

I knew the country was impossible to the south. To the north where we had come this morning I also knew exactly how much work it would be to undo the series of gates, including the one with all the fancy bolts that Ruth Petry had mastered once. I knew from the walk out yesterday that going straight west was the closest way to the highway, but how could we get through this one?

"Going that way doesn't look like a very good idea to me," said Don Roberts.

When I became insistent, Don Roberts told us that one of the masters of this game, E. J. Reeves, had worked out a system for rotating a fence approximately 90 degrees, until a portion of it lies flat; driving the car and trailer over the horizontal part, then replacing the fence. Obviously this technique was time consuming, but apparently not quite as illegal as other methods which have been used in emergency. I was quite impressed until I remembered we had no shovels. The wires of the fence were extremely stiff and very tough but we had quite a few soaring tools and after giving the obstacle very carefully study, and using pliers and muscle, a bit of Ruth Petry's ingenuity and Don Roberts' back, we made sufficient modifications on the gate that with Don Roberts standing on the bottom wire on one side of the ranch wagon, and myself standing on the low wire on the other side, and holding one wire up over the top of the wagon as Ruth drove, we were able to sneak through. After that we reconstituted the fence. This was a definite service to the rancher because it was just as cow-proof as ever, but when we finished it was much more convenient for soaring crews. We were broadminded. None of us bore the rancher ill will because he had overlooked adequate access of this nature in the course of his fence construction.

We headed west again along this road and to my happy surprise found that it stayed good almost all the way and we had little trouble making it back to the highway. By this time it was well after noon.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, the Directors' meeting was going on. After eleven o'clock the meeting was interrupted with increasing frequency by the President of the Society who asked with rising anger if here had yet been any word about the Vice President from Arizona.



Photo by Holli Nelson

Civil Air Patrol Cadet Alfred Wilbur of Troy, N.Y., is congratulated by his instructor, Walter Cannon of the Schweizer Soaring School, after completing his first solo flight in a Schweizer 2-22C sailplane. Alfred was one of 14 C.A.P. Cadets, nine Air Explorers and one Eagle Scout who participated in a six-day Soaring Indoctrination Course at the Schweizer Soaring School from August 27th — September 1st, the second such course of its kind. Each boy received one flight per day in the School's 2-22C, averaging 10 minutes per flight. Alfred was able to solo because of previous flying experience. Most of the program was taken up on 15 classroom subjects instructed by various volunteers. The boys lived in the cabins on Harris Hill during the course. All expenses paid tuition was \$79.50 each. Director of the course was Richard Nelson of Pearl River, N.Y., and his assistant was Holli Nelson of New York City.

The answer was always negative and his face grew red, then became purple with rage. At 12:04 P.M. the meeting was adjourned for lunch. During the lunch hour the President of the Society asked a number of times if anyone had any idea what had gotten into the head of the Vice President from Arizona. No one had a clue. The meeting came to order again at 1:06 P.M. but after a little while was interrupted.

The President glared at his Directors in speechless fury: "WHERE IS THE VICE PRESIDENT FROM ARIZONA," he thundered. "I'LL SACK HIM IF IT'S THE LAST THING I . . ."

Just at this point, 1:32 P.M., the Vice President from Arizona timidly walked into the meeting room. Several Directors looked at the President with horror. There was a burst of yellow flame above his mouth and a slight wisp of gray smoke which curled up toward the ceiling. Only a small amount of ash remained on the upper lip where before had been a distinguished growth of hair.

"My God, look at poor Doc. Selvidge!" exclaimed gentle Bill Ivans.

And that, dear children, is the true tale of my last retrieve in Texas, and the way the former President of our Society lost his mustache.

WASHINGTON STATE SOARING RECORDS

A system for receiving and permanently recording soaring records has now been established in the State of Washington.

Records established to date have been recorded and suitable certificates were awarded to the present holders of the various records at the Annual Banquet of the Seattle Glider Council on November 11, 1961.

The following sailplane pilots hold the single-place records for Washington:

Open Class

Robert Lee Moore, Distance, 318 mi.
Robert Lee Moore, Gain, 18,960 ft.
Robert Lee Moore, Alt., 22,760 ft.
J. M. Robertson, Gl. & Retn. 200 mi.
Rudolph T. Allemann,
100 km. Speed, 17.2 mph.
Rudolph T. Allemann,
200 km. Speed, 44.4 mph.

Senior Class

Frank A. Woodward, Dist., 190 mi.
Frank A. Woodward, Goal, 190 mi.

Junior Class

A. Waid Reynolds, Gain, 4,950 ft.