

REPORT FROM SEATTLE

The Seattle gliders were on the move in July. Five of them made the 150 mile haul to Wenatchee, east of the mountains, for the Fourth of July week-end. They were joined there by Bob Moore and his 2-22 that traileered in from Richland, and by Earl Drew, who auto-towed his TG-2 to 600 feet at Ephrata, 40 miles downwind, and worked thermals all the way to Wenatchee. The weather was generally disappointing, but at one time, all seven ships were working the ridge together. Earl topped duration with eight hours, Pete Bowers was paralyzed after six in the "Wolf," and Joe Robertson completed Silver "C" with five-and-a-half in the TG-3, all on July 4.

July 5 was uneventful except for Earl's breakaway for a cross-country to Coeur D'Alene, Idaho, 160 miles away, and only 30 short of his Diamond "C" goal of Kellogg, Idaho. None of the other ships could get away, or even stay on the ridge.

July 6 was to have been cross country day for everyone else, but again the weather was a fizzle, dropping Heasley Entz, Pete Bowers, and Joe Robertson within a couple of miles of each other about eighteen miles from the start, where they sat for hours before being retrieved, due to a driver and towcar shortage, and the fact that several drivers had gone off to retrieve Drew and hadn't gotten back. The day was a success for Mark Kirchner, however, who got Silver "C" altitude in the Dragonfly. Altogether, five Silver "C" legs were accomplished.

One tragedy marred the week-end. Bob Moore lost altitude in a "down," and caught a wingtip in power lines running down the side of the ridge, his 2-22 then diving squarely into the slope. Major damage was to the wings, which broke forward at the struts as a result of the impact. Bob suffered a broken ankle, but is not letting that discourage him from rebuilding the ship.

On July 13, Heasley and Pete, assisted by Clark Higgins, put on a two-ship demonstration at an air show in Olympia, the state capitol,

filling in a spot in the program left vacant by prohibition of the stunt acts that the CAA now frowns on for such affairs. The crowd, the show officials, and the CAA were well pleased with the demonstration, which included airplane and auto tows, double tows and formation flying, paper cutting, and spot landing.

On July 19, the Annual Ellensburg meet was held by the Ellensburg Junior Chamber of Commerce. Four events were scheduled, but only three were counted, due to 35 MPH-plus winds and an inadequate towplane. Joe Robertson took duration with the TG-3, Bob Kruse won bomb dropping in the first appearance of the BG-6 away from Arlington, and Pete Bowers won spot landing with the "Wolf." There was the annual flight breakfast and air show scheduled for the next day, and one glider was to stay over and demonstrate, but since the scheduled acrobatic acts were cancelled, Heasley and Pete offered to fill in with their two-ship act IF a suitable towplane could be provided. Thanks to Brigadier General Stevens of the Washington National Guard, a lulu was made available, a Cessna L-19A, and the act started on schedule. The wind was between 35 and 49 KNOTS at the time, and a gust caught the "Wolf" from behind and broke the rudder post as it was being readied for tow, so Heasley put on a solo demonstration with the TG-2 of rough weather flying and cross-wind landing that impressed many of the power plane pilots present, some of whom had had their lightplanes blown off the runway by gusts.

PETER M. BOWERS,
Sec'y., Seattle Glider Council.

Considering how often Soaring has quoted from it, the editor deserves a spanking from the Seattle Glider Council for neglecting to mention our publication TOW-LINE in the listing of those received regularly that was printed in the last issue.

SHAME ON YOU!



Hotel Bill . . . \$0.00. Pete Bowers and Heasley Entz bed down beside their ships.

• Hoinville Reports

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new experience when I contacted a cold front near Madrid and flew dead straight for the next sixty miles, gaining height from 10,000 feet to 12,000, along the face of the front, but then had to dive through the front to reach the goal, about 15 miles away at 90° to my course along the front. In the next five miles, the Kranich came down like a streamlined brick, until at 1000 feet I reached the weak lift behind the front and tediously struggled up again to a reasonably safe height, spurred on by the sight of many gliders squatting forlornly in the fields below.

I reached the goal in 2 hours, 1 minute, and was not the last or the slowest. About 20 came down short, one just at the edge of the airfield.

In the goal flight event, pilots should not be restricted to an arbitrary list of official points, but should be allowed to select any identifiable point on the map, in order to allow each man to choose his distance. In Spain the official points were much too near or much too far, with nothing in between.

I think that the Spanish Contests proved very little, the most outstanding point being the need, the absolute necessity, for a large and efficient retrieving team with radio contact and a fast car and a good trailer or air tow. The pilot must be relieved of all work of all kinds. He must fly and do literally nothing else. All information must be collected for him by others, he must not be asked to attend meetings on flying days.

Many lessons were learned. One was that the country running the contests should not be asked to make last minute changes. In Spain, the chief organizer, Teniente-Coronel Senor Ordovas, had performed miracles of organization and had everything running with great efficiency for which he deserves the highest praise, but the pilots at their meetings demanded certain changes in the program, and this undoubtedly caused some confusion and threw the organization out of gear at times. Despite this, few real hitches occurred, and I have nothing but praise for Senor Ordovas and the many other Spanish people who worked like slaves to ensure the success of the most colossal task ever undertaken by the gliding movement, a task made possible solely through the generosity of the Spanish authorities who supplied free gliders, transport, crews, and scarce and valuable petrol supplies, to many of the contestants.

All pilots benefited in part from this generosity. Many of us benefited directly from all of it.

The cost of this generosity cannot be measured in money alone, but I believe that damage to Spanish-owned gliders alone came to £20,000.

As against this, Spain impressed us all with her beauty, her hospitality, the complete and instant friendliness of all her people, in the cities and in the country villages.

I have learned to love Spain and her people, and I hope and believe

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