

tastes good. Relax if I can, and I can't. My family is now on their way from Dalhart, and now the worst part of the day is ahead, the hours of waiting and worrying about them on the highway. You think about them some while flying too, but not for long, you need your concentration for other things. Just protect them, will you? Thanks for such a good flight.

A few details: Straight-line distance for this flight, 418 miles. Total for the dog-leg distance, about 443.5 miles. Take-off at 10:05, landing at 18:39 central. (17:39 mountain.) High point, 16,000' MSL. Cloud base from 9,000' to 13,700'. Ground elevations from 3,000' at Odessa to over 5,000', and about 3,900' at landing point.

A few afterthoughts: A braver person could have taken a ride on the cold front that made me land, but with a greater risk to equipment at the same time. The front lay on an east to west line, and could have been taken advantage of by riding to the east, (toward my goal) to add to the distance from the last turn point. I considered these things, and weighed them. As it turned out, the front, as it passed over, was not nearly as violent as some I have witnessed in West Texas. The winds were only about 35 to 40, but I believe it did increase some after passing me by. How much farther could the front have taken me? 50 miles, or 200, I'll never know. I have no regrets. How much farther north could I have gone had the front not been there? 50 miles at least, 100, maybe. Lamar was a screaming dive cinch, which would have been 456 miles. But the books are full of this kind of thinking, or else we would be shooting for 700 and 800 miles, instead of 560.

To me, this is a pretty great sport of ours. The thrill of the hunt, the thrill of the chase. Cool breezes blowing in your face, and the sweat of the furnace room stoker. The country is beautiful from up here, but the next minute it looks pretty grim from down here. Tranquility, despairity, tranquility. Fun? You bet.

In Memoriam

Jane H. Eldredge

Jane Harvey Eldredge started life in Berwyn, Illinois, on October

13, 1927, and her interest in aviation started about the same time. Her first concrete effort in this direction came during college life at Miami University of Oxford, Ohio, where she majored in Aeronautics. After graduation she worked for NACA—Cleveland (predecessor to NASA) and later went into aeronautical engineering at Martin, Baltimore. In 1953 she obtained a job in the Aerodynamics Research and Design Group of the Douglas Aircraft Company and moved to Southern California. While there she became very active in the Douglas Flying Club and held various offices including that of treasurer.

On May 1, 1956, she went to El Mirage and had her first sailplane ride in a TG-3A. From that moment on she was determined to become a soaring pilot. She joined the Douglas Soaring Club and checked out in their P-R.

During this period she helped the writer construct her 1-26 kit and came to know another soaring pilot, Dick Eldredge, who was also helping with the 1-26. About a year later Jane and Dick became partners in a T-Craft. Jane also helped Dick form the mould for his sailplane design BOOG. In 1958 Dick accepted a teaching position at a university in Washington, D.C. During this period Jane recovered the T-Craft, attended A&E school in the evening and started her BG-12A kit. She also served as scorer and barograph handler at the Nationals in Bishop.

On June 6, 1959, Jane and the writer drove to Las Vegas to meet Dick who was returning to California for the summer. Jane and Dick were married that day to begin a short but eventful life together. That fall they drove and flew to Washington, D.C., taking turns flying the T-Craft and driving the car towing the incomplete BG-12A. In June of 1960 they once more took turns flying and driving across the country, this time with the addition of a month-old baby boy (David). They settled in Lancaster where Dick went to work for the NASA Flight Research Center. A year later another baby arrived, Jae.

Meanwhile, they sold the T-Craft so they could spend more time working on their sailplane projects, Jane with the BG-12A and Dick with the BOOG. On Memorial



Photo by NASA

Jane H. Eldredge

Day, 1962, the BG-12A had its initial flight and Jane was the pilot. But the imminent birth of her third child (Steve) kept her from doing much flying that summer so she crewed for Dick who earned his Gold distance. During these years she spent a great deal of time working on the FAI badge committee. Those who earned badges in that period know how promptly she replied to all applications.

The next year, summer, 1963, Jane was ready to try for her badges. Her first X-C was 85 miles from El Mirage to slightly west of Baker for Silver distance. Next flight was to Searchlight, Nevada, 173 miles, long enough for Silver duration but not quite far enough for Gold distance. However, it completed her Silver badge, U. S. No. 713. The following weekend, June 16th, she did make Gold distance, 197 miles, to Yucca, Arizona. A cactus bush caught a wing tip on landing and caused the sailplane to swerve to one side striking an embankment. Jane crawled out of the wreckage and walked to the main road (Route 66) where she was unsuccessful in stopping any cars. Eventually a bus stopped and she bought a ticket to Kingman, 25 miles away, where she reported to the hospital because she had a slight back injury. A week later as she was preparing to come home, she died suddenly of a massive blood clot in each lung.

Jane will be missed very much by her friends in soaring and especially by her husband and three small children. She died as a result of her activities in a sport she loved and exhibiting the determination and drive that characterized her entire life.

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