

hero. You may later be considered as such, depending entirely upon your following the directions on my bottle, but you are seen at first by the farmer as an intruder, trespasser, interloper and uninvited guest—which in fact you are.

There you sit, smack dab in the middle of this husbandman's cucumber field or some other tender and growing crop. These rural chaps eternally have things growing all about, for what reason I have never learned. But they do. Out comes this hardy son of the soil with his entourage consisting of his good wife, progeny and a farm dog or two. Their first and natural reaction is that an 'airship' has crashed.

E. J. Reeves, like many another soaring pilot, is a one-of-a-kind model. He was born in Rogers, Arkansas, in October, 1905, and has lived the majority of his adult life in Texas. His flying experience includes some 2,000 power hours and an estimated 600 in gliders. He flew in four Nationals (1947-50), placed fourth in the last of these. He established a National Record Goal flight in 1949 and received the Eaton Trophy in 1960. E. J. has Silver badge #81, Gold badge #26; his longest flight was one of 333 miles. Mr. Reeves assisted with the editing of *Soaring* (1953-54), is a past President of the SSA (1947-50), and has been a Director of the SSA for many years. His business is insurance and banking. He is Executive VP of Commercial Travelers Life and President and Chairman of the Board of the Trinity National Bank of Dallas. E. J. is rarely at a loss for words and those who are familiar with his exuberant style will feel a twinge of regret at never having been present at some humble homesite when the Old Master himself dropped out of the blue and laid it on in his inimitable fashion.



Now, let's take a good hard look at the scene you have created. Perhaps nothing is quite so ungainly as a sailplane reposing there in the crops with one wing up and one down. And, buster, if you are average, you ain't much to look at. A floppy and something less than spotless old hat (my sincere apologies to Phil Wills), dungarees, shorts or slacks long absent from the laundry. Hard flying for days past has left no time for hair cuts. Shave was missed this AM due to your rush to attend the pilots meeting. Sport, you don't look good or smell good.

Now the moment of truth. If you got any personality, this is the time to move it up on the front burner.

Go immediately forward to greet with the 'Rotarian' type handshake this agrarian fellow—do not by any means busy yourself with such unimportant chores as turning off the barograph, etc. Be alert! Smile! Show your teeth! Then and thereupon you explain; no crash, glider, forced landing, etc. Be nonchalant, forget self for a moment—but not for too darn long.

Now greet the distaff side of the family—much of your immediate fortunes depend upon this bit of action—and more especially the possibilities of a section of homemade apple pie or a full meal as it were. And now the cute children, and by gosh, you can be completely honest for a moment because children are delightful wherever you find them. Don't overlook

the canine component notwithstanding the fact that you may lose the better part of certain bodily appendages—a friendly pat may be the difference.

Now, to be sure, one or more of the youngsters is certain to be toting one of those little box cameras, probably an old model, one of those old 3.49ers. This is not time for you to show your natural inclination to be a lens louse. Them kids don't give a hoot for your picture. They want theirs! So, you be careful and alert, insist that each and every one of them is placed right up there in the cockpit. So what if they do inadvertently kick the glass out of your favorite 'Memphis'?

All of this done you turn again to the master of the cucumber field. He will allow as how your landing was undoubtedly the result of the 'wind quitting'. Man, you buy that, total and complete. Do not under any circumstance bring up the matter of thermals or the lack of same, frontal conditions, waves, L over D, Reynolds numbers or any of that jazz. He has little or no understanding of such, and chances are you don't either. Stay with that 'wind', and if you are following through with my admonitions, you are making quite a bit of the stuff at this point.

At this juncture you have made known your need for the use of a telephone and are on your way to the hacienda. If this landing place happens to be in one of the southwestern states, gaze over the countryside and in a knowing but inquisitive way, suggest the possibility of it appearing to you that this may be oil land. You see, all landowners, without exception, are thoroughly convinced that vast oceans of petroleum underlie their holdings. Your comment gives our host a warm feeling of undiscovered wealth and causes him to forget the forty dollars worth of cumquats or cucumbers you have just multilated. In other areas, substitute the appropriate natural resource.

Arriving at the headquarters of the homestead, request a drink of water (and given any proper opportunity, do as King George V advised the Prince of Wales, take any advantage of relieving yourself). Given this draught of aqua, savor the stuff and inquire if it has ever been said that this is truly exceptional drinking water. Do this adroitly and with a showing of complete sincerity. No matter if it is that 'gip water' of West Texas, or that horrible sulphuric liquid prevalent in California.

Having followed these few simple behaviorial instructions, you are guaranteed acceptance. You have made friends, you have well paved the way for a younger pilot who may pass this way one day. And what's more, you will cruise merrily away with that last twenty dollar traveler's check still snugly reposing in your shoe.

Historical Notes

Just prior to World War II sport aviation in Hungary was supported by a levy of approximately two cents on theater tickets and on the mailing charges of all parcels in excess of six pounds. The revenues from these sources produced a fund of about \$300,000 a month which was administered by the National Flying Foundation. As a consequence many gliding clubs had as many as ten different types of sailplanes as well as towplanes and other necessary equipment.

—FRED HEFTY

SOARING