

# free flight • vol libre

6/86  
Nov/Dec



# Musings

It is with deep regret that I must direct you to the obituary for Wolf Leers elsewhere in this issue. The accident is being investigated by the CASB. You will know the results as soon as we.

Over the past eight years, we have had four towplane crashes of which I am aware. The two that occurred at SOSA resulted in one serious injury and one fatality. Last year, a Wilga crashed with limited pilot injury. The one at Claresholm had no injuries to the two occupants. In each case, the aircraft caught fire. Only the Wilga did not have a destructive fire at the time of the crash. It was eventually destroyed by fire, but for reasons separate from the actual crash. The British, Australians, and New Zealand Gliding Societies are deeply concerned about towplane upset on tow. They have each had fatalities from this event. We talk a lot about sailplane safety. Have we talked enough about towplane/pilot safety? I think each club should review its practice critically.

An aspect of towplane safety to which we seem to pay little heed is pilot protection from impact and fire. There are excellent helmets, noise suppressing headsets and flame resistant clothing available. The clothing that I would encourage pilots/clubs to evaluate is that based on Nomex™. Stores that cater to the motor racing fraternity carry gloves, socks, balaclavas, underwear, and coveralls. Pilots who have ag-flying experience may have sources that provide good durable clothing too. Durability of flame resistance is very important, for obvious reasons. These garments may give you the extra seconds you need to survive or minimize injury. Give it a thought won't you? Obviously, our SAFETY PERFORMANCE IS LOUSY. Hull claims will probably exceed \$140,000. It's going to be tough to hold the line on hull rates for 1987/88.

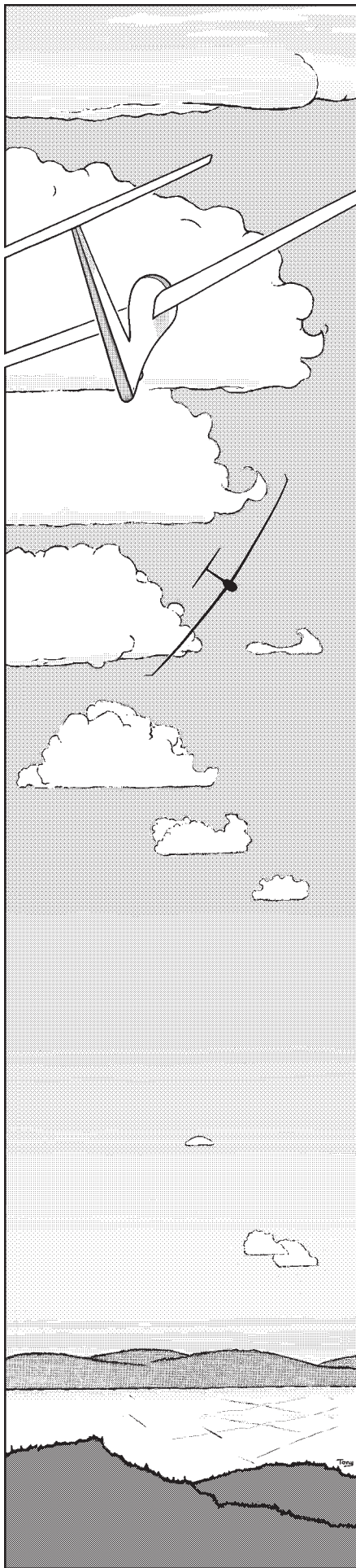
We seem to be having an adequate year. Membership is holding its own (1280 in September and counting). The weather has dealt eastern clubs a very soggy blow. Flying in deck boots is normal at many clubs. Some are looking at amphibious gliders.

Referring to last issue's "Opinions", I'm glad to see that Dick Vine is still reading MUSINGS. I don't disagree with Dick's points in the broad philosophical context — I never have. Where I do disagree with him and others, is on their belief that today's cost of flying is discouraging new or nascent members. No matter how low our costs become, there will always be someone who would like to fly who will not be able to afford it. C'est la vie. The extension of Dick's logic is that if costs go to zero, membership goes to infinity. This does not hold, and was Al Schreiter's point, he just stated it a different way.

What we must focus upon is VALUE, not costs. We also have to identify our market source, then determine what we have to do to maximize our penetration. The more I talk to people in other aerospots, the more I realize how important value is to insure success. All of the many clubs that reported growth and success at the recent RCFCA AGM gave value. The Shearwater Flying Club grew from 50 to 250 members in one year, Dick (and we all know what power rates are these days!). Being elitist is not necessarily a bad thing as long as it is not the only thing. Last, but not least, let me acknowledge that costs are important. They are a means to an important aspect among many, in the administration of an enterprise.

FLY SAFELY, WELL, AND AS OFTEN AS YOU CAN.  
MIND THE CROCODILES!

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Bob". The script is fluid and cursive, with a large, looping 'B' and a simple 'o' and 'b'.



# free flight • vol libre

6/86 Nov-Dec

Trademark pending Marque de commerce en instance

The journal of the Soaring Association of Canada  
Le journal de l'Association Canadienne de Vol à Voile

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## Cover

Andrew Jackson tries some sustained inverted flight in his Jantar over Chipman. Andrew has recently got his aerobatic instructor endorsement and is designing an Unusual Attitudes Recovery course for Alberta pilots. Photo by Dave Puckrin.



# AEROSPORT — THE PATH FORWARD

**Bob Carlson**  
SAC President

Flying as a sport or commercial enterprise has been in some difficulty for the past five years. The reasons, to state but a few, relate to the economy, deregulation and shifts in the social structure of our society.

About three years ago, the RCFCA (Royal Canadian Flying Clubs Association), the FAI representative and National Aeroclub, saw problems developing with their member clubs. Flight numbers were falling, revenue and profits were down. All trimmed their expenses. Even then, the RCFCA could see that unless they broadened their resource (client) base, they were going to have substantial problems. They undertook to examine their goals and direction. They retained a consultant and had a good planning session, and the results gave them direction and a plan. They reviewed their conclusions and recommendations with their members in 1985. The members said go! What was planned was a massive gamble: at the risk of destruction within one year, they would cut their fees and try to enlist the medium/small FBOs into their organization.

Coincidentally, their principal competitor, ATAC (Air Transport Association of Canada, the association of the scheduled air carriers, large charter, and FBO organizations), saw that they were not serving their small FBO members well. Simply stated, the result of the RCFCA probes and the ATAC analysis was a bid from ATAC to RCFCA to merge their organizations. After negotiation, the respective boards reached an agreement.

The agreement to merge was presented to the RCFCA members in Calgary during their AGM this September which I attended as the SAC member/delegate, as did representatives from hang gliding and ballooning. Prior to the meeting, I had talked to, or met with, representatives from Aerobatics Canada, Parachuting, Modeling, Rocketry, and Ultralights. We will meet again as the FAI committee on 25 October.

That's the background. Because there is a lot of negotiating to do, I won't dwell on details because they'll probably change. In broad terms, what is likely to occur is this:

- The ATAC board will meet in mid-November and approve, I expect, the revised agreement arising from the RCFCA AGM.
- The current members of the RCFCA will transfer to ATAC.
- The RCFCA's National Aviation Organization Associates (of which we are one), and affiliated members will reform into a new association. Its name and structure is unknown at this time. There are also three RCFCA funds of substantial value that will go into trusts pending ultimate assignment and disposal. Some of the income from these funds could be used for the new organization. There is also potential for continuation of a Transport Canada grant. *Late news — the new organization will be called Aero Club of Canada. It should be in place by the end of the first quarter of 1987. Tony*

Clearly, there is an opportunity to form an organization that will have a secretariat that will serve all of the NAOAs at equivalent or reduced cost. Remember, the loss of Fitness and Amateur Sport support affects everyone. Additional benefits could be a national aerosport insurance program, maybe a magazine, and the strength of up to 10,000 members united by a common cause to represent aerosport to the federal government.

Incidentally, the idea of a combined aerosport organization is not new — André Dumas, Terry Beasley, and others formed the Canadian Aerosport Association 15 years ago. Our shared quarters with RCFCA is another manifestation of the idea.

There is much to be done; I'll keep you posted on events as they evolve. □



## The SOARING ASSOCIATION OF CANADA

is a non-profit organization of enthusiasts who seek to foster and promote all phases of gliding and soaring on a national and international basis. The ASSOCIATION is a member of the Royal Canadian Flying Clubs Association (RCFCA), the Canadian national aero club which represents Canada in the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale (FAI, the world sport aviation governing body composed of national aero clubs). The RCFCA delegates to SAC the supervision of FAI related soaring activities such as competition sanctions, issuing FAI badges, record attempts, and the selection of a Canadian team for the biennial World soaring championships.

**free flight** is the Association's official journal.

Material published in **free flight** is contributed by individuals or clubs for the enjoyment of Canadian soaring enthusiasts. The accuracy of the material is the responsibility of the contributor. No payment is offered for submitted material. All individuals and clubs are invited to contribute articles, reports, club activities, and photos of soaring interest. Prints (B & W) are preferred, colour prints and slides are acceptable. Negatives can be used if accompanied by a print.

**free flight** also serves as a forum for opinion on soaring matters and will publish letters-to-the-editor as space permits. Publication of ideas and opinion in **free flight** does not imply endorsement by SAC. Correspondents who wish formal action on their concerns should contact their SAC Zone Director. Directors' names and addresses are given elsewhere in the magazine.

All material is subject to editing to the space requirements and the quality standards of the magazine.

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# OPINIONS

## L'ASSOCIATION CANADIENNE DE VOL A VOILE

est une organisation à but non lucratif formée de personnes enthousiastes cherchant à protéger et à promouvoir le vol à voile sous toutes ses formes sur une base nationale et internationale.

L'ASSOCIATION est membre de L'Association Royale Canadienne des Aéro Clubs (RCFCA – Aéro Club National Canadien), représentant le Canada au sein de la Fédération Aéronautique Internationale (FAI, administration formée des aéro clubs nationaux responsables des sports aériens à l'échelle mondiale). Selon les normes de la FAI, le RCFCA a délégué à l'Association Canadienne de Vol à Voile la supervision des activités de vol à voile telles que tentatives de records, sanctions des compétitions, délivrance des brevets de la FAI, etc. ainsi que la sélection d'une équipe nationale pour les championnats mondiaux biennaux de vol à voile.

**vol libre** est le journal officiel de l'ASSOCIATION.

Les articles publiés dans **vol libre** sont des contributions dues à la gracieuseté d'individus ou de groupes enthousiastes du vol à voile.

Chacun est invité à participer à la réalisation de la revue, soit par reportages, échanges d'opinions, activités dans le club, etc. Un "courrier des lecteurs" sera publié selon l'espace disponible. Les épreuves de photos en noir et blanc sont préférables à celles en couleur ou diapositives. Les négatifs sont utilisables si accompagnés d'épreuves.

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Les textes et les photos seront soumis à la rédaction et, dépendant de leur intérêt, seront insérés dans la revue.

Les articles de **vol libre** peuvent être reproduits librement, mais la mention du nom de la revue et de l'auteur serait grandement appréciée.

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## A SMALL CORRECTION

In her report on the Cowley summer camp (ff 5/86), Loraine Fowlow stated "... two pilots visited with their families from Denmark and Germany, although they did not fly." This is not correct. It was my great pleasure to have Heinz Breitenfelder share my two-seat modified HP-14 for two hours of soaring over the Porcupine Hills and the Livingstone Range on 30 July, during which time he did the vast majority of the flying. He proved to be a superb pilot and could have been trusted with anybody's ship. I regret I was not introduced to the Danish pilot or I would have been happy to have shown him the magnificent Cowley area also.

One of the advantages of owning a two-seat glider is the pleasure of being able to share flights with visitors, without being restricted to club time limits and fighting club flight lists. We need more two seat ships at our gliding camps, especially two seaters available for unrestricted flying. I found little difficulty in filling the second seat at any time. With a side-by-side two seater, the pleasure is more than doubled since face to face discussion of conditions and flight strategy is possible.

