

free flight • vol libre

5/92
Oct/Nov



POTPOURRI

It is with disappointment that I report that we have lost the services of our Secretary, Joan McCagg. Due to health reasons, Joan found the position too onerous and decided it was necessary to look for a part time occupation. I wish to thank Joan for her dedication while with us and hope for her quick recovery. I would also like to thank her for her patience in putting up with unnecessary hassles from some members of our association.

Unfortunately there are a few who think they are lord and master of our office staff and like to have an ego trip when talking to them. If members feel they are not being served properly and want to tear a strip off someone they can phone me — not the office staff.

We have found a new Secretary, and I welcome Johanne Piette to our organization and hope she will have a pleasant and successful association with us.

This is one of the busier times of the year for the office; tracking and receiving calendar shipments from both Germany and the USA, mailing orders to customers, preparing the membership receipts and trust fund mailouts, year end financial necessities, and next year's budget preparation. This will involve new procedures for Johanne, so please be patient.

A charge has been made to me that SAC now has, in effect, two insurance schemes — one for the private owner and one for clubs — and that club members are now subsidizing the private owners, this being due to the extra premium discount offered to privately owned gliders which are not rented out and not used for student pilot training.

This leaves me at a loss for words (believe it or not). For years private owners have been complaining that they have been subsidizing the club aircraft insurance, and quite a few acted by going outside the SAC insurance and paying considerably less for their coverage. Even more threatened to do the same unless they could get a more reasonable premium through the SAC insurance. We now have a policy that recognizes the lower premiums for privately owned aircraft that is general throughout the aviation insurance industry.

If anyone is able to prove statistically to the underwriters that the losses on rented gliders and those used for student training are no more than those occurring to privately owned gliders not used for training students, I most certainly think it is their duty to convince the underwriters that this situation is so, so that club aircraft premiums can be reduced.

Please fly carefully,

Al Sunley

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Trademark pending Marque de commerce en instance

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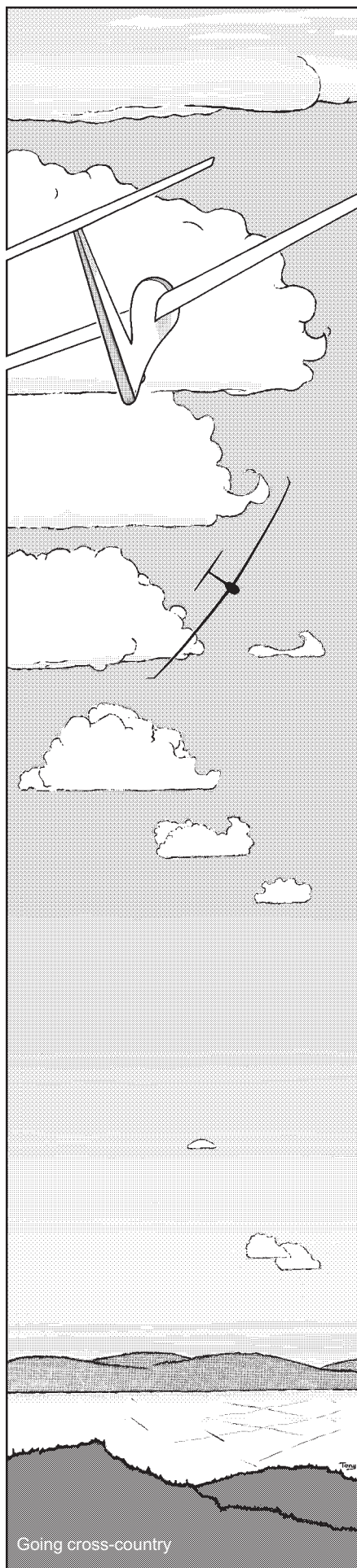
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Cover

A striking photograph by Réal le Goueff shows an Austria at Hawkesbury seemingly soaring over a black earth.



Going cross-country

guest EDITORIAL

Marty Slater president, Alberta Soaring Council

This may come across as a bit of a rambling discourse, but I have a few things running around in my head that I would like to get out. Reading through the various publications, recreational flying is undergoing dramatic changes which haven't been seen for a long time. Recent changes in the long standing management of COPA (the Canadian Owners and Pilots Association) appears to herald a major shift in the way it will function. Additionally, there are efforts to have the various recreational flying organizations try to be more coordinated in the voice we present to regulators. At the same time the perception seems to be growing among the regulators in some quarters that recreational flying is really only for a select few, so limiting their activities is not a big deal. However, the continuing existence of the ultralight movement, and many cross-country flights in hang gliders and parasails points to the fact there is still a strong interest in all facets of fun flying, and maybe it will be a big deal to regulate them out of existence.

So what has that to do with us? Well, I think we are just carrying on — business as usual — while our whole environment is changing about us. Coupled with this is a change within our own circles. It seems that the same old names keep cropping up whenever anything has to be done. With notable exceptions, we always seem to be waiting for our old reliable standbys to get things done. What's really niggling at me is this attitude of "let the other person do it". Whether it be executive positions, organizing events, washing ships (especially those yucky towplanes), taking time to help a visitor at the field, taking the time to even talk to them, or just thanking some of the hard workers by recognizing what they have done.

You can almost sit back and predict two types of cycles that characterize our sport:

- keen beginner who really pitches in, becomes maturing adolescent solo pilot, who starts to let the keen beginners run all the wings and fill out logbooks, becomes private owner or fibreglass club ship pilot who comes out at ten and leaves at three, becomes dropout who drifts away ...
- notable exception who goes from keen beginner to keen solo pilot to steady contributor...

Unfortunately we have too few of the latter at the best of times and, I feel, our "let the other guy do it" attitude is also starting to burn out our continuing contributor since it seems they are criticized about their contributions. What is the incentive to keep volunteering in this type of environment? An even bigger question — what's going to happen when the environmental things I talked about earlier start to affect our sport and place additional strains on the few steady contributors we do have. Maybe they are going to start saying, "let the other guy do it". In the past we always seemed to find new people to replace those we had burned out. My sense now is that the replacements don't seem to be coming along as frequently as they used to — our "resource" is shrinking.

The frustrating thing for me is the simplicity of the solution — if we individually all did a little bit we wouldn't be burning out the volunteers. Here's a proposal:

- at the next club meeting when they need a volunteer to phone people, put up your hand,
- you are at the field and notice there is no signaller at the towplane so you go and do it,
- early in the morning while waiting for flying to start get a rag and a pail and wipe down the glider or towplane,
- go and introduce yourself to someone wandering around the field looking a little bit lost,
- when someone lands a bit long, join the other three people helping out so the burden is a bit lighter for everyone instead of telling yourself three is enough

BUT, and this is the tough part ... be prepared for no one to say thanks, be prepared for others to sit back and watch, and so on. The payoff hopefully will be when it starts to rub off on everyone else you can take the personal satisfaction of knowing you made a difference and also that you refused to lower your personal standards to become one of the crowd. Soaring pilots like to look at themselves as above the crowd. What we have to do is raise the standards of our crowd by our personal example. If we can start making a difference at this level, think what benefit we will derive when this attitude gets instilled at the club executive, provincial association and national organization levels. In the long run it really is up to us. •



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 Aero Club of Canada (ACC), the Canadian national aero club representing Canada in the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale (FAI), the world sport aviation governing body composed of national aero clubs. The ACC 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 official journal of SAC.

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. A 3.5" disk copy of text in any common word processing format is welcome (Macintosh preferred, DOS ok). All material is subject to editing to the space requirements and the quality standards of the magazine.

Prints in B&W or colour are acceptable. No slides please. 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 whose name and address is given in the magazine.

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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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letters & opinions

THANKS TO MSC

In reading the interesting accounts of this year's Nationals, I noticed that through oversight none gave proper thanks to the Montreal Soaring Council and its members for volunteering the use of the Hawkesbury airfield on very short notice. When the Quebec club had to cancel only six months before the Nationals, MSC stepped forward and give quick permission for holding the contest at their site. This, probably more than anything else, saved the 1992 Nationals.

Besides use of the field, MSC also hosted a great party in the middle of the contest and members pitched in to help solve the type of problems that inevitably occur in these events. Particularly, Günther Geyer-Doersch (MSC President), Bernie Palfreeman, Bob Gairns and Robert DiPietro played key roles. I'm sure there were others.

On behalf of the contestants, I would like to thank them and all MSC members for their hospitality and spirit of cooperation.

Ulli Werneburg Ontario Zone Director

CAMERA MOUNT RATIONALE?

It is irritating to read in free flight 3/92 that the FAI Sporting Code has been revised, and that all turnpoint cameras must now be used in fixed mounts. The typical pilot who does not fly in contests uses turnpoint photography on just two kinds of flights: gold distance/diamond goal, and diamond distance. In my club most sailplanes do not now have camera mounts. It's a poor use of time to build and install a fixed camera mount for such a limited number of flights. Furthermore, photography with a fixed camera requires practise and skill to avoid blurring the image due to aircraft motion. The necessary manoeuvres occasionally cause problems, even for experienced pilots.... As you have pointed out, it can even be tricky to photograph the declaration board with a fixed camera. The concept of the FAI badges, I thought, was to encourage pilots to learn the skills and enjoy the experiences which are the essence of the sport. Installing camera mounts and practising turnpoint photography are chores. The effect of this change is to add another technical distraction which further dilutes the essence.

This change will inconvenience many pilots. What is the reason for it? Hand-held cameras have been used for about three decades. Has there been a rash of fraudulent claims which the fixed camera requirement would have prevented? Were any alternatives considered? More generally, why must we ask these questions when the new Sporting Code is a fait accompli? The revision of the Sporting Code was mentioned in the FAI International Gliding Committee report in free flight 3/91, and a paragraph was devoted to the use of new electronic flight verification systems (which affects hardly anyone right now), but there was

no mention of the elimination of hand-held cameras, which affects many pilots. Was this change added in a later draft? If so, when, and by whom? What is the procedure governing revisions to the Sporting Code?

It seems strange that when the FAI undertakes a complete revision of the Sporting Code, the average SAC member first hears of the changes when they have already been enacted. SAC is primarily a volunteer-run organization, and it is a common observation that volunteers (like the Sporting Committee) get few thanks and many complaints for their efforts. That said, I submit that SAC is also a democratic organization, and members ought to have the opportunity to comment on proposed changes to the Sporting Code. A summary of such proposals should be published in free flight so that feedback to the FAI is possible while modifications can still be made. Is the present procedure for changes to the Sporting Code incompatible with this idea? Could the Sporting Committee provide a reply answering these questions?

Jack Dodds, Erin Soaring

a response to Mr Dodds ... This letter raises some important questions about the FAI Sporting Code. Since this topic is of interest to all SAC members I would like to offer the following comments.

The Sporting Code is administered by the FAI. There is a General Section that is applicable to all air sports which the FAI deals with directly. For our sport there is a Section 3 which deals with gliding, and which is administered by the IGC on behalf of the FAI. The formal distribution of the Code is managed through the national aeroclubs as representatives of the FAI. In our case this is the Aero Club of Canada. Revised versions of the Code are periodically published and these must be used as the only authority on Code matters as of the official release date. The latest revised version is now available for purchase from the Aero Club of Canada.

The responsibility of the Aero Club and SAC is to make the Sporting Code (particularly Section 3) available for general distribution. However, it is the responsibility of every member of our sport to obtain his or her own copy of the Code if they wish to conform to its requirements for badge or record flights....

Changes to Section 3 of the Code are also administered by the IGC. A standing committee of the IGC, the Rules Committee, currently chaired by Tor Johannessen, is responsible for this process. Major re-issues are a multi-year project. Proposed changes are tabled by Tor's committee and are discussed at the IGC meetings. Draft revisions are usually distributed with the minutes of these meetings. Delegates to the IGC, such as myself, can find out about proposed changes through the committee discussions, if the meeting

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THE 20TH COWLEY SUMMER CAMP



Tony Burton

Cu Nim

Southern Alberta had been in the grip of a drought which hadn't produced much moisture since the October snowstorm which closed out the '91 Fall camp. There was hardly a blade of grass growing in the Porcupine Hills between Claresholm and Cowley in June, and local ranchers were shipping their stock out to pastures in central Alberta.

Then, in the last week of June the dam broke and it rained continuously for two weeks. The Pincher Creek weather office got 183 mm, 262% of the average June precipitation, and it already had over double its average July rainfall when Ursula and I stopped in Friday afternoon on the way to Cowley with a couple of truckloads of camp equipment.

So weather dominated Alberta Soaring Council's 20th Cowley Summer Camp as it has seldom done before, with overdevelopment everywhere and a threat of hail on many days. We were fortunate that none touched the camp as hail fell in record depth not so far away elsewhere.

The countryside was GREEN, water stood in the ditches and low spots, and I was concerned that the airstrip was going to be too soft to use since another inch had fallen mid-week. (Highway 22 down from Black Diamond was closed due to muddy conditions in a construction zone.) I called up the camp CFI Dave Fowlow on Thursday night to hold off on the Friday evening operation to ferry the tow-

planes and Blaniks down, and to radio us Saturday overhead prior to landing to see if it was going to be safe — if necessary the tow-planes would tie down at Pincher airport. The field was soft but acceptable Saturday as people arrived, though the end of runway 11 past the intersection was unusable on the right hand side.

The long grass now held mosquito swarms of prodigious thirst. Our Cowley guidebook lied to our guests in declaring that Cowley was pest-free. "Muskol" was the deodorant of choice for the week, something I know Gatineau Gliding Club members usually stock up on, but which is rare out here.

Saturday, 25 July There was a good early turnout to the first pilot's meeting. The Winnipeg club was well represented with eleven members present. The day was spent rigging gliders and tents, meeting old friends, giving check flights for newcomers, and the mandatory filling of badger holes on runway 21.

Sunday This camp featured some hi-tech weather forecasting for the first time: with Kevin Bennett organizing faxed weather from Environment Canada, Kurt Edwards taking the sounding with a special wet and dry temperature sensor attached to the towplane strut with a handheld read-out in the cockpit, and Denis Bergeron doing data reduction with a laptop and plotter in his tent before breakfast. The software and sensor package was loaned from

Steven Foster in Ontario (see the article in ff 2/92). After a little diddling with program variables such as surface albedo (which was a factor in predicting maximum temperature) the forecasts got remarkably good. Kevin always started his briefing by saying, "Don't believe anything I say," following which he updated the running tally of the weather versus the "3 amateur meteorologists". It stayed on the side of 3AM, which says a lot for Steve's program.

Edmonton kept its Cowley club ship outlanding streak intact by dropping their new Puchacz into a sea of barley, again without a trailer, following a release in a lot of sink near Centre Peak on the only morning that promised any wave. Fortunately a Grob 103 trailer was on hand, and Polish parts more or less fit the Grob fittings.

Stewart Tittle, a regular visiting Oregonian, flies an LS-6, "Uncle Wiggly" — this call sign was hard to take by the more macho pilots in the crowd who suggested that something like "Ultimate Weapon" was much more manly.

Cold Lake brought along its 1-26 with an open sport canopy conversion. It was an instant hit, with many pilots having a chance to experience real bugs-in-your-teeth flying during the camp. The only disconcerting aspect was the occasional oilcanning which gave an extremely loud BOINK right into one's left ear — it was very difficult to accept that there was nothing breaking off inside the wing root.

