

THAT'S THE *Weather* of it

B. L. Wiggin

I'd rather not, but our new President differs, so here it comes "dictated but not read." By that I mean that with just the data of the pilot's meeting maps, the soundings, and the score sheet of official flights, let's see what we can do. We should have, of course, hourly values of temperature, wind, and pressure for the local site, but these are not now available.

According to my score sheet, there were no official flights June 28th, July 4th, 6th, and 7th. In addition there were no official distance flights on the 11th, and no official altitude flights on the 12th and 13th.

On the positive side, we have the greatest number of official flights (10 or more) on July 1st, 2nd, 5th, 8th, and 9th. The record altitude was made on the 1st, and the record distance on the 2nd. (Both of these flights would have set new American records just a short time ago.) Most official flights were on two days, twenty-two on the 5th, and thirty-one on the 9th.

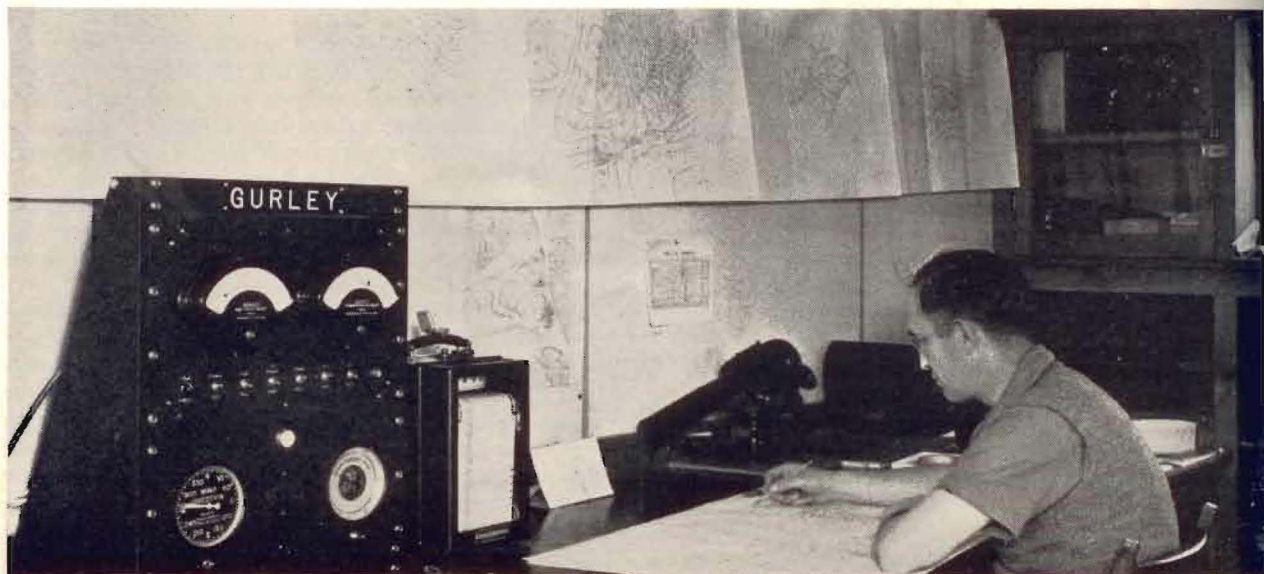
What caused this performance distribution? Let's go to the powerhouse and read a few meters. On July 1st, Harris Hill continued to be in the middle of a large "warm sector" characterized by very warm and humid air to a depth of nearly 10,000 feet. Above it was a layer of dry air which had moved across during the night. There was about a normal lapse rate, thus giving a condition we call "convectively unstable." The pressure system was such that both masses were moving to slightly north of due east at light velocities near the surface increasing to 25 to 30 miles per hour at 10,000 feet. As I recall the pilot meeting that day dubbed it a "Bob Stanley" day. There was to be plenty of UP to the towering cumuli; not much lightning; and a chance for those who used clouds in their perigrinations to go to the ancestral home of Perigrin White.

If John Robinson hadn't interested himself in a baseball game far below him as he passed over Cementon, N. Y., he might have gone on to Plymouth, Mass. As it was, we all know that he stopped, circled around a bit "not knowing exactly which way the wind was blowing" to quote him exactly, and ended up by landing and umpiring the last several innings of a softball game between the Cementon Sallies and the Catskill Katies.

Lyle Maxey sniffed at a rarified cumulus and almost before he knew what made his pants feel so rough in the seat, he had run his barograph off the drum, and was still going up at 30'/second-plus. Soon thereafter he began to gather ice (the icing level was very close to 14,500 on July 1st). After setting a new American altitude record by his altimeter, Maxey came home firmly resolved to start all his soaring days as he had this one—by buying the weather man a cold drink.

Those who stayed on the Hill were treated to several fine displays of "limited" cumulo-nimbus. By 11:30 A. M. a small "pin-point" shower passed north of us causing heavy static in Johnny Mulligan's receivers and a few rumbles of thunder. Before passing from view the storm had dissipated its energy, and the very active cloud of a few minutes ago was dead and dissolving. Several other showers of that character were observed during the day until as late as 5 P. M. By that time there were so many "Cm₆" clouds in the sky, that it was nearly overcast.

July 2nd was another "Stanley" day. Convection the day before had carried heat aloft so as to raise the temperature slightly from the 6500 foot level upward. There remained a steep enough lapse rate, however, to accelerate cloud convection. Live clouds were scheduled to appear early with uniform bases at 6500 sea level. Icing was not expected until something like 19,000 feet had been at-



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