Lloyd Bungey  
Vancouver Soaring Assn

*Did any visitor at the Cowley summer camp lose five \$20 travellers' cheques? Found in Lloyd Bungey's van, they are numbered S018804-615 to 619. If they are yours, go to your bank and declare them.*

## PARCELL'S PRAISE

Hi Tony and Ursula,

I got your package with the three **free flights**, and your letter pleading for a fast cartooning job for "Random Thoughts". I've already read the account of the Canadian "Wonder Woman" and the Diamond badge. Wow, great stuff, Ursula, congratulations and all that, and to think that you did it all with wood — none of that expensive stuff! So now what are you going to do for an encore?

Well, I had to get on with your drawing job right away as I'm heading for England next Monday. Got an RAF squadron reunion to attend in Cardiff and stays with brothers in Dorset and Yorkshire.

I hope the enclosed cartoons fit the bill for you, and it's OK if you want me to do stuff on a more regular basis because it is rather good fun. Anything at all — cartoons, headings — I'll send 'em along all free (migawd! What am I saying!). A free subscription might be nice, though it's up to

the post office to make your deadline, I draw the line at Priority Post!

Cheers,  
Gil Parcell

*Gil gets his subscription — it's the least we can do for a professional illustrator and friend of soaring for many years who does not even fly with us any more.*

## CIRCUITS AND STATISTICS

Thank you for the article on the circuit. It certainly looks good with the illustrations, and you have laid it out well. By the way, one of the fellows who was on the instructors course at MSC is a professional "layout" (for want of a better word) man, by that I mean his business is presenting the written word for best effect, and he was very complimentary about **free flight**'s presentation; he thinks it is one of the best.

Thank you too for Tony Hayes' articles on instructing. They are perhaps a bit long for quick appraisal so I have taken them to bed and have found them most interesting. A quick glance showed me that certain sections would be appropriate for the rewritten "Instructors' Guide", and when I redo this soon I could incorporate them. It would provide the Transport Canada boys with some original work to read!

I have been working on a table of club flying statistics covering the last ten years, and it shows some interesting facts: first, that clubs do not report very consistently and second, that some don't report at all. I had to estimate data more for some clubs than others because of gaps in reporting. In fact, reporting has been less thorough in recent years, which is a very real handicap for us.

You may wonder why we need statistics. First, such a list is useful for examining trends, and for use in research on medical aspects of flying and pilot currency, for example. Second, we need to convince Transport Canada that we have a vibrant and active soaring movement that is not dwindling or stagnating. Yes, I know we have just been through a recession, but our statistics show far less of a drop in activity than other branches of aviation, and this is important. Regulatory bodies talk in terms of aircraft movements, and you should realize that we have four movements per flight including the aerotow! (It is interesting to note that in a club having a winch, the average number of flights per member is about double the aerotow clubs' numbers ... are winch pilots safer in the circuit than the rest of us?)

There is the annual competition for the Association's Roden Trophy, reason enough

continued on page 19

# RANDOM THOUGHTS

Angelos Yorkas

from Sailplane & Gliding

Angelos reveals a glider pilot's secret thoughts. As he puts it, "to word the unutterable and mention the things we know we shouldn't."

"Please God just one more climb, just one more. Is that really too much to ask?" It's funny how most of us only pray when we desperately need something. On this occasion, I could see my goal but my glider needed another tantalizing 500 feet to make it for sure. If I didn't make it this would be my fourth 500 km attempt to complete the dreamed of "all Three". There is something magical about all three Diamonds that I haven't experienced since going solo or when I felt like a pundit when my Silver C was completed in an old Olympia.

There is no question, though it still remains an achievement, glass gliders make the 500 km much easier. Why else create the UK 750 km or the FAI 1000 km? What is so great about the 500 km, even with the super ships?

I suppose it has something to do with the sense of retracing the steps of the old greats, you know, Philip Wills and that lot. A bit like getting in a souped up Range Rover and tracing the route of Scott in the Antarctic, easier but nostalgic. It's a sense of zip-ping around the country seeing what used to be seen and knowing that only those others who have done a 500 km have seen what you have seen in any flight. It's difficult to put into words, but hopefully you know what I mean.

My first 500 km started on a less than classic day. I suppose I was desperate. I say less than classic day because it wasn't all easy. I got very low twice. I suppose it shouldn't be all easy, after all, a 500 km goes through an awful lot of climate and in England, you are bound to hit some grot somewhere. The trick is to fly around it or very carefully through it.

Have you noticed how long you had to wait for your Silver or Gold or both? It's the same with the Diamonds. It's funny, but as soon as you get that Diamond badge flight over not only do you end up doing a string of them on subsequent days, but faster also. Is it experience or is it just our Heavenly Father letting us know who's boss?

What I'm trying to convey is the glider pilot's secret thoughts. We all wonder if it is just coincidence in being held up in badge completion or when it rains on just your days for the glider, why the second 300 km is much easier, etc. Is there a god? Is He a sadist?

Perhaps we are just selfish, superstitious dummies and yet my prayer was answered. The vario beeped and slowly, yet surely, I not only got the 500 feet I needed but 1500 feet and my last climb had a Diamond sitting on top of it. So off I set on final glide saying to myself, "Gosh that was lucky." I really am a selfish little drip. Next time, God will make me crash. Not even a thought of a thank you but, "It was my skill and judgement and it had nothing to do with old what's-his-name."

Competition pilots hate losing. Don't let all that dribble about "winning doesn't matter, it's the competing" fool you. Comp pilots just want to win. It's all about treading on your friend's face and letting your faithful and trustworthy friend know that you are better than him.

You hear plenty of, "Oh, bad luck old chum. Looks like you had some hard lines" with the reply of: "It's the way the cookie crumbles. Congratulations on winning, old sport."

The truth is more like, "Ha! I beat you — yet again. Why don't you just pack it in?" And the more truthful retort is something like, "You lucky bastard, if it wasn't for that timely stubble fire, you would have been massacred."



*Not even a thought of a thank you . . .*

All fine stuff though, for without competitions gliding would stagnate. Man really is a two-faced swine. Come on, you're just the same. Everyone likes to fly faster than their pal, climb higher than their mates, aerobat cleaner than their buddies, instruct more efficiently than their colleagues, etc. It's *all* competition, but I guess it's all good stuff. Can you imagine never trying to compete? Of course, I am committing a form of sacrilege by uttering the unutterable.

• • •

It took me six years, but now I own my own ship and I don't have to deal with partners any more. I used to share a Jantar with John Bridge. We were a great syndicate. I hated him and he hated me. We really understood each other. We both knew how we understood each other, but we never admitted it.

When he had the glider, I would stay at home and bawl my eyes out, praying he wouldn't crash the glider. He would do vast cross-countries and remain airborne from dawn to dusk. When I had the glider it always rained. I could never figure out how our annual hours and kilometres were always the same. I would always congratulate him and he me. The truth was I always hoped a bus would knock him down so that I could have the glider to myself, and he had the same plans for me.

I hear many pilots wishing their partners well and good flying; pardon me while I choke. The best syndicate is made up of four members. Number one works abroad during the summer. Number two suffers from summer ailments, particularly hay fever, and can only fly in the winter. Number three isn't too keen on flying but likes to own a glider, and number four is you who complains because you have to share the glider in the winter.

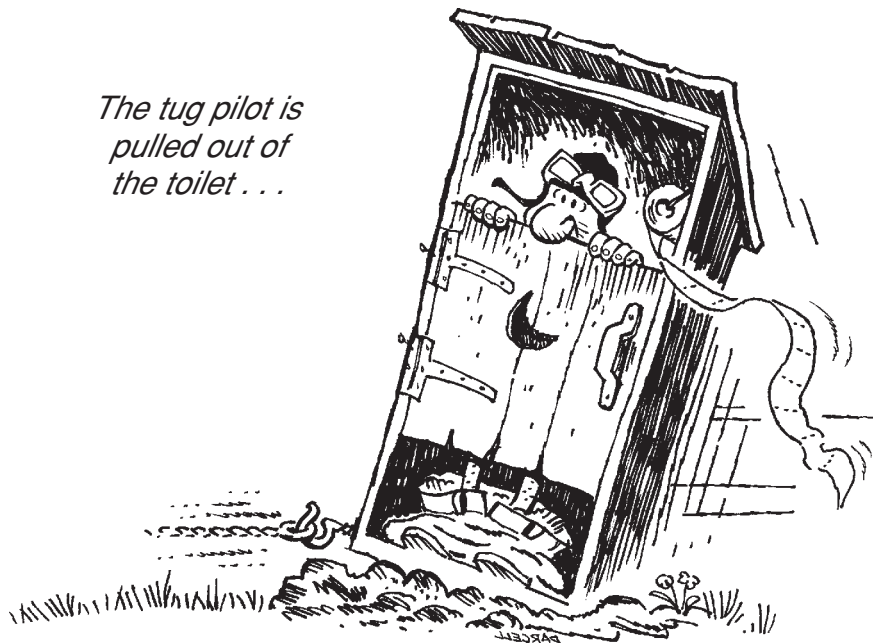
The other problem with syndicates is that the glider is always left in a dirty condition for you. The seat is in the wrong position. The oxygen has run out. The wing spar lever has been misplaced and the trailer tires and batteries are flat.

• • •

Launch time is always interesting. No one likes to go first. The club fleet is taken out and the grid looks like the Nationals but launching doesn't start until the two-seater is visibly going up. The excuses range from "the time isn't optimum yet" to "I haven't finished my DI", but what we really want is for someone to go first and risk making a fool of themselves. So we all stand around wearing sun glasses and floppy hats waiting for the right time.

Actually, us clever ones usually con some poor novice into spending his life's savings on a tow. "What are you waiting for?" we ask. "It's cracking. If you don't go now you'll never get your Silver." Ten minutes later he's back and we decided that 9:30 isn't trigger time so we have to work on someone else. Meanwhile, the poor chap, having flown, is banished to the winch for the rest

*The tug pilot is  
pulled out of  
the toilet . . .*



• • •

of the morning with absolutely no sympathy from the rest of us.

Next comes pandemonium. The two-seater is thermalling and everyone fights to get into the launching queue. The tug pilot is pulled out of the toilet and we become a mass of hissing teeth, clenched fists, and generally unsporting types. Oh, how I love this sport.

Finally, some cretin is towing you towards a sink hole instead of a cloud street. Even though you hate him, you make a point of thanking him on the radio at release. If you don't, he might not tow you again.

• • •

All glider pilots like their CFIs when face to face with them. We crack jokes and listen attentively. When the CFI isn't around, we always hate him, especially because he is always right.

Mine stopped me doing beat-ups! I love doing beat-ups. I love soaking the launch point and pulling up at the last moment causing everyone to duck for cover. Why did he have to make me see it was dangerous? Now I come screaming in at 500 feet keeping a good look out. Boring!

Actually, have you noticed how many glider pilots come in with their wings screaming doing the old beat-up? Glider pilots love to waste time and climb a little higher in the last thermal. This is usually followed by the supposedly thoughtful radio call on final glide so you can be advised on base traffic and to keep gliders out of your way.

Search deep in your mind and the truth is more like "Final glide, five minutes so get out your cameras, stop whatever you are doing and watch me impress you." Why else subject yourself to smashing through thermals at Vne, watching food, drink, and mints fly around. Go on, admit it to yourself if not to others. You love to show off.

You know, we glider pilots have large egos. We don't admit it but we believe we are an elite. Not everyone can hack gliding, after all. Most people have the ability to learn to fly, but they can't stand the waiting around, cold days, heights, flying without an engine, etc. Most people think there is something unusual about glider pilots and we take that as a compliment. We make ourselves believe we are on some higher understanding than most of the earthbound. They don't know what they are missing.

It may be true that there are probably hundreds who don't know what they are missing, but millions don't care. They have interests that we don't understand. Mention gliding to them and try to describe its wonders and you'll send them to sleep. I can hear you screaming at me now — "You're not much help in promoting gliding." Oh, but I have tried and had some success, but the fact is most couldn't care less. We are a minority.

