



free flight • vol libre

4/95
Aug/Sept



Liaison



On July 5, it was my pleasure to participate at the 95 Nationals closing banquet. Once again, the members of the Gatineau Gliding Club did a splendid job of organizing and hosting the event. Tony Burton who drove from sunny southern Alberta to participate will tell you all about it in the next few pages. George Dunbar also came out of Alberta to do the scoring. Former world champion George Moffat drove from Massachusetts to compete with us, and took the first place in the 15m class. It was nice to have someone of his calibre at our event.

SAC is grateful for the donation of the Canadian Air Line Pilots Association (CALPA) who provided the fine trophy for the Sport class competition. At the start of the presentations, we were happy to give the Jonathan Livingston Seagull trophy (for the youngest pilot in 94 to earn the Silver Badge) to a surprised 16 year old Peter Vados — present as Dave Springford's crew.

Next year's event will be organized by the Cold Lake Soaring Club supported by the Alberta Soaring Council. They presented the board with a solid proposal. It was a tough decision to make as the Winnipeg Gliding Club also had offered to stage the event. I want to thank them also for their devotion to our sport. So let's all meet in Red Deer in the summer of 96.

The next world competition will be in Saint-Auban-sur-Durance in 1997. It should be a relatively inexpensive event to attend — compared to the last world contest. WE WILL HAVE A TEAM AT THE 1997 WORLDS. I will work closely with everyone who wants to contribute to our effort to insure that we find the resources to do so. Take note that *team members will be selected exclusively from the seeding list*. If you want to be in, be in Red Deer next summer.

I trust that everyone is having a great soaring summer and keeping in mind that safety is the prime key result area for 1995. WE MUST IMPROVE OUR RECORD! Let's see a long list of badges and a short list of accidents in the next issue.

Fly safely.

Avec un départ hâtif, un printemps frisquet mais avec de bonnes conditions, suivi d'un juin extraordinaire, 1995 a tous les ingrédients d'une excellente saison. J'ai été attristé de ne voir de membres de Québec ou des Outardes aux Nationales. La classe sport, c'est fait pour tous, peu importe la rusticité du planeur avec lequel vous courrez. Un système d'handicap tente d'annuler les différences entre les planeurs — le champion volant sur SGS 1-35, le second sur RS-15 et le troisième sur HP-14!

J'espère avoir l'occasion de vous visiter tous au cours de la saison. Alors bon recrutement et bons vols ... prudents!

Pierre Pepin president

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Le journal de l'Association Canadienne de Vol à Voile

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Troy Yee gets his “First solo”
dousing at the Hope, BC
airfield from fellow student
Roger Taylor.
photo: Renee Machat

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TECHNOLOGY

and the nature of sport

Richard Carr
from *SOARING*

THE EAGER ACCEPTANCE OF GPS and the lack of discussion on its implications has been giving me an uneasy feeling for some time, like a lump in my parachute on a long flight. I finally realized that the problem wasn't GPS, but the gradual erosion of the significance of the pilot that bothers me. This erosion may be desirable in mundane practical pursuits, but it is the antithesis of sport.

Yes, this is a resurrection of the long-standing arguments about the trade-off of progress against the purity of sport. The debate is neither new nor unique to soaring, but it's been strangely absent in this headlong rush to adopt GPS. Such a debate is a necessary part of any sport grappling with change. But if there's been a debate about GPS, I've missed it. Instead, we are presented with the marketing view: all the advantages, with no meaningful dialogue about the potential disadvantages. Now, it's hard to argue against using GPS for flight verification. But to the extent that it replaces a valuable piloting skills, we should view it as a harbinger of future clashes between automation and our sport.

My view of new technology in the cockpit is fatalistic. On the one hand, I believe that access to more data detracts from, rather than enhances, the soaring experience. Oh, I'm sure one can fly faster and maybe safer, but not more enjoyably. On the other hand, a glider pilot would be foolish to ignore the advantages that can be obtained so cheaply, and because of that, gadget proliferation is inevitable.

Suppose an ad appears next month for a \$100 instrument that tells you not only where all the lift is within gliding distance, but how strong it'll be when you get to it, and this instrument really works as advertised. Instantly, cross-country speeds would go up 10 knots or more and landouts would go the way of the dial telephone. Would the soaring be more fun? I don't think so. Would I buy one? Of course, as would any soaring pilot with \$100 to his name. Such is the dilemma and sweet seduction of technology.

One of the main rewards of cross-country soaring is succeeding in the face of uncertainty. When the outcome of the undertaking is in doubt to the very end, the reward is sweetest. More data and technological aid reduces uncertainty, makes fewer demands on skill and self-reliance, and diminishes the achievement. As we activate the remaining seeds of adventure in our culture, automation and effortless access to information have become the oafs trampling the flower beds.

There's an element of techno-profligacy at work here that's hard to counter. "It's cheap! It'll make you go faster! It might save your life! If you're against it, you're an irrational curmudgeon!" It seems that invoking the word "safety" is done as a non-sequitur intended to stifle discussion. But will a greater degree of safety really enhance the sport, or is sport without risk meaningless? And the claims of GPS increasing safety may be false comfort. Against the obvious advantage of precise inflight knowledge of position and maybe wind must be weighed the less distinct effects of data entry error, increased attention to the instrument panel, over-reliance on the numbers to the exclusion of such factors as weather and terrain, and a lessened familiarity with map features and the terrain itself.

There is a difference between advances in glider performance and the use of piloting aids. No matter how good the glider, it still depends on the pilot's skill and intuition to find a way toward lift, away from sink, and ending at the goal. Increases in glider performance merely change the size of the stage on which the pilot performs. On the other hand, cockpit automation reduces the dependency on the pilot to some degree. Future



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.

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Prints in B&W or colour are required. No slides or negatives please.

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instruments may erode this dependency further, until a soaring flight becomes no more demanding of the pilot than a carnival ride. The only thing that now prevents contests from being waged between pilotless gliders is some software and a few servomotors. Building a glider that could fly itself around a task might be interesting engineering, but it wouldn't be sport.

I believe the skills involved in orienteering are ones that soaring competition scoring should include. In map-and-compass orienteering, the competitors usually cannot go in a straight line between points. If they could, the winner would simply be the fastest runner. In soaring, the pilot mixes a vat of factors — course deviations so far, visual features versus map features, cloud patterns, wind, terrain ahead, landing options — and, without reference to any calculator except the one in his head, chooses the direction that feels right. Isn't that a skill worth honing and rewarding?

Competition soaring drives some of this trend toward technology. Clearly, one can't have much of a competition if there is so much chance involved that skill plays a small part in the outcome. The unfortunate result is a temptation to eliminate the role of luck and chance entirely. The rules are constantly being revised to make the playing field more "level" — allow everyone to start at the same time, devalue days, eliminate home field advantage, allow team flying, allow navoids. But if soaring is boiled down entirely to a science with deterministic outcomes, the sporting appeal evaporates. Paul MacCready and others gave us a formula for speed-to-fly, but it is still based on the pilot's ability to guess what lies ahead. Why not accept that the winner of any given contest owes his good fortune not only to his identifiable skills, but also to random chance and to some unquantifiable piloting abilities? Isn't that part of true sportsmanship?

Formula 1 auto racing has struggled with these issues. In a sport far deeper awash in money than soaring, the rules committees have had the resolve to disallow some technological aids. Traction control, anti-lock brakes, active suspension, and computer control of throttle position and gear shifts all became illegal. Why did they take these steps? Cost had something to do with it, but perhaps equally important was that the role of the driver was being overwhelmed by the technology, and the fans were losing interest. A well-funded team could do well no matter who was driving. Restoring the ability of the driver to influence the outcome of the race rejuvenated interest in the sport.

All that said, it lies with each pilot to decide what he wants out of soaring, and each can choose to forego the use of any instrument that offends his aesthetics, even if the tide of popular opinion is against him. Between the extremes of "jump naked off a cliff" and "spare no expense" is an optimum sporting level, which is different for everyone. Only when we sacrifice our own interpretation of the sport to fly badges or competitions does any of this matter. Ideally, everyone would have a forum in which their sense of aesthetics allowed them to compete. This means making clear differentiation between FAI classes (unlike what happened with the Standard and 15m classes). There should be a class where purists can compete on equal grounds with a minimum of technological assistance. Since the World class, more than any other class, is intended to equalize glider performance and highlight pilot skills, perhaps it should rely solely on pilotage in the cockpit. In Open class, anything goes. In between are harder questions.

Appropriate use of technology is a wonderful thing. Blind acceptance of technology will be the end of the sporting aspect of soaring.

I thought I was at a soaring meet — there were sailplanes on the ramp and trailers in the tiedown area — but something was different. There was this new vibe going through the crowd. Finally it dawned on me: I was not at a sailplane race, I was at a Nintendo convention! That's right, with pilots walking around with game boxes in their hot little hands punching buttons furiously as they wandered among each other with comments like, "What the hell do these numbers mean?" to "How many waypoints will yours take?" There were pilots who had strapped the things on the dash of the car on the trip down and were showing anyone who would listen the route they took and the time it took and telling exactly where they were when they made a pit stop. Believe it or not, that is not the most boring part of this new gadget. They can plug it into a computer and on the screen will appear an image of the task flown. For the most part it looks like one of those ink splotch tests they give to see if you are a mass murderer.

Charlie Spratt, *Sailplane Racing News*

Cracking Up

the rider, the glider, the pilot and his crew

This story should top any complaint of how tough *your* retrieve was!

Pieced together from archival manuscripts and the indistinct memories of "99", Christine Firth

TREADING ON EGGS

Innisfail, Alberta, 7 July 1969 – third contest day of the Nationals

the Crew: There had been some discussion at a previous pilots' meeting about whether a free distance day was a mandatory requirement, so a telegram had been sent to the rules committee chairman actually competing in Texas. Wolf's reply in the affirmative did nothing to lift the gloom from the damp huddle of pilots. The view of free distance for the twenty four pilots here was not a Texan one.

After only two contest days most of us had spent the previous hundred hours under wet canvas along with hordes of swimming field mice (they, at least had bathing facilities; we only had one flush toilet and a cold water wash basin). Chiki, our Siamese crew cat had been working tirelessly retrieving cushion- and hat-eating predators from various fuselage nesting places. But this morning, when eight fat mice emerged from the glider tool box right under his nose and ambled over to the picnic hamper, even he was too fed up to move.

It was a day to go back to bed; there wasn't anything better to do in these parts.

"Cloudbase 3000 feet agl, maximum temp will be 66°F, winds 10-15 knots from the northwest," said the weatherman. So far, Steve's briefings had been the brightest moments of our days.

"Downwind dash straight into the States, could be a long one," muttered a Phoebus pilot to his crew. A Libelle pilot stood up, "have we got clearance for the US?"

There was whispering at the head table. The contest director left the room, returned a few minutes later, and passed a word to the weatherman. "Since prior permission has not been obtained for contest ships to enter the US," said Steve, "flights are restricted to Canada."

By noon, everyone was pulled up on the flight line, mice and all. But, under darkening skies, even the Army L-19s were restrained and take off was delayed.

