


Towline



Volume VIII, Number 12 Published by Seattle Glider Council, Inc December, 1958

Meeting Announcement

Monday, December 1, 1958 was the regularly scheduled date for the SGC membership meeting. However, since there seemed to be a general apathy on the part of the officers and members of the Council, a Directors meeting had not been held, and Towline was behind schedule it seemed best to cancel the meeting. Scott's Honor, there will be a good meeting on January 5, 1959.

Chairman's Message

As I write this a raw southwest gale worries the treetops, and from my living room window I can see that the headlights of cars crossing the floating bridge are occasionally almost blotted out by flying spume blown clear over the bridge rail. Occasionally a lonely star twinkles through the ragged overcast. It is a good night for skin toasting and calling up a few of those memories from last summer's flying to be enjoyed. They were few enough this year, but the memory of one short, but interesting cross country flight is still fresh in my mind.

It was the Sunday of Labor Day weekend when I spiralled up out of Badger Pocket on the driest thermal you've ever seen. The outlook to the east was not encouraging. Not a dust devil or a cumulus was in sight anywhere in the Columbia Basin. At about 8000 feet I headed east out of the pocket into a huge area of down air. Eventually, I despaired of ever getting across it and turned left toward the north. Looking back toward Wenatchee, I was already too far away from the ridge to get back. It was swim or sink. I did the latter for an alarmingly long time, then at last found a weak little thermal and struggled back to 6000 feet. With spirits once again soaring cautiously, I pointed the LK's nose toward Waterville. The high ground back of Badger Mountain yielded another small climb, but ahead the farming country around Waterville was devoid of any sign of lift.

The crew had admonished me before takeoff to "go somewhere". So Waterville it would be. I scooted off the high ground and past Waterville headed toward Coulee City. It began to seem a long time since that last thermal, and I was running a somewhat nervous survey of the available landing fields when almost beneath me appeared a welcome sight - the first dust devil of the day. I had only to roll into the familiar spiral and be lifted smartly to 9000 feet. Amazing how different the world looks from here. Ahead, the dry gash of Moses Coulee looks insignificant, and further to the east, the Equalizing Reservoir and Sun Lakes are bright oases set in a dusty desert.

Things improved for a while and soon Coulee City was slipping by. Dust devils appeared regularly, and a diffident cumulus materialized from thin air occasionally. However, it was 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and each thermal seemed to have a little less energy than the last. One by one, I counted the grain elevators off - Hartline, Almira, Wilbur. At Wilbur, I was encouraged by a climb to 6000 feet, but the end was nearing. At 4:28 on the clock, the LKs skid furrowed a plowed field just short of Creston, Washington. Eighty miles out of Wenatchee - almost. Not too bad for such a mediocre day. The only cross country flight of the year. (cont'd page 3)

THE WIVES' CORNER

"Christmas is coming; the geese are getting fat."
.... How I wish my pocketbook would do just that!!

Christmas is coming! -- with its accompanying thoughts including fruit cake, candy canes and roast meat. Thanksgiving is past -- with its accompanying memories of pumpkin pie, sweet potatoes and roast turkey. And past, also, is the Annual Awards Dinner of the Seattle Glider Council -- with its accompanying memories of apple pie, baked potatoes and broiled steak. The dinner, as advertised, was delicious. The program, as planned, was marvelous. The company, as usual, was excellent. The whole evening, it seemed, lacked just one thing, and that was something we were glad to lack: complaints. . . . Or maybe it was just that nobody wanted to complain while everyone was having such a thoroughly enjoyable time. Perhaps we should give them an opportunity right now to voice any objection which they may have mulled over in these few weeks since the Dinner. Now: Hear, Hear. Anyone who has any complaint about the food, please take one step forward. . . . Nobody? Good! Now, anyone who has any complaint about the company, please step forward. . . . Nobody? Fine! Now, anyone with any complaint about the program? . . . It was good, wasn't it? Well, anyone with any complaint about anything, please step forward. . . . Ha. You, sir? You look rather lonesome standing there: the only dissenting voice out of 57 people. Perhaps you'd like to come to the front and let us hear your objections. . . . Oh, noise? Yes, when the people at the party in the next room sang "Happy Birthday to You", it did momentarily drown out the tale being told by one of our glider pilots; and I, like you, was temporarily chagrined at not being able to hear the entire story of a glider pilot's country-side walk --for the story of a glider pilot's walk is often fully as engrossingly entertaining as the story of a glider pilot's flight. However, a second thought struck me: The "Happy Birthday" song was the only time which that party's sounds interfered with and overrode our own. While their background music and their conversation were held to a low murmur, we at our Council Dinner were having a completely merry time happily commenting aloud to each speaker-on-the-program, adding our own teasing versions to every story, and laughing with unrestrained laughter in the many instances when such laughter was certainly justified. And I wondered, while we continued to have such a perfectly good time, if, just perhaps, the people at the birthday party next door had somewhat more reason to be annoyed with our noise than we with theirs. And after the song - and my second thought - I heard the party next door only when our own group was particularly quiet. And because I was among those sitting nearest the partition between the two rooms and yet was not annoyed, I felt that their "noise" was certainly not enough to cause consternation - or even particular notice. . . . Then too, I remembered another Glider Council Dinner. -- The-Glider-Council-Dinner-That-Nobody-Ever-Mentions. That Dinner was, I believe, before your time in the Council membership. It wasn't so long ago really; it's just that all Council members and friends who were present that night prefer not to remember it - except in case of need of a dire example.