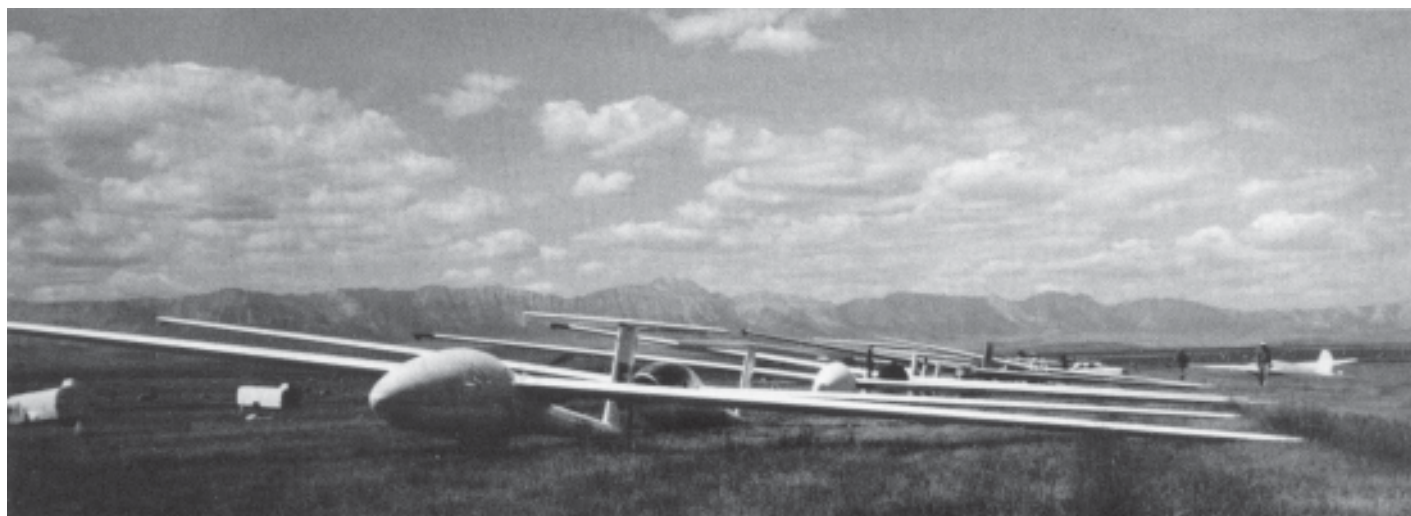
So there you have it. Some of the most secret truths about glider pilots. When you next see me, I shall deny my knowledge of this article. But let me leave you with some sobering thoughts.

You may kid yourself that your glider is an investment. It isn't, it's a pure luxury. Money spent just for fun. It can't be for physical fitness, not cooped up like that. At best, you get dehydration practice or bladder enlargement. Is it the view? Surely you can get that on top of a mountain. Is it the age old desire to fly like the birds? Maybe: I don't really know.

I only know that I sink hundreds of pounds a year into the sport, get nothing material in return but while my money has gone forever I know it isn't wasted. I don't know why it's not wasted, I just know that it isn't. I love to soar up there on my own. You see, we are romantics, but for heaven's sake, don't admit to it. □



# THE COWLEY EXPERIENCE



Mark Badior

## Janette Kraus

Winnipeg Gliding Club

This was my first time at the Cowley Summer Camp, what a great time we all had ...

It started at the local Safeway, of all places. I met Russ Flint while picking up some last minute groceries on my way to Starbuck Gliderport for the weekend. The normal pleasantries were exchanged and during the course of the conversation, he mentioned that he was planning to go the Cowley Summer Camp again this year. I mentioned that it sounded like a great holiday and wished him a good time there before heading on my way.

About three days later, he called me and asked if I was serious about wanting to go to Cowley. His partner in the Cirrus, Glen Buhr, couldn't make it this year, nor could Ted Lightly and Peter Champagne; and if he couldn't get a crew, he wouldn't go. Ted and Peter had spent hours telling me about how much fun the camp is, so I could not let this chance go by. After confirming that I could get the time off, I agreed to be Russ' crew for the ten days.

## The Trip West

Finally, the day came when everything was packed into Russ' car, the glider hitched on the back and we were on the road. Russ' car is an adventure in itself—it's rapidly approaching the one-way road to the Great Junkyard in the Sky and we were hoping that not too much would go wrong on the sixteen-plus hour drive to Alberta.

The first episode occurred just east of Regina. I had started my driving shift not more than five minutes earlier when the left front tire decided to become shredded wheat! Out came the jack and compact spare and twenty minutes later, we were on our way into Regina to find the Canadian Tire and buy a replacement. On the

way around the city, on the bypass road, me diligently keeping track of our position on the road map and Russ driving, I assured him I'd let him know when the turn-off was coming up. Well, about 20 km later, I began to realize that we had missed it. We decided to keep driving to Moose Jaw and I proceeded to get us going down the wrong street again before finally asking directions. Poor Russ was probably thinking that he'd got himself one hell of a crew this year, who can't even navigate major highways, much less country roads on a retrieve. To add a final insult, the spare decided to become very hot and lose most of its air about 2 km from the store. Letting it cool down for a few minutes and re-inflating it, we finally got there, and with the help of some very understanding service people were on our way west again, the whole episode setting us back only an hour and a half.

We arrived at the Cowley airfield around midnight, Alberta time. I'm sure that tent never went up faster! It was a long drive and all I could think of was sliding into the sleeping bag.

## The Flying

Saturday morning dawned cold and windy, as did Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday. The wind was aggravating and kept the weather from becoming nice and warm; however, the famed wave was working and a few of the pilots made some excellent altitude flights. Russ got up to 27,000 feet asl on Monday, while on Tuesday, Stew Tittle made a straight glide to Waterton and back (160 km), maintaining altitude at a high speed in the lower levels of the wave.

The rest of the week was perfect Cowley summer weather with the sun shining, practically no wind and the cu popping over the Livingstones around 10:00 every morning. We also seemed to have luck with the local instability factor, a measurement on a scale of 10 (extremely unstable) to +10 (extremely stable). The forecast almost every day was for increasingly stable air, but when each

new day came, the instability held between -4 and 1.

On Wednesday, the wind now having dropped, and with the promise of good thermal conditions, some of the guys declared a 330 km triangle to Cardston and Taber while others headed up the valley. Some made it home after a late struggle across a blue hole from Lethbridge, while some didn't.

On Thursday, the cloudbase had risen a thousand feet to 12,000 asl and again many four and five hour flights were made with "local" soaring to the Chain Lakes up the valley, Waterton Park and Fort Macleod. There was more of the same on Friday with cloudbase another 1000 feet higher and by Saturday, with the clouds at 14,000 feet, trips of 15 to 20 miles into the mountains were being made with hardly an accelerated heartbeat.

I managed to have two wonderful flights with Al Stirling (thanks again, Al) of one hour each in the Blanik. On the second flight, the lift was very strong and extremely smooth (the vario was pegged at 1000 feet per minute up a couple of times). All the poems and stories of the beauty and thrill of soaring can only come close to actually being at 12,000 heading for the next cloud under the brilliant sky!

## The People

I try not to be overly impressed (or at least not to show it too much) over people who have made some great achievement or are big in the news for whatever reason. Somehow, though, I couldn't help being thrilled to be participating in an event with some of the best soaring pilots in Canada. (True, some of them were off at the Nationals in York, but Ursula Wiese and Bruce Hea didn't get their Diamonds by sitting in the shade!)

This year's camp had a pretty good turnout considering the conflicting time frame of the Nationals. Dave and Loraine Fowlow



did a great job of organizing the pilot meetings and the Tuesday and Saturday barbecues. Nimbus, their dog, entertained everyone with her soccer ball antics. Jos Jonkers was the Safety Officer and Derek Ryder did the weather (we're all glad that Derek's weather reports were not guaranteed, otherwise we would have been stuck under that stable air every day).

Lots of people came from clubs other than Calgary's Cu Nim. The longest trips were made by Stew and Linda Tittle who, along with their son Brad and daughter Robin, brought along the LS-3 from Springfield, Oregon. Derrick, George, Don, and Pete ferried and drove from Victoria with a beautiful Duster in tow, two others came from Vancouver with a single place Lark (sorry guys, I can't remember your names), and Lloyd Bungey attended from BC. Seventy-four year old Phil and his wife from Arizona were also there with a Standard class Astir.

There were only Russ and myself from Winnipeg this year. Andrew Jackson from Edmonton Soaring Club was the sole representative from that club until later in the week when Al Sunley and a few others arrived.

Two very interesting people, John Friesen and Malgosha Creasey, showed up at the beginning of the week. They were on 600 and 350 Honda dirt bikes, making their way across Canada from Winnipeg and eventually going through the USA and Mexico to end up somewhere in South America. They had decided to stop at the Cowley airfield to see John's brother, Bruce, for the last time before heading off on their adventure. Bruce is a member at the Edmonton Soaring Club and was travelling back to Edmonton through Cowley from Expo with his family. There were, of course, a lot of other people who attended this year's summer camp and helped to make it so much fun.

A special thanks to the towpilots like Tom Schollie and Jay McVeigh (to name only two). Without you guys, we could never get started.

### The Trip Home

This great holiday had to end, so you can imagine how I felt on Sunday while taking down the tent. As far as I was concerned, I would have loved to stay another week, but I had to be back at work in Winnipeg at 8:00 on Tuesday morning.

Russ decided, as he had the past couple of years, to head out on Sunday and fly as far east as possible with yours truly, the ground crew, following behind. It was a beautiful day, despite the fact that it got started a bit late and we both did not leave the vicinity of the airfield until around 14:00.

Leaving on Sunday was actually a good plan, because it is really an effort to do sixteen hours of driving in one day; however, I would really have liked to attend the wedding that Sunday evening which was to be held on one of the runways. What a

great way to go! Congratulations again to Steve and Shirley Weinhold.

The retrieve went smoothly, although the closer I got to where I figured Russ had landed, the more I thought Murphy's Law of Retrieving would apply and something would go wrong with the car or the trailer, etc. Russ was in the air for about 6-3/4 hours. He started his 40 minute final glide above Swift Current at 10,000 feet and landed right beside the No. 3 Highway near the small town of Secretan at 20:11 for a great 550 km flight. I spent something like 7-1/2 hours driving, managing to stay about a half hour behind all the way. When I finally saw Russ waving his arms at the side of the road (no Jos, I didn't drive past him just for the fun of it), it was almost dark. We derigged the Cirrus, while some drivers on the highway drove by honking their horns. It must be a sight to the uninitiated, to see two people taking an airplane apart in some farmer's field.

Moose Jaw is a very uneventful town on a Sunday at 11:00 pm when we finally got to eat a pizza dinner. Oh well, it's a crew's life!

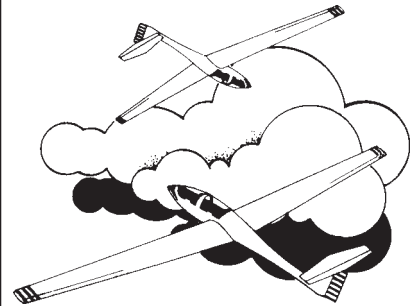
Monday dawned bright and sunny and humid. It was probably only 60% relative, but it seemed to be really stifling compared to the last ten days of dry mountain air. It was only a couple of hours, however, before the car decided to play games again. The muffler separated from the manifold pipe right under the middle of the car and it began to sound like the proverbial tank. Slightly deafened, we managed to find a service station in Carlyle that had a beautiful, clean, organized shop but no mechanics, as it was a holiday. However, the young attendant was very helpful and let us use the shop facilities. Over a lunch of canned beans and beer behind the garage, we waited for the car to cool down enough to be able to work on it. I suggested lopping off the ends of the bean can and cutting it down the side as a splice for the muffler pipe. Between Russ and myself, we got the job done and we were on our way again in just over an hour.

I've been a Manitoban from birth, but after having spent ten days in the beautiful valley between the Porcupine Hills and the Livingstone Range, it was a shock to the system to come back to the utterly flat terrain of my home province.

Finally, we arrived at the Winnipeg Gliding Club's field near the town of Starbuck. While unhitching the trailer, who should be the first residents of the province to greet us but the !@#\$\$ mosquitoes. It was also the start of our own flying week, but what a difference from where we had just been. No campfire and only two trailers occupied overnight. It was just plain desolate, although I really couldn't blame anyone after having experienced the bugs again!

