

News FROM Clubs AND Members

CONNECTICUT

Mr. Ross Hull, of the American Radio Relay League, which makes its headquarters in Hartford, sends us a photograph of his latest radio-controlled model sailplane. This beautiful ship has a span of 16 feet and weighs 14 pounds.

Participants at last year's National Contest will remember Mr. Hull's work with radio-controlled soaring of a model built by Carl Thompson, of the Delaware Soaring Association, whose picture appears on our cover this month.

Recently your Editor was landing an army plane at Mustin Field, Philadelphia Navy Yard. Off to our right we saw a new bright yellow Stearman-Hammond pusher, with "tricycle" landing gear. Keeping out of its way, we landed on one side of the field and stopped to watch its glider-like landing. With flaps full down, the ship landed nicely on the runway. As it taxied past rapidly, we were amazed to see that there was no one in it. As it turned around and took off again, we noticed a large bomber on the far side of the field, with its engine running. In it sat the officer, who was controlling the Hammond by radio. Some one of these days, we may see this done with a sailplane, although the operator will have to be pretty skillful in landing the ship. He won't be able to open up the engine and go around again if he overshoots, as we saw the Hammond do four times in a row that day.



Ross Hull

The Hull model sailplane

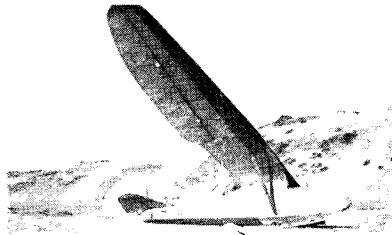


MASSACHUSETTS

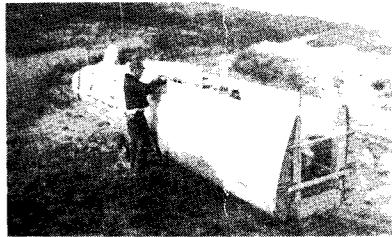
From Osterville comes news that Parker Leonard has already been putting his Wolf to good use. On December 8th, he made a two hour flight over the sand dunes near Cornhill, which average only 50 to 60 feet high. After taking off with auto tow on the beach, Parker had no difficulty in soaring the Wolf in the 30 mile wind that was blowing. He said that, short of freezing to death, he could have stayed up four or five hours.

To go on in Parker's own words: "Last Sunday, we went to a sand spit on the north shore called Sandy Neck. The dunes averaged no more than ten feet high, face due north, and extend for more than six miles. The wind off the sea was gentle (about 8 m.p.h.) and being

WNW, soaring seemed impossible, so, using 1,500 feet of wire, I towed to 1000 feet. After practicing stalls and spins, I eased down and slid along the face



The Wolf opposite the highest part of the bluff at Cornhill.



Getting ready to unload the trailer.

of the low dune. To my great surprise, the most remarkable Wolf maintained level flight for three miles, where I was finally forced to land, being unable to get a 180 degree turn out of ten feet, which was my average height.

"It was hedge hopping at its hedgiest, and so close that I often had to lift the shoreward wing over a nub in the dunes. I made many trips, both with and against the quartering wind, and grew more and more respectful of the Wolf's ability to fly on almost no air.

"The sand, salt water and sea breezes certainly made it seem like sailing at its best. No continual pounding and, best of all, no water running down your back. At one point, a man standing beneath me on the shore called out, 'It's nice work if you can get it!'"

Longest flight at Cornhill of slightly over four hours, was made eight years ago, by Peter Hesselback, of the Darmstadt Academic Group. The site has since been used by members of the M.I.T. group.



PENNSYLVANIA

Elmer Zimmerman, head of the South Mountain Soaring Association, stopped in at S.S.A. headquarters, recently. He reported that, due largely to the development of such superior locations as Ellenville and Wurtsboro, the site at Newmanstown has not been used for many months. Elmer is reviving interest in his locality and is looking for a wing of a Detroit Gull to rebuild the club ship at Lancaster. It will be remem-

bered that Elmer Zook, winner of the 1937 Midwest Soaring Contest in Michigan, and instructor for the XYZ Soaring Club of Detroit, was formerly a member of this group. His brother, Levi Zook, is now an active member of it.



MICHIGAN

THE SOO GLIDER CLUB

by Lloyd Gabriel

Did you ever launch a glider club? Starting one from scratch, without ever having flown a glider, is guaranteed to be a rare sport and plumb full of uncertainty. With a lot of scouting around and a lot more sales talk, our renowned Soo Glider Club took shape on July 10th, 1935, in the form of seven none-too-certain members.

On that date, we mailed into the Department of Commerce our certificate of registration, as the new owners of one Mead Primary Glider, which was at that time en route to the "Soo". It finally arrived on August 6th, with enough freight charges attached to send it back to New Orleans.

Quite a day it was on August 8th when, after sweating and cursing (you know) for three and a half hours, with only enough members to do the dirty work, we finally got the ship together. The elevators and ailerons had a lot of play and the wings seemed possessed of considerable flexibility, but we wanted to fly, so decided to try it. The first thing I noticed, in looking over the ship, was the absence of pinked tape and the fact that the fabric was only tacked down around the edges of the ailerons. I'd heard or read stories about Nieuports shedding fabric, but supposed that since primaries never went faster than twenty per, it would stick there a long time.

"Well, there she is, boys!" beamed one lad, and I had to agree that it was there, all right. We had about 120 feet of towline and a Model A Ford, so made ready for the first flight. There was a good breeze from the northwest, so we trundled it down the corresponding runway.

"Do you think she'll fly? Think you can fly her?" "Well, only two months ago I had half-an-hour (my first and only) in the Curtiss Robin, didn't I?" The glider ought to be a cinch. Before I knew it, I was off the ground, with the wind whistling through the wires. Instead of a mild twenty, I seemed to be making all of fifty, as I careened all over the place. Five times I went at it and five times it was the same thing, except that the last two didn't take my breath so badly and the landings came better. And can a primary ever bounce! For the first time in my life, I learned the meaning of "flying by the seat of your pants",—and how rudely it made itself known!

Finally, we put her away for the day and sat around it in a little ring to discuss what was wrong and what might be done to remedy it. First of all, the controls were sticky and sloppy, secondly—

(Continued on Page 11)