

"JET-STREAM"

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controls except the rudder, as mentioned before. Thoughts run through your mind very quickly in such moments. As my head hit the canopy, it felt like I had moved upward quite a ways and I wondered if perhaps I hadn't accidentally loosened my belt. I was too stunned to make any attempt to bail out.

Just as suddenly as all of this violence started, it became quiet, except for the sound of the wind whistling by. I felt that I had been thrown clear of the glider. There was no sensation of falling (sinking) but rather of being suspended in space. Something was holding both feet. I tried to move them. It had a firm grip. I tried to look at my feet and see what was holding them but everything was black. I still couldn't see.

There seemed to be no twisting, shaking or tumbling in the fall. However, I must admit I was very much confused. I was still trying to squirm and pull my feet free but I just couldn't do it. I fell a ways and decided it best to try to open the 'chute anyway.

I felt and fumbled across my chest for the rip cord. I yanked, the chute opened immediately (what a wonderful feeling) and at the same instant, both feet were free. My boots went, too, so I was in my socks. I still couldn't see. It was quiet. All of this violence had taken place in just a few seconds. Now was the first time I could really keep up with what was going on. If I could only see!

I was concerned about being carried up to higher levels. The rate of climb in 195 ahead of the roll cloud had been 1800 feet a minute a few minutes before. My helmet, oxygen mask, gloves, were all gone. My feet were cool even though I had three pair of socks on. The slippers went with the boots.

There was a hissing noise. I felt down my right leg to locate my bail-out bottle. I thought perhaps I could stick the hose in my mouth since my mask was gone. However, the hose from the bottle was broken off and missing completely. As I was exploring the bail-out bottle with my hand, vision in my right eye returned. Vision was blurred but so helpful.

The first thing I saw was a faint little light moving very slowly back and forth. It took me a moment to figure out that this was the sun. I was in the cloud but it was not dense enough to completely eliminate the sun.

I looked up at the 'chute. It was a colorful thing with orange and white panels. There were some broken shroud lines. I looked down and noticed the ground through a little hole in the cloud. Now I realized what made the sun appear to move back and forth. I was turning and swinging, quite violently at times, on the 'chute. Too, the 'chute would suddenly yank me upward at times.

I came out just below the main roll cloud. It was a massive, dark boiling thing. I didn't want to be carried upward so I pulled on the shrouds on one side to partially collapse the 'chute. For the first time, free of the cloud, I could see parts of the Pratt-Read being carried up past me. This is the first I had seen of any of the glider since hitting the turbulence. It was the first indication that perhaps 195 had broken up in the air and not

hand, it seemed like pulling on a big spring. When one relaxed at all, the 'chute would pull back up.

The shroud lines pulled the left wrist right in front of the left eye, so that my wrist watch was right in front of the right eye. I really wasn't particularly interested in what time it was but since it was the thing I saw I noticed the watch said ten minutes after three.

Vision in my left eye was still gone and I was somewhat concerned with having lost it as the left side of my face was all wet. My right hand was bleeding profusely.

The wind was carrying we eastward over the valley. I was 3 or 4 miles south of Bishop. It looked as though I might land on the White Mountains to the east. I still couldn't tell that I was doing very well with the problem of getting down. I kept



Betsy Woodward

Good soaring conditions prevailed on April 1st. This shot was taken from about 20,000 feet, looking north with Bishop in the foreground.

just a matter of my being thrown out because of a loose belt.

Seeing pieces of fabric and plywood going up and disappearing in the roll cloud was quite an impressive sight and I cannot express my feelings as I swung there on the parachute and realized these were pieces of 195. It may sound a little funny to some and inadequate to others but at that time, I exclaimed aloud, "Darn"!

My left shoulder, arm and hand were numb and quite useless in tugging on the shroud lines of the 'chute. However, I did manage to get my left arm up to my chest so that I could use it to grasp the shroud lines that I pulled down with my right hand. Pulling with my right

tugging on the shrouds which was very exhausting. The roll cloud began to look a little higher and I could tell by the crest of the mountains that I was coming down.

I looked at my watch. It had been 10 minutes since I first looked at it. My right arm was becoming very tired of holding the shroud lines. Now I could see with my left eye! It was not possible to focus it but I could see. I found it better to keep it shut and try to look with just the right eye.

I heard the BT towplane engine and I was hoping they would see me. (I later learned that Al Langenheim did see me, reported my position to Bishop and flew around me as I