



# Spiraling

with E J

*More about our columnist: EJ's first attention to flying machines came in the early 20's, when he spent all the time possible around the local airport and received his first instruction. (To be continued.)*

THE FOUR ACTIVE clubs of the Pacific Northwest are — Seattle Glider Council (publishers of *Towline*), Cascade Soaring Society, Pacific Northwest Soaring Association, and Puget Sound Soaring Association. All of these clubs are domiciled in and around Seattle, Washington state's great port city — which, incidentally, is situated some 100 miles inland from the blue Pacific.

P. H. Entz, of the SGC, is a new Director of the Soaring Society of America. This is the first time, I believe, for the Society to have a Director from this important soaring group. Harold ("Kit") Carson has long been a prime mover in this section. He, you know, is of the technical staff of Boeing's air-to-air refueling system. Also prominently identified with soaring in the "Northwest Corner" are — Robert Joppa with the University of Washington, currently active with an Air Scout glider flight training development; Peter Bowers, Editor of *Towline*; Gerald Casey with the Civil Aeronautics Authority; Amos Wood with Boeing, and a host of others.

The activities of the Washington groups have also something of an international aspect. Being across-the-border neighbors of Canada, they frequently visit back and forth with Canadian soaring people. The sport is little developed in the prairie provinces of Western Canada, and perhaps the Pacific Northwesterners will continue to encourage it there. I have always thought there must be an awful lot of perfectly excellent soaring conditions going to waste in western Canada.

But — who are we to talk? For certainly we still have some wide gaps between our soaring centers. Or, as the Governor of N. C. said to the Gov. of S. C., "It's a long time between drinks."

Looking at a relief map of Washington, a soaring man is immediately struck with the apparent variety of soaring possibilities. The Cascade mountain range, with some peaks going higher than 14,000 feet, divides the state with approximately one-fourth lying to the west, and three-fourths to the east. Differences in weather, terrain, and vegetation between the two sides, are very marked. It makes for two worlds, as it were.

Crossing the Cascades (a matter of half an hour's drive over some of the world's finest highways) from west to east, you leave the lush green of a fir, spruce and cedar rain forest of the Pacific slope — and go immediately into the dry reaches of the arid eastern rolling plains. Rainfall west of the range averages 100 or more inches annually, while on the eastern side it is frequently no more than 10 inches per annum.

The great Boeing Aircraft Works are located at Seattle, and from the ranks of their engineering and technical staffs the Washingtonian soaring groups have a rich mine of prospective members. Some quite good soaring flights have been accomplished in this area: altitudes of 14,000 feet, durations of over seven hours and distances of near 200 miles.

But anyway — with all these wonders, it is too bad the Washingtonians are not gifted at bragging like the Texans — if they were, they too could become famous.

— E. J. Reeves

## IVANS STORY (continued)

strong southwest wind, I watched the precious altitude slowly unwind on the altimeter and watched the miles toward Amarillo pass by (much more slowly, it seemed!). The air was quite smooth, and I could see dust being blown across my course by the strong surface wind. There seemed to be no prospect of finding any more lift, and by the time I passed over Claude I could see houses and cars and people very plainly, and there was still some 20 miles to go.

Then the unexpected happened — I felt a little turbulence and watched, delighted, while the rate of climb moved steadily up past zero and settled near 2 meters/sec as I put the 1-23 into a spiral. A few turns show that this was no bubble, but a real thermal, and as the minutes went by I passed the points of (1) *maybe* making my goal, (2) *pretty sure* of making my goal, and finally (3) the point where I was *certain* of making it.

I, of course, reported all this to Bud and Hutch, who were most pleased. Earlier, Bud had figured that I could at least glide to the point where I might earn my 500 kilometer Diamond "C" leg, but now it looked as though I would get this and goal points too.

At this time, I began to think about the goal prizes that had been announced for Amarillo — \$200 for first pilot to reach there, \$50 for second. The Contest Committee had announced that English Field was the goal prize airport; unfortunately, no such airfield appeared on my charts, and a call to the car brought forth the information that no such airport existed on their charts either. I decided to call Amarillo Radio for information, and learned from that that English Field and the Amarillo Air Terminal were one and the same.

Then the operator added, "For your information, another glider has just landed here!" This was a blow, and I was immediately curious as to who it was, but no information was to be had on this point.

After passing this word along to the crew, I told them to go ahead to the Air Terminal, as I had enough altitude to make it at that point. I pointed the nose slightly south of the airfield, which I could now see quite plainly, and settled down for the last leg of the day's flight, when I was surprised to hear a call from the car via VHF receiver and headphones.

Bud had a message for me, "Let me be the first to congratulate you on