Well, there you have it. I will certainly try to make it back in future years, hopefully someday with my own airplane and, of course, crew. Thanks again, everyone there who had a good time, and, as a result, made it a good time. □

## AN INVITATION



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# FROM A STUDENT'S VIEWPOINT

A mature power flying student analyzes the strengths — and weaknesses — of instructors he has known.  
What he says has application to gliding.

**Manuel Erikson**  
from Canadian Flight

As do flying instructors, students come in all shapes, sizes, temperaments, and abilities, and with diverse backgrounds and education. Apart from his need or desire to learn to fly, the instructor is a student's most precious asset because of the vast knowledge he possesses.

A student of flying, therefore, looks to his instructor for a thoroughly professional attitude, softened by an even-handed, even-tempered approach to lessons, for a sense of humour, for an easy-going willingness to answer the same questions repeatedly, for briefings before and after lessons in the aircraft or the simulator, and for a light, but serious manner during the briefings. According to these criteria, not every pilot can be a successful instructor.

Like thousands of others, I have loved flying and wanted to fly from a very young age. But also like thousands of others, I encountered the chronic money shortages over the years and did not win a private pilot licence until November 1981 at the age of forty-seven. Then followed just over a year-and-a-half of delirious joy — flying and earning a night rating in June, 1984.

The following month, I decided to obtain the commercial licence and proceed to the instructor's rating so that I could earn my living doing what I love to do. I knew I wouldn't earn much money but, having been an instructor in another field, knew I would like it. Besides, earning money isn't nearly as important to me as working at what I love.

Over the next year or so, I continued to do what I hate: temporary word processing assignments for firms like Office Overload in their various clients' offices. I tried unsuccessfully to take flying lessons toward the commercial while doing this unsavoury work. When the weather was good, I usually had to work and when it was bad, I usually didn't have work and couldn't fly either.

This resulted in a very uneven flying schedule and a severe drop in ability. I might fly

six or seven times a month — or once — or not at all.

Finally, in November, 1985, my wife and I decided that the only way I would get the commercial and instructor ratings was to fly full-time. That way, I would most likely win them in the briefest possible time. No more flying when I wasn't working; full-time was the only way to go.

It is now almost two years since I decided to obtain the commercial but I still don't have it. I have all but exhausted my savings. My wife, a high school teacher, supports both of us, including the expensive flying lessons. Though I know it will not last forever, this situation is tailor-made to tear huge chunks from my ego.

Over the last two years, I have had seven instructors — far too many. Two of them cared about me as a person. One recent instructor became abrasive after a while, ordering me around as if he were an army sergeant. Two had a common idiosyncrasy: abruptly taking the controls from me while I was safely performing a maneuver. An older (late sixties) instructor would ask me questions while flying, without first having prepared me by means of a preflight ground briefing, yet he was genuinely concerned about my progress. Various others used terms to describe my flying technique such as: "You should be able to ...", "Your procedure is disorganized ...", or bluntly, "That's plain stupid!"

At the end of a recent dual flight on a hazy day, I lost my orientation to the airport — an unusual event for me. Quite properly, the instructor refused to help, insisting that I extricate myself. I felt that I had flown past the airport, and so turned around. Not wanting to prolong my agony, I asked to and received a DF steer and was within sight of the field within minutes. During the debriefing, the instructor pointed out that not many airports have DF steers, and asked me to consider how I thought he would feel if he had been a paying passenger and I had become lost near the destination. His opinion was that it should not happen to someone like me who was familiar with the area and who was about to take the commercial flight test.

This instructor's approach is, "all or nothing". He is a coldly professional pilot, a perfectionist for whom there are no gray areas. Getting lost is not just the prerogative of students or newly-licensed private pilots. As I understand it, anyone can get lost. The important thing is to realize it before running into trouble, and to ask for help. His approach, I feel, does not help me to develop confidence in my flying abilities; as an older student who is himself a perfectionist, confidence-building is of the utmost importance.

Another who cared is an older man who was the second instructor I'd had when I was just learning to fly. He was gently persistent, occasionally indicating frustration at the slowness with which I learned, but thorough in his techniques and gentle with words. He knew that the words he chose could be as knives to an older flying student. Hardly perfect, this instructor was sometimes inconsistent, but we got along very well and still correspond. We are friends, a relationship I would have liked to develop with various instructors, but could not because the "chemistry" was wrong.

Now that I have had experiences with several instructors, just what do I expect of them?

Well, I certainly don't expect instructors to be angels, any more than I expect that from anyone else, but I do expect most of the qualities mentioned previously. Of these, I think that a "professional attitude, softened by an even-handed, even-tempered approach to lessons" is the most important, for it encompasses the key element in the methodological armoury of any instructor: knowledge, preparedness, and good teaching approaches based on sound methodological theory. I cannot count the number of times an instructor has leaped from the aircraft (sometimes with the engine still running), bounded into the office to get his next student, and left me wondering what my mistakes were, what I should practise when solo, and what I should expect to cover during the next dual session. No debriefing after a lesson is very bad.

Included in a professional attitude is a love of instructing. Most instructors, after all, are instructors only because they are building time and experience so they can move on to "the big leagues" — the major

airlines. They are aviators, and most of them unfortunately, are young and bold, and don't really care about their students. The remainder are usually older, experienced flyers who are concerned about passing on their knowledge. I have been honoured to know two such instructors.

Closely behind professional attitude is theory and training in the psychology of learning. The most important aspect of this is the realization that virtually all of an

instructor's students are adults whose learning style is far different from that of high school students. Adults learn more slowly because their responsibilities (family, job, parents) tend to drag them down, and they have had several more years than high school students to acquire those negative attributes of life that are confidence-destroying and can be neatly grouped under the rubric, "worries". Some educators refer to these worries as "baggage".

Indeed they are. Compared to adults, high school students have had few opportunities to acquire baggage.

I know of one adult whose parents had told him that he would never amount to anything. Like me, he wanted to fly from an early age. He learned slowly at school and, when he was twelve or thirteen, was taken to a child psychologist who intoned, "Your son will never complete public school, never mind high school."

Not only was he recommended from public to high school, but he achieved an A-minus average majoring in political science at university. He too won his private pilot license and, the last time I heard from him, was working on the instructor's rating.

What are his psychological handicaps? To begin with, throughout his life, he has had to prove to himself that he is as good at learning as anyone else, constantly struggling with the rotten apple represented by his parents' ancient and obstructionist lack of belief in him. Each time he tries something, whether it is something he knows how to do or it is new, he finds himself asking, "Can I really do this? Won't I fail?"

That is certainly a great deal of baggage to carry around every day. Yet, I've flown with this person; he is a good flyer, a safe flyer, caring of others, and thorough to a "T" in his flight planning. Most instructors might simply throw up their hands at the prospect of having to teach such a person, and that is exactly what has happened to him: he, too, has been through a string of instructors.

The first thing an instructor should realize when he and his prospective student are discussing flying lessons is that the prospect, unlike most high school students, is already motivated. He wants to learn to fly. The second is that the prospect, as an adult, is in charge of his own education; the instructor is only a resource. Because of this, the instructor should always answer the student's questions, no matter how simple or advanced they may be; he should never talk down to the student, but bear in mind at all times that he is there in a service capacity, and that the student is an adult and, as such, the instructor's equal. □

## Bacardi ad



# LOOKOUT

Fred Kisil  
Winnipeg Gliding Club

## ARE WE PROVIDING THE APPROPRIATE TRAINING?

Keeping a good lookout during all phases of a flight appears to be a problem for many student pilots. Despite regular post solo check flights which can easily identify the need for improvement, the yearly check flights also reveal that many licensed pilots are not proficient at looking out. In this article, one explanation of why pilots fail to learn to make adequate visual checks is given and a training procedure which should help to overcome this problem is outlined.

Recollections of my early flights, as well as experiences of instructing over a period of ten years, convinces me that the problem starts on the first flight. Much of what is done on the initial and early phases of training can imprint or set the pilot's habits. Clearly, many habits are quite useful and we can take some pride and satisfaction with the students who emulate us in our skill and acquire safe flying abilities. It is obvious that doing it correctly from the beginning is preferable to allowing poor flying techniques to be acquired.

Since actions first learned will be readily remembered, it is imperative that the appropriate responses are elicited even during the first flight. Many instructors probably tell their students to hold onto the stick and to follow through. Notwithstanding the fact that the student is expected to be quite passive, that stick suddenly serves to focus attention and distracts the student from looking outside, and the problem has been born.

The student is naturally overloaded with inputs from all the senses. The task of the instructor is to recognize this and to help the student to focus on the individual learning components for acquiring a specific skill. Is it necessary that the student's hand be on the stick on takeoff, during the tow or in circuit on these early flights? I think not.

On the first flight, we can teach the importance and mechanics of looking out and enlist the student's help to visually inspect blocks of airspace into which we will be entering. While the glider is still on the ground we can explain the necessity of making sure we have a runway clear of obstacles. This action immediately focuses one's attention to the outside. Once airborne, there is much to learn about the changing perspectives. At 1000 feet announce the height. No altimeter reading required here. Keep the visual attention outside the cockpit. As the towplane makes turns, have the student look in the direction

of the turn. Is the airspace clear? Are we clear of the tow rope? We are establishing a pattern to think and look before and after taking action. Simple? Yes, but it takes time to learn. Students will easily learn the lesson of looking out, provided they are neither distracted nor overloaded with information not relevant to the lesson. The first lesson is to keep an adequate lookout, not how to turn or stay in position.

Another law of learning is that repeating the action enforces that skill. Throughout the flight announce the direction you will be turning and anticipate that the student will respond by visually inspecting the relevant airspaces. Prompt the student if necessary, but *do not turn* until the appropriate response has been obtained. In this manner, a pattern is established to keep a lookout and check the airspace before initiating and after completing a maneuver.

Once off tow, we can proceed with the 'main' lesson. Soon you will be down to circuit entry height. It's time again to practise looking out. New students will now keep their hands and feet off the controls. With reference to the ground, we can point out that this is how high it looks when we are entering the circuit. Again, no altimeter reading is required. We have to check for the possible presence of a towplane and other gliders in our vicinity. We still have two more turns to make before we line up on final approach. Two more excellent chances to practise looking before turning.

The lesson of looking out is one of our main objectives on these early flights. Note that nothing has been said about the mechanics of the circuit. At this time, the student does not have the basics to understand all of the information flooding in. Please, make it easier by not distracting the student with explanations not essential to teaching the student to look out. After several flights where the student actively participates in a vital aspect of flying, a satisfactory habit of keeping a good lookout should be firmly established.

## OH SAY CAN YOU SEE?

The task of being able to notice another aircraft in flight sounds simple, but is it? With direct vision, one can readily detect objects moving across our path. Our peripheral (side) vision can also serve to alert us, provided the object is moving relative to us. The apparent motion is one critical factor which determines our ability to detect the object. When another aircraft is flying on an intersecting course towards us, there will be little apparent motion and its detection will be very difficult. Moreover, an aircraft coming head-on will present a minimum profile. Simply put, there is little to see. Our peripheral vision will be useless in this case.

So how can one detect another aircraft with little or no apparent motion? The answer is that you have to look at a fixed point in a given block of airspace and concentrate on the centre area of your field of view. Keeping your view fixed for a few seconds and using cues such as shape, colour, contrast, and movement or change in size, should make it possible to see the other aircraft. However, by fixing our view, it means that we can see only a small part of the entire span of airspace which needs to be checked. To inspect another block of airspace, we have to shift our view over and again hold it momentarily. The process can be compared to analyzing a series of photographs which, put together, would cover our entire view from the cockpit. Scanning by a continuous movement of our eyes is not an acceptable procedure, since it results in a blurred image where only very large objects with relatively high apparent motion may be detected. In this situation the other aircraft may be too close for safe flying.

It is of utmost importance that another aircraft at the same flight level as ours be detected as soon as possible. From our point of view, the aircraft would appear right on the horizon; therefore, if we perform our sequential scans along the horizon, we should be alerted to it. Flying in mountainous regions with no distinct level horizon requires a great deal of our attention to be able to detect another aircraft in our airspace.

