it proved its worth once again during painting, when every surface could be rotated into the flat position for spraying.

The rotisserie is attached to the front end of the Flitzer via a plywood mounting plate that is bolted through the engine mount holes.

At the rear, a mounting plate is bolted through the sternpost, using the attachments and nutplates built into the fuselage for the metal finpost.

The advantage of the universal joints is that they absorb any misalignment, meaning that none of the attachment points or holes are stressed as the fuselage is spun. And spun, And spun.

Once you find you can, you will! Access has never been so easy. The rotisserie might appear to be a project that has only short-term use, but you will find the opposite is true.



Mein guter freund Ken Terrio wants his two universal joints returned. Putting the wheels back on his car will just have to wait.

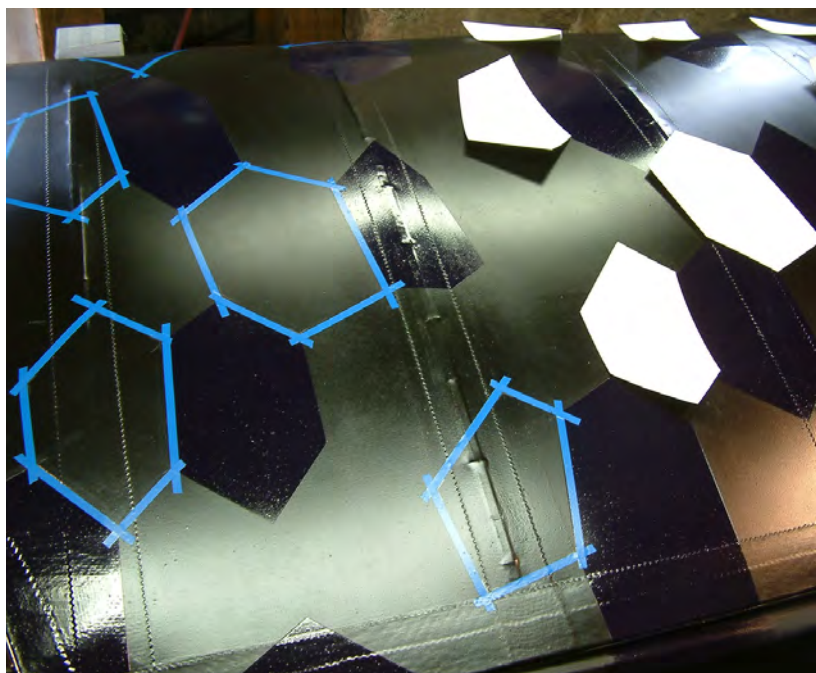


The universal joints on the rotisserie belong to a 1937 Ford, but they're much more useful here.



From the Film Archives: Lt. Ernst Kessler flies over Castell Coch in the blockbuster film *The Siberian Eagle*.

Deja Vu Again: Those Lozenges Revisited



Camouflage was seen as a personal insult by many fighter pilots, who promptly rendered it useless by painting large parts of their aircraft in bizarre and gaudy color schemes. Who wants to hide from the enemy? Where is the honor in that?

Morrisov's Flitzer is being resurrected to show it as it was in 1926, when the Baron proudly represented the Bavarian flag in international competition, while leaving intact the dark, night-bomber lozenge-patterned fabric that the Staaken Werke applied to the wings at that time (it was left over stock from World War 1).

The pattern had to be masked and painted in four colors as no printed fabric from that era survives.

Lozenge camouflage owes its origin to Pointillist painting, a school of Impressionist art that was much ridiculed at the turn of the 20th century. For it to work as camouflage the colors must all be related, in order to create an optical illusion or to confuse the mind. These certainly did!



Kazakov's Tail





Dispelling Those Ugly Rumours

Hearing scurrilous rumours that his love of weissbier and weisswurst would render him incapable of mounting the Morrisov machine, the Baron headed for Schloss Kessler to dispel the vile and baseless slander.

“My mounting ability is as good as it’s ever been,” Morrisov said after getting his leg over the cockpit door of prototype D692 and inserting his svelte 200 lb, 5ft 9in frame gently between the longerons. “Sehr gute!”

The 20-3/4-inch wide cockpit (between the longerons, it’s 22-inches externally) fit like a glove across the shoulders— just right, not too tight— as one’s arms are in any case sloped forward. There is even more room in the cockpit of the Morrisov Z-21 machine as the seat is 2-1/2 inches lower and the top longerons pass just above the shoulders.

The Baron demonstrated full stick movement in all directions with no hindrance whatsoever from the weisswurst, prompting him to celebrate his amazing form that evening at a local Bierstuben.



Mystery Find

An amazing discovery by UK-based Flitzer builder Adam Wankowski is thought to have brought to light an original pressing for a fuel tank made by the Staaken Flitzer Werke.

At lunch one day on a trip to Europe, he noticed the beer tray used by the waitress almost perfectly matched the dimensions of that very piece on the factory drawings. But what really aroused his curiosity were the stamped letters “FW” in the aluminium sheet.

“Those letters were one way to strengthen the metal sheet to stop it oil-canning in the air-plane,” Wankowski says. “It was amazing to discover this artifact in such mundane use.”

Of course, FW could also stand for Focke Wulf, but either way the piece is historic. It is now in service as a beer tray in Wankowski’s Suffolk Flitzer Werke.



Nature 0 *Flitzer Werke 2*



The harsh winter closed the Biergarten, and it will not reopen until the workers show a milestone to deserve such an event. But the Flitzer Werke remained open. Even a direct hit by a 100 year old catalpa tree failed to halt production.



The felled tree remained in place for some weeks as camouflage to thwart aerial reconnaissance by the Bolsheviks. It was finally reduced to logs by the staff and stored as future fuel to heat the Flitzer Werke. Below: a major investment in a place to keep the staff.



New Workers' Cabins



*“Deer are more ornamental,
but the workers are more
useful. Without them, we
ourselves would have to do
the work.”*

Sometimes They Must be Whipped

Bungees, that is. Not the workers - they don't like it.

It's those elastic cords that make all the difference on the bumps, and give you either a smooth landing or propel you back into the air if you touch the ground with a little too much enthusiasm.

To form an end on a bungee, one must stretch it 10%, then whip it mercilessly with rib-stitching cord. That's easier said than done - it's not a piece of cake to stretch a

bungee. Thank goodness for trees and chains; and, for the main landing gear bungees, a come-along ratchet machine.

One trusts that it won't all go *twang* and take out an eye or lop off a piece of vital Baronial equipment.

That's what workers are for. They step into the breach every time, and perform those dangerous tasks while the Baron directs operations from a safe distance.

