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**NOVEMBER-  
DECEMBER  
1 9 5 4**

# Soaring

**THE WORLD SOARING CHAMPIONSHIPS  
THE LOW-DRAG SAILPLANE  
THE VALUE OF GLIDING AND SOARING...  
TSA's VENTURE INTO REAL ESTATE**



Photo: Betsy Woodward

The Austrian Two-Place MG-19 which placed 5th in the World Championships at Great Hucklow, England.



Photo: "Aeroplane"

Paul MacCready in his Schweizer 1-23E with crewmen Nick Goodhart, "Doc" MacCready and Ren McMann, at Great Hucklow, England.

# THE WORLD CONTEST

By B. L. WIGGIN  
(Manager, American International  
Soaring Team, 1954)

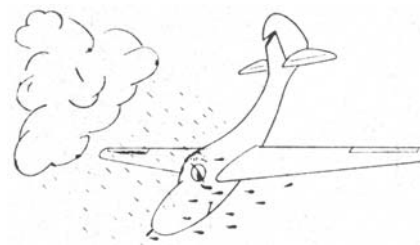


Photo: Canadian Pacific Railway

**Barney Wiggin, with Stan Smith, the Schweizer 2-25 pilot, on the dock at Montreal prior to embarkation.**

Never in the history of World Soaring Competitions did so many fine and sincere people do so much work with so few apparent rewards as did our hosts of the 1954 contests at Great Hucklow, July 21-August 3, 1954. Along with us and representatives from 17 other countries they found fridity and fluid frustration. Camphill became "damp hill" as persistent fog, drizzle, wind and rain kept all but the Schweizer aircraft disassembled most of the time and stored in their snug trailers. Cold statistics show that only seven sailplanes of the 43 competing were able to score points on the four official contest days. And some of these points were as sharp as mashed potatoes (which will be further explained).

Statistics also show that, our team placed well. In fact we had our highest team score ever obtained in international competitions. This in spite of the fact that we scored in only eight out of twelve possible periods. Depending on how the competitors are

grouped our team placed second on position or third based on points. We had the men, the ships and all but the breaks to have placed first in both categories—as a team, and as individual champions as well.

In my analysis there is no other villain but the weather. In my notes there is every official figure on it for both the practice period and the actual contest. But let me summarize it by anecdote: An elderly Miss of the neighborhood on reaching her 102nd birthday in early August was asked by the press to make remarks which might be of interest. What should she remark about? Why anything at all, current events for example. The sage lady looked at her rain-streaked window and remarked—"I've never seen such a stinking summer in all my life."

The sun shone wanly as the Empress of France slid through the murky Mersey to her unloading dock

**After a feverish 4th of July at Schweizer's, ships and trailers, hit the trail for Camphill.**

Photo: R. Kidder



at Liverpool. As the sailplanes came up the hatch, down came the rain. Thereafter it rained at some time or other every day we remained in England.

It was a lovely day from Liverpool to Camphill. Navigator Goodhart, his acuity dulled in conflicts with the teaming traffic circles of Washington,

promptly got lost in the environs of Manchester. He didn't tell us he got lost. The second time around the city with the same flock of sheep being driven down the same main street, the same sequence of pretty front-yard flower gardens, the same shopping centers appearing again and we all knew we were lost. A cumulus cloud to starboard got Nick back on course. In no time at all we were in the land of the stone walls.

In the good-natured hurly burly of meeting old and new faces, signing papers, drawing bedding allotments and watching a few ships already airborne we came to the end of Wednesday, July 14th with a convincing demonstration of the Darwin Hypothesis on the survival of the fittest . . . the young folks had the caravans (trailers) while Dr. MacCready, Sr., and yours truly were wrapped up in damp tents. Walt Hausler wise in the ways of the world brought his own caravan. Hugh Whitney or rather Hugh The Indispensable (an earned title) with pity in his heart shared the tent with me.