It is important to remember that our peripheral vision will not help us when our attention is intensely focused on the centre of our view. Situations in which a pilot is very busy, for example, with tasks such as staying in position on tow, or adjusting a setting on an instrument, require attention within a narrow field of view. The effect is a tunnel-like vision and our peripheral vision is useless at this time. The effect can be demonstrated by having a person in the rear seat extend a hand along the canopy at a level with the pilot's head. It will be surprising how long the fingers can be wiggled before the pilot actually notices them! Think about it the next time you are absorbed in watching the vario while thermalling!

Obviously, there are situations which will demand our attention inside the cockpit. A rule of thumb states that two thirds of the time is spent looking outside and if **necessary** the remaining one third of the time will be spent looking inside the cockpit. The addition of audio outputs to variometers greatly improve flight safety by allowing the pilots to keep their visual attention outside. Despite this painstaking attention, a large block of airspace always remains inaccessible to our view because it is blocked by part of our aircraft. The only solution here is to fly in a different direction and check behind, above, and below our aircraft prior to initiating any movement which may bring us in proximity to another aircraft.

Here's looking at you and flying safely. □

# HANGAR FLYING

## CROSS-CHANNEL FLIGHT IS NEW UK DISTANCE RECORD

Justin Wills flew his LS-6 835 km across the English Channel on May 29, breaking his UK straight distance record by 123 km. He took off at 0930 from the Ouse GC's site at Rufforth, Yorkshire and at 1730, landed west of Dijon, France.

I first crossed the Channel in a glider in October, 1976. Since then, I made seven further attempts, six from Doncaster and one from North Hill. On three occasions, I did not even bother to rig (in one case, it snowed solidly the whole day!), on another three, I landed near Dover, and once at Duxford. In the meantime, three flights of over 750 km were flown around closed circuits, which shows that successful straight distance flights require very particular conditions.

By the beginning of 1986, my special pack of cross-Channel maps and documents were getting pretty dusty, but the invitation to give a talk on the subject at the BGA Conference at Harrogate galvanized me into reviewing everything and redrawing various course lines. This preparation was to prove vitally important. In particular, the three alternative routes I planned from Cap Gris Nez showing the respective distances achieved proved extremely useful.

On Sunday, May 25, I woke to the usual dismal grey sky and phoned Tim Macfadyen to commiserate. He mentioned in passing that a frost was forecast for Wednesday night, which was a possible indication of a good day on Thursday. I collapsed back into bed thinking gloomily of my work schedule.

By late Wednesday, May 28, a whole series of lucky events had occurred with the result that we were up at York ready for the attempt and in bed by 11:30.

At 7:30 the next morning, Mike confirmed that the unstable trough over Britain the previous day had moved away to the east, and pressure had already risen by 6 mb. The isobars were virtually straight and the wind was expected to be 330°/18 kt at 5000 feet down to Paris, veering more northerly thereafter due to the pressure rising from the west.

We started rigging at 8:00 and were ready an hour later. Already the sky was showing signs of overconvecting and I took off at 9:30, just in front of a sizeable shower bearing down from the Yorkshire moors. After releasing at 3500 feet, I set off downwind and for the first 45 minutes made excellent progress dolphining along between 1800 feet and cloudbase at 2300. However, the clouds had now spread out extensively and I resorted to flying towards sunny patches, and on three occasions

got down to 1100 before connecting, despite flying very cautiously (even retracing my steps on one occasion) and taking a couple of short cloud climbs between Grantham and Peterborough.

Nonetheless, thanks to the 15 kt following wind, progress remained reasonable and by deviating to the east of Cambridge I found a clear slot which took me to Chelmsford, well clear of the London TCA. Conditions became rather scrappy crossing the Thames estuary, but improved again at Maidstone where cloudbase rose above 4000 feet. Directly to the east was a huge area of showers, but I noticed a clear area near Folkestone and the possibility of crossing the Channel became real.



Pushing as fast as I dared, I reached a cloud three miles offshore at 2000 feet and began to climb slowly. I soon realized that I was too late but most fortunately, another good cloud had built directly over the coast which took me promptly to 5500. The view towards France was obscured by my earlier cloud, so I began to follow one of the ferries until I realized it was heading northeast to Ostend. I hastily turned on to 155° and enjoyed the view for the next 15 minutes in smooth air.

I reached Cap Gris Nez at 2700 feet and five miles later flew under the first French cumulus. Conditions ahead looked excellent and I began to speed up considerably. Perhaps the most exciting moment came at 2 pm when I passed the 500 km mark exactly on the 155° course line on my map and, with some five hours to go, remembered Mike Garrod's advice: "If you can get to France, conditions will progressively improve."

Half an hour later visions of 1200 km evaporated. Ahead lay a huge area of over-development and heavy showers. Soon I found myself struggling east of Paris, confined on one side by an enormous storm and on the other by controlled airspace. Cloud was forming at several different levels and the lift became increasingly broken and erratic. I managed to find another sunny slot running south and drifted down the Yonne to near Joigny. It was obvious that conditions were deteriorating further and I must have caught up with yesterday's trough, as the wind was still 330°.

I finally got well and truly involved in a great amorphous mass of cloud and I followed the line of towering convection until cloud and rain completely barred the route ahead. I set off towards the airfield of Autun, but the sight of hills disappearing into cloud forced me to turn southwest, away from the line on my map, and glide it out to a field full of buttercups, south of Epiry. By good luck, the farmer, Philippe Guillien, saw me land and took me immediately to his home nearby. Thanks to him, we phoned my position back to Gillian, and sorted out the local Gendarmerie — a task that took four hours.

Next day Gillian reached me with the trailer, and after another night with the Guilliens we returned to England.

from Sailplane & Gliding

## GOING THE SECOND MILE PAYS OFF

If you think the Canadian Nationals scores were close — this is what happened on the last day of the Standard class competition in Holland ....

There was a 40 point spread between the top two pilots at the beginning of the day. Both finish the task with the result that Nico Sloof wins the competition by three points over Arie Breuniusse. Arie readies his ship for a second try and gets a second start on the 201 km task at 15:22 h.

Nico, the immediate winner, has nothing to lose and decides to try again as well. He gets his winch launch, but conditions have deteriorated around the field and he falls out. With special permission from the contest HQ, he takes an aerotow and gets a picture of the start clock at 16:10.

Naturally, the tension is high at the finish line, and Arie completes the second lap around 18:00, taking 38 seconds off his first time. The weather is getting worse, but Nico is still flying, and with the wind picking up, struggles home with a slower time.

Arie's 38 second improvement is worth five more points, and he wins the championship by two big points! If that is not double-dutch competition, what is?

from "Thermiek"  
translated by Annemarie Hollestelle

## AKAFIEG PROJECTS

The Akafliegs are German university academic gliding groups which have been at the forefront of gliding aerodynamics and structures.

Some new projects being worked on are:

**Esslinger E-14** A Standard class glider weighing only 130 kg (286 lbs). This is achieved by using a "minimal fuselage" in which there is no room for conventional instruments. A computer collects all essential air data and displays them on a central liquid crystal display.

**Braunschweig SB-13** A 15m flying wing glider. The performance is said to be better than that of conventional Standard class ships.

**Darmstadt D-40.** A glider with Fowler flaps that open like the blade of a penknife. The hinge point is near the wingtip, so the flaps extend a long way backwards at the wing root. There are problems with the fuselage/wing intersection.

**Stuttgart airflow display** The Akaflieg Stuttgart have built a device which extrudes a viscous mixture of oil and coloured pigment over a wing surface in flight. This allows the behaviour of the airflow to be filmed on video.

## JET CONTRAILS

When attempting to make a forecast of the weather by just looking at the sky, one must use every possible clue, natural or man made.

One such clue are jet contrails. Air and fuel combined in a jet engine produce an exhaust with copious amounts of water that, in turn, freeze at the high altitude flown. Jets normally fly in a 10-13 km altitude band where the temperature is roughly -30°C to -65°C. At such air temperatures, the water

carrying capacity is quite small, hence saturation or supersaturation is quite easily attained.

Contrails are controlled by:

- moisture content,
- air temperature,
- moisture added by combustion,
- stability of the air in which the jet flies, nuclei count if the temperature is less than -40°.
- degree of mixing of air.

If, for example, the air was rising, hence cooling, the relative humidity would increase because the water carrying capacity drops with decreasing temperature. (Relative humidity is the percentage of water in a volume of air with respect to the maximum amount of water the same parcel of air can hold at a given temperature.) In such situations of rising air, the air is most likely saturated or very nearly saturated. An influx of moisture from the jet engines would then almost certainly saturate the air so that ice crystals would be forced to form. Such vapour trails tend to persist because the water carrying capacity of the surrounding air is not sufficient to reabsorb the extra moisture. As a result, persistence of contrails suggests that a storm area is moving in.

Conversely, sinking air heats up hence the water carrying capacity increases and thus the contrails will quickly dissipate because the surrounding air can easily absorb the extra moisture. This means that short contrails are an indicator of fair weather.

When a jet is flown across a wave producing area under dry atmospheric conditions, even the temporary persistence of parts of its contrail will indicate and, at times, map the location of wave crests.

Michael Steckner  
London Soaring

## FIBREGLASS WINGS AND RAIN

Rain and soaring don't mix too well. Especially, flying a fibreglass glider through rain can be a real surprise to the pilot because the changed airflow over the raindrop modified airfoil can degrade its performance up to 50%.

High performance sailplanes are characterized by the low drag attainable by their laminar flow wing profiles, but these wings can experience a rapid drop in their performance if their profile is changed by insects on the leading edge or by rain.

What happens when a wing gets wet? The wing surface, being rougher, will cause the airflow over it to separate sooner at high angles of attack. Therefore, the wing will stall at a lower than normal angle of attack, that is, at a higher airspeed (typically five to eight knots higher), and the stall characteristics can become quite different and perhaps very abrupt.

Here are some do's and don'ts for flying a wet high performance glider:

- The best L/D will be about 60 knots with 0° flaps,
- increase your landing speed about 8 knots more than normal,
- allow for extra landing field length due to the higher speed, possible degraded braking, and extra weight of the wet glider.

A recent issue of "Australian Gliding" reported that an operator of a fibreglass motorglider found that it took 2-1/2 times longer than normal to take off with rain drops on his wings. After drying them off, but still leaving small droplets, the take off was still found to be 60% longer than normal.

Jos Jonkers  
Cu Nim

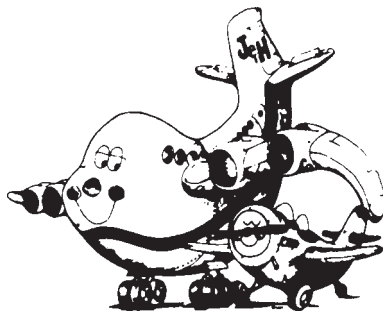
## ALCOR UPDATE

The Chinook Wave Project to study the upper atmosphere air flow associated with the Chinook winds in the lee of the Rocky Mountains is slow getting born, but the process continues. This year has been one of aircraft preparation, and as of mid-October, only one electronics glitch is in the way of the first test flights.

A completely new and enlarged instrument panel holds additional gear such as a transponder and data acquisition controls. Almost every cubic inch of space under the wings is filled with equipment and batteries under a \$25,000 contract with a Calgary company. (The tight clearances caused a lot of grief and modification when it was found that the wing centre section could not be lowered into place. After a black box was shortened to allow this, then it was found that the spoilers connection could not be reached!) The equipment runs on 24V primary power with a 14V back-up.

The display and keyboard of an ARNAV R-40 Loran rests in one's lap in the cockpit. The rest of its electronics is in the back.

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The 1986 Eastern Instructors Course assemble for a breather at the Montreal Soaring Club field. The candidates are (L-R) Terry McCartney-Filgate (SOSA), course director Ian Oldaker, Allan Baldwin (York), Stewart Baillie (GGC), Victoria Stamison (GGC), Christine Futter in Blanik (GGC), Tony Brett in Blanik (MSC), Jerzy Wiater (MSC), Ray Schierling (York), Rod Crocker (SOSA), Donald Clark (Bluenose), and David Montgomery (York).

John Firth extensively modified a Cambridge Mk4 vario to operate accurately at high altitude. This vario now contains a temperature-controlled oven for the thermistors, electronic compensation for altitude error (it's accurate to 5% at 30,000 feet), and an electronic netto.