Monday The new 1000 foot tow sticker is proving to be a popular addition to the normal 2000 foot tow ticket for launches into questionable lift. Someone called it a "Wimpy" and the name has stuck.

The pilot who came the furthest arrived today from Quebec City; Alex Krieger, finally got to see what the West has to offer. He was on hand for several days, so St Raymond members will probably hear a lot of his stay. A TV crew arrived to shoot an "Out West" program segment. Some excellent raw footage was taken with a small video camera taped to the wingtip of the Cold Lake Lark (and the strut of a towplane on Wednesday).

A lot of high cirrus and general overdevelopment killed most of the local lift — even 3000 foot tows rarely gave 30 minute flights. There was a lot of precipitation all day to the north out of cu nims. They provided a fine light show east of the "Porkies" that night and the camp got a half inch of rain between 10:30 and 1 am. That was to be the only significant rainfall for the camp.

Tuesday The highlight of this day was more cb buildup across the north end of the valley, much closer than yesterday. We watched as the line slowly shifted east but also south towards the field. As the weather approached it broke into two cells: the westerly cell had less energy and was no threat as it passed south, but the one to the east dropped lightning, hail and solid rain just to the northeast, missing the field. This cu nim had enormous development with pileus forming as it grew. Necks began to get sore as heads tilted back to watch the top roll and grow. Launches were shut down at 3 pm as it reached the field and right after Dick Mamini took off in his ASW-12 to explore the leading edge of this monster. Everyone was in awe of the buildup as it grew directly overhead and passed south. Dick had some trouble getting lift at the start, then hooked in and soon reported 15 knots up to 12,000 under a shelf of the cloud on the south edge which we couldn't see from the field. On descent, Dick tried the path between the cells and got some hail and 5-10-15 down — for a while unsure that he would get back!

The day was capped by a great evening gathering at the cookhouse which featured a keg of ale, sliced smoked salmon donated by Heinz Portmann, accompanied by rye bread, cream cheese, and capers. It was a great feed and we wondered what the rich people could be eating that night that could match it.

There was another Donner und Blitzen show at 9 pm but again we missed the rain and hail, getting only a burst of wet as a shallow gust front passed over the field.

Wednesday We got a better forecast with good prospects for cross-country after two days of unsettled conditions. Lots of ambitious tasks were planned (especially to Chief Mountain down on the border ever since the word spread that it had suffered a massive landslide following an earthquake in Montana). Dick was invited to relate his adventure of yesterday, but said he couldn't tell the story any more as his arms were too tired!

The area approaching and north of the Chain Lakes reservoir 65 kilometres to the north was very scratchy from two days of rain, and slow to negotiate, so the great flights were cut short. Only the mountains worked well if you could connect. Kevin Bennett and Jay Poscente did complete their 300s with 5-1/2 hour flights north to Longview, then south to Waterton National Park, Jay for his Diamond Goal leg. Another remarkable 366 kilometre flight was made by Hans König to Canmore and back in "Fruit Juice", the Cu Nim club Jantar.

Thursday The forecast was better still, and cloudbase in the mountains reached 12,000 feet. Andrew Jackson, Jay Poscente and I reached Chief Mountain on our travels. A great slab of the mountain had indeed slid off the east face of Chief, almost as much as the famous Frank Slide which is also a local landmark in the Crowsnest Pass.

I had a remarkable experience with a golden eagle when I joined it in a thermal early in my flight. After a couple of turns, it began practising stooping — half folding its wings and arcing down in a steep dive then pulling up to my height again. It did this three times in succession, it was an impressive show.

Friday The soaring conditions were excellent once pilots transitioned onto the rocks. Cloudbases were over 14,000 in some areas. But the local area was as dead as a doornail at times with no soaring available even with a wimpy tow. The best flight of the camp was made by Kevin when he racked up almost 500 kilometres in a flight up to Moose Mountain, north of his home in Bragg Creek and back followed by a second out and return north to a turnpoint in the Highwood Pass. Kevin reported that his flight back from Moose Mtn (about 160 km) was flown in only an hour!

Art Grant from Winnipeg and Marek Wakulczyk from Cold Lake took simultaneous 4000 foot tows in two Jantars over to Centre Peak (each believing the other was an expert!). They both connected with the lift after a tenuous start, then spent a couple of hours flying back and forth above the ridge getting an eyeful of

the scenery. Art had to ballast his pockets to keep his feet on the ground right through the next day.

Saturday The high level instability and low level blahs were upon us again. More cbs were forecast for later in the day. With no one staying up and the sky looking darker all the time, everyone spread out and began derigging about 2 pm, and all flights were shut down before 5.

This was just as well because a big feed was planned for the evening. The village of Cowley hosted a dinner in the community hall for all the campers and the area residents. I brought along a pile of gliding books, a soaring video, and the SAC wave trophy to display in the adjoining library room for information. By 7:30 we had doubled the population of the village, the hall was packed, and after a couple of short welcoming speeches by the mayor and the local MLA, everyone tucked into beer, beans, cole slaw, baked potato, and your choice cut of huge slabs of beef which had been barbequed by the local Lions Club. The meal was delicious, everyone was stuffed, and it was a very successful event. The people of Cowley really enjoyed throwing the party and want to do it again. I believe we'll come!

As the festivities broke up around 9 pm, the sky was looking increasingly evil. Heading back to camp, the lightning began again, mostly well to the east of the Porkies. As night fell, this system generated continuous lightning for a long time. Some of the closer strikes in the valley were bright enough to leave after-images on the retina, and as the crowd oohed and ahhed, they also started telling some stories of hair standing on end during other close encounters, then decided that perhaps viewing the action while lying on a horizontal non-conducting surface like a mattress was a fine idea. The entertainment got no closer than five kilometres away — Cowley lucked out again.

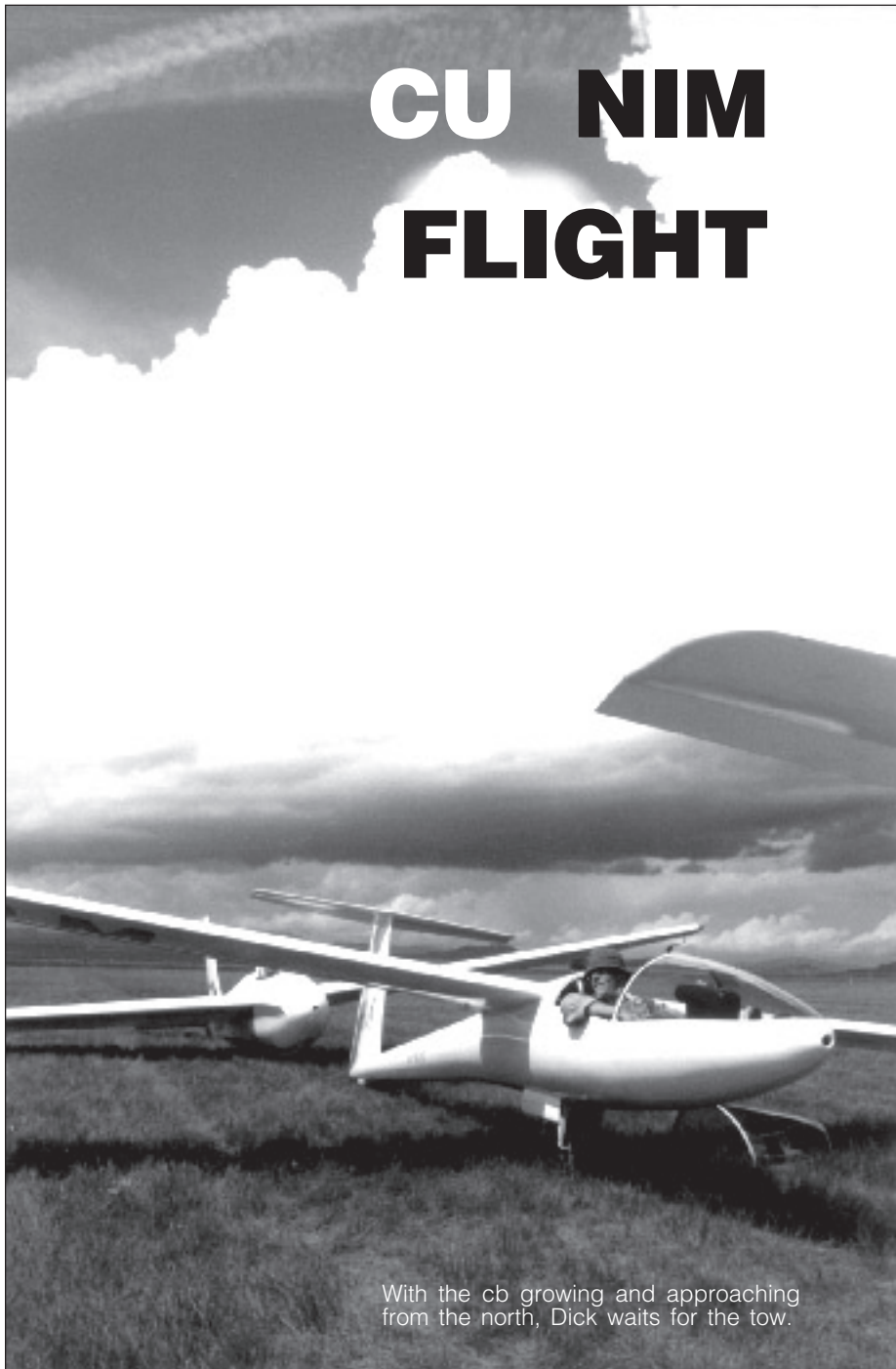
Sunday The weather gave us a moist air

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There is a Puchacz in the barley somewhere in this field behind Centre Peak.

CU NIM FLIGHT



With the cb growing and approaching from the north, Dick waits for the tow.

Tony Burton

Dick Mamini Cu Nim

The day was rather humid and the air seemed dead, but I had more or less decided to fly anyway as I had missed some good flying at the beginning of the camp doing last minute repairs to the 22 year old gel-coat on the wings of the ASW-12.

A number of sailplanes had been taking high tows and had been unable to stick, nevertheless I pushed into line, as usual hoping for a miracle. These long tows with only one towplane resulted in a very long wait but I was becoming ever more excited because some cells were developing to the northwest and

drifting toward the field. My mind drifted off to similar flights in the distant past, but in particular to a flight in 1968 from Penhold ...

... That day a number of sailplanes were rigged and ready to go but the weather was so humid and stable that most pilots preferred to sit around on the ground and sun themselves. My newly completed HP-14 would have none of that so we launched anyway. I was surprised to find weak but reliable blue thermals to about 2500 feet agl so we drifted off towards Innisfail and then for no par-

ticular reason northwest over the Medicine River. From this point through the haze I could see a band of cloud to the west which looked inviting so we headed that way in search of stronger lift. As we got nearer to the clouds, around Caroline, I realized that my perception of these clouds was completely wrong and that the base of the clouds was only about 2000 feet agl. This was lower than the blue thermals I was using to stay aloft but the cloud tops billowed up for thousands of feet! Steady strong wave-like lift was encountered in the clear air ahead of this frontal cloud.

This flight was spectacularly beautiful as the leading edge spawned numerous columns created by the warm moist air being scooped up by the slowly advancing front. I was able to fly around these columns or towers like wandering through a forest of huge trees. Eventually we topped out at some 15,000 feet, and this rates as one of my most exciting and beautiful flights ...

Perhaps this will be another day like that! ... Finally, I was at the front of the line, it almost seemed too late as the strongest cell had moved over the Porcupine Hills and was already just south of us over the last line of knobs. The safety officer was about to shut off towing but allowed one last launch for me.

No appreciable lift was encountered on tow and, due to a lack of communication skills on my part, we circum-navigated what I perceived to be an embedded cu in the leading edge of the main cell. I released at around 2000 feet and headed for this embedded cu. Down to 1800, weak 2 knot lift, climbed to 2200, saw some wisps to the east, headed for these, nothing; back to the cu, 1700, climbed to 2100; lift seemed to be dying; where to go? There were some new wisps ahead of the cloud to the south — go for these and if you don't find anything head for Pincher Creek airport and land. (This was my alternate landing spot even before takeoff).

The wisps were working and soon we were level with cloudbase which was only 2500 feet above the Cowley field. The cloud was very dynamic and areas to the south and below would start to fill in so I would have to move to the west or further south. At 10,000 feet there was 10 knot steady lift and getting stronger, with the strongest lift closest to the vertical wall of billowing cloud.

As we approached 12,500 feet close to the face of the easterly cell, my Ball variometer was pegged at 15 knots, and half way through a circle away from the cloud we still had over 10 knots. The sun was shining on this face of the main cell and down on the field of small cu being kicked up as the cloud advanced. This was an absolutely brilliant sight and I was kicking myself for having left the camera sitting in the front seat of my car.

I could see Pincher Station through a hole in the low deck but Pincher Creek was covered at this moment. I was still slightly below the airway so I decided to explore to the west and see if there was a way around the westerly cell to get back to the field. At this point I was completely confident that I could get back

to the lift area even if sink was encountered. I cruised along with one wing in the cloud, initially climbing at the same spectacular rate. I flew faster to stay below the airway, but in fact I was already south of it — anyway, no powered aircraft pilot in his right mind would be anywhere near these cells. Near the west side of the west cell quite strong sink was met but I continued on not realizing just how fast my easily won altitude was being bled away. I turned around intending to top up and go for FL180 which was now clearly available. The area that I had so easily cruised through a couple of minutes ago had suddenly changed and I now was in strong sink and an open arch had formed between the two cells.

Never mind, there was a very steep glide (10:1) to the top of a saddle in a line of cu which extended from the active east cell, and beyond these cu lay the low deck which had produced such good lift earlier. Wow! Pegged at 15 knots down, I was forced to turn away just as I reached the saddle which probably would have saved me. I could have flown under the line of cu but looking back through the arch it appeared that Cowley field was within reach, while going on might result in an off field landing. I must be getting older because a few years ago I would have pressed on regardless.

Although there was some hail coming from the active east cell the blow-off was to the east. I felt that there was relatively minimal risk staying south and west of this cell. There was some risk flying through the arch that had formed between the two cells in order to get back to the field but again there was no virga along the path flown and we only encountered a few rain drops. The air was very turbulent behind the cells.

The flight could have been a lot longer if I hadn't gone exploring at 12,500 but nevertheless it was very interesting and also very beautiful. ●

.. SUMMER CAMP continued from page 7

mass once more with lift beginning under thin puffs over the Porkies. One knot lift only went to about 3000 agl all day. The local rather innocuous low cloud during the day hid a massive development to the north. Lee Coates hauled his PIK-20 back up Hwy 22 to Black Diamond during the afternoon, then found the road closed on the way back from rain and hail which muddied the surface. He drove out east to Stavely, then south to Claresholm where the ground was covered with two inches of hail at the airport. Jerry Vesely, our local AME, collected a few specimens in the freezer at his hangar which were almost two inches in diameter, and three aircraft parked outside were severely battered.