"Look at that cloud cover," said Hillar, "we won't even get near the border."

"You wait," said one of the Americans, "distance tasks always turn into a marathon, we'll probably go a couple of hundred miles with that wind behind us."

"No points if you land across the border," said John.

"If we get airborne," said the Austria pilot.

"If we don't fly today we might not have a contest; I didn't drive 2466 miles just to get my feet wet," a Libelle pilot grumbled.

At last, as the thermal sniffer hung on at 800 feet, the L-19s were unleashed.

"By the time some of us get going," groaned Frank, as each tow seemed to take longer than the last, "some of us will only make it to the next airfield!"

Eventually, all but one managed to creep away from the airport and tiptoe out over the soaking wheat fields. True to their prophecies, many of them landed less than a hundred miles away. The rest of course pressed on into a different drier airmass.

being EGGED ON

the Crew: There were no air cadets to help and as I was alone with Chiki I was always on the lookout for a weight lifter. As the crews for the last take offs scrambled to hitch up and get on the road, I spotted a visitor, alone and forlorn, standing by the empty runway.

"Hi there!" — he almost jumped to attention — "Are you a pilot?"

"Oh, just a beginner. I came out with someone this morning to look. Actually I'm waiting for my wife to arrive at Calgary Airport, she won't get in 'til this evening."

"Great. Why don't you come along for the ride then. This will only be a short retrieve," I assured him. He got in the car and looked nervously at Chiki. "Oh, he's alright. He's the official mouser." The visitor, who shall be nameless, was wearing a neat tweed sports jacket and damp Oxfords.

"Have you ever been on a retrieve before?" "No."

"Oh," I said brightly, "you'll enjoy it. You get to see places you'd never normally go

to and meet interesting people. You can navigate if you like." He took the air map and road map in silence.

"99, 99!" said a sharp but distant voice from above. "Get gassed up and head out for Medicine Hat right away." He sounded low. The Rider looked a little tense, refolded his maps but said nothing. Eventually we became part of a convoy along the Trans-Canada. The Rider retired into his shell, pressed closely against the car door and watched Calgary disappear from the rear view mirror all the way to Medicine Hat.

"I can't believe they've gone so far." I said apologetically as we sped over the South Saskatchewan River.

"I have to be at the airport at 7:30 to meet my wife," said the Rider limply.

"Oh, don't worry they won't go on much further."

the Pilot: Initially it was an uneventful downwind scrape over soaking fields more or less parallel with the Trans-Canada. The lift was marked by other contestants but I passed a few who had already landed. Southeast of Medicine Hat, cloudbase rose to 6000 feet and conditions improved. At this point I ran off the Hanna-Kindersley chart and fished out a highway map. There was a road running due south over the border and a railway line running east along the bottom of the hills. I decided it would be better to land by the road and told my crew to head for Govenlock.

At dusk only 43B and XGU were still up, all of us on final glide. I flew at maximum L/D in a zero sink thermal street for a long way; below me the rolling hills were petering out. I passed over faint cart tracks following the edges of swampy looking creeks and a few grazing cattle; I could see the tussocky surface of their pasture quite clearly. The road should have been visible. There was nothing. I passed over the ghost of a track. I used some choice expletives; it had been ploughed under. This time there was no response from my crew; they must be on the other side of the hills. I glided lower and lower over the rough looking grassland looking for farm buildings, but it seemed uninhabited. I was flying downhill, but I was too late and too low to turn back so I

continued 'til the ground came up, turned into wind and put the HP-11A down on top of a small rise without touching the flaps.

I put the parachute on the wing tip, I didn't bother to use tie downs; the weather was calm and the western sky clear. As I looked around, wondering where on earth I was for a landing position I saw a small white building shining in the setting sun. Taking my map and landing card and my lunch bun, I latched the canopy and set off running with no thought but to find a telephone.

the Crew: Chiki slept, curled comfortably on my lap. The radio was busy with crew talk and pilot instructions. We drove on. Supertime came and went. At 7:30 we turned south off the Trans-Canada and stopped to gas up in Maple Creek. In the restaurant, the big Cirrus crew was having a slap-up meal. Close by their boisterous table, the Rider desperately called Calgary Airport, but his wife's plane had landed early; he stayed on the line until he ran out of cash. There was no response to his enquiries.

"99", said a very faint voice, "I'm on my final glide, keep going south to Govenlock, I'll be landing by the road near Willow Creek, stay in touch."

"We're on our way," I enunciated very clearly, either he or his battery were very low. Supper was out of the question. I ran to the restaurant window and beckoned to the Rider. He reluctantly left the aroma of steak and chips. "He'll be landing any minute," I said, slamming the door shut quickly and grabbing Chiki as he tried to escape. "We should be able to hear him even when he's on the ground once we get close enough. We can home in on him with the radio." A series of deep howls were the only response. "There's a good pussy, we won't be long now. You can have a nice run while we're derigging."

The howls persisted and deepened dramatically over the creaks and bangs of the empty trailer as we climbed over a thousand feet into the Cypress Hills on a dirt road. As I had to stop the car in order to make a transmission, I waited until we reached the highest point before calling on the radio; there was no answer. "He's probably gone to phone. Not long now." I said to my unhappy passengers.

We stopped at a T-junction and called again. No reply. It seemed that they had had a lot of rain here too. I took the map from the Rider's flaccid hands. We had to go west. The edges of the muddy road began to converge and I had to work hard to stay in the middle of it. At a right angled corner we almost slid across to a cart track before going around it. I was starting to sweat. A couple of miles further and it was impossible. The car was as stable as a rain drop on glass. When we got to a railway crossing the wheels went into a spin and in

slow motion we slid sideways while the end of the trailer came forward to meet us. I lifted my feet off the floor and waited until we stopped. When I took my eyes off the track, I was relieved to see we were beside a farmhouse.

By this time the Rider and I were not exactly speaking. It didn't seem necessary to say we had to use a telephone; we both knew it. Outside the car the howls of an unseen farm dog made me shiver. Chiki retreated to safety under the seat. We slithered across a yard to the front door of a gaunt unpainted two story. It was 8:30.

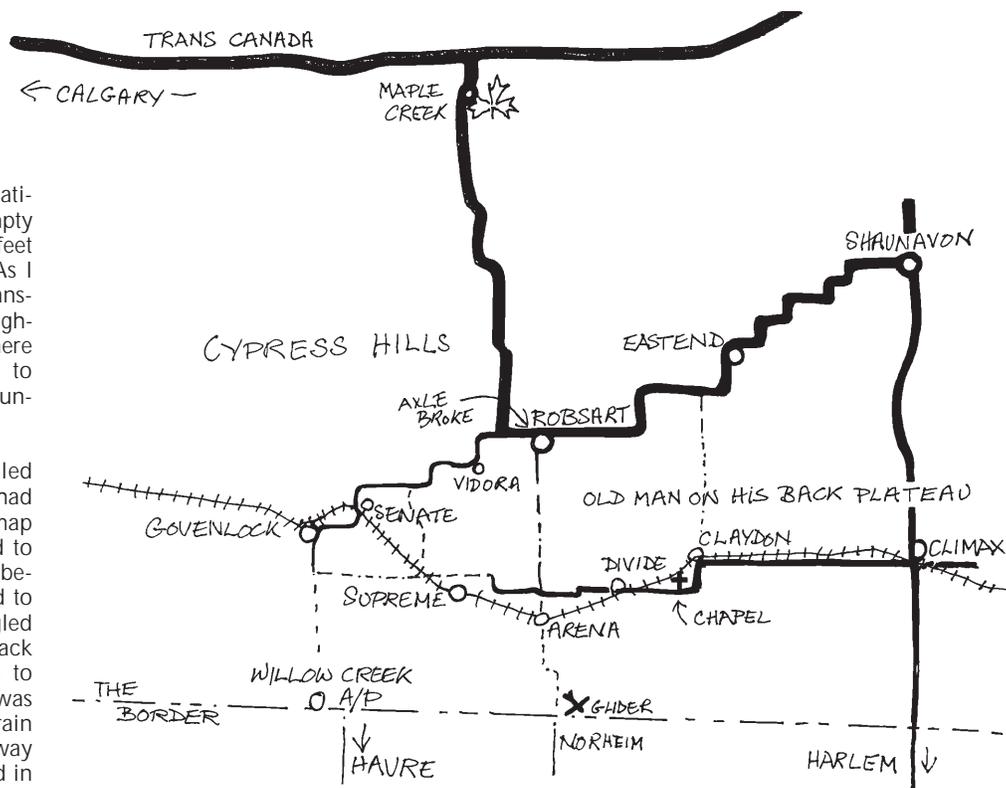
The response to my knocking was slow. We waited silently. Eventually the door was opened by a sick looking woman in the kind of apron people wore in the thirties. I asked if we could use the telephone and she retreated into the darkness. After a considerable time we were beckoned into a gloomy kitchen. Six or seven children and grown ups all looking deathly ill were sitting round a bare table. We were motioned to the wall phone without a word being spoken. They watched us in silence as we phoned long distance; I to contest headquarters, the Rider, somewhere else. Neither place answered. The woman offered us some fried eggs swimming in fat in a big black pan. We declined, left a generous amount of money for the phone and got out of there as fast as we could.

It was a relief to get back to the car. Together we unhitched, carefully turned the car around, swung the trailer onto the hitch and set off in the direction we'd come from. We were barely moving when a familiar car and trailer came barreling towards us. The three Cirrus crewmen waved as they

sped by in a huge heavy Pontiac. They were obviously in high humour, in the first place because, sensibly, they had already enjoyed a lovely supper in Maple Creek and in the second place, from our dejected looks and the direction of our pilotless car, they assumed that their pilot had gone further and had therefore beaten his rival.

We backtracked until we came to some houses in a place called Vidora. This household was healthy and altogether more cheerful. I told them that I didn't know where I was going 'with that big box' but I was trying to get to Govenlock and that the road was impassable in my little car. They offered us some fried eggs and told us to continue on our present track, make a loop round Shaunavon and we would reach Govenlock from the other direction on the southerly road. We declined the eggs and said thank you. It all sounded quite simple, so even though the Innisfail field telephone operator had gone off duty, and I still didn't know exactly where my pilot was, I felt a lot better. I let Chiki out for a run while I stuffed some kaisers with tuna and lettuce and we looked at the map. Simple maybe, but the loop was about 170 miles long. The Rider was beyond despair and retreated further into his shell. We drove on.