Alcor's empty weight has risen from 700 to 763 lbs. but surprisingly, the cg moved forward a half inch. Initial test flights will have begun by the time you read this. A longer article and photos will appear in a later issue, after the program has shaken down a little, and I have something useful to say about flying the Chinook Arch.

Tony Burton

#### LIFETIME MEMBERSHIPS

With major tax reforms promised for 1987, this will be your last chance to get a big tax break on a lifetime membership. The top marginal tax rate in Canada is now sixty percent. An elite sport such as ours must have lots of members in or near that rate. As I understand it, if you get your cheque (it's still only \$1000) to the National Office before December 31, SAC will refund the sixty-three dollars you paid for this year and will also send you a tax receipt for the full \$1000. If you are in that 60% marginal tax bracket (remember that you have to add your provincial rate to your marginal federal rate), then you have really paid \$337 for your lifetime membership. In each subsequent year that you don't have to pay membership fees you are, in effect, getting a tax-free return of over eighteen percent on your investment. Check this out with your tax consultant and he will confirm my figures.

Or you could take Bob Gairn's word for it. Bob claims that these lifetime memberships are such a good deal that anyone buying one is "taking advantage" of the SAC. Why don't you take advantage of us by sending your cheque before year end.

Dixon More  
Ontario Zone Director

#### WET MOTORGLIDER RESCUED

A Grob G-109 was flying over the English Channel when the engine quit. The pilots landed in the water and the Grob floated. A helicopter rescued the pilots, and a boat attached a rope to the tail of the Grob and began to tow it to shore. Someone noted that the craft should be towed frontwards, so they hooked the rope to the propeller. When they began to tow, the Grob took a nosedive towards the bottom! The rope was cut, and, after a time, the Grob came floating to the surface again!! Re-hooking a line to the tail, G-WAVE was safely towed to shore. It is now flying again.

from the Ridge Soaring Inc. newsletter

#### SAC SECRETARY RESIGNS

Rosanne Paquin, our secretary at the National Office, resigned as of October 17. Until a replacement is found, and staff is discussed at the Board of Directors meeting at the end of October, our phone will be answered by Dorothy Drew of the RCFCFA.

Rosanne stated that she is on to a better job offer, and enjoyed the contacts and experience of employment with SAC.

#### 1987 WORLD GLIDING CONTEST UPDATE

Hal Werneburg, Team Captain

In a few week's time, on January 18, five Canadian pilots, their crews, and their team captain will be ready to match their skills against the best pilots from around the world. The location of this undertaking will be a hot, dusty airfield near the small town of Benalla, located about 175 km northeast of Melbourne, Australia. One hundred twenty-five pilots from 32 countries will have made the long journey to Benalla with the hope of gaining fame and honour for themselves and their country.

The five pilots representing Canada were chosen after last summer's Nationals and are listed here with the sailplanes they are expected to fly:

- 15m class: Ulli Werneburg, ASW-20
- 15m class: Dave Webb, ASW-20
- Std. class: Ed Hollestelle, Discus
- 15m class: Wilfried Krueger, ASW-20
- Std. class: Mike Apps, LS-4

This is a busy time for pilots and crew members, with a lot of detail planning being done so that our team can participate at Benalla with the knowledge that everything possible has been done to make their trip "down under" a successful one. Many fellow soaring pilots have given freely of their time, talents, and skills in many fields to help the team achieve success and we thank all of you deeply.

The competition will run from January 18 to 31 and will be flown over some quite rugged terrain during the height of the Australian summer (temperatures to 40°C are not uncommon). The daily tasks will likely exceed 500 km on many occasions so that pilot fatigue becomes a major factor after a few days of hard competition. No doubt it will be tough flying against the world's best pilots and the challenges of the Australian sky, but our team will be ready to give it their best.

Wilfried is shipping his glider from Toronto to Australia and back at considerable expense to himself, while Ed is having a new Discus delivered to the contest site with shipment planned to Toronto after the contest. The other three pilots will be renting aircraft in Australia from private owners. Needless to say, the availability of high performance sailplanes in Australia is quite limited which shows itself in the rental rates being charged. The average rental fee for a glider and retrieve car works out to about \$5000 Canadian for a three to four week period.

In addition to rental costs, entry fees, living expenses, and airline tickets must be considered so that a total of well over \$10,000 will be required to cover expenses for each pilot. A fund-raising campaign is now underway with contributions being received by the SAC office from individuals, clubs, and corporations. Please help ease the burden by making your tax deductible donation to the SAC World Contest Fund.

# SAFETY

## IF THINGS ARE MOVING, THEY MUST BE WORKING, RIGHT?

Wrong. Recently, a highly experienced club pilot was granted permission to enter a club single-seater in a contest. Upon returning from the event, he reported that on his last flight the wheel brake was ineffective and that it needed some adjusting. Inspection of the cable and the amount of movement needed at the hub indicated that the brake was in fairly good condition and it was decided to check the situation on a test flight prior to doing any extensive work on the aircraft. The landing strip was more than adequate for a landing without brakes, so the flight posed no risk.

The glider was rigged, given a hurried DI (it was a good soaring day) and taken to the flight line where the final checks were made. At this point, the pilot about to fly the ship declared that there was a problem with the dive brakes and grounded it. Other pilots, more current on the aircraft, saw no problem. The dive brakes deployed when the lever was moved back. It was only when the pilot who had grounded the ship pointed out that the dive brake handle was only moving a little more than half way along the slot in the cockpit before binding, were the others able to realize there was indeed something wrong.

This raises the question, "Does familiarity breed contempt?" The pilot who grounded the ship had not flown it in several months and so was perhaps more attentive to what was happening since he was in an unfamiliar environment. The others were inclined to check things without really checking ... "If things are moving, they must be working."

In this case, the position at which the dive brake handle was being halted was a position at which the blades were almost fully exposed, but at which a gap was not yet opening between the blade and the top of the wing (at full open, there is a one inch gap below the blades). As the wheel brake operated off the last one inch of travel of the dive brake lever, the problem with the wheel brake was related to the dive brakes, not the wheel brake adjustment.

Investigation revealed that within the brake cavity in the wing, the dive brake pushrod moves downwards about 3/8" as the brakes open. The space below the pushrod is a sealed box and it was packed with dirt, which restricted the final movement of the pushrod. With the dirt removed (no easy task), the dive brakes and wheel brake worked fine.

How did the dirt get in the dive brake box, you ask? During a landing in a fallow field, the glider had thrown up a lot of dirt, some of which must have slid up and over the right wing. With dirt in the bottom of the dive brake box, the next time the glider was washed, water entered the box, setting the dirt into

a solid mass like lumpy cement. The DI and/or preflight control check packed the material down sufficiently to give enough space for the dive brakes to deploy about 60%, enough to give the impression that they were working without it being overly apparent that they were only partially functional.

Since the Jantar has very good brakes normally, their lack of effectiveness wasn't apparent during its recent landings for a pilot used to flying a private sailplane with less effective dive brakes. The only noticeable deficiency was the lack of braking action when he landed on tarmac.

While it is easy to be pious when criticizing the actions of others and say, "I would have realized there was something wrong and not gone flying." I have a suspicion that quite a few pilots would have missed the true cause of the problem and adjusted the wheel brake endlessly in a futile attempt to get it working. The attitude is all too often, "If it moves it must be working." (When did you last measure your aileron and elevator deflections?) We must develop the attitude of looking more closely when seeing how much something moves. In this case, just because the dive brakes came out of the wings didn't mean they were in top shape.

Lloyd Bungey  
Vancouver Soaring Assn

## GROB ACRO FIRE

A Grob Acro in England suffered serious fuselage damage when it caught fire while being towed to the launch point with, it is believed, the brake partially applied. The wheel fairing and internal structure was incinerated. Fortunately, the club involved flies from an operational airfield and the fire services extinguished it quickly enough for the damage to be repairable in four weeks. Evidently, the brake fire was very hot, as two 1.5 BCF extinguishers made no impression on it.

## FLAT BLANIK OLEOS BAD NEWS

The only thing that stops the instructor in the back seat of a Blanik from suffering spinal injury following a hard landing is the energy absorbing oleo cylinder in the undercarriage. Remember that the instructor is seated directly over and close to the wheel.

Unfortunately, this is either not understood or is forgotten, because we still find:

- Blaniks being operated with flat or semi-deflated oleos.
- clubs with no equipment to check oleo pressure and inflate as required.

- oleos overfilled such that they could self-destruct.
- one oleo seen recently was filled with grease making it totally rigid and incapable of any energy absorption.

The Blanik technical manual covers oleo maintenance fully. Follow that, keep the undercarriage greased, and the Blanik will protect the instructor's backside when asked.

from Australian Gliding

## A CHICKEN AT 22,000 — ON KNOWING YOUR LIMITS —

You're above 22,000 feet. You're almost 3000 higher than you need for the Diamond climb. The lift is still good. Others have claimed to reach 30,000 feet. The late afternoon sky is cloudless but hazy. You're feeling fine. You've only been up an hour. Lots of oxygen left. You'd really like to continue up, up, up. You extend the gear and spoilers and lower the nose 'til your speed is at the yellow line. How come?

You are scared!

The first fright was being overtaken by a glider no more than 100 feet above you while you were in the secondary wave. Did the pilot see you in all the haze?

Then you were scared going from the secondary to the primary. The headwind was fierce. The vario was pegged down. Mount Washington, 6288 feet, a small hill when you were at 12,000 feet, was growing into a granite monster. And with no clouds as markers, you didn't know whether you were heading towards the primary up, or whether you had been in it and were now in the first downwash, downwind of the mountain. At 5000 feet, you hit turbulence, prayed that it was the rotor, then silent smooth lift pegged the vario up. But your adrenals were still pulsing with pain. In about eight minutes (it seemed like an hour), you had lost 7000 feet and had gone about six miles (glide ratio 4.5) with no assurance of finding lift. Your head said you could make it back to the airfield if the worst materialized, but your gut wasn't listening.

Now you're scared again, this time because of your glider. Although fore-aft movement of the Jantar's stick is normal, you need almost two hands to move it sideways. Why? Is it congealing lubricant? Do you have frozen water somewhere? Will it get worse? Will something break if you continue to force the stick?

You're still scared about a collision. Flying into the low sun haze, you find visibility mediocre. You remember the overtaking glider when you were in the secondary. Now, you daren't turn to see what's behind because the strong wind will blow you out of the lift. You realize that you are in the territory of those who don't look out their windows much and move fast, while your ground speed is zero. Not to worry, Boston Center did give Canadian civil glider Charlie-Golf-Delta-Bravo-Uniform clearance to 28,000 and wished you a successful flight. But suppose someone up there isn't in touch with Boston?

You are still edgy about the oxygen system. Sure it is a certified A8A system, all indicators are correct, you have used it often in the past, and you feel fine. But you still haven't arrived at the stage of believing that with the bag not moving, you are getting oxygen which, of course, you know you are. It doesn't help to recall that it also took you ages to get used to the idea that a long wing will stay connected to the fuselage even if it hasn't got a strut. As for feeling okay, you know that you never had altitude training and you have a vague recollection of reading that a feeling of well being is one of the symptoms of oxygen deprivation.

You're mighty apprehensive about the possibility of landing in the dark. The sun is well above the horizon where you are and there is almost an hour until legal sunset, but the ground is already in shade. And from past experience with a few self-centred glider pilots at this uncontrolled airport, you don't want the risk of coping with them as well as the possible darkness.

So all these anxieties cause you to forego the good lift you're in. You plummet to a lower level where the sideways stick motion becomes normal. You do some exploring a few thousand above the airport. With plenty of light, you land long to accommodate a civilized pilot behind you. Excluding the fiddling (exploring) time, you have taken only an hour and ten minutes going from ground at about 500 feet to 22,200 and back. But you could have gone much higher.

You are a decidedly unbold, old, glider driver.

Len Gelfand  
Gatineau Gliding Club

CHANNELIZED ATTENTION

A factor often apparent in aircraft accidents is a pilot's preoccupation with one particular aspect of a flight to the exclusion of other tasks vital to the safety of the operation. This "channelized attention" is frequently evident in the various forms of competitive flying, where concentration on the task in hand and the desire to succeed can be so overwhelming as to override good judgement and the fundamentals of sound airmanship.