Later, radio and TV reported that an intense swath of hail from Claresholm southeast to past Lethbridge had dropped up to 30 cm (!) of hail in places and brought out snowplows to clear Highway 3. (A few days later, Ursula and I drove past Monarch, just west of Lethbridge, where the most damage occurred — all vegetation in the fields had been knocked down and completely mulched — the countryside and highway ditches looked as if it had been mowed like a golf fairway.)

I've been to Heaven – Cowley '92 style

Art Grant

Winnipeg Gliding Club

As the junior member of a four-man partnership, I must make the best of any opportunity to fly our Jantar. I had hoped the trip to Cowley would increase the chances to fly but it wasn't to be — everybody came! And with the same intention!

The week had not gone well — the flying days assigned to me had not been what I would term flying days, and my partners' days seemed much better. As a result, by the end of the first week I had had one sustaining flight in what the Cowley fliers called thermals (I have a more descriptive but unprintable term for what I flew in that day) and a number of rather expensive extended circuits.

Friday I was number two on our list. Number one floated around the area for a few hours, landed and offered ORR to me. Just what I needed — another circuit! I was just short of pulling out of line and hitting the Oldman for a swim when opportunity knocked.

I had been strolling up and down the flight line seeking advice on where to take my tow when I encountered Marek. He told me of this great theory of his on late afternoon 'ridge thermals' to be had on the eastern slope of the Livingstone Range. He suggested that we go together — he in 'Fruit Juice' and I in 'Romeo Romeo'. We received permission for a two ticket tow (4000 feet) to the area of Centre Peak. I should explain that I am not a cross-country qualified pilot (I probably should have told Marek, too, but then there would be no story) and I was a little apprehensive about being so far from home. (Hey, you think I was worried? You should have seen my partners!) But a chance to get to the Rocks with a knowledgeable guide was not to be missed.

I pulled off tow at 8000 indicated just north of Centre Peak, circled back to the slope of the Range, and immediately lost about 800 feet. I figured I had about 15 seconds to find lift before starting my final glide back

to the field. Marek had said to fly parallel to the Range and about 1 or 2 wingspans from the slope. I pulled in as close as I dared and there it was — a nice steady 200 up! I cruised south along the Range toward the Pass, gaining all the way. By the time I reached the southmost peak, I was above it! My ground called to check on my progress — you could hear the sigh of relief without a radio. I turned northward, now flying in stronger lift just west of the top of the ridge, and by the time I reached the Gap I was near 12,000 feet.

What followed was two hours of up and down the Range. I connected with fellow Winnipeg pilot Russ Flint in his Cirrus. We flew together a short way into Crowsnest Pass (he couldn't drag me further), then to the Oldman River Dam (we took 'turnpoint' photos), and returned to the field. I never did find Fruit Juice — his radio didn't work well (he did have one, in spite of those of you who so kindly pointed out that he didn't). I am still surprised at how easy it was to stay high once I got up there.

The Winnipeg crew demanded an accounting after tie-down. If I had known what they had planned, I probably would have hidden. (Don't believe it! I'd never turn down an audience, even if it throws water instead of applauding! After all, I had become a real pilot.) I hope the post-flight soaking is the beginning of a new Winnipeg tradition, because I expect to be on the other end as soon as one of my partners gets in a good flight along the Rocks!

It was not until the next morning that I learned the helpful, experienced mountain soaring pilot who so kindly offered to shepherd me on my first mountain flight was himself taking advantage of what he thought was an experienced cross country pilot — me! My surprise was nothing compared to that of my senior partners.

All's well that ends well. An unforgettable introduction to the "Rocks" and a fitting end to a great camp! Thanks, Marek.

At 8 pm that night the bases of the low clouds over the valley took on extraordinary shapes as they conformed to the swirling wind patterns. There was a local easterly circulation of low level air around the storms which produced a clear primary wave cloud off the Porcupines just to the north of the airfield; this must surely be a rare event.

Monday It was an early packing up day as the forecast promised nothing useful. It was a very successful and busy camp. Over the ten days we had 96 glider pilots on hand with 40 gliders and over 70 other family members, friends and visitors. Just over 1800 aircraft movements were recorded, using 496 tow tickets and 124 wimpies.

Although this wet season put a bit of a clamp on much serious cross-country at the camp (only Dick got out to the east and then only because he had nowhere else to fly for a while one day), a lot of pilots got a lot of enjoyable mountain soaring in nevertheless. Of special mention are Jay's Diamond Goal flight, a difficult one; Kevin's daily effort to declare something and achieving hundreds of kilometres as a result; Lorne and Peter's solos, Dick's entertaining low level perils, and Hans' long flight to Canmore and back.

Thanks as always go to all the many volunteers who assisted in the camp's success ... Cowley looks really lonely when the last trailer has pulled out. ●

THE 1st HOUR

On 18 August 1922 Arthur Martens soared for one hour and six minutes in the “Vampyr”, a world record. Great fires of joy burnt that night on the Wasserkuppe.

Paul Karlson

from *Segelflug durch Wind und Wolken*
translated by Ursula Wiese

IT WAS 1922 — the third competition at the Wasserkuppe. The German aviation industry had offered a prize of one thousand Marks. A lot of money, even at a time of rising inflation. But look at the requirement to win it — 40 minutes of soaring! Many thought it impossible, the requirement seemed to be unreachable — it was double the time of the last world record. To top it off, one had to pass between two markers a hundred metres apart, followed by a distance flight of 5 kilometres. Who on earth was able to do all that? Never, in many years, would this prize be won. Alright — aircraft have much improved, they are now more carefully and more scientifically designed and built. But 40 minutes? Idiocy, sheer idiocy ... “anybody could offer this prize, if they were afraid of losing money!”

However, the Hannover flying students thought otherwise. They had arrived with their Vampyr, a big sailplane designed for maximum performance at lowest sink, using all the scientific knowledge of the time. Judging from the construction, appearance, and performance — this was an aeroplane that could still fly well today. Martens and Hentzen, founders of the Hannover flying group, did not find anybody their equal in the air and they knew what their aircraft could do.

“Oh yes, the prize will be won, and that means by us! The only thing we need is some west wind”, commented Martens, a slender and always happy fellow. “Just in case, I will look at the countryside a bit closer. A bit of a west wind is needed; six metres per second will do; I know already how I have to fly. I only hope that the Darmstadt group will not be ahead of us. In any case, the Vampyr will be flown for 40 minutes.”

Martens recalls this historical day: “Late afternoon, 18 August. The farmland around the Wasserkuppe glows in the bright sun. A wind — 6 to 8 metres per second — blows across the plateau. Just a little while ago it blew from the south, but soon it veered to the west. Not bad at all, things look promising to go for the grand soaring prize.

However we are on the ground deep down in the valley and the Darmstadt, our great competitor, flies well above us. The Darmstadt pilots are starting sooner than we. Damn — will they grab the prize in front of our noses?

It isn't always good if the wind is favourable. Working hard, the Hannover group had

mounted their Greif and Vampyr on the transportation cart and, with a lot of people power, hurry to reach the steep west slope of the Wasserkuppe.

We have been the first group to build a transportation cart; it's a simple cart on wheels to put the machines on. To roll uphill is still easier than to push or carry. A simple idea — well, one had to get it first. Somebody always does it first, okay. That's why we have won several prizes (as it was the total distance or duration of several flights that won a contest, you know). We always made three or four starts on two other machines and our little cart helped us — one, two, three — to get to the start again, while the others were still labouring uphill. Triumph of the brain over brute force, or something like that.

Well, the terrain of the Rhön hills isn't asphalt. Uphill we go — over stone walls and wet meadows — a tiresome and difficult path. Every once in a while a wheel suddenly disappears in the swampy ground. And with great heaves the cart has to be lifted back up. A little rest — it's hot. We talk, “The wind is right. It should be sufficient for a flight”. The Darmstadt is ahead of us on the west slope, and already on the other side. Have they already started?

A buzzard silently soars his turns and ogles the labouring people below who try to get their big bird to the top.

The trek suddenly halted ... silence ... all stared to the west. Only a few hundred metres away a giant bird climbed majestically away from the mountain slope. What a spectacle. The Darmstadt! Lifted by invisible forces, the giant bird climbs higher. Now, it turns to the left and rushes at great speed along the west slope. It's holding altitude as the pilot tries to reach the starting point.

There — the right turn costs height — it sinks lower and lower. Will he regain height, will he have to land? Slowly he loses height and disappears behind the slope. Its pilot has flown wrong, one can't go that far over! There is nothing over at the Eube. Has he landed? I guess we all hope for it, because we want to be the first ones.

Then I wonder whether it's really fair to wish sinking air on the competitor. Don't I have to be happy for a friend if he succeeds? If he shows that man can fly at all? Well, fair or not — it's a competition. We want to win and, for now, the friend is the enemy. Too much love for one's fellow man dumps out the baby with

the bath water — a fight and healthy ambition have to be. Our cart moves faster. I run ahead to grab a cup of coffee. There was no lunch in all this excitement. I'm running to the start and our fine Vampyr arrives at the same time. Shortly behind is our Greif.

The Darmstadt has landed away over at the Eube. The crew is already there and slowly approach the start line again. They are also in a hurry!

Where did all these spectators come from? Do they sniff the “morning air” and think, west wind? The soaring wind is becoming common knowledge.

I see the well known terrain. The west slope. Behind us the Kuppe. Below the forest, and the steep hollow pass which we hastened down many times. Poppenhausen, the small village over there. The Pferdskopf hill to the left and the steep grassy spine leading to it. That's what I have to fly along. I hand over my start form: “flight in Vampyr — a start for the great prize.”

The machine is quickly lifted from the cart and readied for launch. A quick look around, a quick check of the control cables and I'm pushed into my seat with great laughter and joking, because getting into our soaring bird isn't easy if one has a set of very long legs.

“Everything alright?”
“Everything's alright”, is the answer.
“Wind?”
“Changing six to eight metres per seconds.”

The rope is connected to the start hook. The runners are in their places. We can start. “7, 8, 8-1/2” shouts the man with the anemometer. Then a clear and sharp command: “Achtung, ready, go.” The great white bird lifts off easily. To the right and left some runners are in the funniest positions on the ground so as not to be hit by my wings.

The wind is steady, I don't have to use the controls much, and my dear bird climbs into the blue sky, defying gravity. To the left the Pferdskopf, a sharp silhouetted cone. It becomes smaller and smaller. Crabbing into wind, I come nearer. Right on the top I notice the silhouette of a lonely observer who follows the giant bird with his binoculars. Now I'm well above the Pferdskopf and turn my machine slowly towards the starting point. A bit to the left, way down below, I see the crowd of spectators, see the shack on the Wasserkuppe, see the markers between which I have to start.

I let the ship crab, only making a steep turn in the last moment. The maneuver works! At great speed, with a quartering tailwind, I approach the starting point. Already from far away I hear the thousands of shouts, becoming louder and louder. I'm now about 100 metres above the start; and right above the spectators I make a sharp left turn into wind.

For the first time I have reached a longed for goal as the miraculous bird floats above the starting point! I take a deep breath, and a happy long hurrah comes from high above. Below me I see waving, running about, hear hundreds of shouts but understand nothing.

How long have I been in the air? Time seems short, seems long. I look at my watch — and have forgotten the starting time!

I'm already at the very steep west slope and have to take care not to fly too far over the valley, so that I don't lose the lifting power of the wind. Again I let my big bird go with the wind. Again I see the lonely observer on the Pferdskopf, getting smaller and smaller and I stand silently above him like a great ancient bird, turn again, fly again towards the crowd below, see the mountain chain coming quickly at me, crab a bit, and am again over the starting point.

"How long have I flown?" I yell down. They hear me. They become quiet. I shout once again. Then a hundred voices answer, and I understand nothing. I look at my watch and guess, but that is no certainty, and so it goes.

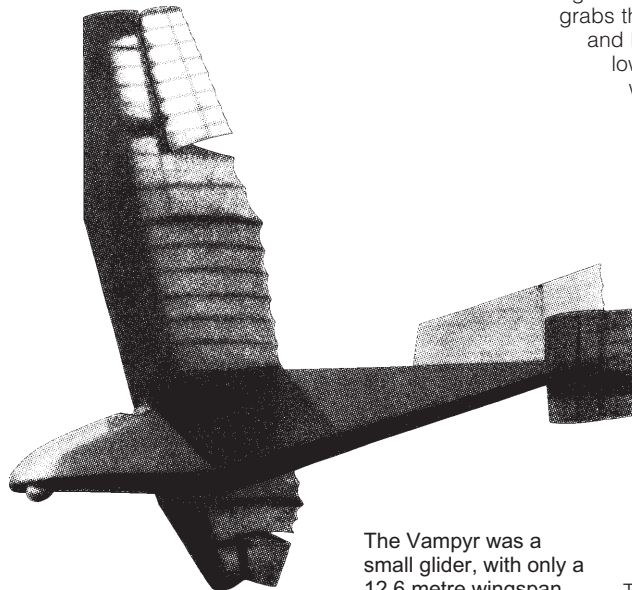
Below me are my comrades — together we pulled the heavy machine uphill. They worked hard with me during the past winter, having only this one goal in mind. They longed for this moment, they wanted to see the Vampyr fly, turning high above the Wasserkuppe. The human bird now turned above them, soaring in the wind, humming his happy song.

The Wind blew around the wings, playing with the new mysterious toy that man had sent it. The wind played with it, caressed its feathers, playfully and curiously pushed against the rudder and pushed the craft off its course. Its white tail wagged just a bit and was back on course. Its wings extended out to hold the wind, it turned sharply and courageously, it searched for the wind.

The Wind loved this new bird (did he also sense that the Vampyr was seeking his friendship) offering his vast unmeasurable kingdom — guiding it up to the birds, carrying it to great heights. The wind wanted to teach it all his tricks, show the ship all his secrets, wanted to take it into the turbulences and teach it to master them, in a playful fight with the air. He wanted to teach it soaring, riding the crests and valleys of the waves. The new friend should turn above the mountains, a dark speck in the sunny sky. Along the slope he wanted to carry the aeroplane, very close over the rocks and trees and slopes, wanted to show

the narrow passages up to the Rhön only to take it along in a fast joyful ride up, he wanted to warn it of the overhangs, of the lee of the hill, where even the wind himself would be thrown down from his height, dancing dangerously towards Earth. And he wanted to carry it far across the land, he wanted to show the beauty of the vast glowing earth. The dark forests and green meadows, the golden fields and the small red villages, the pointed steeples and old and mossy roofs.

"Did you know, my great white bird, how beautiful it is to completely leave the earth?" These were the words of the wind to its new friend. Its voice was alluring, but also commanding. The new friend should fly with the birds, with the clouds, with the great sun.



The Vampyr was a small glider, with only a 12.6 metre wingspan.

"Welcome in my kingdom, welcome amongst my creatures." The wind carried and led and waved the Vampyr, and the Vampyr flew happily high above the people. Naturally the bird had climbed up into this kingdom. And it would stay there. Man had climbed up and the wind had welcomed him in his airy kingdom. Man flew, he competed with the wind.

For the fourth time the Vampyr headed for the starting point. I see something strange. At the starting point I see a giant "eighteen". What a great idea! People have made this number with their bodies. A number that lives, gesticulates, shouts. For me this moment of wireless communication with earth was the greatest of the entire flight. I now know that I have been up for eighteen minutes.