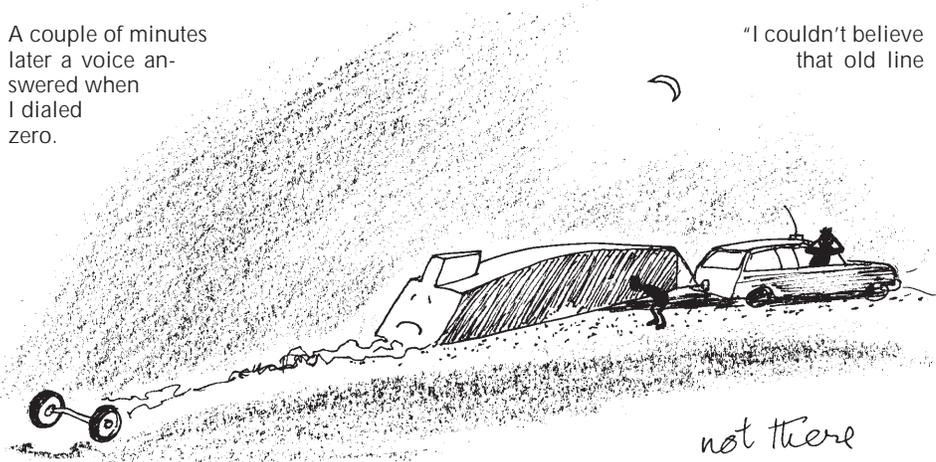
Mad at being recaptured, Chiki stopped howling only to listen to the coyote choral society doing their thing in the empty hills. On the map the road looked like ruled lines and right angles, in reality it was up and down and twisted like a switch back. For more than an hour the creaks and groans of the trailer accompanied us as we watched the headlights tunnelling along the pebbly surface of the road.



Suddenly, the groans changed into a scraping noise. I stopped the car and went to check for punctures. Four of the wheels were OK — the other two weren't there!

the Pilot: I soon stopped running. It was further than it looked and rough, with fences to be negotiated. It took me nearly an hour to get to the building and when I got there it was empty; an old schoolhouse connected by two sagging wires to an old telephone pole bent to the prevailing wind. I walked around and found an open window. Inside there was a telephone but it was dead. I traced the wire to the junction box and found the links missing. Wire? Where else? In a closet I found an old coat hanger and bridged the gap.

A couple of minutes later a voice answered when I dialed zero.



"I'm sorry sir, this line is no longer in service."
"I know, I just connected it."
"I'm sorry sir, the line has been disconnected."
"I just connected it."

I summoned up all my patience, this was going to be difficult, but she absolutely refused to listen to my predicament and cut me off. This time the line was really dead. I sat down in a corner of the schoolroom under a row of swallows' nests and pulled out my lunch bun. I supposed I would have to return to the glider, if I could find it in the dark, and head off in the other direction. I wished I'd left a note; I had to get in touch with Chris.

I still hadn't decided on the best course of action when a truck pulled up. People, thank goodness. I dashed outside.

"Howdy," said a voice, "You in some kind of trouble? Get in." The door opened and I found myself sitting beside an overalled farmer and his well-fed missus.

"We heard you on the party line," said the wife. "Couldn't believe it. That line's been disconnected for thirty years. It was just like old times. Where'd you say you was from?"

I repeated my story. "Well now," mused the farmer. "That road's been closed as long

as the old school. We farm up there now. In the old days we used to ship grain out of Arena there."

"We used to go up to Frontier Days in Swift Current, regular," added his wife.

"Where are we, where's the closest town?" I asked when we at last pulled up in a farmyard.

"Norheim, Havre, Montana." It sounded like No I'll have a banana. I was none the wiser.

I called contest headquarters right away. Eventually a slurred voice answered; I had apparently woken it up. It was surprised to find I was not with my crew. No, it had no idea where they were. I left a message for them to meet me in Govenlock tomorrow. This was getting complicated.

"I couldn't believe that old line"

not there

was working again," babbled the farmer's wife, setting a huge plateful of omelettes on the table in front of me. The farmer took over the telephone and made some calls. "Don't you worry," she said, as she set down a foaming glass of milk, "We'll soon have you back where you belong to."

the Crew: I went back for a flashlight and the Rider came to see what further misery was in store for him. The back end of the trailer was in the mud. We walked back along the gravel scrape with the puny light. Not far away, the trailer wheels, still attached to their axle, were standing in the

I didn't think it was mine



middle of the road. We quickly decided this was the pilot's problem and that he should be picked up to deal with it. The glider would have to wait. We unhitched again and drove with renewed purpose through the darkness.

AS SURE AS EGGS

8 July, Rest Day At midnight when we reached Shaunavon we went straight to the Mounted Police station. Contest headquarters didn't answer. We told the Mounties we had left our broken trailer beside the road. They told us they knew where the glider was. It was at Divide. I said I didn't think that was mine. They expressed disbelief that there could be more than one of these things around here. They spoke to the Rider because obviously I didn't know what I was talking about and gave us some coffee. As if his sanity depended on it, the Rider patiently persuaded them that I was probably right. Sure, they said, they understood and promised to relay messages, if any, ha ha ha, from the Willow Creek area.

On a good road, we drove south with the sleeping Chiki towards the American border. At Climax we finally completed the far end of our loop and turned back west. As the bright yard lights disappeared behind us conditions deteriorated fast. Climax was aptly named. The narrowness of the road was less of a problem than the surface which had adhesive properties with which we were unfamiliar. It was very quiet. The pebbled surface had been quite interesting compared to the blankness which now filled our beams. I drove in a kind of stupor. The Rider suggested I let him have a go and I got out to exchange places. He stayed in the car and squeezed around the gear shift to the other side. Without understanding the significance I saw that the wheels were glued to the car with the kind of clods you usually see on a salty street in February. The road surface rose over my sandals and coolly oozed between my toes. I spent the next few miles like a pretzel with my feet out of the window scraping off the mud with a spoon. At least we didn't have to bother about the trailer. It was funny really,



fastened himself to the car frame

wasn't it? But the Rider was concentrating too hard to be amused. We had started to hit pot holes somewhere under the slime and waves of gumbo began to wash over the windscreen.

After about an hour we ran out of windshield washer and supplementary drinking water and the wipers refused to work. For a while I kept getting out to scrape a space in front of the steering wheel but this got to be too much of a chore so I stayed on the hood with a muddy rag. At 2:30, yard lights appeared and we stopped. This activated an incredible barking of dogs and two houses lit up in response. We discovered we were in well-named Claydon. The farmer who answered our knock seemed rather unfriendly, but considering the hour, he was really remarkably accommodating and let us call the Mounties and fill up with windscreen water. Heaven only knows what he thought of such an odd couple; one slick, in tweed and Oxfords, the other barefoot and covered in mud.

We took a jog to the south and began to climb. Chiki started to howl again and by three o'clock I'd had enough. On a wish and a prayer a building suddenly appeared on our right and we turned in between white picket fences to find ourselves in a graveyard. In amazement we saw his and her toilets standing like sentry boxes beside a small white chapel. A flurry of rabbits betrayed Chiki the hunter already going about his nightly business. For the first time today, or was it tomorrow, I felt as if I was in the right place.

I found the Rider standing beside the car. "We have to sleep. It'll be easier in the daylight."

He said nothing. I opened the back door and pulled out a mess of glider baggage, coat hangers and cat biscuits and shoved it under the dash. Then I folded the front seat, straightened out the mattress which filled

the rear, closed the back, climbed in through the rear side door and laid down on one half. The Rider remained standing beside the car. Good grief. He wasn't going to lay down beside me! Whether he was scared, prudish, unselfish or repulsed, I was too tired to care. "For heaven's sake hurry up and lie down."

Meekly he climbed in. He rolled up straight as a pole and with both hands clinging to the top of the open window, fastened himself to the car frame. I don't think he was breathing. When Chiki jumped in to say he was having a ball, walked over both of us and was gone again, there was a strangled shriek.

The Rider responded as if to an alarm clock when Chiki paid us a second visit and quickly escaped into the dawn light. In minutes the bed was hidden and the night forgotten. The muddy way looked even worse in the daylight, but we soon arrived at Divide. In a farm kitchen we were offered fried eggs for breakfast. Yes, a glider had landed there and left last night in a big box.

At sunrise we were only twenty miles from Govenlock in a two elevator place called Supreme. It was supremely muddy. It was also the end of the gravel road. Ahead was a cart track replete with lakes. We drove up to a farm. No, this was not the right road. We should have turned north towards Robsart. But this time, the Shaunavon Mounties had a message for us from the US Border Patrol. I listened in trepidation, I hadn't had any sense of danger until now. "You were right, there *is* another glider in the area, but the pilot is in the States." They gave us a number and for the first time I spoke to John who had spent a comfortable night on a couch in Norheim, Montana. Relief at getting in touch was brief. He listened to my story, fired questions about the trailer damage, conferred with someone else at his end and issued instructions. Fix the trailer and meet him in Climax by noon!

Overhearing the problem with the trailer, the farmer suggested a good welding shop in Eastend and offered to tow the trailer in by tractor. The farmer's wife offered breakfast. Wondering how the glider could be so far away from the pilot, and how he was going to get to Climax himself, I was a bit slow on the uptake. Before we could refuse, fifteen eggs had been broken into a big frying pan swimming with grease. We were obliged to stay and eat. We did our best.

Slowly but surely, behind the tractor, we drove north to Robsart. It took less time with the help of the farmer and a couple of coat hangers to get the wheels back under the box and wired to the floor joists. We waved goodbye to the farmer, and carefully towed the lash-up to the welding shop where they good naturedly dropped a backlog of broken farm equipment to fix it. As we drove round the bend to Climax again I think the Rider almost smiled.

SCRAMBLING together

the Pilot: The next morning Chris finally managed to phone me with a confused story about muddy roads, detours, and a broken trailer axle. After some discussion, the farmer agreed to drive me to Climax, about an hour away, and I said I would meet her there at noon. I had hardly put the phone down when the US Border Patrol arrived to take me into custody as an illegal immigrant! In the sheriff's office in Havre (fifty miles in the wrong direction) they asked for my grandmother's maiden name and if I had relatives in the Communist party. I fretted the morning away as the cu grew into cbs, wondering if the glider was OK.

On the strength of my pilot's licence the Border Patrol eventually agreed to take me to their Canadian counterparts, and took me east to Harlem and formally handed me over to the local detachment there. The Harlem detachment entered into the true spirit of international cooperation, and drove me 55 miles up across the border and on to Climax, where amicable greetings were exchanged with the Mounties. My crew arrived soon after we drove north. I failed to understand what had taken them so long. The road was wide and dry, and fast for dirt. They were obviously exhausted, even Chiki on top of the rolled mattress in the back window. I didn't catch the name of the crewman Chris had picked up but I was glad she hadn't been alone.

I was relieved to find that work on the trailer was just about finished. I hoped I had enough money to cover their bill. They seemed to know what they were doing though, so we all went and had a late lunch in a local café and I started to tell my crew what had happened to me. Just as I was showing them where I had landed there was a violent hailstorm with stones as big as marbles and I suddenly realized how vulnerable the glider was. We rushed back to the barn and found the trailer all ready to go. We filled up with gas from ⇒ p23

the Gatineau Nats

Demanding soaring conditions and close scores make a challenging and interesting contest at Pendleton

Tony Burton (EE) et al

GATINEAU WAS THE SCENE of the Nationals this year for SAC's 50th anniversary, my old home club which I hadn't seen for 25 years, so I was curious to see what had changed and who I would meet. (A lot and many.) Would the notorious Gatineau mosquito hoards advance out of the swamp to carry off all the campers? — thank God, they didn't.

The club facilities for a contest are first class — lots of runway space, camping in the shade of bird-filled woods, a large screened clubhouse with kitchen and SHOWERS, and the P*O*O*L!

