

tions still the same. While we desired to make some demonstration flights at Omaha, traffic with United and Braniff was fairly heavy and gave us a little concern. However, we went down to the airport and visited with the tower people who assured us that, as far as they were concerned, they would be happy to have us operate in the area, and, on the basis of the previous landing, felt sure that we would not in any way interfere with any of their traffic. Next, we visited the airport manager in order to pay our respects. He asked us what our plans were and we advised him that conditions did not seem to be satisfactory for cross-country flying, and we rather doubted the advisability of flying on a busy airport of this type. He immediately advised that he would like to see the glider fly and, if it would be any help to us, he would be very happy to close the airport for an hour. In view of the favorable attitude of everybody at the field, we decided to make a test hop which was so successful that we made several demonstration flights with passengers who had shown a real interest in soaring, including the tower supervisor. We were very gratified with the results and with the ease of operation at a radio controlled field with commercial airline traffic. Several United and Braniff flights arrived and departed during our flights. The crews and passengers showed a great deal of interest in the glider.

During Saturday night a cold front passed through, but unfortunately it left us with winds of 17 knots at 50 degrees up to 5000 feet and in the next 1000 feet there was an abrupt change in direction of almost 90 degrees, which meant that the tops of any thermals that developed would be relatively low and the thermals would probably be extremely rough. It was decided however, that it was about time we were on our way, so we headed south, hoping that after the frontal passage, we would again pick up a favorable southerly wind which we could use to advantage to take us back on course.

Dave and I took off at 12:25 p.m. and about two hours later we were at Nebraska City, 45 miles from Omaha and down to 1000 feet above the ground. Soaring conditions were very poor and we were having trouble making any time under the weak conditions and heavy westerly drift. We were almost ready to give up when we picked up a thermal and got

back to 5500 ft. It was still quite early, so we set out on course.

At 4 p.m. we arrived at Falls City, 85 miles airline from Omaha, with reasonable altitude, but conditions did not look good for continuing to St. Joseph, Missouri, so we flew over the town, located a swimming pool for our evening swim and were able to pick out a good looking motel where we stayed that night. Twenty minutes later we landed, after 3 hours and 55 minutes in the air and 85 miles.

Yes, we got in our swim again that night in the pool which we had picked out. Crewing and flying never was like this before.

Monday proved to be a beautiful day, but a weather check with St. Joseph, Missouri showed that we would have northeasterly winds of 15 knots up from the surface up to 10,000 feet. While the wind sheer was gone and soaring should be better, conditions certainly did not look good for making progress along our course. We decided therefore to use the day to get in more flying with the Potters and give the airport operator at Falls City a ride.

Margaret and I each took Tiddum for a ride, so that she got about 3½ hours of soaring and then Dave soloed late that afternoon, making his first solo takeoff under power. He enjoyed the flight a great deal and said that while he had found flying the Hummingbird from the rear very fine, it was just wonderful from the front seat.

A check with the Weather Bureau showed that a second front was following the one that had gone through the night of the 6th, but the weather people would make no prediction as to wind direction in our area or along the course. We decided therefore that if the winds were not favorable in the morning, we would trailer north and east hoping to be in a more favorable position after the next frontal passage. Furthermore this would also get us along on our course as time was now beginning to get short.

On Tuesday morning, the 9th, we were greeted by a northeast wind, so for the first time, 10 days out of Denver, we put the ship on the trailer and drove to Ottumwa, Iowa. A check with CAA revealed a good front was predicted to go through during the night with clearing by 7 o'clock in the morning, followed by northwesterly winds. We were further advised to put our ship in the hangar as thunderstorms were predicted with

the frontal passage. We put the glider in the municipal hangar in Ottumwa that night and paid the first and only hangar fee on the whole trip.

On the morning of Wednesday the 10th we found the wind still strong from the northeast and in checking with CAA found that the anticipated front had dissipated and they expected the winds would continue out of the northeast for several more days. It was decided then that trailering for another day was in order, so we crossed the Mississippi at Moline, stopping at Bradford in Illinois where we assembled the ship that night. It had been decided that I would fly the next day and attempt "Golden C" distance, which would be the last chance. By now we realized that a "Golden C" flight could not be made against or across winds under the conditions we were experiencing, so the flight would have to be downwind. We were hoping for a shift to a west or northwest wind in order that we could make further progress along our course.

Thursday the 11th looked like a beautiful day, but the winds were from 40° ranging from 24 to 28 knots. The only thing to do was to select a goal downwind which did not permit much choice; Columbia, Missouri, 210 miles, would make a "Golden C" distance, as well as a "Diamond" goal. Accordingly, a VFR flight plan was filed with Bradford radio after good-natured jesting on their part as to cruising altitude. We found, however, that the people were extremely cooperative, very willing and interested in handling the flight plan.

I got a good early start, 11:15 daylight time, and cut the engine off in reasonably good conditions at the usual 2000 feet. With the wind as strong as it was, there was no point staying around the airport for altitude, so I activated my flight plan and headed downwind.

The early conditions were quite good although the thermals were extremely rough as one might expect with the wind. In less than an hour I ran out of the nice farm country which had been so characteristic of Iowa and Illinois and soon found myself over rather unpleasant open pit mining country and in all my afternoon flying saw only one town of any reasonable size. About 3 hours and 15 minutes after takeoff I found a large airport, the only one of any description that I had seen on the whole flight. I had not been used to flying

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