


speeds up to 35 or 40 miles per hour are quite possible of attainment. In its brief development period of only a year and a half, 16 different gliders and over 30 different pilots have soared the ridges. They have made nearly 150 soaring flights totaling over 200 hours. Fifteen pilots have qualified for their "C" certificates. Several have

qualified for one leg of their "Silver C". More ships, more pilots, more "C's", and more interest and enthusiasm in gliding and soaring are developing here than in any other part of the country. Gliding is certainly coming back into its own! Especially along Lake Michigan's sand dunes!



To the West lies the broad expanse of Lake Michigan

In Memoriam

Members who have attended past Soaring meets at Elmira will be sorry to learn of the death of Barbara Rhodes. She will be remembered, not only as the attractive girl who helped her Mother serve meals at the Rhodes' farmhouse, but also for her paramount interest in soaring competitions and contests. A day seldom passed that she was not seen on the top of Harris Hill, exhibiting intense enthusiasm.

A scrap-book on Soaring, which she held dear, will be continued, as explained in the following excerpts of a letter from Victor Sandek: "You probably know about the scrap-books Barbara compiled pertaining to gliding and soaring. A few of us have determined to carry on this valuable work. If you will send in to Mrs. Rhodes all of the clippings, articles, pictures, etc., you possibly can, you will help us very much. Mrs. Rhodes' opinion of this undertaking was expressed to us in a letter dated January 17th, of which I shall quote a few lines: 'I think the plan you mention is a wonderful idea. Barbara

would be heart-broken if she thought her scrap-books were not kept up, and, of course, a group of people could and would obtain so many more clippings than just one person, that to me it seems an ideal plan, and a group ought to make it a work of historical reference in the Gliding and Soaring World in years to come.' "

A Brief Taste of Soaring Abroad

(Continued from page 6)

low sinking speed. It unfortunately was nearly dark when Nessler landed so I had no opportunity of flying it.

As I set foot on the S.S. Manhattan, at Havre, my models of the Minimoa and H17 tucked carefully under my arm, I regretted that I hadn't had more time to spend on soaring in Europe, but consoled myself with the thought that even such fleeting visits as mine help to fan the flame which has spread enthusiasm for this superb sport all over the world until it is now truly international in scope and far reaching in its beneficial effect on the youth of the world.