

## ● Odessa Camp

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August and Mabel Raspet in Starkeville, Miss., but we will save that for another story. Anyone really interested in Soaring and Aeronautical research should visit Dr. Raspet and see the work which he is turning out with the able assistance of Mel Schwartzburg and his staff. I am certain that Dr. Raspet will have many interesting articles for Soaring readers in the near future.

Arrived home Saturday, Aug. 1, tired, happy and cold. 85° New York State summer heat cannot begin to compare with Texas 115°. In a little over two weeks we had driven 7,000 miles, including 6 sessions of all-day, all-night and all-day driving, flown 557 miles and in two tries made Golden "C" distance, Diamond "C" goal and Diamond "C" distance awards.

I am convinced that a 1-23 can fly up to 500 miles from Odessa. For those who will be trying it—take off at least one-half to one hour before the Cu start to form, hang on to the light "dry" thermals up to 2,000 ft. and drift with the wind, then of course, on the other end of the flight you should be in the air up to 7:00 or 7:30 P.M. A 10-hour flight at 50 M.P.H. average is 500 miles. All you need is the weather—and the weather is there. You might have to wait a few days for it, but unless you get knocked off by thunderstorms, there is a nice 500-mile goal waiting for an enterprising 1-23 pilot.

Val and I and the children were extremely impressed with the hospitality. We sincerely hope that the National Contest can be held there in the near future so that you may all experience Soaring in its finest form.

Operation Odessa completed—end of report.  
Bishop—here we come.

### WALLY WIBERG

My first flight was a goal flight to Canyon on Saturday. Distance—220 miles; time 4 hours. Was a very easy flight, cruised between 8,000' and 12,000' at about 80 m.p.h. and arrived at the goal early. Believe I could easily have gotten another 100 miles and also that this was the better of the two days. Johnson claimed Sunday, the day of his record flight, was the better day but of course he didn't fly Saturday.

My Sunday flight was a goal flight to Guymon, Okla. Distance—333 miles; time 7.5 hours. This flight started very well with weather similar to that of the day before, except that I was very nearly forced down at Lubbock, and conditions were so poor from there to Amarillo (not a cloud in the sky) that I nearly gave up because I was making such poor time that it seemed impossible to make my goal before dark. Had planned to land at Tradewinds Airport if I ever got that far but as I approached Amarillo conditions from there north shaped up as good as ever. Arrived at the goal at 6:30 p.m. with about 5,000' to spare and figure I might have made another 50 miles by alternating course to the east to take advantage of better conditions and a high westerly wind component at altitude. The toughest part of the job was getting across the big hole in conditions from Lubbock to Amarillo. Altitude and



Wally Wiberg turned in the iron man performance at Odessa with his two long flights on successive days.

speeds for the rest of the trip were about the same as the day before.

Liked the Odessa trip for its maximum performance with minimum fuss as compared with some meets. Missed not being able to get together with the whole gang more but that was my fault for not being able to spare any more than two days for the trip.

### EUGART YERIAN

Otis Imboden (my crew chief at the 1949 Texas contest) and I went to Odessa with the intention to break the two-place goal flight record which Bill Ordway and I had once unofficially held. We didn't do so well. The first day we saw cumulus forming beautifully at 9:00, dashed around getting into the air, flew 20 miles downwind only to find ourselves under a complete overcast with it raining on us. We landed in an oil field and used a private field phone to yell for help. On our next flight, after several attempts to get away from the field, we stayed in the air three hours and went 90 miles to Brownfield airport. On Sunday, the big day, we never did manage to get out of the downdraft area after release and came back to the airport immediately. An hour later I took off solo and an hour after that I came back to the airport because I had forgotten to turn on the barograph. After another half hour spent in rounding up E. J. and the tow plane I finally got into the air at 1:15. Conditions were excellent and I shivered along between 10,000 and 13,500 above sea level until I reached Plainview where everything quit and the air was smooth as a foggy morning. I was facing the same big hole that I found later had almost clipped Dick Johnson and did stop Ralph Watkins and Col. Elliott. It was too late in the evening for me to detour 25 miles east or west with the clouds so I set her on the best glide and let her go until she hit the ground, landing