

# PAUL TUNTLAND

**SOARING** received a number of beautiful letters about the intimate details of Paul Tuntland's life. The following are excerpts from some of them:

" . . . a book could be written . . . "

His first and only parachute jumps were made when he was 9 years old. The first one was made from the coal shed window. That one was a success so the next one was made from the roof. This time he hurt his foot. His parachute was a gunny sack.

—Edna M. Tuntland, Paul's mother.

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" . . . from many memories . . . "

When Paul made his flight over the mountains from El Mirage to Burbank I thought it was pretty good but when I congratulated him he said "what for." But we knew he was proud of his flight.

—Peter Tuntland, Paul's father.

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" . . . I was tagged as OK . . . "

Twelve years ago, a main event at the Monrovia airport on Sunday afternoons was the parachute jump. Paul never missed being there for this demonstration. Usually he took me with him. Our transportation? His bicycle. This was a distance of five miles, all upgrade. It would have been much easier for Paul to have gone without this extra load but Paul always wanted others to be able to share in the things he enjoyed, giving them the same opportunity, no matter how inconvenient it may have been for him.

—Ramona Tuck, Paul's sister.

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" . . . at an early date . . . "

Being his school teacher I first became really acquainted with Paul in the class room as he was a pupil of mine during his third and fourth grades.

Thinking back as I reminisce, I see him with pieces of wood fastened together in different styles, and at every intermission you could see him immediately pick up his make-believe airplane and buzz out to the play ground.

—Mrs. Arthur Riedinger.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

Dear Editor:

I have had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of a friend of yours from Memphis by the name of Dennison—he has shown much interest in soaring, and I have had the pleasure of taking him on a few flights locally here in Salt Lake in a Pratt-Read Glider.

I am in the process of rebuilding my TG3 and I have had hopes of making possible some wave soaring here in Salt Lake at the same time as the project in California. My efforts, however, were practically stopped due to the accident of Paul Tuntland at El Mirage. Much of the technical information and moral support was being given by Paul, and his untimely death has proven a great shock to his many friends here in Salt Lake City. As you probably know, Paul was flying for the Western Air Lines, and was in Salt Lake City some two or three days per week, and on many of these we had been making and renewing friendships of long standing.

I have been making many of the various suggested modifications to the TG3 including tabs of the booster type on the ailerons, a smooth exterior, an attempt

at filleting the root ends of the wings, and smoothing up of the contour of the canopy; together with low temperature grease and freeing-up of the controls in general; installing a complete oxygen system and other necessary changes so that the TG3 can be used for high altitude soaring.

Inasmuch as Paul was my main-stay on the modifications and the aforementioned moral support, I may not be able to complete the glider in time for the earliest part of the wave soaring in mid-December.

Conditions here apparently will be very good for wave soaring, and each time the conditions that make good waving soaring at Bishop make the same condition prevalent here.

We have explored some of them to this extent, that one of the glider enthusiasts, (and incidentally one of our flight instructors) is a National Guard P-51 fighter pilot, has used his fighter plane on several occasions to check the lift condition when standing waves have appeared, and on the day that John Robinson made his 33,000 ft. mark, we were experiencing lift with the 51 up to 27,000 ft., which was the highest altitude that was attempted. These standing waves were checked as far west as the Ruby Mountains just east of Elko, Nevada.

The local weather bureau here at the Salt Lake Airport, headed by Mr. Archie Carpenter, has shown great interest in the wave project, and perhaps if not this yea, I am sure that the next, will show much data being obtained from them.

We have here the liason officer for the Civil Air Patrol, Captain Werner Goering, who was one of the Civil Air Patrol personnel to make the trip to Switzerland, and has been checked out in almost all the popular Swiss makes of gliders, and is a staunch enthusiast about soaring.

It is our intention to attend some of the wave soaring flights or attempts at Bishop this coming winter.

I am enclosing my very delinquent dues and ask for reinstatement in the Soaring Society, and have hopes of being more active in soaring this coming year. Before I ever had a business of my own, I used to dream of being my own boss and whenever gliding conditions looked good of taking time off and doing just that. Believe me, I have never had so little time to do what I really wanted to do as in the past five years of owning my own business.

Yours for better soaring,  
WM. FRANK KELSEY.

## GOLDEN C NO. NINE

By Warren J. Merboth

I first met Paul Tuntland in the spring of 1941. He was standing in a group of new student instructors who were assigned to me at 29 Palms during the early part of the Air Corps Glider Training Program. He seemed to stand out among the rest of the men in the group, perhaps it was because of his refreshing youthful composure radiating all of his nineteen years of existence; perhaps it was because his enthusiastic expression revealed the desire to satisfy his insatiable appetite for flying. From the moment of our first introduction, I was deeply impressed by his unequivocal sincerity, dependability, and allegiance.

The story of Paul's life could be written in one of three different ways. It could be the story of his per-