Thursday was a day of tragedy. A new sailplane, the Austrian Zugvogel, took off with Alois Hasenknopf at the

controls. It was a fair soaring day with large patches of blue sky between convective cells. Apparently a wing came off while flying in cloud. The pilot left the ship but was too low for his parachute to become effective. Most of us didn't learn of the accident until the following day. Possibly the most impressive event of the



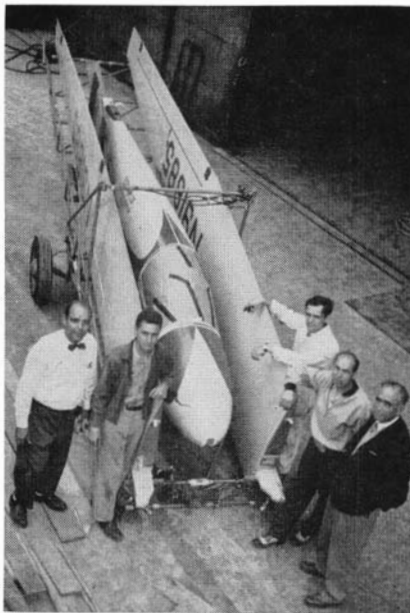


Photo: Canadian Pacific Railway

*The 2-25 on the dock at Montreal with Ernie Schweizer, Hugh Whitney, Bob Kidder, Stan Smith and Barney Wiggin.*

entire meet and surely the one that established real bonds of brotherhood among the competitors were the memorial services held on the following Monday in the beautiful parish church at Tideswell.

The famous wave cloud appeared to us on Thursday. Paul MacCready was ready for it and sailed in the serene evening sky at some 6,000 feet. I don't think he ever got that high again. Several waves formed Friday forenoon but were good for only a couple thousand feet. It rained all day Saturday. On the crest of the resulting flood came our first visitor, Captain Ray Young. Blowing and spouting he managed to drain off enough to offer his services and airplane to our team to make a survey flight of the surrounding area. This was done on Sunday while we who remained on the hill quietly adjusted our aqua lungs, then submerged into our quarters buried in fog and drizzle.

Monday the last practice day was beautiful. Only a weather man could find a shower. The sun shone. From about 5:00 p.m. a whole series of waves—at one time five were visible—beckoned our pilots aloft. And they were eager to go. To date nearly all available time had been spent in setting up, in getting brakes on the trailers, in quickly slipping to town for more sweaters, rubber boots, hardware, and personal amulets against the wet and cold. Now a chance to fly.

The most important lesson of the entire practice period was learned this day, to wit, it takes a long time to winch-launch a group of sailplanes. Several eager beavers got away on exploratory flights. One of our ships waited 160 minutes before it got a late afternoon launch. Bob Kidder sitting in the back seat remarked afterward: "That Smith, what a vocabulary!—

## OPENING DAY CEREMONIES TUESDAY 20 JULY 1954

The stage was set, the cast all picked  
'Mid upland moor and heather.  
But planners lost an old conflict—  
They'd reckoned not with weather.



*The old farmhouse which the Derby and Lancs group bought and converted into a first-class club-house.*

Photo: Airviews Ltd.

Lord Brabazon of Tara whose Jaguar bears the unique license FLY-1 in recognition of his holding the first pilot's license issued in England, was picked to be the central figure at the opening day ceremonies. The stage was well set with the inevitable bowers of colorful English flowers and greenery, including the most beautiful roses in the entire world. In an arc some fifty feet ahead of the speakers' platform were the nineteen flagpoles and the furled flags of the competing nations. Each team was grouped at the base of their designated mast.

The speeches were given with the fervor of a Churchill. Lord Brabazon pleaded for better international understandings. He cited the present affair as one more conducive to that end than all the diplomatic conferences since World War II. Cries of "Hear" greeted his remarks.

And then the real central figure took the stage. It rained. It blew. The temperature dropped from 58° to 50°

as the cold front came through almost exactly as had been predicted earlier. In no time at all we were soaked. Lord Brabazon was soaked. The Duke of Devonshire was dripping. The Lord Mayor of Sheffield was deafened under his proper bowler by the tattoo of driving rain that struck it. But in traditional English manner the program carried on.

Not a single spectator of the thousand or so gathered there moved to shelter. Actually there was no shelter on this wind-swept hill towering some 1400 feet into the grey sky.

As the strains of "God Save The Queen" drowned out in the gale, flags of nineteen nations were unfurled, the Stars and Stripes leading all the rest since I had long ago determined that point and may have

pulled the line a half beat or so early. It was a moving scene.

But quickly getting back to the realities of the situation, Lord Brabazon and his party moved around the arc shaking hands with the teams of

*(Continued on Page 6)*



Photo: Dr. P. B. MacCready, Sr.