I return a fifth time. Low, very low. Ideas come and go in a flash. What's the matter? Did the wind slow down? What am I doing wrong? Did the wind turn? Now that I had believed the 40 minutes were mine, I am fighting the idea to end the flight because of the wind. I am trying my best to climb again. In vain...I am flying now about 25 metres above the starting line.

I see the living 24 below. Ear piercing noise ... happy shouting, and questions I barely understand.

"I can't stay up, the wind has slowed down!" I shout. Silence below.

"What's the wind now?" One voice shouts sharply, "The wind has slowed down a lot, 3-4 metres per second."

Well, I will have to give up ... an unpleasant feeling to see the dream of the goal fall to pieces. I hold the controls very quietly. I see with great concern and bitterness that the machine is almost lower than the starting point. I look over the terrain, quiet, silent, apathetic. I want to cry. Dreams of success sink into nothingness. Emptiness. Silence.

Suddenly a bang from the machine and I'm being lifted like an elevator. A strong gust grabs the machine and casts her higher and higher. To the left the Pferdskopf lowers. Suddenly I sense a strong wind, the climb increases, the gusts pound against the machine. Sharply and quickly I respond to get as much energy as possible out of them.

Again I'm high above the Pferdskopf, turn slowly and turn again above the Wasserkuppe, and at great height I'm turning for the sixth time above the starting point. The crowd is shouting happily. I notice a strong and constant wind at this height. The big bird quietly does its turns. The nerves calm slowly; I am waiting only for one moment, the fortieth minute.

The sun is lower in the west already. There is fog in the valley. A buzzard pair over at the Eube at my height doing their wonderful slow and quiet turns. Now it's the ninth time that I turn over the Pferdskopf and see the living number in the distance, I can hear the shouting. I come closer, the shouting becomes louder.

Forty is the living number. Directly below the start. I hear my own happy hurrah, only to be echoed from below. I shout to be heard. There is a moment of silence and I shout: "I'm going down into the valley and fly to Gersfeld." Then much confusion, shouting, until a voice comes clearly through: "Don't fly to Gersfeld, the distance is not far enough."

I fly another triumphant turn above the start and then let my sailplane fly over to the Pferdskopf. I think for a moment, see Gersfeld way down in the valley, see the sun deep in the west and turn the machine towards the sun. Quietly I lean back in the straps, quietly my hand holds the stick, and slowly the journey begins down towards the valley.

After a little while I look back and see the very sharp silhouette of the Wasserkuppe massif reaching for the evening sky. Way below the village of Poppenhausen. Dogs bark, chickens flee into their coops, people look up and shout.

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THE MOTHER OF ALL CLOUDSTREETS

Kevin Bennett
Cu Nim

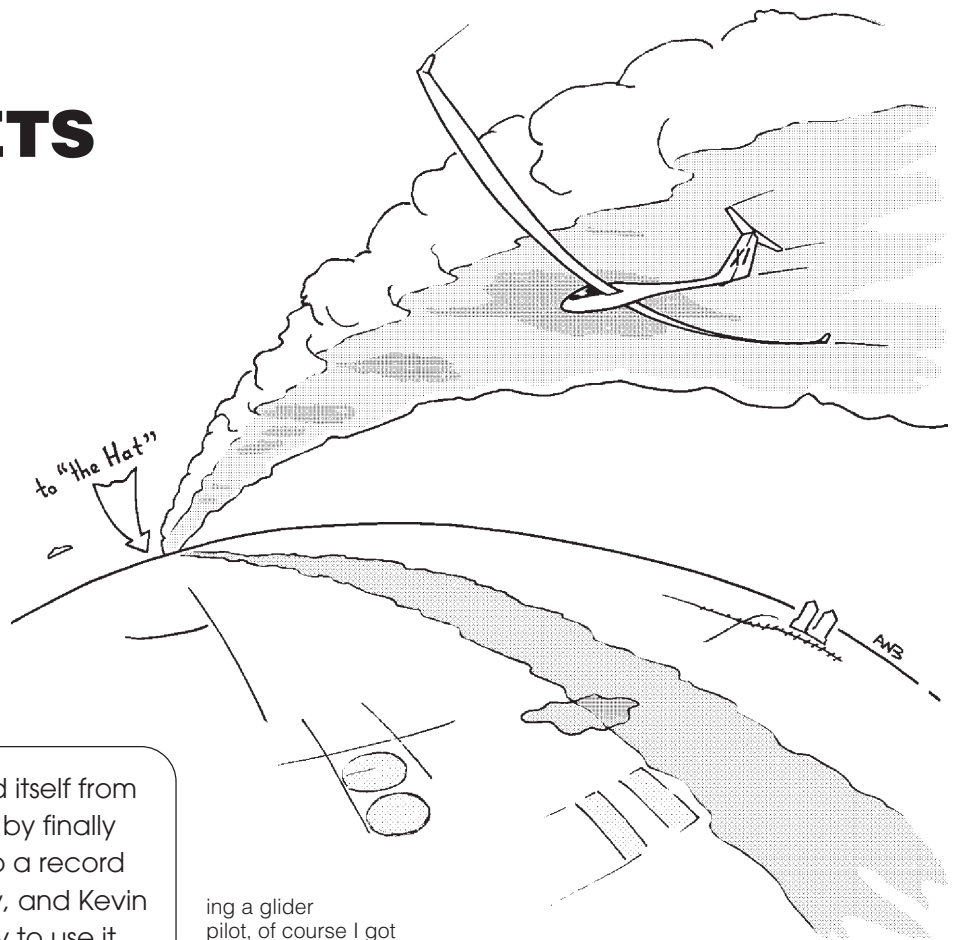
LAST FALL I ATTENDED a half day seminar on climatology that was sponsored by one of the brokerage houses in downtown Calgary. This seminar was put on for the oil and gas industry to convince us that the '90s were going to be getting colder, and that the so called "greenhouse effect" of the '80s was just a hoax. The resulting "ice age" for the '90s is good news for natural gas producers. The speaker of this seminar was Dr. Evelyn Browning who has spent her whole life researching and studying the climate. She went to great lengths to convince everyone at the seminar that based on the last 400 years of data, the climate was cyclical and as a result, predictable. The most important factors affecting global climate are sun spot activity and natural disasters (ie. volcanic activity). Based on the current decreasing sun spot activity and with the enormous amount of pollutants and volcanic ash thrown into the atmosphere by the Mt Pinatubo volcano in conjunction with the current El Niño, she predicted that global cooling had already begun and that generally the '90s were going to be cooler than the '80s.

Some of the short term predictions that she made in an attempt to show confidence in her work included things like:

- very little snow in the Canadian Rockies this past winter and that the skiing would be terrible. The place to ski apparently was going to be the Colorado/New Mexico Rockies. Turns out she was right.
- western Canada was going to have a long, but generally mild winter. Turns out she was right again.
- the Gulf Coast states would have significant rain fall and flooding in the fall and winter. And, guess what, she was right.

Several other predictions she made turned out to be true also. By the time spring came around I was telling everyone that we were in for a fantastic soaring season because one other prediction Dr. Browning made was that the jet stream was going to be tracking a lot further south than normal during the summer and that western North America would have a cool, moist, and very unstable summer. Be-

1992 saved itself from disgrace by finally serving up a record soaring day, and Kevin was ready to use it.



ing a glider pilot, of course I got excited hearing that the jet stream was going to be generally south of the border since that's when we generally get our best soaring conditions. But everyone at the club thought I had gone off the deep end and wondered why I had taken up voodoo!

Well, turns out that our summer has been exactly what Dr. Browning predicted — cool, moist and unstable. So moist in fact that we had to cut grass at the glider club (how absurd!) — and so unstable that hail is predictable. Turns out that my expectations of a great soaring season have been anything but. Good soaring was non-existent right up to the end of July when finally, just in time for Cowley — it arrived. I had suffered the wrath of Dick Mamini all spring for my erroneous predictions.

The good soaring even hung around for the weekend after Cowley and we had one of the best weekends in many years and Sunday — August 9 — was an unbelievable soaring day. Finally! I was out to prove that my predictions of a great season were here. I had flown on Saturday and tied down overnight, fully expecting Sunday to be a good day, but not as good as Saturday as the atmosphere was likely stabilizing. As a result, I was in no hurry to get to the club Sunday morning and didn't get there until after 1130.

It had become obvious during the fifty minute drive to the club that I could already have

been airborne as cu was popping everywhere. I'd underestimated how good a day this was going to be. After arriving at the club, I was in a mad panic to get airborne. During the ensuing scramble I had decided that a 500 kilometre flight was in order if I could get launched and started by 1 pm. With the brisk northwest wind at 15 kts and obvious streeting already starting, I chose an out-and-return to Medicine Hat airport which was directly downwind. After towing the glider to the far end of the runway I was ready to launch just after 1230 (this in itself was a record considering ballasting, declarations, barograph, film, OO work, etc). As we were towing the Ventus to the other end, a club Blanik landed and the pilot reported 9 knot thermals to 11,000 feet. I was excited to hear this, but at the same time kicking myself for not being airborne 2 hours earlier on a 750.

I got launched at 1240 and shortly thereafter found myself floundering around at 1800-1900 feet agl fully loaded with water with nothing but 1/2 to 1 knot thermals. I was becoming increasingly impatient and frustrated as it seemed like forever before I found a whopping 2 knotter. It took me over 15 minutes to gain barely enough height to do a start gate run, and since it was already after 1 pm, I started even without maximizing my start run energy. I began to think that all these clouds were sucker cu and that the pilot report I received just before launch was "for my benefit only", so to speak.

My luck took three big leaps to the better about 15 seconds after I started as I stumbled into a 7 knot thermal as big as ... well it was big. I left it at around 9500 feet (Black Diamond gliderport is at 4000). As I headed east I could see the cu cover was better and I bumped along slowly under every little cu and wisp knowing that with the 15 knot tailwind I was making good time despite myself.

By now the panic and frustration of getting started were subsiding and I started to concentrate on the flight. About 50–60 kilometres out I stopped to thermal again in about 5–6 knots since I was down to about 6500. Things were starting to look much better, and I left this thermal at 8500 feet, still several thousand feet below cloudbase but a reasonable looking street was forming right on course to the southeast. I was able to climb straight ahead for a while and maintain altitude as long as I didn't fly too fast. After an hour and ten minutes I was southwest of Brooks near Bow City which was about 140 kilometres out. After a quick mental calculation I realized that this was not all that fast considering I had a 15 knot tailwind. But things kept looking better to the east. At Bow City I almost flew myself onto the deck as I approached some good looking cu right on course. I connected immediately with about 6 knots which was consistent right up to 8–8300 asl before I set out on what turned out to be "THE MOTHER OF ALL CLOUDSTREETS".

Flying at speeds of 90–100 knots almost continuously to stay out of the clouds, I covered the remaining 110–115 km to Medicine Hat airport in a little over a half hour! The cloudstreet ran right over the town of Medicine Hat and I only had about a 30 second glide out to the turnpoint. This street continued to the southeast as far as I could see. I took my picture at the airport at 2:50, only one hour and forty-five minutes after I started!

I was now getting excited as thoughts of a RECORD were starting to seep into my head. But as I turned and headed home, uphill and against the wind, I knew this flight was a long way from over. In fact I started to get déjà vu, as about five years ago I was on a 700 km O&R to Maple Creek, SK and had made it to the turnpoint in 2 hours and 40 minutes, only

to land out 50 km from home after struggling back against the wind for more than four hours.

As I re-established myself under the cloudstreet I had to force myself back to the task at hand. As luck would have it, this giant cloudstreet was still working just as well as on the way down, and I gained the 2000 feet back to cloudbase after taking my turnpoint picture by flying straight ahead. With the sun now in front of me this cloudstreet took on definitions that I had never seen before. There was very little space between the cu, and every cu had 8 knots under it. There was no more than 5/10 cu cover in the area, and no overdevelopment.

As I was leaving the Medicine Hat area, the tower called me up to confirm that I was a "motorglider". I corrected them of course.

I was now flying consistently over 100 knots and had not made even a 'dummy turn' since Bow City. I have only rarely seen conditions like this and they were in Minden and Uvalde.

As I approached Lake Newell near Brooks I could see that this cloudstreet ended in about the same place I picked it up. In fact there was a definite thinning of the cu to the west but another cloudstreet just a little further north was heading in the right direction. As I transitioned cloudstreets I lost a little altitude and stopped to gain about 1000 feet under the first cu of the new street. This was my first turn in about 230 km (except for the turnpoint) and I covered the distance in one and half hours (average speed of 150 km/h).

After three to four turns in this thermal I got to view THE MOTHER from a distance and I realized how awesome that cloudstreet was. This inspired me to level out and head on course, hoping this new street was just as good. I ended up flying a little slower under the new street but was able to still make good time since I didn't have to stop to thermal. This street petered out near Queenstown, just north of Milo. My stop watch read 3:06 hours and I was 90 kilometres from home. This is when I really got excited as I realized my average speed was over 130 km/h up to now (actually it was 137 km/h) and all I had to do was "not land out".

From Queenstown to Black Diamond however proved to be a struggle. I left this cloudstreet heading on course towards what looked like good cu and about 2/10 coverage. Well, all I could find was the occasional 2 knots and I wound up on the deck at Arrowwood (not really, but it sure felt like it compared to the previous couple of hours). I finally centered about a 3–4 knoter which I reluctantly took. I was about 1500–2000 below final glide altitude when I left this thermal and headed west. As I searched for that elusive 6 knoter for final glide I started to sweat a bit as the day was obviously dying, either that or my luck was running out.

The next 50 kilometres home seemed to take forever as I couldn't find any good thermals. I bumped along at 50–60 knots against the wind under the remaining cu, slowly working my way onto glideslope but never finding anything substantial to turn in. As I passed Okotoks I realized I was safe (but just barely) with only ten kilometres to go. The wind had died down a bit to about ten knots for most of my final glide. It was probably a good thing as I didn't have enough height for a flying finish. I landed straight in and rolled up to the hangar after 4 hours and 5 minutes.

As I stepped out of the cockpit and looked back east I could not believe that I barely made it home since the sky still looked pretty good. I was kicking myself for taking almost an hour to get home the last 90 kilometres. But then I remembered THE MOTHER, for without her this flight would never have been.

This was definitely a 750 kilometre day if I'd started earlier, and was the best soaring day in many years. I remember thinking to myself that evening that our good soaring season was finally here, and even thought of calling up Dick to gloat.

... as I sit at home two weeks later on a Sunday afternoon (August 23) writing this story and look out the window at a foot of snow (that's right — snow!) I am coming back to the reality that this good soaring season was only two weeks long and is probably over.

Well, Dr. Browning was right again and I'll be predicting good soaring ... NEXT YEAR! •

... 1st hour concluded from page 11

To my left the Ebersburg; I turn the machine slowly and come closer to the ruins which are still shining in the setting sun. They remind me of the grey German past. Strange ideas. Man's dream, a silent flying man flies over the ruins of the past. I'm at the height of the castle and look down into the yard and see dark shadows cast by leftover walls and towers...

