

the art, sport and science of motorless flying.

Jon was not the "hot rock" pilot type, although he was a licensed power and glider pilot. But he loved the game genuinely. Fortunately he chose to assist it in a more effective and needed way. He labored long and strenuously at this love in order that other men could fly. By reason of his devotion, other men have flown further, faster and better than ever before.

Men like Jon Carsey do not come our way often. And now that Jon has made his last take-off, his fervent hope would be, I am sure, that those of us still awaiting our turn at tow, do our best as Jon did, for this sport we all love so well.

All others of us weep, but he has need to shed no tears. He has attained the goal; he has been officially observed at the turns.

### **Jon Carsey**

by EUGART YERIAN

Twenty-three active years in soaring plus at least twenty-three of reading about it have taught me to look for the qualities of inspiration and insight that make up the devotion to the soaring way of life practiced by its long-time enthusiasts. "Fly boys" who don't understand what is going on around them are plenteous, but every now and then someone comes along who maybe doesn't even much like to fly, but who understands what soaring is about and is willing to use his abilities and make the necessary sacrifices to do everything he can to further the art.

John Carsey cannot be put in this class as one of a group, select as it is, because by his actions he "wrote the book" for the group. Jon got into soaring because of an interest in flying, to be sure, but once in he relished and made great use of the opportunities to serve in a very fundamental way. His service didn't include much flying—his glider flying consisted mostly of riding dual with only a very few solo flights—but what he did do represented a real solidifying of both the SSA and the Texas Soaring Association.

Jon was an architect with a great measure of that mixture of brass-tacks practicality and the mystical flair of the artist that is so necessary to success in that profession. Those same qualities gave him his Olympian grasp of the grandeurs of soaring.

As soon as Jon was elected to the presidency of SSA he spearheaded the efforts to pull SSA together and get the magazine published on a regular basis. He also pushed TSA into being the top local glider club in the nation. He designed and took the initiative in building that fine line-up of TSA glider hangars. He helped "trustee" that club into being the far richest in the country. He traveled extensively to visit soaring clubs; he took an Internationals team to Spain. He demanded the presence of SSA directors (no matter how far they or he had to travel) to thresh out problems of SSA.

As many as Jon's contributions were, undoubtedly his greatest was teaching the lesson that personal contacts in soaring are important. His home was the crossroads of the world for soaring pilots, their wives, their families, their friends. There I have met soaring people from everywhere, all sharing in a lavish, warming and freely given hospitality. Jon was never too busy to call his friends in for an impromptu party in honor of a soaring buff from England or Australia or Poland or Seattle. This was not just a contest-time activity with Jon and his wife Mary, but one which went on continually all through the years and right up until the time of his passing. The affection which dozens and dozens have felt for Jon is a very real thing which will be with all of us until we are gone, and then will still live on in the solid contribution he made to the Soaring Society of America.

### **Jon D. Carsey Soaring's Friend**

by H. MARSHALL CLAYBOURN

To those of us who are fortunate enough to know soaring, it has given us some of the happiest moments of our lives. Not only from the joy of flight itself, but from the many wonderful friends we have the opportunity to know. One of the saddest occasions occurs when we lose a companion with whom we have shared these pleasures. Surely the darkest of these moments occurred with the recent death of Jon D. Carsey, for he not only shared our pleasure of soaring, but worked tirelessly to see that soaring was possible for many.

Jon was not a great soaring pilot or, really, even much of a pilot at all, for he rarely flew. So you won't

find the record books filled with his name. Nor was he a designer of new and clever sailplanes. He was one of those rare individuals who worked tirelessly and unselfishly to make our soaring possible; much as do our ground crews. But in Jon's case, his efforts were not so direct or readily apparent as a crew's services. He worked quietly, almost behind the scenes, and his contributions to our activity are almost beyond count.

It was my good fortune to meet Jon 11 years ago, just the week after TSA members returned from the Odessa Records Camp. Unlike too many of us, who won't take the time, Jon always had time to talk to the newcomer; patiently answering his questions and explaining how it all works. TSA was then operating off the Irving Airport, a dusty, shadeless airport. After a couple of weeks of operating there, Jon showed up with an old tent—as I remember, it was an old undertaker's tent. That was a mighty welcome addition, especially for wives, in that 100°+ heat. This was typical of Jon, no task was too small or any item too inconsequential. He was equally capable of tackling the most difficult jobs. The amount of work he did to get a U. S. soaring team to Spain, in 1952, was unbelievable. And it was, for the most part, a single-handed effort. The Carsey home at 8318 Inwood Road was the "home" of soaring during this period—the great and near great from all over the world were welcomed there. TSA's *Spirals* was published there when its masthead read "Open to anyone interested in Soaring." TSA grew to greatness under this philosophy and, to a large extent, through Jon's leadership. *Soaring* magazine was edited there, with about all the TSA hands volunteering to stuff the envelopes at mailing times. Jon, among others, signed a note that permitted the building of the TSA "T" hangars, without using monies from the Association's Trust Fund. He designed the hangars and was frequently the weekend straw boss during the construction stages. He designed the bar in the club house and led the entire project that made the TSA club house one of the finest in the country. He was, in fact, instrumental in securing the rights for TSA's return to the Grand Prairie Airport. He found time to write

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