

1959

1989

30 Years

THE FORMING OF ORANGE COUNTY SOARING ASSOCIATION

The idea of a glider club began with Cliff Winters, a stunt pilot flying out of Orange County Airport. Cliff had received his glider rating from Elmira, New York. He mentioned his idea to his friend Buzz Murray. Buzz was working part time for Jack Wolfe, who at the time was manufacturing the BG12 in kit form and was very active in the Southern California Soaring Association. Buzz had made several trips to El Mirage with Jack, and had himself, become interested in soaring. Cliff and Buzz then gathered a group of power pilots together. Each of them put up \$50 and bought a Baby Bowlus from Frank Kearns in Bellflower, California. This was early, 1958.

The Baby was a basket case. With a little money and alot of hours the plane was put back into flying condition in Buzz's carport. It was then taken to Orange County Airport to be put together for testing. It went together alright, but all the control surfaces worked together in the same direction! Back to the carport!!

Problems fixed, the Bowlus was taken to Miles Square. It wasn't licensed yet, but they were going to fly it anyway! It was auto towed with a three hundred foot line, all went well, and the plane was soon licensed, N21780. The pilot for that test flight was Ralph Gross because he was the only one current in sailplanes, and the "bravest" of the group!

The members of this group consisted of Cliff Winters, Buzz Murray, Jerry Babcock, Norma Heffner, Ralph Shadoan, Verne Carlson and Ralph Gross. They drew up Incorporation papers dated May 6, 1958, under the name Orange County Soaring Association.

Meanwhile, another group had leased an LK10 from Carl Ziler and were calling themselves Ziler's Zoaring Zealots. This group consisted of Ralph Gross, Jack Wolfe, Sam Horowitz and others.

Since members of both groups were somewhat acquainted, and since the Baby Bowlus was really not a good training ship (what do you do with the instructor?) the decision was made to merge the two groups. New Incorporation papers were drawn up and filed with the state September 30, 1959. They retained the name of Orange County Soaring Association. The first directors of the corporation were Jack Wolfe, Buzz Murray, Sam Horowitz, Bob Fleming and Don Slotten. The first Board meeting was held November 16, 1959 and Sam Horowitz was elected as the first president. Annual membership dues were \$5 OCSA and \$10 for the Soaring Society of America. Flight group initiation fee was \$25, with monthly dues of \$5.

And so, ORANGE COUNTY SOARING ASSOCIATION began.

Update: Cliff Winters did some movie stunt flying and was killed in an air show at Chino, California. Buzz Murray passed away in 1988. Jerry Babcock got his commercial power rating, did some crop dusting and charter flying and was last known to be driving big trucks in Texas. Norma Heffner moved out of the area years ago. Ralph Shadoan had a PT19 at Corona. Verne Carlson became a pilot for Delta Airlines. Ralph Gross was still living in Santa Ana in 1984, Sam Horowitz was in New Hampshire in 1984 and we hope to find them both. We have been unable to locate Bob Fleming. Don Slotten is now living in Canada and is still a member of our club.

The Baby Bowlus, #N21780 is currently in the possession of Jack MacFarlane though not in flying condition.



Following are the original papers of Incorporation drawn up on May 6, 1958. Though they were replaced the next year, and they were never filed with the State of California, they were the beginning of OCSA, Inc.

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION

OF

ORANGE COUNTY SOARING CLUB, INC.

1. The name of this corporation is ORANGE COUNTY SOARING CLUB, INC.

2. The purposes for which this corporation is formed are:

a) To maintain sailplanes and airplanes for the families, and such other persons as the board of directors may from time to time designate. This is the specific and primary purpose for which this corporation is formed.

b) To manufacture, process, buy, sell, import, or export any type of commodity or article; to acquire and operate farms, mines, patents, copyrights, formulae and processes; to buy, lease, mortgage, convey, and otherwise deal in real or personal property; to borrow money, execute notes or other evidences of debt, and to give any type of security therefor; and to participate in any form of commercial venture with any person, corporation, or other business entity. These purposes are incidental and subsidiary to the primary purpose set forth in (a) above.

The above purposes shall also be construed as powers. No declaration of specific purposes shall be deemed exclusive and it is hereby expressly declared that all other lawful purposes are hereby included.

3. Orange County is the county in the State of California where the principal office for the transaction of the business of this corporation is to be located.

4. This corporation is organized pursuant to Part 1 of Division 2 of Title 1 of the California Corporations Code.

5. This is a corporation which does not contemplate the distribution of gains, profits, or dividends to its members.

6. The number of directors of this corporation shall be five. The names and addresses of the persons who are appointed to act as the first directors of this corporation are:

Buzz Murray	890 Congress Costa Mesa, California	LI 8-2343
Jerry Babcock	Apt. #55 Lowana Housing MCAF, Santa Ana	
Norma Heffner	20112 S.W. Acacia Santa Ana Hts., Santa Ana	KI 5-3018
Ralph Shadoan	2506 W. 1st Santa Ana	KI 3-2500
Verne Carlson	170 Monterey Rd. Orange, California	KE 8-1660



The first meeting to form the Association was held in August, 1959. We incorporated in September as a non profit organization. The first annual election meeting was held in November, a tradition we continue to this day. We first operated in Orange County.

OCSA began operating off the drag strip that was adjacent to Orange County Airport. We had an LK10, two place, sailplane which we leased for \$25 per month and made auto tows. We soon moved to the airport (small in those days) and had the use of a winch. General meetings were held in the tower of the airport.

Approximately six months to one year later we moved to Elsinore. In the nine years we spent at Elsinore, our flight group went from ten members to sixty three. We had some great times there, got our own towplane and had six sailplanes in the club. There was also a commercial operator on the field and this caused some conflicts, so in July 1969, we moved down the road to Murietta. This move cost us members who had their own ships. Problems with the field conditions and weak flying conditions were causing loss of membership. If the club was to continue to exist and grow, a new place would have to be found. After six months at Murietta, the club made the decision to move to Perris Airport. It was October, 1969.

We first operated where the jump operation is now, (about midfield). We planted grass and trees, installed sprinklers, poured cemet for a patio, and erected a shelter over it. Even grapevines were planted. We had accomplished quite a bit by 1972.

Perris Airport began to grow; the main runway was paved, and larger jump planes were brought in to service the growing number of parachutists. We began to feel squeezed by our surroundings and conflicts were beginning to develop. In 1979, arrangements were made to move to the south end of the airport. The flight shack literally had to be dragged but it survived! New concrete was poured, trees were planted, a clubhouse added, runway and an entry road were graded, and now even grass and sprinklers again. Twenty of our thirty years have now been spent at Perris Valley Airport.

TEN YEARS AFTER WE BEGAN

The Board of Directors voted unanimously to buy the Super Cub for \$5100. The ship was built in 1958, has 175 hours on a once majored Super Cub 150 hp engine, was recovered with ceconite four years ago, and has a Piper installed tow hitch. The ship was delivered to Skylark Field (we were still at Elsinore) April 12, 1969 through the combined efforts of Dave Jessop and Norm Walker. This was the clubs first owned towplane.

By December, 1969 the club had six sailplanes and one towplane at Perris. There were two 1-26's; one 2-33; two 2-22's and one LP46 sailplanes and a Piper SuperCub towplane.



O. C. S. A. and MOTHER NATURE

Weather conditions at Perris have always been subject to immediate change. The old Zero Sinks are full of articles on damaged aircraft due to Mother Nature. A sampling of surprising, and drastic manuevers by Mother Nature appear below. Articles taken from past club newsletters.

FEBRUARY 1979 Sno' Foolin' by Ed Cook

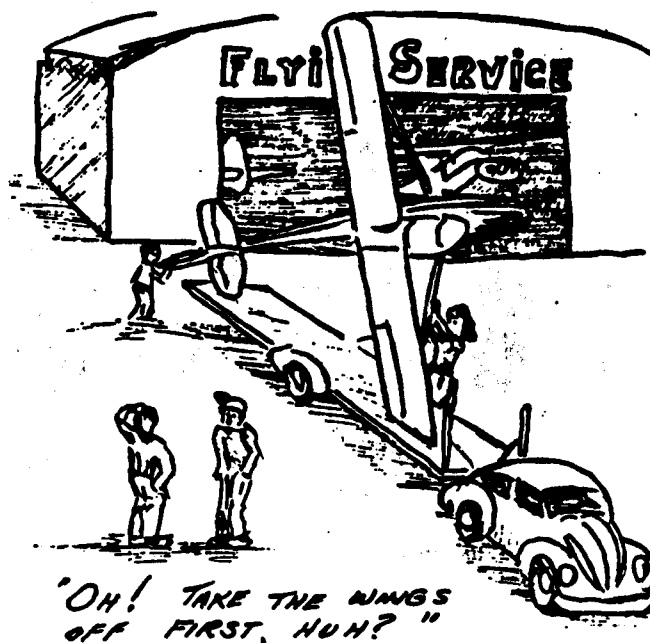
There we were, the few die-hards that show up every Sunday. It was about 40 degrees and getting colder; then it started to sprinkle. It was my turn in the 1-26, so up I went. At about 1000 feet I noticed moisture on the canopy. Then I noticed it wasn't running off; it was collecting there. It wasn't rain, it was snow! I looked out at the leading edge of the wings and discovered they were turning white with snow. I was at 4000 feet ASL.

MARCH 1980 Perris When it Drizzles by Pat Healey

Considering the amount of damage done by the recent storms, OCSA made out pretty well. At its peak both the main and glider runways were under water. A small but brave band went to Perris Valley Airport one rainy Tuesday and rescued the Blanik, the 1-26 and the 2-22. The 2-33 had to be left behind. The club is operating out of Hemet until the tide subsides a bit at Perris. OCSA's entire operation is under water at Perris.

JULY 1988 Twister by Phil Gross

On Wednesday, July 20th Perris was experiencing twelve knot winds under huge "Cu-Nims" in a squall line that marched across the valley. Those of us who got into the air that day had some real adrenalin pumping flights. Unfortunately, the same moist, unstable air that produced those great thermals was spawning some more vicious air currents. As we all had a chance to see later on TV, a twister wiped out all three of our solo and pre-solo training ships and then bit a leg off the SuperCub for good measure. Fortunately, no one was hurt. Sailplanes lost were the 1-26, the 2-22 and the 2-33 we were leasing from Noel Keller.



O. C. S. A. 's 25th Anniversary Party

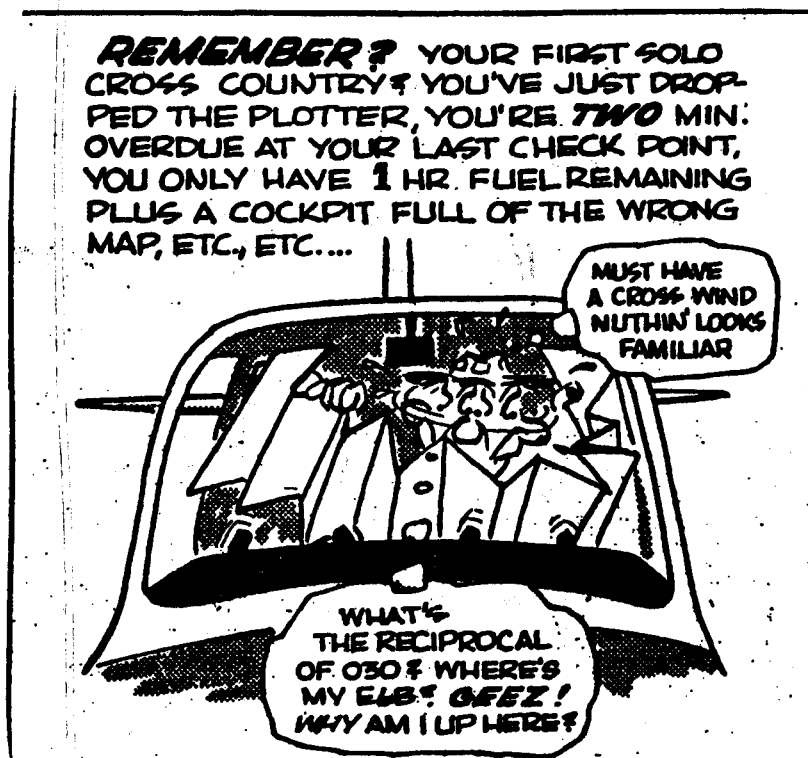
The club's twenty fifth anniversary party was held September 15, 1984 at Perris Valley Airport. The party actually saw more past members than it did current members and this was a little disappointing, but everyone appeared to have a good time. The program included a slide presentation that took us back to 1967.

