

CALIFORNIA GLENDALE

Dr. Wolfgang Klemperer sends in the following item from Glendale, California:

On June 2, Peter Riedel was guest at the regular meeting of the Southern California Soaring Association. A lively discussion of soaring problems filled the evening. During the following week, Riedel made a short distance flight between Tracy and Westley, Calif. A slight damage to the fuselage made by the dolly was quickly repaired with the aid of members of the SCSA. On June 10, Riedel gave a demonstration of precision aerobatics in his Kranich at Grand Central Airport, Glendale, both from airplane and from auto tow. On the following day he took several guests and members of the SCSA up as passengers while exploring the tricky thermals over San Fernando Valley from Metropolitan Airport. From here he went into the desert to get acquainted with the famous dry lakes to take off from Rosemond, unfortunately missing one of those rare days of decidedly unstable air and excellent soaring conditions over the entire Los Angeles metropolitan area.

CANAL ZONE

We are extremely pleased at the opportunity of printing the splendid news contained in a letter from Commander Ralph Barnaby.

Having been out of circulation for so long, I don't know just what the home folks will consider "news," but here are a couple of items.

On the 4th of May, I was promoted to the rank of Commander in the U. S. Navy. I have received orders transferring me back to the U. S. to duty in Philadelphia at the Naval Aircraft Factory. Mrs. Barnaby and I plan to sail from here the last of July, arriving in San Francisco early in August.

We will drive East, taking in a few Na-



Commander Barnaby.

News FROM Clubs AND Members

tional Parks and arrive in Philadelphia early in September. Owing to the late arrival of my relief (which determines my departure date) I will not be able to attend this year's contest. I hope, however, that I can visit some of the West Coast and other soaring groups along the itinerary. I plan to take an active part in S.S.A. affairs upon my return to the States.

Commander Barnaby's address will be:

Naval Aircraft Factory,
Navy Yard,
Philadelphia, Pa.

INDIANA SOUTH BEND

Bob Eikenberry, formerly of the University of Michigan club, and now teaching in the aero-engineering department of Notre Dame, reports on some new activity.

An item that you might want to put in SOARING is that we are listing a course in glider design for next year. I expect there are very few other schools that have paid any attention to this, if any. It will be a one-hour seminar open to seniors and graduate students. It is difficult to find material for such a course, especially in the structural line, and would be very glad for any leads you could give me.

About three weeks ago I pushed a Cub over to Ann Arbor. It was an absolutely cloudless day, but thermal activity was nevertheless very strong. Thermals were encountered on the average about every three or four miles, and were strong enough to give me from 200 to 500 feet altitude flying straight through them at 2000 feet. Some of them seemed over a mile wide. I am sure a sailplane could have made a lot of distance.

I found Scott Royce and a bunch of the boys just finishing up repairs on a crack up of a week before. The fuselage had been pretty well pushed in in front and the rear root fitting pulled out on one wing, so they had really made fast time on the repairs. It seems someone stalled on a low turn. The club has had a good year, seem to have had few hold ups from damaged equipment. Several of them went to Elmira during Spring vacation and got in some good flying. Hans Weichsel made 3000 feet over Harris Hill.

NEW HAMPSHIRE THE ALTOSAURUS

We are all familiar with the stories of experienced pilots. Here is one about a club that has just begun training operations. Dunbar Carpenter tells what it is like when you have never flown before.

When a group of intrepid bird-men get together for a day of gliding and soaring activities, that is news, but when a group of ground-lubbers, who have never so much as seen a sailplane, go berserk and turn up for the same purpose, that is more than news — that is excitement seasoned with uncertainty.

During the long evenings of the past

winter, Eliot Noyes, who not only had flown a motorless ship, but, which ranked him with the gods in our minds, had a "C" license as well, planted the seeds of enthusiasm among fifteen to twenty of us. Falling on fertile soil these insidious seeds took root, grew with great rapidity and first bore fruit on May 13th in Wurtsboro, New York, when the Altosaurus made its first public appearance. Our ship not being completely finished, the Schweizer Brothers very kindly loaned us their boom-tail, all-metal sailplane.

Herbert Sargent generously took the first day of our kindergarten and fired our enthusiasm even more with a tantalizing flight of some three and a half minutes bouncing magically from one lift to another. In due time, to our amazement and our joy, he came back to us, and we set to. The flight remarks on the log read much as follows: "Bounced wing tip," "a little unsteady, ended in ground loop," and "yawned but level."

The following morning, found us on the field before the cold night's mist had been dispersed by the rising sun. The ground crew fearfully watched tow-car and glider disappear into the fog and five minutes later reassuringly reappear from the murky mist. Ground flights continued off and on throughout the day and by late afternoon the more expert pilots (with apologies to all those who have really earned that nomen) were leaving the ground and attaining thrilling, although much disputed, heights. The critical ground crew sometimes most generously gave credit for an elevation of ten feet, while the man in the ship invariably and modestly claimed at least twenty and maybe twenty-five feet above Mother Earth. Remarks after such flights read: "Scared to death," "Didn't mean to go so high," "and "Stalled, heavy landing."

In the middle of the morning a contingent of the Airhoppers arrived and set up a winch on the long runway. The more experienced pilots, including two members of the Harvard Gliding Club, who had come to join the fun, were willingly given possession of the ship and obtained several high tows followed by 360's, spirals and occasional lifts. Lewin B. Barringer joined us in the latter part of the morning and on one flight caught a thermal in which he spiralled for some eight minutes. At that point, mirabile dictu, his compassion on the gaping earthly beings caught up with his enthusiasm for his heavenly journey, and unnecessarily but very generously he returned to our midst again.

Early in the afternoon one of our members, who had previously done a good deal of flying on his own, arrived from Boston in a new Fairchild. No sooner was he out of his plane than we had him in the glider and had given him instructions for his first flight. Toward the end of this initial run he gently pulled the stick back and attained a height of a scant six feet. The expressions of delight and of joy that were his after reaching a standstill dispelled whatever doubts any of us may have still

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