An example of this can be seen in the circumstances of an accident involving an experienced glider pilot competing in the Australian national gliding championships. On the third day of the competitions, a four-leg cross country task had been set. The pilot completed the first three stages without incident and on the fourth leg, about 30 km north of the destination aerodrome, he decided to attempt a final glide direct to the finishing line.

The glider tracked straight towards the aerodrome on a southerly heading but, late on final approach, the pilot saw the glider was not going to make the distance. He noticed a field on the northern boundary of the aerodrome and though it appeared only marginally suitable, he realized he would have to put the glider down. Planning to land into the west, the pilot continued the approach on a heading towards the aerodrome and, at a low height above the ground, he banked the glider

to the right. The glider had turned only a few degrees, however, before the right wing struck a low contour mound running east-west across the field and the glider ground-looped to the right.

While travelling in a southerly direction, the glider slid sideways into the next mound and the rear fuselage broke in two. The glider bounced to a halt and the pilot clambered from the wreckage uninjured.

The pilot said later he probably became preoccupied on the final glide with his attempt to make a straight-in approach to the aerodrome and it was not until too late he saw that the field he had selected was unsuitable. Obviously, when he began the final glide he was too low to reach the aerodrome but by the time he finally realized this, he was committed to putting the glider on the ground as best he could.

Probably, had the pilot not been subject to the pressure of competition, he would have adopted normal outlanding procedures and left himself plenty of time to select a field that would have permitted a safe landing. It seems his determination to complete the task coloured his judgement to the extent that the glider virtually flew into the ground.

The pilot was, no doubt, aware of the dangers in trying to stretch the glide, but seemingly failed to recognize the developing hazard until too late. To ensure competitive flying is based on sound airmanship and remains within the capabilities of both pilot and aircraft, the will to win must be tempered with mature judgement and a proper sense of priorities.

from Aviation Safety Digest

SEAT CUSHION CONSTRUCTION

Recent accident investigations have found a number of cases where resilient seat cushions have been used in gliders.

Writing to the executive of the New Zealand Gliding Association, the Chief Inspector of Air Accidents has pointed out that in view of the incidence of spinal injury in glider accidents, it may be that the use of such cushions are widespread.

A resilient seat cushion can have three bad effects. First, it can delay the onset of deceleration: the pilot continues downward after the aircraft has started to slow down, until he stops abruptly as he hits the seat pan. Second, it can store energy so that as it rebounds, the pilot may experience much more than the deceleration experienced by the aircraft. Third, at the time of peak loading, when the cushion is most compressed, the pilot's harness will have been slackened by the amount of compression, and his spine will be flexed, greatly increasing the risk of spinal injury.

The following statements may be made regarding seat materials:

- Seat materials should not be resilient. The worst are rubbery materials or thick medium density foam, as used for upholstery.

- Seat materials should be very hard, or very soft and not too thick.
- Soft materials should be sufficiently soft and thin as to be 5/6th compressed under 1 g.
- If the seat needs to be built up, this should be done with expanded polystyrene of reasonably light density, so that it will crush under high loads. Another alternative is rigid foam (eg. Airex or Conticell) or crushable honeycomb material.
- The best cushioning material may be a high hysteresis (slow "spring-back") material such as Ethafoam.
- Sheepskin on a hard seat is comfortable and good.

from New Zealand Gliding Kiwi

POSSIBLE PARACHUTE PROBLEM

During a routine inspection and repack of a Niagara Parachutes "Chair Chute 150" by a rigger, it was noted that the design of the ripcord was different from that of the Security 150. The ripcord used a continuous cable with a pin on each end, and the cable was threaded through two holes in the handle. It is possible that when the rip cord is pulled, one pin could release first, and then the handle could travel along the cable, not pulling the remaining pin until the freed pin reached the handle. Meanwhile, the pilot chute would be retained by one locking loop.

The rigger recommends that owners of the Chair Chute 150 contact the manufacturer (Niagara Parachutes) regarding modifying the ripcord. In the meantime, if activation of the parachute is necessary be sure to pull the ripcord to full arm's length to ensure release of both pins. This situation doesn't apply to the Security 150 ripcord.

MZ Supplies ad  
U. Werneburg



# CLUB NEWS



## BROTHERS DO WELL

These two members of the SOSA Gliding Club can both look back on the 1986 soaring season with considerable satisfaction. The gentleman on the right is Chris Wilson. His contest letters are "Whisky-Two" and he is ranked tenth on the most recent seeding list of Canadian contest pilots. The young man on the left is Richie Gibson and in Richie's book, Chris is number one. You see, for the past four years, Richie has been Chris' "little brother" in the Big Brother program.

Richie is also Chris' chief ground crew, and contest pilots have seen Richie doing his ground crew duties in such places as Claresholm, St. Raymond, Arthur, and of course, whenever Chris went cross-country from their home club at Rockton (which was pretty well every day that it was possible). Chris wanted his distance Diamond. But Chris was determined to do it the hard way — no vulgar downwind dashes for him. He was determined to do a closed-course task in southern Ontario. But this is notoriously hard to do and I'm sure Chris has lost track of how many times he has declared this task. Well this year he did it. And the following day, for his second act, he came within one thermal of doing it again, a truly remarkable achievement.

Meanwhile, back at the gliderport, that left Richie with a lot of time on his hands. But Richie is a very personable kid and he is fascinated with machinery, so he could usually be found getting incredibly dirty helping Stuart or Reinhard, and he soon got checked out to drive everything on the

place, including a giant earth mover known locally as "Reinhard's Rhinoceros". This spring, Terry Filgate suggested that we should teach Richie how to fly gliders. After all, that's what we do. But even at SOSA, lessons cost quite a lot of money and Richie didn't have any. Terry wrote to the SOSA Board of Directors and asked them to set up a special account and invite other members to contribute to it. Well, it seems Richie had made a lot of friends in our little club and the money just poured in. Richie is now solo, and on his second solo flight stayed up long enough to earn his C badge.

I think you will agree that both of these fine pilots have reason to remember the 1986 soaring season as special.

Dixon More, SOSA

## SPINNING TALES ...

On June 14, Manfred Radius (the SAC Acrobatic Coach) put in a call for all interested pilots to meet him in the York Soaring clubhouse for a briefing prior to the start of his SAC post-basic training course.

The intended half hour stretched to 1-1/2, but shortly after, I managed to lasso the Blanik for my first flight with Manfred.

After an uneventful tow to 5000 feet, we were almost on top of the clouds over Arthur. After the customary CALL check, we aligned on Hwy. 9, pointing the nose of the Blanik towards the crossroads in Arthur. Pulling the stick gently all the way back, we were soon in a stall. Now some

WOLF-DIETRICH VON LEERS  
1927 – 1986

## "TURN THE SKIES BACK AND BEGIN AGAIN"

Oh that we could. None who knew him could, can, imagine that Wolf would leave us in an instant of fire and smoke. Without pain. Without suffering or anguish. We pray he is tranquil.

Wolf grew, as a boy and a young man, within the Prussian heritage. He was caught, as many were, in the coils of war. His earliest flights were as a cadet, flying gliders over the sand dunes of the North Sea shores of Germany. This was not to last as the Kriegsmarine needed personnel to man anti-aircraft guns. In one of those terrible ironies of war, how many of us who flew with him were also there?

No matter, the war was soon over. Postponed education led to degrees in medicine at the baccalaureate and doctorate level. Then the freedom and opportunity of Canada. Doctorates in Medicine and Microbiology followed, as did a practice, University of Toronto professorship, and the head of Microbiology service at Wellesley General.

Wolf married twice. His first marriage gave him two sons and two daughters of whom he was very proud, and his second, to Margaret, a few years ago, brought him great comfort and companionship.

How do we measure the worth of this man? By his professional accomplishments and commitment? By his family? By his hobbies or his love of the arts? In all, in his way, he excelled. In soaring, he was a pilot, instructor, a SAC Instructor-of-the-Year, aeromedical consultant, member and fellow of aerospace-medical societies, and above all, a researcher. He was also a towpilot. He sailed, navigated, taught, and enjoyed the water as only a sportsman could. Always, Wolf was ready to help, share, and teach. Many owe their flight privileges and health to Wolf through his support, counsel, and encouragement as our Medical Chairman. Wolf could rise to a challenge ... I shall never forget the look of astonishment that graced Stewart Young's face, then the satisfaction and admiration when he saw Wolf operating a jackhammer the day we built the east fence.

And so he left us, with many memories of his soft manner, his raspy, quiet voice, and barking laughter. Good-bye Wolf. Fly well.

Bob Carlson

pro-spin rudder, and the world went crazy below us. We were supposed to do precision spinning, that is, go in and out of it on course.

On normal soaring flights, we may have incipient spins. The purpose of this course was to do a spin exactly as we want it, not as luck would dictate it. Just think of it; if you spin inadvertently in a gaggle with several sailplanes around, above, and under you, or spin while you fly the mountain ridge with a rock wall on your side, it does matter a lot in what direction you exit from the spin. It could be decidedly unhealthy to hit a sailplane below, or after pulling out of the resulting dive at 70–80 kts, face a rock wall head-on?

My first recovery was undershot, that is, I instinctively applied recovery action just as taught a long time ago.

"Remember, one full-turn spin," I heard Manfred's voice behind me. I must admit it was reassuring to know that he was sitting in the same cockpit! The second spin, in the opposite direction was entered immediately. I overshot this one by at least 15°. I had to learn how the Blanik behaves in spins, how effective its controls are, when to apply recovery to come out on course. Further spins improved my technique and the fifth and sixth spins were quite acceptable.

We stopped the spins at 2500 feet and headed towards home. However, the day was not over yet!

We did some straight flights at maneuvering speeds and some at 90% of Vne (about 120 kt), from which we pulled up at 30° and 45°, pushing the aircraft over into its best L/D speed. At the push-overs, weightlessness seemed to last forever.

Speeding up again, near the field, steep turns of exactly 60° left and right were accomplished, then we entered the circuit and I put the Blanik down gently.

On the ground I felt I had accomplished quite a lot: I now know how to recover from a spin safely, when and where I want to, how to fly the Blanik safely but to its full potential on the exercises, not to be afraid to fly at high speed and still maneuver it safely.

There will be more practices before I transition to the SAC Basic Aerobatic Training Course but — at least for me — my first training flight with Manfred was a revelation in safer flying practices that will definitely make me a lot safer pilot for the rest of my flying days. I want to suggest that more pilots take advantage of Manfred's course. You will probably find out that some areas of your flying technique need polishing up.

Csaba Gaal  
from York "Soar-ales"

*This sort of a course could easily be set up by other clubs. Not only is it cheap insurance, but is an excellent way of continuing post-solo training for new pilots. Even if you think of yourself as an "old pro", I'll bet you can't exit a spin on course in your ship!*

## MSC NEWS

As I write this, the summer of 1986 is officially ending and I, for one, will not be sorry to see it go. From a weather standpoint, this has been the worst summer I have seen in my six short seasons in the club. From talking to some of the "old hands" it may have been one of the worst seasons in the history of the MSC. Inevitably, this has taken its toll on the flying this year; statistics are down drastically from last year, and from this year's budget figures. It is indeed fortunate that we started the year in a strong financial position. This is a tribute to the sound management that the club has enjoyed for several years. Hopefully, the same type of management will get us through this year of lower than expected revenues.

In spite of the generally gloomy weather this year, I am sure all of you have experienced some bright spots. As a glider pilot, one great flight has the ability to make up for several weeks of frustration. From my point of view, the season had two particularly good events which I feel deserve special mention.

The first was our 40th anniversary celebration. Thanks to Bill Roach and his team of helpers, all who were there participated in a day that made it feel just plain good to be, or to have been, a member of the MSC. The flying displays, the hot air balloon, the superb dinner, the dancing, and just seeing so many present and past members made it hard to decide what the real highlight of the day was. This was certainly a case where great planning and promotion overcame the less than ideal weather conditions. Those of you who missed it — you really missed it.

Some of us younger members, on reading about the events of the last 40 years, will probably be surprised to see just how rich the history of our club is.