I must be over 50 minutes in the air by now. Suddenly I'm struck by the idea, "The hour has to be completed". I avoid every unnecessary control to save the last bit of height. Below to my right I see the field where my friend Hentzen had landed some time ago. I see a white church steeple in the fog. I see outlines of houses. This must be Weyhers. I look at my watch.

Hurray, the hour has been made. By how much? I don't know. I estimate my height at 150 metres and decide to land. A few hundred metres ahead a fine meadow, behind it a creek with a windmill. I give a sharp command to descend. The bird begins to whistle. I hold the machine close to the ground, rush over a grain field, reach my selected landing field at a great speed, and float — float. Very close to the ground I put the left wing down, the tip slips, then the big bird falls tired onto the ground. A small jump, a sharp left turn, and it stops just in front of another grain field.

I sit there for a moment. The adventures of the flight flash by, then I open the windshield, and greet the villagers around me. They muster around the strange bird from the Wasserkuppe in awe and disbelief.

A new human goal has been reached to fly like a bird through the air. The spell has been broken. Man has flown the first powerless hour. With this hour the time barrier has been broken, out of this one hour all other duration flights have grown. This one hour in the afternoon of 18 August 1922 grew into the unmeasurable. It contains all the many hours which will be flown in the future.

A few days later the Vampyr was flown by Hentzen. He soared two and three hours and the entire Wasserkuppe and the flight camp and the town of Gersfeld and the entire world knew: the powerful idea had become true — they flew without an engine, just like the birds. It took only three years from the clumsy primary gliders to the Vampyr, which flew on the slopes for hours, and climbed in the thermals. •

A competition pilot's report on the SZD-55

Ed Hollestelle "A1"

SOSA

EARLY IN THE SPRING of this year I made arrangements with the very nice people in South Carolina who sell the Krosno, Jantar and many other Polish products to fly the SZD-55 in our Canadian Nationals.

As it turned out the trip down to Hilton Head, SC was somewhat longer than I thought but I had left myself plenty of time to get back up to Hawkesbury, (the site of the 1992 Nationals) to get some practise flying in before the contest started, or so I thought. I arrived back at Hawkesbury late Tuesday night, June 16.

The next morning looked promising and with the help of some local pilots I assembled the ship for the first time. What a treat that was! I had never put a plane together this easily the first time. The spar stubs connect with two main pins (one short and one long) and the ailerons and divebrakes connect automatically with slotted tube drivers in the fuselage and pinned balls on the wing side. The tail slides on from the top and locks in place with a pin through the top front of the fin with a nifty self-locking device. Only the wingroots need taping and with the wing fearing on the fuselage side and the perfect fit this makes for a quick and simple job.

The workmanship is impressive and the lines of the ship are beautiful. During assembly its

light weight becomes evident. Lifting the tail and rolling the fuselage out of the trailer took no effort and the wings are equally light to handle.

The cockpit layout is great with all the handles in the right place and easy to reach. They have the proper colour coding as well and function in the right direction. The rudder pedals, backrest and headrest all adjust to make any pilot comfortable, and the stick is in the right spot (not too far forward like the Jantar).

The front hinged canopy has a very simple but very effective sealing system that makes the cockpit incredibly quiet, even at high speeds. Surely it also doesn't hurt the performance.

The large main wheel (5x5) and the lower wing incidence (to improve high speed cruise) gives the ship a nose-high attitude on the ground. The high angle of attack of the wing during the early takeoff run reduces aileron control (read Johnson's "Flight Test Evaluation of the SZD-55", SOARING, March 1992). I never encountered any problems though because the large tailwheel tracks the ship nicely behind the towplane until there is sufficient speed to lift the tail and this immediately gives the pilot full aileron control.

During the takeoff that day it quickly became evident this ship has very crisp control response. I had a tendency to over-rudder on this first tow and the controls felt much like the Discus, but a little quicker.

After release I took the plane through the paces and I was very impressed with the control response and excellent coordination, even at the lower speeds. The ship is very stable and even small control inputs give a quick response. I did a series of stalls at different flying attitudes and found that the stall occurred without warning at around 35 knots and always resulted in a wingdrop. The recovery with the big rudder is very quick and not too much height is lost. It spins very nicely and again recovery is very quick without excessive speed. While doing all this I had lost most of my 3000 feet tow height and decided to find some lift to prolong the flight and the fun. Over the factory grounds just west of the field I found a weak thermal and climbed to almost 4000 feet agl.

Different thermalling speeds were tried and I found that even at the steeper bank angles the speed could easily be reduced to below 45 knots. The trim on the stick is very pleasant and works over the entire speed range. As it turned out I managed to fly all afternoon using weak blue thermals. Seating is very comfortable and somewhere in between the DG and the LS series. The landing with the large two stage Schempp-Hirth type airbrakes is very simple and the wheelbrake with a squeeze type handle on the divebrake handle worked fine after I adjusted it for the second flight. The next five days were non-flying days so I was to start our National contest after only one practise flight.

When the contest started on June 23, I rigged and filled the wings with 140 litres of water and put 7 litres in the tail. The water filling system for the wings is very simple. The factory supplies two swan-neck type filler tubes that attach to the wing in such a way that after you connect the bottom part into the inlet on the undersurface of the wing, the top end with the funnel sits on the wing without requiring support. All you do is open the tap and let gravity feed the water in. Taking off with partial water is no problem as the wing section forming the tank has ribs with holes acting as baffle plates. The tail is filled by opening the filler hole at the bottom of the fin just above the fuselage.

photo unavailable

Ed fiddles with the SZD-55 computer. The elliptical leading edge of the wing is a notable feature of this sailplane.

The big surprise was that the SZD-55 handles remarkably easy in flight carrying water ballast. I have flown many different types of gliders with water ballast but this one retains most of its pleasant handling even ballasted.

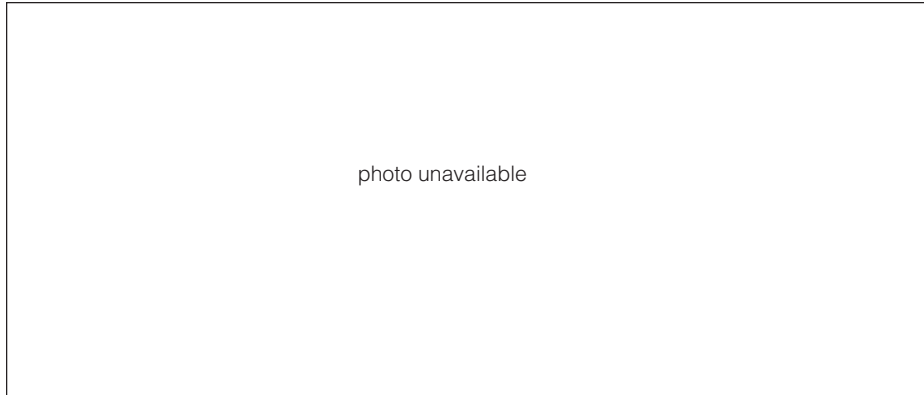
During the first task of the contest I found out that this ship still climbs well and handles very pleasant thermalling at 45 knots even in small Ontario thermals and with a 9 lb wing loading.

I won the first day and three more during the contest of eight days total. There is no doubt that the SZD-55 is ideal in very weak conditions (empty weight is around 470 lbs), and as proven in Uvalde, TX also runs with the best in very strong conditions (1100 lbs).

This is quite a spread from just over 6 lbs to a 10.6 lbs wing loading. In Hawkesbury I won the weakest day (54.5 km/h) and the strongest day (96.1 km/h) and I love the way it handles. It is a real pilot's airplane that responds quickly and pleasantly, is comfortable, has an easy water ballast system, rigs and derigs very easily — and on top of all this it looks good.

I found it a real pleasure to deal with Lee Logan, Mike Slingluff and Ed Anderson who own "Solaire Performance Sailplanes Inc." in South Carolina. They can also deliver very quickly; as I understand they currently work with a 90 day delivery cycle. •

UPDATE ON HP-18 MODS



Ed Hollestelle SOSA

In free flight 1/92, I wrote a story on building the HP-18, with particular emphasis on major airfoil modifications and other changes to improve the design. At the time, I made reference to building a single piece canopy to fit a taller frame to give an added 3-1/2 inches of headroom. A Jantar canopy has now been cut and the frame is finished. The photo shows the untrimmed plexiglas resting on the taller frame. Extending back from the top surface

of the canopy is a flexible rod which set the line for the modified turtledeck. The canopy frame will have a front hinge/emergency release mechanism.

A Blanik wheel has recently been installed with a brake that works! Over the winter, 17.6m wingtip extensions will be constructed and the waterballast plumbing will be finished.

Flight testing will begin in the spring to establish performance at 15m, 15m with winglets, and 17.6m with winglets. •

THE BLANIK FACTORY FLIES THE NEW L33

In response to the FAI World Class design competition, LET, makers of the Blanik have been working on a 14 metre design since September 1989. The first prototype was finished in April of this year and underwent static load tests. The second prototype was finished on 30 June and has flown over 30 hours since. A third prototype, incorporating all test results

is scheduled to be complete in September for the competition fly-off which is to take place in Oerlinghausen, Germany, from 14 September to 2 October. The L33 is an all-metal mid-wing sailplane with semi-monocoque fuselage, T-tail and fixed gear. The ailerons and elevator are of metal sandwich construction, and the rudder is fabric covered. The

fixed gear has an air/oil shock absorber and the bottom front of the fuselage is reinforced to accept some ground impact. The glider will be certificated to JAR-22 standards, and LET is planning to manufacture it regardless of the World Class competition results.

Towline, Seattle Glider Council newsletter

Wing span	14.0 m	45.9 ft
Length	6.62 m	21.7 ft
Wing area	11 m ²	118.4 ft ²
Empty weight	210 kg	463 lbs
Max gross weight	330 kg	728 lbs
Pilot weight (min/max)	121 / 242 lbs	
Pilot height (min/max)	5'-1" / 6'-8"	
Vne smooth	130 kts	
Vne rough	81 kts	
Vstall (max wt)	35 kts	

L/D max (49 kts)	33:1	
G limits	+5.3, -2.65	
Min sink (38 kts)	0.66 m/sec	130 ft/min

LET L33 World Class glider candidate

training and safety

SAC western instructor training course

Cu Nim provided the site, rented the gliders and sold tows to the eleven people attending the 1992 western instructor course August 10–22. Course conductor, Mike Apps, was god for a few days until someone higher up said “I have control”, and moved in a cold cold front which dumped a few inches of snow on things Friday evening.

The aspiring instructors were Brian Leonard (Rideau Valley Soaring School), Bruce Armstrong and Roy Eichendorf (Saskatoon), Aaron Benko and Ray Richards (Regina club), Mark Jalbert (Gravelbourg), Deirdre Duffy (Edmonton), Bulent Ilcan and Paul Pentek (Cold Lake), John Grieco (Cu Nim), Julien Boivin (Vancouver), and Gerald Ince (Cu Nim) took in the evening sessions.

Mosquitos presented a probing welcome to everyone immediately upon arrival and generally disrupted the first evening session which was held in the hangar. Then Paul Pentek rescued the course by convincing the Black Diamond school superintendent to provide the school library at a nominal rental as a site for the evening sessions. A Black Diamond café opened at 6 am for breakfast and the motel provided comfortable, reasonably priced accommodation for some of the students (and free showers, unwittingly, for some who camped at the site). Cu Nim is fortunate in having this community so near by.

On Sunday Dave Fowlow, Cu Nim CFI, conducted site familiarization rides before the course began and briefed the students on site peculiarities and the local weather.

Mike Apps then took over. The SAC agenda and procedures were followed. The students acted as instructor or student during the air exercises that took place from 8 am until approximately 2 pm each day. From 6 to 10 pm sessions at the school library consisted of a review of the flying and a lecture by Mike, presentations by a few volunteers and planning for the next air exercise. Interspersed amongst all the activity were a series of one liners and comments from the quick wits such as Bulent, Mark and Deirdre which kept the group relaxed and supportive of each other.

A real emergency situation occurred the day prior to the scheduled emergency air exercises. Mark and Brian had just taken off and were at precisely 300 feet agl off runway 07 when the weaklink broke. The “student” and the “instructor” each thought the other had been prompted to pull the release. Nevertheless they used the SOAR process to select their best option as a return to the field and did so. Bruce Hea of Cu Nim then put new weaklinks on all the tow ropes.

On Thursday morning as the gliders were pushed to the flight line voices were at a slightly higher than normal pitch for this was the day the air exercises included spins. The day was great fun and everyone said they

appreciated and benefited from the way Mike had lead into and explained the lesson.

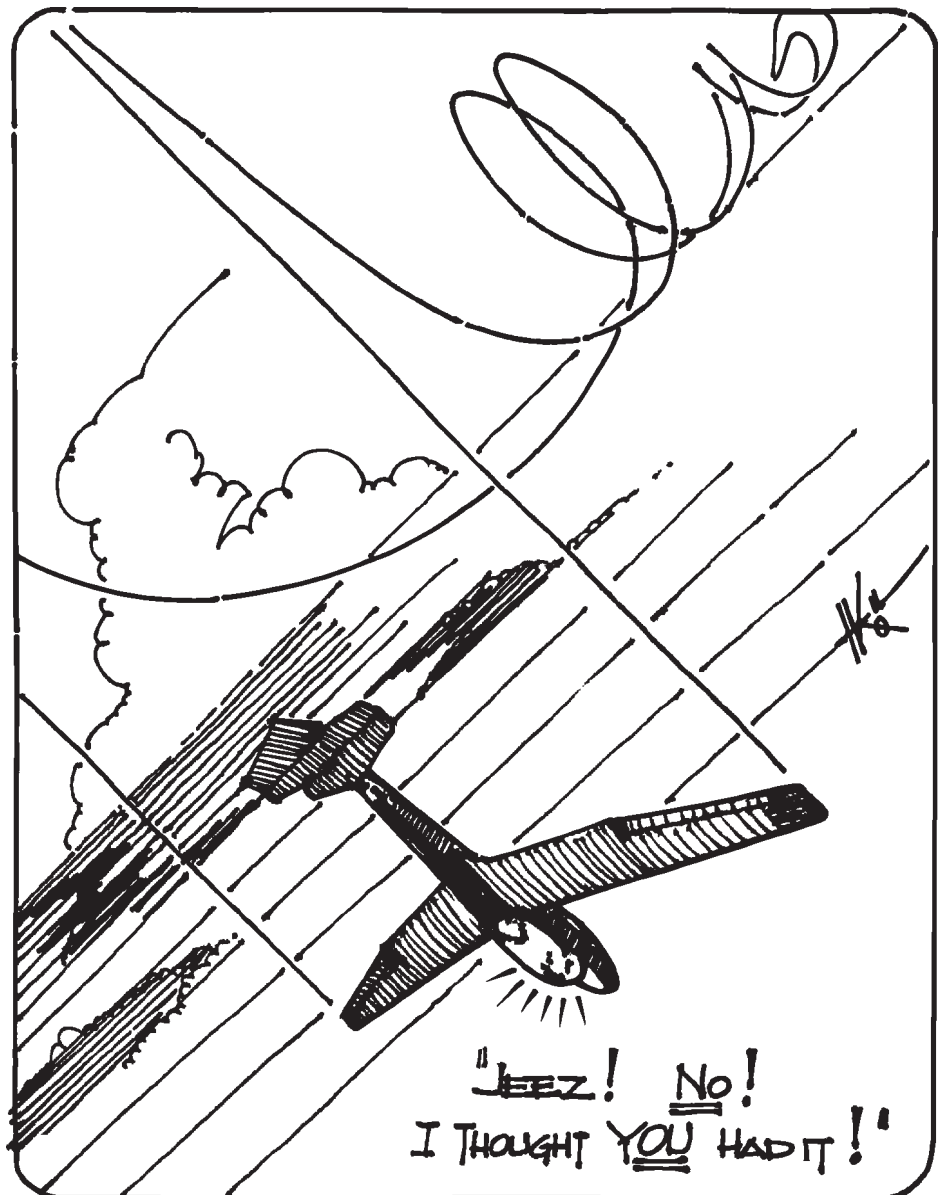
Friday morning towpilot Barry Bradley reported strong cross winds and wind shear shortly after takeoff. It was extremely cold for Aug 21 and there were snow showers in the area. Mike wisely shut down flying operations and everyone sought places to get warm — cars, café, motel — and ready themselves for the written exam. An extra thanks goes to the towpilots Barry Bradley, Ian Colquhoun, Lyn Michaud and Ted Mani.

