

**ASSOCIATED GLIDER CLUBS  
OF SO. CAL. LTD.  
November Membership Meeting and  
Installation Dinner**

November 11th, 1950, found a surprisingly small group of club members and guests gathered at Rose Hedge Manor in La Mesa for a memorable chicken dinner and meeting. Roman Benn officially presented the president's gavel to Charles Rowen. Henrietta Kecskes, newly installed secretary, read the minutes of the previous meeting and the by-laws which were then voted up and passed with the exception of the proposed Article IV, Section 14., Duties and Powers of the Board which was defeated; it would have dropped automatically any director failing to attend two consecutive director's meetings. The outgoing officers made their annual reports. Bill Ivans was appointed chairman of the forthcoming annual meet which is to be held in late February at Torrey Pines. Bill reported the Junior Chamber has indicated their continued support of this event. Following the meeting's adjournment, the Wolfe Hirth movies were shown along with color films of the 17th National and El Mirage Regatta taken by Mr. Snyder.

Charles Rowen, Bill Ivans, Roman Benn, Irv Gere, Ada and Jim Spurgeon, Jimmie and Steve Kecskes, Gwen and Frank Robbins, Harry Parker, Shirley and George Tweed were among those who enjoyed the Elsinore get-together October 14-15, 1950. The Elsinore hosts had readied a buffet supper, movies, and free ice cream. The movies were some 29 Palms glider operations films taken during the war which Ray Parker had brought, and Bill Ivans' color film of the 17th Nationals and Wolfe Hirth films from Germany.

Nineteen ships participated over the week-end; at one time seventeen ships circled in the same thermal, providing unusual fare for onlookers.

**A.G.C.S.C. AT ELSINORE**

The usual week-end flying activity was cooking at Elsinore on Saturday, September 16. The Douglass group was there and along with John Williams in his TG-3 and Earl Medlicott in the 1-19, we were all flitting around under the clouds at around 4000 feet. I had started early in my TG-2, the Cloudranger, and after about one hour, I came in to wait for warmer air. John Williams suggested that I fly his TG-3 and we climbed on board and in ten minutes we were set loose at 1800 feet by Jack Gretta, America's best tow pilot. In a few minutes we were at cloud base, 4300. We struck out for Alberhill and lost 1000 feet in the fifteen mile round trip, coming back over the field and heading out to Quail Valley. We cruised all over the area for two hours and came in planning a Silver "C" circuit for distance. That night we laid out the course and arising early Sunday morning, we flew the proposed course in Medlicott's Piper. It looked very good.—Inspiration point above Lake Elsinore to Murietta to Perris and return. I smoked up the barograph and Williams sealed it.

The cloud base was higher than Saturday and I was all set. At 12:50 I was off behind Gretta and cut loose at 2300 over Inspiration Point. I circled the point and promptly dropped to 1500 feet. Then I hooked a good one and ten minutes later I was heading out from cloud base, 5000 feet, for Murietta. Shooting down the range of hills, I stopped at the halfway point to work back to the cloud base. The cloud lift was running consistently 800 to 1000 FPM. I soon rounded my point at Murietta and not seeing any clouds out Perris way, decided to fly back toward Elsinore. I was down to 1500 feet and looking down at the home field when I hooked a good 600 FPM and started back up again. Clouds were rapidly forming toward Perris and away I went. Fifteen minutes later I was over the Perris Airport and as I circled I hit a whopper, 1000 FPM, and up I went. I made three turns and went into the cloud. I stuck the nose down and came booming out, heading for that last point. I cruised 65 miles per hour all the way back over to Elsinore and there the clouds had suddenly dissipated. I had 3500 feet but was some four miles from the 2000 foot final pylon. Fooling around looking for lift, I was caught in 600 FPM down and was to 800 feet, heading in for home base when I hooked some 'O' sink. Working it carefully, I started picking up until the climb went to 800 FPM. I hit cloud base, formed from the thermal I was flying and hit for the Inspiration Point final pylon. Pulling over in a sharp turn as I rounded the point, I headed back from the hills to home. Naturally, everything was going up after I was through, and I did steep spirals with spoilers open over the lake to get down to 1000 feet and slide in for my landing. I had run the course in 2 hours 10 minutes and had my altitude and distance legs of my Silver "C." This course is a natural, with safe landing fields all the way around. I'm sure I could have flown the entire course without ever stopping to spiral if I had waited one hour later to start. I flew the cloud back from Perris at 65 MPH and beat my observer who was flying back in the Cub all the way. The FAI requirement that ground observers witness the turns is easy with an airport at both outlying points. Come on down and try this course for yourself.

— Jim Spurgeon.

San Diego, Nov. 25

Dear Sir:

The gliding out here has slowed down a bit since all the big annual meets for 1950 are over now. The Elsinore Invitational Openhouse held at the Elsinore Gliderport on Oct. 14 and 15 was one of the best attended glider meets held in California in 1950. Over 25 pilots were there for the two-day affair and 20 gliders participated, including Ray Parker and the Tiny Mite, Robinson and Zanny, Stiglmeier and the Super Albatross, as well as the regular run of trainers. Elsinore has proven in one year, we discovered it last October, to be one of the best sites on the west coast. Thermal and ridge soaring

is always popular with the California boys and Elsinore logs more than 25 hours per week-end nearly all year 'round.

Our Assoc. Glider Clubs of San Diego has started the winter season going at Torrey Pines which is climaxed in February by the Pacific Coast Mid-Winter Soaring Championships. We have 16 ships now in San Diego and two new jobs being built. We are looking forward to our biggest year this season here at the local gliderport, Torrey Pines.

The Bishop wave expedition to shoot at those terrific altitude marks will get under way in December, no holds barred.

Gus Briegleb has turned in a wonderful year of soaring achievement from El Mirage. Lots of Golden and Diamond C legs came out of the Mojave desert this past season, starting at Briegleb's Soaring base.

Your first SOARING is really very well done and I sure hope to send in articles right along for you.

Best regards in your new job and let me know of special dope you may need.

Boosting SOARING  
JIM SPURGEON  
So. Calif. Gov. SSA

**TEXAS SOARING ASSOCIATION  
A Few Ground Slides With The Assistant To The Assistant Editor  
Of "Spirals."**

By E. J. Reeves

Couple of weeks ago we were in Washington, D. C., on some kind of business and in between times we called on our old friend Capt. Al Santilli of the Signal Corps of the U. S. Army. And of all places we found him in the big Navy Experimental Laboratory—looks like this unification of the military is really working. Anyway we had an evening of good soaring talk with Capt. Al. He has one sailplane stored in Calif., another one in New Jersey, eventually we suppose the Captain will have a machine stored at all possible places he might be stationed by the Army.

October was the best soaring month of the year in Texas except for the football season TSA members would probably have put in more soaring hours than in any other month. As was we had many enjoyable hours and Wiberg says he ain't a-quittin' but is going to soar right on through the winter months.

Here is a little story—true, that happened recently to a TSA member. It should be titled "Loves Labor Lost or Casting Pearls Before The Swine" or something—it goes like this. The TSAer had told the brothers of a small airport in a nearby county, who were non-soarers but fly boys all, that on a certain Sunday he would attempt a short XO flight to their airdrome in order that they might see something of motorless flight. The conditions on this Sunday were true Texas style and this good TSAer encountered no difficulty whatever in reaching said flying pasture exactly on schedule. Arriving he found below a goodly number of the brothers gathered and gazing skyward—whereupon he cut loose (See Next Page)