SUPER YO-YO

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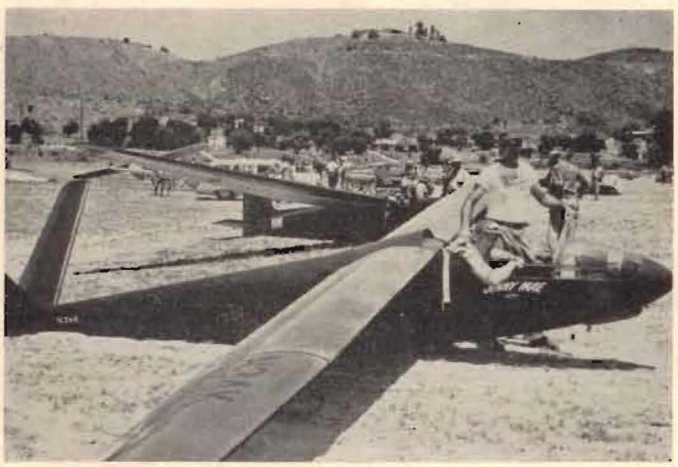
relative of Mr. Pronty; Frank Kerns, and Irving Prue, SSA Official Observer. My altitude on arrival was 10,200′, about 6300′ above the terrain. My time of arrival was 3:15 p.m. PDT, exactly 3 hours after take-off.

I left the thermal over the turn point at 14,500′, heading southeast toward the now massive cumuli over the White Mountains, and read 1700 fpm down for the entire distance to the first lift. Once under the clouds, the lift was 700 to 800 fpm, and I climbed to about 18,500′ for a starter. Although the clouds were almost continuous, the lift was not, but I was able to make very rapid progress by flying fast through the down air and slow through the up, stopping to spiral only occasionally. A little later I worked up to cloud base at just over 20,000′ msl..

My strategy now must be to leave the end of the valley with maximum possible altitude, for a cloudless region existed from about Little Lake to about 10 miles south of Inyokern. The 30-mile glide cost some 6000′ of now precious altitude, and I arrived under the weak-looking clouds with 12,000′. The lift was poor by comparison with what I had left behind, but I managed to climb slowly back to 16,000′, knowing that this was probably the last lift of the day. From this altitude I felt confident of being able to glide the remainder of the distance back to the take-off site, so I started out on a southerly heading. I soon became aware of a rather strong drift to the east, and realized that the expected change in the weather was materializing, with marine air and smog now flowing out on to the desert.

Probably as a result of the lifting action of this air, I encountered one last thermal over Boron, and worked it for about 500′, just as a safety measure. Upon crossing Highway 466 at 12,000′, I increased the airspeed to 120 mph, and held that speed until about 4 miles from El Mirage, where I went to 130 mph. I entered the pattern at 100′ above the ground, made a turn around the field, pulled up to slow down to approach speed, lowered the gear and landed west on the east-west runway into a 20 mph surface wind, touching down about 500 feet from the west end of the runway and rolling to the end. The landing was made at El Mirage Airport at 6:02 p.m. PDT. Average ground speed for the 310-mile goal and return flight was 52 miles per hour.



Lyle Maxey in the cockpit of Jenny Mae with co-owner, designer and constructor, and, on this occasion, crewman, Frank Kerns.

An interesting sidelight to the flight was winning a race with a power plane. When I was about 8 miles southwest of Johannesburg, Bob Schnelker took off from there in his Mooney Mite and firewalled it all the way to El Mirage in order to form a welcoming committee. Imagine his surprise when he entered the pattern just in time to see me roll to a stop! Another item is the fact that the ship made a 210-mile G & R Saturday, a 310-mile G & R Sunday and was soared 65 miles home to Long Beach by Frank Kerns on Monday, for a grand total of 585 cross-country soaring miles between set-up and knock-down!

PATTER

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this air load is all added up, we find that maybe a thousand pound load was lifted in order to free us from the ties of earth's gravity and that our ship could probably stand a load of six times that amount or more. Every time the load on the ship is increased or decreased thousands of small pieces twist, turn, bend, and stretch. Wood, steel, glue, fabric, dope, and plastic all fastened together are what we are now a part of. You are probably thinking by this time that it has sure taken us a long time to get into the air, which is precisely what I want you to think. I want you to think about since the first man saw a bird fly, thousands of years ago, men have wanted to fly. Think about how long the first man that flew had to wait. I want you to think about how the spar of this ship of ours was once a mighty spruce tree, where it grew and the people involved in making it into a spar. What about the other materials that are used to construct our ship. Where did they come from in their natural state and how many people like you and I were involved in making it into our sailplane. If you think about these things, your ship becomes a priceless, exciting ship with life, and a history as long as that of the years it took men to realize its design and as long as it took that spruce tree we were talking about to grow. If you think about how long men have wanted to fly, each flight will be a thrilling accomplishment, even a short one like we are taking. If you think about your ship being alive and that you are a part of it, you will apply smooth, even pressures to its controls and try to feel these pressures and sense the ship's response. When you can feel the ship and anticipate its every movement, then is when you are flying. When you are pushing and pulling the controls, skidding and slipping through the sky like a bull in a china closet, you are just riding.

Well, we finally got into the air. I climbed a little above the tow plane's rudder in order to stay out of his prop wash (not a fluid for washing propellers) but not high enough to pull his tail up. This would make it hard for him to get off the ground or clear obstructions. I ride a little high on take-off because prop wash can roll you around considerably and

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