



Members and guests of Chicagoland Glider Council at exhibit at International Airshow—Chicago, Illinois, Sunday, January 30, 1938.

clipping tells of another fine flight of three hours, made on January 27th, over the Corn Hill dune, in a 20 to 35 mile wind.

**MICHIGAN
WAYNE**

Art Rahn writes that he has sold his beautiful red Westprussen sailplane to Dick Randolph, of Akron. Dick has made a great study, in recent years, of "line" storms caused by polar fronts, as he thought these offered his only opportunity of distance soaring with his Cadet, which is reinforced for aerobatics and, therefore, of comparatively low performance. We hope now to hear of Dick making some real distance flights on thermals caught after releasing from high winch tows at Akron.

MICHIGAN

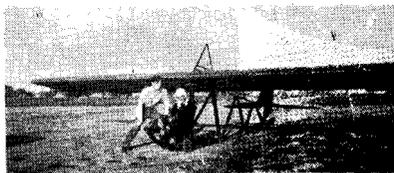
**A MICHIGAN GLIDER CLUB TELLS—
by Lloyd R. Gabriel
as told to Peyton Autry**

Our organization was formed in August, 1935, when we purchased a Mead primary glider. Operations began at the Sault Airport, Sault Ste. Marie, in blustery, wet weather. The only persons to get actual flying on the newly purchased ship were John Flannery, transport pilot, Oswald Lahti, amateur pilot, and myself. We ran up a total of 55 flights before winter. We had a lot of fun, but it didn't last long enough.

During the winter, we decided to rebuild the glider and make some refinements. It was not until June 9th, 1936, that two other members and I started the work of tearing off the old fabric. The sharp leading edge of the Durand 24 airfoil was rounded and covered to a point behind the front spar with 1/32" plywood, which we later found improved the performance greatly. Ribs were reinforced and "fabric lags" caused by capstrips, etc., in wing and tail were filleted with balsa. All rib trussing was reinforced with 1/4" square spruce, instead of the previous flat tension strips. A small double-wheel landing gear was installed on the skid. After a great deal of work and expense, the job was finally finished,

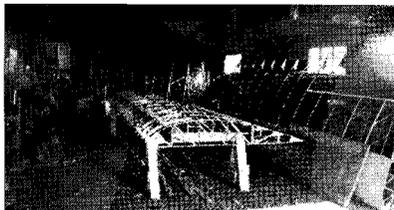
and the glider set up on the field, August 5th, 1936.

With a '36 Oldsmobile on the business end of the 400 ft. rope, I waited on the "front porch", fastened in with the safety belt. I raised my arm for the tow car to move away and we were off. The looseness and bending of the year before were gone; wheels rumbled and the ground raced by faster than the previous hops in 1935. Presently, it lifted easily



Bob MacArthur, standing, and Stan Lyons, sitting.

and only a light tug on the stick brought it up into a fast, vigorous climb. I released from the line at 350 ft. and made a gradual turn over a couple of farm houses and turned back towards the airport. The glider held a longer and smoother glide than before, and this altitude brought me to the end of the 2000 ft. runway for the landing, which was made in a tailwind at 50 m.p.h. The wheels scooted along as the tail shoe tinkled



Rebuilding the wing.

lightly over the gravel. The glider skimmed the runway for a hundred feet before the weight began to settle on the landing gear. The gang—ten of us—yelled and jumped like a bunch of wild Indians. She flew—and how! The sour looks and frowns of the power plane personnel of three months before, when I broached our "mad plan of rebuilding and redesigning", were now changed to smiles and congratulations.

Being thoroughly pleased with the glider, we decided to start training the

fledgling members. With six sheets of typewritten instructions and diagrams for a text, they were launched at the rate of three a week. One lad did a good job on the ground runs, but became frightened at 20 ft. of altitude. He side-slipped into the ground, which cracked the skid and a wing tip.

After repairs were made, one of the advanced members made the next hop, and experienced no trouble in taking off and reaching the limit of the rope. He cut loose, made a beautiful left turn to the runway, having plenty of speed and altitude to make a right turn, and land into the wind. Instead, he pushed the stick forward and attempted to land with only 300 ft. between him and the highway, which ran along the end of the runway. He attempted to kill his speed by pulling the stick back, but the glider hurtled onto the highway and sailed into a large truck. The truck was damaged to the extent of fifty dollars, but the glider came through without a scratch to itself or its pilot.

Our later flights were made by taking off the runway into the wind on long tow lines, which gave us plenty of altitude. Then high and out of the airport, a 180° turn would bring us around with a tailwind. With the tailwind, a dive could be made for the runway and, when leveling out, the tow car behind timed landing speeds in excess of 70 m.p.h.

The rebuilt primary, with secondary characteristics, withstood these landings and steep, high altitude climbs in a noble manner. There is a 100 ft. white circle marker in the center of the airport. When a west or northwest wind prevailed, we would hit back over this marker after cutting loose, and make steep 360° turns. When the downward wing tip seemed to pivot about the center of the circle, it was a good turn.

From August 4th to October 8th, the complete club logged 1,000 flights and ground runs, made in all kinds of weather. Our 1936 season was anything but disappointing.

It was not until Memorial Day that we were ready for the first flight in 1937. We rigged the ship with 1/8" 7-19 cable and aircraft turnbuckles. With every flight the wires stretched and, after six flights, we put it away until new rigging was received. On July 1st, we again had it rigged with good old AN Special No. 10 hardware, but, with the original aircraft turnbuckles. It flew the entire summer without adjustment. The night rains of the fall season made us experts at skimming and dodging puddles on the take-offs and landings.

On the evening of September 19th, we persuaded the airport manager to turn on the flood lights, and, in this way, we got our first real taste of night flying. I had flown many times at deep dusk and several times by moonlight, and often wanted to venture into real night flying. The glider on this night could not be seen at all the moment it hopped off, but everything on the ground was quite clear to the pilot of the glider. We flew from 9 till 12 p.m., and had real fun doing it.

The season was drawn to a close when I made the last flight on October 26th, and now we are impatiently awaiting the coming of spring.