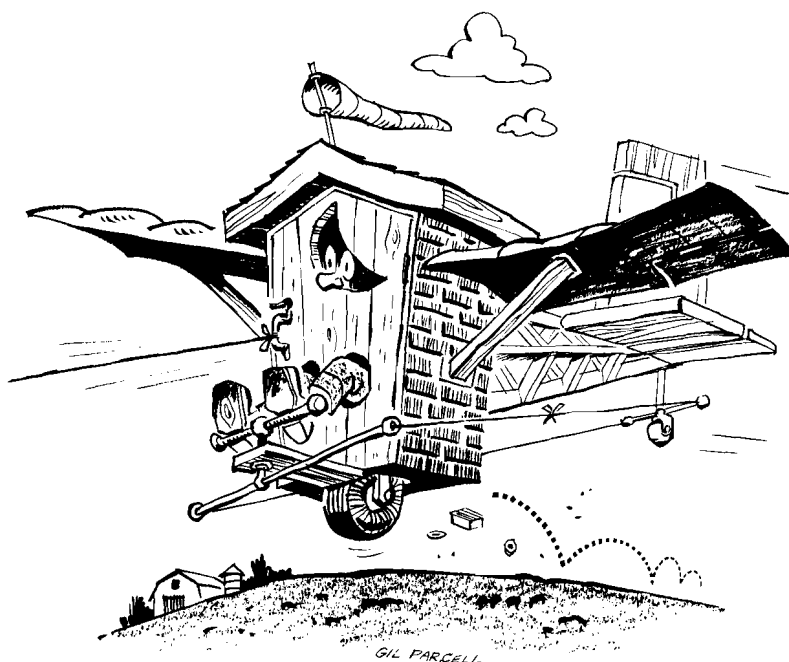


# WE AWTA TOWED IT DIFFRUNT

Writ by  
*Moucheron*

With drawings by  
*Gil Parcell*



*"...built like a brick outhouse!"*

*... Relating How Two Wild Colonial Boys Became Wise Old Men in Thirty Seconds  
(With Various Details of Time and Place Omitted to Protect the Guilty)*

I expect there are innumerable pilots who have learned to fly under strict instruction and have never in a life time of flying done anything foolish like rushing into the air half prepared through simple impatience. I just never done met any of these paragons. Most of us who have answered the siren call of the building cumulus have heard, if not contributed, a hARRY yarn or two to the collection, but for sheer unadulterated stupidity, how does the follering grab ya?

Onest between the wars, I firgit jist wich two, Slim and me had aquired a Wallower 1-69 glider on wich we perceeded to larn ourselves to fly by auto tow on an abandoned airfield in lowest Slobovia. The 69 had a welded ironmongery of a fuselage as rugged as a brick outhouse and almost as esthetic. The nose looked like a oversized birdcage and the rags sagged between the stringers in a manner similar to the ribbed appearance of the bunch of sorry horses which shared our field. The wing was square and what it lacked in span it made up for in chord with the result that it was just soarable in such things as hurricanes, waterspouts, or Mojave dust devils. What with forward camber and enough washout to act as divebrakes it was designed to protect youngsters, imbeciles, and drunkerds, and Slim and me scored high in all three categories. The wing in spite of the short span was braced with four steel struts wich weighed about as much as the wing. The open cockpit had been fashioned to accomodate Gargantua. Never-the-less we were mighty proud of this beast as we had got it for about four C notes.

Our towline was 1400 feet of hard unstranded wire wich kinked and coiled in a most agravatin manner. My old 90-horse Stupidbaker served as tow car. Now

them previously mentioned horses was a fastidious lot which lunched between the runways and used said runways fer other purposes. The danged wire always started out all coiled up and we seldom had anyone to run the wingtip so the 69 wallowed wildly from side to side of the runway as the slack came out of the cable. Have ya ever tried to gain control of a beast like the 69 with its high c.g., in a cross wind, a tip draggin, and blinded from accelerating through a cloud of shredded horse manure? I tell ya, one had to be a bear about flying to larn under sech conditions. Slim and me was determined to be birdmen so we just got more tight-lipped, squinty-eyed, and dark complected as we proceeded with our ground skims.

Come the day we figgured we better try to get to pattern altitude and make a circuit and yers truly drew the short straw. I was so short I couldn't see over the birdcage but by stretchin my neck I could just get my eyeballs over the side of the cockpit. Slim ground down the runway in the Stupidbaker while I gingerly hauled her up trying to remember to keep over the runway. Shore looked high after release so I made a big sweeping pattern downwind. With my weight of 105 pounds wringing wet (wich I was with worry dew) and the generous acres of wing area, plus every design feature known to man to produce high drag, ya can imagine what the penetration was like. As my chosen landing spot rose higher in my view I thought I best raise the nose a bit. Imagine my surprise when this made the undershoot even worse. Oh well, probably not enough up elevator me thinks, and raises it some more. I staggered off the last 300 feet of altitude fully stalled out. On the Wallower