

goal of Owensboro so I set out on the final glide. I did not hurry because I wanted to accomplish my five hours on this same flight.

It was easy to pick out the large, well-laid-out airport that serves Owensboro and Davies County and I swept over it at about 3,000 foot altitude. Ahead the sky was becoming clear of cumulus for the first time that day but I know there were dry thermals enough to have gone another fifty miles. The goal was now under me, however, and I intended to stop there. Some other time I would do a downwind dash as far as possible but not this day. For twenty minutes I circled over the airport and very carefully picked my landing spot so that I would not have to handle the ship very much to get it tied down. I landed on the sod and rolled into the tiedown spot.

At least twenty-five persons came out to ask me questions. My major concern was that the barograph was still ticking. Everyone watched me take it out of the ship. The trace was there! Landing was at exactly 5:30 so I had covered the 198 miles in five hours and five minutes since release from tow. The airport manager very kindly signed the form that I had landed there and told me hangar space was available to put my ship inside so some of the men helped me and we rolled it under cover.

It was the first time a sailplane had ever landed at Owensboro. Some of those who came up to look knew nothing of soaring—one asked when the tow plane would land—a few were somewhat sophisticated and mentioned Elmira, N.Y., as being prominent for this sort of activity. Like the true soaring missionary that I am I answered all questions because surely one must capitalize on interest where and when it can be found and try to convert the heathen brother birdmen who have not caught the vision yet of just how much satisfaction is to be achieved out of wresting one's ship's motive power from the very atmosphere itself.

When I got to the phone I called and announced to the waiting club members in St. Louis that I had made the goal. I suggested that no one come after me since I had the ship hangared and we could make an aerial retrieve later in the week. I would come back on my own. Everett Williston, President of our club,

and his wife Betty were very generously preparing to come after me and although they very politely insisted I sold them on my plan.

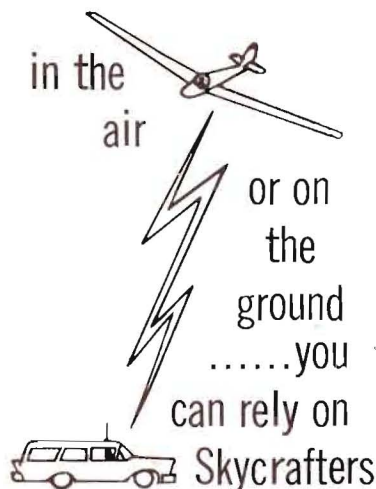
I missed my bus to Evansville by five minutes. I hitchhiked, barograph in hand, but since the highway I picked was not the major road between these points it took me so long that the plane was missed by five minutes as well. I had to settle on a 3:00 A.M. bus that brought me back to St. Louis and work the following morning.

With all due respect and veneration for Mr. Cleve and his excellent barograph that made such a beautiful line during my flight it does have a very loud ticking mechanism that is amplified by the metal box that houses it. I have not found any way to stop the ticking until it runs down. This can literally be days if it is wound up tightly. It elicited suspicious stares from the bus driver and his passengers. I mused what would have happened to me if I had tried to board an air liner with it in hand. Hitchhiking with indifferent success and five hours in a sailplane may make one appear to be a wild-eyed terrorist, too.

Reflecting back on the flight I wonder how the cumulus could have been so good when the ground was extremely wet from previous rains the day and night before. Our local soaring lore says that you can't have good thermal activity over damp ground. I can't believe that the dryness of the ground is as important as I used to feel.

Joe Burke in the SLSA 1-26 did not make the goal. After completing one-third of the task he lost his lift and had to land. Probably he did not try as hard as I did to stay high, and, perhaps he felt that the 1-26 had to be pushed for speed in order to complete the flight so he tried to push ahead a little harder than conditions warranted.

It is amazing how interesting a cross-country flight in a sailplane is. In power aircraft that I frequently fly the take-offs and landing engross me but on course flying in good weather is, to be honest, somewhat boring. Not so in sailplane flying. Your legs may ache and you may get thirsty if you forgot to bring water but you won't get bored. Instead, the feeling for me is one of relaxed satisfaction and accomplishment that sets sailplane flying apart and above from power flight.



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