

ing flights there, proved a good one. Elmira, the site of the first thirteen National Championship Contests, has been a center of soaring activity ever since.

Alex Dawydoff, soaring pilot, well-known aviation writer and editor, and late editor of *Soaring*.

Earl Southee, "Grand Old Man" of soaring-contest management during the early years of soaring, and a past president of the Soaring Society, who did much to put the early contests on a safe and orderly basis.

Charles H. Gale, editor of the now-defunct magazine, *Sportsman Pilot*, and first SSA Secretary.

Percy Pierce, who first made himself famous as a model airplane builder, and later competed in early contests in gliders of his own design and manufacture.

George & Bill Placek, who provided our early links with, and advocates for sympathetic cooperation with CAA.

Stan Smith, who became National Champion in 1933 and came back to win it again in 1957—and is still competing!

Chet Decker, another two-time National Champion—1936 and 1939.

Dana Darling, who, I am sure, competed in more National Contests, starting with the first, than any other pilot.

Others on the list, most of whose names are still identified with soaring, were **Pete Bonotaux**, **Gus Scheurer**, **Emil Lehecka**, **Taylor Boyer**, **Hans Groenhoff**, **Youston Sekella**, and **N. Heath McDowell**.

Two other names stand out in my mind—the first, **Bob Stanley**. I met Bob when he was a Naval Aviation Cadet at Pensacola, Fla. He came to call on me at my quarters to discuss soaring and to tell me about a soaring plane he was designing. A few years later he appeared at Elmira with a glider of quite advanced design for the time—the first we'd seen with a V-tail. With it he turned in some fine performances and established himself as a top soaring pilot. He became a SSA Director and took an active part until the exigencies of business, (he became

president of his own Stanley Aviation Corporation, now located in Denver, Colo.) drew him away.



Photos by George Uveges

Stan Smith (left) was National Champion in 1933 and 1957, is still competing. Gus Briegleb (center) is an El Mirage alfalfa farmer whose name is frequently mentioned in connection with gliding matters. Harvey Stevens, who commissioned the RS-1 Zanonla from Harland Ross in 1937, has reappeared at club meetings recently.

The other name, **Cloyd Artman**, will be recalled by very few—probably only those who knew him or were readers of the SSA Gliding & Soaring Bulletin while I was editing it in Pensacola during the 1935-36 era. From the Seattle area, Cloyd was an aeronautical engineering student at the University of Washington who was paying his way through college by performing at fairs in gliders of his own design and manufacture. The things which endeared him to me were his enthusiasm, his boundless energy and, most of all, his frequent and long letters to me describing his activities. Cloyd Artman was killed with his passenger in the crash of a two-place sailplane designed and built as an engineering project by the University students—a structural failure. Cloyd was in his senior year. Someday, if I can borrow a file of those early Bulletins, (I gave my set to E. J. Reeves) I may write for *Soaring* the whole story of Cloyd Artman.

In closing, I might quote Verse 4, Chapter 6, Genesis, "There were giants in the earth in those days."

THE FIX

To have made an interesting flight with the barograph *on and working* is the kind of thrill we live for. There remains now the all important act of fixing the trace. Peravia owners can go back to their dart boards while we, who know what *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes* is all about, investigate the problem. Back in 1936 clear plastic sprays were laboratory curiosities (those were the hair-pin days) and the bomb (aerosol type) was as yet unknown. It was in that relatively gentler epoch of soaring, when the Silver C was the highest, and a rare honor, that Chris Harman-tas introduced me to the black art of barogram fixation.

From Mrs. Irene Rhodes, I be-

lieve, a baking pan was procured. Into this a mixture of shellac and shellac thinner (alcohol), about 40 percent of the former and 60 percent of the latter, was poured to a depth of about an inch and mixed with a twig. The still easily smeared barogram was carefully flayed from the drum and held, hopefully so that the inevitable thumb print did not wipe out any important or significant wiggly lines. Then it was pulled relatively flat and eased into the pungent bath (butterside up of course) until it was completely wet. There is always an unsmoked end to the foil which makes a good handle.

If one is in a fire-safe building and holds the alcohol-and-shellac-covered aluminum foil with tongs or a pair of pliers, the drying period of an hour or so can

be reduced to about 30 seconds by touching the dripping trace with flame from a match or a lighter. There is a gust of hot blue fire-gas that can unnerve one to the point of dropping the matter right there, but when it goes out, the trace is well fixed.

If there are sticky bubbles fried onto the barogram the mixing was not well done or there was water in the soup and it is too late now to do anything about it. Pour the goop from the pan into a jar and hope it won't leak, for the mix can be reused many times. You will thin it a little with alcohol from time to time and enrich it with shellac as you process the elusive records of your soaring progress and use it up (the sticky liquid, that is).

VIC SAUDEK