A special effort was made to contact as many past presidents as possible, and out of 25 years, 15 years were represented at the party. We asked these presidents to give a little speech about the club during their term. One thing became quite obvious; not much has changed! The same problems of years ago still exist today, but then so do the same benefits.

Some interesting speeches were given by our past presidents. Bob Gurr informed us how he managed to keep the saucer hovering over the opening ceremony for the 1984 Olympics. (Some have come a long way since their club days!) Bob also came wearing his orange socks which he claimed to have drug out of moth balls. It seems that in 1961, president Karle Jessop, started a tradition. Every club member must wear orange socks to any club activity. We haven't kept that tradition!

Bob Wright came bearing a bagful of shirt tails. Efforts were made to return as many as possible to their rightful owners.

The best head count we could obtain, around the dinner hour, was sixty five. Some of our past members came many miles to be with us, (Maine, Colorado, northern California, etc.), and it was encouraging to know we still meant so much to them. Our hope is that we can locate even more of our old members as we approach our thirty years!



O. C. S. A. 30 YEARS OF PRESIDENTS

1959	Sam Horowitz	1974	Frank Renek
1960	Sam Horowitz	1975	Gene Sullivan
1961	Karle Jessop	1976	Merrill Lowry
1962	Bob Gurr	1977	Jim Pendergrass
1963	Karle Jessop	1978	John Gavin
1964	Jack MacFarlane	1979	Jim Gallacher
1965	Ken Dunlavy	1980	Noel Keller / Ed Cook **
1966	Ken Dunlavy	1981	Ed Cook
1967	Bob Wright	1982	Ed Cook
1968	Tony Terrigno	1983	Red Davidson
1969	Dave Jessop	1984	Patricia Cook
1970	Norm John	1985	Art Crable
1971	Ken Dunlavy	1986	Noel Keller
1972	Dan Dickinson	1987	Bob Franzke
1973	Chuck Jennings	1988	Phil Gross

1989 Red Davidson

** Noel's job took him out of state and Ed moved up from Vice President to finish the term.

In September, 1984 when the club had the 25th anniversary party, ten of our past presidents managed to get in the picture. Also present at the party but not in the picture was Sam Horowitz and Jim Pendergrass.



From left to right: Bob Wright, Dan Dickinson, Ken Dunlavy, Frank Renek, Gene Sullivan, Jim Gallacher, Patricia Cook, Noel Keller, Ed Cook and Red Davidson.

THE

Benefits

OF MEMBERSHIP IN ORANGE COUNTY SOARING ASSOCIATION

Getting Members

IN MAY 1967 WE WENT OUT OF OUR WAY FOR NEW MEMBERS:

OCSA's Maintenance Chief, Karle Jessop, will appear as a featured guest on "For Your Information", a popular afternoon TV show on NBC hosted by Tom Fransen. If you can get to a set on May 19th at 3:30 and tune into Channel 4, you can catch Jessop's verbal thermals while he gives Fransen and the viewing audience the why's and wherefore's of soaring. If you have a color set, be sure to check your orange and white knobs.

Editors note: OCSA officials deny that this is a unilateral action on the part of our association to reverse the growing tide of interest engendered by previous TV programs. In addition, the network's programming department scoffed at the suggestion that this appearance is a trial-balloon to see if they might have an answer for "Batman" - another educational show promoting motorless flight.



Comradery

From a letter by Doug Lamont: It's over 12 years since I left Santa Ana to work for SSA and it has, of course, been pretty central to my life. However, I'll have to say it never quite matched the close feeling that developed during the years I was active in OCSA. It was OCSA that brought a life long dream into reality and the associations and comradery with others who reacted to soaring as strongly as I did will always be one of the warmest memories. In today's highly individualistic and competitive world I found the sense of fraternity and sharing and mutual support a kind of marvelous sanctuary in itself. The fact that this relationship made it possible to finally shake loose the earthy clay from my brogues was a fantastic thing to me in those days.

The existence of OCSA is most heartening. The fact that it has continued to serve and function almost as a family says its founders must have done something right. I know I marveled at their selflessness and generosity and helpful comradery. They must look back with a sense of real accomplishment. Not that everything was always sweetness and light. There were rough times like in a family, but like a family, they stuck together. The bond was stronger than the hassles.

The Solo



No one came right out and told me, but by a lot of little things I knew I'd fly my first solo that day. The safety minded fringe of the Flight Group had moved the flight shack back against the main hangar, the wind sock was removed from my path and water skiers were cleared off the lake. This must be the day! The tow rope was hooked up --- to my belt. Chief Flight Instructor, Tony Terrigno, was dragging me through the watermelon patch where he happened upon me behind a ripe Klondike.

"Not today, please Tony", I pleaded as we continued on low tow under the barbed wire fence. "I was out til three this morning, roaring drunk. Ask my wife".

"She says you were in church praying."

"Then why aren't all the gliders grounded today?"

Carrying out the club rule that says all members must participate in pre-flight activities, a half dozen of my former friends tossed me into the 2-33 and strapped me down. The canopy clanged shut.

