

dumping their loads of rain on the western slopes.

The temperature being what it should be at these altitudes, I pulled on a sweater, wrapped a leather jacket around myself, and proceeded to freeze anyway. After spending an hour above 15,000 feet, I was over the Inyo Mountains and heading across Owens Valley, trying to locate the airports at Independence and Lone Pine. Unfortunately, they were not distinguishable from this height.

Arriving at Lone Pine with this excessive altitude, I could have made a return glide to Bishop, but Mt. Whitney seemed to beckon. I decided to take a close look at it and return for a landing at Lone Pine, as scheduled.

Gliding over the eastern slope of this range, I expected to find strong down-drafts, since this area has prevailing westerly winds. The large thunderstorm which was now dispersing and dropping its rain on the western side, had apparently consumed and spent all the vertical energy in this region, for I encountered nothing but smooth flying in the clear cold air. Desiring a closer view, I glided down past the highest peaks into the steep canyons where snow banks and jagged pinnacles of rock reached out within 100 feet of my wingtip. Exploring several canyons in this manner, I passed over many small crystal-clear lakes in which the sunken logs were plainly visible.

I was losing altitude steadily until, after coming quite a distance down the mountain slope, I flew around a large protruding point of rocks and encountered a small region of lift close to the mountain side. While flying a figure 8 pattern to stay in this region, I discovered a road ending at a lake directly below. Beside it were a few cabins with several cars parked close by. Presently five

people gathered in the road and strained their necks watching the maneuvers. They were still looking when I disappeared into another canyon to scrutinize some rocks and trees.

When my spare altitude finally dwindled away, I headed for town and arrived with 2,000 feet to spare. Spotting the airport on the south edge of Lone Pine, I took note of the traffic pattern being flown by the airplanes operating upon it, then expended my extra altitude in lazy maneuvers close to town. Landing, I slid to a stop on the edge of the runway close to the hangar at 6:10 P.M., just 3 hours and 25 minutes after my take-off 56 miles away. Much greater distance could have been accomplished, but this was prohibited by military restrictions.

Taking off at Bishop the following day, I found the weather still exceptionally good, and was able to make another interesting flight, reaching an altitude of 18,000 feet. This time I went northward over the White Mountain Range for forty miles, making a return glide to the airport in a straight line at constant airspeed, while measuring the time, altitude lost, and distance covered. This data was for the purpose of computing the actual sinking velocity and gliding ratio of this high performance sailplane under normal conditions of updrafts and downdrafts found in unstable air. The results of this test were compared with those of other similar tests made with the same sailplane in the smooth air of the early morning hours on the following day, the purpose being to determine the best possible performance of the plane. All this data and the results were submitted to the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics as a scientific report.

OFF THE DEEP END

By "Moe"

WOULD'N'T you like to see yourself getting into your post-war lightplane (which would cost you no more than your car) and flying hither and thither with the greatest of ease? Then take a couple of puffs on this opium pipe, brother! All a person has to do is to fall down an open manhole and up he comes with a prediction about post-war life in general and aviation in particular which would make this month's copy of "Amazing Stories" read like a first-grade primer. It would do

our national sanity good to carefully analyze the future possibilities and not get too optimistic about that promised "every-man's plane" that folds into an all-electric kitchen.

Perhaps you might imagine that I am an enemy of progress and a descendant of the man who threw rocks at the Wright brothers. On the contrary, I would gladly welcome great strides in private flying but am rational enough to soberly consider the obstacles that have to be over-