

I cut loose and dove to get flying speed straight into a thermal. In absolute tension I jerked the Lo so hard into a turn that I spun half a turn. The climb out was erratic, too, but getting away was hastened by the sight of Schreder landing back for a late start. So I fled.

Two or three thermals with my flying improving got me in sight of the front at the ground. The wind shift was visible in various smoke. The front was far south from the goal and my hopes for crossing it and completing the task faded. Disappointment.

The picture got even more discouraging because large areas were in shadow from the alto cumulus at the front. The flight line began to wander again to stay in sunlit areas. Suddenly, I began to notice dust devils in the area of the front on the ground and I flew north fast, passing up thermals, to cover the few miles to them in a gamble that they indicated better lift. Happily they did and I climbed in two to 5,000 feet above the ground and 1,000 feet below my final glide path at that point. I could get no higher and wasting time would not win the contest so I set out for Salina on an indirect course, again to stay in sunlit spaces.

The front was surely blunted by the high ground temperatures, as we had anticipated, because almost immediately I began flying through the rough shear aloft. Making good with the sharp gusts I moved north, once in a little rain, and picked up slowly on my glide path. The shear layer was deep but after several miles I dropped through it and all was still

and smooth. I was still too low and now a headwind added to the problem. The tension built. Twenty miles passed with no turns and no climb. Then smooth, weak lift was found very low and worked to maximum but it gave only a few hundred feet. Still too low.

Again we set out. Now other sailplanes were in sight making low last glides. One circled, working down but then up so I flew straight through his area. This produced only zero sink so, not wishing to drift away from the goal, I pushed on. Still too low, but then the field was in sight and suddenly I was in the ground turbulence. Riding the gusts I bobbed along, resisting the temptation to circle in their traps. Sink was reduced but I was still too low and I knew I should quit. I'm certain I was shaking from the tension. Power lines blocked the end on the runway at the goal. I got below them, bobbed over them, and dropped again to face a ridge between me and the field. The backwash on my side of the ridge or a gust helped to carry me up the face of the slope and above the ridge to where I could again see the runway. Great Day! The field sloped downhill to the finish line! Salvation! I arrived over the end of the runway with 20 feet, slow, and with half a mile to go. I got right over the center of that hot concrete strip and floated down its slope slowly feeding in flap as the airspeed dropped. The finish was crossed by inches. I'd guess I got up to my calculated final glide path at the same time I hit the ground. 42.2 mph, 1,000 points, first overall. I haven't recovered yet.

In Memoriam

Soaring lost a staunch supporter in the death of Jack C. Devins, when his Champion powerplane crashed near Lumberton, N.J., after towing a glider to altitude on Sunday, Sept. 3, 1961.

He was a beloved husband and father, active business man and loyal supporter in all matters affecting youth and soaring.

He was generous to a fault with his time and/or money and facilities. He had his own tow plane and glider, and would go anywhere to demonstrate or promote soaring. In addition, he headed and/or worked on all committees showing promise.

On his own initiative and expense, he recently contacted all soaring groups, and commercial operators, who had tow hitch installations with the object of getting all this data to a central point and having it made available to others, as an additional free service of SSA to its members.

He initiated a "Trading Stamp Program," for the purpose of obtaining training gliders for youth groups. He had this organized on a state basis, and was well along on New York State, which had the population density and other factors necessary to support such a program.

He was SSA State Governor for Eastern Pennsylvania, Chairman of SSA's Power Pilots Subcommittee of the Membership Committee, and active member of the Philadelphia Glider Council.

So to his family, and many friends, we are very sorry, and deeply regret his loss.

BEN COHEN



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