

News from CLUBS and MEMBERS

Dear Sir:

On Saturday evening, October 14, 1950 the Philadelphia Glider Council held its Annual Meeting and Election of Officers, following a dinner at the American Legion Club in Perkasie, Penna.

Officers elected for the coming year are: Lynn Daggett, president; Alan Schmid, vice-president; John Jednacz, secretary, and Harold Davis, treasurer.

Reports from officers and committees indicated that the club has had a successful season, in spite of rather unsatisfactory weather cycles. (Good soaring weather on Mondays). Club equipment, which has been used almost every week-end throughout the summer, is in good shape and ready for any week-end thermals that may be available during the fall and winter.

It is expected that the P.G.C. will be ably represented at the "Snowbird" Meet in Elmira over Thanksgiving week-end, in order to bring the trophy back to Philadelphia for another year.

Very truly yours,
ART MILLAY.

From TOWLINES the Newsletter of Pacific Northwest Soaring Association:

At Ellensburg on Saturday July 15 a gusty, fifty-mile wind whistled across the field. Half-heartedly, the Cascade club and the Richland club began to auto tow. To their surprise it turned out to be fun to fly in the wind. It was possible to gain 2100 feet of altitude from an auto tow with the tow car creeping down the runway at only eight miles per hour. By S turning, the pilots could drift backwards down the runway and land without ever having turned around in the conventional traffic pattern. It was also possible to taxi the sailplanes backwards down the runway—the pilot keeping the wings level and the wind doing the rest. During this all day session, a great many flights were chalked up by Joe Robertson, Ed Radcliff, Al Withrow, Clark Higgins, and Bob Moore. Prater Hogue, Johnny Owens, and Heasley Entz were there to see that things went as smoothly as possible both on the ground and in the air. The day was only marred by an accident which happened to the Richland Club's TG-3 on the last flight of the day. Al Withrow was making like a helicopter in the wind over the Ellensburg ramp when the wind suddenly stopped blowing. Al and Bob Moore who was holding down the rear seat were violently shaken up, but not injured when the TG-3 plopped in hard from about forty feet. Prater Hogue was nearly flattened as he stood a scant three feet from the spot where the wing tip came down. Luckily, Al, Bob and Prater all escaped unscathed, but the sailplane was out with a damaged landing gear.

We invited ourselves down to Renton one cold, foggy dawn to witness the first flight of the engineless Dragonfly belonging to Mark Kirshner and Harry Higgins. Gib Gilbert furnished the auto tows and several flights were made successfully. The shiny, new Dragonfly looked for all the world like a Bowlus Baby sailing around the field. The little ship was pronounced a distinct success by Harry and Kit Carson who both flew it.

This sailplane has some features which are calculated to take some of the work out of gliding. For instance, there is no tedious wing walking necessary when the plane must be moved from one part of the field to the other. A tow rope is merely hooked to the nose then the pilot climbs into the cockpit and mans the brake and steerable nose wheel while being towed from here to there in relaxed comfort. This is going to be a lazy man's sport yet.

Associated Gliders Clubs of Southern California, Ltd.

The Board of Directors at their August meeting compiled a list of pilots who were competent to fly the ship cross country. The following names appear on the list: Irv Gere, Steve Kecskes, Bill Ivans, Dick Esery, Bob Fronius, Pete Girard, Harry Parker, and Jim Spurgeon.

The really big news of the day is that after months and months—and even years and years—the Pratt-Read "Desert Devil" is on the list of convalescing patients. The way the boys are going to town, the fuselage should soon be ready for recover (the glass is almost on) and a few more coats of dope on the wings and it's in the air!

Second big news item, and almost as important, is the action taken at the August meeting which was held at Torrey Pines. In order to stir more activity and to answer the old complaint of how expensive flying is, the membership voted to CUT the rates in the club ships. By paying in advance, you can buy six hours of flying for \$10.00.—LESS THAN \$2.00 PER HOUR! The TG-2 is to be left assembled at Elsinore until we resume activity at the cliffs, and it is only an hour and a half drive on good roads up there—an easy day's trip up and back with plenty of time to fly and shoot the breeze. There is always airplane tow available, which, of course, would be in addition to your flying time. This really should be a boost to flying for it should answer the old story, "I would like to put in more time but I can't afford it."

Several weeks ago John Williams of Elsinore took their TG-3 up to 18,000 feet, which just goes to show you can make high altitude flights near the coast if you get just the right day.

At the last regatta at El Mirage

some of the ships attending were the Inyo-Kern TG-2, Bill Bowman's Rigid Midget, Johnny Robinson with the Zanonla and new Ford, Bill Ivans, Vic and Anna Saudek, Tom Barker and several others whose names we did not get. It seems the weather was most eccentric. The afternoons gave quite good lift, 15,000 feet being commonplace, but suddenly everything was DOWN. One pilot in Gus's TG-3 would have had plenty of altitude to more than make the field in normal weather but this time it was so close, Gus had almost resigned himself to losing a ship. The pilot said his rate of climb went to 2000 feet a minute down and stuck there. He has no idea of how much greater his sink was. Gus said there were even marks on the dry lake where the "thermals in reverse" dug into the lake. We hear Bill Ivans made the longest flight of 125 miles to Valley Wells Station.

It seems Per Muehlengracht must have enjoyed his first parachute jump he made at Bob's because he was down two weeks ago and made another.

Sanford, Fla.

Dear Editor:

You probably know that we stopped enroute home from Texas where Dr. Raspet run a series of flight tests on my reworked L-K and proved to me that it was even better than I had thought it to be.

I sold my remaining L-K to Tim Lucero, Denver, Colorado. A friend of ours hauled the ship to Odesza, meeting us there. Then he and I went on, to Denver, while Mom took our car and trailer to Starkville, driving all the way alone.

In Denver I saw Dr. Allaby and some of the other Glider Boys from that area. I was terribly shocked when they told me of Paul Tuntland's tragic death. Paul had been located in Denver and I had been looking forward to a good visit with him. I knew him well, here in Florida, and he gave me my sea-plane flight instruction. Soaring lost one of its best flyers and best friends, in losing Paul.

From Denver I went to Pierre, South Dakota, and picked up an Aeronca spray plane which we left there last year, and flew it home, stopping over in Starkville for a few days. Mom never worries about me when I fly my Glider, but she was somewhat disturbed at the thought of me flying the little power job on that long cross country hop. It was quite an interesting trip, however, and I enjoyed it. We got home 5 days before our new grandson, David Walter Krohne, arrived, at the home of of son, David Walter Krohne, Jr. David looks as if he would make a fine crew member in a few years, along with his brothers, Johnny and Roger.

Yours,
WALTER J. "POP" KROHNE.