*The caravan and tent used by one of the American teams.*

# SHIPS, SITES AND

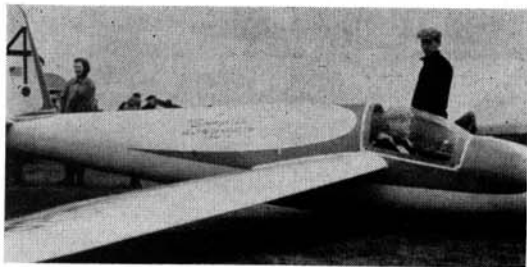


Photo: Walter Hausler  
Paul Schweizer in 1-23 ready for launching—Camphill.

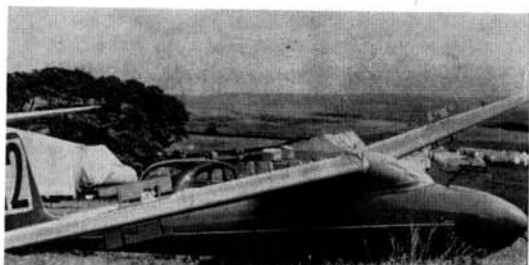


Photo: Walter Hausler  
Australian Kinder I flown by S. V. Owen—Camphill.



Photo: Rutz  
U. S. Civil Air Patrol Cadets on an exchange visit to Switzerland being flown in a MU 13 at Oberengadiner Flugplatz.



Photo: Alex Dawydoff  
Ginny Bennis of Metropolitan Airhoppers in the 1-23D at Wurtsboro, N.Y.



Photo: Walter Hausler  
What a vocabulary! Stan Smith and Bob Kidder still waiting for that launch—Camphill.



Photo: Walter Hausler  
M. Cartigny of Belgium ready to go in the Sohaj—Camphill



Grace and Ray Jackson, John Novak, and Marion Knight at MID WEST MEET.



Photo: Alex Dawydoff  
PGC-TSA member Al Schmidt with his new TG-2 at Wurtsboro.

# SOARING PERSONALITIES



Wives prepare sandwiches for the contestants at the Mid-West Soaring Contest at Toledo. .



Photo: Walter Hausler

Finnish PIK-13 flown by A. Koskinen — Camphill.



Photo: Walter Hausler

The V-tailed HKS-1 sailplane flown by E. G. Haase — Camphill.



Canada's pride and joy. The MU-13 at St. Eugene, Ontario.



Staff Photo

"Killer" Claybourne, son of TSA's "Senator Claghorn" Claybourne.

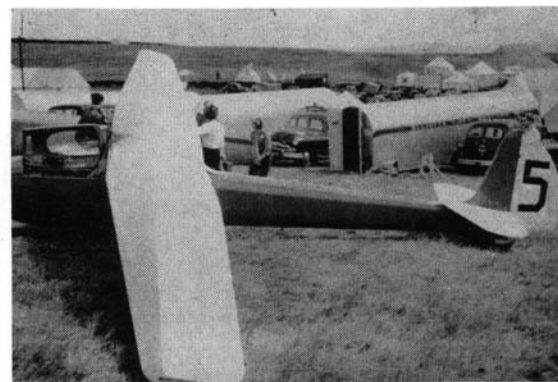


Photo: Walter Hausler

The Slingsby Sky flown by P. A. Wills — Camphill.

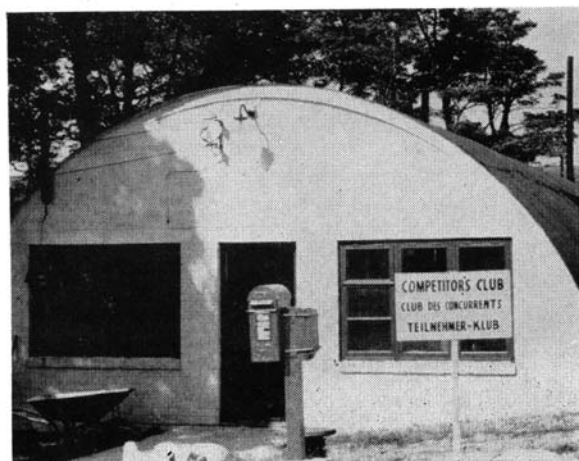


Photo: Walter Hausler

The Club des Concurrents, which will be remembered with mixed feelings — Camphill.



Young Air Force jet pilot Dave McNay in his IK, won the Mid-West Soaring Contest at Toledo, Ohio.

the various countries while dozens of photographers shot pictures. Strangely enough the usual flash that guarantees the excellent pictures taken by American newsmen was entirely lacking. The light reading was f1.9 to 2.3 for color film at a 50th second exposure.

