

Ridge soaring also picked up later in the afternoon. The fellows were working themselves up to about 2500 feet above the ridge, catching thermals and returning when they lost them. More than once the ridge served as a sort of homebase where one could hang on until another thermal came along.

About noon on Labor Day, the Ames Club held a quick meeting and unanimously decided to leave our ship at the lake and pick it up two weeks later so we could get in another weekend of flying. Bob Gomes decided to leave the "I-Soar," too.

On the following weekend, I couldn't resist the temptation to work in an extra flying weekend at the lake, and drove up Friday night. Imagine my surprise Saturday morning when I discovered three other Ames Club members had returned with the same idea!

The trip proved to be well worth the effort, as we were able to get in some wave soaring in addition to good thermal and ridge flying.

The wave condition was encountered at comparatively low altitude which seemed unusual even to Ed Blalock, who had flown the site almost daily all summer. I had the good fortune of being with Ed in the Reno TG-3A when the wave was first discovered that day. We had taken an auto tow to 1,500 feet and after several zero sink circles headed for the ridge, determined to hang on. On the ridge we found good lift and easi-

ly got up to 3,500 feet. The higher we got, the broader and smoother the area of lift seemed to be. Finally, we decided to explore conditions away from the ridge, and left it on a westerly heading. Instead of the expected sink, we encountered steady lift up to 10 FPS. We held the same heading across the lake and over the foothills of the Sierras and still the lift continued. We made a 180° turn and headed back toward the lake, still finding steady lift. It appeared that a band of lift several miles wide and of an undetermined length covered the area.

Dick Cook, a new Ames Club member from Canada, followed us up in the TG-3A, so that I could get some pictures of the ship in flight. He encountered the same conditions. Ed and I touched 15,900 ASL and Dick got to 15,500 feet. By this time we were getting slightly blue with cold and decided to come down. Finding an area of sink wasn't easy, though, as everything seemed to be going up. When we did find sink it was accompanied by severe turbulence.

The following weekend we returned for the ships and one last try at flying the site. Unbeknown to us, a wind and rain storm had swept over the area the night before we left home. When we arrived about midnight, we soon discovered this fact as the lake surface was pretty slick. Cautiously feeling our way along the edge of the lake to the tie-down area, we found that all of the ships had



Last tow of the day with a pilot in the Ames Club TG-3A hoping to find an evening thermal.

been moved to higher ground at the north end of the lake. We made a hasty camp near the ships and after a mighty chilly night with temperatures around 30°, we awoke to survey the condition of the lake. Fortunately, the parched lake bed had absorbed the rain, which had been fairly light, leaving only a few damp areas. The wind and sun would dry these off by noon. We contacted the Blalocks, who had retreated with their trailer in the face of the storm to their home on Mount Rose, and learned how they had towed and walked the four ships from the south to the north end of the lake in the middle of the night in wind and rain!

Ed Blalock came out with the tow car about two o'clock and we were all able to get in some good ridge and thermal flying. The following day conditions were even better, but we had to disassemble the Ames Club ship about noon to start the long trip back to Hummingbird Haven.

I'm sure I speak for all who took part in the soaring weekends at Dry Lake #3, when I say it was a memorable experience. I, for one, am looking forward to more of the same in the future.

(Editor's Note: The above described weekend was in 1959. Similar weekends were experienced by most of the same participants on July 4th and Labor Day of this year. It appears as if they will become annual events.)

The "I-Soar" 1-26 piloted by Sherb Kline shortly after breaking ground on auto tow. In the background is the ridge which parallels the lake to the east; it is lower at the north end.

Photo: Eugene V. Martz

