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Hattie Meyers Junkin Papers - Writings: "The Soaring 1940s: The American Way"

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October 15, 1979

Dear Hattie:

I read the material you containing the articles clippings. They are all interesting, but I especially liked the item on SOARING NOT WARING '40s. Your description of the flight is timeless, as is the tremendous feeling of enthusiasm, of accomplishment, and of satisfaction. I believe it also has historical importance and would therefore be of interest to the soaring society today. Doug Lamont is the editor of SOARING, SSA, P.O. Box 66071, Los Angeles, CA 90066. Doug has a real interest in historical features and the Elmira area. We had a nice conversation while attending the opening of the new SSA Museum on Harris Hill.

You know what the greatest temptation on earth is? To edit someone else's copy. Doug, by this reasoning, must have one of the most satisfying of jobs. The piece is long for a magazine, but he is an excellent craftsman. If you ~~send it~~ send it you might keep that in mind.

You really caught the sense of excitement when describing the takeoff for your "C" badge on page 14. I laughed when you described your right foot jiggling on the rudder ~~swinging~~ pedal, my right foot used to shake up and down when I was making mountain flights in my hang glider. In fact I had forgotten it until you ~~strickethrough~~ brought it to my attention. It evidently is part of the human condition. My foot no longer jiggles, the repetition of the successful flights having reduced tension caused by the unknown, but I dearly loved being reminded.

On Columbus Day holiday we went to the Catocin Mountains and flew in 15-20mpn northwest wind. I was up over the ridge for an hour, my longest flight so far. Yesterday, Sunday, I was up for 45 minutes. Teh [[The]] temperature was in the high 40's low 50s range and my hands got really cold. The gloves I wore did not do the job. I'll have to get some heavy duty motorcycle gloves. The flight was really neat on Sunday. We had spent the night Saturday swaping [[swapping]] BS stories by campfire, turning in early and arising before dawn. We traveled to the local diner for breakfast and launched shortly after sunrise. The air was smooth in the early part of the flight, but soon the thermals began developing. My glider is not the most recent design touted in the magazines. It would be regarded as a mid-range performance machine. But I flew it higher than any of the other gliders could reach and consistently stayed up there above them. Actually I think what happened is that I had gotten into the lift band before the winds decreased a little. They couldn't get up to where I was. After we landed the winds picked up 20-30, so we didn't fly again. Without me saying a word they acquired some new respect for the mid-range gliders. But part of soaring is luck, being at the right place at the right time when the lift arrives. I had a couple of good days.

Vic

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