I was most curious to see who would be on hand for the competition and was surprised to see the somewhat modest entry list, particularly for the Sport class which had the very attractive prize of the Air Canada tickets. Many of the regulars were not on hand and entries from the three local clubs were light. A most pleasant surprise was the presence of George Moffat as a guest competitor. Having the famous world champion on hand would give the 15m class pilots the very best benchmark against which to compare their performance, and the overall range of the après-flight soaring lies rose several notches! We must thank Walter Weir flying in Florida for selling our Nationals to George as a good place to go.

It was a good competition. On the ground the contest organization had the game clicking along nicely, and special recognition must go to Bernie Palfreeman for getting the tricky soaring weather right and for the task committee in setting just-long-enough courses most days.

Again, a selection of daily winners have contributed their words on the taste of the contest — the interspersed italic text is mine.

The first competition day, 26 June, was a no-contest as there was only very weak lift topping out under 3000 feet with a 15 knot wind almost guaranteeing a mass landout.

1 **15m/Std: 124 triangle (Winchester, Maxville) Sport: 103 triangle (Winchester, Casselman)**

The Sport and Standard classes were off first after 2 pm and several had to relight. The 15m launch was delayed. The task call

was shortened to the C task. A high centred over the Maine coast and a low near Chicago gave southerly winds. Blue with weak and spotty lift to 4800 feet msl, the odd thermal was up to 4–5 knots. Only half the field got back, most of those in the 15m. Two little cu appeared on the first leg!

Alan Wood (AR)

The day started like this. My crew, my beautiful wife and a young fellow from our club, Emile, were pretty excited about our first flying day in the '95 Nats. I wasn't. The forecast weather was not encouraging which dampened my spirits a bit about the potential outcome. However the task committee had declared a short assigned task. I couldn't squawk about it since I've always been a proponent of ASTs over PSTs.

The day was slow to start. I was low after tow a number of times and finally with a few others had to land for a relight. The relight went better. Fortunately, most of the Sport class had not left yet so I was able to join up with Tony (EE), got a start and headed out. Being a blue day, I immediately looked for light colours to produce lift but instead found myself attracted to Tony's yellow sailplane and joined him in a thermal west of Bourget. My intention at this point was to gain enough altitude to safely cross the Larose Forest. After crossing I started a straight line cruise for the TP. The highlight of the day came early when I took an exploratory turn into wind to check out a huge sandpit to the left of my course line. The result was a 5.8 knot thermal to 5600 msl. Tony joined me in this one.

EE and my 1–35 (AR) cruised south, and I only bent the course in a bit to explore light colours and gravel pits. This paid off with a thermal 20 km out from the TP to about 4800 msl. Again EE was with me (or I was with EE). I deliberately bent a little south of course line when EE wasn't climbing and was rewarded with a 2 knot, one kilometre straight ahead climb which gave me a 500–700 advantage through the TP. With Tony ahead a little we shot the TP and set off for Casselman. Of course, all this time, Calvin Devries flying an HP-14 (LT) had harassed us by getting the turn first and had flown to the inside of the course. EE flew to the inside also. I took my photo and very shortly after noticed both LT and EE in different locations working what appeared to be in-

different lift. I decided to plunge on ahead and ran into 3 knots. This took me to 5200 msl and close to final glide. So I carried on, but not wanting to scare myself unnecessarily, did not punch up a final glide. I did what Ed Hollestelle taught me, keep bumping and wallowing in burbles but do not turn. Eight kilometres out from the turn I checked the computer for final glide as I had an exceptionally good run from Winchester to this point and to my amazement found I could make the second TP and home. Cruising on course, no useable lift had materialized, so I kept bumping the burbles, shot a smooth, don't-lose-any-un-necessary-altitude TP and set out for home.

I was now on the tightest final glide I have ever been on, with only 400 feet of my 600 feet of safety available, but I resolved to fly home with what I had. I bumped, swayed, slowed down, and sped up as I had been taught. Eventually the thin slit of Pendleton airport became attainable and, with a glorious flourish, beat-up the finish line for a first place finish in the Sport class (my first place finish in anything). It felt terrific and awesome when my crew came screeching alongside as I taxied to a stop.

Calvin Devries did a terrific job in getting his HP-14 home for a second place finish and Tony's EE was just short of home for a third. If nothing else happens for the rest of the contest, it will be of no consequence as this small 102.7 km flight has been the most exciting and fulfilling flight for me to date.

28 June was a no-contest with extensive thin high cirrus and weak late lift predicted. On the grid, the task was backed off to the same as yesterday as the cloud cover opened to the southwest. This was caused by subsiding warm air aloft which killed any lift.

2 **15m/Std: 242 triangle (Smiths Falls a/p, Alexandria) Sport: 184 triangle (Kars, Alexandria)**

The forecast was for a much better day but the lift was weak to only 3000 feet until almost 2 pm. The first leg had to be flown carefully, and the dreaded "Russell Hole" had every competitor low there along the first leg. Almost everyone who survived Russell completed the task. Most of the landouts today were by pilots who essentially had a final glide from start — it was very important to have had the highest possible start and thermal markers out ahead. The Sport class was devalued to 600 points as none of the landouts made 50 kilometres. The early lift was only 2 knots on average with some going to 3.5, but it improved a bit during the day with the bases rising to 4800 feet. It was hot flying. I finished first back at the field, worried that I must have gone to the wrong turnpoint!

Jörg Stieber (JS)

I started at 13:43 from 3000 agl together with Ulli Werneburg (MZ). We tried a number of wispy cu but found only 1–2 knots. It

seemed the thermals were already dying by the time the cu formed. About 20 km out I took a couple of extra turns while MZ pressed on and this was the last I saw of him. In the distance I could see a gaggle of Sport and Standard class gliders which seemed far to the right of the course line.

The terrain ahead was shaded by a patch of high cloud and there was no visible sign of lift. Soon I found myself in survival mode at 1000 feet working "positive zero". A seagull saved me and I climbed ever so slowly out of the hole. Fortunately the high cloud had moved off; in the meantime I was puzzled by the fact that I had not seen a single glider for quite some time now. I called up my crew and asked him to confirm the task. I was haunted by visions that everyone had long passed and I was the struggler left behind. Finally, over Winchester, when looking at the map, I noticed my position being quite a bit off course while the GPS said "dead on". I realized that the GPS was steering me to the wrong turnpoint because I had forgotten to set it to the B task. So much for high tech gadgets.

After the near-landout experience I proceeded cautiously towards the Rideau River, still much too low for my liking. Things started to look up when solid cu became visible ahead on the other side of the river. The first cu propelled me up to nearly 5000 feet in a five knotter. A number of 15m and Standard ships were in the thermal on their way out of the TP. After rounding Smith Falls I decided to take a route slightly south of the course line in order to avoid the area that had given me so much grief on the first leg. Well-spaced cu allowed me to stay above 3500 on the second leg and to make good progress as I started to catch up with gliders ahead.

Conditions were soft around Alexandria, the second turnpoint, and it became clear that the day was quitting fast at 17:00. A last cu on the third leg indicated a 2 knot thermal that provided final glide altitude for a flying finish at 17:23 after 3:40 hours on task.

3 *15m/Std: 126 quad (Alexandria, Windover, Hawkes.) Sport: 108 triangle (Maxville, Hawkesbury)*

The contest area was still in a warm sector, and the forecast was for weaker lift and lower bases than yesterday. At launch time there was much more low cu to around 3300 but thick cirrus was moving in from the southwest. As a result the task was shortened and most pilots started early; however the cirrus just evaporated in place and the tasks turned out to be no problem. Cloud base raised to 5000 and almost everyone finished, but the winners were back in well under the minimum 2-1/2 hours, which derated the day to around 600 points.

For days, Bernie had been tracking a cold front out to the west; we were all waiting for cool flights, high cu, and the possibility of seeing the horizon.

Heri Pölzl (KC)

At takeoff time, conditions looked rather bleak. A thick layer of cirrus and altostratus overshadowed the Pendleton area. Once off tow I struggled to get up to 3200 for a start at 14:16.

About half way to Alexandria I teamed up with Ulli Werneburg (MZ) and some other guys and we made good time as conditions improved considerably. 4 to 5 knot average thermal strength and the disappearance of the overcast made it a fast race with no real problems to contend with. Wendover and Hawkesbury were rounded in quick succession and to top the day off, an 8 knot thermal 30 kilometres out guaranteed a fast final glide at 90 knots to the finish line.

This was the bitter pill day for me — I took a second start picture before the mandatory 20 minute separation called for in the rules. This added 11 minutes to my task time which cut my speed by 7.6 km/h and it cost me the day and perhaps the contest. Rule #1: read the rules!

1 July No contest — Bernie reported that the frontal passage was scheduled for mid-afternoon with the possibility of severe weather associated with it. The contest director told everyone to derig and either tie down the trailers or hide them in the bushes. The serious stuff never arrived but we did finally have some cool air in the evening.

D *15m/Std: 3.0 hour PST
Sport: 2.5 hour PST*

Great things were expected for the day. There was an unstable airmass with a north-westerly flow but residual heating caused cu to start forming at 7 am until the sky was completely covered by 9:30. Further ground heating was seriously retarded and the 300+ km tasks initially set were finally called back to PSTs. Winds were 10 knots, cloudbase 3500 feet (5000 later) with 2-4.5 knot thermals, but they were small, sheared, hard to centre and hard to find.

By midafternoon an unforecast cold front passed causing mid level cloud patches and increased winds aloft (18 knots westerly). This drove everyone to downwind turnpoints from which it was difficult to return and half the field landed out.

Ed Hollestelle (A1)

The sky filled as we were driving to the field from the motel and by the time we arrived at Pendleton cloud cover was about 8/10. The weather picture was looking very good indeed and it was predicted to be soarable at around 11:30. Lift was to be in the 4-6 knot range with a 5000 foot cloud-base. Some ambitious tasks were set for all classes and everybody was anxious, watered and ready to get some serious soaring in after all the hot and humid weather we had so far during the contest. As we waited

on the grid ready for an early launch, something went wrong. The early cloud cover that was predicted to quickly burn off persisted and the temperature consequently fell far behind the earlier prediction. To make matters worse the wind started picking up to about 15-20 knots as cloudbase persisted at about 2400 feet right to about 12:45.

When the clouds finally started opening the cu rather looked blown apart and not very well defined. It became also evident that there was some patchy high cloud cover shielding the sun in some of the task area. A pilot's meeting was called on the grid and a 3 hour PST announced for the 15m and Standard classes, and 2.5 hours for the Sport class (they were launching last).

After the launch it was important to select an area with some cu that was not affected by the high cloud, and since the west looked promising this was my start direction. As soon as some ground was covered however, the good looking cu darkened and fell apart under some high clouds. Russell airport was the obvious turnpoint, then get out of there and head to the east. The TP was taken at about 1500 feet and then I turned downwind towards the sun. There were just some wisps as I drifted downwind and bumped my way to some clouds towards the Maxville area some 15 miles away, where I finally connected with some 3-4 knot lift to about 3500 feet. Just short of Alexandria I had the best thermal of the day, a very rough and narrow 5-6 knots to about 3800 feet. Then it was decision time again, and I headed back to the west as that area had filled with cu by now.

