

EUROPEAN VENTURE

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such a healthy state were it not for the Kemsley Trust. This trust, established by Viscount Kemsley (who is also President of the British Gliding Association), underwrites a number of activities; the most important being that a club or syndicate can purchase equipment or make improvements on a long term, low interest basis. Established seven years, the clubs have, without exception, honoured their commitments.

I was at Lasham about three weeks and so far my view of the English countryside was limited to the fifteen miles between Lasham and Farnham, where I would go several times a week for a bath at Ann and Lorne Welch's. But then came the expedition to the Isle of Man, the primary reason I had gone to England. This expedition was composed of a dozen people — meteorologists from Imperial College, three glider pilots and one tow plane pilot, and was led by Dr. R. S. (Dick) Scorer of I.C. We had a Tiger tow plane (from Lasham) and a T-21 (from the A.T.C. on the Isle of Man). The idea was to investigate mountain lee waves on that island and though not as spectacular as the Sierra Wave, they should prove an interesting phenomena. The only trouble was that we needed a wind from the west and for the whole two weeks an east wind blew. We did however get a few weak waves from this wind direction. The only trouble was that it meant making the runs out over the Irish Sea and coming back to the land into the wind. Makes life interesting!

Balloons were sent up and tracked by double theodolite; the same with smoke puffs. One Sunday afternoon a smoke puff was set off and observed. These last but a few minutes. But this one continued and the smoke got thicker. After about ten minutes it was realized that this was no ordinary smoke puff and bright red flames began to appear. No one seemed in the least bit concerned. I became a little anxious, having witnessed forest fires in California, so we did what we could to extinguish it. By this time it was beyond our control and for the next hour we gaped upon a spectacular display. Enough moisture was present in the atmosphere and our fire created just the right triggering action. Lovely cumulus boiled up, topped by beautiful lenticulars. What a creation! Evening grew on and we went to our supper. Several hours

later a brilliant glow was still seen on the horizon and Scorer decided he would go over and investigate. Upon returning I asked about it and his answer was: "Jolly good fire! It's covering at least 20 degrees of the horizon now."

He thought he had better notify a policeman and this was the conversation that ensued:

Scorer: "It seems I've started a fire."

Policeman: "I don't want to know a thing about it."

Scorer: "You don't seem very concerned about this."

Policeman: "It must have been started by a broken piece of glass."

Scorer: "Well, I'm concerned. It will hurt our visibility tomorrow."

that there is enough literature in there to keep a glider pilot busy and happy for at least ten years.

Then came the World Gliding Championships at Camphill. Details of this contest have already appeared in SOARING so I won't go into it now. It is true; the weather was frightful. But aside from that the meet couldn't have been more successful. One of the reasons for holding a World Championship is to "strengthen the good fellowship amongst glider pilots of all nations" — from first article of FAI Regulations. This it did. Perhaps I'm wrong, but I consider this the most important aspect of international competition.

I returned to Dunstable and along with working for Doc part time, I



Photo: Betsy Woodward

The Kendall-1 at Lasham Airfield. Left to right: Kitty Wills, Hugh Kendall the designer, Nick Goodhart and Philip Wills. The boy and girl are the Wills' children.

Three days later it was still going. Oh, well, it was only heather and nobody wanted it anyway.

After eight weeks at Imperial College, London, working on the data obtained from the expedition, I was off to Dunstable to assist Doc Slater. Doc lives opposite the zoo at Whipnade, can play a penny whistle and make it sound like bagpipes and is a grand character. Oh, yes, he is also editor of GLIDING (excellent official journal of BGA) and gliding correspondent for AEROPLANE and the London TIMES. I lived at the London Gliding Club at the bottom of Dunstable Downs and each day would cycle up to his bungalow at the top. I won't describe that bungalow (as he reads this magazine) but just say

made plans for a tour of the Continent in Nick Goodhart's Auster, which he had generously loaned. An account of this trip — describing soaring in Germany and a bit in Switzerland and France — will appear in the next issue of SOARING.

NOTICE

Be sure to send your suggestions for the rules for the 22nd National Soaring Contest to the Chairman of the Rules Committee, as soon as possible. The address is:

Mr. Robert Smith,
Box 38,
Ulster, Pa.