

banquet and dance that renewed many old acquaintances and started many new ones on the way, we feel that Snowbird 1959 was a complete success. See you next year.

## PREPARE FOR ALTITUDE

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canopy. This melts, runs down into the bilge as one drops to lower, warmer altitudes. Then, up again, exulting in one's skill to regain the wave lift. There, in the bilge and around the controls, the ice grips unnoticed as little movement is required in the smooth lift. Or an icicle grows just outside your oxygen mask at the discharge valve; Also one should know what to do if, for any reason, he vomits into the mask.

Batteries chill and lose their charge. Insulation, and perhaps even a set of batteries (if dry cells) in the same box which heat themselves and the others for a period of time may be a kind of solution. By the way, relief tubes don't work at altitude.

In visiting any unfriendly part of this planet proper precautions are the rule, whether it be Antarctica, Africa or crossing a busy street. A high altitude flight applies the shattering cold of the polar regions to a body that has been heavily dressed for these conditions, but which, just before getting into the cold, may have been subjected to long, perspiring exertions from fighting violent turbulence in warm air levels, so much for Antarctica and Africa. During good waves, more often than not, many sailplanes are up simultaneously. Once, Bob Symons who was at 38,000 feet and whose canopy was solidly iced up, took an excellent close-up of another sailplane, directly below, whose canopy was solidly iced up (Symon's camera was a special rig for a research project). So, look both ways, as when crossing a street.

I have refrained from giving specific remedies for problems that can exist. Such nostrums can be distorted to fit some concept that an overeager person might envision.

If the reader wants to go high and has realized that it isn't so very easy and he might better consult real, conservative engineers experienced in this field, then I feel that I have accomplished my purpose.

Many wonderful flights have been made above 40,000 feet, and higher ones and longer ones will be made, but as the dangers increase the pilot and the equipment must be suited to the task.

# There Aren't Any Folk Heroes Any More

by J. MAURICE TUDOR

Folk heroes are fewer and farther between these days. Apparently the next and maybe the final one will be that one who rides the first rocket to the moon.

Whether or not he will attain to the stature of, say, Charles Lindbergh, is uncertain. His name may be recorded for posterity, but will people invent and sing songs about him, like, for instance, Casey Jones?

The last man to come even close to being a true folk hero was Captain Kurt Carlsen, who stayed aboard the Flying Enterprise in 1951 after his crew had left the ship. Single handed, Carlsen rode out a severe Atlantic storm and brought the ship and cargo safely thru.

Carlsen, Casey Jones, Lindbergh, and several others of similar legend had something in common. Something that few people can find nowadays. They had an opportunity to match their own peerless courage, wit, and skill against the almighty elemental forces of nature. They thus earned the right to exult in their accomplishments.

J. Maurice Tudor is the aviation editor of the KANSAS CITY KANSAN, Kansas City, Kansas. He wrote "There Aren't Any Folk Heroes Anymore" as an editorial for the Midwestern Soaring Association's newsletter CUMULUS. He is an honorary member of that organization.

Today things are different. A man is hardly the Captain of either his ship or soul, nor the master of his fate any more. From the time a mighty airliner leaves the ground, the pilot is only partially in control. Until it lands again, there are other eyes, brains, instruments, and pre set devices making his judgments, doing his work. One man's accomplishments on any big mission nowadays are practically nil.

That's why there'll never be another Casey Jones.

However, in case you yearn to do something on your own - to bring out those latent pioneering instincts and exercise them - what is better than soaring? A sailplane is equipped with an absolute minimum of dials, gadgets, and devices to keep itself aloft. Once up there, it's all up to

you. You earn every foot of altitude you gain after the towplane is gone, and you can say proudly, "I did that."

You'll be on your own - far more than in a racing automobile or any other challenging sport. True, you may break a soaring record these days and still not become a folk hero - but you'll find a self-satisfaction in it that too few people are privileged to know any more.

Soaring is one of the last repositories of personal achievement.

## ELSINORE CONTEST

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terrain to the south of Elsinore, landed on a recreation beach in San Diego, 61.3 miles away. But it was Paul Bikle's outstanding 110.5 mile flat triangle up and down the ridge that won for the day.

Many pilots took off in intermittent rain showers on Sunday and although the rain finally stopped for awhile the clouds never left. Only three of the nineteen who attempted the Glen Ivy-Murieta Hot Springs-Elsinore triangle were able to complete the task. Again Paul Bikle finished first by completing the 48.3 mile course in 1.54 hours. Flying Les Hiller's new Cherokee, Ray Proenneke placed second with a time of 2.35 hours. The third finisher was John Williams, who spent 2.59 hours traversing the triangle.

Sunday was also a busy day for others at Skylark Field. The Skydivers Club sponsored a parachute jumping contest during which over 75 jumps were made just north of the airport, and the Elsinore Junior Chamber of Commerce held a barbecue dinner. An extra added attraction were two stunt flyers. There was never a dull moment.

To increase the prize distribution, contest winners were not eligible for the two prizes given for each contest day. Awards were also given to two-place entries, team entries and the club with most participating members. Merchandise prizes including a foot locker, tie down kits and clean-up kits were awarded following the barbecue. Contest winners Paul Bikle, John Williams, and Dave McNay were awarded a new parachute, a horn variometer, and a dinner for two at an Elsinore restaurant, respectively.

Many thanks are due those who contributed to this safe and successful contest.