

HORACE GREELEY WAS WRONG

by RUDOLF W. MOZER

(The age-old advice of Mr. Greeley to "Go west young man" was scorned by Rudy Mozer, as he chose to stay in the midwest to seek his diamond — and then headed east.)

My main goal for the 1961 soaring season was to earn the Diamond C distance leg. The time-honored way to achieve this is to take off for better climates, such as Texas, California or the likes.

I had the feeling though, and Old Pro Chuck Kohls agreed with me, that our local soaring season should be good enough for two or three Diamond distance days.

We would just have to watch the weather very closely, use every likely chance that offered itself and trust in the law of averages.

The first big day was May 3rd. Due to a wire break on my first winch tow, I didn't get airborne until 12:15 P.M. After 5 hours and 55 minutes of flying I landed approximately 12 miles east of Somerset, Pa., after covering 305 miles. A 900-ft. high ridge was all that separated me from my distance diamond. Not being able to find any lift on the ridge, I had to set down right next to the tunnel entrance of the Pennsylvania turnpike.

After that slam bang opening flight I kept on trying and made flights of 210, 188, 157 and 241 miles.

The big day was to be July 3rd. A cold front had passed through the day before and that morning a 30 mph wind from 310 degrees and a cloud base of 6000 ft. was forecast for the day.

After declaring Bedford, Pa., airport as a goal, I took off behind the Adrian Club's Super Cub towplane at 10:33 A.M. I had the second launch of the day and while on tow saw my friend Charlie Hauke already working his first thermal. I released over Adrian Airport and immediately pointed my Ka-6CR downwind to where Charlie's red and white L-Spatz was going round and round in what seemed like a 60 degree bank.

The lift was of the $\frac{1}{2}$ meter variety but since the wind was blowing me along course at a pretty decent

clip. I decided to work the thermal as long and as high as possible. Charlie Hauke meanwhile had gone looking for something better and it wasn't very long before I saw him scraping awfully low over the Michigan countryside. I was getting close to cloudbase at 4500 ft. MSL and headed out on course. Conditions improved rapidly and on the outskirts of Toledo I ran into a solid 2½ meter thermal that took me up to 6000 ft. I flew right over downtown Toledo and looking downwind all I could see were dark, fat Cu's beginning to line up in streets. What a day! About 40 miles out I traversed to the second cloudstreet south of my course in order to by-pass the troublesome Sandusky Bay of Lake Erie, which I had come to respect via several low scrapes and premature landings on some previous flights.

Sandusky Bay behind me I hit the best thermals of the day at Bellevue and east of Norwalk, respectively: 4 meters per second all the way 'round and all the way up to 6800 ft. Near Clarksville I hooked on to a cloud street that stretched as far as I could see.

For the next hour and a half not one circle was made. Slight forward pressure on the stick, feet relaxed on the rudder pedals, wind and powerful Cu were whisking the Ka-6 toward her goal. Reaching for sandwiches and thermos, I had a leisurely lunch, enjoying the panoramic view of northern Ohio. At the same time I was watching for other aircraft, as I was now flying through some air-lanes near Cleveland, Akron and Canton.

At 1:00 P.M. I was over Akron Municipal Airport with its monstrous Zeppelin hangar. Forty minutes later I reached the Ohio River near Liverpool. I was now over Pennsylvania and had covered 200 miles. ,

Way ahead I could see Greater Pittsburgh Airport. On one of my previous flights I had by-passed Pittsburgh around the south. This time I decided to stay on course and fly right over this City of Steel.

I soon came to regret this: For some reason I ran into extensive