On that occasion, one Council member insisted the best place to hold the Annual Dinner was at a club to which he belonged. Arrangements were made. 86 people came. . . . And those on duty at the club that night had never heard of the Seattle Glider Council's Annual Awards Dinner. The club already had one Banquet in progress in one room and its partakers had reserved the dance floor with its little bandstand for a dance immediately following their supper. Under the sudden and unexpected impact of 86 unplanned-for dinner guests, the club did do its best; but 86 hungry and unplanned-for guests are not to be easily pleased when their own plans had had them looking forward to this big evening of the glider year for so long. All 86 were fed. Not immediately; not heartily; not satisfactorily; but fed. --At tables set up on the dance floor. The dishes and the tables then had to be cleared as rapidly as possible to allow the Banquet people to begin their dancing. The Seattle glider Council's diners were adjourned to a room separated from the dance floor only by a plastic accordion-folding door. Here, the program was to be. Here, the program

(Continued)

was. Accompanied, overpowered, saturated, swamped by the "music (?)" of the live 6-piece band an aisle's width away. The 3 loudspeakers strategically placed in the room carried, instead of the voices of our glider friends as we anticipated, the clamor of that live 6-piece band which came in LOUD on speakers with no volume control and no shut-off switch.

Did you say "noise"?!? Sir. I'll take one chorus of "Happy Birthday", recorded soft background music spun at low volume, and the murmur of congenial voices any day, any night, any season! The Seattle Glider Council Awards Dinner of 1958 was, from all accounts of 99% of the people who attended, a resounding success. Delicious food, an especially entertaining program, and excellent company. What more could we ask? It was a most enjoyable evening, and just the memory of it should warm the cockles of all our glider-lovin' (or glider-guider lovin') hearts: To know that we know so many nice people.

To all of you with Soaring Hearts, Soaring Minds, Soar-Heads,
MERRY CHRISTMAS !!!