The second bright spot that comes to mind was the Quebec Provincial contest held over the Labour Day weekend. Unlike the 40th anniversary, this event did not benefit

from advanced planning. Its success was due partly to the hard work of the two Roberts — Binette and DiPietro, and partly to the fine weather. Some 20 gliders entered in the Open and Sports classes. Unfortunately, the hoped for participation from the Club de Vol à Voile de Québec never materialized, but this was not too surprising since the whole event was organized in one week! The participation of several gliders from the Champlain and Gatineau clubs however kept it from being an all MSC affair. It was great to see so many pilots out participating, particularly in the Sports class. Some pilots clearly surprised themselves by discovering just what could be accomplished in the conditions. Certainly all the competitors including the "hot shots" learned something about soaring during the contest.

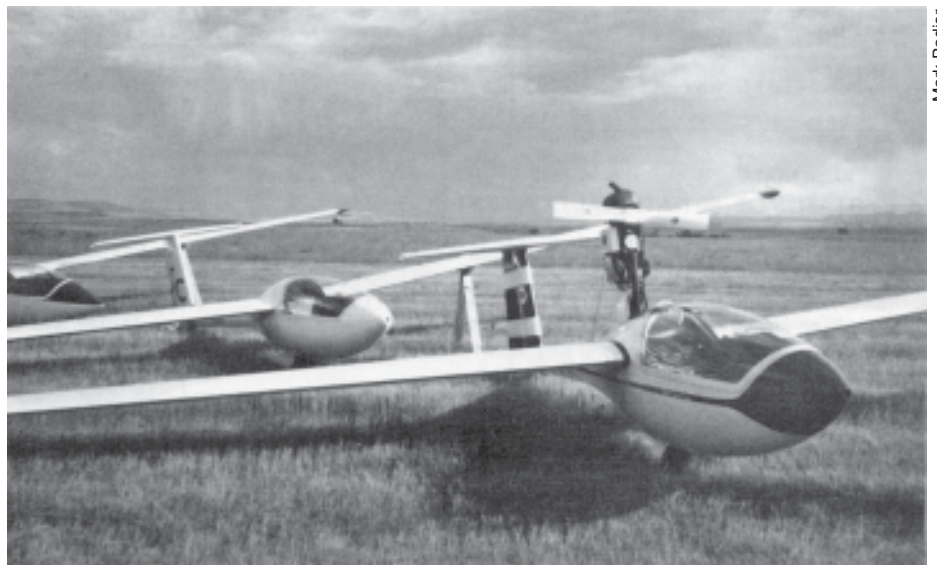
Tom Okany  
from MSC "Downwind"

## WINNIPEG FLEET IN GOOD SHAPE

Through the efforts of a number of very dedicated people, the Winnipeg Gliding Club aircraft fleet is now in good operating condition. The heating problem with the Citabrias has been solved with a modification to the cowl; the long awaited aileron parts for the Lark finally turned up (with a nudge through the Canadian Trade Commission); the Lark landing yoke and oleo leg problems also have been rectified and some of the structural problems on the 2-33s have been repaired, as well. For those who were involved in this phase of our operation, many thanks

The fleet became airworthy just in time for probably the best two weeks of flying weather the club has had in many years. The August flying week was very good and fairly well attended, and the ten days that followed were exceptional. Several weekends saw time, height, and distance achievements by many people. Several new members joined the club during that period and it was nice to see older members appear and get in some good flying.

Dick Metcalfe  
from WGC "Sock Talk"



Mark Badlor

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14 Elmwood Avenue  
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The following badges and badge legs were recorded in the Canadian Soaring register during the period August 1, 1986 to September 31, 1986.

## DIAMOND BADGE

69 Robert DiPietro Montreal

## SILVER BADGE

735 Don Jessee Cu Nim  
736 George Wilson London  
737 Susan Eaves London  
738 Keith Crawford Edmonton  
739 James Beattie Kawartha  
740 Reginald Nicholls SOSA

## DIAMOND DISTANCE

Robert DiPietro Montreal 519.9 km ASW-20B Uvalde, TX

## DIAMOND GOAL

Danielle Lyon Vancouver 302.6 km Libelle 201 Invermere, BC

## GOLD DISTANCE

Danielle Lyon Vancouver 302.6 km Libelle 201 Invermere, BC

## SILVER DISTANCE

Don Jessee	Cu Nim	63.8 km	Ka6CR	Black Diamond, AB
George Wilson	London	66.2 km	Ka6CR	Embryo, ON
Keith Crawford	Edmonton	62.4 km	Club Libelle	Minden, NV
James Beattie	Kawartha	63.0 km	Cobra 15	Omeme, ON
Reginald Nicholls	SOSA	62.0 km	Ka6CR	Rockton, ON

## SILVER ALTITUDE

Peter Barnett	Cu Nim	2150 m	1-26	Cowley, AB
Vaughan Allan	Cu Nim	2160 m	Jantar	Cowley, AB
George Wilson	London	1189 m	Ka6CR	Embryo, ON
Susan Eaves	London	1158 m	Grob 103	Embryo, ON
Fred Hunkler	Cu Nim	2200 m	1-26	Cowley, AB
Keith Crawford	Edmonton	1341 m	Club Libelle	Minden, NV
Reginald Nicholls	SOSA	1219 m	Ka6CR	Rockton, ON
Neville Robinson	Winnipeg	1402 m	Bergfalke	Starbuck, MB

## SILVER DURATION

Don Jessee	Cu Nim	5:52	Ka6CR	Cowley, AB
Stephen Dilks	York	5:16	1-26	Arthur, ON
Peter Barnett	Cu Nim	5:23	1-26	Cowley, AB
Vaughan Allan	Cu Nim	5:20	Jantar	Cowley, AB
George Wilson	London	7:07	Ka6CR	Embryo, ON
Fred Hunkler	Cu Nim	5:10	1-26	Cowley, AB
Thomas Stoer	York	5:13	Monerai	Arthur, ON
Neville Robinson	Winnipeg	6:12	Bergfalke	Starbuck, MB

## C BADGES

Stephen Dilks	York	5:16	1-26	Arthur, ON
Peter Barnett	Cu Nim	1:24	2-33	Black Diamond, AB
Tom Fejes	York	1:04	2-33	Arthur, ON
George Wilson	London	1:28	1-26	Embryo, ON
Fred Hunkler	Cu Nim	1:29	2-33	Black Diamond, AB
Yves Titley	Montreal	1:23	2-33	Hawkesbury, ON
Mark de Payrebrune	Montreal	1:12	2-33	Hawkesbury, ON
Raymond Prokop	York	1:11	2-33	Arthur, ON

## STATUS OF '86 NATIONAL CONTEST SCORES

Art Schubert, the Contest Director at this year's Nationals at York, was unable to furnish **free flight** with the "final" final scores. He reported that the final protest to date did not reach him until 1 October — from Holland! In any case, he has sent a summary of all protests to members of the contest jury, and he expects that all returns will be in from them in early November.

Competitors will be notified of the results by mail — the rest of us will have to wait for the 1/87 issue to find out what happened.

Tony Burton

# Campbell

Printer ad  
Ottawa

## THE FINE PRINT

You may have noticed that this issue does not have much SAC member content insofar as the main articles are concerned. Now that the season is past, how about sitting down and writing a story for me? Others would like to read about your thoughts or adventures, and my In-basket needs food. Thanks, Tony

## CROCODILE CORNER

**ASW-19B**, C-GGMN, 28 June, RVSS. Hit pile of rocks on outlanding. Claim pending.

**Super-Cub**, C-FDYC, 13 July, Bonnechere. Left wing and gear damage on groundloop. \$5,700.

**Open Cirrus**, C-FBMX, 20 July, Cu Nim. Substantial fuselage damage from outlanding and groundloop in tall grass. \$12,000.

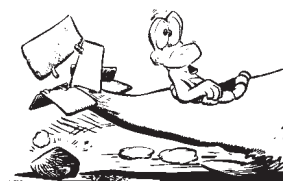
**HP-11A**, CF-RNN, York. Wing tip extension repairs. \$1,000.

**1-35**, C-GYSA, 13 August, York. Groundloop on take-off. Damage unknown, claim pending.

**Citabria**, C-FFQG, 3 Sept, SOSA. Towplane pitched up following take-off, crashed at a steep angle and burned. Fatal. \$39,000. Glider on tow released successfully.

**Jantar Std 2**, C-GDBU, 14 Sept, Gatineau. Canopy flew off during take-off. Canopy and tail damage. Claim pending.

**1-23**, CF-XKL, Edmonton, 14 Oct. Vertical stabilizer destroyed trailering under a motel canopy. Claim pending.





## OPINIONS .... continued from page 3

for all clubs to get those extra few flights at the end of the fall, and to then report the numbers. Therefore, if your club numbers are incomplete or incorrect, please let me know so that the list can be updated. And, if you know of someone who might be able to come up with accurate figures for some now defunct clubs, please also try to get the numbers to me. I will appreciate all letters!

On the other subject of the reprinting of the Soaring Instruction Manual, I am in dire need of photographs to illustrate it. I would appreciate everyone's help in sending me photos which I could use.

Ian Oldaker, Chairman  
Flight Training and Safety Committee

### ROSE COLOURED GLASSES

I was surprised to read in Bob Carlson's Musings that things were going so well at SOSA this year. Looking at the books, I see that membership is down, intros are down, and flights are way down; about the only things that are up are expenses. I think that last year's club Planning Director, Dixon More, must have borrowed Bob's rose coloured glasses when he made up the 1986 budget.

Sid Wood  
SOSA Treasurer

*Hey, don't blame Dixon; I've heard that southern Ontario has not been wetter since your great-grandmother was a belle.*

### AMATEUR SPORT AND WORLD POLITICS

Regular readers of this magazine will recall that in 1983 the Ministry of Fitness and Amateur Sport threatened to cut off SAC's funding if a Canadian team went to Hobbs. The team went anyway. They cut off our funding. They weren't bluffing. They threatened again in 1985 and no Canadians flew at Rieti. Too bad.

The Minister, Otto Jelinek, made a speech in New York City on August 26 that contained a number of interesting statements. There should be, he says, "New thinking around the Commonwealth and elsewhere on the dubious value of using international sporting events as a forum for political protest. It's too bad," he says, "that our young athletes can sweat and sacrifice for years on behalf of their country for a chance to excel at international competition, then have their governments smash their hopes, their dreams, their aspirations, because 'we' are opposed to some action by another country. Not necessarily the actions of the host country, but the actions of another country in another hemisphere." He goes on to say that, "Boycotts are a disease", and that we should "Rid amateur athletics of this disease".

Now, it would be churlish of me to suggest that this change of heart on the part of the

Ministry might have something to do with the fact that Canada will be hosting the Winter Olympics in Calgary in 1988. So won't. Instead, let us all rejoice that some sense of fair play seems to be evident in Mr. Jelinek's remarks and hope that he and his minions don't forget those sentiments when the Calgary Olympics are over.

Dixon More, SOSA

### COMMERCIAL ADVERTISING

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### LOWER MEMBERSHIP COSTS?

Now that I have your attention ... STATISTICS. Yes, statistics compiled by SAC may lead to lower costs. How can we justify grant requests to the various government bodies without presenting them with the facts? In recent years, the club statistics returned to SAC have been inadequate, with only a few clubs reporting. I have been given the task of improving on this and I am asking for your cooperation. As many reminders as necessary to get your club's statistics will be sent, so if you would like me to leave you alone, at the same time keep SAC postage costs down, and assist your organization in its presentations, get your stats to me as soon as the flying season ends. Besides, it's interesting comparing the club operations, when a complete picture is available. Forms will be out soon for you to complete. Please fill them out as soon as you receive them.

Dennis Miller  
SAC Stats Chairman

## COMING EVENTS

Jan 14, **Glider Pilot Ground School**, 10 weeks, each Wednesday, 7-10 pm, Bathurst Heights Secondary School, Toronto. Registration details (416) 789-0551. Course instructor, Paul Moggach, (416) 656-4282.

Mar 13-15, **SAC AGM**, Montreal, Delta Hotel. Reservation details/cost on page 18.

June 2-11, **Canadian National Gliding Championships**, all classes, Chipman, Alberta. Hosted by Edmonton Soaring Club, sponsored by the Alberta Soaring Council with a grant from Alberta Recreation and Parks. Details to follow. Al Sunley (403) 464-7948.

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