

## ST. YAN AFTERMATH

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in the Elliotts' Armstrong-Siddely Sapphire (limousine, not jet engine), and we drove to Newbury, where I had the great pleasure of once again seeing Mr. and Mrs. Horace Buckingham and family and many of their employees at Elliotts. Mr. Buckingham's generosity in lending me the superb Olympia IV can only be approached by the manner in which he, upon learning of the destruction of the ship, steadfastly brushed aside all considerations except my well-being. I had a most enjoyable dinner at the Buckingham's home enlivened by talk of Susan's and Keith's recent engagements.

The following night was spent at nearby Inkpen, with my good friend Nick Goodhart and his wonderful parents. Nick flew in to New Mill, the lovely Goodhart estate, from his station in Yeovilton. The hayfield makes an adequate landing field for Nick's Auster when the hay is cut and the cows are chased to one side.

Next, a day in London, then a train ride to Philip and Kitty Wills' modern home near Henley-on-Thames. Here are two of my favorite people, and the visit ended much too soon. One memorable feature of this visit was cocktails at a neighboring estate, a large and sumptuous Elizabethan manor with broad lawns and gardens sweeping down to the Thames.

A few more days in London, including a nice evening with David and Ann Ince, an unsuccessful attempt to telephone Frank Foster, and a visit to Londonderry House (B.G.A. Headquarters), and it was time to fly to Spain, where the warmth and sunshine was certain to speed my recovery, or at least to make me feel good.

Barcelona, the Costa Brava, Sevilla, Madrid, Flamenco dancers, bullfights, good food, the incredibly late hours—all these have now merged into a somewhat hazy recollection of two wonderful weeks, during which every pleasure was heightened by the realization that each day I could stay out of bed a little longer, walk a little further, and generally make noticeable progress toward complete recovery.

The incredibly neat cities, the glaciers and rushing streams of Switzerland were in startling contrast to the more casual elegance and warmth of Spain. Munich during Oktoberfest! All of Bavaria must have

been there, drinking the most extraordinarily good beer by the liter. Huge tents held literally thousands of people, singing, drinking and listening to the fifty piece bands playing traditional Bavarian music. I had the great good fortune to be "guided" by Katy Lasch, Helli's charming daughter, who is a student in Munich.

Finally, a visit to the Low Countries. First Brussels, where I stayed to transact some business with the Sabena airline. Then a very pleasant visit to Amsterdam where I had the pleasure of once again seeing my friends Captain and Mrs. Otto Koch and Ans and Ilbert de Boer, who had all participated in the Championships. The Kochs took me on a long drive into the country and chartered a boat for a trip to the picturesque island of Marken. Following this, we all had a very pleasant dinner at the de Boers, where I had been invited to spend the night. Next morning, the sight of Annie and Ilbert waving goodbye to the Schipol Airport signified the end of my traveling. It was time to go home.

The X-rays looked good, and the doctors told me that I had a good chance to make a complete recovery. No lifting for several months, lots of rest, definitely NO skiing this winter, went the prescription. A few days later, the Air Force hospital plane let us out at Andrews Field, near Washington, and within a few hours I was happily talking to Floyd and Fran Sweet and family in their home in nearby Arlington. Then home via United Airlines, and soon a whole series of heart-warming reunions. My associates at Convair presented me with a plaque, a desk pen set and an elegant transistor radio as welcome home gifts. Then of course there were those nice accumulated pay checks which my employers had generously seen fit to issue through the entire period of convalescence. Add to this the guest appearances at SCSA and AGCSC meetings, newspaper interviews, and even an appearance on TV!

At the present writing I have been home for about two months, and feel fine. The brace which I had to wear has been discarded for many weeks now, I am able to work at a normal pace, and I have resumed such physical diversions as waltzes and polkas, which appear to have marvelous therapeutic value, especially when accompanied by pitchers of dark beer and a pretty partner. Since it is now only five months since that fateful day in France, I feel fortunate indeed.

## OBITUARY

First Lieutenant Frederick C. Obarr, 27, was killed on a planned parachute jump at El Centro, California, on 13 December, 1956. This officer was a student at the USAF Experimental Flight Test Pilot School, Edwards AFB, California, and would have graduated on the 3rd of January, 1957, as a member of Class 56-C. Lieutenant Obarr was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the USAF upon graduating from Mississippi State College in May, 1952. Upon completion of pilot training in September, 1953, Lt. Obarr was assigned to MATS at Westover AFB, Massachusetts. During the period Lt. Obarr was assigned to MATS he was appointed an aircraft commander in C-54 and C-118 type airplanes. He was transferred to the USAF Experimental Flight Test Pilot School in June, 1956.

Fred's active participation in soaring began in 1948 when he started a course of instruction at the California Soaring School at Twentynine Palms. Because of his outstanding enthusiasm he was an 'above average' student. After obtaining a license he became the owner of a Pratt-Read in which he accumulated a large part of his soaring experience. Although Fred flew in contests in California and Texas, his interest was more in introducing new enthusiasts to the sport rather than in actual competition flying. If he did not win a title of champion, he championed the sport wherever he flew. Fred's military career required most of his time in recent years, somewhat curtailing his own participation in soaring, but he did not allow his equipment to lie idle. His private airplane and glider were both generously loaned to individuals and groups where he felt they would do the most good.

On his frequent trips to Europe his spare time was spent as an unofficial good-will ambassador for American soaring. Those of us who were privileged to be his good friend felt deeply the loss of his passing and extend our deepest sympathy to his family.

Lieutenant Obarr is survived by his wife, Laura, four-month-old son, and parents now residing in Long Beach, California.

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