Sailplanes were also inspected in a soggy, squishy sod a quarter of a mile long. Rugged people these British. And then just a cursory glance at our tent and trailer city. For as the lord put it - "It's high time for a spot of tea—or something." Thus endeth the opening ceremonies and the contest was on.

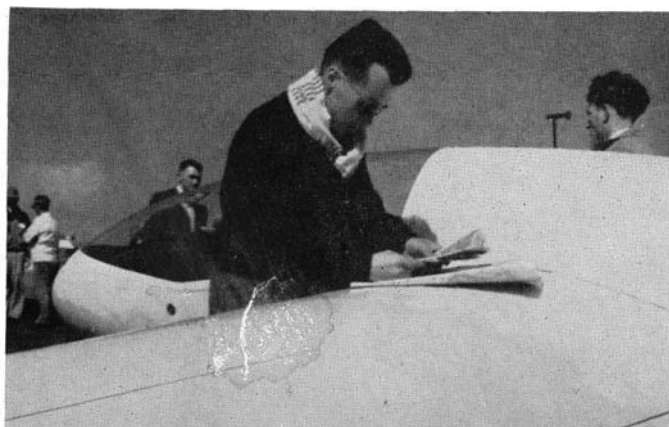
Actual flying began Wednesday the 21st at 1055 BST when pilot M. Bar, representing Israel, took to the air in an Olympia followed at three-minute intervals by ships from Italy, Spain, Argentina, Great Britain, South Africa, Yugoslavia, Austria, Finland, Sweden, Switzerland, Australia, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Canada, Denmark, United States, France, and so on with the second ship from each country.

You never saw such launches! They ranged from the very latest VTO's to the old head down, down the field all the way, heavy freighter style of earth leaving. Luckily no winch was uprooted nor did a cable break.

Once airborne they swarmed over the ridge waiting for the thermals

*G. Pierre of France, the World Soaring Champion, studies his maps on the wing of his beautiful Breguet-901.*

Photo: Betsy Woodward

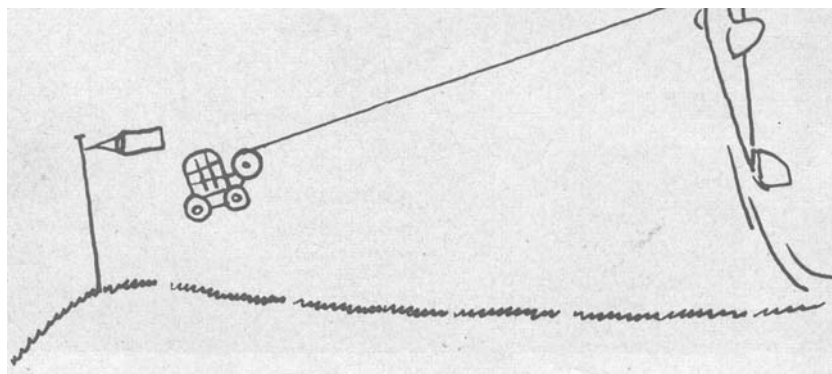
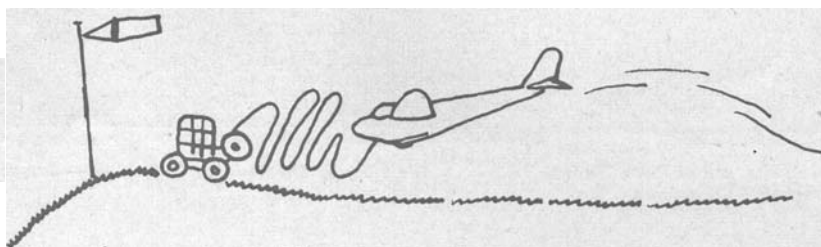


that never came. The management cancelled plans for launching the two-place ships. There just wasn't room for any more on that ridge. Finally they started slipping away into the 25-30 knot carry. Once east of the Camphill area the going was much better. Some of the best flights of the entire meet were made by the single-place ships that date with Per Persson, the 1948 contest winner in Switzerland, making the longest flight of 97 miles to Manea in Cambridgeshire. Paul MacCready got away early. After settling down to about a hundred feet above the hills of Matlock he struggled on to near Spalding, some 84 miles altogether. Big Paul tore off 63 miles in weather that weekenders back home would have flown by the seat of their pants, in the hangar.

How innocently eager we were at the close of this auspicious day!