On Aug 22 Saturday morning everyone awoke to see 10 cm of snow on the vehicles. What looked like an igloo turned out to be Deirdre’s tent when a sun-burned nose came poking through the white stuff. The comments won’t be reported. Holding the final examination in the school library saved us all from frost bite as it was minus 1°C. After the exam everyone

congregated for a photo, to say farewell and to prompt visits so that they could again fly together. Then journeys home commenced and the concern about the snow became real. Mark’s crops were not ripe and could be ruined. Julien worried about driving on the mountain roads in his old VW van. Brian had to return a camper and get a flight out of Calgary. Mike also was scheduled to fly to Ottawa. Deirdre was travelling to the north-west into the snow, while Paul and Bulent were going to the northeast.

The SAC Instructor Course is very valuable. It is a vital element in improving safety. For participants it was a marvellous learning experience because of the experience and ability of Mike and because of those attending. Clubs should encourage as many of their members to attend such a course whether or not the club needs more instructors. It is of particular benefit to pilots trained by instructors who did not have the benefit of such a course. It isn’t known who will make a good instructor until they try, and this course will enable them to realize their strengths and abilities.

Ray Richards



The Bluenose training scheme

The intensive training period Bluenose Soaring runs every year has again shown its worth. We had ten students on the first day and all but one are now solo, and have had some cross-country training in field selection and pilotage. A major reason for our ability to run a week long course is that we have a large roster of skilled and dedicated instructors. There were fourteen on the list this year, some borrowed from the Air Cadet school and some regular members. We have a meeting during the winter to decide how many students to accept, balanced against the instructor staff we can expect. The students were recruited from the ground school put on by Chris Coote and guest speakers under the auspices of Dartmouth Continuing Education, and by Phil Backman at Acadia University in Wolfville. Others appeared from among those who came for a ride in previous years.

There are three instructors on duty each morning at 0830. The first two take the first two students in the K7s we use for training. After pre-flight briefing, these students do three flights each while the others run the ground operation; meanwhile, the third instructor briefs the next student to be ready to fly when the first has landed. The first student is then debriefed after his or her sequence is completed. We start early so as to benefit from the calm morning air and it is often a problem to get the system up and running at the appointed hour. However, as long as we have one student and one instructor, we can get going until the others turn up.

Other members of the club make their contribution by providing the winching and two are on duty each day. There are usually more than the duty drivers on hand for relief since we have a number of retired who are very good for some extra effort to make our club a success. The students are asked to turn up the weekend before start-up to learn the arcane art of field managing. Since they are the ones who benefit in extra flights if the process is well run, they soon get pretty good at it.

When the morning sequence is over at 1230, soaring is available, weather permitting, for the instructors who taught in the morning, for those who will work from 1730 until dark and also for other members. We only have two instructors on in the evening, since we find that more than six flights per day for beginners is less than effective, and we can get most of the work done in the morning. Much of the evening work is for those students who cannot take holidays every day of the training week, but we consider it mandatory that newcomers take in most of the training week. This year the weather was very good and one or two went solo during this week.

We extend the program one or two weekends until all are solo; from then on through the season there is a duty instructor available for checkrides and to supervise the students to see that they are not subject to more severe weather than they can deal with. If many lessons are missed due to weather, we continue on weekends until fifteen teaching days have been achieved; again this year the weather made it possible to keep up with the larger than planned workload.

Our winch operation requires that we carefully organize the teaching since the air time is much less per flight than with aerotow (and also, in the early stages, the student takes a few seconds to gather his or her wits after the high energy departure from the ground).

Of course, safety is of paramount concern and we have our operating procedures detailed in the field manual issued to each student along with instruction and logbooks, medical forms and a 50,000:1 topographical map of the Stanley area. Our operation is reviewed as we see problems develop, and recently we have initiated a "take up slack" item in the launch sequence due to an accident last year which was caused by an overrun of the cable. We still need to think carefully about a positive stop procedure to operate at the glider end in the case of a potential bad launch.

The operations audit recommended by the Flight Training & Safety committee is another incentive to review, and a number of items for correction have come up.

The circuit procedures on our field are dictated by an agreement between our club and a power operation which has existed on our field for many years. However, the procedures do not follow Transport Canada's directives for uncontrolled airports. This gives rise to the occasional excitement when an aircraft from elsewhere arrives in the circuit having neglected to bone up on the flight supplement.

We have two K7s for training and two K8s for club aircraft. They are rugged and easy to fly

(and to fix). Our venture into a glass slipper was a lesson in itself. There was a contingent which felt that it was too good for the hacker pilots flying it, and that the cost of participating in it constituted the creation of a club group apart from the others. The matter was resolved by a member landing it in the trees. This high-lighted the inadequate off-field training we had been doing and also that a repair facility 1200 miles away is a major deterrent to the purchase of any bird.

We have a fleet of private aircraft, and shares are frequently available for those who wish to fly beyond the time limits imposed on the club gliders. It is important that any person wishing to fly from a winch, pulley-tow or auto-tow be sure that their pride and joy will do its stuff as required.

Bluenose has managed to explore gliding opportunities away from Stanley using our mobile diesel winch (see previous items in free flight). This continued this year when a K7 was towed to Cape Breton and a paved strip was discovered. It will be further examined again later in the fall when the wind blows enough to produce ridge/wave action.

Finally, we have moved our clubhouse onto a new site near the flight line where toilet facilities and bunk space will be available. This task has brought out some administrative failings, where the members have been unable to restrain the drive and ambition of the Building committee, however the end result will be magnificent. Come visit us when you are in the Maritimes.

Dick Vine

A custom-built low-tech lumbar support that works

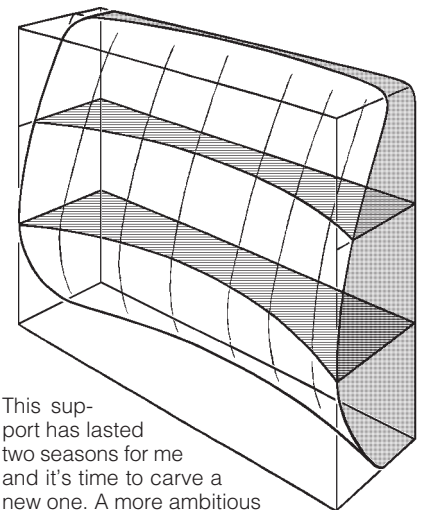
If the seat/chute combination in the sailplane you usually fly gives poor lower back support, sitting can become very uncomfortable in a short time. Hard landings and crashes in gliders are also notorious for producing injuries arising from poor alignment of the spine. Pieces of rolled up foam, and other soft material is often used to alleviate this back support problem, but it is an unsatisfactory solution because such material is not firm under load and never seems to be in the right place.

My personal experience is that without additional back support for the RS-15 seat geometry, a flight becomes terrible after a couple of hours. Other gliders may give similar problems with varying degrees of discomfort.

You can custom build a firm, simple lumbar support for yourself from a piece of "blue board" styrofoam insulation. The diagram shows its general size and shape. Starting with a 10 x 12 inch piece of two inch board, carve the saddle-shaped surface into it using a long bladed knife such as a bread knife. Note that the thickest part is about a third up from the bottom. Experiment a bit with the support in place while you are seated in the glider and trim until it feels right. If the seat pan is curved the back side of the support will also have to be shaped.

If you wear a chute, the support must be placed between it and your back, and it must be as low as possible when you are seated.

When the fit is correct, you won't even notice it after a while (telling you it's doing its job perfectly), though at first it will feel odd. Once the shape is right for you, strap it with a few windings of duct tape to protect the fragile corners and fit it into a cover made from an old towel or other similar cloth to keep the support clean and absorb sweat.



This support has lasted two seasons for me and it's time to carve a new one. A more ambitious project is to use the support as a mold for a fiberglass model once it has conformed itself to you and the seatback after some use.

Tony Burton

Foot-launched soaring news

1992 Canadian hang gliding championship

Golden, BC was the locale, and the meet offered five excellent days of cross-country racing for the 43 competitors. Making use of the terrain, Meet Heads Ron Bennett and JC Hauchecorne called O&R races three of the five days, with races to goal on the first and last days. Victoria pilot Mark Tulloch edged out Vancouver's JC Hauchecorne for 1st place, while Calgarian Stewart Midwinter jumped from 7th to 3rd on the final day.

The tasks and results were as follows:

Day 1 Race to Edgewater, 82 km, 13 finishers, fastest time 1:41, slowest 3:38, fastest average speed 48.4 km/h. Strong winds at the tiny, tree-ringed goal field created dangerous turbulence for the finishers.

Day 2 O&R to Harrogate, 88 km, 32 finishers. This was possibly the best day of the meet. Lift up 1900 ft/min and cloudbase at 13,000 feet asl allowed inter-thermal speeds up to 90 km/h on the return leg. Fastest time was 2:24 (36.1 km/h) and slowest was 4:42.

Day 3 Race to Brisco and back to Harrogate, 91.5 km, 12 finishers. The slow going knocked a few pilots out, but there were many smiling faces at the cold beer store after more than four hours in the air for some. Fastest time was 3:16 (28 km/h) and slowest 4:31.

Day 4 O&R to Spillimacheen, 101.5 km, 12 finishers. Another long task, and slow going as thermals were weak. In late afternoon a thunderstorm over the Bugaboos anvil and the cloud deck spread over the course, flushing the slowpokes out of the sky. Fastest time was 3:08 (34.3 km/h) and slowest was 4:27.

Day 5 Race to Spillimacheen, 50 km, 4 finishers. A big down-cycle (a combination of shade and thermal-sweeping south winds) soon after most of the field launched flushed over twenty to the impact zone, including several big guns. Other field leaders raced themselves to the ground under cloud patches. Your correspondent spent 1-1/2 hours scratching up to the summit of Mt. Seven after a low save and then spent another hour stuck in shade on a low treed ridge halfway to goal until the sun returned to fire up the thermals again. Fastest time was 1:47 (28.4 km/h) and slowest was 4:00.

There were no serious accidents, though one pilot had to switch gliders after dragging his wingtip across barbed wire on a tiny clearing in a forest near Edgewater. Also a pilot had to deploy his parachute after learning the hard way not to pull in hard (ie. stick full forward) after whip-stalling a tailless flying wing; he tucked the glider at 400 feet agl and his parachute opened at tree top height!

A week after the meet, two pilots mid-aired at 10,500 feet over Mt. Seven and both deployed their parachutes, landing uninjured on the eastern slopes of the mountain. A good lesson for all soaring pilots here: the lower pilot assumed that the upper pilot saw him

coming up (hang gliders have excellent downward visibility) and would get out of the way ... no! Defensive flying technique would have involved remaining on the other side of the thermal, and even radioing his approach.

Few soaring pilots have yet taken advantage of the excellent possibilities for record flying offered by the opening of the Rocky Mountain Soaring Centre in Golden. Operator Uwe Kleinhempel has mapped out all of the house thermals for 100 kilometres in every direction, from the Rogers Pass to the Howse Pass, from Lake Louise to Lake Windermere and other points along the Columbia River, the Beaverfoot and the Kicking Horse. A few cross-over pilots from hang gliding seem to have the sky over Golden to themselves, with one or two preparing for an attack on the SAC record books next spring. Can this challenge go unanswered?

Second western Canadian paragliding championship

Arguably the best day of the year arrived on the first day of this contest (August 1st), to the delight of the 34 competitors from across Canada, the USA, Britain, France and Switzerland. A planned short race was dropped to allow pilots to go for open distance — and at day's end, there were six pilots over 100 km (never before achieved in a competition), with Alberta's Chris Muller leading at 119 km. Bill Gordon from Oregon was second with 108.5 km and Sean Dougherty was third at 107 km. Several pilots were in the air over six hours, and John Bouchard appeared a little hypoxic after a stay at 12,499 feet. More than half the field logged their longest, highest, farthest flights ever.

Day 2 brought thunderstorms, so pilots rested and tried to recover their strength. Day 3 had a similar forecast but stayed sunny longer, so a 25 km race to Parson was called. Meet Head Stewart Midwinter used a mass start, so most of the field was in the air at the same time which added to the excitement for the competitors. With the aid of a north wind, Chris Muller finished in a little more than an hour, with Peter MacLaren only 45 seconds behind and newcomer Eric Oddy third. The results:

1	Chris Muller, Cochrane, AB	1200 pts
2	Peter MacLaren, Vancouver, BC	1129 pts
3	Bill Gordon, Oregon	1115 pts
4	Sean Dougherty, Calgary, AB	1091 pts
5	John Bouchard, E. Coast USA	1036 pts

The argument over the best day of the year arises because a week before the meet, Chris Muller declared and flew a new (claimed) FAI paraglider Flight to Goal distance: 146.5 km from Mt. Seven to Canal Flats. Though this was a great flight, Chris had to cross under the edge of a cumulus congestus which dumped hail on a pilot who followed soon after. The cloud then drifted down the range, blocking all others for an hour while Chris made good his escape. •

Stewart Midwinter

LETTERS & OPINIONS from page 5

schedule permits, or more typically through the drafts appended to the minutes.

I usually identify the major proposed changes and discuss these in my annual report which is published in free flight. This is usually the first opportunity that the average SAC member has to note the proposed changes; however, I may not dig deeply enough into the draft to reveal all the small proposed changes. To carry the process further I copy the draft to various SAC entities (Sporting, Records, and Awards committees and free flight) that are directly concerned, and also to the Aero Club.... The SAC committee chairpersons and the free flight editor have been doing a great job with the detailed analysis of the drafts. They frequently give me detailed comments which I relay back to the IGC, and usually discuss at the next meeting.

This is a vital link where we can all contribute to the revision process. In order to take advantage of it, however, everyone must make the effort to stay in touch with the committees. There is no practical way to distribute all the proposed changes to all interested participants of our sport, therefore individuals must take the initiative if they wish to contribute.

