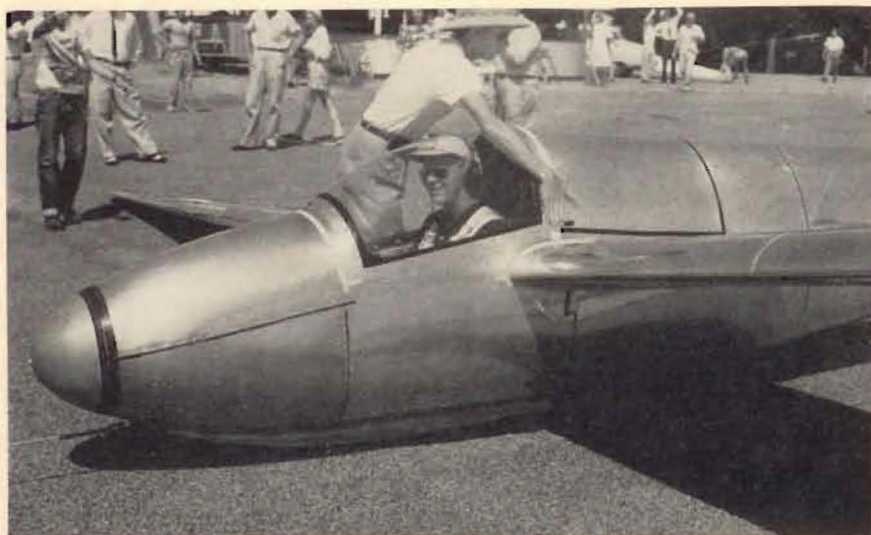


# 322 MILES

You Fly in the Cockpit  
With an Ace Sailplane Pilot  
On This Soaring Adventure!



ALL SET! 'Bill' Ivans is sealed in cockpit of Schweizer 1-23 sailplane, just before tow plane takes him up. At right, closeup of the airminded Californian.

by WILLIAM S. IVANS, JR.

THE FIRST TENTATIVE wisps of morning cumulus appearing over the Grand Prairie Airport made me wish that I had requested a slightly earlier takeoff time, but now there was no help for it, as all of the early 2-minute spaced "slots" were filled. After a last-minute look at my watch and the sky and a hurried consultation with Bud and Hutch, I wrote Amarillo Air Terminal on the take-off card and asked Bud to turn it in to the starter when my turn finally came up. Although this goal was farther than any flight I had yet made, weather conditions looked good, with tail-winds toward the Panhandle at least during the early part of the flight, and I knew that only a group of exceptional distance flights would keep me in the running with the fine group of ships and pilots which had assembled for the start of the 19th National Soaring Competition.

And in the back of my mind was the hope that this might be the day to make that long-sought-after 500-kilometer flight which would complete my Diamond "C."

After we had finally rolled the little 1-23 into starting position, Bud ran

*Note: The writer, "Bill" Ivans, is engaged in guided missile electronics development work with Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corp. (Convair) at San Diego, Calif. He has been active in soaring since 1948, and holds the world's single-place absolute altitude soaring record of 42,100 feet. The flight described in this story helped him place second in this year's National Soaring Contest, besides winning for him the coveted Diamond "C" soaring badge. He is a Director of the Associated Gliding Clubs of Southern California and of the Soaring Society of America. Those mentioned in his story include: National Soaring Champion "Dick" Johnson; William Coverdale, 3rd-place winner in the Nationals, and Ray Parker, 5th-place winner.*

through the check list once again — barograph on, oxygen on, goal established, food in ship, water in ship, radio checked, rear antenna plugged in, etc., etc. All OK, so on went the canopy and I began to steam while Bud and Hutch quickly taped over the canopy-fuselage junction to prevent any possible air leaks.



A check of the release, a final wiggle of the stick and rudder, and I nodded to the starter that all is ready. The red Stearman tow plane coughed, groaned (I fancy), then settled down to the business of the day — getting gliders to an altitude of 2,000 feet above the field — and for me and my crew the 19th Nationals had begun. I wrote "10:52 — takeoff" on my knee pad while I was slowly climbing towards release altitude, and I began fumbling with the bayonet-type transmitting antenna in order to get it into operating position.

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