

distance considerably on the optional leg had he chosen to. Doc Williams landed back at the Marfa Airport just as the sun slipped below the horizon and was jubilant because he did not have to de-rig and trailer in. The day's final results:

Ted Chandler	264 miles	1000 points
Ben Greene	252 "	954 "
Sam Huddleston	239 "	906 "
Ernest Steinhoff	213 "	806 "
Dick Delafield	206 "	781 "
Al Parker	194 "	734 "
Doc Williams	194 "	734 "

The rest of us? Scattered from hither to yon up and down the course in varying stages of chagrin and disgust! Unfortunately Sam Huddleston had slight wing damage on landing and had to sit the next day out while repairs were made. Too bad, because it looks like Sam might be formidable with the keen competitive form he is displaying.

## SECOND CONTEST DAY — JUNE 14th

Speed task, Marfa to Van Horn and return, 154 miles. Looks like a fairly good day if it doesn't overdevelop. Nice cu's and medium-good lift. The Southern Gentleman, Ben Greene, after getting nudged out of first place yesterday got his wind up and went for broke. His skill and determination paid off, too. First place at 67.52 m.p.h. and 1000 points. But right at his heels came One Whiskey, the Libelle with

Al Parker was nipping at me in his Sisu. He placed fourth with 856 points (56.71 m.p.h.). Dr. Steinhoff was fifth (51.31 m.p.h.) and Dick Delafield just behind him (51.30 m.p.h.).

Our hosts and good friends of many years standing in Marfa treated us to a most lavish evening of drinks, food and entertainment. This sort of extracurricular activity has endeared these people to us immeasurably over the years. The Bob Yorks, Russell Whites, Bill Shirleys, Dub Polsons, Fritz Kahls, Pat Ryans, Gene Wests, Hays Mitchells and many other gentlemen and their ladies of this fair city have been so nice to us in so many ways that it is doubtful if we will ever be able to adequately repay them. I hope we can reciprocate their kindness in some manner, and we do truly appreciate them.

## THIRD CONTEST DAY — JUNE 15th

Speed task, triangle—Marfa, Balmorhea, Ft. Stockton, Marfa—171.5 miles. Well, old Ben Greene is off and running. Looks pretty good to the north over Fort Davison on the first leg. We all managed to gaggle up over the mountains just north of Fort Davis, everyone at cloud base, about 13,000 ft. We make the break for the first turnpoint at Balmorhea, Ben leading, Ted and I on his heels. I passed Ben with about a thousand feet to spare over him and couldn't resist the temptation to make a crack about him dragging his anchor. I had to eat that smart remark about two hours later.



Ted Chandler, ultimate winner of the 1966 Marfa Regionals, waits in his Libelle for towing to start.

genial Ted Chandler at the helm, for second place with a speed of 64.99 m.p.h. and 967 points. This was the one I had hoped to make some points on, but I had to be satisfied with third place and 939 points for a speed of 62.93 m.p.h. I had been assured by Ted and Ben during the race that I was leading them, but it's getting to the point where you can't trust anyone, at least not in a soaring contest.

Ted, Ben and I shared a thermal over the huge Firestone test track about 10 miles short of the second turnpoint at Fort Stockton. At this point, had I been very bright, I would have dogged the old fox's trail (Ben) as Ted Chandler did. It paid off for him. Ben and Ted made the second turn, coursed back to the west, and picked up a line of dust devils which they rode into Marfa to place first and second. The results: