

IN MEMORIAM

Capt. H. Stanley Moore

I never know, really, whether Stan loved soaring better, or me. Perhaps it's a good thing.

Stan was truly happy when he was soaring, or preparing to soar, or recollecting his flights, or reading his latest *Soaring* magazine, or just thinking about soaring. He was also happy when he was building a sailplane for the Albuquerque Soaring Club, or when he was designing his own sailplane, which he planned to build. His happiness broke out, all over him. I'll never forget his face, after his first sailplane ride, or his first solo, or his first test hop. He always came back beaming, full of pride and accomplishment and enthusiasm and pleasure.

Stan enjoyed life, and lived completely, at all times. He lived a very full life, in the time that was allotted to him. He entered into everything with purpose and courage and enthusiasm, including his marriage, his home life, his job, and his hobbies. Soaring, especially. Soaring was almost a symbol of the type of person he was: an independent spirit, striving for freedom of thought and action; a lover of peace, willing to fight and die for it; a person gentle and brave, thoughtful and intelligent, who could rise above the petty nuisances of life and strive for higher things. This reaching to the clouds, with all one's capabilities and potentialities, seem to characterize soaring, and Stan.

Stan was born in Livingston, Montana, on October 13, 1929. He went to school in Livingston and later graduated from Montana State College. He joined the Air Force in 1952, and was serving with the Air Commandos at Eglin Air Force Base, Florida, at the time of his death (February 11, 1964). He had seen most of the world, during his Air Force career, and had served in Viet Nam, with the Commandos.

Stan's last flight was made in a B-26 bomber, during an Air Show at Eglin A.F. Base. He had just completed a strafing run, when a wing came off. His navigator and friend, Larry Lively, was killed in the crash, also. As Joan Lively and I sat talking later, we were com-

forted by Shakespeare's famous lines:

"Cowards die many times
before their deaths:
The valiant never taste
of death but once."

NANCY LEE MOORE

A SOARING MAN

*My man was a soaring man;
He loved to soar on high,
And feel the wind around his face,
And watch the birds go by.*

*He loved the peaceful silence
Only glider pilots know;
Meeting nature's challenge
Gave him a special glow.*

*My man was a soaring man;
And this, his greatest joy,
Made him seem part man, part bird,
And partly, little boy.*

*And if he's in his heaven,
I know he's soaring still,
Beyond the great horizon,
Above the highest hill.*

NANCY LEE MOORE
(Mrs. H. Stanley Moore)

S. David Lobmaster

It is with deep regret and great personal loss that the members of the St. Louis Soaring Association announce the tragic death of their beloved President, S. David Lobmaster.

Dave accomplished more in his brief 34 years than most of us hope to do in a lifetime. He was an inspirational leader, tireless worker and a fountainhead of ideas. His was the unique ability to make ideas and even dreams into reality. At the time of his death he was serving as SSA State Governor for Eastern Missouri as well as President of the St. Louis Soaring Association.

Dave is survived by his parents, Mrs. Bernie Lobmaster, two children and more friends than can be counted.

On the night of February 25th, Dave and two business associates were returning to St. Louis from Grand Rapids, Michigan. Somewhere over Indiana they encountered a snowstorm and possibly other problems. The wreckage of their twin-engine Apache was not found until February 27th.

Dave began flying at the age of 16 and operated a flying service before entering the trailer business and real estate field. Tom Page

introduced him to soaring in 1956 and he subsequently owned a 1-26 and a 1-23. He had made flights that would have qualified him for all three diamonds but he seldom carried a barograph, preferring to soar more for the enjoyment. It was through Dave's financial help that SLSA acquired its first sailplane and towplane, but his generous contributions to the club took all forms, including the use of his facilities. He had great plans for the club and the sport itself; he was dynamic.

Those attending the funeral were astounded at the fraternal brotherhood shown by Dave's soaring friends. The entire club membership attended the wake. It was his immediate family's request that a sailplane be towed above the graveside ceremonies but weather prohibited this. His grave was marked by a wreath from the club made up like his Silver badge.

*From tributes to Dave
by his close friends*

BOB FENTON, BILL HEARST
and FRED FRIEDWALD

1964 SSA State Governors

SSA State Governors act as clearing houses for information on local activity and assist in the promotion of soaring in their areas. These Governors are appointed on a calendar-year basis by the SSA President, upon recommendation of the local SSA Regional Directors. Appointments for 1964, in addition to those listed previously, are as follows:

DELAWARE — Stanley Smith, 738 Art Lane, Spring Hill, Newark.

MARYLAND & D.C. — Nathan Frank, Box 338, Lexington Park, Md. 20653.

MISSOURI (Eastern) — Everett Williston, Jr., 385 Allan Dr., Florissant.

NEW JERSEY — Loris Charchian, 44 Union St., Montclair.

NEW YORK (Northern) — Walter Briggs, Rte. 2, Red Hill Rd., Clinton.

NEW YORK (Southern) — Rolf Bahrenburg, 3 Cedar Hill Dr., East Northport, L.I.

NORTH CAROLINA — Emerson Ford, Jr., 4326 Duke Station, Durham.

VIRGINIA — Arthur Lowe, Jr., 538 Elmwood Ave., Lynchburg.

WEST VIRGINIA — Raymond Shamblen, 225 Viking Rd., Charleston 2.