The wind was about 17-18 knots from the west as I headed towards Casselman. As the clouds fell apart in front of me, I decided to round Maxville instead and head towards some small clouds and Hawkesbury. They also fell apart by the time I got to them. Again I bumped my way ahead as I was trying to find another decent thermal. After about 15 miles of flying I found one that gave me 2-3 knots to about 3800 feet just south of Wendover. By the time I topped out I was not so sure about going to Hawkesbury any more as it was now completely in the shade and there were no more cu towards Pendleton, other than a few further to the south. Just as I was to make my decision, XU called the finish gate for an early finish and that made me decide to go for Wendover and then home for speed points instead of risking landing out.

As it turned out, going into the strong headwind was a handful and I was glad I had kept my 20 gallons of water despite the lumpy lift. The last leg home took longer than expected due to large areas of sink and broken up lift, so I flew for just under 2.5 hours. As we later learned, all this agony was caused by the unpredicted secondary cold front that passed!

Ed's win moved him to within six points of Jörg in the Standard class. It was a close contest between them.

5 **15m/Std: 340 triangle (Brockville, Shawville) Sport: 307 quad (Smiths Falls a/p, Maxville, Kars)**

Nick Bonnière (ST)

There was a band of cirrus approaching the airport and more on the horizon. Being on the task committee, I had doubts about the task prior to the launch but Bernie predicted good lift throughout the day and I didn't want to reduce the task too soon. I eventually decided that it could be done — it was a go. Because of the cirrus to the west, I decided to play it safe and assume it would move in, ie. an early start was in order. A band moved in very quickly as the gate opening neared. I got as high as I could, 4500 feet msl, and decided to start as soon as the gate opened to get across to the other side of the cirrus on course. Bernie told me later that the temperature dropped 1.5°C when the cirrus was overhead the airport.

I started with A1 (Ed Hollestelle, also on the task committee) who had decided to wait for the 15m class to start, and we headed on course. The lift was not very good, with thermals peaking to 4 knots but averaging only 1.5–2 knots. The cirrus was getting thicker to the west with few cu and it became obvious that, if we only had these weak thermals, we couldn't finish such a long task — I had visions of a mass landout with all the pilots cursing us.

As we neared Ottawa airport I radioed in to tell them that gliders were in the area, and when I looked around for A1 afterwards, I noticed that I had lost 500 feet on him and he was pushing on. I pushed on as well, gaining a little here and there between 2500 and 3500 feet. Southeast of Kemptville I headed for a little cu expecting another 2 knots or so. I pulled up into a strong updraft that took me by surprise as the vario needle pegged! It was 10 knots for a couple of turns and averaged 8.4 knots from 3500 to 6000 feet. With this kind of lift around, the task could definitely be completed. I caught up to A1 soon after and we proceeded to Brockville which didn't look too promising under thick cirrus. George Moffat (XX) showed up unexpectedly since he started 10 minutes later than we did and the three of us dolphined into Brockville for a picture at 2800 feet. The first leg, 108 km, was completed in 1 hour 25 minutes for a speed of 76 km/h.

We found a nice thermal just north of the turn at 2500 feet and A1, XX and I took it to the top, 5000 feet, since it didn't look that great up ahead. We pushed ahead towards Smiths Falls and bumped into some lift. A1 and I took it, but XX just kept going. We caught up to XX soon after, but he was quite low and circling in 2–3 knot lift. Suddenly a group of three gliders joined us — MZ, KC and S1. MZ had gained 15 minutes on me and XX 10 minutes. They obviously had found better lift on the first leg. The six of us proceeded to the north, and A1 found a good thermal at Smiths Falls which took us to 5000 feet. There were some nice cu to

the north in the direction of the second TP; it looked promising. MZ proceeded north and I tagged along; he showed me a nice 6 knot thermal under the first cu just north of Carleton Place; I lost track of XX who went a little more to the east. The others then fell behind at that point as they didn't connect with as good a thermal. With MZ about 500 feet higher, we got nice and high again just north of Arnprior to go into Shawville which was under heavy cirrus. I took the picture at 3600 feet and started to head east. The 123 km second leg was completed in 1 hour 21 minutes for 91 km/h.

We joined XX east of Shawville. The lift was not that great and I slowly lost more height behind XX and MZ. I lost track of them in the haze and got a little low over the trees and eventually settled for 2.5 to 3 knots in the valley north of the Gatineau ridge. I noticed two gliders a little to the south, obviously MZ and XX, and thinking that they would probably not settle for less than 4 knots. I detoured south to join them — 4 knots it was! I stayed behind to gain some height after they left about 1500 feet above me. I had lost another 5 minutes at least on MZ and XX. North of Hull I decided to detour a little to the north towards a large sandpit that always works to get final glide height as XX and MZ disappeared on course ahead; they looked like they already had enough height. I climbed to 4000 feet at 4 knots, then moved back south to a sunny spot for another 4 knots to 5000 feet, enough to get home.

I hit some sink 20 km from the finish and fell below final glide slope. I slowed down and fortunately there were two cu on course. I pulled up under the first one, not bothering to turn, and gained 400 feet. I gained another 200 or so at the next cu. I was back in business. Ten kilometres out I was starting to wonder what had happened to MZ and XX; they should have finished by now — 5 km out and still no sign of them. I finished first, definitely wondering what had happened to them. Last leg: 110 km in 60 minutes for a speed of 110 km/h.

Ten minutes after I landed, XX called in, but there was no sign of MZ. As it turned out, they passed up some lift on the final glide, got into trouble down low, and had to settle for weak lift. MZ didn't find that last few hundred feet and landed seven kilometres short. XX lost 15 minutes getting enough height to get home, allowing me to win the day. Looking to the west, I could see that the cirrus was quite thick now and the cu were ragged. I didn't think anybody else would make it, but most of the 15m and Standard class did.

This was the day that cost Ulli the chance to say that he had beaten George Moffat in a contest. Ulli had surpassed George on three of the past four days and was a relatively comfortable 578 points ahead at takeoff. He told me that he definitely had the final glide made but was enticed into flying too fast because he saw George ahead of him.

All classes were dodging cirrus bands during the day. The thick cirrus Nick mentions at the end of his flight completely shut down convection and had the most serious effect on the Sport class pilots who were in the Kars area at the time. Al Wood was a little earlier than the rest and did well to eke out a final glide home to be the only finisher in the class, and it could be fairly stated that it was his contest winner. Of the four other Sport class pilots still up, three landed at Kars and I was about 500 feet below maximum glide path and landed 10 km short at Bourget.

6 **15m: 307 tri (Brockville, Arnp.) Std: 270 tri (Spencerville, Arnp.) Sport: 203 tri (Spncrv, Smiths Falls)**

The forecast called for 10 knot southerly winds and a dry stable airmass becoming convective with daytime heating (3–5 kts), no cirrus (good), and it would go blue during the afternoon (bad), lift to 5000 feet in blue and higher with strong sources (one to 7000 feet was reported near Wakefield in the Gatineau Hills).

Tony Burton (EE)

Since I had to do something dramatic to get back into the running with Al Wood (I was almost 500 points behind him as a result of my "almost finish" yesterday) I decided to leave late with the Standard class ships to have some markers on the first leg, use the best part of the afternoon, and hope for a couple of useful cu even if the day was to be blue. I heard Al and Calvin (LT) start about 30 minutes before me.

The lift was not particularly strong after the start (3+ kts average) and it was slow going into wind on the first leg, but at least I didn't get low. Halfway down the leg I caught up with two Sport class ships and three Standards caught up with me, so we had a group thermal hunt going into Spencerville. About 7 km into the second leg there was a small area of bush and swamp and I headed right to the centre of it after hearing all the tales of how good swamps are in the east — sure enough, I got my best thermal of the day, a big smooth 5.5 knotted to 6200 feet. After several turns, Dugald Stewart (HG) joined me underneath and thanked me for the find.

This climb got me to the second turn and after that the tailwind was sweet, and a couple of nice climbs between Smiths Falls and North Gower near Kars was about all the lift I needed. While I was near North Gower I was surprised to hear LT call in finish. I thought that perhaps I could get back faster than him with the start margin I had in hand, but I missed by a minute, the margin of error in our camera clocks. I seemed to stay out of any sink streets and needed only a turn or two east of the Rideau River to get home with height in hand.

AR was nowhere to be seen when I landed and as the minutes ticked off I knew that I

was picking up a large chunk of our point spread. Then there was a report that HG and AR were low west of Bourget and may be landing. More tense waiting at the finish line (I earnestly hoped that Al's chosen field would be safe and long and soft). Dugald then finished and reported that he had left Al scraping at 600 feet. Al finally clawed his way up and drifted in, but I had picked up 1:13 hours on him and was back in the hunt with a 101 point spread left to cover.

Jörg won by only seven points over Ed, so now Ed needed 100 points to win — a problem given the equal level of their skills. In the 15m, Moffat blew away Ulli's chance to come back by coming in fastest at 98.1 km/h, a margin of over 10 km/h over second place Ulli. One more contest day to go to see what happens.

5 July — no contest, so yesterday's leaders could relax. A hot, humid, unstable airmass moved into the area a half a day ahead of schedule. It was warm and sticky even at 6 am when the sounding flight was aborted soon after takeoff when the ground began disappearing in the haze! There was some tentative attempts to see if a flying day was possible, but then it got black and Pendleton got dumped on at noon. It was the first rain the area had seen in 33 days. •

Scale Landing

Tom Coulson (W2)

On the PST task on Day 4 I was getting low at the Casselman turnpoint. After taking the photo I decided the best option was to go upwind. As I flew along into the 10–15 knot wind getting lower, bumping some weak lift, I picked out one landing field after another as I moved along.

“Hey, there's a windsock in this field. There's a small hangar next to the windsock, the threshold is displaced from the trees so the approach looks clear, and the wind is right down the runway. If a small airplane is being flown out of there, it should be no problem for a Mosquito. Great!” I continued on hoping for something better but no luck. “We'll turn around and go into that runway. It looks kind of small but it must be the angle.” Gear down, left downwind, did my SWAFTS. Opposite the field I had another good look at the runway, and “Oh my, that sure is short — what do they fly from here!”

Well, after doing my very best short field landing, still sitting in the cockpit, I looked dumbfoundedly to the side of the runway. What I thought was the hangar turned out to be a sunshade with a few tables and chairs underneath. Everything — the cover, the windsock, and the runway was a third the size I thought it was when I flew overhead. It was an RC model field! This was confirmed by two nearby residents who watched me land and came to help. The only other full scale aircraft that had been here before was a J3 doing touch-and-goes (I suspect it was light on the touch). I paced the runway later and found it to be about 400–450 feet long, and thanks to the wind I had used only 60% of it.

I had been fooled because from above everything looked to scale. On my next outlanding you can be sure that I looked a lot harder at what I picked. •

Randolph Engineering ad here

First Impressions

Calvin Devries (LT)

I came to Pendleton with the very tentative notion that I was going to fly in the Sport class, do the best I could, learn a lot, and have fun. I was determined not to do anything stupid or dangerous.

