

soaring

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34TH NATIONAL SOARING CHAMPIONSHIP

MARFA, TEXAS — JULY 4TH to 14TH

A large white sign attached to a billboard on the far side of town proclaims the long-sought objective:

**34th NATIONAL SOARING
CHAMPIONSHIPS
JULY 4-14
MARFA PRESIDIO AIRPORT**

Soon after this assurance that Marfa hadn't been misplaced somewhere even further along the endless highway, the town comes into sight. Patience must go along with being a Texan.

Marfa, like many another old town of the Southwest, is a composite of adobe and modern glass-fronted buildings. It is a western cattle town with a smattering of small industry and a single stoplight

to divide it either way you happen to go through. It is also one of the most hospitable spots that a National contest has ever been held at. The arriving pilots found half the store windows in town decorated with glider motifs ("Good grief, no motor!") and were soon being questioned solicitously about the weather.

There are two airports. Fritz Kahl's place, to the north of town is called Marfa Municipal, and that's where the annual Marfa Soaring Camp is held. The big one is the Presidio County Airport, nine miles out of town going east. During World War II Presidio County was an Advanced Training Command, but only foundations of the barracks in which the pilots were housed now remain. The hanger is still in fine shape — and large. The runways are in good enough repair, at least for glider operations, and all around stretches the vast high country of West Texas, a soaring pilot's paradise.

A week before the contest commenced, a contingent of pilots had already established base and begun practicing. Among those greeted by unwanted rain were: Charlie Drew, Paul Bikle, Dr. Richard Sisley, David Nees, Rudy Mozer, Ed McClanahan, Dr. Wylie Mullen, Al Leffler and Rob Buck. Two inches of precipitation in one day convinced the campers to dig in, meaning ditches around tents. But on June 30th the eager pilots were released from hangar flying and enjoyed semi-arid practice with a cozy cloud base near 7,000 ft. ASL.

Monday, July 3rd, Competition Director, Marshall Claybourn, called the pilots to order for the customary practice-task briefing. Outside, beyond the apron stretched a half mile of at least a half million dollars' worth of sailplanes, 23 of which were American products, the remaining 51 designs coming from Germany, Switzerland, Great Britain, and Australia.

After Congressman Richard C. White officially opened the Nationals and Mayor C. E. McFarland extended a formal welcome, Marshall declared Van Horn and return as a 136-mile warm-up task. Most flew the task with the exception of some late arrivals who elected to fly locally — and Graham Thomson, who had to decide whether to fly his old Libelle or Al Parker's elegant new BS-1.

Ed McClanahan's Libelle sat out the task having its axle mounting repaired. Herr Eugen Haenle, producer of the Libelle and BS-1, arrived at Presidio Airport to see the Nationals but immediately turned his talents toward the grounded bird. While forming a fiberglass

sling for the gear axle, he patiently outlined the stages of repair. Linguists passed on the information to interested observers. While waiting for the fiberglass strands around the axle to harden, he surveyed his sticky hands and remarked, "When the hands get stiff, this one (the repair) is hardening up too!"

The debut of Rudy Mozer's ASW-12 was marred by a landing incident the day before. Rudy elected to land short of the runway to avoid crowding a plane there and struck a yucca tree. The bulkhead at the drag spar carry-through was damaged in addition to the leading edge of one wing. Although the ASW-12 represented a competitor (Schleicher), Haenle generously turned his efforts to this ship, and it also flew on the first contest day.

Meanwhile the on-course town of Valentine was receiving a small shower of sailplanes; although, the majority of ships were able to get back to Marfa without difficulty.

While spectators, positive thinking crews, and tow pilots were admiring the graceful finishes, a Phoebus swept onto final. As it passed, the crowd saw that the gear was still up and the pilot intently concentrating on the impending touch down. Despite body English and desperate yells from onlookers, he continued toward his destiny. Then over a radio ground station the staccato cry of "*Your gear!*" rang across the apron. The Phoebus ballooned upward, the gear dropped, and the plane settled to a normal landing amidst cheers from an amazing number of witnesses along the length of the landing and tie-down areas.

FIRST CONTEST DAY Speed task
around a 236.4-mile triangular
course, with turn-points at
Van Horn and Pecos.

The first contest day was, to a large extent, the most crucial of the eight that comprised the 34th National Soaring Championships. It was one of those days when the unexpected occurs, when chance steps in to break up what otherwise might be a harmonious sequence of events. Chance, in this instance, was a series of very active dust and thunderstorms which intercepted the great bulk of the competing pilots near Van Horn, the first turn-point of the day's task, permitted a few to pass, and to score heavily, while forcing the remainder to land with scarcely a third of the task completed. It was a day when most everybody had to take their lumps—even, it turned out, one Andrew James Smith.

At the pilots' briefing, met man Dave Owens promised "better" thermals than on the practice day, but he didn't elaborate on the origin of the lightning that the night watchmen had reported. In addition to predicting a good day for soaring, Dave later guesstimated the winner's elapsed time at 5:45 — the latter prognostication brilliantly outstripping the former. Rene Comte, patiently waiting for his trusty Diamant to arrive, entered the informal poll with a more optimistic view of 3:29.

First reports at any contest tend to be unhappy ones, not just because bad news travels fast, but because it has less distance to go. Hugo Taskovitch (Foka 4), Richard Fellner (Zugvogel 3A), Paul Pall-

mer (Prue), Steve du Pont (SH-1), and Charlie Rockwell (L. Spatz-55) all liked their first tows so well that they came back for seconds. Pallmer eventually went over 100 miles, winding up in the lucky 13th spot for the day. Steve du Pont's SH-1 originally landed at Valentine, which was about halfway to the turn-point at Van Horn. Starting just seconds before the gate closed at 6:00 PM, he was able to double his previous distance. But no one was more persistent than Charlie Rockwell of Phoenix.

Rockwell, flying his L.Spatz, took his first relight at 12:45 and would up at Valentine near a Prue, a Diamant, and a Sisu. His ground crew was soon on hand to extoll the merits of a third start. Charlie, reluctant to dampen the enthusiasm of such an amazing crew, acquiesced. Eighteen minutes after their arrival at Presidio Airport, the L.Spatz was back on tow. After going through the gate, Rockwell picked up a thermal that peaked at 10,000 ft. and headed out on course to the northwest at maximum L/D speed (52 MPH).

Following a Prue to Valentine, he found a good thermal and went on alone while the Prue headed north under a cloud. At 11,500 ft. ASL he too headed north toward the first turn-point quite concerned because it was due to fold up at 6:30. There was really no time to work thermals, but eight miles out from Van Horn he *had* to — gaining 500 ft. Charlie arrived at the turn just as the pyramid dots were changed from four to three, found a thermal over the field, and climbed back to 10,000 ft. He headed out on course to the east just as his playmate in the Prue put in another appearance. One more thermal and he

landed at the Kent Ranch 106.5 miles from a 4:30 take-off. The Kents weren't home, so it was necessary to negotiate three miles and three barbed wire fences in order to reach the road. The fifth car to pass contained his crew. Charlie figured he picked up something like 54 places by restarting.



The Mystery Contestant from Marfa, the Lone Ranger of the soaring set. Hint: He owns 4 sailplanes and holds the world distance record.

Only four of the 73 pilots failed to make the first turn-point at Van Horn; 33 contestants, however, could go no farther, all being credited with 76.5 miles and 286 points. This included Dr. Glenn Williams (Standard Austria), who had a fat 12,000 ft. on the clock over Van Horn when the red dust arrived.

Three-time National Champion Richard Schreder (HP-14) was another who came to grief at the turn-point. However, Schreder was able to record an extra couple of miles by scorning the airport and refusing to concede until he was on the ground. With a slim (for him) 296 points Schreder placed 34th for the day. From here he had nowhere to go but up, and, as is so typical of Schreder, that is where he promptly went.

* * *

The second leg to Pecos claimed 21 more pilots, all but five within 18 miles of the notorious Van Horn. With the exception of Paul Pallmer, none of these contestants were able to break 400 points for the day, which was something more than an annoyance to the likes of Wally Scott (Ka.6E), Carroll Klein (Libelle), George Moffat (now with a spanking new 16.5-meter Diamant), Paul Bikle (SHK), German National Champion Rudy Lindner (Phoebus), and Graham Thomson. Thomson felt that if he could have stayed up another five minutes some oncoming sun would have saved him.

But hanging on until conditions improved was never what one would call easy. Take the case of Elemer Katinszky and his Libelle.

Initially Elemer headed for the Mt. Livermore-Valentine area, but found rain there. He detoured the thunderhead hoping to make Van Horn, although, the Van Horn-Pecos line already appeared over developed. Halfway between Lobo and Valentine, Elemer saw an enormous dust storm moving slowly southward. There was also a thunderhead moving southward toward the turn-point. Pushing the Libelle

to 110 MPH he made a cloud-base dash to the turn and then headed for the edge of the dust storm hoping to ride its edge. Strong head winds pushed him instead toward the Rio Grande Valley, halfway between Van Horn and Mexico. Breaking away from the drift he headed back to a ridge west of Lobo, forming a Libelle trio with Ed McClanahan and Rudy Allemann.

The thermal lift was so weak he ended up ridge soaring and playing an occasional bubble. Sometimes the lift was so poor that the Hornig integrator could only register 10 cps average lift in 100 seconds—cps being centimeters per second.

Meanwhile the thunderhead was still moving westward, and Elemer speculated that if it moved far enough, the sunshine would hit the valley again and he might be able to resume the race. By now Ed McClanahan had sunk to the valley, but Bud Mears had joined up in his Prue. Together they drifted south, seeking an earlier rendezvous with the sun. As Elemer tells it:

"Bud and I cautiously spiraled away from our prison. While we slowly circled over the middle of the valley, I looked down and had the impression that a giant had littered the valley with miniature sailplanes. A three-meter thermal took us to 9,000 ft. and we split up and went different ways."

The lift wasn't abundant, but just sufficient to stay airborne while inching toward the Pecos turn-point at the Libelle's optimum glide speed of 60 to 70 MPH.

"When I reached the turn-point," Elemer concluded, "they were ready to fold it four minutes before the announced closing time. The final glide toward Marfa stretched 24 miles." His official distance for the day stretched 180.5 miles, making him one of the top ten Americans.

In addition to Katinszky, only 11 other pilots made the Pecos turn-point, and with but one exception they all posted distances in excess of 180 miles. Richard Johnson, aiming at winning his eighth National Championships in his HP-13, wound up only 20 miles short of Marfa with a fine effort of 216.5 miles. Only half a mile short of Johnson were Bernie Carris (Phoebus) and Ross Briegleb (BG-12B), while Ben Greene's Libelle was back another two miles.

* * *

But the day's real excitement started shortly before seven, when a gleaming white BS-1 flashed victoriously across the finish line at Marfa. Minutes later its pilot, Reinhold Stuhr, the jolly German giant from Bissingenlenz, was aboard a pick-up truck for a triumphant return to the hangar. Tired, yet smiling radiantly, he described his 5:52 flight in German, augmented by expressive soaring gestures.

He had gone through the starting gate at one in the afternoon. Since the course was obstructed by the storm, he went northeast, reaching Van Horn at 2:40. It was necessary to get down to about 3,000 ft. above the ground to identify the panels. Then Reinhold headed back south toward Valentine, before working his way back into the mountains behind Balmorhea. From there he flew north on thermals to Pecos. There the thermals drifted him back into the mountains west of course. Working against a northeast wind, he finally reached the range east of Mt. Livermore, where he picked up a cloud street home. Stuhr estimated that the 236.5-mile task took 400 miles of flying to complete. His speed was 40.33 MPH. Had he

failed to complete the triangle, Reinhold looked fully capable of carrying the BS-1 home on his back.

Just as the commotion of Stuhr's arrival was dying down, A. J. Smith's Sisu 1A landed. Asked what he estimated his elapsed time at, the 1961 National Champion responded faintly:

"About two days."

What about the task through a spectrum of storms?

"Say, that was a dandy, there (Van Horn) and out. Later the boys had problems!"

Following that understatement, a pilot who had been bedeviled by dust at Van Horn asked Smith how he got through the storm.

"Which one?" A. J. wanted to know.



Beth Mears cools off her pilot (and husband) with a wet towel just before take-off time. Bud flew his souped-up Prue to 17th.

SECOND CONTEST DAY Distance within an area prescribed by turn-points at Marfa, Van Horn, Pecos and McCamey.

The pilot's briefing had been moved into a long, narrow room off the hangar. Three long rows of tables were filled by pilots and a few translators, with crew members standing in the doorway and to the rear.

Rudy Mozer rose and explained his willingness to translate Stuhr's description of the winning flight. "It's the only chance to get out front in this meet." He then related Stuhr's flight with the final observation that when Rheinhold got to Pecos and saw no one else there, he concluded that everyone was already back!

Dave Owens acknowledged there was still storm activity to the northwest which would probably pro-

Returning from Pecos he could only muster 6 to 8,000 ft. coming through the Ft. Davis pass.

"I felt I was accomplishing something when I was level with the mountain tops."

Smith's speed of 35.34 MPH was almost an even 5 MPH slower than Stuhr's. Because no other American finished the task, the day was scored as distance only—a factor that kept Smith from assuming an even greater lead over his countrymen.

Not everything ended with A. J. Smith's landing, however. That night Dan Schat, who had elected to land his Phoebus gear-up due to soggy ground, had a gear door to mend. He was joined by Charlie Drew (HP-11) and Dr. Dick Sisley (ASK-13), who also had repair problems. Though he didn't prang the Dart, it had been that kind of day for Jerry Morris too. First his truck battery went dead, then his popular dog Fria fell out of the camper (she was up and about the next day), and following a landing in the streets of Van Horn, he had a flat on his trailer.

* * *

Clearly, the day's results would shape what was yet to come. A. J. Smith, of course, would be doing his cagey best to protect and nourish what was already an almost 200-point lead. A good number of his most potent competitors would have to consider going for broke if they were to shake themselves loose from the middle of the pack and move up into serious contention. Naturally enough, nothing was certain yet — unless it was the assumption that anyone who was going to win the handicap class would have to beat Ross Briegleb and the BG-12B.

