

## IVANS STORY (continued)

achieving your Diamond "C." I thanked him, then advised that I was switching over to VHF Tower frequency, since by that time I was approaching the airport traffic pattern. Bud agreed to maintain a listening watch for me while driving to the airport.

The tower operator was very cooperative in giving me landing instructions; I asked and was given permission to make a right-hand pattern and a landing on the apron. I heard him instruct an approaching airliner to extend his base leg in order to give me time to land.

Landing was easy, since there was a good wind, and as I completed my landing roll there were Bud and Hutch, and there too was Bill Coverdale, who had landed some 25 minutes before, in his L-23. Landing time was 5:55 p.m.; I had been in the air about 7 hours, and had maintained an average ground speed of some 46 mph.

A half hour later, after we had agreed that "No one else can make it now", there were shouts of "Here's another glider!" and Ray Parker came whistling in in his sleek yellow Tiny Mite. *It was Ray whom I had seen at Vernon.* We spent some time talking over conditions, etc., then set to work dismantling my ship for the long drive back to Grand Prairie and another long flight the next day.

A phone call to Grand Prairie brought out the fact that Coverdale and I were tied for first place in the contest standings (Ray had declared a somewhat shorter goal, then gone beyond to Amarillo); this, together with the completion of my Diamond "C", made this the most memorable of my contest flights. ↗



Parachute prize is presented to Ivans as 2nd place winner in Nationals by Harold McElfish of Pioneer Parachute Co.

## TODD STORY (continued)

This retrieve took 50 per cent longer than a flight of the same distance this year in Texas, when he attempted the goal flight to Kansas City, as in this retrieve we arrived on the scene at 10:30. Actually this flight was a little longer than the one to Norfolk.

This year's 19th National Soaring Contest was the most gruelling contest in history, I believe, for the crew members. There were many flights made of over 300 miles, and considerably more of over 200 miles, which necessitated long retrieves. Fortunately good time can be made on the Texas highways. Incidentally, Dick's crew this year was his wife, Alice, and myself, plus Major Creason, who arrived the second week to help out as we were about done in. Dick's wife had never heard of a Soaring Contest before she was married. The poor gal, she did not know what she was getting into.

The first day of this contest Dick planned a goal flight to Lubbock. The soaring conditions were very good. After going through the usual routine prior to takeoff we started on our way to Lubbock. There is very little to report on this part of the crewing. About 1:00 p.m. we stopped to get a quart of chocolate milk apiece and paper cups. After three years of this I have finally mastered the technique of getting more in the cup than on the floor (better not let Dick hear about this) while speeding down the highway.

We have found this is the best way of saving time on the retrieve and yet satisfy our stomachs. It only takes a minute to pick up the milk whereas it would probably take a half hour to stop for lunch. That poor pilot, I wonder what he does for lunch.

Later on in the afternoon when we were getting into northwestern Texas we saw some dust devils. I had heard and read about them but had never seen them until this day. They are a spectacular sight, a swirling column of dust a couple hundred feet in diameter rising probably a mile high. We got back at headquarters about 3:00 a.m.

The second day we made our longest retrieve when Dick attempted a goal flight to Kansas City and set down in southeastern Kansas (Petersburg, Kans., a 369-mi. flight).

This was our starvation day. The only food to speak of that day was breakfast plus the chocolate milk at noon. The good farmer and his wife

fixed us some midnight coffee and cookies before starting our long trip back to Grand Prairie. We arrived in Grand Prairie about 11:45 a.m., set up the RJ-5 in record time and almost immediately Dick took off again for the task flight around the triangular course to set a new world speed record, only to break it again a week later.

This was our idea of retrieving. All we had to do was sit and wait for him to arrive back at the field and then push him off the landing strip. Unfortunately, this type of retrieving is rare.

The fourth day started out like any other day, but ended being the most interesting of all. After we left Weatherford, a light blue De Soto convertible and trailer flashed by and raced madly up the road ahead of us. (I wonder who was driving, June Wiberg or her mother-in-law?) About a half hour later we are waved down by Bill Ivans' crew and Wally Wiberg's crew, who have pulled off to the side of the road. Ivans' crew had lost radio contact with him and were trying to regain it. But they did spot Dick Johnson circling in a thermal just to the north, which was their reason for waving us down. In the meantime, we consume all their precious lemonade and then are on our way, leaving them their ice cubes to squeeze. We three crews were more or less together the remaining part of the afternoon, passing and repassing each other as all three pilots were headed in the same direction.

Since the RJ-5 is a comparatively fast sailplane we continued pushing on ahead while the other two crews more or less held back until we arrived in Big Spring, where they moved up with us. Here we saw jets swarming all over the place, some practically over the roof tops of the town. I think this was a jet training base.

Here Bud Yenny made a call to headquarters for all three crews. Wiberg had landed back at Colorado City, Ivans and Johnson were still in the air. This was good news as I was afraid Dick might have been set down by the storm a half hour or so earlier. So we and Ivans' crew moved on toward Odessa.

As we approached the Midland Airport we saw the "Flying Wing" at 1000 ft. coming in for a landing. The Wing is a spectacular sight in the air. No doubt the inhabitants thought it

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