Never having competed before, I initially found the whole enterprise quite intimidating. It seemed that everyone knew everyone else, and they all had the routine pretty much worked out. I knew almost no one, it felt like the first day of kindergarten. It quickly became apparent that the natives were friendly. The hospitality of the Gatineau Gliding Club members was warm and genuine. Other pilots helped me with the finer points of synchronizing my camera with the official clock.

The first contest day went well. I was one of only two finishers in the class. Rick Avery, my crew for the first half of the contest, spent the day putting a new starter motor on my old Malibu, so it was just as well that I didn't land out. The second day was a disaster — I landed only 30 km out. I had made a lot of beginner's mistakes and had a long afternoon to sit in the shade drinking water, eating granola bars, and contemplating the errors of my ways. I had parted company with Jörg Stieber at about 1500 feet to look for lift over a town and quarry. I landed about 30 minutes later, while JS won the day in the Standard class.

One of the best things about the contest was the encouragement, support and advice that were given, especially by competitors in my own class. After a bad day they would (perhaps a little too gleefully) point out what I had done wrong. This proved to be helpful.

I made fewer mistakes on the third contest day. About half of the Sport class started as soon as the gate opened and got to the first turn together. Half way down the second leg we were under well-developed cu. I seem to fly best in these conditions and managed to get ahead of the pack to win the day. The fourth day was a PST task. The whole thing felt like a disaster from start to finish, but the score sheet showed me second for the day. Funny sport.

The fifth day was a long one — 307 km in poorer than forecast conditions. I started too late and didn't push hard enough early on. I got to Kars, the third turnpoint, later and landed there with several others. Al Wood was the only finisher. His win kept him solidly in first place overall, with Tony Burton and myself second and third.

The last contest day was a memorable one. I started within a minute or two of George Moffat and set out. Meeting up with KC and ZT on the first leg sped things along nicely. A good climb to 7000 feet after the second

turn gave me enough to get home. With the field made, I pushed to burn off the excess height. Just then I heard XX call in, "Five kilometres out". I could see occasional flashes of sunlight on his wings, then watched him cross the line and pull up. Following soon after, I saw nothing on the ground but cars and trailers — we were the first two back! It seemed like a long time before the next finishers crossed the line — a nice feeling.

As it happened, Tony had started about half an hour later than me. It turned out that I beat him by one minute, but his handicap gave him first place for the day. The next morning at the pilot's meeting he very kindly passed on to me the bottle of wine given to each of the daily winners.

Al Wood flew consistently well to become the Sport class winner. His finish on the fifth day pretty much clinched it for him. Tony had a couple of landings very close to the field on the fourth and fifth days. If he had made it back on either of those days he would have made Al sweat a little harder. I spent the best of the contest trying to recover from my outlanding on the second day, waiting for Al and Tony to fumble — but it wasn't going to be that easy.

I came to the contest with little idea of what to expect. What I discovered is that the term "friendly competition" is not an oxymoron. I was warned (by people who had never competed) that competition would be a scary, dangerous business, with competitors chasing others out of thermals and so on. Nothing could have been further from the truth. On the weaker days when large gaggles formed before the start, I found the flying to be very disciplined and orderly. At the finish line too, I did not see one example of dangerous or aggressive flying.

Rick Avery crewed for me for the first part of the contest, loaned me his databack camera, fixed my car, and cooked up amazing omelettes for breakfast. Wayne Bezner-Kerr crewed on the weekend with Rachel, and tried (without success) to tell me how to fly my glider. My brother Ron crewed for the last days of the contest with Anita and Jessica, changed flat tires, derigged the glider in the pouring rain, and did a hundred little things before I even noticed they needed doing. Thanks everyone.

It was a treat to fly with Hans Berg, who was one of my instructors when I started at the Windsor Gliding Club 18 years ago. George and Suzanne Moffat were very kind and supportive, and Ralph Boehm, George's crew, stopped by the trailer most mornings to pass the time and wish us well. The GGC's field is second to none, and they ran a very smooth contest. It must have been a tremendous amount of work for the members, but they made it look easy.

Bob Mercer, Tony Burton, and Al Wood (and perhaps others I don't know about) deserve a lot of credit for their promotion of the Sport class at the national level. The

contest was a great success and bodes well for the future.

The first three places went to metal gliders. I propose that we rename it the ALUMINUM class and approach Alcan for sponsorship.

In gliding, as in many other activities, if you're having fun you're doing it right. The 1995 Canadian Nationals was the most fun I've ever had in the sport. I'm hooked.

Calvin really did well in his first contest. Perhaps he was helped along a little by the sailplane he was flying, ALT, an HP-14 flown for years in the west by Dick Mamini and then Mike Apps. It was campaigned in many contests and had a multitude of great cross-country flights. Calvin thought the ship knew what to do when he ran out of ideas — maybe he's right. Tony

Flying in the Canadian Nationals at Pendleton was a great experience, with interesting, varied and demanding conditions requiring a lot of gear changes. The task setting by Contest Director Bob Mercer was excellent, as was the organization of the whole contest. Socially the whole scene was absolutely superb, with dinners given every second or third evening, a wonderful clubhouse with cooking facilities, showers and a large pool. Best of all were the people. A friendlier, more welcoming or more enthusiastic group would be hard to imagine. Almost everyone camped out or RV'd at the airport. Try it, you'll love it.

George Moffat

THE TROPHY WINNERS ARE

MSC Trophy – 15m class champion
4468 points of a possible 5248
Ulli Werneburg (MZ)

Wolf Mix Trophy – Std class champion
5162 points of a possible 5292
Jörg Stieber (JS)

CALPA Trophy – Sport class champion
3690 points of a possible 4618
Al Wood (AR)

Dow Trophies (best assigned task flown)

15m class – 306.7 km @ 98.1 km/h
George Moffat (XX)
Std class – 340.1 km @ 83.5 km/h
Jörg Stieber (JS)

SOSA Trophy – best novice
Calvin Devries (LT)

O'Keefe Trophy – best team
Tom Okany/Hans Peter Roth (TW)

		DAY 1		DAY 2		DAY 3		DAY 4		DAY 5		DAY 6		total														
		day pos	km/h	pts	day pos	km/h	pts	day pos	km/h	pts	day pos	km/h	pts	day pos	km/h	pts												
1995 CANADIAN NATIONAL GLIDING CHAMPIONSHIPS																												
15 METRE CLASS		124.1 Δ		242.4 Δ		125.9 □		3 h PST		340.1 Δ		306.7 Δ																
George Moffat	Ventus B XX	2	70.5	p621	1	69.3	1000	5	83.6	549	2	154.2	51.4	628	2	85.4	950	4	65.8	686	7	74.0	672	3631	4			
Jilli Werneburg	ASW-20B MZ	1	74.1	670	2	68.0	979	2	86.3	571	1	202.3	67.4	1000	9	(333.1)	392	1	89.1	1000	3	85.8	833	4170	3			
Nick Bonnière	ASW-20 ST	8	50.3	412	4	64.4	920	7	63.3	379	3	154.0	51.3	626	1			8			8				4			
David Frank	ASW-20 SR	6	51.4	424	5	63.6	p897	5	57.5	331	4	153.3	51.1	621	4			4			4				5			
André Pepin	DG-600 DB	7	50.9	418	3	65.7	941	6	82.7	541	10	95.7	0.0	205	4			4			4				9			
Dave Springford	ASW-20 S1	4	62.4	543	7	59.7	843	3	84.5	556	9	109.3	0.0	p209	6			6			6				8			
Chris Eaves	ASW-20 XU	5	60.8	526	6	60.6	858	4	83.7	550	7	111.7	37.2	298	10	(303.0)	356	6			6				7			
Heri Pözl	LS-6 KC	9	(104.5)	226	8	(44.1)	79	1	87.1	578	6	123.7	41.2	391	3			3			3				4			
Robert DiPietro	ASW-20B DZ	10	(94.6)	204	9	(27.2)	49	9	(101.7)	173	8	115.8	0.0	248	5			5			5				9			
Francisco Diaz	DG-202 SW	11	dnc	0	11	dnc	0	10	dnc	0	10	151.5	50.5	607	7			7			7				10			
Walter Weir	ASW-20B 2W	3	68.3	607	10	(26.6)	48	10	dnc	0	11	dnc	0.0	0	11			11			11				10			
STANDARD CLASS		124.1 Δ		242.4 Δ		125.9 □		3 h PST		340.1 Δ		270.1 Δ																
Jörg Stieber	LS-4 JS	1	69.7	665	1	65.8	1000	2	79.2	616	3	143.5	47.8	881	1			1			1				1			
Ed Hollestelle	SZD-55 A1	2	62.4	603	3	62.9	945	3	78.5	608	1	155.9	52.0	1000	3			3			3				2			
Ian Grant	LS-4 ZT	6	(0.0)	0	5	61.1	p902	1	80.3	627	2	154.0	51.3	980	2			2			2				3			
Dave MacKenzie	SZD-55 DM	6	dnc	0	6	58.8	868	6	55.9	373	6	60.4	0.0	203	4			4			4				4			
Stewart Baillie	Std Cirrus B1	5	(30.8)	92	4	62.0	929	6	68.3	502	4	109.0	0.0	366	5			5			5				6			
Kerry Kirby	Std Jantar 69	4	(81.9)	244	2	63.2	951	5	74.5	567	7	37.5	0.0	126	6			6			6				6			
Richard Longhurst	SZD-55 4Q	3	(94.6)	282	7	(27.2)	43	4	76.3	585	5	98.9	0.0	332	7			7			7				5			
SPORT CLASS		102.7 Δ		183.9 Δ		107.9 Δ		2.5 h PST		307.2 □		202.7 Δ																
Alan Wood	1-35 AR	1	55.5	550	3	46.8	500	4	64.1	551	4	79.6	31.9	470	1			1			1				4			
Tony Burton	RS-15 EE	3	(84.9)	274	1	50.5	600	2	63.5	608	5	127.4	0.0	466	2			2			2				1			
Calvin Devries	HP-14 LT	2	46.9	497	5	(29.3)	46	1	67.8	618	2	97.2	38.9	711	3			3			3				2			
Hans Berg	Std Cirrus RW	5	(0.0)	0	2	45.9	514	3	66.5	p594	3	91.1	36.5	638	3			3			3				6			
Okany/Roth	Std Cirrus TW	4	(64.6)	201	4	39.1	436	5	53.1	459	7	27.8	0.0	98	3			3			3				3			
Cook/Sir./Pro.	Std Jantar BW	5	(0.0)	0	8	(15.1)	23	6	46.4	365	1	112.1	44.8	850	7			7			7				8			
Dugald Stewart	Cirrus 75 HG	5	(0.0)	0	6	(27.5)	42	7	(98.9)	224	6	39.4	15.8	135	8			8			8				5			
Tom Coulson	Mosquito W2	5	(0.0)	0	6	(27.5)	42	8	(7.4)	17	8	20.8	0.0	71	6			6			6				7			

() values in brackets are distances in kilometres if the pilot landed out.
 "p" denotes the application of a penalty affecting the daily points earned. All penalties assessed but one (25 pts) were 10 point photo penalties.

