

# Convert Those Power Pilots

It is slowly being recognized that light aircraft are a relatively low form of transportation. The would-be air traveler rarely if ever can make an average speed between objectives which is not exceeded by the morning milk train; yet the aviation magazines are full of stories of daring Cub flights from Squedunk to Punkin Center, with all sorts of adventures en route. With but few exceptions, getting there is secondary in order of importance for most private pilots.

Quite obviously, it is the lure of adventure which impels most flights of this nature. That and the challenge to the operator of the machine to find his way around with a map and possibly that sybaritic device, the radio. It would seem that there ought to be a vast reservoir of potential soaring customers panting (if a reservoir can pant) to make a goal flight in a glider, win a Silver C, or the likes of that. But when a bucketful or so, dipped from that reservoir, attends a soaring meet, what do we see?

They park their Aeroncas and wander around vaguely or turn with a shudder from the disquieting sights around them, not to mention the utter disdain with which they are regarded by much of the gliding fraternity.

If the meet itself is not run in a shoestring manner, some contestants and gliders are certain to appear somewhat "out at heel" and your power-pilot is very apt to develop a protective shell of disdain before he climbs back into his stink pot and goes home. Going to a glider meet is, incidentally, one of the few really practical things for which an airplane can be used.

Anyway, there you have it. Here is soaring, the most magnificent, challenging, esthetic, nationality-defending sport on or above the face of the earth.

Nobody makes a decent living out of it. Few really promote it. Few really explain it to the prospect. We soaring fans just stand around and look down our noses at the people who could really do something about it and hope that some thermal manifestations of the St. Christopher will descend upon them and baptize them in the name of Moazagottl. But it just doesn't happen.

So, we think, something must be done about it. What can be done?

Let's detail one or more verbal spell-binders to seize upon, hog tie and force into a glider every likely looking stink-pot pilot who ventures to a glider meet, and let's have a ship and a pilot available detailed to that duty, and to no other.

HENRY WHITE

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