PILOT	SPEED	POINTS
1. Stuhr (BS-1)	40.33 mph	1041
2. Smith (Sisu)	35.34 mph	1000
3. Johnson (HP-13)	(216.5)*	810
4. Briegleb (BG-12B)	(216.0)	808
4. Carris (Phoebus)	(216.0)	808
5. Greene (Libelle)	(214.0)	801
6. Parker (HP-14)	(188.5)	705
7. Litle (HP-9)	(187.5)	702
8. Slack (SHK)	(186.5)	698
8. Baird (HP-14)	(186.5)	698

*Figures in parentheses indicate miles flown.

duce thunderstorms west of Van Horn and on Mt. Livermore. The Marfa area would have broken cirrus at 28,000 ft. with the first cu's developing around noon at a maximum cloud base of 9,000 ft. Winds at 10,000 ft. would be from the southwest around 15 knots.

Initial thermals were expected to yield 200 FPM with lift tripling in strength by 3 PM. At first glance the longest triangle would be the best choice, but on second thought, weather might favor the shortest triangle repeated.

Although the gate opened at 10:30, no one bothered to take off until 12:09. This allowed some time to look over the new sailplanes competing for the first time in the U.S. Tall and lanky, George Moffat fitted nicely into the long narrow cockpit of the sleek new Diamant. The only concession to the nearly supine position was a pair of black slipcovers for his white tennis shoes, which reflected sunlight from the narrow nose a yard ahead of him. The cockpit is actually half canopy, which provides outstanding visibility.

Rene Comte, of Baden, Switzerland, now complete with plane and crew, was invited to fly as a guest. The 16.5-meter Diamant he flew featured royal blue cockpit lining and his initials as contest identification.

The new fiberglass ASW-12 drew considerable attention poised on the large retractable wheel. The two-piece canopy is positioned just above midpoint in the cockpit. The narrow fuselage has a marked taper commencing just behind the wheel and ends in an all flying T-tail.

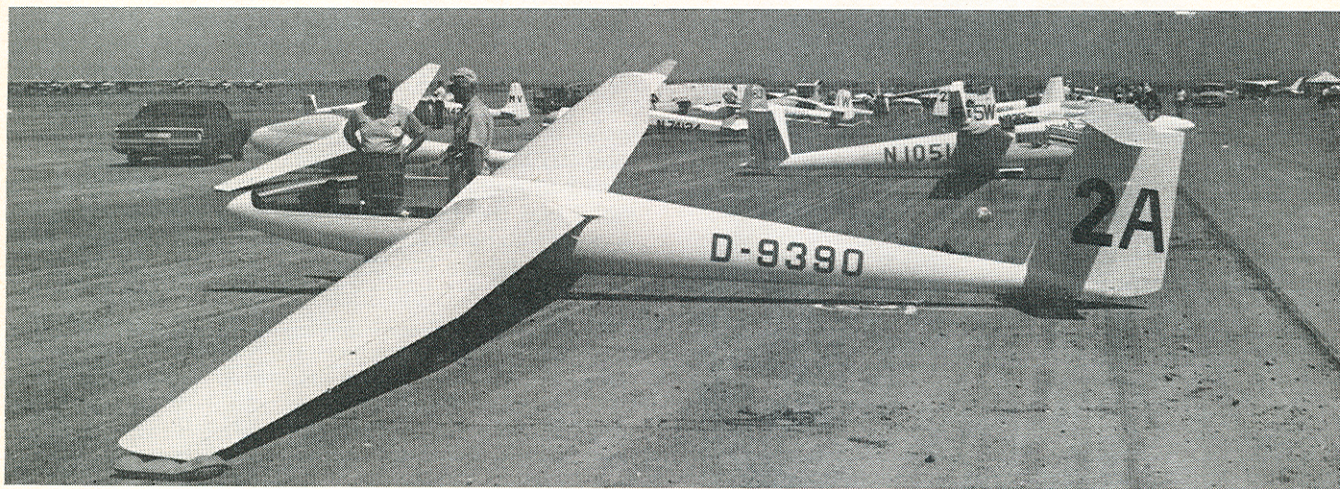
The five tow planes provided by Cessna came alive, and the contestants were launched within 53 minutes.

Alto-cu's marked the Van Horn area, so many pilots turned toward the eastern turn-points. Most crews followed within radio range holding their positions short of the turn-points. High positions on the highways along the course lines, soon were marked with trailers awaiting the next move.

Those pilots that choose McCamey, third base on Bikle's baseball diamond, found numerous cumulus activity there and on toward Pecos.

for the new task. Twenty-five pilots flew 250 miles or more, thirteen flew over 300 miles, ten logged 350 miles or better, and Dick Schreder piled up an amazing 444.5 miles.

Dick, last year's champion, started at 12:21, reaching his first turn at McCamey by 14:42. George Moffat was there also and higher. Schreder made it to Pecos in an hour and 33 minutes despite the lack of clouds to mark the lift. From there he headed for Marfa. An hour and a quarter later he reached the 13,000-ft. cloud base over Van Horn. No place to go but ahead or down. He did both, getting to 2,000 ft. above the ground, rain and lightning adding to his discomfort. Dick decided he'd better tell his crew, believing them to be east of him at Kent. Bill Ivans relayed the message. Five-meter lift in heavy rain saved the day, and he continued to Marfa at 60 MPH. Five miles out from Presidio he radioed that he was "three feet high." Making the turn-point at Marfa, he climbed to cloud base at 12,000 ft. before heading for McCamey. (Dick meant to call in 3,000 ft. but figures he picked up a lot of orders for HP-14's when he made it to Marfa.)



With its 59-ft. wingspan and 1,000-lb. gross weight, the mighty BS-1 is the heftiest single-place sailplane flying today. Two were entered at Marfa. The one shown here was flown by Rheinhold Stuhr who, after a stunning first-day victory, finished in 16th place.

Crisp, coded transmissions gave few clues as to the legs or routes completed. German pilots and crews utilized the language barrier to their advantage and others' frustration. Katinsky appropriately used Hungarian, and Rene Comte enjoyed the use of three languages. Add to this various drawls, and communication became a challenge. An amazing amount of cooperation prevailed among the pilots as they roamed the various legs. Crews, slowed by mountain roads, often got their pilot's landing position from a pilot-to-pilot relay.

Conditions deteriorated rapidly in the late afternoon with winds breaking up a lot of thermal activity. Pilots' interest turned from turn-point dots to the rough terrain. Some preferred their chances on highways, which resulted in crews helping one another stop traffic. Graham Thomson picked out an inviting green meadow on a scrub covered plain. Once the BS-1 jolted to a stop, he foresaw a long session trailing the 600-pound plane, since the meadow was actually knee-high brush concealing what looked like an old bombing range.

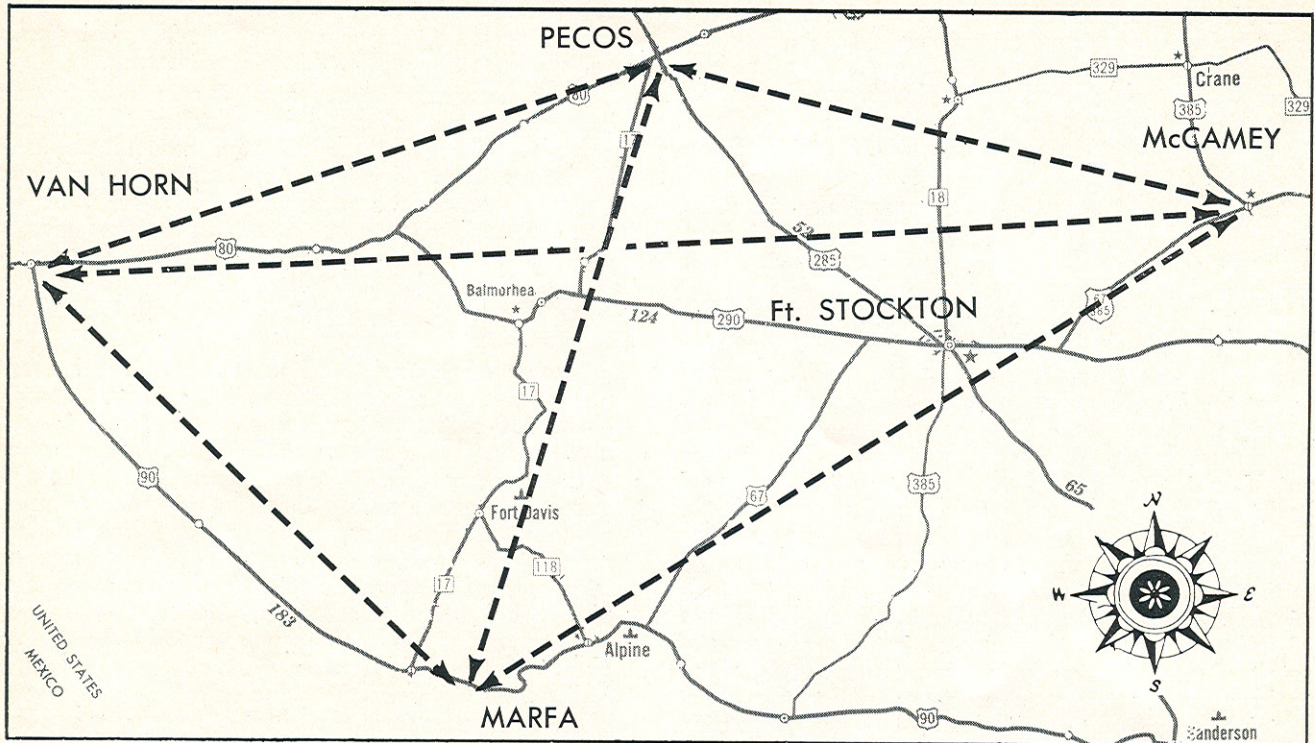
When Bertha Ryan finished scoring late that night the results indicated an impressive accomplishment

Schreder moved over to Alpine, where some fat cu's had already lured Ross Briegleb, Vern Oldershaw, and a covey of Libelles.

The last thermal of the day fell apart leaving Dick at 11,000 ft. for his final glide. Heading straight for McCamey he landed on the highway 18 miles short of the turn-point.

Schreder, now clearly on the move in the overall standings, had picked off 22 of the 33 pilots who had greeted the day ahead of him and was comfortably situated in 12th place.

	PILOT	MILES	POINTS
1.	Schreder (HP-14)	444.5	1000
2.	Ryan (Sisu)	389.0	875
3.	Smith (Sisu)	387.5	872
3.	Johnson (HP-13)	387.5	872
3.	Lindner (Phoebus)	387.5	872
4.	Scott (Ka.6E)	368.5	829
4.	Allemann (Libelle)	368.5	829
5.	Baird (HP-14)	353.5	795
5.	Herold (Dart)	353.5	795
5.	Brittingham (Dart)	353.5	795



A map of the area around Marfa showing the area within which the majority of the tasks of the 34th were flown. The dotted lines interconnecting Marfa, Van Horn, Pecos and McCamey indicate the possible choices for pilots during Distance Within A Prescribed Area. The same turn-points, along with Ft. Stockton, were also used on certain of the speed-task days. Only the free-distance flights went off area shown by map.

THIRD CONTEST DAY

Goal race to Fort Stockton and return, 146-mile total distance.

A lively discussion followed the announcement of the task on the visibility (or lack of it) of the turn-point symbols. In hopes of clarifying what to look for, someone suggested square dots.

Bill Ivans declared, "There's no such thing as square dots."

Marshall retorted, "Well you're gonna see square dots today!"

Fritz Kahl, chief honcho in charge of everything, remarked that John Williams seemed pleased not to be included as co-designer of the truncated-pyramid dot display when Paul Bikle was afforded a round of applause the previous day. Then followed the sobering reminder that in Europe a pilot must pass a turn-point below 3,000 ft.

A question arose about the accuracy of the start gate the previous day. Marshall shot back, "We checked and we sinned." How far off?

"Little bit."

Dave Owens stated that the cold front was still moving southward, touching off scattered thunderstorms. Marfa could expect light and variable winds around noon. Thermal lift of 200 FPM to 8,000 ft. ASL was expected by noon, increasing to 500 FPM to 10,500 ft. by 3 PM. An hour later 11,000 ft. might be reached, but the lift would remain the same.

The "light and variable winds" made some wonder if Texas had to play down everything. Some pilots declined to pull their planes out to the take-off line. Others looked around and decided their take off-times were all wet—or would be. The following casually

sauntered to the take-off board and moved their times up: George Moffat, Dick Schreder, Gleb Derujinsky, Ross Briegleb, Charlie Drew, and John Ryan. Just before noon they moved their planes up and left, while others quickly followed their lead.

To the north it was quite dark with gray ugly cu's flowing to the foothills. By 12:15, dirt, bits of gravel, and foliage began pelting the pilots, crews, and officials straining to keep their grip on the vulnerable

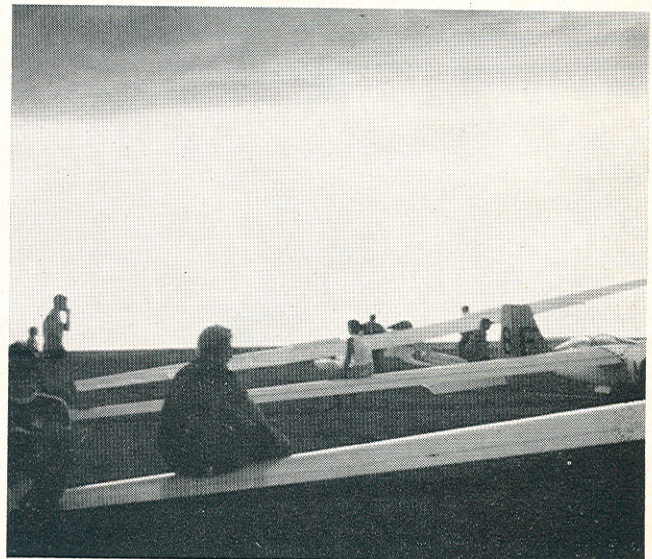


Photo by SYLVIA COLTON

sailplanes. Behind the debris came a wall of rain, biting cold in Texas-size drops. A handful of sailplanes were squeezed into the hangar behind the tow planes. The rest were protected by the pilots and crews, some even sitting on wings or sprawling over a fuse-

lage. No one seemed really surprised when it hailed as a finale. Just as the storm moved on, a twister appeared to the south of Alpine. Many Californians had never seen a tornado and incredulously watched as its thin, dark arc moved just above the eastern horizon. Then suddenly it dissipated as quickly as it had appeared.

Somewhat less than an hour after take off John Ryan landed back at Marfa, visibly shaken. He had had rather a close look at the day's unusual weather and had a tale to tell.

"I felt lucky in having selected an early take-off time (just before noon) and upon release headed for a large cloud about three miles north of the field. I wanted to get to altitude as fast as possible and get through the starting gate before it was covered by the rain. An extremely strong thermal gave me climb in the neighborhood of 2200 FPM up to 9,000 ft. where I broke off the climb and made my pass through the gate. By then rain was very heavy directly on the course, so I stayed a bit away from the clouds and proceeded on a course of about 100°, staying just south of the clouds. About eight miles south of Alpine and 12 miles from the start I was away from the area of rain and decided I could cut under the clouds, climb to base and make excellent speed under the street which then extended out over the Glass Mountains. The thermal I contacted was extremely strong and considerably smaller than the one I had used at the start. The Hornig integrator showed 1800 FPM. The turbulence in this thermal was quite severe—something like some of those rough ones we had at Reno in '66. But, who can complain when they are averaging 1800 FPM up!



JOHN
RYAN

"I was turning to the left at about 55 MPH indicated and just passing through 9,800 ft. when, against full aileron, the shear tossed me out of the thermal by raising the left wing and dropping the right until I was completely inverted. This over-the-top maneuver had never happened to me before, although I had

spun out the bottom twice in Reno. In Reno, however, the airspeed built up immediately and I was circling again in the thermal within a few seconds.

"This was entirely different. I remained inverted with almost zero airspeed and watched the altimeter start unwinding rapidly! Control movements in all directions were completely ineffective and although I waited and waited (it seemed like ages) there was no tendency for the nose to fall through and give me some airspeed and control effectiveness. The terrain altitude below flashed through my mind and I remembered that when the airspeed did increase I should roll out rather than trying to split S.

"I was beginning to think of the Pioneer escape route when the airspeed built up at a fantastic rate to about 150 MPH, the control became effective and I was able to roll back to level flight. A glance at the altimeter showed 7,800 ft. and I turned away from the cloud in a southeasterly direction in order to regain altitude and figure out what to do. I headed for a rather tame looking cu about two miles away and then noticed the tornado funnel sticking down about 800 ft. below the cloud I had just left. I had been circling under the southwest edge and the tornado appeared from the eastern part of the cloud about half a mile in from the edge which would place it about two miles from the point at which I was climbing. The funnel remained stationary in size for at least a minute and then rapidly extended to the ground where I could see bushes, dirt and small pieces of debris being thrown about quite violently. It lasted two to three minutes and then rapidly dissipated back up into the cloud and did not reappear.

"I decided to head back to the field, let the front pass through and make a later start. The large cloud which I had climbed under had dumped heavy rain and wind across the starting line and operations were closed down when I returned. Some power pilots reported that two or three funnel clouds were observed emanating from this cloud after it had passed south of the field but, because the heavy rain was between me and the leading edge of the cloud, I could not see these. All the way back the turbulence was severe and extremely sharp, even though the storm had passed and I avoided flying under any of the large clouds which were present. I could only think that I didn't want to get directly under another tornado."

Take-offs resumed at 2 PM for a rather disgruntled group of pilots. They surmised that the 18 pilots who got off and away before the "overdevelopment" had an advantage. However, it didn't hold for Carl Herold (Dart), who eluded the storm, but was unable to get going. He landed at 2:13, started again, made the turn-point, and landed halfway back.

Harry Wuenstel (Libelle) was in the same vicinity when he ran out of lift and altitude. He spotted a lovely green meadow on a plain of scrub brush with plenty of room for roll-out. Following a proper pattern, he skimmed the lovely green stuff and then stopped. Actually his landing was arrested. The Libelle wheel dropped into a crater, leaving the plane suspended. The tracks of a previous trailer identified the field as the one Graham Thomson had explored the previous day.

Even moreso, it proved a disastrous day for two long-time competitors. Steve du Pont's SH-1 was

seriously damaged during a landing. Later Rudy Mozer elected to land the ASW-12 on a road near Alpine. His braking chute failed to deploy, and the ship struck a concrete road abutment. The damage was too extensive to be repaired at Marfa. While landing, Richard O'Neil of Richardson, Texas, lost the tail of his Ka.6BR. None of these pilots were injured.

Lyle Maxey (1-23D) commented on his 46.5-mile effort, "That's four miles short of the first cross-country I made in 1948!"

Some 23 pilots completed the task, 29 getting at least as far as the turn-point. Dick Schreder made the circuit in three hours and eight minutes. Using two thermals he made Fort Stockton (elev. 3010) with 7,000 ft. The lift was poor, but he finally found one thermal with 500 to 600 FPM lift and headed straight home.

A. J. Smith's 48.5 MPH was identical to Schreder's speed, but the route different. He acknowledged being low at the turn and swinging west over Bahmorea. He had 2,000 ft. over the 5,000 ft. mountains but lost no time heading home.

George Moffat said that his initial move was to get his take-off time moved up. He attempted to nonchalantly stroll to the take-off board, a move that resulted in a stampede scene from a Western movie — with Dick Schreder in the lead. Once airborne and in three to four-meter lift, he debated whether to use his take-off roll time or go through the gate.

"Dick Schreder bothered with the gate so I bothered with the gate."

Cruising to Alpine, he found a hole in the low-hanging cloud mass and got to the base at 9,000 ft.

The course line was dark and inhospitable looking under a high cloud cover that would cut off heating. He elected to stall awhile, hoping for a break.

"You'd have thought it was a distance day!"

Over a ranch in the Glass Mountains the Diamant was low, so low that "I got quite intimate with that ranch." He found a thermal which saved the flight but quickly dissipated. At Mt. Ord he saw Schreder, and they climbed together before making the turn. Once around they went their separate ways, Dick on the northerly course and George straight back. Flying under a 9,000 ft. cloud street, he needed to circle only four times while covering the final 50 miles at 100 MPH.

Moffat's win (at 49.5 MPH) wafted him from 28th overall into 7th position, three spots back of Richard Schreder, who was still charging for the top with but Smith, Johnson, and Greene still ahead of him. Rudy Lindner (Phoebus) in sixth place became the highest placed foreign entrant, as first-round leader Reinhold Stuhr failed to complete the task and slipped to 9th.

PILOT	SPEED	POINTS
1. Moffat (Diamant)	49.5 mph	1000
2. Smith (Sisu)	48.4 "	979
2. Schreder (HP-14)	48.4 "	979
3. Johnson (HP-13)	45.4 "	923
4. Derujinsky (Sisu)	45.1 "	921
5. Lindner (Phoebus)	44.0 "	900
6. Greene (Libelle)	42.3 "	870
7. Bikle (SHK)	41.0 "	844
8. Mullen (Prue)	38.4 "	798
9. Peter (Ka.6)	36.8 "	769

FOURTH CONTEST DAY Repeat of the previous day's task, 146-mile goal-and-return with Fort Stockton as turn-point.

The briefing for the fourth day's task got off to a humorous start when Dick Lyle, the quality control weatherman for the area, was introduced. Dave Owen was still being ribbed about the storm yesterday, to say nothing of the unscheduled tornado, and needed a kindred spirit. Nevertheless Dave predicted wind out of the southeast at 8 knots, a mild 78 degree temperature, and high clouds. With this exciting weather to utilize, Marshall announced the same task as the day before for those who didn't see Ft. Stockton yesterday. A small ripple of surprise rose from the pilots.

Fritz rose and with straight face announced, "The Texas Highway Patrol has offered its full cooperation to the soaring guests." Apparently the fuzz knew that the highways were being used by a number of one-wheel vehicles. Dr. Steinhoff at 65, again the oldest contestant, raised his hand and seriously inquired if the Highway Patrol might put a sign on the Ft. Stockton road, "Careful, gliders landing."

Marshall countered with, "Good pilots don't land on roads," which was muffled by protests from several actual or potentially good pilots. A final word for the crews who would parade through Alpine: watch out for the Dingo Drive-In, as that's where the youth of Alpine demonstrate how hot their rods are.

Marshall, who worked the start gate and therefore heard a lot of extraneous chatter, advised "just tell them *where* to go and hope they bring the trailer."

The take-off time selection then began and droned on. As the competition numbers were called each pilot declared his choice of time and sank back in his chair to await adjournment. At first the roll had sparked interest, as so many new call letters were evident: One Echo, Double Hotel, Hotel Papa, Alpha Papa, Four Fox, Mad Dog, Charlie Dog, Delta Sugar, Double Cross, Little Boy and Tango Sierra. That morning Marshall approached number 45 and without any delay called, "One Tornado." Even John laughed.

By evening the hangar and apron were dotted with laughing relaxed pilots and crews. Sixty-two pilots completed the task at speeds varying from winner A.J. Smith's 61.2 MPH. Four landed at Ft. Stockton, and three on the way back.

Ross Briegleb, flying a BG-12 with Briegleb-bent tips added to the wings, was heard to state, "It gets kinda pressurized in the top five." His speed of 51.9 MPH kept him there.

One German encountered no problems and felt the task "too easy. Should have made another leg or something." A few acknowledged some difficulty at the turn, but most felt the weather good enough so they could concentrate on speed.

The next morning Marshall asked A.J. Smith if he'd like to say a few words. "Let's quit," was his smiling response.

Smith had taken off at 12:59 and found conditions weak. After going through the gate, A.J. con-

sidered leaving on course, but conditions worsened, so he returned for a second start. This proved to be a wise move as he contacted a good thermal and arrived over Alpine at cloud base. From there he moved to Hovey, flying between 6 to 8,500 ft. on a cloud street. He continued on course until just south of the Firestone Test Track, avoiding a storm to the northwest. He climbed in a thermal with some others, but left before topping the thermal to round the turn-point. Then A.J. returned to his favorite spot south of the track, where he climbed to 9,500 ft. before beginning the long glide toward Marfa. By the time he reached the first 5,000 ft. elevation things were going *too* smoothly. Lift was nonexistent. The Sisu was down to 1,000 ft. over the terrain when he found a couple of thermals which returned him to a comfortable 9,500 ft. By the time A.J. reached Twin Mountains (elev. 6,725 ft.), he had lost 1,000 ft., but was already burning it in through the sink. His speed on the final glide was 155 knots.

By winning the day's task, the brilliantly consistent Smith picked up another 51 points on second-place holder Dick Johnson, giving him nearly a 286 point lead at the halfway point of the meet. Amazingly enough, A.J. had yet to finish worse than third on any given day.

PILOT	SPEED	POINTS
1. Smith (Sisu)	61.2 mph	1000
2. Klein (Libelle)	59.2 "	970
3. Johnson (HP-13)	58.5 "	960
4. Stuhr (BS-1)	58.5 "	960
5. Chase (SHK)	58.4 "	959
6. Lindner (Phoebus)	57.7 "	948
7. Allemann (Libelle)	55.8 "	922
7. Conn (SHK)	55.8 "	922
8. Bikle (SHK)	54.7 "	906
9. Bagshaw (Libelle)	54.5 "	902

FIFTH CONTEST DAY

Distance within an area prescribed by turn-points at Marfa, Van Horn, Pecos and McCamey.

The day began with leftover cu's hanging above the field and a healthy southerly wind slapping the canvas roof of the start gate and rocking the sailplanes in their tie-downs. At the briefing Dave Owens acknowledged that the weather *had* been a little inconsistent, but today it really would be good. The low pressure area was now a 100 miles to the east and the somewhat drier ground would be accompanied by warmer weather and less cloud cover than in the preceding days.

Distance Within a Prescribed Area — the day's task — was designed to fulfill distance requirements, reduce crewing expenses and the fatigue caused by long retrieves. How this actually works in practice might best be judged from the standpoint of the daily adventures of one industrious pilot, and who better than the man at the top.

A.J.'s crew consisted of Kenny Beanland, a local boy who knew the roads well, as driver, and Bob Bienstein of Detroit, who, as Crew Chief, handled radio transmissions. Young Robbie Beinstein rode the jump seat in A.J.'s air-conditioned *Grand Prix* and proved to be an excellent plane spotter.

A.J., known as "Rabbitt" while airborne, had cautioned all concerned that "I don't say much." Rabbit Ground knew the truth of this statement, for Rabbit proved to be a quiet, yet very speedy fellow. His communications were brief and generally contained little more than instructions to hold somewhere, or move on to the next point. Rarely was Rabbit Ground out of radio range.

The first hold for the day was on the road north of Marfa; A. J. was obviously busy with his flying. It was a while later that a new clue to the pilot's whereabouts came.

"Rabbit Ground, head up the Observatory Road."

"Roger Rabbit."

"What sort of road is it?" A. J. wanted to know.

"Very good."

It sounded as if A.J. were going first to Van Horn. From here he would head either for Pecos or Ft. Stockton. Progress along Rt. 17 would bring a near intercept along the second leg. The next command was for Rabbit Ground to move on to Balmorhea. This is a small community near the intersection of 17 and Route 290. It boasts a State Park which features the largest swimming pool in Texas and this enormous spring-fed oasis was a very popular hold point for many of the crews.

Here Rabbit Ground had half an hour to pass with a number of other crews before heading east along 290 to the vicinity of the Goodyear test track just short of Fort Stockton. The crew was just as happy to be on the move, for then the *Grand Prix* air conditioning was going full blast. During stops the contrast was devastating. The great outdoors, at least at ground level, was intensely hot! The terrain was rough, rocky and devoid of anything that grew more than two feet tall. It made good thermals, but was a very inhospitable place for sailplane crews — and for sailplane landings.

It was not long, however, before Rabbit Ground was on the move again, this time toward Alpine, a town just east of Marfa. This transmission was crystal clear, a result of the pilot being a little lower than is good for soaring pilots. Robbie earnestly searched for the Sisu while Bob checked the road for possible landing use. The crisis was shortly over, however, and Rabbit Ground put into Alpine for fuel and refreshments.

When he reached home base A.J. had some 350 miles behind him, but wasted little time in heading out once again. It was late, and there were only a few thermals left between the turn at Marfa and the end of the day's flying.

For Rabbit Ground it was the round north to Fort Davis and across to Ft. Stockton again. On Route 17 they passed Wally Scott pulling his Ka.6E to the side of the highway after a landing. Wally waved cheerfully and the crew in the *Grand Prix* sped on, confident that Wally Jr. would be there shortly to pick up his pop. Then Ft. Davis again, again Balmorhea, and on toward Ft. Stockton where the lights of the city began sparkling in the advancing dusk. Here and there across the Texas landscape, final glides were now taking place.