“Soaring is ...

Read on, especially those of you who think that there is only mathematics and the unwasted minute but no soul at the heart of gliding competition. Charlie, the nomadic American competition director, writes poetically about where his soaring soul resides.

Charlie Spratt

Soaring is waking up, looking out of my old van and knowing that we will race today, looking down an empty ramp with dew glistening off the wings of sailplanes at rest, the quiet breakfast in the camping area with small talk and the smell of coffee.

Soaring is the conversational hum that always precedes a pilot's meeting — intense and yet comforting — these meetings squeeze the glue that holds us all together. The winners talk, always with confidence; the launchmaster's stern look as he describes “the way it will be”, the endless search for the perfect ballast system; and the endless waiting at the water for a turn to fill and heave those heavy water bags.

Soaring is the grid shuffle where man and machine melt into a geometric form that has been the subject of a thousand photos; the sound of the first tug's crank up, and the building excitement as each engine fires.

Soaring is the true beauty of the first launch, like a string of pearls that stretches from the ground in the blossoming sky. Like magic, the gaggles form and soon the sky is filled with a dance that has inspired me since the first time I saw it.

Soaring is the tension the first call to the gate brings on, the rush of excitement as the leaders call IP; the sound of a sailplane at speed, from on high a whisper that becomes a roar as they hit the mark time and time again; the moment of peace when it is clear they are all on course.

Soaring is the quiet time between the starts and the finish when all of us who support the racers sit and wait.

Soaring is the snap to attention that can only come from the first “two minutes out” call — searching the horizon for that little white slit in the blue — suddenly seeing the smoke of ballast release and hearing the ever called, “I see him”.

Soaring is the sound of a sailplane at redline as it crosses the finish line, a sound that chirps like no other on the face of the earth. The release I feel as I say the words “Good finish”, the wave from the cockpit, and the cool slap of ballast as it sprays across the gate are true marks on my life.

Soaring is the wait for that last pilot to cross the finish line long after all the others.

Soaring is the grace of the landing, the sound of the whoop as pilots open the canopies after a good day, hearing the war stories as the crews wash the wings and rip the tape, the gathering at the turn-in, the intense search for their names on the score sheets, and the hands in the air explaining every turn and every thermal.

Soaring is the smile on the winner's face and the disappointment in the eyes of the losers.

Soaring is the true feeling of family as we gather at some watering hole, eating and talking about all the things that bond us.

Soaring is watching the sun go down on the ramp with a beer in one hand and a set of liars dice in the other, the laughs you get from corny jokes and the pleasure of being among your own.

Soaring is lying down with the breeze blowing, seeing a clear sky full of stars and knowing that tomorrow will bring another day of what you love best.



I have travelled the world, as though a millionaire, stopping where I wanted and doing what I wanted. I have stood on the ancient wrinkles of the Appalachians, and watched my friends roar by at speed, and I have stood on the desert floor and stared into the blue for that little white spot climbing in the wave. I have heard the thunder over the Whites, and the thunder in the winner's heart. I have seen the storms over Hutchinson and felt the heat of Cordele. I have seen the water freeze in the dump valves in Chester, and sailplanes launched as the snow was flying at “The Ridge”. I have seen the mark reach 110 on the ramp at Marfa and the rain gauge overflow at Ionia. I have smelled the oil fields of Hobbs and felt the humidity of Winterhaven. I have stood in the open at Uvalde and enjoyed the shade of Sugarbush. I have roamed through every state in the Union, in every season. I have adventured in exotic places like New Zealand, South Africa, Europe and South America, all because of my love for this sport. It has been an amazing junket and a gift I will never forget.

Nothing will ever compare to the people. For me, for all these years it has been the people of soaring that have kept me close. I grew up in soaring. I matured in soaring — well maybe not completely! I have stood in a circle of champions and been accepted. I have seen the new ones with their hope and aspirations on their sleeves. I have seen them grow and I have seen them go. I have seen the test of character a thousand times and I have seen those who passed and those who failed. Each race is a play and everyone has a part — the champion, the vanquished, the supporters and the supported, the cheerleader and antagonist — with cumulus clouds for a stage and runways for props. I am the most fortunate of all because I was a part of it all.

I have been “high-fived” by a fourteen year old who just saw every contest number on every wing that passed over him during a sixty plane start. I have been called “cool” by a group of teenagers as I made sure they got to a pool after every gate. I have watched a young girl take the responsibility of timing with a confidence never displayed before. I

have seen them awaken to the sport and known they would never give it up. I have had kids in my van, in my hair, and in my way and I loved every minute of it. They have travelled with, tortured me, and amazed me. I am convinced that if I could harness the power of their laughter, I could live forever. For when I am with them — I am never more alive.

The women — oh, the women. Women wind blown, women without makeup and without fashion, and yet more beautiful than any model in any magazine. True women, intelligent women who have shown me all facets of the opposite. Women who have been real friends and have shared their feelings with me. I have seen them enjoy the fact that their mate's joy is in soaring and have supported this endeavour without understanding the joy themselves. I have spent time with many and touched a precious few. I have flirted and romanced with soaring as the wine. Holding hands on long walks down darkened runways or embracing under a wing — the passion all the stronger because of soaring. Although none of these encounters had led to a permanent bond, I continue to seek that one that will love me and give me the freedom to chase my dreams in soaring.

I have been fired in controversy and quenched in acceptance. I have wandered through the politics of soaring and moved from an outsider into the very centre of the beast. I have created powerful enemies and even more powerful allies. I have won battles and lost wars, used compromise and gained insight. I have been a leader and I have been led. I've made poor decisions and at times appeared to be a genius. I have agonized over rules and been glad I had them to fall back on. I have felt the sting of real mistakes and the pleasure of a job well done. Soaring has given me the chance to use my brain and personality in a most unique way.

When the final account is called, I will stand at some gate on some airport with the realization that I have lived an amazing life, as I am living it now. No amount of money or power could give me what soaring has laid before me. I could not imagine a greater adventure for myself. I have cussed, cried, danced, laughed and done it all on the silent white wings of soaring. I have never pursued money or material things — they only slow me down — but when the time comes to count it up, I will be a multimillionaire, not in dollars, but in experiences, memories, and best of all, friends. Soaring has given me all of this and I will forever be truly thankful for this wonderful gift.



Avocet ad

WINNIPEG GLIDING CLUB PROMOTIONAL EVENTS

Let me take you back to a cold, blustery day in January. The outside air temperature is hovering around the -25°C mark. A warm day by Winnipeg standards! Inside, a group of dedicated club members is discussing the upcoming year and the promotional events we wish to plan to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the Soaring Association of Canada. Little did we know that five months later to the day we would be wishing for the return of the Arctic chill. Summer in Manitoba can be blistering hot as we were to find out.

Our plan of attack was going to be centred on two sides. A very intense media blitz would put the word out that the Soaring Association of Canada was now 50 years old and the Manitoba Soaring Council had reached its Silver Anniversary. A press release to this effect was sent to all the various news agencies, asking for any coverage possible. Several responded in a positive fashion that they were interested in assisting. Also, several key events were planned to take place at the Starbuck gliderport, home of the Winnipeg Gliding Club.

But first we had to resume operations and on 1 April, at our temporary home at Southport MB, 35 km northwest of Starbuck, the first flights took place. With the offer to use the ex-military base on weekends again, we were able to manage to complete in excess of 80% of the pre-season checkflights for both instructors and regular members. However, because of a late arriving spring, our return to Starbuck was delayed by two weeks. While stationed at Southport, the local paper covered our activities and we were a front page hit. The media blitz was underway.

The next scheduled event was a greater team effort involving the "99's". This women's pilot organization, both power and glider, had organized a poker derby and wanted to include Starbuck as one of their stopovers. A poker derby is an event where pilots fly to several different airports, land, socialize a bit, and then draw a playing card before taking off for the next destination. The pilot with the best poker hand wins and is awarded one of several prizes. We saw fifteen aircraft land during the day and without exception, all pilots were impressed by our layout, facilities and friendliness. Many talked of returning later for a longer visit. The attack on the general power pilot population was now on.

Shifting gears now, we arrive at another planned media event. Coverage on a local TV station was arranged and on a quiet Wednesday afternoon those involved met

at the airfield along with the reporter and cameraman. We rolled out the red carpet for this one and over a three hour period managed to not only fly both the reporter and the cameraman, but also convinced the reporter that she should take up the sport, which she seemed eager to do. Amazingly enough, the day proved to be very good with lots of strong blue thermals, light winds and lots of smiling faces. For our efforts we were rewarded with two 4 minute spots on the evening news, and two 8 minute spots on their local human interest show — Prairie Journal. We were now fully on the offensive, pressing onward for victory.

Moving ahead to 9–10 June at Winnipeg, site of the annual Winnipeg International Airshow, finds the same dedicated club members manning a WGC booth. The day is warm, the breeze stiff, the crowd huge and wanting information about anything to do with aviation. Mostly they are here to enjoy the show. Manfred Radius is back with his Ultimate Glider Aerobatic routine, and during his lead-in to the show, he promotes not only the sport of soaring in general but also the Winnipeg Gliding Club. His flying was impeccable, his act awesome and the crowds loved him. Later that day our booth and glider display was swamped with people wanting more information. The club's phone line was jammed with more requests for the next several days. Oh, how I wish I had a secretary.

The highlight of our planning was the weekend of 17–18 June, the so-called Longest Day event for all clubs to join in celebration of 50 years of soaring in Canada. We promoted Saturday to all members as a fun flying day with spot landing contests, flour bombing, prizes for the longest flight, finished off with an old fashioned family picnic and games.

However, and this is where we would be wishing for a return of the Arctic chill, the temperature climbed steadily and the winds picked until we were left with a temperature of 39°C (!) and a windspeed close to 35 knots. Has anyone ever been near a blast furnace for making steel? Starbuck was Environment Canada's official Canadian hot spot. All we could do was sit in the shade, drinking cool liquids, and wipe the sweat off our brows. Until, that is, a club member suggested we visit the farm neighbours a short quarter mile away and use their dugout for swimming. A dugout for you city folk is just that. A large hole dug in the ground, allowed to fill with water and kept free of weeds and algae with some non-threatening chemicals. Great for swimming and greater for cooling off.

Sunday of that weekend was our planned Open House. We had invited the general public out to view gliders, take a ride, buy

a hot dog and just enjoy the facility. Again the weather forecasters predicted temperature in excess of 35 degrees but with less wind. Thankfully the day came off as hoped, the crowds turned up in large numbers and we turned a modest profit. Another local TV station was on hand to interview anyone and everyone and we again had press coverage from another local newspaper. At the conclusion of the day, after everything was cleaned up, we all gathered to pat ourselves on the back and rush off to the city to prepare for another work week.

Oh, in case I forgot to mention it, even with all this planning and press coverage, we still managed to find time to fly and enjoy all the sport has to offer. Our membership numbers are up, our flight stats are on a level with 1994 (a record year) and our campground is filling up with new, enthusiastic members. Top that!