Thursday looked better in the briefing. Looked better on the hill too. So much so that the two-place ships were launched first for free-distance flights. Ipswich was the recommended direction. The fifteen year old Swiss Spyr-V piloted by the dentist, Dr. Nietlis-pach, easily made the best flight of the day, pogoing through to the coast some 80 miles away, never getting above 2000 feet. Stan Smith and Bob Kidder got 25 miles away then landed with the great majority in a so-called dead spot. Some say the ghosts of Robin Hood's men shot them down for sport since they were trespassing over a part of Sherwood Forest. Big Paul landed in that area too. But Little Paul went on to Boston, the goal set for the single-place ships. Three others also made the goal, which was quite an achievement. Nearly a dozen damaged their ships landing in uncut fields heavy with various grains (called corn over here).

After Thursday came Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and then another Thursday. During this period a great metamorphose took place in the Competitors' Lounge (Quonsett Hut to you veterans). There had been a source of heat all along in this lounge. Trouble was it was delayed heat. The fuel went in and after a period you were suffused with a pleasing glow—if you took enough of it. Some were allergic to any of it (strange Americans). Sensing this inhospitable attitude there came a day when the huge bower of beautiful flowers, that had graced the middle of the room, simply disappeared. There was a stove there all the time! Soon it became a heated stove! Thereafter you could find most any active individual at some time or another hugging this elemental wonder. When many, many people about



*"You never saw such launches! They ranged from the very latest VTO's to the old head down, down the field all the way, heavy freighter style of earth leaving."*





*Their looks belie their feelings! Dr. Kuetner, Ernst G. Haase and Paul Schweizer.*

Photo: Betsy Woodward

the stove were all jammed together you could identify an individual by the particular wet wool, burning rubber, or soggy leather smell that he added to the complex emanating from the heap. Oh, but it was comforting!

Numbed intellects thawed. The need for social action was no sooner suspect than arrangements for it developed. We had an Amateurs' Night. Pantomime by our Freres Francais could have come from the Folies Bergere. It was delicious. It was in a lusty universal language quickly and completely understood by all. Rut it can't be printed—at least not in Boston where this journal goes. Games and dance sessions followed. He who has not heard Doc Slater and accompanist Dr. Machin give on the flute and guitar—well, he hasn't heard high fidelity yet!

One of the most perverse things about this monsoon period of daily rain was the evening sessions when the stars came out. I understand that this is a perfect illustration of the 6th Law of Thermodynamics which states—clear skies alone will not aid in flying sailplanes. The gentle sheep that grazed all about—there was ample evidence to prove this—would say "Ba-a-ah" to us during the quiet night hours. During the day they would retreat to the moors obviously frightened by the wild looks that were developing in so many of us. In fact we avoided each other for the same reason. Again management stepped in. Arrangements were made to separate us into small tractable groups. Able-bodied guards were selected and away we went to visit points of interest, at Sheffield, Buxton, and surrounding towns.

On Tuesday the gale was terrific. A trailer with sailplane inside was blown over. One of the nineteen flags took off for its homeland beyond the sea. The practical management

promptly took down the nineteen steel flag poles before they snapped off. Later it was a homely scene (English sense) to watch Mesdames Wills and Wiggin patch and darn the several tattered and torn national emblems.

A serious note was added at about



Photo: Betsy Woodward

*M. Arbajter of Yugoslavia who flew the artistic-looking Orao-IIc.*

this point. A special meeting of team managers was called. We were told of the growing incidence of heavy colds and unspecified "chills." All such cases within our own group were to

be reported, especially if accompanied by a sore throat. The good Dr. MacCready took very good care of our party for which we were all very grateful.

And don't say the Russians lack humor. V. Itchenko, the Russian distance champion and his companion P. Tourchin were asked why their country was not represented. "Oh," came the quick reply "we knew the weather would be bad. Maybe we'll attend the next one."

Pity was deepest for the personable "Chuck" Wallington, the meteorologist who briefed the management secretly, then came forth to brief the pilots publicly, every day of the meet. By Wednesday the 28th his vocabulary had been reduced to a hopeless shrug of the shoulders, after which he sat down. The assemblage would then slink slowly to the door and from this shelter make a mad dash through the rain to the heated stove in the Competitors' Lounge.

Thursday, however, Mr. Wallington raised his head high enough to look at his audience. In a faint voice he said—"It may be a little bit less worse today, after 1400 hours." Encouraged by the lack of hostile action that followed this remark he continued—"especially twenty to sixty miles east of Camphill."

The two-place ships were actually launched. Rocked about by a rough 30-40 knot gale they were content to polish the ridge leaving the far-east question for another day.