Rabbit Ground was on the far side of Ft. Stockton before it finally found its glider. It had been eight hours since take-off. A.J. had by-passed the Ft. Stockton Airport for whatever extra miles — and points — he could get by going a little further on toward McCamey. The crew and pilot worked smoothly and had the Sisu in its trailer in exactly ten minutes. A little summing up at this point showed that, with 101 miles yet to go to get home, the crew had driven 300 miles. A.J. had only outstripped them by a few miles, totalling 409 miles for the day. Had the Sisu landed 409 miles from Marfa, at least 1000 miles of driving would have been necessary to get A.J. home.

Not everyone had had the relatively smooth time A.J. did. Louis Simmons of Kansas City damaged the right wing of his Libelle during a road landing after covering 201 miles. His timing was unfortunate, for Haenle, after a vacation week generously devoted to helping keep the fiberglass fleet flying, was on his way to El Paso and his plane to Germany.

Another Libelle pilot whose day had lumps in it was Elemer Katinszky. Elemer popped his drag chute over a small field between Ft. Stockton and McCamey and headed for the nearest telephone to call Marfa and his crew. His radio was not working quite the way it should and he was forced to use this more cumbersome method to make contact.

Elemer's crew was another Hungarian, Steve Otvos. A year ago Steve flew a Czechoslovakian Zlin trainer out of Hungary and into Austria, using the fuel left in the reserve tank for the trip. Once with his pilot, Steve assisted in the search for the downed Libelle — by torchlight. In the meantime the wind had sprung up, and Elemer, who had been unable to get pitons into the hard soil, and had left his chute on the wingtip for ballast, was concerned about the safety of the glider.

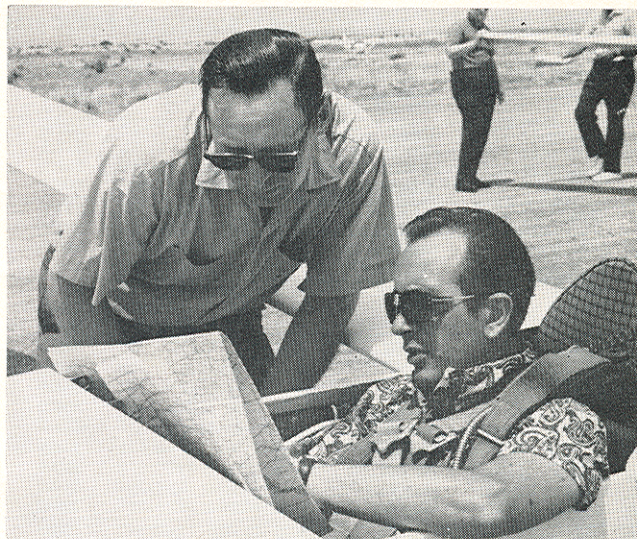
A weird scene unfolded as Elemer and Steve, both in walking shorts, dashed up and down likely looking fields brandishing road flares against the murkiness of the moonless night. Alas, Elemer's navigation was poorer than Steve's had been in the Zlin. At 2 AM, flares exhausted, the search was abandoned. At dawn, after a few snatches of sleep, Elemer found the Libelle just where he'd left it, and right side up. But it was a mighty tired troupe of Hungarians who dragged themselves into the pilots' meeting that morning.

SIXTH CONTEST DAY Speed task around a 201.5-mile triangular course with turn-points at Pecos and Fort Stockton

Dave Owens declared that the weather would be a carbon copy of the previous day. Scattered high cirrus could be expected with some cu's beginning to develop by noon. A high of 92 degrees was expected, with 85 to 86 degrees sufficient to trigger thermals. Surface winds of 10 knots out of the south-southwest were anticipated.

After a smooth launching, which the pilots had now come to expect, the throng started north towards Pecos. With Balmorhea and its gigantic swimming pool directly on course, a steady stream of crews stopped, and some confidently spent the day there.

Whether they were particularly elated to hear Rudy Allemann describe how he'd racked up 472 miles the previous day, they never disclosed. Rudy noted how



Elemer Katinszky, who had the embarrassing experience of losing his glider during the contest, but who found it in the nick of time, goes over the day's task with crewman Steve Otvos.

pleased he was to have the opportunity to address the pilots' meeting and to take his place among the Beatniks — those who managed to be where the "happenings" took place. It had indeed been a day of happenings. Five pilots exceeded 400 miles, 27 went beyond 300 miles and 23 logged 200 miles or better. The total for the 70 pilots taking part in the task was 19,143 miles.

The top ten:

PILOT	MILES	POINTS
1. Allemann (Libelle)	472.0	1000
2. Schreder (HP-14)	438.0	928
3. Stuhr (BS-1)	431.0	913
4. Smith (Sisu)	409.0	866
5. Greene (Libelle)	401.0	850
6. Lindner (Phoebus)	386.5	819
6. Moffat (Diamant)	386.5	819
7. Peter (Ka.6)	384.5	815
8. Firth (HP-11)	358.0	758
9. Slack (SHK)	355.0	752

It was a good day for the task and large numbers of pilots were certain to finish it.

One who wouldn't was Calvin "Kelly" Slover of Redlands, California, flying a Standard Austria. His task for the last four days had been repairing the Austria at Marfa. In this he had had the help of Ray Hegy, a local welder and home-builder who had invited Kelly and crew to camp in his yard till repairs were finished.

Kelley had a lot of foresight and asked an experienced mountain climber, Lois Thompson, to compose half his crew. So far she'd seen Van Horn and Ray Hegy's back yard and far too much of the insides of the Austria. This day was different, somewhat. Kelly tells it like it was:

"I didn't take off till 1:21. There was a bunch in a thermal. I spotted the enemy, Fellner — the Red Baron. So I cranked up in the same thermal. I got out

34TH ANNUAL U.S. NATIONAL SOARING CHAMPIONSHIP

JULY 4 236.5-MI. TRIANGLE

JULY 5 PRESCRIBED AREA DISTANCE

JULY 6 146-MI. G & R

JULY 7 146-MI. G & R

FINAL STANDING	PILOT	SAILPLANE	DISTANCE MILES	DAILY SCORE	DISTANCE MILES	DAILY SCORE	CUM. SCORE	SPEED MPH	DAILY SCORE	CUM. SCORE	SPEED MPH	DAILY SCORE
1.	Smith	Sisu	35.3*	1000(2)	387.5	872(3)	1872(1)	48.4	979(2)	2851(1)	61.2	1000(1)
2.	Schreder	HP-14	79.0	296(34)	444.5	1000(1)	1296(12)	48.4	979(2)	2275(4)	53.0	879(14)
3.	Johnson	HP-13	216.5	810(3)	387.5	872(3)	1682(2)	45.3	923(4)	2605(2)	58.5	960(13)
4.	Moffat	Diamant	85.5	320(28)	308.0	693(21)	1013(28)	49.5	1000(1)	2013(7)	53.2	883(13)
5.	Greene	Libelle	214.0	801(6)	271.5	611(34)	1412(7)	42.3	870(7)	2282(3)	52.8	877(17)
6.	Lindner	Phoebus	94.5	354(18)	387.5	872(3)	1226(13)	44.0	900(6)	1126(6)	57.7	948(6)
7.	Allemann	Libelle	76.5	286(35)	368.5	829(6)	1115(18)	32.1	683(18)	1798(15)	55.8	922(7)
8.	Briegleb	BG-12B	216.0	808(4)	346.0	778(12)	1586(3)	31.9	681(19)	2267(5)	51.9	864(21)
9.	Klein	Libelle	85.5	320(28)	350.5	788(11)	1108(19)	33.2	705(16)	1813(14)	59.2	970(2)
10.	Bikle	SHK	93.5	350(20)	276.0	621(33)	971(35)	41.0	844(8)	1815(13)	54.7	906(9)
11.	Peter	Ka.6	94.5	354(18)	286.0	643(29)	997(30)	36.8	769(10)	1766(17)	46.9	789(32)
12.	Scott	Ka.6E	84.5	316(33)	368.5	829(6)	1145(16)	33.1	701(17)	1846(10)	54.4	899(11)
13.	Thomson	BS-1	100.5	376(16)	315.0	709(19)	1085(20)	125.0*	462(27)	1547(31)	49.9	834(26)
14.	Chase	SHK	85.5	320(28)	266.0	598(39)	918(39)	33.6	712(15)	1630(24)	58.4	959(5)
15.	Squillario	Libelle	90.0	337(22)	306.0	688(24)	1025(27)	35.8	752(12)	1777(16)	51.5	858(22)
16.	Stuhr	BS-1	40.3	1041(1)	233.5	525(53)	1566(4)	94.0*	348(42)	1914(9)	58.5	960(3)
17.	Mears	Prue	88.5	331(26)	294.5	662(25)	993(31)	35.7	750(13)	1743(19)	53.6	888(12)
18.	Baird	HP-14	186.5	698(9)	353.5	795(8)	1493(5)	94.5*	350(41)	1843(11)	39.3	678(45)
19.	Firth	HP-11A	76.5	286(35)	318.0	715(18)	1001(29)	31.7	676(20)	1677(21)	45.2	765(35)
20.	Bagshaw	Libelle	76.5	286(35)	309.0	695(20)	981(33)	36.8	769(10)	1750(18)	54.5	902(10)
21.	Katinszky	Libelle	180.5	675(11)	306.5	690(22)	1365(8)	122.5*	453(30)	1818(12)	52.9	879(14)
22.	Herold	Dart	105.0	393(15)	353.5	795(8)	1188(15)	113.5*	420(34)	1608(26)	52.1	866(20)
23.	Morris	Dart	76.5	286(35)	258.5	582(42)	868(49)	35.2	741(14)	1609(25)	48.6	815(28)
24.	Brittingham	Dart	76.5	286(35)	353.5	795(8)	1081(21)	123.0*	455(29)	1536(32)	45.8	774(34)
25.	Beman	Libelle	100.5	376(16)	271.5	611(34)	987(32)	120.5*	446(32)	1433(36)	52.8	877(17)
26.	Conn	SHK	76.5	286(35)	270.5	608(37)	894(43)	131.5*	486(24)	1380(40)	55.8	922(7)
27.	Moore	Phoebus	76.5	286(35)	271.5	611(34)	897(42)	124.5*	460(28)	1357(41)	49.3	825(27)
28.	Litle	HP-9	187.5	702(8)	281.0	632(32)	1334(10)	73.0*	270(47)	1604(27)	36.8	642(53)
29.	Carris	Phoebus	216.0	808(4)	229.0	515(57)	1323(11)	65.0*	240(52)	1563(29)	50.9	849(24)
30.	Mullen	Prue UPH	166.0	621(12)	232.5	523(54)	1144(17)	38.4	798(9)	1942(8)	41.6	711(41)
31.	Derujinsky	Sisu	76.5	286(35)	189.5	426(62)	712(59)	45.1	921(5)	1633(23)	53.0	879(14)
32.	Byars	SH-1	92.5	346(21)	326.5	734(17)	1080(22)	90.5*	335(44)	1415(38)	47.0	791(31)
33.	Meyer	HP-11A	76.5	286(35)	333.0	749(16)	1035(26)	131.5*	486(24)	1521(33)	33.5	592(57)
34.	Ivans	Sisu	76.5	286(35)	270.0	607(38)	893(44)	39.0*	144(66)	1037(60)	48.1	807(29)
35.	Nees	Libelle	76.5	286(35)	306.5	690(22)	976(34)	122.0*	451(31)	1427(37)	46.0	776(33)
36.	Leffler	ES-60	76.5	286(35)	339.0	763(14)	1049(23)	90.5*	335(44)	1384(39)	37.6	654(51)
37.	Slack	SHK	186.5	698(9)	287.5	647(27)	1345(9)	92.5*	342(43)	1687(20)	43.7	744(40)
38.	Whigham	GW-2	76.5	286(35)	266.0	598(39)	884(46)	73.0*	270(47)	1154(49)	44.4	753(37)
39.	Ryan	Sisu	85.5	320(28)	389.0	875(2)	1195(14)	129.0*	477(26)	1672(22)	81.0*	166(62)
40.	Huddleston	Phoebus	76.5	286(35)	200.5	451(61)	737(57)	104.5*	387(37)	1124(53)	51.2	853(23)
41.	Wuenstel	Libelle	76.5	286(35)	293.5	660(26)	946(36)	33.5*	124(67)	1070(57)	38.6	667(47)
42.	Drew	HP-11A	76.5	286(35)	283.0	637(31)	923(38)	30.9	661(21)	1584(28)	31.3	561(59)
43.	Pietsch	Phoebus	90.0	337(22)	236.5	532(52)	869(48)	115.5*	427(33)	1296(42)	43.9	745(39)
44.	Parker	HP-14	188.5	705(7)	344.5	775(13)	1480(6)	7.0*	26(69)	1506(34)	40.4	695(43)
Guest Comte	Diamant	DNC	—	—	266.0	598	598	108.5*	401	999	53.6	888
45.	Smiley	Ka.6CR	88.5	331(26)	252.5	568(47)	899(41)	52.0*	192(62)	1091(55)	45.2	764(36)
46.	Sisley	ASK-13	85.5	320(28)	253.5	570(46)	890(45)	65.0*	240(52)	1130(52)	41.1	705(42)
47.	Williams, J.	Zugvogel	76.5	286(35)	232.5	523(54)	809(55)	73.0*	270(47)	1079(56)	37.3	648(52)
48.	Klemmedson	MG-23SL	76.5	286(35)	240.5	541(50)	827(53)	104.0*	385(38)	1212(45)	50.2	838(25)
49.	Cook	Skylark	76.5	286(35)	242.5	546(49)	832(52)	89.5*	331(46)	1163(48)	38.6	667(47)
50.	Steinhoff	SHK	90.0	337(22)	159.5	359(66)	666(60)	97.0*	359(40)	1055(59)	44.0	748(38)
51.	Chandler	Skylark	76.5	286(35)	285.5	642(30)	928(37)	24.4	622(22)	1550(30)	93.0*	191(61)
52.	Maxey	1-23D	76.5	286(35)	165.5	372(65)	658(66)	46.5*	172(64)	830(68)	39.2	677(46)
53.	Buck	1-23-G	76.5	286(35)	257.0	578(43)	864(50)	23.9	620(23)	1484(35)	73.0*	150(64)
54.	Pallmer	Prue	107.5	402(13)	287.5	647(27)	1049(23)	60.0*	222(59)	1271(44)	32.5	581(58)
55.	Williams, G.	Std.-Aus.	76.5	286(35)	266.0	598(39)	884(46)	73.0*	270(47)	1154(49)	47.6	799(30)
56.	Oldershaw	O-3	76.5	286(35)	333.5	750(15)	1036(25)	65.0*	240(52)	1276(43)	81.0*	166(62)
57.	Savage	Ka.6CR-PE	76.5	286(35)	257.0	578(43)	864(50)	73.0*	270(47)	1134(51)	40.4	694(44)
58.	Bovenkerk	1-23D	76.5	286(35)	158.5	356(67)	642(68)	53.5*	198(60)	840(67)	36.3	634(54)
59.	Hunter	1-23G	76.5	286(35)	158.5	356(67)	642(68)	63.5*	235(57)	877(63)	38.1	662(50)
60.	Wright	Sisu	41.0	153(68)	229.0	515(57)	668(64)	64.0*	237(56)	905(62)	34.8	612(55)
61.	Schat	Phoebus	76.5	286(35)	229.0	515(57)	801(56)	110.5*	409(35)	1210(46)	52.6	874(19)
62.	Stauffer	HP-11	76.5	286(35)	157.5	354(69)	640(70)	61.5*	227(58)	867(64)	73.0*	150(65)
63.	Rockwell	L. Spatz	106.5	398(14)	228.0	513(60)	911(40)	41.5*	153(65)	1064(58)	73.0*	150(65)
64.	Royce	Foka 4	23.5	88(71)	257.0	578(43)	666(65)	65.0*	240(52)	906(61)	34.1	602(56)
65.	Taskovich	Foka 4	76.5	286(35)	178.0	400(63)	686(61)	48.0*	178(63)	864(65)	38.6	667(47)
66.	McClanahan	Libelle	76.5	286(35)	239.5	539(51)	825(54)	99.0*	366(39)	1191(47)	DNC	—
Guest Brockhurst	Ka.6E	DNC	—	—	DNC	—	—	23.5*	87	87	29.7	537
67.	Simmons	Libelle	41.0	153(68)	231.0	521(56)	674(63)	7.0*	26(69)	700(70)	30.5	549(60)
68.	Fellner	Zugvogel	6.0	22(73)	69.5	156(71)	178(72)	0. *	0(71)	178(72)	73.0*	150(65)
69.	Mozer	ASW-12	41.0	153(68)	250.5	564(48)	717(58)	109.0*	403(36)	1120(54)	DNC	—
70.	O'Neal	Ka.6-BR	89.0	333(25)	142.0	319(70)	652(67)	53.5*	198(60)	850(66)	DNC	—
71.	DuPont	Std.-Aus.	76.5	286(35)	177.5	399(64)	685(62)	30.0*	111(68)	796(69)	DNC	—
72.	Slover	Std.-Aus.	21.5	80(72)	DNC	—	80(73)	DNC	—	80(73)	DNC	—
73.	Miller	Diamant	76.5	286(35)	DNC	—	286(71)	DNC	—	286(71)	DNC	—