"Where's the club chaplain?" I demanded.

"Which one?" countered big mouth Jerry Chambers.

"What about the rule requiring my parents' signature?"

"You're over forty", countered big mouth Bill Reed.

"But I'm not ready to solo".

"Another 85 dual flights wouldn't help", countered big mouth Stan O'Donnell.

I realized the validity of the charge that in America today, on our city streets and country gliderports, citizens just won't get personally involved. Tow pilot Dave Jessop climbed into his 172 and I thought how true those words stenciled on his T-shirt. As he reved up his dirty old engine I made one last attempt: "I'll go, Tony, but surely you wouldn't want me to go alone on my very first attempt?" Ignoring this, he sent Hans Beck around to the tail, where despite my pressure on the pedals he wiggled the rudder fiendishly. The 2-33 lurched forward. My life raced before me in blurred scenes. My wife raced alongside the wing . . . "Jim, Jim, throw out the car keys!" "Let go!" I shouted at her when the altimeter read 50 feet. She'll learn to wear a parachute when she runs my wing.

Up I went . . . one hand on the stick, one on the release knob, knees firmly clutching my parachute handle. Up I went . . . or as Doug Lamont would put it: I was wafted ever heavenward on an azure cushion of air, ephemeral only to those who know not the joy of mans' search for ethereal solitude where billowy clouds grace the wanton abandon of silken grandeur.

My spirits soared until I remembered flying and spirits don't mix! Up I went, the cool, poised WWI ace right on the tail of Dirty Dave. Drat him! Look at all the slack in the line . . . why is he flying so slow? See him, way up there to my right . . . see him way back there. But what can you expect from a tow pilot who'd tow a rope from Tehachapi to Elsinore with his brother Karle not on it?

We circled the field and each time over I could make out a different group of members; the safety fringe down on its knees; the purchasing committee scanning the used glider prices in "Soaring"; my wife in the middle of the bachelor group waving my insurance policies.

THE SOLO continued

I never felt so all alone. But truth was I was not alone. I had good old Dave right in front of me : . . or is he behind me again? Look now. He's wing to wing with me. He's in trouble . . . his wings are going up and down. Must be slow aileron flutter . . . look at his livid red face . . . must be frightened.

I took the chalkboard I carry to exchange messages with tow pilots and hastily printed reassuring words: " DON'T WORRY - I'LL STICK WITH YOU DESPITE THE BITTER COLD HERE AT 11,000 FEET - I WON'T LEAVE YOU UP HERE, OLD BUDDY, ALL ALONE, MALFUNCTIONING."

I held the board for him to read. "Look, Dave", I gestered. He was gone. I could tell because the other end of the rope was empty. Why'd he leave it with me . . . and wrapped around my rudder?

Jim Shequin, November 1967



ТЕНАЧАПИ

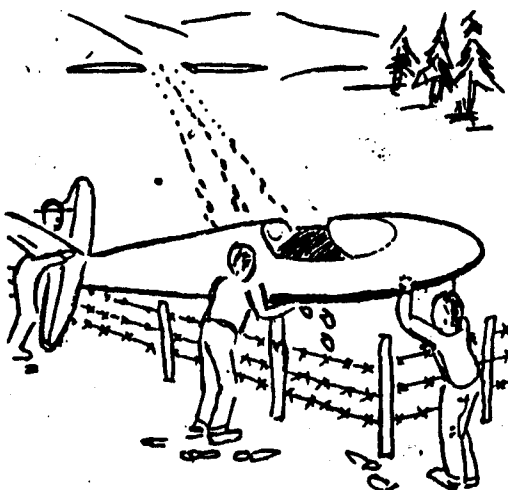


"Look, I cook eggs just one way and they cost \$3 for two"

The Outings
and Campouts

Carol Sullivan

*The
Workparties*



"Tell me again I'm having a good time!"

Secretary's Scene: Lately, the only scene this secretary has seen is alot of hard work going on at our esteemed president's yard! Not only have I seen it; I've been in it, almost to my ears! For those of you who have not shown your faces, you don't know what you're missing. After working all day, you're already dead tired, but no matter, you come home and clean and cook and change into your grubbies. Then you hurriedly throw the dinner mess into the dishwasher and hop into your car praying you don't have to stop for gas. Oh damn; it's empty again! Okay, so you're late again and they'll all tease you about stopping to play, (the nerve of some people).

You arrive at OCSA's workshop. You know you're there for as soon as you hit the door, the lovely aroma of dope touches your nose. It slowly goes down into your lungs as you proceed through the door. You grab a Pepsi and head for the corner to light a cigarette, (you know it won't help but you try anyway). With the combination of the dope smell and fumes and cigarette smoke your lungs are now gone, but who needs them anyway?

You pick up a brush and start gluing fabric. The brush needs a little help so you begin to use a couple of fingers. Pretty soon, everything is sticking, including those fingers! With that job finished, you try to wipe the glue off your hand and discover that most of it has dried, and what is still wet only sticks to the rag. Forget it, you'll worry about it later.

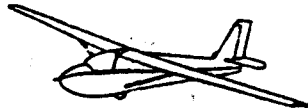
You begin to apply the dope, which sometimes also requires the use of fingers. Then working underneath the sailplane, you discover the dope is running up your arm. Forget it; worry about it later.

Later arrives!!! HELP! You reach for the can of thinner and a rag. Some of it comes off. You go into the bathroom and wash with soap and water; whoops, back to the can of thinner. Two more times you go through this, then you begin to pray. It wouldn't be so bad if it weren't under these long fingernails. Oh well, while you're ordering lunch tomorrow you can peel it off, little by little. So the people at work think you've got the creeping crud, who cares? The next day you go through it all again. Tonight, however, you get to sand. (Remember, you're still peeling off last nights' mess.) Now you're sanding and splashing dirty water everywhere. You like a disaster, don't you?

