



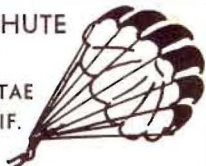
Looking north from Fancher Field, Wenatchee, Wash., at wave clouds indicating the lift used by Dean Reynolds to goin Gold C altitude. Bodger lookout is on ridge at right above windsock and Burch Mountain is peak at left. A 60-Knot jetstream was in the area that day.

wing and eventually lost themselves in the hazy distance to the south. Dark blue and forbidding were the ranges backlighted as they were by the late afternoon sun. To the west they blocked the onset of a river of low stratus clouds which covered the coastal lowlands and, driven by a strong southwesterly flow of air from the Pacific, pressed tightly against the slopes of the Cascades. The bright cone of Mount Rainier breasted this river of cloud and was plumed with a single graceful lenticular cloud floating stationary above its peak.

I shall never forget those moments there. Snug in my tiny cockpit I eventually settled into the thin, smoky leading edge of the lenticular where I could watch the mysterious birth of the cloud. It formed, not as a homogeneous, gradually thickening haze, but in little rolls which appeared from nothingness before my eyes and then drifted swiftly past my position to join the growing cloud behind. I was surprised at this texture in the cloud. From the visual evidence alone, I would have guessed that the air was turbulent. However, I felt not a ripple—even when these wispy cloudlets could be seen to dash themselves to bits on the very nose of the LK. These things I observed as I hung there facing the implacable wind.

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Nineteen thousand feet is not an awe inspiring altitude in an age when men are reaching for the moon, and I have flown nearly three times as high propelled by thundering jets; but on the relative scale of performance in powerless aircraft, I had conquered a personal Everest. To have achieved this flight would have been enough, but I also knew that recorded safely on the ticking barograph it constituted a Gold C altitude leg.

Too soon, it was time to descend; and I nosed the LK downward, slanting out of the sky through nearly four miles of thin, cold air to Fancher Field in the hazy evening below.

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Mrs. Theodora "Teddy" Hilley presenting a water color to John Aldrich on behalf of the students of the "Meteorology for Soaring Pilots" course in appreciation of his instruction during the course. John is chief aviation forecaster at the Los Angeles Weather Bureau. He instructed the five-session course in downtown Los Angeles which was sponsored by the Holiday Soaring School of Tehachapi, Calif. The students signed the painting around its border. The course is expected to be repeated early in 1962.

## BOOK REVIEW

"Where No Birds Fly," by Philip Wills, 1961. Available from Schweizer Aircraft Corp., Box 147, Elmira, N.Y. \$4.75.

Philip Wills' new book is a fitting sequel to his *On Being a Bird*, reflecting the author's experiences from many years of passionate devotion to motorless flight. He touches only briefly on many technical and semitechnical aspects; mentions the team, the aircraft, the organization and all of the various parts of soaring which fuse together to make the whole. But all of this is only a prelude to the truly inspired stories of the beauty, glory, adventure and awe which he has experienced from soaring flight.

In a sense, *On Being a Bird* dwelt on the first 20 years after man started to explore the air without the aid of power; years in which man slowly found himself copying the technique of the soaring bird. The author writes in this book that nowadays we have in some fields proudly surpassed the birds. In his words, "I circle up surrounded by darting swallows swooping on myriad insects carried up by a rising thermal up-current, but on reaching the cap of cumulus cloud on top of it, I switch on my gyroscopic instrument and leave the birds below. for they cannot fly blind as I can. And for some reason unexplained birds do not fly in waves. In these, and in the hearts of clouds, the modern glider pilot flies where no birds fly."

Yet the book covers the whole spectrum of soaring including clubs, sailplanes, organizational aspects and a number of amazingly well written, moving and beautiful stories of memorable flights in all parts of the world. The author has been able to put into words the kinds of feelings that many of us who fly sailplanes have wished they could express in telling of their own experiences.

Throughout the stories runs the thread of a universal and international fellowship that exists among all who fly without power, and it is with this thought that the author concludes his story: "... if you wear a gliding badge you will not walk the length of the main street in Cape Town or Melbourne, in Bulawayo, Auckland, Belgrade, Nancy, Madrid or Rio without being 'picked up' by a fellow enthusiast."

Make it a point to read *Where No Birds Fly*.  
PAUL F. BIKLE