Friday the 30th was reminiscent of the day the Spanish Armada decided to go home and let the English enjoy their weather. The management sensing the low state of morale stated that tomorrow would see airplane tows from the Derby Airport if conditions didn't improve on the hill. In the meantime—"Let's have a go at it." Both classes were cleared to



*How the French do it!*

Photo: Betsy Woodward

go into the 30 knot zephyr from 260° which was playing "button-button" with a few anaemic cumuli embedded in a solid stratus sheet that undulated a hundred feet or so above the hill.

There was congestion as folks got launched then wondered what to do. The two-seaters were first off. Half the single seaters were launched. Then came the PAUSE. MacCready got off at 1700 BST.

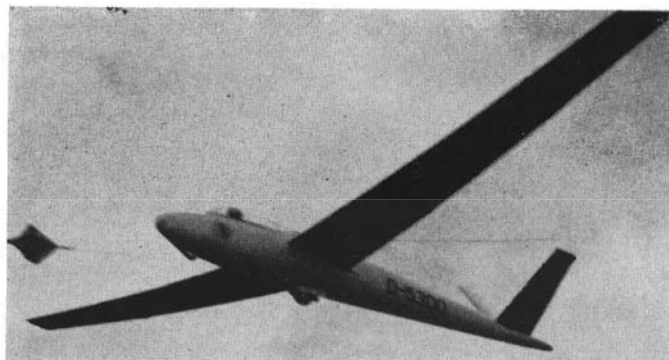
It was THE DAY of the meet. Komac and Rain, the Yugoslav pair, disappeared into the chaotic sky. Three hours later they radioed back from sixty miles away to report they were soaring in a wave. Thereafter they used thermals to get to Marham Airfield some 106 miles southeast of Camphill. This was the longest flight of the entire contest. Philip Wills also using waves got past Sleaford some 62 miles to the east.

Official credit for these remarkable flights might have been lost except for radio. The Organizers had worked long and hard erecting rules and provisos to prevent Lady Luck from having any part in the final standings. They did not want a one-shot champion. One barrier was that in addition to every pilot in a given class having an opportunity to fly there must be at least 25 per cent of them who score points. Point scoring began fifteen miles out. As can be seen from the statistics these latter minimum requirements were barely satisfied in both categories. In the case of the single-place entries last minute glides that carried just beyond minimum distance were made when pilots were informed by radio that already enough had scored to make it an official contest day. Those who scored thereafter clinched this point.

Paul and Paul, both of whom had no radio information, landed with the majority with no points. The 2-25 with Stan and Bob made an outstanding flight in a short-lived cloud that died over Sherwood Forest again.

*The beautiful, exceptionally-high performance, and expensive HKS, with E. G. Haase of Germany at the controls.*

Photo: Betsy Woodward



This day was surely a rough one for them. They found out that restaurants are only open at certain hours. If you get hungry out of season (after 1900 in this case) you stay hungry.

Saturday the 31st was like Friday except there was a little bit less of everything. Less wind, less frigidity

At the briefing we became discouraged, not so much with regard to the current weather, but at the prospects of wave after wave of low pressure with attendant cloud and rain systems stretching westward across the Atlantic, all coming our way.

The two-seaters were launched first after a couple of changes in priorities. Off they went into a sky that even had incipient cloud streets stretching toward Sheffield. The 2-25 made its best start. One or two passes along the ridge and away it went toward the North Sea which it reached near Boston. Only the Yugoslav team went farther.

With warm front cloud and precipitation over the south of England MacCready angled to the north. It was the ocean that stopped him. However, he picked a projection into the North Sea, Flamborough Head, and landed just short of the salty spray dashing up from the rocks below him. Reward — 1000 points.

Big Paul got pinned. He left Bradwell Edge and stepped over to the ridge at Frogett. Here he waited hopelessly for a thermal while his crew grew bug-eyed watching for the break that never came. He and a few companions of the day landed as vesper bells were ringing. They got no points to show for some 300 miles of ridge flight.