Time to clean up and go home. Here it is, eleven o'clock or midnight again before you hit your own front door. At least you think it's yours; you haven't seen it much lately. Your son thinks he's been deserted; so do your animals. Speaking of animals, you even get to take home stray kittens who will inevitably die if you don't!! You're getting ready for bed and you make the mistake of looking down at your hands. Oh that lovely sandpaper, it did such a beautiful job of changing your hands appearance. Oh well, alot of hand lotion and a few more prayers. Ho-hum; if only that alarm didn't go off so early. And just think, tomorrow you get to do it all again!!! Are you guys going to let a girl do all this work?????????

Respectfully submitted, Pat Hill (now Cook) Secretary

The License



IT HAPPENED! ! ! ! ! ! At Perris Valley Airport on August 9, 1981 at noon time. I, Arthur V. Crable, received from the honorable Donald R. Slotten, a Private Pilot Glider Certificate. That in itself didn't make headlines but to me it was one of the days in my life that I'll never forget!! (Editor's note: Art, I released the story to the United Press Service and I believe it will make for worldwide newspaper headlines along with an expected world celebration.)

PRIVATE
SPILE
IT
CAN BE

Why was it an important day in my life? Well - it was a DREAM come true. This cherished goal was almost discarded as being impossible when in quiet desperation I sought help. I therefore joined OCSA and told the club that I had been a student for a few years (five time receiver of a student ticket) and for one reason or another I wasn't getting the job done.

I received help and how!! Our club CIA agent Pat Hill, as Bob Franke so named her, along with the aid of other club members made sure I came to the field religiously OR ELSE!! After two years, and alot of water later, I was done. (I was a hard case!) There's one thing I found out - - OCSA delivers both through conventional and unconventional means! The truth is that OCSA has been involved in my love life (gliders that is) since day one. My first glider ride occured at Elsinore in a Schweizer TG-2 with Fayette Copeland, Jr. who is now deceased. I was a member of OCSA in 1965. Karle Jessop and Don Slotten were my instructors at Perris Valley Airport in a Schweizer 2-33. I later was soloed by Don Slotten on July 27, 1968. Both of these instructors were members of OCSA at that time so it has been ORANGE COUNTY SOARING ASSOCIATION all the way. I am deeply gratefull to each and every member for all their support, on and off the field, in helping me attain a goal that meant so very, very much to me.

Thank you all; OCSA, I love you,

Art Crable

SHUGKS - TO THINK A YERE
AGO I CULDNT EVEN SPELL
PRIVUTE PILEIT - NOW I AIRE WUN



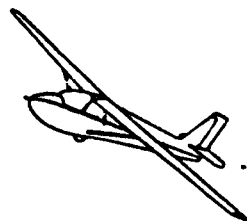
DEAR FELLOW GLIDER GUIDERS: I no longer enjoy joint holder of the title (along with Art Crable) 'Senior Student Pilot of the Fleet' as on the 5th of September I finally wore patient Don Slotten down to the point he signed me off. It was my second crack at it, as I flunked accuracy landings on the first crack. It blew a hell of a hole in my ego and I could give a great number of excuses, however, it would be boring reading and as I am trying to forget the whole ego puncturing thing I don't wish to commit it to writing.

I owe alot of people alot of thanks for helping me over some rough spots (instructors and other members as well). I have taken to the air with just about every instructor on the staff. They show a whale of alot of restraint!! I occasionally overhear one of them mumbling around the flight line something like maybe flight instructing is not so rewarding after all, after a flight with me. If I listed each instructor and member who has helped me it would include the whole membership roster, so since you already have one of these, I will just say thanks, and try to palm some of my crummy art work off on you instead.

Thanks again to all of you,

Glen Harvey

The Fields
Off



For those of you who made it out to El Mirage with the club April 26 and 27, the following true to life account will dispell any rumors or hearsay. For those who read on, it may make them aware of the importance of screwing on their heads before entering a sailplane cockpit.

About three pm I got a flight. The towplane towed me pretty far away from the field for a 2000 foot ticket, or so I thought. Not having the sense to hang on until he would tow me back closer to the field, I chose to release in some fairly good lift under three or four small clouds. The vario in the 2-22 showed 500 FPM and we all know that means anything from zero sink to 1000 FPM depending on how your fingertips strike the panel. Catching sight of the field out of the corner of my eye while thermalling gave me quite a fright. El Mirage is roughly 3000' ASL and my release was at 5000' ASL. At this particular point in time the altimeter read 5600 feet and the vario about 300 FPM. I estimated my position to be roughly six miles from the field and each thermalling turn was taking my further away.

Suddenly I was out of lift and showing sink. I increased speed to about 45-47 MPH and began making wide S turns under the cloud area searching for the elusive thermal. I would hit some turbulence and try and core it but to no avail. I was beginning to perspire. It was nervous perspiration for now the thought of not making it back to the field was looming forth in my mind. I was back to release altitude. The area below me looked bleak. Miles from anywhere. No flat area just washboard hills and gulfs strewn with motorcycle paths. I wasn't really looking, just thinking. Shredded undercarriage. Torn off wings. Insurance. Who pays the deductible? Pain. My family. I'll bet my wife can't find the insurance papers. Man this thing is a real sled. Yes, Heavenly Father, I am a dummy. No way should I have pulled that release knob. I'm here now and I need your help. Thank you for all my many blessings, but I really need some help. No lift. Maybe He didn't hear me. I headed back towards the field to check the glide path and sink rate. No way. Wouldn't even make it to the outside perimeter of the dry lake.

