

Saturday, May 22nd — Pilots launched to fly from Lasham to South Cerney. They made the flight in good order. Can't say as much for our ground team. Ben Greene was driving and I was making a valiant effort to navigate for him. Ben was not very complimentary about my navigation, but what the heck, a wrong turn here and there just adds variety to the trip. Finally made port at South Cerney and checked into the barracks. Not exactly like the Hilton, but quite comfortable. Our barracks mates were part of the South African team which we were quite pleased about. The mess hall was quite conveniently located next door — not exactly like Delmonico's either, but what they lacked in quality they made up for in quantity. Must have been very wholesome — young Wally Scott gained about ten pounds.

Next few days devoted to getting acquainted, practice flying, etc. You can imagine the interest involved when a group of soaring pilots this large is exposed to as many varied and exotic type sailplanes as congregated there. Since all the statistics of this contest have long since been many times told I will not repeat them. Just a few observations regarding the actual contest. All our pilots flew a good contest. Wally Scott was really outstanding considering his relatively short experience in contest flying. Dick Schreder is just simply great in all categories — pilot, designer and gentleman. Dick Johnson and A. J. Smith are both true professionals in this great game of soaring.

As for the rest of the team, the two lady members, Alice Johnson and Angie Schreder were a real credit to the team. Alice's charming graciousness and Angie's unfailing, smiling good humor and personality will long be remembered by all of us. Sam "Doc" Huddleston, the team's physician, is a great gentleman by any country's standards — a really outstanding guy. Kudos for the greatest wit go to Moon Mullins. He tells the one about traveling north on Highway A-429 through Bourton on the Water, Stow on the Wold and Moreton in the Marsh and coming to another sign that read Mud on the Road. *He said he thought he was coming to another town!* On Ben Greene I will not elucidate. It is a matter of principle with me never to say anything good about him. I am feuding with this so-called Southern Gentleman and I dare not let my guard down or he will nick me.

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Up to this point I have said very little about our English hosts. This is intentional because they deserve far more than casual mention. I have saved them for last so I can pay proper tribute to them. Their outstanding performance and hospitality and their efficiency in conducting this meet was truly remarkable. I doubt it will be equalled for many a year. How the gliding types from all reaches of the United Kingdom pitched in and really ran this show was quite fantastic. To begin with Ann Welch did a magnificent job as director, and such a grand lady. Wally Wallington, a fine job with the Met. Poor fellow didn't get much cooperation from the weather either. It threw him every curve in the book. The exciting visit of Prince Phillip and his warm and cordial visit with all personnel — even the rain didn't dampen his enthusiasm. Philip Wills is simply the greatest when it comes to soaring and charm and is esteemed by all of us from all parts of the world. Group Captain Peter Ottewell, the station commander, is every inch the British officer



Red giving a British friend a hand at sorting out some tangled control cables at the back end of an Olympia fuselage. The ship, observed later in erratic flight, finished 90th in a field of 89.

and gentleman that typifies the staunch courage of the Empire throughout the world, and R.A.F. officers Simmons and Phillips are great guys, as are hundreds of others who contributed to the unfailing hospitality and efficiency of this meet. The beautiful countryside in the Cotswolds, the courteous people and oh yes — I must not forget good old Frank, the bartender in the canteen. Great guy. Take them all together and it adds up to why there will always be an England. Congratulations to all for a job well done.

Another short return flight via TWA and a bright quip on the cabin speaker by the pilot announcing that they (the crew) "had confounded the experts again" and that we were over our shores approaching our destination. A cursory examination by customs and everyone scattered to the four winds.

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