Total Task Miles Each Day 7151.5 19,665.5 7,163.5 9,599.0

†Indicates MPH instead of miles flown *Indicates miles flown instead of MPH Figures in parentheses indicate

IPS, MARFA, TEXAS, JULY 4-14, 1967 — TABLE OF SCORES

CUM. SCORE	JULY 8 PRESCRIBED AREA DISTANCE			JULY 9 201.5-MI. TRIANGLE			JULY 10 273.0-MI. TRIANGLE			JULY 11 FREE DISTANCE		
	DISTANCE MILES	DAILY SCORE	CUM. SCORE	SPEED MPH	DAILY SCORE	CUM. SCORE	SPEED MPH	DAILY SCORE	CUM. SCORE	DISTANCE MILES	DAILY SCORE	CUM. SCORE
351(1)	409.0	866(4)	4717(1)	67.6	990(2)	5707(1)	59.8	942(3)	6649(1)	357.0	776(21)	7425(1)
154(4)	438.0	928(2)	4082(3)	61.9	915(6)	4997(3)	59.0	932(4)	5929(3)	460.0	1000(1)	6929(2)
565(2)	352.0	746(13)	4311(2)	62.4	923(5)	5234(2)	51.4	825(21)	6059(2)	329.0	715(35)	6774(3)
396(7)	386.5	819(6)	3715(9)	68.3	1000(1)	4715(6)	63.9	1000(1)	5715(5)	397.0	863(4)	6578(4)
159(3)	401.0	850(5)	4009(4)	57.6	859(18)	4868(4)	53.7	857(12)	5725(4)	346.0	752(27)	6477(5)
074(6)	386.6	819(6)	3893(5)	61.8	915(6)	4808(5)	55.3	879(10)	5687(6)	349.5	760(26)	6447(6)
720(12)	472.0	1000(1)	3720(8)	61.1	906(8)	4626(9)	61.1	960(2)	5586(7)	365.0	793(17)	6379(7)
131(5)	348.0	737(15)	3868(6)	55.0	825(24)	4693(7)	50.0	804(27)	5497(8)	357.0	776(21)	6273(8)
783(9)	310.0	657(30)	3440(11)	64.2	945(4)	4385(10)	56.8	901(7)	5286(9)	361.5	786(18)	6072(9)
721(11)	331.0	702(20)	3423(12)	55.4	830(22)	4253(12)	52.4	838(14)	5091(11)	448.5	975(2)	6066(10)
655(14)	384.5	815(8)	3470(10)	52.8	795(31)	4265(11)	54.1	863(11)	5128(10)	383.5	834(8)	5962(11)
745(10)	258.0	547(45)	3292(16)	57.7	861(17)	4153(15)	52.0	833(16)	4986(13)	351.0	763(25)	5749(12)
381(27)	349.5	740(14)	3121(25)	65.0	957(3)	4078(17)	55.6	883(9)	4961(15)	354.5	771(23)	5732(13)
589(19)	334.0	708(19)	3297(15)	61.0	904(9)	4201(13)	49.2	794(30)	4995(12)	338.5	736(30)	5731(14)
635(17)	340.0	720(18)	3355(13)	53.2	801(29)	4156(14)	51.7	828(17)	4984(14)	342.5	745(28)	5729(15)
874(8)	431.0	913(3)	3787(7)	59.6	885(11)	4672(8)	158.0*	174(62)	4846(17)	373.5	812(16)	5658(16)
631(18)	248.0	525(48)	3156(24)	59.3	881(12)	4037(19)	56.3	894(8)	493(16)	324.5	705(37)	5636(17)
521(20)	323.0	684(25)	3205(19)	49.5	752(41)	3957(23)	50.8	816(22)	4773(20)	387.5	842(5)	5615(18)
442(23)	358.0	758(9)	3200(20)	53.8	808(28)	4008(22)	44.2	723(39)	4731(22)	370.0	804(13)	5535(19)
652(16)	256.5	543(47)	3195(21)	54.7	821(25)	4016(21)	48.8	788(31)	4804(19)	330.0	717(32)	5521(20)
697(13)	259.5	550(43)	3247(17)	58.1	865(15)	4112(16)	49.5	798(29)	4910(17)	281.0	611(48)	5521(20)
474(22)	325.0	688(24)	3162(23)	52.6	793(32)	3955(24)	50.9	816(22)	4771(21)	341.5	742(29)	5513(22)
424(25)	276.5	586(36)	3010(27)	49.3	749(43)	3759(28)	51.5	826(18)	4585(26)	374.0	813(11)	5398(23)
310(28)	292.0	619(33)	2929(31)	50.3	762(36)	3691(30)	48.0	776(35)	4467(28)	387.5	842(5)	5309(24)
310(28)	328.5	696(21)	3006(28)	59.0	878(13)	3884(26)	50.6	813(24)	4697(24)	277.0	602(50)	5299(25)
302(30)	342.5	726(17)	3028(26)	47.8	730(47)	3758(29)	51.5	826(18)	4584(27)	316.5	688(40)	5272(26)
182(35)	353.0	748(12)	2930(30)	48.4	738(44)	3668(31)	48.5	783(33)	4451(29)	375.0	815(9)	5266(27)
246(31)	311.5	660(28)	2906(32)	47.0	719(49)	3625(32)	49.8	802(28)	4427(30)	374.0	813(11)	5240(28)
412(26)	276.5	586(36)	2998(29)	55.2	827(23)	3825(27)	50.1	807(26)	4632(25)	277.0	602(50)	5234(29)
653(15)	309.0	655(31)	3308(14)	46.8	716(50)	4024(20)	42.6	695(44)	4719(23)	218.0	474(57)	5193(30)
512(21)	328.5	696(21)	3208(18)	58.4	869(14)	4077(18)	230.5*	253(49)	4330(33)	375.0	815(9)	5145(31)
206(32)	272.0	576(40)	2782(33)	52.0	786(33)	3568(34)	48.0	777(34)	4345(32)	330.0	717(32)	5062(32)
113(37)	311.5	660(28)	2773(34)	54.2	814(27)	3587(33)	48.7	787(32)	4374(31)	307.0	667(43)	5041(33)
844(47)	286.5	607(34)	2451(46)	54.2	815(26)	3266(43)	50.5	812(25)	4078(40)	400.5	871(3)	4949(34)
203(33)	227.0	481(51)	2684(39)	52.9	797(30)	3481(37)	53.2	849(13)	4330(33)	267.0	580(52)	4910(35)
038(41)	327.0	693(23)	2731(35)	44.9	691(55)	3422(39)	45.4	741(38)	4163(39)	326.0	709(36)	4872(36)
431(24)	355.0	752(10)	3183(22)	49.1	738(44)	3921(25)	233.5*	256(48)	4177(36)	307.0	667(43)	4844(37)
907(44)	276.5	586(36)	2493(44)	49.3	750(42)	3243(44)	46.9	761(37)	4004(43)	370.0	804(13)	4808(38)
838(48)	181.5	384(61)	2222(51)	60.6	897(10)	3119(48)	57.7	913(5)	4032(41)	338.5	736(30)	4768(39)
977(42)	280.5	594(35)	2571(42)	49.7	754(39)	3325(41)	57.4	908(6)	4233(35)	234.5	510(53)	4743(40)
737(54)	276.5	586(36)	2323(49)	57.9	863(16)	3186(47)	51.5	826(18)	4012(42)	303.5	660(45)	4672(41)
145(36)	271.0	574(41)	2719(37)	50.8	770(35)	3489(36)	41.6	687(45)	4176(37)	225.0	489(54)	4665(42)
041(40)	321.5	681(26)	2722(36)	56.4	843(20)	3565(35)	223.5*	246(50)	3811(45)	361.0	785(19)	4596(43)
201(34)	24.5	52(67)	2253(50)	45.6	701(52)	2954(51)	52.0	834(15)	3788(46)	369.5	803(15)	4591(44)
887	26.5	56	1943	51.6	780	2723	54.2	861	3584	432.5	940	4524
855(45)	346.0	733(16)	2588(41)	50.1	760(38)	3348(40)	269.5*	296(47)	3644(48)	352.5	766(24)	4410(45)
835(49)	245.5	520(49)	2355(48)	43.5	672(57)	3027(49)	42.5	699(41)	3726(47)	291.5	634(47)	4360(46)
727(55)	233.5	495(50)	2222(51)	43.5	673(56)	2895(52)	39.6	658(46)	3553(49)	323.0	702(38)	4255(47)
050(39)	309.0	655(31)	2705(38)	50.1	761(37)	3466(38)	42.4	698(42)	4164(38)	24.0	52(62)	4216(48)
830(50)	319.0	676(27)	2506(43)	47.6	726(48)	3232(45)	222.5*	244(52)	3476(51)	311.5	677(42)	4153(49)
803(52)	196.0	415(57)	2218(53)	49.5	753(40)	2971(50)	223.5*	246(50)	3217(54)	387.5	842(5)	4059(50)
741(53)	353.5	749(11)	2490(45)	45.9	705(51)	3195(46)	43.5	713(40)	3908(44)	DNC	—	3908(51)
507(61)	224.5	476(53)	1983(58)	45.6	701(52)	2684(56)	42.3	696(43)	3380(53)	223.0	485(55)	3865(52)
634(56)	259.5	550(43)	2184(54)	41.4	645(58)	2829(54)	222.5*	244(52)	3073(56)	313.0	680(41)	3753(53)
852(46)	120.5	255(64)	2107(55)	51.2	774(34)	2881(53)	222.5*	244(52)	3125(55)	281.0	611(48)	3736(54)
953(43)	219.5	465(55)	2418(47)	57.1	851(19)	3269(42)	196.5*	216(57)	3485(50)	DNC	—	3485(55)
442(63)	222.0	470(54)	1912(60)	48.1	735(46)	2647(57)	47.8	773(36)	3420(52)	DNC	—	3420(56)
828(51)	97.5	206(65)	2034(57)	187.0*	278(60)	2312(60)	130.5*	143(64)	2455(61)	359.0	780(20)	3235(57)
474(62)	25.0	53(66)	1527(66)	45.6	700(54)	2227(62)	192.5*	212(58)	2439(62)	322.0	700(39)	3139(58)
539(57)	121.0	256(63)	1795(62)	36.6	584(59)	2379(59)	192.5*	212(58)	2591(59)	211.5	460(58)	3051(59)
517(59)	161.0	341(62)	1858(61)	56.0	838(21)	2696(55)	144.5*	159(63)	2855(57)	DNC	—	2855(60)
084(38)	264.5	560(42)	2644(40)	0	0(67)	2644(58)	DNC	—	2644(58)	DNC	—	2644(61)
017(68)	187.0	396(59)	1413(67)	128.5*	191(62)	1604(67)	192.5*	212(58)	1816(65)	330.0	717(32)	2533(62)
214(65)	192.5	408(58)	1622(65)	173.0*	258(61)	1880(64)	212.0*	233(56)	2113(64)	176.0	383(59)	2496(63)
508(60)	257.5	546(46)	2054(56)	128.5*	191(62)	2245(61)	221.0*	243(55)	2488(60)	DNC	—	2488(64)
531(58)	187.0	396(59)	1927(59)	128.5*	191(62)	2118(63)	DNC	—	2118(63)	95.0	206(61)	2324(65)
191(66)	226.0	479(52)	1670(64)	DNC	—	1670(66)	DNC	—	1670(67)	300.5	653(46)	2323(66)
624	155.5	329	953	30.9	508	1461	117.0*	128	1589	311.5	677	2266
249(64)	201.5	427(56)	1676(63)	DNC	—	1676(65)	DNC	—	1676(66)	DNC	—	1676(67)
328(71)	17.0	36(68)	364(71)	119.0*	177(65)	541(71)	177.0*	194(61)	735(71)	219.0	476(56)	1211(68)
20(67)	DNC	—	1120(68)	DNC	—	1120(68)	DNC	—	1120(68)	DNC	—	1120(69)
850(69)	DNC	—	850(69)	DNC	—	850(69)	DNC	—	850(69)	DNC	—	850(70)
96(70)	DNC	—	796(70)	DNC	—	796(70)	DNC	—	796(70)	DNC	—	796(71)
80(73)	DNC	—	80(73)	80.5*	120(66)	200(73)	71.5*	78(65)	278(73)	108.0	—	513(72)
286(72)	DNC	—	286(72)	DNC	—	286(72)	DNC	—	286(72)	DNC	—	286(73)

19,043.0

13,236.5

16,684.5

20,434.0

See daily and cumulative standings

DNC indicates did not compete

Total task miles flown in contest — 112,977.5

of that mess and headed for the start gate. Couldn't make it. Gave the crew the word. Finally figured I could. Zoom! At Alpine had 13,500 ft. under the clouds. Down a thousand feet and out of clouds. I could see tiny cu's at the turn-point, but when I got there, and worked, all I could find were tiny thermals. So I landed at Fort Stockton even though I had a lot of altitude. Why? I'm in last place and I've lost four days repairing the ship. Last I heard the Red Baron was around the turn-point."