Deep inside me a still, silent voice said, "Look down, over there." 1500 feet AGL and sinking fast. I looked down and saw a two lane paved highway offering a direct headwind upon landing. Still I wondered; a paved road? Thoughts of telephone poles, road signs and traffic came to mind. I began to search for a nice dirt road. I found two but they both would serve up a 90 degree cross wind blowing 15-20 MPH. Utterly calm now that I had fully resigned myself to an off field landing the roadway again sprang into my mind. Wheeling the ship around and some close observation proved that there was no traffic, no telephone poles, no road signs and two bonus features. First there were several sparse areas of vegetation off the shoulder affording a good place to stash old N40 and second there were two houses within a short distance of my intended touch down point. I also noticed the houses had serviceable vehicles parked in front which meant to me someone may be home, i.e. a ride back to El Mirage. Maybe He did hear me.

I set up for a left hand pattern and made my approach. A picture perfect landing, right down the yellow line! I bolted out of the cockpit in order to move the craft to the side of the road. No sooner had I pulled off the road than traffic began to flow. I arranged for one person to watch the sailplane and another to give me a ride back to El Mirage where I told the other OCSA members of my folly. The rest is history and I am thankful for a positive learning experience; one that I am here to share with my fellow club members.

Tim Greaves

*And
Ground
Crews went
above and beyond.*

"NO, OPERATOR,
MR. LEFFLER ISN'T HERE."

(I hope you got it crew. .
he's still in the air, so
keep going toward Inyokern.)

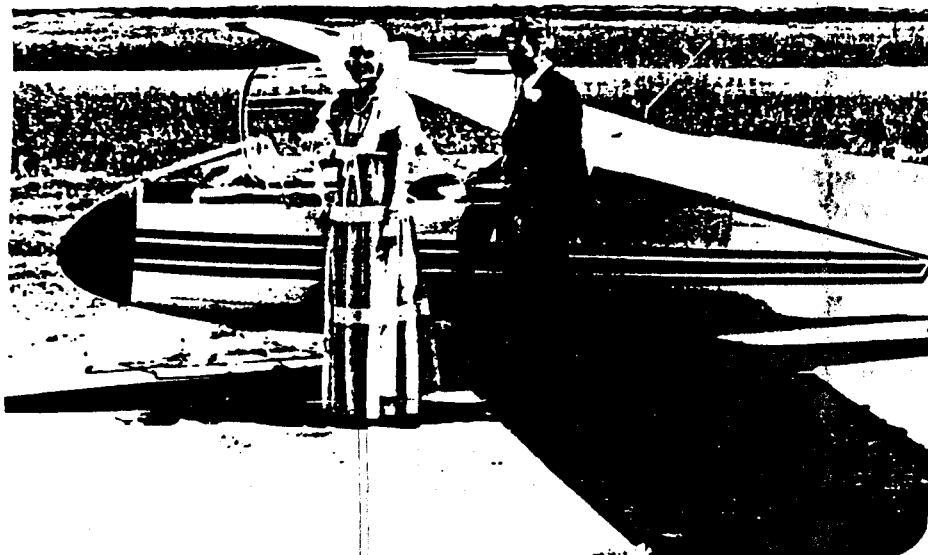
The photo shows the nerve
center of the So. Calif. Championships - the public phone booth outside the
El Mirage lunch counter. Ken Dunlavy (in booth) and Jack MacFarlane (in
foreground) kept vigil for two nights by sleeping on the ground so as to
receive and relay calls from pilots landing in remote areas. Jack Jordan
is looking over a map with a contestant.



*Even a
Wedding*

The Prez Sez

Well the wedding is over and it was
a gala affair and a good time was had
by all. After all the hard work by
everyone to get the radio working in
the plane, I tied the wires too close
and as Ed & Pat released, the radio
unplugged and everyone either stood
around or flew around wondering what
was going on including "de judge".
But it was a beautiful wedding and
played to a great crowd, with lots of
good food and drink. We all wish the
bride and groom much happiness and
good flying.



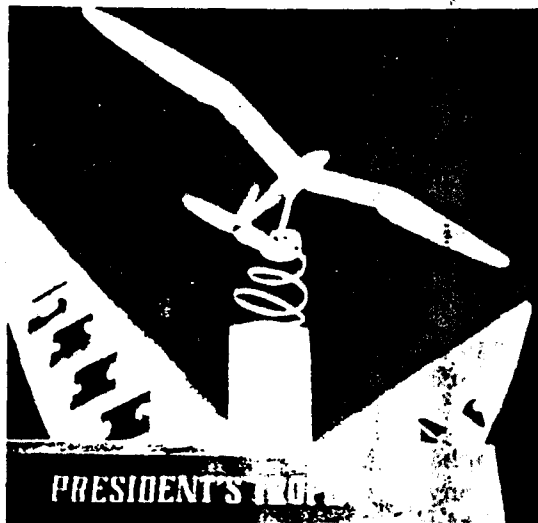
THE PRESIDENT'S TROPHY

The President's Trophy is awarded annually to the person who has contributed the most to the club during the year, and did not serve on the Board of Directors that year. It was first awarded in 1964 by president Jack MacFarlane.

The trophy was conceived, designed and built by Karle Jessop. It is made of black walnut and the asymmetrical wings had room for plaques for the names of future winners. The gull winged sailplane surmounting the spiraling thermal actually flies and was built by Terry MacFarlane.

Below is a listing of all of the winners of the trophy from its' beginning in 1964 to the most recent winner in 1988:

1964	Doug Lamont	1976	Bill Campbell
1965	Jack MacFarlane	1977	Jack Jordan
1966	Karle Jessop	1978	Diane Pendergrass
1967	not awarded	1979	Walt MacFarlane
1968	David Jessop	1980	Terry MacFarlane
1969	Norm Walker	1981	Gene Sullivan
1970	William Reed	1982	John Giese
1971	John Gavin	1983	Sharley Davidson
1972	Carol Sullivan	1984	Sharley Davidson
1973	Jack Jordan	1985	Bill Mackert
1974	Dan Dickinson	1986	Hal Lord
1975	Jim Pendergrass	1987	Scott McIndoe
	1988		Bob Irving



THE FAMILY SOARING CONTEST

THE BEGINNING: MAY, 1968

Soaring contests are generally run for the enjoyment and benefit of private owners. In past years OCSA Boards have searched for ways and means of holding a contest which could include rank and file members participating in club ships. Now Fred Peters has presented a plan that has won the approval of the current Board. It is felt that the contest will offer inducement to both club members and private owners. OCSA will sponsor the event which will be held at Elsinore on May 25 and 26. Fred has titled the meet the "OCSA Family Soaring Contest". As a club activity he would like to keep the competition aspect in low key and see that there is equal emphasis on fun for the families and friends of the pilots. To this end he is arranging Saturday night dinner and gathering of all and sundry in a lakeside hall.

