

# DIANA and DAEDALUS

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II

*(Continued from March-April  
Issue of SOARING)*

In a fully steeped bank the glider circled tighter and tighter as Bill found the center of the rising air column and rode it steadily to 1500', 2000', and finally to 2500' above the field. It seemed but a breath of time before he had reached the top of the thermal. This particular moment was one for which Bill had schooled his thinking. Even now his mind was coaxing him to stay close to the field and wait for soaring conditions to improve. "I must not waste time to squeeze out more altitude," Bill reminded himself. Smiling because he had presaged this attack of rationalization, Bill leveled out and pointed the nose of the glider toward Murrieta. The altimeter read 3800' above sea level, so Bill was striking out with about 2500' between him and solid ground. The time was 11:20.

Although the air vents were open, Bill was soaked in perspiration. However, his absorption with flying kept him from being aware of any physical discomfort. His eyes flicked to the variometer always hoping to see the red pellet sit at the bottom of its tube and the green pellet rise in the adjacent tube. A mile slid by and no indication of rising air. Another mile and still no change. Bill was flying just far enough to the right of Highway 71 so that it was easily visible under his left wing. The thought flashed through his mind, "Plenty of good open fields to land in." Another mile and the glider was approaching the town of Wildomar. Swiftly the little clump of stores, houses, and trees passed beneath the left wing. Just beyond the town Bill ran into a fair thermal. He worked it till it began to weaken and then he immediately set out on course again. The altimeter showed 4300'.

Anne Howard's long black eyelashes yawned apart just a ho-hum amount. This opened her eyes enough to see without allowing the sun's glare to penetrate and disturb the mellow lethargy she was enjoying. The beach chair in which she reclined was on a little knoll in the center of the hotel's rolling lawn. Anne smiled softly as she recognized her husband

approaching along the gravel path. It had been the recognition of the sound of his footsteps which had caused her to open her eyes. She closed them again. She knew that her red halter and shorts contrasted favorably against the blue canvas of the beach chair. It had been about an hour since Frank and June Elder had left for the field and during that time Anne had basked in the warm sunshine. Sweet scents from a flower bed close by drifted to her frequently and all her earlier tension had been replaced by a warm enjoyment of life. She had been thinking about her two children and how much she loved them. And she had been thinking of Bob. He was always so patient with her when she was impatient. He loved her so completely. She was pleased to think further, "and so passionately." With her eyes closed and while waiting for him to approach, Anne was seeing Bob as he appeared during that brief half-eyed-open glance. "He's really quite a handsome guy," she told herself. A feeling of sensuousness engulfed her. It was exciting. Bob had seen her because his footsteps no longer sounded from the gravel path. He must be walking across the grass. He must be very close. Her ears strained, but she could detect no tell-tale evidence of his presence. She was consumed with a desire to look, but it was more fun to play possum. She remembered what it used to be like when she was a little girl at Christmas time and she could hardly wait to open her first present. Suddenly, she was conscious of Bob's nearness. She knew he was standing beside her. She could feel his eyes on her. A little wave of modesty flamed through her body.

In a soft bedroom-like tone, Bob started to talk to her, "OK, Mata Hari, I have returned with all the secret information. The enemy plans have been etched on my memory and they can be repeated only to you. Take me to your boudoir, unetch my memory and. . ."

Anne interrupted, "Hush my lover, even beach chairs have ears. Wait until we're alone." Languidly she stretched her arms, took Bob's hands and gently pulled him down to sit by her side. Bob leaned over her,

## CANADIAN SOARING MEET

The National Soaring Meet of Canada will be held this year from 21 July to 5 August at Cap de la Madeleine, P.Q., under the sponsorship of the St. Maurice Aero Club. Our club is new, having been in operation for less than a year, but we have a small core of ex-Air Force pilots, four contemporary commercial pilots, and at least a dozen others who by their enthusiasm can be counted upon to give everything they have to make the Meet a success. This not to mention twenty-odd more who have tasted the pleasures of flight and some of whom in all probability will become valuable members of the team.

We have a turf aeordrome at our complete disposal which was used by the Air Force during the war as an Elementary Flying School, and until a couple of years ago by a local flying club. It is in good shape and can handle anything up to a DC-3. The maximum take-off length is 2900 feet. It is situated at the junction of two great rivers—the St. Lawrence and the St. Maurice—and so is easily located from the air. We have hangar storage for gliders.

The cities of Trois-Rivieres and Cap de la Madeleine are solidly behind us in this project of the Meet. We know it is a big job, but we are sure we can handle it to the satisfaction of everyone.

kissed her lovingly on the lips, and as he sat back, his eyes lingered more beneath her halter than on it.

"Baby Doll, you've got twice as much as Mata Hari ever had."

"I'm sure glad you think so."

Dropping the playacting, Bob asked, "How are the kids?"

"They were fine when I left them. The baby sitter plans to give them lunch at 12:30 and put them to nap at about one o'clock."

At work Bob was Dr. Robert Howard, Asst. Superintendent of the Santa Monte High School in one of the larger cities in the San Joaquin Valley. Two good friends, one the Physical Education instructor and the other the Physics teacher had volunteered to crew for Bob during the contest.

*(To be Continued)*