We can also use this process to initiate new changes of our own. Proposals should be discussed with the committees and submitted to SAC for approval. I would then be directed to take a particular proposal to the IGC for tabling and discussion. However, a word of caution, Canada is not a major player in international gliding at the present time, so some proposals may not get very far. Although I have managed to present several points of view in the past with some impact, the IGC is a slow moving body with a lot of inertia. Proposals require a lot of lobbying and discussion ahead of time and then require a lot of digestion time. There are some big issues coming up for future revisions, such as the use of GPS based flight recording equipment. I would be pleased to hear from anyone on suggestions for our future contributions.

Colin Bantin, SAC IGC representative

— on the utility of camera mounts:

While I sympathize with some of the frustrations apparently being suffered by Jack, it has been my experience over the years that mounted cameras are far easier to use at turnpoints than hand-held cameras. It eliminates the sometimes need or temptation to use both hands to aim a hand-held camera while leaving the aircraft to its own devices, or while using the knees judiciously to corral the stick. One hand always stays on the stick while pointing the wingtip and tripping the shutter. Here at the Bluenose club, we put camera mounts in our K7s and 8s years ago, and though rarely used, they have proved worthwhile — we have not had blurred pictures since going to fixed mounts. I recommend every pilot practise turnpoint turning and picture taking. Certainly aspiring badge and competition pilots must master the simple skills required, at least until GPS units or their ilk make photography unnecessary.

Charles Yeates
Sporting Committee chairman

SAC affairs

NEW EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

Joan McCagg, our executive secretary for the past couple of years, resigned towards the end of August primarily for health reasons. We wish Joan well in her future endeavours and thank her for a job well done.

Early in September, the Board went through a selection process for a replacement and succeeded in hiring Johanne Plette, an experienced administrator and executive secretary. Johanne comes to us from a national medical association where her duties included computerized accounting, management of membership records, organizing meetings and banking responsibilities. Prior to that she was employed as executive secretary with the Canadian Lacrosse Association and also as a bookkeeper and payroll clerk in private industry. From this it is clear that Johanne brings to us a wealth of experience which will be most welcome in the SAC office. In addition, Johanne is fully bilingual. Welcome to the Soaring Association of Can-ada, Johanne!

Ulli Werneburg, Ontario Zone Director

CFI SEMINAR UPDATE

The CFI Seminar will be held Friday, 5 March in London, ON at the venue of the SAC AGM. Clubs and provincial associations are asked to assist local CFIs to attend if at all possible. SAC is working on a block conference rate with the airlines — more details in the next issue. (Canadian/Air Ontario flies into London from Toronto, and there is also a special bus which runs from Toronto to London.)

Call for papers CFIs are invited to submit an outline of a paper for presentation at the seminar on the subjects of safety, cross-country instruction, and post-solo and post-licence instruction, or other topic of interest to the CFI. The deadline for these outlines is: in Ian Oldaker's hand by 30 October. The FT&SC will make a selection of those outlines offered and then contact the "winners".

Meeting format will likely be workshop style and panel discussions; and include pilot decision-making, teaching the early lessons, spin training, etc. as well as presentations of the papers.

INCIDENTS & ACCIDENTS

- 9 June — Rideau Valley, 2-33, C-GVRS. Outlanding, claim for some crop damage.
- 22 Aug — Outardes, 2-22, C-FURE. Student landed short with ground loop. Fuselage/wing damage, possible write-off depending on repairs needed.
- ? — Vancouver, G102. Severe PIOs on landing, damaging front and tail wheels and bottom of rudder.



Coming Events in 1993

- 13 January 1993, **Toronto Glider Pilot Ground School**, Weds evenings 7-10 pm for 10 weeks. Contact school at (416) 789-0551 for registration information, or Paul Moggach (416) 607-4109
- 5-7 March 1993, **SAC AGM & CFI Seminar**, London, ON. More details later.
- 6-27 June 1993, **World Soaring Championships**, Borlange, Sweden. For info contact Hal Werneburg (403) 238-1916.
- 5-9 July 1993, **Fun soaring contest**, Gatineau Gliding Club, Pendleton, ON. For sports, club, and 1-26 sailplanes. Contacts: Richard Officer (613) 824-1174, Glenn Lockhard (613) 692-3622.

free flight non-commercial ads

- Personal sailplane and sailplane equipment ads are free for SAC members, \$10 per insertion for non-members.
- Ad will run twice. If ad is to continue, notify editor for each additional two issues. Please notify editor if item is sold.
- Normal maximum length is 6 lines. Ads are subject to editing if space is limited.
- Send ad to editor, NOT National Office.

NEW SOARING SUPPLIES

- **1992 FAI Sporting Code**, \$7 (pay to Aero Club of Canada)
- **FAI badge & records procedure guide**, 6th edition, still \$5
- **SAC Flight Declaration form**, 15¢/copy (10¢ if picked up to save high mailing cost)

The two publications have changed considerably from previous editions. Senior OOs are asked to order the above in bulk through their clubs as this will help ensure complete distribution to their OOs for the 1993 season, and save a lot of postage and handling costs.

- **SSA calendar**, \$15
- **German Bildkalender**, \$28 (Order soon, these calendars will sell quickly.)

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club news

EDMONTON LOVES PUCHACZ

The new Puchacz two-seater bought this spring has received an excellent reception from club members who have flown it over 100 hours already. Interest in aerobatics has increased as the ship also flies well upside down.

The ASW-15 had its gel coat removed by a team of club members, chiefly Harold Porter, Harold Weidemann, and Al Sunley, early in the year, then Jerry Vesely spent a lot of time resurfacing and painting it, and it is looking like new. There are two new private ships on the field, with Chris Apps now in Dave Marsden's HP-11, and Paul Scott bought a Pilatus from Prince Albert, SK.

Membership is healthy with more than 75 now in the club, sustained partly as a result of two successful open houses held this spring. One is also scheduled for this fall. The Puchacz and PCK went to a fly-in at the new Josephburg A/P near Fort Saskatchewan. Also coming up is a "Chipman Appreciation Day" in which we will be inviting town residents and area farmers to visit the field for a BBQ and rides — a little local PR like this can go a long way in maintaining neighbourly relations.

A very successful two week student training camp was held 6-19 July where five of the six students soloed.

Andrew Jackson, president

CU NIM BUYS ITS AIRFIELD

Cu Nim proudly announces their ownership of the Black Diamond/Thompson Ranch airfield. Furthermore, our application to subdivide and purchase land belonging to our neighbour to the east has been approved. The end result is that runway 07/25 will be over 600 feet longer, over 150 feet wider, and significantly safer.

Also new is a "north/south" runway which was laid out by a ten member committee which took into consideration safety, the prevailing crosswinds, noise abatement, topography, and ground operating concerns. Thank you, Darwin Roberts, for organizing the seeding of these runway expansions. It will take three years before the new grass is ready for operations, but with all the rain this summer, we could not have picked a better year to start.

Although our membership is down significantly this year to 59 due to the recession (67 last year), the flight stats seem to be holding up — as of Cowley, total flights are 1170 compared to 1191 at the same time last year. The Jantar is a busy glider, with 13 pilots flying it 67 times for 86 hours as of end-Cowley (compared to 63 times for 59 hours in 1991). There was a time not too many years ago when it stayed in the hangar most of the time.

Jay Poscente, president

GRANDE PRAIRIE

This year has been one of little activity. Our membership is seven with only a few of being active. As we know, it takes a crew to get one pilot flying, so it has been difficult to coordinate when flying conditions were favourable. We have been flying at the Grande Prairie A/P the last two years, operating on the grass to the north of runway 25 with about 5000 feet for a winch line. Although it is a controlled airport, there has been no problem with other aircraft. The controllers do an excellent job of diverting power traffic from our flying area.

Mice have been a problem this year as the mothballs have not been discouraging them.

Our most recent soaring activity has been a safari to Sherman Meadows Forestry Strip, 150 km southwest of Grande Prairie. Soaring conditions were fantastic, and the camping relaxing by the rushing Torino River. None of us were at Cowley due to other commitments, but do look forward to future camps to share friendships and the "Love of Soaring".

Les Oilund, president

WINNIPEG

Q: What follows two days of rain in Manitoba?
A: Monday.

The above certainly has held true for our glider pilots this season — and to think that we don't even have a contest scheduled. Anyway our season did get off to a rather slow start and by other years a bit later than normal. Because of the new Transport Canada's requirement of five flights solo before flying with a passenger some of our instructors were not checked out until early June. Having this requirement in place does put a strain on our resources but ensures that our pilots are thoroughly checked out.

Our club held its first BBQ of the season back on May 30 with over 40 members attending. A planned radio controlled flying display by some of the local R/C model groups in Winnipeg was cancelled due to the rain and low ceilings (see Q+A above). Planned to fly were some 1/5 scale sailplanes — an ASW-20 and a Jantar — however the owners didn't show up. A couple of club members did manage a few powered flights in between the rain showers. Scheduled later this year is a demonstration by the local hang glider group and their truck mounted winch launch and a lecture by the local sky diving club. It is interesting to note that the hang gliders manage to achieve heights of 2000 feet from the launch system and the current provincial record for altitude is over 8000 feet.

We participated in a local airshow and flying display at the end of May. On the Saturday and Sunday we aerotowed Jim Oke and Russ Flint respectively to a small airfield northwest of Winnipeg and they each put on a small

flying demonstration and then were available for static display and answered plenty of questions. From this display we have received numerous requests for further information and have had several people out for fun rides. Our club has also enjoyed some further exposure from a local Nature Centre which is using two complimentary fun ride gift certificates as an early bird prize for their annual fund-raising event. During their ticket sales they were set up in various malls with the Winnipeg Gliding Club shown in their posters. Some free and easy advertising.

In an attempt to further stimulate growth in the Brandon region west of Winnipeg, our club once again spent a weekend doing fun rides and local soaring in mid-July. The Lark and a 2-33 were aerotowed out and for the two days we managed to do 48 rides. Many people who had seen the sailplanes at the '90 Nationals came out and were visibly impressed with the sport. As a result of this hard work and promotion there is now a registered club on the books and with any luck they will be flying by season's end with the help of our club's spare towplane and recently acquired K7.

Our operation practically seemed to be shut down during the Cowley Camp as the largest contingent of Manitobans ever were seen to be heading out west. By the last count there were 13 of us and three sailplanes. Everyone had a great time and a few are even talking of next year. Art Grant of the Standard Jantar syndicate probably had the best flight of all with his first venture into the mountains. On Friday July 31, after not having much luck all week, Art paired up with Marek Wakulczyk from Cold Lake in the Cu Nim Jantar and together they headed over to the Livingstones. Their plan was that they were going to pair fly to help each other "feel" their way around the area. A 4000 foot tow got them there with good height although they promptly lost sight of each other. Finally, Art, being a "flat lander" did what any of us would do; he started to ridge soar. This is quite a feat for someone from a province where the highest hill is alongside a drainage ditch! Art did quite well, eventually joining Russ Flint in his Cirrus and together they flew well into the next range. And after a few hours of this Art was back at the campsite relating his story to whomever would listen. To help Art celebrate, the Winnipeggers decided to cool him off with a bucket shower. Way to go, Art.

Mike Maskell

A SHEAR WAVE AT YORK

Another summer of soaring has passed at York. My only comment is that we had some great meals and campfires. All that rain sure put a damper on the weekend flying. However, the inclement weather has left us with some time to catch up on maintenance around the club. Richard Grocholski led the much needed reconstruction of our showers and our 2-32 has been prepped for a new paint job. Not the sort of work we usually do during the summer but it kept us busy in the rain. Hopefully the 2-32 will be back on line before the end of the flying season. Two newly re-

built 2–33s were added to the fleet this year raising our total to seven flying and one stored. The amazing thing is that by some miracle we have found a way to get all of our club aircraft into the hangar (17 gliders and 4 tugs).

This is not to say that there has been no soaring. It seems that our cross-country pilots have become bolder in the weaker conditions. Most notably Calvin Devries made a downwind dash from York to near Brockville (400+ km) in his HP–14, and Eric Rominger came home after covering some 220 km of a declared 300 in the club 1–23H. Several 50 km Silver C flights and five hour duration flights were also completed and various other pilots went a-roaming. The beer fridge has been filling up lately from our normal new crop of solo pilots and more can be expected throughout the fall. Two flying camps for Air Cadets have netted another 20 licensed pilots as well.

One of the Monerai gliders on the field exchanged hands in a rather interesting deal involving a motorcycle and some cash. I guess in recessionary times you do what you can to get soaring.

During the Labour Day weekend we had some unusual soaring conditions. Several pilots were able to recognize and use shear wave conditions to extend flights on an otherwise weak day. The cloud base was only about 2600 agl and the shear wave allowed for climbs as high as 4700 agl above the scattered layer. Not earth shattering soaring, but very interesting in our neck of the woods. It is unusual that these wave patterns are stable enough for extended soaring.

Paul Moggach

MUDBOWL IS, AND ANDY IS HEALING

The SOSA Mudbowl was resurrected this year and it lived up to its reputation. The Mudbowl is a clay trophy bowl that hangs on our clubhouse wall near the wood stove. It has quite a history attached to it. Originally two brown bowls were donated to SOSA and were awarded to the winner of our low key contest in the spring of the year. The first winner of the trophy was Ulli Werneburg, the second winner was Peter Trounce and many more followed like John Firth, Hal Werneburg, Wilfred Krueger and others. The Mudbowl, for many years was also the Ontario Provincials. The only problem is all the names have fallen off the trophy and disappeared. (What a sad commentary on Western Civilization, that one's fame must depend on the quality of adhesive your peers use! editor) We stopped having Mudbowl contests more than ten years ago because, as the name might also imply, these contests had been rained out or severely affected by rain. This year we held the contest on the Labour Day weekend. For three days we didn't fly. Reputation intact.

This is the story of SOSA for '92 (SOSA's new acronym is "Seagull On Soggy Airfield"). Whether Mount Pinatubo has caused this wet weather or not, this is the worst year for number of flights since I've been around, and that's 23 years. Our flights barely reached 1800 by the first of September. Our usual number by this time of the year is between

2700 and 3500. Andy Gough, who is our Chief Flying Instructor this year, ran a successful instructors course over two successive weekends and had six graduates.

Despite the exceptionally poor weather we also had two successful cross-country clinics at SOSA this year. The advanced one run by Ed Hollestelle and Jörg Stieber in July, and the beginners run by myself and Richard Longhurst in August. Ed and Jörg had only two rather poor flying days while we had five not so bad flying days.

We have our two Blaniks up for sale, we sold the Twin Lark and purchased another Twin Grob. We have finished our radio acquisitions and now have five hand-held transceivers.

Last year we sold one of our Citabrias and purchased a second Pawnee. Unfortunately, corrosion was found throughout the fuselage with less than 100 hours of our own on the plane. We hope to have this ship flying again by the spring of next year.

Andy came out to our corn roast on September 5th. He was walking with the aid of a walker. That in itself is amazing. For those of you who don't know, Andy was seriously injured while flying in the US Region Six contest on the ridge in Pennsylvania. While going into a small field for an outlanding, the dreaded wires got him. The LS–4 was a write off. It was as bad as you can get without actually buying the farm; compound fractures, multiple breaks, five operations in the States, operations and bone grafts once he got home, the constant fear of infection while recuperating and more metal hardware in his legs than you can imagine.

