

THE BIG SIT

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wasn't tired anymore and that I had to stay in the air a few more minutes. I knew if I didn't get all of the performance possible from Ole Bo-Diddy and what little lift that was left, I would be on the ground thinking about how I should have done it and how I still had it to do. I wasn't sure what the Federation Aeronautique Internationale rules were as to the penalty of the tow, so even after we passed the five hours, I wasn't sure if it was enough. We fought with old mother nature right on down to three hundred feet, where we had to start our approach. Since the spoilers had to be fully open before the brake on the wheel could be operated, and since the spoilers had been taped closed, I could use neither.

We made a very careful approach, purposely just a little high. I slipped her a bit before crossing the fence and we touched down 4:14 p.m. We had been afloat on the sea of air for five hours and sixteen minutes and including the first attempt had been up for six hours six minutes this day. I was tired almost to the point of being numb. I was hungry, thirsty and sunburned, but I was happy. There are many, many ways for a man to become tired, but this was a good kind, much like the tiredness that comes after a day's bass fishing on a beautiful lake or the kind that is experienced after a hard day of hunting. I knew that when I got home a glass of water would taste better than champagne and that I would sleep well this night. We had made it, ole Bo-Diddy and me. We had stayed up when the laws of nature are that things without feathers aren't supposed to stay up, but come down.

I tried to open the hatch, but found that I couldn't. My buddies had centered the tape over the crack instead of only looping it over the edge of the hatch about a quarter of an inch. When I realized that I couldn't get out, I thought about those chute straps and wished I had left the chute at home.

The gang ran up, let me out and offered their congratulations. We disassembled Bo-Diddy and they reminded me that I, having accomplished the "Big Sit" for the first time in Memphis, had to buy the drinks. On the way home I bought everyone a milkshake (teetotalers)

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ROY GETS HIS PRIVATE LICENSE

by PETER M. BOWERS

Just a word to those who think that the younger generation isn't interested in flying—"Don't you believe it!" Just for an example:

Back in 1952, Roy Dailey, a thirteen-year-old, began hanging around the airport at Arlington, Washington, to watch the glider operation. Since the glider gang was usually short-handed, Roy soon found many opportunities to make himself useful. No one asked him to do this or that—he had kept his eyes open, and when he saw where a helping hand was needed he pitched right in without hesitation. His help was appreciated by all concerned, and as time went on, he became familiar with all phases of the operation. No one ever had to tell him how to do a thing twice—he was interested enough in the operation to pay attention and get his instructions right the first time.

It wasn't long before he became an indispensable part of the organization, to the point where the members of the Cascade Soaring Society, to show their appreciation for his work, chipped in and bought him a mem-

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and was treated like a big frog in a small pond. Although the day's flight was more or less routine, the thought of it gave me a feeling of accomplishment, and I had gained a Silver C leg on my friendly rival John Karlovich. Now I had ammunition with which I could kid John and Joe for quite a spell.

When I got home and told my wife of my Big Sit, she congratulated me, but added "sometimes I think you love that glider more than you do me and the kids. Right now you look like a little boy on Christmas morning." She was almost right, but how could I tell her.

I did sleep that night, like I knew I would. I had but one quick thought before going off to glider land, and it was how cool and soft this bed was; I wonder what it would be like to fly a sailplane lying on a mattress instead of sitting on your parachute harness?

bership in the club when he was old enough to qualify for a student permit. Moving up to flight status did not cut down any on the performance of Roy's ground duties. In fact, as the operation grew, so did his work.



Photo: P. M. Bowers

Roy Dailey and the Cascade Soaring Society's TG-3 which he soloed in February, 1954.

He worked so hard that his flying lessons came few and far between because he was too tired toward the end of the day's operation to take a hop and gain anything from it.

In February, 1954, he soloed in the Cascade's TG-3, and in July he made his "C" in the single-seat "Wolf." Finally, in June, 1955, reached the long-sought goal—he received his private pilot's license, which he got the hard way—by working for it. Congratulations, Roy.

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The soaring movement lost a great supporter in the passing of Fred Ruble. For many, many years he had been active in the Denver area and had served as SSA State Governor for Colorado. Mr. Ruble died early in August the result of injuries he received in a glider accident. We had not been informed at press time of the details of the accident.