As a result of Saturday's flying with MacCready's first place and Smith-Kidder's second for the day we were now in a position to get on top — providing we got some breaks. Some came Sunday, August 1st. It was a hurry-up at the briefing. Wallington warned of the approaching warm front from the southwest. The Contest Committee possibly thinking it might help if we went out to meet it set the two-seater task a goal flight to Derby. The wet grass grew an inch while detailed instructions were given in four languages on how to take off toward the south, how to come back



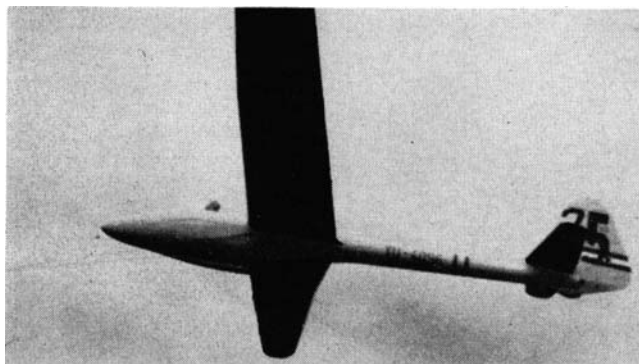
Photo: Betsy Woodward

*Something is not just completely to Ernie Schweizer's liking. Note the fitting showing that a constant energy variometer is being used.*

(had a heat wave with 56° at 1500), less cloud, Les Arnold, and lese majesty. The last resulted from an obstinate stand by several that although the chief chef certainly could serve up tasty roast beef he shouldn't be serving it for every meal.

*The Yugoslav Orao-lic looks as if it could go places. It can, too, in reasonable weather and with Arbajter at the controls.*

Photo: Betsy Woodward



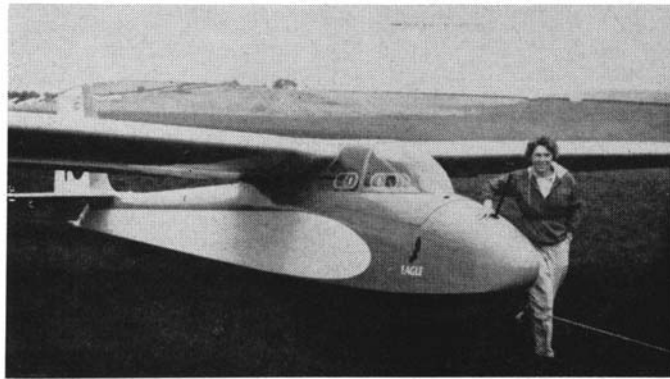


if you couldn't get away (for once we had no ridge wind), how to determine your starting time, how many starts you could make, how to recognize Derby when you got there (there was also a tip to pronounce it Derby when in Derby but to pronounce it Darby elsewhere). By the time these and other conversations had been completed in four languages the forenoon was most gone. The grass was still growing when the first ship took off. Big soft cumuli blossomed and drifted past in quite the opposite direction to Derby. The 2-25 snuggled into one and away went Smith and Kidder. Several other two-seaters were aloft. Some acted as though they were suspicious of the relatively quiet air. Only a few ventured far from the hill.

Another long meeting followed as a task was set for the single-seaters. It was an out-and-return speed event

an approaching cold front, due before noon. And the briefing session went on and on. As reported in the Manchester Guardian the following day — "Pilots at the world gliding championships at Great Hucklow yesterday got off just nineteen minutes too late to catch air currents which might have carried them right across the country to the east coast. As a result they spent the rest of the day weaving and circling above the launching site in a frustrating struggle against the lifeless air."

Actually it was not quite lifeless. Out in front of the edge a wave-stimulated wall of cumuli tantalized us all afternoon. A flight plan had been derived which we still believe would have given us a good chance to pick up 1000 points. But only the two-place ships flew. They circled about the sky all afternoon. There appeared to be a big band of sub-



*The Slingsby Eagle, flown by Lorne Welch and Ann Welch, placed 7th in the two-place class.*

Photo: Betsy Woodward

to Ashbourne. Upwind outbound since the field was to the south, and downwind homebound. By the time the briefing was over warm front sprinkles from a sheet of middle cloud were already occurring. It was then that we heard from the 2-25. An indirect report had it at 1000 feet, eight miles from its goal. Minutes later Marion Smith called to report the landing accident a few miles short of the goal. It was the longest flight of the day. Instead of netting 1000 points none was awarded since 25 per cent of the two-place ships were unable to score. Damage to the wings was serious enough to put the 2-25 out of further competition. Had the field been just a little bigger. . . .

Monday the day of the famous Bank Holiday was nerve-racking. With the 2-25 out of it we needed only one good day to make up for the disastrous day in the single-seater competitions. The rules wisely provided that only the four best days would be counted in the final scoring. Again Wallington called the turn on

siding air just east of Camphill. Detached cumuli would dissipate after reaching it and form again farther eastward. Time and again the big ships would leave in what seemed to be ideal clouds only to come scurrying back again as the lift petered out.

