



Walter Cannon, at the controls of his Schweizer 1-23H-15, soars over Marfa, Tex. territory.

## THE MARFA, TEXAS, SOARING CAMP

by J. C. "RED" WRIGHT

Photography by S. A. ALDOTT

The participation in the Marfa Soaring Camp for 1964 far exceeded our expectations. Although our long distance weather conditions were not up to par for that area during this season, local soaring and short task soaring were excellent. However, due to other reasons, Al Parker, Wally Scott and George Moffat shifted their take-off points back to Odessa and proceeded to set three new world records in short order. As usual, the facilities for soaring in Marfa were tremendous—ample hangar facilities, spacious airfield, unrestricted area, ample and able tow planes, beautiful climate and Oh, That Marfa Hospitality was out of this world!

### Tuesday — July 14th

Like gypsies drifting into a rendezvous, they start arriving. Early arrivals are the Aldotts — Alex and Dita, George Moffat, Ralph Boehm, Wayne Placek, Harland Ross and Red Wright. Everyone

rigging up and visiting, getting settled, swapping yarns and gossip, a few evening cocktails. The camp is officially open.

### Wednesday — July 15th

Getting in gear now. Capt. Bromley is here with his L-Spatz. The inimitable and affable Dr. "Moon" Mullen, Ben Greene (the ladies' delight)—lots of local flying, trying each other on for size, in the air rat races, short triangles and vying to see who can outclimb the other, good sport and comradeship on every hand.

### Thursday — July 16th

Chas. Adkisson and family, Walt Bybee, Ted Daniels (Continental Airlines pilots) checked in. Also the North Dallas Soaring Club, headed by Dr. Steve Baird. Chas. Albert Adkisson, age 16, son of C. A. Adkisson, Sr. today flew his Silver "C" altitude. Well, the plot thickens now. Business has begun to pick up. Walt Bybee departed on a XC

to Sierra Blanca, Texas—about 90 miles west of Marfa. Heavy build ups and oversaturation of "Cu Nims" over the Sierra Diablo Mountains forced Walt to alter course southward towards the Rio Grande river. Hoping he could intersect the Rio Grande and proceed northwestward toward El Paso for a nice long pleasant uneventful flight, but alas! It was not to be. It just wasn't his day. You have heard of cumulative error. About this time, they began to accumulate for Walt with a vengeance. Flying a course of 300 degrees (he calculated) would put him into El Paso with the Rio Grande river for a visual check. Error number one—his compass was 30 degrees in error—he was reading 300 degrees and flying 270 degrees. Error number two — The Rio Grande was as dry as a powder house and looked exactly like the other myriad of dry creeks and canyons in that area, so he blithely continued on. Somewhere along about now,