



Alyce Delafield helps tuck husband Dick into the Diamant prior to a contest flight at Marfa. Dick finished fourth.

MARFA — 1966

Since the Marfa Regionals was to officially begin on Monday, June 13, several of the pilots arrived for some practice and general fellowship on Friday and Saturday.

Marshall Claybourn—competition director, Jim Rhine—chief timer, Dave Johnson—scorer, filled the roster of SSA officials. Fritz Kahl—contest manager, Dub Polson—operations manager and Russ White—chief tow pilot, represented the local sponsors to handle the management chores. Obviously we were fortunate in enlisting the services of these competent people, since their experience on the national level is well known to everyone. Truly a top team.

Sunday, June 12th, dawned bright and clear with fairly early cu's and strong lift. At pilot briefing Marshall, Fritz and Gene Waggy, the competition committee, set a practice task: Marfa to Van Horn and return, a distance of 154 miles. There was a nice line of cu's all the way out and back with nice high bases, about 11,000 ft. Most everyone had a good flight and made it back to base. Running true to form your errant correspondent bumped into good lift and great continuity around the track and lucked into the best time for the course, 69.34 m.p.h. (unofficial). (It seems to be my destiny in contests to have *one good day*, and that is invariably the *practice-task day*. From this apex I fade rapidly into limbo.) Ben Greene, flying, an SHK, and Ted Chandler in his Libelle, were

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nipping at my tail section all the way to Van Horn and back and finished only a fraction slower. It was already obvious who was going to set the pace in this forthcoming melee.

FIRST CONTEST DAY — JUNE 13th

A distance task, Marfa to Pyote and return with final-leg option. Fairly good lift with high-base cu's (to 14,000 ft.) in the vicinity of Alpine and on to Pyote. It was smooth as silk and clear as a bell. Most everyone climbed as high as possible over Alpine and reluctantly plunged out into the Great Void. Then comes the moment of truth, when the good pilots and the swift ships take over. Leading the pack was Chandler in the Lillybelle with Ben Greene close behind in the Austria. Third in line was the Gung Ho warrior Dr. Sam Huddleston in his K-6CR. Someone had failed to tell Sam that he wasn't supposed to do such a masterful job in that type of craft on such a weak day, so he sallied forth with fire in his eye.

Dr. Ernst Steinhoff, in his SHK, began to display his Teutonic tenacity in his bid for fourth position and never relented during the contest. Dick Delafield in the Diamant was pressing on with vigah too. Al Parker hadn't had the word either that the Sisus, a ship of high wing loading, was not supposed to remain aloft in the weak lift. He made it back to Marfa and took sixth place, just behind Dr. Glenn Williams. Al arrived back fairly early and could have extended his