

cirrus and strato-cumulus clouds above 20,000 feet. After four short flights with new $\frac{3}{8}$ inch rope and auto-pulley tow took up as passenger Josef Froehlich (Austrian). Turned left over hills getting only slight lift. Found weak left N end of field at 350. While making last turn preparatory to landing saw a dust whirl near glider camp. Quickly turned and headed downwind of it. It hit us with terrific force—lift up to 3 m. Quite a fight to stay in it due to small size and turbulence but managed to climb steadily on it at average rate of $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 m. per second as I drifted to NE up draw leading to 2000 feet (8000 feet) peak. Reached summit and hung on to weak and variable slope and thermal lift for more than 20 minutes—sometimes dropping below peak and sometimes working a little bit over it—noticed lonely horse grazing near summit. He finally took fright and galloped off when we flew near him. Finally caught a thermal of 1-1 $\frac{1}{2}$ m. per second and left peak, climbing to 3,500 when opposite and above next higher peak. Here thermal gave out and we had to hunt a bit, dodging —3 m. per second downdrafts until we caught a good one of 1-2 m. per second. After 3 turns located its center and rose steadily to over 6,000 feet, still drifting NE over high peaks of Pioneer Range of Sawtooth Mountains. At this altitude (equal with Hyndman Peak, highest mountain in Idaho—12,000 feet) caught a thermal of about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ m. per second average and worked it up to 11,100, a comfortably safe margin over 3,000 meters above take-off for last leg of my Golden 'C.' At this height temperature was down to 25 degrees F. and humidity up to 30%. As I was far over mountains and had accomplished my purpose I headed west into what seemed about a 20 mph wind. When about $\frac{1}{3}$ the way back to Sun Valley and down to 10,000 feet I caught the one strong thermal of the day—also one less turbulent than most. Lift rose to an average between 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 5 m. per second as I found the center and turned steadily with an indicated 45 mph airspeed. Climbed quite rapidly to my amazement to an altimeter reading of 14,100 feet above take-off, about 13,700 feet above release and over 20,000 feet above sea level. It was bitterly cold-



A "Dust Devil." Start of a Thermal

Durrance



Durrance

Looking southeast over Pioneer Range of Sawtooth Mountains while soaring 12,600 ft. above Sun Valley (18,600 ft. above sea level). The sailplane is over 6,000 ft. above Mt. Hyndman, highest peak in Idaho, seen in lower left

down to about 15 degrees F. with 35% rel. humidity. We were just under a large, but thin strato-cumulus cloud which we were unable to reach as lift gave out gradually. This was about 5:20 P. M. On the way up—at about 11,000-12,000 feet—two large hawks played around us. When they got into a stronger lift than we they half folded their wings so as not to rise above the sailplane. Heading SW we lost altitude so gradually that we were still over 10,000 feet above Sun Valley when we flew over the Lodge. Continuing to lose altitude gradually with frequent thermals of 0- $\frac{1}{2}$ m. per second lift and few downdrafts of as much as -2-3 m. per second we played about Bald Mountain taking a number of pictures when the sun came out from behind the clouds. At 6,000 feet Temp. 60 degrees—rel. humidity 15%, circling over Sun Valley Lodge at 2,000 feet so guests could see ship, we found lift of 0- $\frac{1}{2}$ m. per second over a large area. Slowly lost altitude and when we came in for the approach glided over man on a horse followed by two pack animals. As far as I know this flight constitutes a new international two-place altitude record as the last one of which I know was Ziller and Quadfasel who did 10,840 in 1937."

The next few days Johnny Robinson did all the flying and carried on with his usual perseverance and skill. In five days he ran up a total of 41 flights, 38 passengers, and 7 hours 19 minutes of soaring.

Our last two days there, August 17th and 18th, we did our best to carry out our agreement to put on a show over the Sun Valley Rodeo. As luck would have it, these were two of the few days we had a southeast wind which spilled over the hills and made bad downwashes over the rodeo grounds which were half a mile south of our field across some low hills.

On one flight Johnny rode with me, in the back seat, a huge box of flowers on his lap. Releasing at 1,000 feet we flew upwind over the rodeo grounds. Just as I called to him to dump them and he opened the hood, the variometer dropped to an alarming -3 $\frac{1}{2}$ m. per second! I yelled at Johnny and he quickly shut the hatch as we banked left and dived to get out of the downdraft and back to our field. We started to go between two low

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