

Ben Greene	57.92 m.p.h.	1000 points
Ted Chandler	53.32 "	928 "
Dick Delafield	36.73 "	698 "
Morris Kline	33.75 "	690 "
Ernst Steinhoff	31.87 "	684 "

And me? Old stupid Red Dog, instead of following the smart boys down the line of dust devils, chose to head straight for Marfa and wound up landing on a road and ignominiously trailering home. The crowning insult was the gleeful voice from the ether wanting to know if I had dropped anchor.



Hank C. Godman, who was General MacArthur's personal pilot during World War Two, prepares for take off in his kit-built HP-11.

FOURTH CONTEST DAY — JUNE 16th

Distance task, Marfa to Wink and return with final leg through Midland. By this time it was all too apparent who the pundits were, and who the also rans, and, as abashed as I am to admit it, I have become firmly entrenched in the also-ran class with George Coder and a few other unfortunate souls. However, there are a couple of fellows, Sam Huddleston and A. C. Williams for example, who are doing some spunky flying considering the slower craft they are using.

Ted Chandler and Ben Greene are more or less rounding the turn in this race with a long lead for the final sprint, with Ben leading by a scant 18 points. Somewhat further back, but bunched up, are Dr. Steinhoff, Al Parker and Dick Delafield, in that order. There are fewer than 100 points separating these three.

This was a rough one today, with Ted coming in first—1000 points for 308.5 miles flown. Al Parker

was next (298 miles) followed by Ben (296 miles), Dr. Steinhoff (285.5 miles) and Dick Delafield (238 miles). Unfortunately Chuck Shannon wrinkled his L-Spatz quite sharply on a terrace in an irrigated field. He was unsettled by a severe wind shift just before touchdown due to a near-by dust devil. Sorry Chuck, I know how you feel.

FIFTH CONTEST DAY — JUNE 17th

Distance task, Marfa to Van Horn and return. This was one of those days when everybody should have stood in bed, or, better yet, repaired to a local pub to quaff some of their best bitters. Weather terrible. No lift. No nuttin'. Spent most of the morning and the early part of the afternoon sprawled about telling tall tales. Finally about 1430 Al Parker allowed as he would take a tow and investigate the possibilities of doing a little distance flying. This didn't create much of a stir because everyone knows one maverick flying doesn't constitute a contest. After a little more elapsed time and a few hundred lies later, Dr. Sam Huddleston and Dick Delafield allowed as how *they* might as well give it a try even if it was a no-contest day, as it seems certain to be.

After they had scratched out on course a few miles we heard Al report being past the village of Valentine, on course. This was 40 miles out, but still no stir. In about 45 minutes the voices of Dick and Sam were heard to announce gleefully, and with a faintly malicious tinge, that they were past Valentine and, by golly, it was suddenly an official contest day. Ben and Ted hit on their feet, running for their craft, and the scramble was on. All told nine pilots got away and six rounded the turnpoint. Chandler and Dr. Steinhoff tied for the 1000 points by covering the 143 miles back to Marfa Municipal Airport. Ben Greene came in third with 930 points for 133 miles flown. O'Neal did 128.5 miles, Huddleston 118.5 and Al Parker 64. How they ever managed to cover that much distance under all that clag I will never know, but they did. It looks like a close race down to the wire now between Ted and Ben, with Ted leading by a short margin of 52 points.

SIXTH CONTEST DAY — JUNE 18th

Speed task, triangle—Marfa, Allison Ranch, Fort Davis, Marfa—96 miles. Today looks just fair. Most everyone away in good order. Pretty good lift and cu's to the first turnpoint, weaker on the second half of the second leg, widely scattered on the final leg.

Well, the pundits are holding their form like true champions. Ben Greene around at 68.72 mp.h. for another 1000 points and first place. Ted does 65.94 m.p.h. for 964 points with Dick Delafield, Dr. Steinhoff and Sam Huddleston down the line. So goes the contest. Ted Chandler under the line for first place leading Ben Greene by only 16 points. Dr. Steinhoff third. So there you have the winners.

The awards banquet was a sumptuous feast at the Paisano Hotel. Very nice trophies were awarded to the first three winners, plus a nice one given to Stephen Parker, Al's son, for his amazing feat of becoming the youngest Silver-badge pilot in the United States during this contest. Mayor McFarland voiced his appreciation of our visit to their fair city in a short but warm speech. In retrospect it seems that everyone had a very enjoyable time, so we break camp and head for Reno—Adios.