If the Red Baron wasn't, a lot of other people were; 62 of 69 starters. For those at Marfa, the late afternoon and evening were filled with flashing finishes, followed by graceful chandelles. As the fiberglass ships swept past, their wings flexed upwards at exciting angles, a little too exciting for some.

Moffat, his reputation as Speed King restored by a very fast 68.3 MPH told the pilots assembled at the weather briefing next morning that he had enjoyed his first Texas-style soaring day. He felt that most pilots had taken off a little too early, and noted that he wasn't too eager to be the leader because his total-energy attachment wasn't working. He was happy to wait for others to find thermals, as, he noted, A.J. and Schreder promptly did.

George left the field with 8,000 ft., headed for Pecos, had to do some serious circling near Balmorhea, but got to the turn-point without too much difficulty. The second leg proved easy and required circling

only twice. At Fort Stockton he had to go around the turn-point twice to decide on the dot configuration. Gleb Derujinsky was there at the same time, and made three additional circles after George left. It was a while before George found any more lift, but when he did it was a five-meter boost to cloud base. This was followed by a straight run into Marfa under a street at 110 MPH. George allowed as how the 150 lbs. of water ballast he carried in the Diamant had permitted him to pull away from A.J., who had to work one more thermal and had to be happy with 67.6 MPH.

The top five positions in the meet remained unchanged, but Moffat had now moved up past Allemann, Stuhr, and Briegleb to take over the number six slot.

PILOT	SPEED	POINTS
1. Moffat (Diamant)	68.3 mph	1000
2. Smith (Sisu)	67.6 "	990
3. Thomson (BS-1)	65.0 "	957
4. Klein (Libelle)	64.2 "	945
5. Johnson (HP-13)	62.4 "	923
6. Schreder (HP-14)	61.9 "	915
6. Lindner (Phoebus)	61.8 "	915
7. Allemann (Libelle)	61.1 "	906
8. Chase (SHK)	61.0 "	904
9. Ryan (Sisu)	60.5 "	897



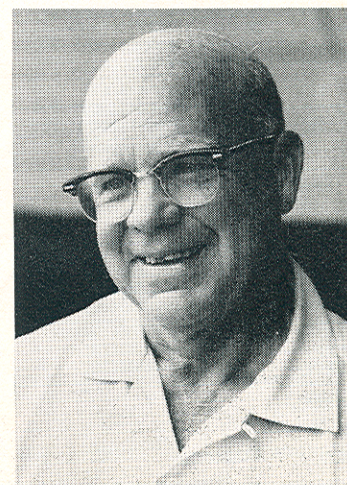
RUDOLPH LINDNER of Obersulmetingen, West Germany, who was once a world champion in the field of model airplane gliders, has twice become the German National Champion in the real thing. Rudy finished eighth in the last soaring Internationals. At Marfa he flew a 17-meter Phoebus to sixth place, making himself the highest placed foreign entrant.



CARROL J. KLEIN is a Diamond-badge pilot from Auburn, Washington. Flying a Libelle, he has now placed in the Nationals' top ten for two consecutive years, having finished ninth this year after a sixth-place finish at Reno in '66. Carroll is a true professional; he earns his living flying for United Aid Lines.



RUDOLPH ALLEMANN, like Klein, is a Diamond pilot from the Pacific Northwest (Richland, Washington) who flies a Libelle. This was Rudy's sixth Nationals (he finished third in 1961). At Marfa this year he won the fifth day's task by recording 472 miles of distance within a prescribed area, the longest flight of the meet. He is employed as a chemical engineer.



PAUL F. BIKLE of Lancaster, California, is one of the fabled names in American soaring annals. Active in gliders since 1935, he has held numerous records including the present world altitude mark of 46,267 ft. Paul has competed in a dozen Nationals, placing in the first five in nine of those years. He is a past president of SSA.



Thirteen Libelles were entered at Marfa, but none went in finer style than One Whiskey, Ben Greene's ship. Ben, whose fancy Austria trailer created a stir some years ago, uses the ground-carrier for moving the fiberglass ship from place to place with a minimum of fuss.

SEVENTH CONTEST DAY Speed task around a 273-mile-triangular course with turn-points at Pecos and McCamey.

Although the weather this day failed quite to measure up to the expectations of the met men, it was nonetheless good enough to permit 47 of the competing pilots to go around the course. Again the winner was Moffat, who somebody suspected of carry liquid mercury for ballast.

After take off Moffat had spotted A.J., but A.J. wouldn't play so George looked around and found some 4 to 4.5-meter lift that permitted him to cover the first 75 miles in 92 minutes, rather lethargic for the Diamant driver. Fort Stockton proved to be a big void with no clouds and infrequent lift. Nonetheless George managed to make his way on to McCamey where he arrived at 3:34. The average speed this far had been 62 MPH.

The final stretch offered poor lift and poor landing choices. It also necessitated a deviation from course of 10 to 15 miles. After a low of 1,500 ft., however, George managed to get to 8,000 ft. and continue on to Pecos. It was 4:53 now, and George had to work his way down to a spot where he could see the turn-point dots. After that he managed to climb to 12,000 ft. before heading home. On this leg he got all the way up to 14,000 ft. before he began having trouble — trouble getting down!

If the aerial drama tended to get a little monotonous, that on the ground was anything but stereotyped. In some cases, as a matter of fact, it was a bit of a drag. So it was for Rheinhold Stuhr, burly BS-1 pilot. Stuhr had made the McCamey turn and was looking for lift in the area of Mt. Davis when his turn came. It was a turn into down and one that left Rheinhold with the problem of finding a landing spot.

A road seemed the suitable spot to put the thousand pounds of BS-1 down on, and either by accident or design, Rheinhold chose a portion of highway that just happened to have a glider trailer on it. Another occupant of the same stretch of road was Paul Bikle, who had finished the task early that day and was on the way to Balmorhea with his crew. The object was some swimming, a cool drink or two, and some relaxation. The BS-1 changed that. It circled low over Bikle's station wagon, then turned away and landed some little distance from the road. The landing itself was not seen, but they could hear the GAROOM . . . GAROOM as the ship landed. Then silence.

"We'd have been all right if we'd just kept going," Bikle recalled later. They didn't though. Instead they ploughed through sagebrush, jumped ditches, side-stepped the rocks they couldn't step over and finally, from the crest of a small knoll, spotted the BS-1. And there stood Rheinhold, 193 centimeters and 104 kilos of disgruntled German pilot, gesturing toward the gear.

"Kaput tire!"

Stuhr's crew, Rolf Ischebeck, was nearby, but unable to find a way to get the BS-1 trailer, nicknamed Moby Dick, into the landing field. At the end of an hour the best he could manage was to get it stuck in a ditch. Rheinhold sized up the situation, and firmly announced:

"We carry!"

It was open country, and no one had the guts to make a dash for it. Stuhr took the edge off things by casually lifting the root of one of the enormous wings, planting it on his shoulder, and setting off toward the road. It was dark now, and a gas lantern was used to light the way for Stuhr and those unfortunates behind him struggling with the tip.

"He took that 1,000-ft. stomp like a Sunday walk," Bikle marveled in retelling the story later. On the



next trip Bikle grabbed the 20-lb. stabilizer and let Carl Herold, who had been lured into the field under false pretenses, negotiate the tip.

Following this haul there was a real race to see who would get the BS-1 drag chute and other assorted light items, for the fuselage still remained. At length Stuhr hoisted the nose up on his shoulder while Paul, and five other stalwarts who had lost in the drag-chute lottery, strung themselves out along the length of the fiberglass hull. Whenever Rheinhold stepped into a hole, which he did often enough in his rapid progress over the dark ground, the impact reverberated down the length of the fuselage, causing each man in turn to buckle at the knees.

Finally came the arrival at the barbed-wire fence, an essential ingredient in any such episode. Rheinhold, apparently unfatigued by the stint with the fuselage, indicated it should immediately be hoisted over.

EIGHTH CONTEST DAY Free Distance, with strong but variable conditions permitting long flights in a wide range of directions.

As pilots and crews wedged into vacant spaces at the pilots' briefing, there was the usual speculation about which task Marshall would announce for the day ahead. When free distance proved to be the one, a distinct groan went up from a number of competitors, but others seemed eager to fly beyond Van Horn, Pecos and McCamey. It would be a day, in any event, when start and finish-gate crews could take it easy.

There was somewhat more seriousness along the pilots' tables when the weather briefing was given this morning than there had been in the past. There would be no more friendly gaggles, nor any of the reliable

Something approaching mutiny now occurred and Stuhr, in the interests of friendly relations between the nations, graciously consented to having the wires rearranged adequately to accommodate the passage of the fuselage. Once this was done, and all that remained was to put the wings and fuselage in the trailer, a few side fights broke out over who would handle the drinking bottle, the chute and the gas lantern.

Nineteen others landed out, among them a few others who wished they hadn't. One was Scott Royce, flying a borrowed Foka 4, who sat down after logging 221 miles, but was left without visible means of retrieve when his crew car, with trailer attached, rolled en route to the landing site. The crew was unhurt, but Royce was unable to continue in the meet.

Vern Oldershaw, flying his home-built 0-3 (see cover, August *Soaring*) was one of those who made it around the entire course. This was so unexpected that Vern was slightly panicked and sent out a Mayday.

"I'm a mile from the finish gate, what do I do now?"

Marshall Claybourn, who is rarely taken off guard, was so nonplussed he stretched the rules a little bit and gave Vern the information he needed.

For Moffat it was his third victorious day of the meet (all speed events), a feat that no other contestant would be able to match. George thus moved up a notch (past Lindner) to 5th place. For the most part, however, there were few changes among the leaders—with the notable exception of the aforementioned Mr. Stuhr, whose landing in the boonies dropped him ten places (to 18th).

PILOT	SPEED	POINTS
1. Moffat (Diamant)	63.9 mph	1000
2. Allemann (Libelle)	61.1 "	960
3. Smith (Sisu)	59.8 "	942
4. Schreder (HP-14)	59.0 "	932
5. Ryan (Sisu)	57.7 "	913
6. Huddleston (Phoebus)	57.3 "	908
7. Klein (Libelle)	56.8 "	901
8. Mears (Prue)	56.3 "	894
9. Thomson (BS-1)	55.6 "	883
10. Lindner (Phoebus)	55.3 "	879

on-course thermals to guide the pilot on his way; it would be every man for himself. As Dave Owens projected his charts, graphs and maps he received undivided attention. In all, six nearby states got a going over by the 63 pilots present.

The weather was just the ticket for free distance. The general pattern at 10,000 ft. MSL was light easterly winds. No storms were forecast, but overdevelopment could be expected, for example, in New Mexico. In central Kansas there was a front accompanied by a weak low-pressure area. Lapse rates to the northwest were predicted to be quite high. At Marfa an inversion, lasting till about noon, was expected. Thermal activity would develop to the point where, by 1500 hours, 500 fpm lift could be expected to a cloud base of 12,500 ft.

There were, demonstrably, a large number of choices of direction to go. In case anyone should consider south as a possibility, Fritz Kahl reminded them

that a flight into Old Mexico would prove "rugged, unlandable and inhospitable." He made sure this information was translated for the foreign entrants. Marshall assured everyone that the phones would be manned until the last man was in, but that after midnight the base of operations would be moved to the Piasano Hotel in downtown Marfa. Marshall also indicated that landing coordinates were still proving a problem to some.

"We had a guy in a lake yesterday," he quipped.

By the morning of free-distance day, A. J. Smith had established an impressive lead, steadily pulling away from Dick Johnson. Now attention was focused on Dick Johnson and Dick Schreder, for although the gap between Smith and Johnson had widened to nearly 600 points since the fateful first day, the one between the second and third-place pilots had narrowed to only 130 by dint of Schreder's aggressive flying. Among others of the top ten there were slim separations that could result in upsets, and some that did.

Free distance at any major contest is an amalgam of adventures as diverse as the people creating them. At Marfa, on July 11th, 63 interesting flights were made and, if space permitted, 63 interesting tales

CONFESSIONS OF A WOODEN SAILPLANE DRIVER

Marfa was quite enjoyable from my standpoint. The temperature was cool (cooler than El Mirage in July), I was able to take it easy (my crew did all the hard labor) except for a few hours of flying per day. The flying part of the meet was good fun, even the serious ridge soaring I did on the first day when I managed to stretch the stick about an inch trying to pull myself out of some form of Texas no-mans land.

The weather was good enough so that at times during those long flights one got a bit bored just hopping from one thermal to another for a hundred miles at a time. This was occasionally interrupted though by blundering into some wake turbulence produced by a BS-1 or other "powered" sailplane.

The Distance Within a Prescribed Area was good. It saved a lot of crewing and related hard work. One day I flew about 350 miles in



the area and finished up back at Marfa late in the evening. My crew arrived about 15 minutes later after having driven 400 miles. Very restful.

Flying around for eight days with some of the best pilots in the world is very stimulating. Though some of the hardware they drive might be a bit over-rated, they seem to make up for it. My ship, of course, was under-rated. It really has about 42:1 at 70 MPH and a minimum sink of 1 FPS at 35 MPH. It's just that I didn't get much practice this year so wasn't able to win.

All in all, the meet was put on extremely well, thanks to Mr. Kahl and associates, and I'm ready to go back any time for a contest or party put on by any of those Texas ranchers.

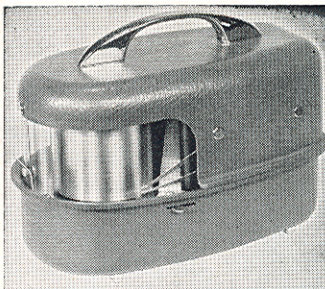
ROSS BRIEGLEB

could be told. Space, however, only permits the telling of a few.

Following a noon take off, Bill Ivans headed out toward Fort Davis, a community directly to the north. There was a low point ten miles out, but this yielded to a good thermal that got the Sisu up to cloud base. The sky was overcast, which considerably reduced ground heating, but Bill could see cu's forming ahead and pressed on. At Pecos he found good 4-meter lift and used that. Ahead he could hear Schreder, Ryan, Wally Scott and Ross Briegleb.

Matters progressed well until Bill reached the vicinity of Hobbs, New Mexico. Here, although the sky was blue, the clouds were decaying. This caused another low point (1,500 ft. AGL) near the Hobbs Airport,

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but he was soon back at cloud base, now above 11,000 ft., and could once again fly between 110 and 120 MPH between thermals.

The next problem came near Clovis where rows of lush green fields indicated a deadly area. The solution here was a detour to some good-looking clouds in the

west, another climb to cloud base, and a stretch of 40 miles straight flying (but swinging back east) that brought him to an area just west of Amarillo. Here he found a roiling black mass of thunderstorm cloud which looked as if it might be productive, so he headed for it. The result was lift so bountiful that Bill had to fly the Sisu at 110 MPH to say out of the clouds. By 8:00 PM, however, things had quieted down and the last 20 miles was a still-air glide to Borger Field, 400.5 miles from Marfa.

Quite ready to enjoy the flight to the end, Bill called Borger Unicom while still five miles out, requesting surface winds and landing instructions. Unicom replied that they had light winds on the surface and Central Airlines in the air, due to land in just five minutes. It was almost a tie. Central's DC-3 appeared at 1,200

ft. when Bill still had 800. But it couldn't compete with a Sisu in the matter of getting down. Bill had finished his landing roll before the airliner touched down. Bill's crew, which had been in radio contact the entire time, arrived 20 minutes later.

Rene Comte, although his Diamant had arrived too late for him to fly the first day of the 34th, was enjoying his first soaring holiday in the Southwest. He is, of course, no stranger to American soaring, having already flown in the 1946, 1962 and 1963 Championships. He described the meet as "perfect, beautiful and fantastic." But he did feel that the turn-points were getting a little monotonous and that free distance was a nice change.

Rene's progress as far as the El Paso area, over "partly rugged country" was not too eventful. He passed into New Mexico with some 14,000 ft. and found out that the "nice change" brought him over ground that was "flat, rugged, and offered few thermals." Getting across New Mexico and into Arizona, which entailed flying around a thunderstorm, was greatly simplified by the extreme hostility of the terrain below. Landing was simply out of the question. He had to stay up.

The final leg of the journey began at 12,000 ft. near Wilcox, Arizona, near the Little Dragoon and Rincon Mountains. At this point Rene had to make a decision between bravura and safety. The choice wasn't too difficult.

"I didn't have the guts to go straight or between the mountains. Simply no nerve!"

With the path to (possible) glory renounced, Rene swung back toward a highway that headed toward

Tucson. Now, with his total-energy attachment not working correctly, and lift giving out, he was forced to land. The spot was an airport in a small town short of Tucson, 432.5 miles from Marfa.

Paul Bikle got off at 12:30, a half an hour after Bill Ivans had headed out for Fort Davis. He pointed the SHK toward Van Horn and over the familiar ground to the northwest with the intention of taking a more northerly course when he reached the Van Horn area. An assessment of the situation at that point, made in light of cloud cover and wind direction, decided him to press on westward, the same direction Comte had taken.

This turned out to be a good decision, as it permitted some high-speed cruising as far as El Paso and on into New Mexico. There was another tentative move to the north, with Albuquerque as the likely goal, but this was forestalled by overdevelopment in that direction and the result was a cut across to Deming, New Mexico. In the Deming area he spotted the southern edge of a thunderstorm forming just north of Lordsburg and also heard Rene Comte, who was then in the same area, on the radio. If he hoped for any clarification from Rene's communication he was disappointed. Rene spoke to "Contessa" (his wife, Ramona) in Spanish and Ramona replied in German or Swiss.

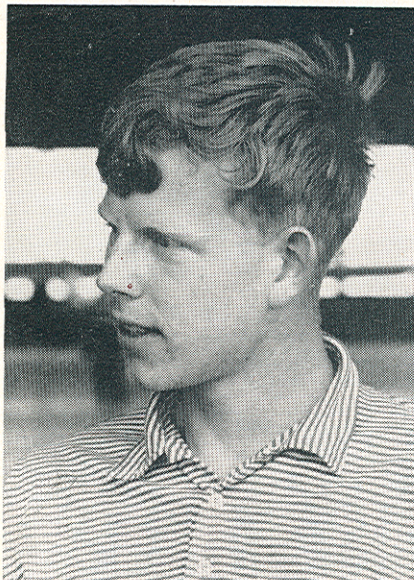
From here on it was one storm after another, with Bikle, in his characteristic way, going through what he could and around what he couldn't. Going through could get you down low, as it did near Safford, but it could also provide 2,000 FPM up in rain and lightning, as happened next. This took him to 13,500 ft. and advanced the SHK another 60 miles over the rough

ROBERT O. BUCK

Like many a potential champion in any field of endeavor, young Rob Buck is getting his soaring career off the ground both early and right. Scarcely a month past his 18th birthday, Rob became the youngest Diamond pilot in history, when he hung out a 313-mile distance flight during the Nationals at Marfa. Earlier in life he had already reached the rarified height of 37,000 ft. over Colorado Springs (Junior Colorado altitude and gain state records).

Not surprisingly, the door-opener for Rob has been his father Bob Buck, an airline captain and a fine aviation writer who moonlights as the associate editor of *Air Facts*. The senior Buck has provided his precocious son with a great deal of his own knowledge and enthusiasm for flying—plus a Schweizer 1-23H-15. Bob even crewed for Rob at Marfa, leading Susie Bates to report in the first day's news bulletin that, "Many many complaints were pouring from 'Daddy' Buck (via radio) as he plowed his way over rough and rugged roads to pick up Robert. Finally Robert's voice broke

in with the following advice, 'Quit complaining and HURRY!' Of course, once Rob's off tow, he's strictly on his own like the others.



When it comes to what impresses him most about soaring, Rob talks not only about beauty but "the things that are and can be done when they really have to be done." Flat trailer tires seem to have made a lasting impression on him as well.

Rather than flying intuitively, Rob tries to "calculate a little" and feels that "in most general cases a lot of logic is the best answer." At present he has about 160 hours of glider time and 40 hours of power experience (Cessna 140) in a meteoric undertaking that has seen him earn his C Badge at 15, his Silver at 16, Gold at 17, and the aforementioned Diamond at 18. The soaring community can hardly wait for 19.

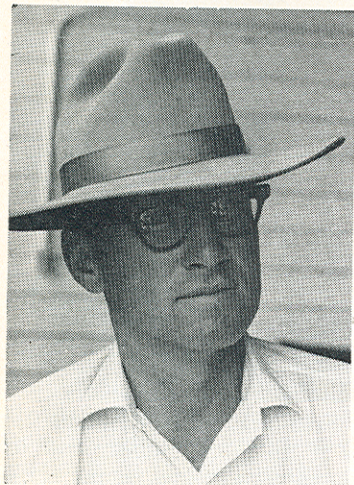
Rob is a thoroughly likable and courteous young man, the kind that makes you wonder why all kids don't grow up that way. During a recent visit to our SSA offices, his strongest invective—and a frequent one—was the adjective "crummy." His immediate objective centers on getting into college; he is tentatively considering migrating from Pipersville, Penn., to San Diego State (about one good thermal from Torrey Pines and not an awful lot farther to El Mirage). While in college he plans to major in aero engineering and would like to try his hand at designing and building his own sailplane. Eventually he hopes to be a general aviation test pilot or perhaps even to make his living from gliding activities.



RICHARD H. JOHNSON of Dallas, Texas, had finished third and fourth in the Nationals even before American's entry into World War II. By 1965, he had won the title of U.S. National Champion seven separate times, represented his country on four different Internationals teams, and established a world distance record that stood nearly twelve years. This year he flew an HP-13 to third spot.



RICHARD E. SCHREDER has not only won the Nationals three times, he has also designed and built the ships he has so successfully competed in. Except for his landing the first turn-point of the first day's task, Dick might have defended the title he won at Reno last year. Even so, he made a magnificent comeback, winding up in second place and winning two of the daily tasks. Dick is from Bryan, Ohio.



GEORGE MOFFAT is a school teacher from Elizabeth, New Jersey with a brilliant record for consistency in Nationals' competition. Like Schreder, he had to storm back from a heart-breaking first day—eventually placing his new 16.5-meter Diamant into fourth place. George, a former holder of several world speed records, was the only contestant victorious on three different days at Marfa.



BEN W. GREENE flies a Libelle out of Elizabethtown, North Carolina, where he is a furniture manufacturer. Ben once held the world Goal record. He has placed well up among the leaders in each of the last three National contests, this year's fifth place being his best showing yet. On the ground Ben tows his fiberglass bird in style with a new Cadillac Eldorado.

New Mexico terrain. Here, near Florence Junction, it was obvious that conditions were about pooped out, so Paul turned back toward Globe and landed at the airport there, 448.5 miles from Marfa.

When Dick Schreder, who flew further than anybody else on free-distance day, came to explain how he got the day's 1,000 points he said he wished he could state that the results were a matter of superior cleverness, but had to confess that Red Wright had told him to go north-northeast. Despite this timely advice from Red Dog there was some evidence that Schreder had also used a little of his own superior cleverness in out-flying everybody else. Part of it concerned his early (1150) take-off time. He had originally chosen 1227, but early cumulus forming in the vicinity induced him to move this to the earlier time. Despite the early hour, Dick found 600 FPM lift, climbed to cloud base, and headed towards Balmorhea where things looked good.

Although there was nothing in the sky to draw him further north, this was the way Schreder went. Yet, as it did later for Ivans, the terrain proved to provide good lift. With this he moved on up highway 285 past Carlsbad, Roswell, Vaughn and Las Vegas, New Mexico. It was in this vicinity that Schreder reached what he was after, the front. He encountered it at cloud base and flew along it to the northeast, his speed quickly building up to 140 MPH. For two hours there was no need to circle, but just stay under the

leading edge of the storm. Things were going so well that he began to have visions of landing in Kansas City, or even in Bryan, Ohio (his home town).

By 1930 the HP-14 was one mile into Oklahoma and down to 3,000 ft. above the ground. Now there was rain ahead and rain behind and the time had come to land. This he did near a ranch house at Kenton, Oklahoma. The 14 was barely on the ground, its wheel well full of mud, when the rain began. Schreder hot-footed it for the ranch house, but was soaked before he got there. Once inside he was well treated. The farmer's wife thoughtfully offered Dick a pair of her husband's pants (33/33) while Schreder surrendered his own (38/30) to the dryer. He had another surprise, for the rancher and his wife recognized Schreder and even knew his name. They knew a great deal about soaring, as a matter of fact, for on their bookshelf was the January, 1966, issue of National Geographic Magazine.

Schreder's landing spot in Kenton proved to be 460.0 miles from Marfa for scoring purposes. By Dick's reckoning he had covered 586 miles. Be that as it may, he had another 1,000 points—and second place.

Once again, on free-distance day, some of the adventure was on the ground, and once again it was a German—several of them actually—who were in the middle of things. The episode began some 55 miles west of Bill Ivans' landing when Ernst Peter, of Freiberg, Germany, put his Ka.6E down at the crossroads



Fritz Kahl, who had as much fun as anybody during the Nationals, presented this steer head to Rheinhold Stuhr with a bit of Texas verse:

"Out in the desert I have been.
Where the sun shines day out and day in.
You've been out there longer than any crew.
So you deserve me—you really do.

At right, in a more serious vein, we have A. J. Smith with one of the several large trophies he received for his superb win at Marfa. Photo courtesy Keith Studio, Marfa, Texas

town of Channing, New Mexico. His 383.5-mile flight put him in 11th place overall and first among the Standard Class ships flying at the Nationals. Ernst has an intensely serious countenance, but one that masks a mischievous nature.

It was not too long after the landing that Sheriff Joe Noble Thomas appeared and asked if Ernst needed any help and whether he had eaten. When it proved he hadn't, the eager lawman took him to a nearby restaurant and bought him dinner. Later, when Ernst inquired about his countryman, Stuhr, Joe Thomas piled him in the car and headed west toward the spot where Stuhr was reported down. Suddenly a car drawing a Ka.6 trailer flashed past heading east.

"There goes my trailer," Ernst shouted, "let's follow them."

Sheriff Thomas enthusiastically agreed, whipped the police car around, and sped after Peter's eager young crew. It took a flashing red light, a siren and 90-MPH speeds to overtake the trailer, and as the police car pulled up alongside the tow car, Ernst ducked down out of sight.

"What the big idea of doing 90 MPH?" the big voice of the law boomed.

"Er . . . our pilot's down somewhere around here, and we . . ."

The pilots who had flown the long distances spent the rest day that followed free distance making the return trip to Marfa. Others spent a day swimming or visiting local sites such as Big Bend National Park to the south. This gave way to a pilots' briefing on the morning of the following day during which Marshall announced—another free-distance task! In a way Marshall's decision seemed capricious, but the brisk wind blowing from the north, with the Mexican border as close as it is to Marfa, would have made



"That's no excuse for breaking the law."—and the sheriff continued to lay it on thick, pulling out his citation book just in case there was any doubt about his intentions. It was only after the situation became excruciatingly painful that Ernst Peter popped up and declared:

"You guys give us twenty dollars and we'll forget all about it!"

PILOT	MILES	POINTS
1. Schreder (HP-14)	460.0	1000
2. Bikle (SHK)	448.5	975
3. Comte (Diamant)	432.5	940
4. Ivans (Sisu)	400.5	871
5. Moffat (Diamant)	397.0	863
6. Baird (HP-14)	387.5	842
6. Brittingham (Dart)	387.5	842
6. Steinhoff (SHK)	387.5	842
7. Peter (Ka.6E)	383.5	834
8. Moore (Phoebus)	375.0	815

the free-distance task a particularly telling one in the choice of a national champion.