bre

Chairman's Message - continued

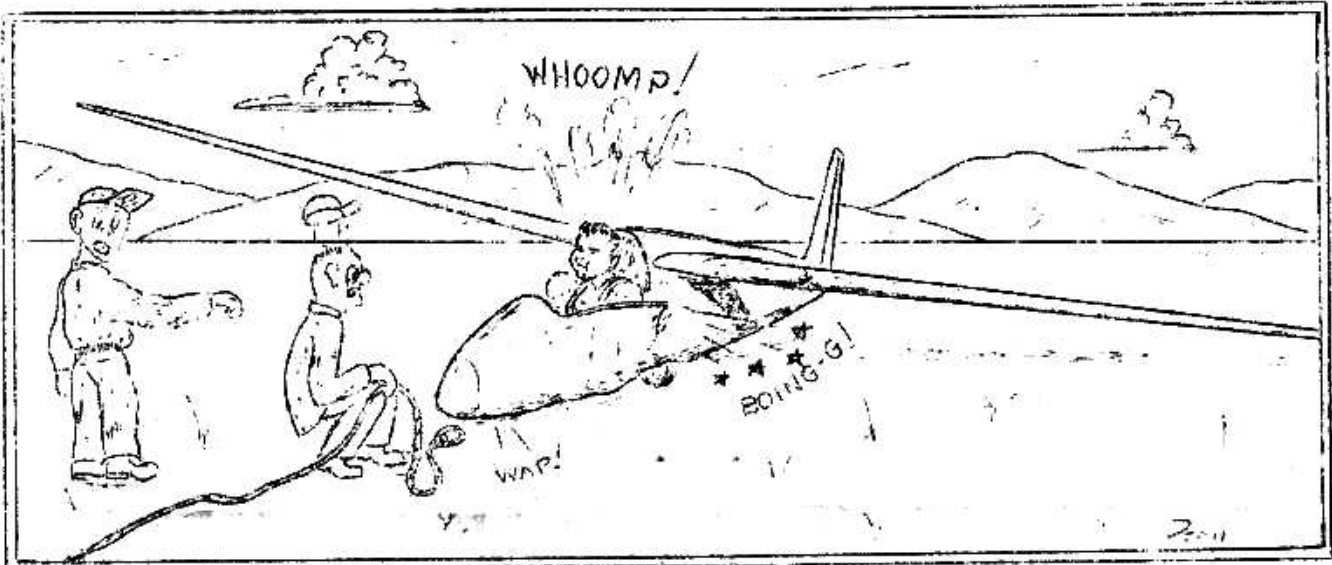
A small enough accomplishment, but it is the small accomplishments, these hours spent under the open sky that make the long winter months of preparation all worthwhile. Half the fun is in the remembering and retelling. The flight itself is short, but the memory is there as long as we treasure it. The rest is looking forward to next year, when "Things will be different". Distances will be longer, the weather is bound to improve, and maybe there will be a new golden gleam on a lapel....

Ben Reynolds

S.G.C. Elections

The 1958 season ended with the closest thing to a "Big Makeup" on the Board of Directors since the organization began. Two who had been on the board from 1950 simply refused to run any farther, and one who had been on almost as long refused to campaign and didn't bother to vote for himself. DEAN REYNOLDS, old old timer, was re-elected Chairman, and BOB KRUSE, another old old timer, was retained on the board. KEN DECKMAN and AL GREGG, both on the board last year, were re-elected. JOE ROBERTSON, another old old timer and a former Chairman of SGC in addition to several-times Chairman of Cascade Soaring Society, was re-elected to the board after an absence of several years. Only two completely new faces to SGC administrative affairs turned up. FRANK WOODWARD has plenty of glider/administrative background, however, having been with clubs in Toronto, Canada. CLYDE NORSINGER is an officer of the relatively new Boeing Employees Gliding and Soaring Club, and is well qualified to represent his own club members in SGC affairs.

Official appointments of Secretary and treasurer will be made later, but Frank has volunteered for the job of treasurer. Got that? VOL-UNTEERED! The new board is making history already.



YIKES!! IT LOOKS LIKE FATSO DID JUSTICE TO HIS THANKSGIVING DINNER ALRIGHT.

TOWLINE is the official publication of the Seattle Glider Council and is mailed each month. Subscription is free to Council members, and one dollar per year to other interested parties. Contributions from readers in the form of technical articles or accounts of flight experiences are welcome. Advertisements for gliders or equipment wanted or for sale will be published free of charge as a Council service.

TOWLINE is edited by Pete Bowers. Publishing is accomplished by Ken Deckman.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

X		X
X	THE TOWLINE CREED	X
X		X
X	DEDICATED TO THE OMISSION OF ZSA ZSA GABOR, SUMMIT CONFERENCES, SPUTNIKS,	X
X	CRIME WAVES, LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE, H-BOMB FALLOUT, RACIAL SEGREGATION, AND	X
X	THE POLITICAL CAVORTINGS OF DEMOCRAT AND GOP ALIKE, TOWLINE GUARANTEES TO	X
X	REPORT THE FACTS OF SOARING LIFE, TO LEAVE THE BIG ISSUES TO THE POPULAR	X
X	PRESS, AND TO CONTINUE TO BE THE BIGGEST LITTLE DOLLAR'S WORTH OF	X
X	SOARING LITERATURE IN THE BUSINESS.	X

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

If a red X is seen in the adjacent space somewhere, it means that your subscription has expired and that your about to miss out on all that jazz we were talking about above, so rush your buck to.....



TOWLINE - December, 1958
 Seattle Glider Council Inc.
 1422 N. 46th St.
 Seattle, 3, Wash.

Al Gregg
 837 Market Street
 Seattle 7, Washington

M58

PRINTED MATTER
 Form 3547 Requested