We made our only operational request to the officials on this date. Since the visibility was excellent we thought the single-seaters should be launched even though the two-seaters had not yet cleared the site. At least that half of the single-seater group that had received the late launch on July 30th. The single-seaters did not fly. At about 1700 the two-seaters left for Sandtoft, a field to the northeast. The Italian Canguro made the best distance, some 32 miles. The 1000 points so obtained put them into second place ahead of Smith and Kidder, while the Yugoslavs with half this distance easily maintained their first position.

The last competition possible was rained out on Tuesday. And so ended the very difficult weather-bound 1954

## SPECIAL OFFER!!!

Mr. Jack Wolfe, President of the Southern California Soaring Association, has inquired about securing a limited number of each issue of SOARING to be given to prospective members or subscribers who from time to time attend their regular monthly meetings. His idea is to assist the promotion of this publication and to assist the expansion of his Association's membership.

The Editors think well of Mr. Wolfe's idea and would like to extend this same opportunity to other groups similarly situated.

The official journal SOARING is published exclusively for the members of The Soaring Society of America, Inc. and The Soaring Association of Canada. It is not intended that this publication be expanded in circulation except as it may reach those readers who may be fully interested.

Soaring groups in America or Canada holding regular periodic meetings and who have in attendance at those meetings from time to time persons who might become interested as members or as regular subscribers, may obtain a limited number of each issue of this magazine. Those promotional copies of SOARING will be furnished gratis, with the understanding that they will be distributed for the purposes intended. Secretaries or other club officials may communicate directly with the Editor of this journal regarding this offer.

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World Gliding Championships at Great Hucklow, Derbyshire.

I liked the remark of the very personable Eric Taylor, Secretary of the meeting. He says—"There is no bad weather, there is just bad clothing." Applying this sage observation to the meet—we should have used dirigibles.

The best prepared in our team was the smooth-working MacCready-Goodhart-McMann combination. But even preparedness can be carried too far, as witness the day Doc filled his pockets with English pennies to operate the pay station telephones. His pants fell down with the weight of them.

As a bunch of boys we did a very commendable job. But as a team of selected men from the United States competing in the only international aviation sporting event left in the world . . . well, we ought to grow a bit before 1956.

# Help Fund The Future of United States Soaring Teams...

As you have just read our soaring teams have a long and proud history of international participation. Over the last several years the opportunity to compete internationally has grown as more classes become sanctioned by the FAI. More teams and eligible pilots puts the title of World Champion within the reach of entirely new segments of the soaring community including Club, World and Junior pilots. The chart above shows when each FAI class participated in their first World Gliding Championship. Notice the recent growth in classes and events.

FAI Classes Eligible for Competing in World Soaring Championships		
Class	Year	Championship
Open	1937	Germany
Two Place*	1952	Spain
Standard	1958	Poland
15-Meter	1978	France
World	1997	Turkey
Junior	1999	Holland
18-Meter	2001	Spain
Club	2001	Australia
Feminine	2001	Lithuania
* Eliminated 1958		

## An urgent need...



More teams, eligible pilots and international events have stretched team funding well past the breaking point putting our teams ability to compete internationally at risk.

## Contributions make it happen...

While many competing teams receive government assistance our teams rely on a mix of direct contributions and perpetual trust income to compete internationally.

Direct contributions are immediately available to the team at their full value. Participating in the SSA sweepstakes, buying a raffle ticket at a contest or sending a check to the SSA for team funding are all examples of direct contributions so critical to fielding our soaring teams. Perpetual trust income has become increasingly important to fielding our teams internationally. This type of contribution is perpetual as the funds are invested with the income used to sponsor teams perpetually. Robertson Trust contributions provide a critical, stable, long-term, source of team funding.



## A long term strategy?

Since both types of contributions are tax deductible, a long-term contribution strategy to minimize tax burden and maximize support might incorporate comfortable direct contribution every two years and

larger, trust contributions with less frequency. How much to contribute is determined by each of our individual circumstances. Every dollar counts.



## Now is the time...

Not all competition happens in the air. Often it is what happens on the ground months before World Soaring Championships that makes the difference.

Adequate team funding is where it all starts. Our international competitors are doing what it takes to compete and win and so should we. If our soaring teams are going to compete internationally they need our support. While most of us can't be in the cockpit we can still do our part to make sure our pilots have the opportunity to compete and win.

Please make a direct contribution to the U.S. Soaring Teams or a perpetual contribution to the Robertson Trust today!



### Robertson Trust Contributions

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