As it was, the national champion was already chosen. It was only shortly after the pilots' meeting, with the wind showing no signs of abating, that take-offs were cancelled and a second meeting was announced for 1300. No one seemed surprised when, at that one, the contest was declared over. All that remained now was for the victors to collect their spoils at the Awards Banquet and head on home.

CALENDAR

Items listed in bold-face type are to be sanctioned by SSA.

Oct. 7-29, Fall Wave Soaring Encampment, Waitsfield, Vt.

Oct. 21-Nov. 12, Mt. Washington (N. H.) Wave Camp. Contact Allan MacNicol for required pre-registration: 46 Leewood Rd., Wellesley Hills, Mass. 02181.

Nov., Sebring Soaring Gaggle, Sebring, Fla.

INTERNATIONAL F.A.I. BADGES FOR SOARING

Earned in Canada
Approvals for Applications Received
During the Month of July, 1967

GOLD BADGES

51. Mike Kiss; L-Spatz-55; Red Deer, Alta.

52. Eric Steisslinger; Bergfalke III, Red Deer, Alta.

53. Willibald Krug; Std. Austria; Rockton, Ont.

SILVER BADGES

199. J. D. Laurin

C BADGES

729. George Eckschmiedt

730. Helmut Hermes

GOAL BADGES

Mike Kiss; L. Spatz-55; Red Deer, Alta.
Eric Steisslinger; Bergfalke III; Red Deer, Alta.

GOLD DISTANCE LEGS

Mike Kiss; L. Spatz-55; Red Deer, Alta.
Eric Steisslinger; Bergfalke III; Red Deer, Alta.

Willibald Krug; Std. Austria; Rockton, Ont.

GOLD ALTITUDE LEGS

Mike Kiss; Fauvel; Pincher Creek, Alta.

SILVER BADGE LEGS

J. D. Laurin; 1-26; Alt./Dur.
Geo. Eckschmiedt; 1-26; Alt./Dur.

ABC AWARDS

- 3537. H. Gilly Smith, Jr.
- 3538. Curt D. Speckman
- 3539. Samuel M. Street
- 3540. Nelson E. Stubbs
- 3541. Herbert C. Tenny
- 3542. Kjell Thoresen
- 3543. Eldon R. Vosseller
- 3544. J. Jeffrey Walker
- 3545. Richard L. Wellins
- 3546. Patricia A. Wheatley
- 3547. Lloyd C. Wilson
- 3548. Ross Woods
- 3549. Henry T. Bahnson, Jr.
- 3550. William A. Bailie
- 3551. Timothy J. Bimler
- 3552. Robert O. Bradley
- 3553. Paul E. Branch
- 3554. Arthur M. Butler
- 3555. Richard T. Daly

THE SAILPLANE FLEET

SAILPLANES CHANGED HANDS

Robert Wright and Bill Meyers; Anaheim, Calif.; LM-1 (N9646Z); from Al Leffler.

Hod Taylor; So. San Francisco, Calif.; Libelle (N797W); from Hal Bonney.

Sky Sailing; Fremont, Calif.; 1-26 (N2711Z); from Cecil Leshner.

Sky Sailing; Fremont, Calif.; 1-26 (N2722Z); from Ernest Schnoor.

Shasta Enterprise Club; Shasta, Calif.; 2-22E (N2719Z); from Sky Sailing.

Signal Mtn. Soaring Society; Big Spring, Texas; 1-26 (N9839E); from Sailplanes, Inc.

Robert Tresslar; Vincennes, Ind.; SH-1 (N12052); from Michael Greenwald.

Noel Roberts and Thomas Ransom; Monterey Park, Calif.; Standard Austria (N9009Z); from Les Benis.

Ken Somers; Findlay, Ohio; BG-7 (N3984A); from Mark Savage.

Winnebagoland Soaring Assn.; Milwaukee, Wis.; BG-6 (N25501); from W. Muschinske.

Erin Soaring Club; Erin, Ont.; 1-26 (N8669R); from H. Weissenbuhler.

Jane Williams; Rocky River, Ohio; 1-26 (N5829V); from Cleveland Soaring Society.

Ted Ferguson & Jerry Landon; Richland, Wash.; Cherokee II (N3300T); from Ron Chitwood.

Ken Danielson & Bob Murken; Camarillo, Calif.; MG-23 (N6729C); from Peter Klause.

Ohio Airhoppers; Columbus, Ohio 1-23H-15 (N10388); from Carl Gladden.

Herbert Jason; Westport, Conn.; 1-23C (N3899A); from Ev. Keeler and Connie Moeller.

Allen Fine; Richmond, Va.; 1-26 (N92-23X); from Schweizer Soaring School.

Charles Shaw; Snyder, Texas; 1-26 (N8606R); from Hereford Soaring Club.

Garland Pack; Nashville, Tenn.; L-K (N55143); from Huntsville Soaring Club.

Herb deVries & Harvey Stephens; Ka-6CR (N8705R); from Jack Nees.

...Ted Melsheimer; Torrance, Calif.; Prue Super Std. (N86676); from Wylie Mullen.

Donald C. Johnson; Washington, D.C.; 1-23D (N91865); from Gus Street.

Douglas Fletcher; San Marino, Calif.; 2-22E (N9855E); from Whiteman Soaring Club.

Sean Roberts; State College, Miss.; L-K (N46470).

Soaring Eagles of Kalamazoo (Mich.); 2-22C (N8651R); from South Central Mich. Soaring Society.

Jesse Fishman; Utica, N.Y.; 1-26 (N58-33V); from Marion Keith.

Bernard Paiwonsky; Bethesda, Md.; Sisu 1A (N1003); from Gordon Hicks.

Wylie Mullen; Joliet, Ill.; UHP-1 (N136P); from Irving Prue.

Ames Soaring Club; Livermore, Calif.; Ka-7 (N6376T); from Soaring Flights.

Ames Soaring Club; Livermore, Calif.; TG-3A (N62636); from Bill Kensing.

Charles Folk; Tullahoma, Tenn.; Sisu 1A (N331A); from Dale May.

Tarheel Soaring Club; Chapel Hill, N.C.; Ka-8B (N4660S); from Thermal Research, Inc.

G. E. Tabery; Houston, Texas; Sky-lark 4 (N415S); from John P. Miller.

NEW SAILPLANES

Alvin Parker; Odessa, Texas; HP-14 (N6343B).

Frank Woodward; Bellevue, Wash.; Libelle (N245F).

Thomas Brandes; Santa Fe, N.M.; Libelle (N164N).

Sky Sailing; Fremont, Calif.; 2-33 (N2437W).

Sky Sailing; Fremont, Calif.; 2-33 (N2457W).

Sailplanes, Inc.; Guthrie, Okla.; 1-26 (N2431W).

Sailplanes, Inc.; Guthrie, Okla.; 2-33 (N2435W).

John Slack; Naperville, Ill.; SHK (N-1521).

Dr. Joseph Lorber; Lafayette, Calif.; Diamant (HB-981).

Thomas Tyler; Rosemont, Pa.; 2-22E (N9918J).

Schweizer Soaring School; Elmira, N.Y.; 1-26 (N2444W).

St. Louis Soaring School; St. Louis, Mo.; 2-22E (N9852E).

George Simms, Silverman, Sick & Paiewonski; Washington, D.C.; Blanik (N3123).

William Ryburn, Jr. & E. Andersen; Bloomfield Hills, Mich.; Ka-6CR (N42-93C).

Holiday Soaring School; Tehachapi, Calif.; 1-26 (N9867E).

Al Parker; Odessa Texas; BS-1 (N1710).

H. Richard Jauch; Sierra Madre, Calif.; Phoebus (N196J).

Northeastern Light Aircraft; Salem, N.H.; 1-23H-15 (N2405W).

John Baird; Sacramento, Calif.; HP-14 (N1051).

Charles Drew; China Lake, Calif.; HP-11A (N1954).

Robert Lee Moore; Richland, Wash.; Phoebus (N264K).

Rudolph Allemann; Richland, Wash.; Libelle (N3303).

George Moffat; Elizabeth, N.J.; Diamant 16.5 (N1193).

Herbert Kuhn; Houston, Texas; Foka 4 (N715S).

Dr. Ernst Steinhoff; Holloman AFB, N.M.; SHK (N404E).

Aguila Soaring Club; San Marcos, Texas; 2-22E (N9847E).

Air Force Academy; Colo.; 1-26 (N24-08W).

Bobby Flowers; Wallops Island, Va.; 1-26 (N2721X).

SAILPLANES UNDER CONSTRUCTION

Alexander Stuart, Crowl & Skalniak; Phoenix, Ariz.; Tern; est. compl., spring '68.

Glenn Emigh; Inglewood, Calif.; Tern; est. compl. 3-69.

Heinz Weissenbuehler & Dietrich Ennulat; Horsesheds, N. Y.; HP-14; 50% compl.

Michael Maurer; Decatur, Ill.; Tern; est. compl. 1 to 2 yrs.

B. F. & Dave Sparks; Oconomowoc, Wis.; HP-14; est. compl. 5-68.

Mike Dunican; Longmeadow, Mass.; Original; est. compl. 11-67.

Ernest Boufford; Springfield, Vt.; 1-26; 80% compl.

G. E. Tabery; Houston, Texas; HP-14; 20% compl.

Charles Fleenor; Laguna Beach, Calif.; BG-12BD; est. compl. 11-67.

Robert Brown; Huntsville, Ala.; HP-14; 25% compl.

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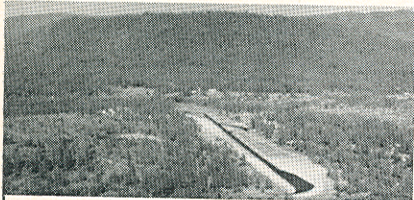


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LONG SOARING FLIGHTS

FLIGHTS IN EXCESS OF 300 MILES

July 3; Dean Fleming; 315 mi.; from Adrian, Mich., to Cumberland, Md.; HP-IMP; 7:47 hr.; to earn Dia. dist.

July 9; John Karlovich; 315 mi.; triangle from Marfa, Texas; HP-12; 7:20 hr.; to earn Dia. dist. and complete Dia. badge.

July 15; Burton Meyer; 325 mi.; from Marfa, Texas, to Grady, N. M.; HP-11A; 8:05 hr.; to earn Dia. dist. and complete Dia. badge.

Aug. 3; Stephen H. Parker; 345 mi.; from Odessa, Texas, to Farley, N. M.; Sisu 1A; 6:52 hr.; to earn Dia. dist. and complete Diamond badge at age 14.540, the youngest in the history of this international achievement award.

Aug.; Ernst A. Steinhoff, three flights between 300 and 400 miles, SHK-1, try for goal and return.

FLIGHTS BETWEEN 200-300 MILES

May; Fred Prappier; 277 mi.; from Bryan, Ohio to Conneville, Pa.; K-7; to claim Ohio State single place distance record.

June 15; William Cleary; 222 mi.; from Guthrie, Okla. to Ellsworth, Kansas; 1-26; 6:35 hr.; on way to 1-26 Nationals.

July; Harold Crowell; 235 mi.; from Marfa to Amarillo, Texas; Ka.6E; try for Dia. dist. (two attempts, same dist. for both).

July 3; Paul Tingskon; 248 mi.; from Birds Hill, Man. to Buttyville, N. D.; BG-12B; 5:35 hr.

July 6; John Karlovich; 208 mi.; from Marfa to Girvin, Texas, and return; HP-12; 4:45 hr.; try for Dia. dist.

July 8; Henry Combs; 298 mi.; from Pearblossom, Calif. to St. George, Utah; Libelle; 6:35 hr.; try for Dia. dist. and goal.

July 8; Stephen Keachie and Istar Gael Walls; 214 mi.; from Rabbit Dry Lake (30 mi. E. of Carson City) to Elko, Nev.; P-R; 5:35 hr.; to claim Nevada State multiple Open & Sr. dist. records.

July 8; Charles M. Snyder; 220 mi.; from Rabbit Dry Lake (30 mi. E. of Carson City) to Elko, Nev.; 1-26; try for Dia. dist.

July 8; John Karlovich; 251 mi.; from Marfa to Fabens, Texas, to 26 mi. NW of Las Cruces, N. M.; HP-12; 6:30 hr.; try for Dia. dist.

July 16; Gary Meester; 206 mi.; from Las Cruces to Lordsburg, N. M. & return; Ka6CR; 6:50 hr.; to claim Dia. goal and Gold dist.

July 16; Paul Tingskon; 240 mi.; from Birds Hill, Man. to Barnesville, Minn.; BG-12B; 5:20 hr.

July 22; Henry Combs; 284 mi.; from Pearblossom, Calif. to Hawthorne, Nev.; Libelle; 7:35 hr.; try for Dia. dist. and goal.

July 23; Harold Crowell; 203 mi.; triangle from Odessa, Texas; Ka6E; 5:42 hr.; to earn Dia. goal, Gold dist. and complete Gold badge.

July 23; Wallace A. Scott, II; 203 mi.; triangle from Odessa, Texas; Ka6E; 6:02 hr.; to earn Dia. goal, Gold and Sil. dist. and complete Gold and Sil. badges.

July 26; Paul Tingskon; 200 mi.; from Birds Hill, Man. to Grand Forks, N. D., to Hallock, Minn.; BG-12B; 7:46 hr.

Aug. 3; H. Glenn Woten; 215 mi.; from Odessa, Texas, to Ft. Sumner, N. M.; 1-23H; 5:13 hr.; to earn Dia. goal, Goal dist. and complete Silver badge.

Aug. 12; George Uveges; 225 mi.; from El Mirage, Calif. to Overton, Nev.; BG-12C; 5:25 hr.; try for Dia. dist.

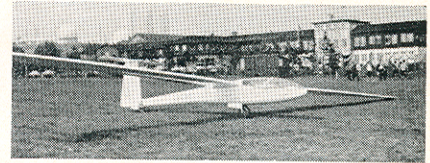
Aug. 12; Helen Dick; 300 mi.; from El Mirage Field, Calif. to Millett, Nev. (66 mi. N. of Tonopah); Zugvogel IIIB; 6:30 hr.; to claim U. S. national feminine distance record and Dia. dist. (320 via Laws, Calif.) and completion of Dia. badge (first for a U. S. woman).

Aug. 13; Howard Parris; 295 mi.; from Tehachapi, Calif. to Dinosaur City, Ariz.; HP-11; 7:10 hr.; try for Dia. Dist. Second cross-county!

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