The contest will differ in that there will be no overall winner but rather winners in each of seven events. Three of these (spot landings, short-field landings, and altitude) can be competed in by club pilots during an hour's flight time in club ships. The other four events (duration, and minimum, intermediate, and open cross-country tasks) are designed to attract private owners of various ability and competition experience.

Fred is going all out in securing trophies. He has prevailed upon sculptor, Ben Barker, to create new perpetual trophies based in design upon the red-tail hawk. Fred estimates their worth at \$1200. So far, he has secured Cy Perkins and the Elsinore Chamber of Commerce for two of the eight he has ordered.

THE TROPHIES

Though the original plan was for seven trophies, proof exists that eight trophies were awarded in 1968. We have been unable to determine the title or category of the eighth trophy, but the seven trophies were: Altitude; Duration; Short Field Landing; Spot Landing; Open Cross Country; Open Cross Country Class I; Open Cross Country Class II.

Of the original eight trophies awarded in 1968, three still exist within the club. The records become confusing at this point since we know that two more "hawk" trophies were first awarded in 1972: Speed Triangle and Multi Place Task. That gives us the existence of five "hawk" trophies. We do know that the San Diego Club has one of our trophies which was mistakenly awarded them during a mutual contest in 1979. Unfortunately, we do not know which one they have, but we are still attempting to learn this information.

The Timed Flight award is a plaque and was created by Ed Cook in 1980. The Bomb Drop award has never been a trophy or plaque and has not been consistently carried on during contests.

The Lone Eagle award is a plaque and is NOT part of the Family Soaring Contest. It was begun in 1971 and is awarded for the farthest distance from OCSA base during the year awarded.

Following is a list of our trophies and their winners. Years omitted were years the trophy was not awarded to anyone. (We do know the location of these.) If anyone can provide any information on the missing trophies, please contact the club. We would very much like to get our records straight. For whatever reason, the winners were never announced in our Zero Sinks.





CONTEST TROPHIES

ALTITUDE GAIN (hawk) Awarded for the most altitude gained after release from tow.

- 1968 Malcolm Jessop
- 1969 Norman John
- 1971 Malcolm Jessop
- 1972 Bill Evans
- 1974 Bill Meyer
- 1975 Bob Denlinger
- 1976 Pierre Mahieu
- 1977 Dan Dickinson
- 1978 Dan Dickinson

- 1979 Malcolm Kyle
- 1980 Bill Campbell
- 1981 Ed Cook
- 1982 Bob Franzke
- 1983 Dan Dickinson
- 1984 Dan Dickinson
- 1985 Fritz Baeder / Ed Cook
- 1986 Red Davidson
- 1987 Steve Packer

1988 George Najarian

* * * * *

SPOT LANDING (hawk) Measured from first touch down point to the spot.

- 1968 Eric Freeman
- 1969 Richard Robinson
- 1971 Tony Terrigno
- 1972 Rich Garner
- 1974 Dan Dickinson
- 1975 Rick Lockwood
- 1976 John Gavin
- 1977 Jimmy Pendergrass
- 1978 Diane Pendergrass

- 1979 Kim Pendergrass
- 1980 Allan Krosner
- 1981 Bob Franzke
- 1982 Art Crable
- 1983 Mike Sanders
- 1984 Dan Dickinson
- 1985 Bob Franzke
- 1986 Sam Rutherford
- 1987 Sam Rutherford

1988 George Najarian

* * * * *

OPEN CROSS COUNTRY (hawk) Farthest solo flight on contest day.

- 1968 Bob Wayt
- 1969 Bob Wayt
- 1971 Bob Wayt
- 1972 Al Krosner
- 1975 Frank Renek

- 1976 Al Krosner
- 1983 Malcolm Kyle
- 1984 Frank Newberry
- 1985 Dan Dickinson
- 1987 Dan Dickinson

1988 Dan Dickinson

* * * * *



CONTEST TROPHIES

SPEED TRIANGLE (hawk) For the fastest time to fly a triangle between three checkpoints.

- | | | | |
|------|-----------------|------|---------------|
| 1972 | Bill Meyer | 1980 | Malcolm Kyle |
| 1974 | Jim Taylor | 1981 | Ed Cook |
| 1975 | Merrill Lowry | 1982 | Bob Franzke |
| 1976 | Dan Dickinson | 1983 | Dan Dickinson |
| 1977 | Jim Pendergrass | 1984 | Mike Muncey |
| 1978 | Malcolm Kyle | 1986 | Bob Franzke |
| 1979 | Jim Gallacher | 1987 | Alan Arnold |

1988 Bill Mackert

* * * * *

MULTI PLACE TASK (hawk) Farthest dual flight on contest day.

- | | | | |
|------|-------------------------------|------|---------------------------|
| 1972 | Bob VanHouten | 1978 | Noel Keller / Pat Hill |
| 1975 | Al Krosner | 1979 | Noel Keller / Doc Haverty |
| 1977 | Terry MacFarlane / Al Krosner | 1983 | Pat Cook / John Giese |

1986 Kevin Hassley / Mike Muncey

* * * * *

TIMED FLIGHT (plaque) Closest to declared time.

- | | | | |
|------|--------------|------|---------------------------|
| 1980 | Bob Garvin | 1984 | Ed Cook |
| 1981 | Ed Cook | 1985 | Noel Keller / Herb Krause |
| 1982 | Mike Sanders | 1986 | Bob Franzke |
| 1983 | John Giese | 1987 | Rocky Reckard |

1988 Ed Cook

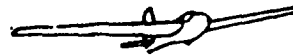
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LONE EAGLE AWARD

plaque NOT part of the Family Soaring Contest. Awarded for the farthest flight from OCSA base during the year.

- | | | | |
|------|---------------|------|-----------------------------|
| 1971 | John Gavin | 1979 | Bob Jones |
| 1972 | Rick Lockwood | 1980 | Malcolm Kyle |
| 1974 | Dan Dickinson | 1982 | Bill Campbell |
| 1975 | Allan Krosner | 1983 | Frank Newbery |
| 1976 | Allan Krosner | 1984 | Mike Sanders |
| 1977 | Dan Dickinson | 1985 | Dan Dickinson / Mike Muncey |
| 1978 | Dan Dickinson | 1986 | Phil Caricof |

1987 Bill Mackert



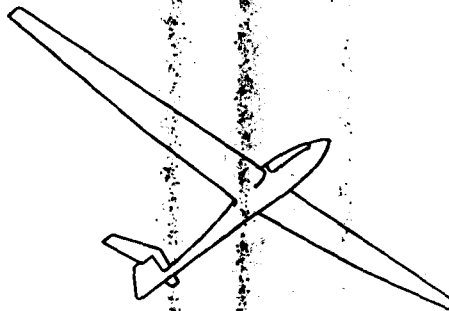
NEW IFR TECHNIQUE PROPOSED

With the ever increasing proficiency of pilots, an increase in instrument flying is inevitable. The expense of special instrumentation can be formidable and therefore, we suggest this more inexpensive way to go. The basic rules for the "Cat and Duck" method of flight under the hood are fairly well known and are, of course, extremely simple.

1. Place a live cat on the cockpit floor. Because a cat always remains upright, he or she can be used in lieu of a needle and ball. Merely watch to see which way the cat leans to determine if a wing is low, and if so, which one.
2. The duck is used for the instrument approach and landing. Because of the fact that any sensible duck will refuse to fly under instrument conditions, it is only necessary to hurl your duck out of the plane and follow her to the ground.

There are some limitations to the "Cat & Duck" method, but by rigidly adhering to the following check list, a degree of success will be achieved which will surely startle you, your passenger, and maybe even an itinerant tower operator.
Check List:

1. GET A WIDE AWAKE CAT. Most cats do not want to stand up at all at any time. It may be necessary to get a large fierce dog to carry in the cockpit to keep the cat at attention.
2. MAKE SURE YOUR CAT IS CLEAN. Dirty cats will spend all their time washing. Trying to follow a washing cat usually results in exotic aerobatics. You can see this is very unsanitary.
3. OLD CATS ARE BEST. Young cats have nine lives, but an old, used-up cat with only one life left has just as much to lose as you do and will be more dependable.
4. AVOID STRAY CATS. Try to get one with a good pedigree. Your veterinarian can help you locate a cat with good character, or if in the city, try any reputable cat house.
5. BEWARE OF COWARDLY DUCKS. If the duck discovers that you are using the cat to stay upright, she will refuse to leave without the cat. Ducks are no better on instruments than you are.
6. BE SURE THE DUCK HAS GOOD EYESIGHT. Nearsighted ducks sometimes fail to realize they are on instruments and will go flogging off to the nearest hill. Very nearsighted ducks will not realize they have been thrown out and will descend to the ground in a sitting position. This maneuver is quite difficult to follow in a glider.
7. USE LAND LOVING DUCKS. It is discouraging to break out and find yourself on final for a rice paddy, particularly if there are hunters around. Duck hunters suffer from temporary insanity when they are sitting in freezing weather in their blinds and they will shoot at anything that flies.
8. CHOOSE YOUR DUCK CAREFULLY. Many water birds look very much alike and if you are not careful you may get confused between ducks and geese. Geese are very competent instrument flyers, but are very seldom interested in going the way you want to go. If your duck heads off for Canada or Mexico then you may be sure you have been given a goose.



And Most Important . . . FLY SAFELY

One hears this time and again, until one really wonders what it all means. Flying an aircraft demands not only physical skills and co-ordination, but also a certain mental preparation as well. You should try to learn about what happens, what has happened and what could possibly happen, when an aircraft is in operation. It is obvious that any one person cannot know everything, but by talking with other pilots, discussing techniques, accidents, and other circumstances you can develop quite a bit of useful information.

Many people, I believe, don't really think about what they are doing. Flying demands a great deal of concentration and thought when you are actually up in the air. What about other times? Do you just shut off your mind to flying when you leave the airport?

Think about flying. Think about situations that occur or could occur. Think about what could be done in these situations to bring about a safe conclusion. Think about your basic flying techniques also. Where can you improve? If you think you can't, then don't get into an airplane again - you're dangerous!

If a person develops solutions then you will have a stock of ideas to work with if you get in a tight spot. You may save yourself valuable seconds in an emergency if you have some idea of what to do instead of sitting there with the thought, "What do I do now?"

1. Plan alternative landing areas and patterns - investigate places to land - see what is there.
2. What about problems on takeoff? Where can you land?
3. What about inflight emergencies?
4. Basic Flying & Soaring techniques need attention too.

If you find out, you don't have to guess! Discuss these ideas of yours with other pilots and your instructors. Everyone has a different viewpoint and may give you some fresh ideas. You learned to fly with a person who is passing his experience on to you, why should this stop with the basics?

Most, if not all, professional flying organizations place a lot of emphasis on emergency procedures. Strangely enough this doesn't really carry over to general aviation and soaring. Why not? Whether or not you are taught these things, you are obligated to make every possible effort to completely prepare yourself for flying.

Flying is a bit dangerous, but don't make it unnecessarily so by being ill prepared. Make it safe, think, use your head, and you may save a ship from damage or even someone's life!

Terry MacFarlane