Andy has a positive and healthy attitude about his misfortune and I'm sure his recovery will be faster because of this.

The one thing I'm sure he would want everyone to think about is their hospital insurance

protection while travelling. Andy thought he was covered by his personal insurance but he discovered there was a limit. The limit was pretty much used up after 2 or 3 days in the US hospital. Blue Cross does sell additional out of country medical coverage but the accidental death and dismemberment section specifically excludes gliding.

Even though the weather meant we didn't fly as much as we would have liked, the camaraderie and social events still enabled us to enjoy the season.

Paul Thompson

COLD LAKE

Our club membership has slowly climbed back to the 30 point, a figure that comfortably balances our limited instructing capacity and the need to keep the aircraft busy (translation: an acceptable cash flow).

Since our members were an integral part of the Cowley entertainment, it can be said that the Summer Camp was both fun and a success — our club aircraft flew about seventy flights with the participation of nine members. Some of those who flew the Sport 1–26 have asked for a final tally of the flight results: you swallowed about 23 mosquitos, lost 3 hats, and narrowly missed 1 bird dropping. Furthermore, four Alberta tin can manufacturers have asked if we needed sponsors.

As Air Cadet and other summer camps come to a close, I have noticed an increase in the number of curious "young adults" asking about flying. I would encourage all clubs to be receptive to this group. In these times of financial restraint, can your club afford to turn away someone who might fly 50 flights a year because he cannot afford the lump sum for membership?

Marek Wakulczyk, secretary

Rick Dawe



The SAC wave trophy was on display at Cowley this year to help celebrate the 20th Summer Camp. With it are four of the seven past winners: from the left Bruce Hea (1981), Bingo Larue (1990), Deirdre Duffy (1991) and Kevin Bennett (1984).

FAI badges

**Walter Weir, 24 Holliday Drive
Whitby, ON L1P 1E6 (416) 668-9976 (H)**

The following Badges and Badge legs were recorded in the Canadian Soaring Register during the period 1 July to 31 August 1992. Badge activity has picking up a bit but the weather has still been *bad*.

SILVER BADGE

833	Daniel MacIsaac	SOSA
834	Don Matheson	Alberni Valley
835	Timothy Paul	York
836	Richard Stehlik	York

GOLD DISTANCE AND DIAMOND GOAL

Don Matheson	Alberni Valley	302.4 km	RHJ-8	Invermere, BC
Norm MacSween	Vancouver	302.4 km	DG-400	Invermere, BC
Michael Portmann	Alberni Valley	302.4 km	DG-400	Invermere, BC

SILVER ALTITUDE

Daniel MacIsaac	SOSA	1687 m	1-26	Rockton, ON
Kurt Edwards	Cu Nim	1957 m	Jantar Std	Black Diamond, AB
Robert Harling	York	1490 m	1-26	Arthur, ON
Timothy Paul	York	1220 m	1-26	Arthur East, ON
Michael Portmann	Alberni Valley	1600 m	DG-400	Invermere, BC
Louis Chabot	Quebec	1530 m	Pilatus B4	St. Raymond, PQ
Jean Richard	Quebec	1460 m	Pilatus B4	St. Raymond, PQ

SILVER DISTANCE

Daniel MacIsaac	SOSA	63.0 km	1-26	Rockton, ON
Don Matheson	Alberni Valley	302.4 km	RHJ-8	Invermere, BC
Timothy Paul	York	61.6 km	1-26	Arthur East, ON
Michael Portmann	Alberni Valley	302.4 km	DG-400	Invermere, BC
Richard Stehlik	York	61.6 km	1-23	Arthur East, ON

SILVER DURATION

Robert Harling	York	5:27 h	1-26	Arthur, ON
William Tom	Erin	5:20 h	1-26	Grand Valley, ON
Vincent Laliberté	Quebec	5:37 h	G102	St. Raymond, PQ
Luc L'Heureux	Quebec	5:14 h	Blanik	St. Raymond, PQ

C BADGE

2346	Brian McDermott	COSA	1:14 h	2-22E	Chemong, ON
2347	Douglas O'Connell	SOSA	2:58 h	1-26	Rockton, ON
2348	Christopher Yager	Cold Lake	1:15 h	Bergfalke 3	CFB Cold Lake, AB
2349	Karla Hopp	Regina	1:05 h	1-26	Strawberry Lake, SK
2350	Constant Marcotte	COSA	2:43 h	2-33	Chemong, ON
2351	Gordon Stevenson	Regina	1:06 h	1-26	Strawberry Lake, SK

SAC flight trophies reminder

Now is the time for you to send in your best efforts for one of the SAC Trophies:

- BAIC** Best single flight of the year
- Canadair** 5 best flights of the year
- "200"** 5 best flights of the year by a pilot with less than 200 hours at the start of the season
- Stachow** Highest flight of the year in Canada

The scoring and other information is shown on the SAC flight trophies form available from the National Office, or from your club Senior Official Observer or CFI (or should be). A reminder also to our budding young pilots who might qualify for the Jonathan Livingston Seagull trophy. If you are in the running as the youngest pilot to achieve a Silver C this year, please let us know. Send all applications to Harold Eley, Trophy Claims, 4136 Argyle Street, Regina SK S4S 3L7

COST OF SPORTING LICENCE UP

The cost of the FAI Sporting Licence has increased to \$15 as of 15 March 1992. Note that checks are payable to the Aero Club of Canada, not SAC.

WORLD 2-PLACE RECORD FLIGHT FRANCE TO NORTH AFRICA IN WAVE

A new two place world distance to goal record and free distance record of 1450 kilometres was set on 17 April 1992 when Gerhard and Jean-Noël Herbaud flew an ASH-25 from Vinon, France (north of Marseilles) to Fez, Morocco. This surpassed the previous records of 1020 kilometres for goal distance by Terry Delore and Morris Walker and free distance of 1092 kilometres set by Hans Werner-Grosse with his wife Karin.

The flight was conducted entirely using wave. The two brothers, both commercial airline pilots, had been watching for suitable met conditions for such a flight across Spain; a cold low centred over the Mediterranean giving strong northerly winds. The aircraft was equipped with GPS and other IFR gear, and 1500 litres of oxygen. The GPS was very useful and increased safety, as all airports enroute were stored in its memory, allowing the distance and bearing of the closest airport to be read out.

Takeoff was at 0700, with a start at 0810 after climbing in weak lift, and then they tracked northwest over the Rhone valley to contact better wave. Conditions were uncertain and slow with a lot of cloud cover on the way to the Pyrenees, and at 1220 they considered turning back. Finally the visibility and lift improved considerably and after crossing the Pyrenees, and at 24,000 feet were able to track southwest at a ground speed of well over 300 km/h.

The cold of the extended high altitude flight became a factor and froze up all the instruments on the front panel as well as feet. By 1730 they were in southern Spain and the Moroccan coast came into view. The GPS indicated 200 kilometres to Al Hoceima near the coast and 365 to Fez. At 1840 and at 24,500 feet they headed south for Al Hoceima, ground speed 240 km/h, both altimeters frozen up. Only a small VHF radio kept inside a jacket allowed communication with ATC.

They crossed the coast at 1935 and at 14,500 feet, started receiving the Fez VOR, and calculated that the goal was in hand. A vario warmed up and started working again. While 30 kilometres north of Fez they found steady 400 ft/min lift making them think of a free distance record after photographing Fez, but they would have had administrative problems landing at an airport without customs facilities.

At 2030 they arrived over Fez at 8000 feet and land after a flight lasting 13 hours and 36 minutes. Without the problems at the beginning of the flight (more than 75 minutes local at Vinon) the conditions would have permitted a flight of up to 1600 kilometres, if a legal landing spot could be found south of Fez.

The retrieve lasted five days, two of which were lost in persuading the Moroccan authorities that they couldn't take off and fly back again!

FAI records

**Russ Flint, 96 Harvard Avenue
Winnipeg, MB R3M 0K4 (204) 453-6642**

Two new Canadian record claims have been received:

500 km Out & Return Speed – Open, territorial, 125 km/h, 9 Aug 92, Kevin Bennett, Ventus B, C-GIJO. Flown from Black Diamond, AB with turnpoint of Medicine Hat A/P, AB. Existing record of 115.4 km/h set in 1984 by Hal Werneburg.

200 km Speed to goal – Open, SAC (non-FAI), territorial, 146 km/h, 9 Aug 92, Kevin Bennett, Ventus B, C-GIJO. Flown from Black Diamond, AB to Medicine Hat A/P, AB. Existing record of 109.6 km/h set in 1991 by Walter Weir. (A distance penalty may reduce the claimed speed.)

Trading Post

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1-23 Std, CF-ZBR, #16, 1951. Complete overhaul, new parts, new interior, new paint. Open trailer. A vintage gem. Don Sutherland, (604) 886-3131 (leave message). Asking mid-teens.

SKYLARK 4B, 18m, O2, T&B, radio, chute, trailer, very good condition. Soars on a puff - the best L/D for your dollar. Bev or Dave Lewtas (514) 455-7786.

M100-S, C-FBNG, #59, 540h, never damaged, re-covered with Imron paint (white/red trim) 1987. Std instruments, Ball 401 TE with audio, chute, covers, wing stands, encl metal trailer. \$8700. Mike Perrault (514) 331-9591 eve.

PIONEER II, C-GLUV, in mint condition, new canopy, standard control stick mod, elec. vario. Alum trailer can be towed by small car. \$9000. Paul Daudin (514) 621-2535 or Albert Sorignet (514) 331-4614.

Ka6E, C-GTXP, 730h, good condition, kept in encl metal trailer. Full instrumentation, O2, chute. At Edmonton. \$11,000 obo. Morvyn Patterson (403) 458-9527, Barb MacKintosh (403) 472-1634.

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LARK IS29D2, 1992 models, all aluminum, 37:1, fully aerobatic, +5.3/-2.65g limit. Howard Allmon (305) 472-5863, fax (305) 473-1234.

LARK IS29D2, C-GBEQ, about 1000h, excellent condition, never spent a night outside, C of A to Aug '92, Radair 360, Cambridge vario, O2, chute, metal encl trailer. Asking \$22,000. Denis Gauvin (418) 842-6456.

JANTAR STD 2, C-GGEA, excellent condition, alum. trailer, chute, instruments, tail dolly, wing stand, etc, contest ready. Walter Herten (416) 689-5267.

LIBELLE H301B, CF-XGE, O2, 720 chan radio, wing covers, encl metal trailer. \$15,500. Rob Minchin (403) 639-2365 (H), 594-6719 (W).

MINI-NIMBUS, C-GLDR, 1978, about 700 h, Terra 720 radio, PiroI vario, speed director, chute, O2, encl fibreglass trailer. Call Bill Pasley (403) 281-4626 (H) or Al Stirling (403) 242-1191 (H).

PIK-20B (modified), C-GZMB, PIK wings, home-built fibreglass fuselage, fixed gear, 36/1, standard instruments, 100 chan radio, O2, TP camera, chute, alum trailer, \$13,000. Danny Zdrzila (604) 423-6062.

VENTUS B/Turbo, C-FMVA, 260h, 15, 16.6 & 17.6m tips, latest Masak winglets, C wing root fairing mod, Westerboer computer (US version), Dittel radio, Komet trailer, tow-out gear, O2, covers set. All in excellent condition. Canadian type-approval. Ed Hollestelle (519) 455-3316 (W), 461-1464 (H).

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2 BLANIKS, C-GKMY, 2900 h, \$17,000. C-FEJA, 3300 h, \$12,000. Both recently refurbished, excellent in & out, basic instruments, radio. Vancouver Soaring Association, (604) 734-1177.

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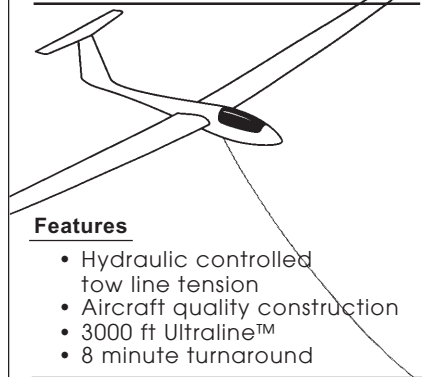
SOARING PILOT — bimonthly soaring news, views, and safety features from Knauff & Grove Publishers. \$US20, add \$8 for foreign postage. RR#1, Box 414 Julian, PA 16844 USA.

NEW ZEALAND GLIDING KIWI — the official publication for the 1995 World Gliding Championships at Omarama and the bi-monthly journal of the N.Z. Gliding Association. Regular updates on preparations for the 1995 event. Editor, John Roake. \$US25/year. N.Z. Gliding Kiwi, Private Bag, Tauranga, N.Z.

SAILPLANE & GLIDING — the only authoritative British magazine devoted entirely to gliding. 52 pp, bi-monthly, and plenty of colour. Cdn. agent: T.R. Beasley, Box 169, L'Original, ON K0B 1K0 or to BGA, Kimberley House, Vaughan Way, Leicester, LE14 5SG, England. £12.40 per annum (US\$20) or US\$30 air.

AUSTRALIAN GLIDING — the journal of the Gliding Federation of Australia. Published monthly. \$A38.50 surface mail, \$A52 airmail per annum. Payable by international money order, Visa, Mastercard. Box 1650, GPO, Adelaide, South Australia 5001.

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5	FAI SILVER badge, cloth 3" dia.	\$ 4.50
6	FAI GOLD badge, cloth 3" dia. <i>Items 7-12 ordered through FAI awards chairman</i>	\$ 4.50
7	FAI 'C' badge, silver plate pin	\$ 5.00
8	FAI SILVER badge, pin	\$39.00
9	FAI GOLD badge, gold plate pin <i>Items 10, 11 not stocked - external purchase approval given</i>	\$35.00
10	FAI GOLD badge 10k or 14k pin	
11	FAI DIAMOND badge, 10k or 14k pin and diamonds	
12	FAI Gliding Certificate (record of badge achievements)	\$10.00
	Processing fee for each FAI application form submitted	\$10.00
13	FAI badge application form (<i>also stocked by club</i>)	n/c
14	Official Observer application form (<i>also stocked by club</i>)	n/c
15	SAC Flight Trophies application form (<i>also stocked by club</i>)	n/c
16	FAI Records application form	n/c
17	SAC Flight Declaration form (<i>also stocked by club</i>) per sheet	\$ 0.15
18	SAC guide "Badge and Records Procedures", ed. 6	\$ 5.00
19	FAI Sporting Code, Gliders, 1992 (<i>payable to ACC</i>)	\$ 7.00

Please enclose payment with order; price includes postage. GST not required. Ontario residents, add 8% sales tax (items 15-18 tax exempt). Items 1-6 and 13-18 available from SAC National Office. Check with your club first if you are looking for forms.

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<i>Les articles 7-12 sont disponibles au président des prix de la FAI</i>	
Insigne FAI 'C', plaqué argent	\$ 5.00
Insigne FAI ARGENT	\$39.00
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<i>Les articles 10, 11 ne sont pas en stock - permis d'achat externe</i>	
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Formulaire de déclaration de vol de l'ACVV	
ACVV guide des procédures pour FAI certificats et insignes (éd.6)	
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