



The Officials. L. to R. Front Row: Harry Smith, Dr. Klemperer, Gus Scheurer, Bob Blaine. L. to R. Back Row: Hawley Bowlus, Johnny Nowak, Joe Steinhauser, Bill Putnam and Stan Corcoran.

5th, no less than 12 pilots made flights exceeding 100 miles cross-country! Imagine the happy band of pilots as ships rolled in during the night. "This is it!" you could hear them say. Down went one of the several worth-while goal prizes first thing when Myron Wells in his Bowlus Super Albatross slipped down south—up wind—to Olney, Texas to cop a cold \$100—and give some of the other boys something to think about in the matter of which way the wind might blow and what to do with it. This day also saw one of the most beautiful spectacles silent American skies have ever seen. Twelve graceful sailplanes, towed aloft triple, double, and single, rendezvoused at 7000 feet over Wichita Falls, released in perfect timing, slipped into a great echelon formation, and wound their silent way to Sheppard Field in a truly breath-taking formation. Briefed by Major Floyd Sweet, of Soaring's "400," and of Wright Field, boys who had never flown in formation with even one sailplane, to say nothing of eleven, flew alongside of experts from the power ranks. Some flew ships of considerably different glide performance than others, pulling spoilers to keep position—position determined by the last man, not the first!—and on into a majestic spiral approach to land right on each others' heels in a mass that gave a wet eye or two to those who watched it spellbound. The maneuver had been ordered the night before by our friends of the press and the news reels. They got the most beautiful set-up their cameras had ever had.

The next couple of days saw the sifting of the experts start. George Tabery, Fritz Compton, Don Pollard, Paul MacCready, Paul Tuntland, and Raymon Parker showed their skill. The battle for cross-country was on, and mere novices whose soaring time had been almost exclusively on ridges, turned in cards from landing 80, 100, 150 miles from home. The barograph department with top man, Karl Lange, and the ubiquitous and never-tiring Ben Shupack, waded into a daily grind of from fifty (on a light day) to seventy barograph charts to process each night. Let it never be forgotten how into the dawn burned the lights over Ben's bench!

On the eighth, Virginia Bennis in the Kirby Kite set a national single-place goal flight record for women



The Barograph Room. Ray Jenkins, Ben Shupack, Dr. Lange, Mrs. Peggy Smith, Ralph Eigg, and R. W. Hughes.

—52 miles. MacCready and Trager topped 200 miles and the rumble of returning trailers with tired pilots and crews became routine sounds all through the night. The daily exhibition was proving acrobatic skill that it would be hard to believe without seeing. Bob Taylor, genial Sales Manager for Schweizer, laid down a "perfect" at spot landing when he kissed the flag with a score of zero inches from the spot. Bets were fast that several of the boys would never end up less than three feet from the spot, and there was a lot more cross-wind and gust condition than you'd like, too!

Then things got going. Dick Comey topped 300 miles on the 13th, and even more of significance perhaps, was Eugart Yerian's *goal flight with a passenger* in a plain old Army Trainer, the heavy TG-3A, of 207 miles! None less in the star class was Shelly Charles' goal and return flight of 122 miles in the old standby Minimoa. The 15th saw Lyle Maxey and a passenger soar the Laister-Kauffmann TG-4A 104 miles on goal and return. The 16th was the morning when haggard faces and tired anatomies gave the pilot's meeting that look of "just after the battle" and two pilots were overheard trying to bribe the weather man into fixing up a good thick overcast and a tight inversion at about 150 feet. But, no! the Texas thermals started popping along about ten-thirty and out dragged America's soaring manpower to the line. First off at 11:00, 60th off at 13:10! The day's tally showed Paul MacCready back at Wichita Falls—just a few yards the other side of the fence!—for what will surely prove to be a new international goal and return single-place record of 230 miles! That combination of Paul and The Screamin' Weiner is something;

Then things got REALLY GOOD! On the 17th Ginnie Bennis set up a new international altitude record for women, single-place. She beat by the necessary, the Russian-held 6,794 foot mark by showing 7,200 feet gained while flying the graceful Kirby Kite. This was the day that Kemp Trager was moseying around the skies up over mid-Oklahoma when a gorgeous bit of cumulo-nimbus ventured close to him. He rammed it. It decided to toss him about a bit. It did. He got awfully high. He got awfully cold. He got bounced around to the point where one more sock on the noggin would have put him out. He iced up.