

Ivans was flying the 1-23E and that Maxey was in the Jenny Mae, it took a heap of flying for Hoverman in his 1-23 to do so well. This day marked the halfway point in the contest, and when the scores were tallied, Hoverman was leading.

She of the brunette tresses prettily tossed them as she sat forward on her chair and launched excitedly into a description of one of the interesting coincidences which occurred during the contest. On Saturday, August 6th, while driving Hoverman's crew car she was speeding North through the Owen's Valley trying to catch up with Bill who was not too high overhead. The clouds were building up and dissipating rapidly with occasional rain showers. Suddenly Bill radioed that he'd had it and was landing at Olan-cha. Swinging off the highway onto the airport, our driver spotted Bill's

landed. Vicious downdrafts had eaten up his altitude so fast that he was lucky to make it back. Here, exactly one week later, were the same three gliders which had landed side by side in the same field at Beaver Dam. It was real fun.

After leaving Independence which had been our turning point today we noticed the Prue-160 on its trailer. Probably at this moment Walt Franz was still en route back to El Mirage. Later it was learned that Olan-cha had been his turning point for goal and return. Without radio, he had arranged for his crew to lay markers on the runway to signal that he had been observed. For well over an hour Walt soared above Olan-cha without seeing the markers. Finally, he landed; and it was unfortunate that the markers were there but not visible from the air. Yesterday Walt had

Gus did commendable jobs as Field Operations officer and Contest Director at El Mirage. Jose' Tellez, starter and timekeeper, would undoubtedly be playing his role of eligible bachelor to the hilt. Rev. Allender and John Lake would be happy after a trying day of flying the towplanes. Alice and Bill Rodenberg were there probably thinking of the work which still lay ahead of them in preparing for the Awards Banquet. Noting that Hugh Damron, Bob Keene, the Nelsons, the Kuntzs, the Egglestons, Larry Bell, Kirk Harris et al would be there made us realize that having been so busy flying we had missed out on all the social events, but we agreed that one way or another everybody truly enjoyed the regatta.

As the witching hour approached we were informed that the restaurant was closing, the coffee pot was empty, our company had been enjoyed; but "Please pay the check, and 'Good Night'!" We obliged; went across to the parking lot, checked the 1-23 and the trailer lights; entered the car and headed for the highway.

Curled comfortably in a corner of the rear seat, a delightful reverie enveloped the mind. The warm, fresh, velvety night air caressed us, gentle music was barely audible from the radio, and we indulged further in our reminiscences. It seemed a million years ago since daybreak, yet the memory of the first 30 minutes this morning came flooding back. Just after sunrise a visit to the washroom with shaving equipment afforded an encounter with Don Stevens who had just returned from an all-night retrieve. Don's body was heavy with tiredness but his mind was happy with alertness and excitement. Saturday he had left El Mirage, headed northeast, found poor conditions, and at Boron decided to change course due West. After much struggle he reached Mojave. With about 400' above the airport he was prepared to land when he picked up a thermal. (His voice vibrated with emotion as he described it.) In short order he had it centered. Crooking the wheel in his elbow, he lighted a cigarette, relaxed and circled upward and upward. Finally at 18,000' he had to leave the thermal—no oxygen. Heading westward again Don flew over the Tehachapi Mountains. Here he ran into wave conditions. In order to stay below 15,000' Don finally locked full spoilers on, kept the nose down and flew at indicated 65 mph. Don has dedicated himself to setting a new dis-

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*Paul Bikle, SCSA Soaring Champion, checks his radio prior to a flight from Elsinore during the 1955 Regatta.*

Photo: Ken Hougen

1-23 halfway down the dirt runway. With a shout of surprise she brought our attention to Bill Ivans and his 1-23E also alongside the runway. After towing the 1-23 back to the parking area, it was amusing to find Frank Kerns talking to Lyle Maxey whom we could see on the far side of the valley at about 10,000'. Lyle was making large circles as he worked his way past Olan-cha. Soon he called and told Frank to go on to Lone Pine because Lyle was sure he had enough altitude to get there. Frank made several derisive comments about certain pilot's lack of flying ability and roared off down the road. A very few minutes later Ivans yelled, "Look, look! There below the crest of the mountains." And lo, zooming toward the airport from the Sierra Nevada Mountains was the Jenny-Mae coming like a silent jet. Skimming over the airport with barely 500' of altitude, Lyle swung into his pattern and

tough luck when he missed his goal of Bishop by only 12 miles, while Harold Hutchinson, Ray Parker, and Duke Mancuso all made the additional few miles to Bishop.

It was remarked that we knew where Sterling Starr was. He and Duke Mancuso were alternating flying their "Green Demon" L-K. After Duke's goal flight to Bishop yesterday, Sterling made a non-contest goal flight from Bishop to El Mirage today. We had heard his joyous comments over the radio when he knew he had it made. So, of course, Sterling and Duke would be enjoying the barbecue which Jack Wolfe had organized.

We pictured who would be present for the tree planting ceremony and barbecue at the S.C.S.A. home-site tonight. We figured Gus and Anne Briegleb would be enjoying the chance to relax. Major and Mrs. Halsey would be there. Both the Major and