



Didion, Gaudry.

M. Klemperer

Surely, one of the top brags by the management of the Meet is the splendid record of operations under a demand never before experienced. And may we here and now point with pride, hoping the insurance underwriters are looking, at the safety record! Of course the field was a big one and as we knew beforehand, adequate, but think carefully of the fact that there were four daily arrivals and departures by airliners. There were on the average nearly a hundred launchings per day, counting the exhibitions for acrobatics and spot landing tries. Many pilots had never been in the air with more than a couple of aircraft at the same time. There were itinerant fliers—visitors—and there were times when tied landings were pretty much the rule. Harry Smith's tow pilots did a magnificent job not only in keeping the operations going at peak but in fitting their patterns to a sky full of gliders, each with its own individual idea of pattern. Surely, insurance actuaries cannot overlook this significant fact: Well controlled glider operations, with good sense and some experience behind the participants, need cause no operators to fear for the safety of their field activities. This is no recommendation for auto tow lines all over the place, or for any beginner or show-off to barge into a well run field and take over. But the 14th did demonstrate that gliders are safe in sane hands—safer, may we add that even the biggest air shows put on by America's top experts in power plane events.

There were five gliders that suffered damage. Two were completely demolished. These might still be happily riding thermals but for (according to official findings) judgment quite below the standard which prevailed at the Meet. Two were damaged in ground handling and trailing. All right, take a percentage: Of a total of approximately 1200 launchings, three flights ended in mishap. We think that's a recommendation.

The weather service was excellent. Barney Wiggins was missed, of course, but Ted Lange and Bill Ferguson, sent from Fort Worth, called the shot with precision. The one or two days they didn't foresee all were better than they had anticipated, so the pilots went merrily (or better, "wearily") on their way over a couple of hundred miles of cow and oil country.

JULY - AUGUST, 1947



Pop and Mom Krohne.

Candil

HAPPY EVENINGS

Fun spots were the colorful and satisfying Chuck Wagon Feeds by the genial gang of real cowboys from Electra, Texas, and the "Tune-shootin'" Calumet Indians' music, true Texas style. As a top event and one long to remember was the square dance show and sure 'nuf western band put on right in the middle of Hangar Three. When the caller (was he ever good!) shouted, "Everybody dance!" most everybody did. And don't think our guests from England, France, Switzerland, Guatemala, and Mexico, didn't enjoy it! Their eyes popped out. Ours from the North and East did too! Then there was the watermelon eating contest. My! how Johnny Nowak likes watermelon! Another high spot was an event to end all outdoor-Texas-night events: A song fest around a giant campfire with two kinds of help—a) a truck with public address facilities which were well used, and, b) a most generous supply of beverage so greatly appreciated in hot dry climes. No foolin', the cases were stacked higher than the operations truck tower! But then this was a super-colossal event, the 14th was.

VISITORS

An encouraging number of high-ups in Aviation, in The Military, in Government, in the Press, in the Diplomatic Services, paid us call. Besides our Guest speakers at the formal events were leaders from many points who came, and we sincerely believe were impressed with America's Soaring. The 14th showed it off at its true best.

Always enthusiastically right in there at everything aeronautical, was Tony Page, writer of airy things. Tony's column boosted the Contest even as we had hoped other columnists would. Tony had a glider ride with none other than the President of the Soaring Society of America, E. J. Reeves. When she returned in the rear seat of his Schweizer TG-2 after he had made a speed dash for prize money to Vernon, Texas, some of us thought maybe the Vernon folks had added a lovely blonde to the prize incentive. Actually, the contest was of such significance, such magnitude, and was such a great show of what American Soaring was, that there really should have been ten times as many big name visitors and guests. It was downright discouraging to get letter after letter of regrets from the