

## COULD THIS HAVE BEEN YOU?

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high to land, whereupon he started another very flat 360° turn away from the bluff. This carried him out over the water and again into the downdraft area. When he flew into the down at a minimum airspeed, he was forced to dive out of his turn in order to maintain airspeed and the ship hit the water about 50' from the shore. The 1-19 was extensively damaged and the pilot received back injuries and facial lacerations.

*Cause:* Attempting to fly in very difficult conditions with abilities not equal to the conditions.

7. 2-22. A student pilot on his second solo flight released from the tow and a short time later was observed in a steep dive at 600 to 700 feet. Normal recovery was made and the pilot entered the normal downwind leg of the landing pattern. The glider was then seen to dive vertically into the ground from an altitude of about 500 feet. Destruction of the glider was complete and the pilot was instantly killed.

*Cause:* Events leading up to the flight point strongly to suicide. (Perhaps this one should not be classified as an accident. It is listed here only for the record.)

8. 1-19. The pilot, with 22 hours power time and 73 flights in the 1-19, had auto towed to 500' and was attempting to center a thermal. He tightened up a turn at minimum airspeed, then applied full opposite aileron for a rollout without applying any corresponding rudder. The inside wing stalled out, and probably due to the stick being held back, continued to mush down in a stalled turn. Flying speed was recovered too late to avoid hitting the ground. The nose of the fuselage was badly pushed in and both wings were broken at the strut attach points. The pilot received a broken back, a fractured skull, and cuts.

*Cause:* Attempting to soar too close to the ground and lack of knowledge of how to recover from a stalled turn with a minimum loss of altitude.

9. Cinema A — Experimental Single place. A commercial power pilot-instructor, with little or no glider time made his first auto tow to an altitude of 50' with 250' of 1/2 inch rope. This was successful so he went to 200' on the next tow and made a 180° turn, with an appreciable loss of altitude, back down the runway. While still within the field boundaries, the pilot

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# Spiraling

with E. J.

Spiraling about here in my spare time I watch with interest if not downright amazement, the business of the editors of SOARING in putting this magazine together. On the sly or over their shoulders I read much of their mail. Some of their customers are happy with the magazine while others have, let us say, an opinion to the contrary. It is all very interesting and in the main I agree with the last letter I read.

But these editors, poor fellows, suffer I suppose something bordering upon complete frustration. And pitifully enough there is no escape for them, no surcease from the labor or the abject misery of the task at hand. They can't resign from their positions as they were never hired in the first place. They cannot demand higher pay because there weren't no pay. Now whether these chaps are just plain fools for doing it or whether they are completely devoted to soaring's cause, I simply do not know — that I will leave to your judgment, gentle reader.

Now and again they find themselves "fat" — a wealth of material for these pages, a maze of complimentary letters from the customers. Ah! but those are rare days for the editor fellows, everything smells like perfume. And then, whammo! the lean days are upon them, dead cats come sailing in and the editorial air takes on a different aroma. Woe is we. Maybe it is the third generation sins which we are supposed to be heir to — but more likely it is the orneriness of people. The why and wherefore of that I will also leave to you gentle reader. Fact is there ain't hardly any other bang place to leave it.

Then in this same connection — having little else to do, I am a great one for attending meetings, especially SSA Directors meetings etc. I reckon I have skipped no more than one such during the past ten years. At these congresses of SSA Members' duly chosen representatives I come in contact again with a group of otherwise perfectly intelligent people. They, like the editor fellows, I find, are either wacky for the beating they take, or else afire with soaring's unquenchable flame of enthusiasm.

Just last month I was privileged to attend the '55 mid-year meeting, the details of which are reported elsewhere in this issue. And there, between naps, I was given to a bit of wool-gathering and mused on this fascinating group and their doings. Here were more than a dozen men of business, finance, the higher professions and sciences, all surely (I being the only possible exception) with much important unfinished business at home. But some strange urge, some call to duty had caused them to lay down the tools of their trade, to abandon the plow in the furrow for a time, and hurry at their own personal expense to this meeting. And all for what purpose?

This one, dear reader, I do not leave to your judgment, I have the answer for you — I think. And I think it is this — from the little over one thousand of full memberships in SSA it has always been possible to obtain a score of men good and true, who will so completely devote themselves to this Society's business and thereby insure its successful ongoing.

Now who should get the credit for this — certainly not those who serve, they would be nauseated at the thought of it. The entire credit is rightfully due the rank and file of SSA's membership, for they after all are, always have been and, I think, always will be, smart enough to select just the right ones to do this job. And so it is, SSA'er, that you and only you are still the boss of this mag, the omnipotent ruler of its contents and the power both in front of, and behind, the throne.

EJ