

talking to the tower, which gave us adequate altitude to cross town and reach the airport, so I called Lincoln AFB, thanked them for the help and advised them that I was proceeding to Union. By now they advised me that they had me in visual contact, three miles north of runway 18. They then advised me that Lincoln radio could be contacted on INSAC frequency, which was extremely nice of them, since the older chart which I had did not show a Lincoln radio.

Before landing at Lincoln, I reported my position, asked for landing information, at which time they gave me their location on the field and requested that I report upon landing. I thought now I had really done something at the Air Force Base. Landing was completed at 5:35 p.m. with 6 hours and 30 minutes and 178 miles.

On reporting to CAA I found that Lincoln Air Force Base tower wished to talk to me. The CAA people offered me the use of their direct wire to the Air Force Base. Upon taking up the phone and identifying myself I heard a very cordial voice at the other end say "Sure wish you had landed here, we wanted to see that job. We had some trouble getting permission for you to land from the topside people, but once we had it, we wanted you to come in." So ended another very interesting flight and experience. The next day several of the personnel came over to see the contraption flying around the country without power.

Lincoln School of Aviation made us at home, placed our ship in the hangar and put all their facilities at our disposal, so after a swim and good dinner we were pretty well convinced that this crosscountry flying was really sport.

Wednesday morning looked good as usual, but now I had had three flights, 18 hours and 15 minutes in the cockpit, and we had made almost 450 miles along our route, so it was certainly time for me to climb out of the front seat and give somebody else a chance. Margaret was checked out, we went to Omaha and got the new front wheel assembly which Ted had forwarded, and took care of personal chores which had been neglected with the very busy schedule of the last 4 days. Maybe we relaxed too much—but we felt that with a reasonable break in the weather we might make the East Coast in our allotted time.

Lincoln provided the usual complement of photographers and reporters

with front page stories in their newspapers, and the Omaha television people at KVT-TV were on the phone from time to time relative to our plans and the possibility of their flying over and taking moving pictures on the ground and in flight. We never ceased to be amazed at the genuine interest people showed along our route and the surprising number of people, who, through military service or other means, had had some contact with gliding.

Thursday morning found Margaret in the front seat with Tiddum Potter, who had worked so hard and waited so long, as passenger. Tiddum had made her solo flight in a glider at Wurtsboro 10 days previous and was anxiously looking forward to her first crosscountry venture. With reporters and television cameramen

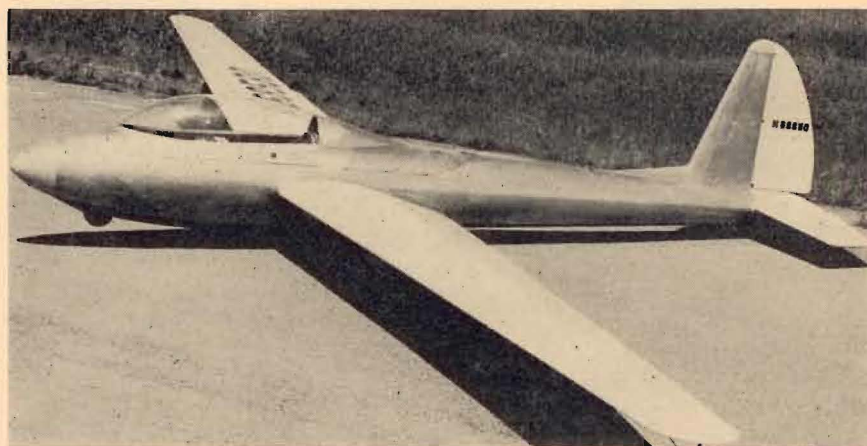


Photo: Tom Kennedy

*The number one all-metal "Hummingbird" now owned by George and Margaret Downsbroough. Its forty horse power engine had no difficulty in climbing to 2,000 feet above the 5,500 feet elevation of Denver, Colorado, even with the existing very high temperature.*

around, it was five minutes of 12 before they got off. A half hour later we had a call that they were at cloud base, 6000 feet, and setting course for Omaha. So we hooked up the trailer and started for Omaha by car. It was obvious that there was a very bad northwesterly wind drift and an open area almost 50 miles wide between Lincoln and Omaha that would take considerable crossing. Since the clouds looked good on either side of the dead area, we tried unsuccessfully to get a message to the glider, suggesting that they continue on a more northwesterly course, rather than staying on Route 34.

The first message which we received from the glider was at 2:30 p.m. when they advised us that they were 5400 feet, with Omaha Airport in sight. Flying had been rather difficult and they would land there. This however proved to be somewhat of a

problem and it was not until three hours later, at 5:35 p.m. that they landed at Omaha Municipal Airport. At the time of our 2:30 p.m. contact they had been northwest of the field, and in order to get to Omaha, had to go back nearly to Lincoln where they were able to cross the dead area and proceed on a northerly direction again to Omaha. After 5 hours and 40 minutes in the air, they had made 48 miles along our course.

Radio contact was made with Omaha radio and then with Omaha tower, so no trouble was experienced in getting into the field even though it is a large, busy Municipal airport used by United and Braniff. As a matter of fact, they flew in the immediate area for better than half an hour, so that by the time they landed, all United Airlines personnel and a

large collection of general onlookers were there to witness the landing.

Soon after the girls landed, Mr. Lang of Lang Aviation Services offered them the use of his hangar and facilities gratis. The CAA tower people stopped by to look over the flying machine and brought an invitation from the airport manager to stop in and see him in the morning. That night the regular news broadcast carried the story of the flight, and the television station showed their movie with an excellent commentary.

The weather map the next morning showed a stationary front right over Omaha, which was confirmed by the overcast sky, so we took the day off and went swimming—the most pleasant pastime we could find with record breaking temperatures along our route.

Saturday the 6th found condi-