Mike Maskell

THE LONGEST DAY IN EDMONTON

At the Chipman gliderport on 18 June 1995 sunrise was to be at 5:04 am and the laws governing VFR aviation dictate that we must not fly until 30 minutes before sunrise. Two minutes late, at 4:36 am, the two ESC Pawnee towplanes departed runway 27 in a formation takeoff, towing a 2-33 and a Puchacz. John Broomhall, the ESC club president was in one towplane; Marty Slater, the ESC's Special Events Coordinator, was in the other. Al Sunley (former SAC president) and Rick Dawe were in the Puchacz, and Jim Howse and a passenger were in the 2-33. A small group which had arisen to take part in the sunrise ceremonies took turns going for flights in the silky smooth air. At about 6:30 am the initial group had all had their flights, and the operation shut down for a few hours until 8:30 when flying started with a vengeance.

A new ESC member, Geoff Falconer, who is employed in the public relations business, had done a remarkable job of publicizing our event. And the public started coming. And coming. And coming. For most of the day we had a two-hour wait for flights, our two Pawnees and three two-seat gliders went nonstop all day. By 8:00 pm we had 87 flights done.

A squall line was moving through and some very black clouds threatened a repeat of the hail that came through the previous day, so the operation was shut down. With the aircraft tucked into the hangar, most of the crowds had gone home. A few remained to clean up the kitchen and do the paperwork. At 10:00 pm the kitchen work was done. The squall was long gone, a high overcast was left with a very light misty rain. Sunset was at 10:06 pm. There was still time.

The hangar was quickly opened and a Pawnee and a 2-33 were rolled out. With John Broomhall in the towplane, Reg Adam and Judith Hayward in the 2-33, and Keith

Crawford (ex ESC member, now at York) running the wing, a 1200 foot tow was done. The 2-33 touched down in front of the hangar at 10:19 pm. Our longest day of flying was done. From wheels up in the morning to wheels down that night, we had flown for a span of 17 hours and 43 minutes, and set a club record with 88 flights for the day.

John Broomhall

INSTRUCTOR COURSE AT HOPE

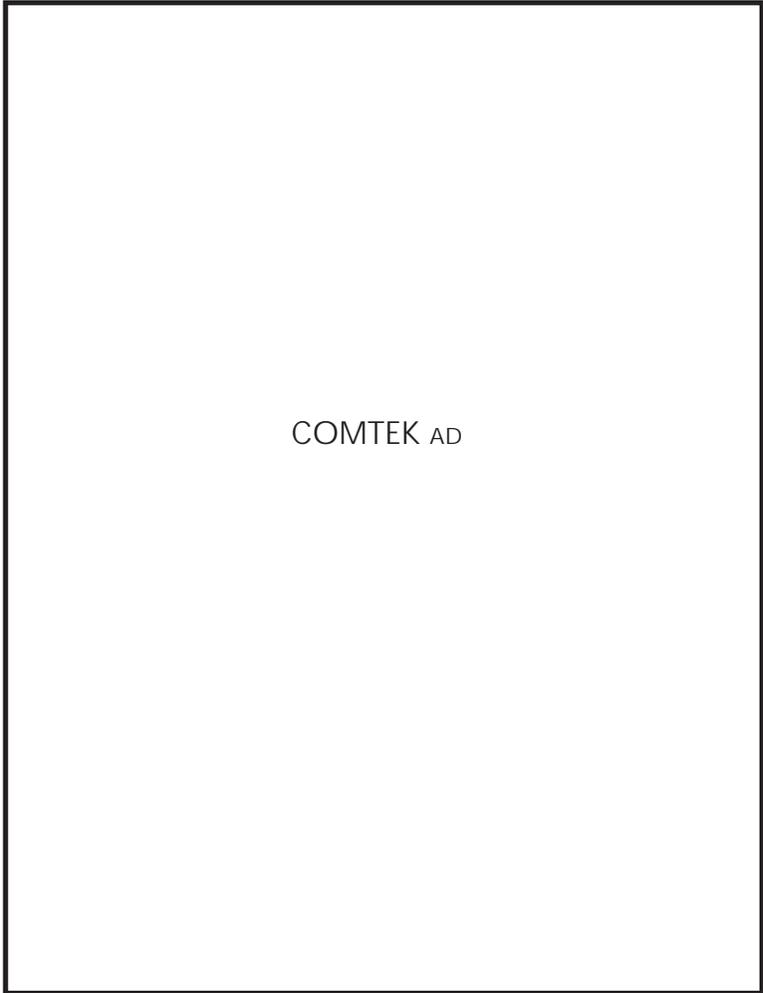
This year's Western course was strictly in-house, with twelve VSA members passing the course held 18-25 June in Hope. The course was run by Cu Nim CFI Terry Southwood, who spent most of last winter organizing and expanding course materials as well as creating diagrams and overheads. Prior to the VSA course, Terry ran an in-house course at Cu Nim before tackling his first full course away from home.

In addition to classwork, participants got to see what instructing was all about through role playing during flights, one time as "instructor", other time as "student". The weather was generally on the cool side most of the week, but only one day was "unflyable" with a ceiling of about 2000 feet, depending on which direction one looked. That happened to be the day spins and stalls were on the menu.

When it came time to review the circuit, Terry challenged us to re-think the typical Hope circuit which, he suggested, favoured convenience over safety by confining the touch-down point(s) to an area the size of a postage stamp. (The runway is almost 4000 feet long, but the general landing area extends only 600-800 feet in the vicinity of our operations shack.) So Terry had participants adjust the circuit based on a new aiming point further down the runway. Participants on the ground waiting to fly were to judge the circuit for sufficient height and well-banked turns onto final as it is here that a "wussy turn" can lead to a spin. "Wussy turns", I'm sure, became the catch-phrase of the entire course.

After writing their exams on Friday, participants had the rest of the afternoon off. A celebratory dinner was enjoyed later that evening at the scenic Lake of the Woods restaurant where Terry was presented with a VSA tow ticket and other local goodies in appreciation for his effort in teaching the course. In his involvement in teaching the course Terry said, "It's neat. I really like this." And so did we.

Renee Machat



COMTEK AD

The all-Vancouver Soaring Association SAC Western Instructor Course of 1995. Standing, left to right: Marty Vanstone, Renee Machat, Rob Ballantyne, Ian Chaun, Terry Southwood (course director), Doug Smith, Christine Pfeiffer, Fritz Dahl, and Trevor Florence. Kneeling: Colin Campin, Bob Deans, Bryan Deans, and Nikola Djuricic.

Renee Machat

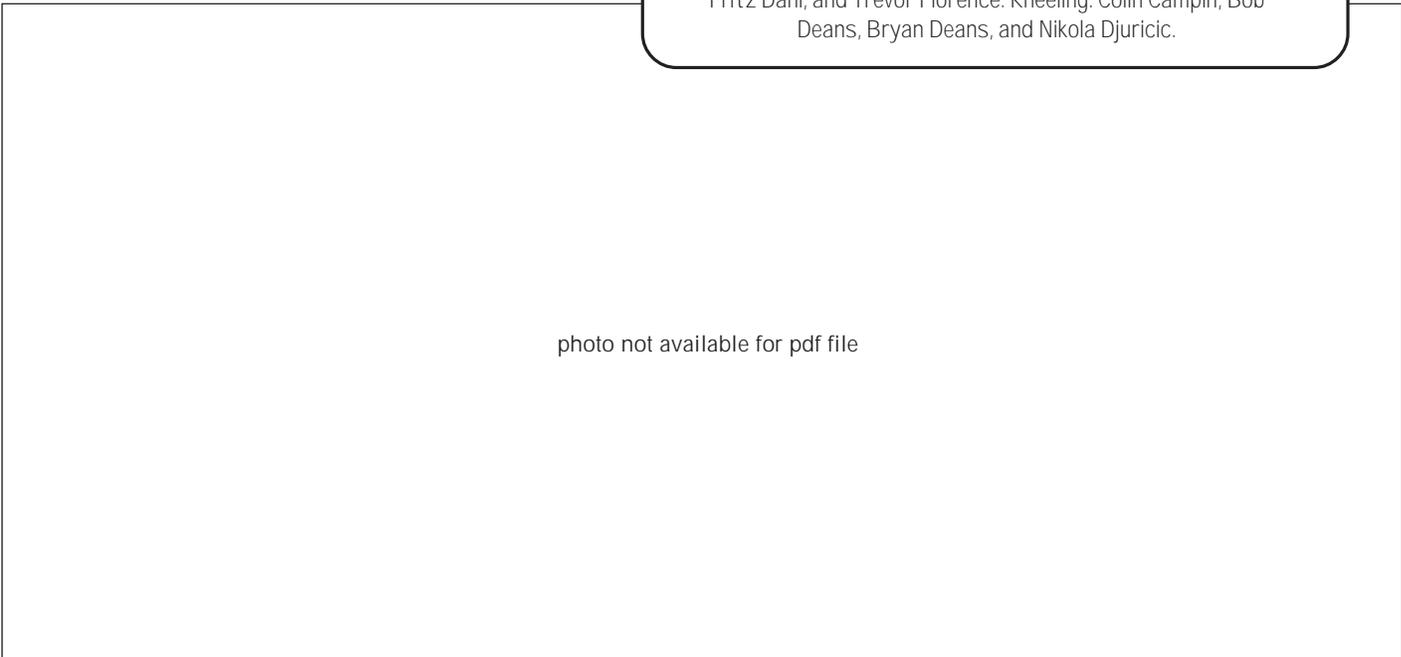


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hangar flying

WINNIPEG GLIDING CLUB FLIES NEW KROSNO

The Winnipeg Gliding Club has purchased and now is flying a new PZL Krosno two-seat basic trainer to replace the venerable 2-33.

After several months of discussion and debate, the glider fleet replacement committee narrowed their choice down to the Krosno, and recommended purchase to the club's executive. A very well organized purchase plan was laid out and on 29 May the first of two gliders arrived in Winnipeg from a private owner in Texas. Certification followed in near record time thanks to the excellent cooperation from the inspectors at Transport Canada, Central Region. The glider, C-FVTH, is thought to be the first of its kind to have been imported into Canada and members are now enthusiastically lining up to receive their checkout on type.

The aircraft is of conventional aluminium construction with a fabric covered rear wing section and control surfaces. Ground handling is extremely easy with the main wheel near the centre of gravity allowing for a very light force needed to lower the nose to climb into the cockpit. Visibility is excellent under the one piece canopy and even the rear seat pilot has a clear view both below and to the rear, thanks to being slightly ahead of the wing leading edge. So far, all members that have checked out on the glider have had praise for the design and the fantastic handling, nothing at all like the 2-33s.

The glider was originally purchased by a pilot in Texas, who only flew it for a few

hours and then stored it in his hangar. During our investigation of several different designs, we contacted the owner to inquire about his opinions on flying the Krosno. After some time he allowed that the glider was in fact for sale and offered it to us with a trailer at a price that was hard to resist. Because we had not seen a Krosno, we elected to send a member down to Texas to inspect it and awaited his report. A couple of conference calls with the fleet replacement committee followed, and an offer to purchase was made and accepted.

The only drawback was that the owner was not interested in helping out with the delivery, thus necessitating a very long drive. Four days and 4200 km later, Mike Maskell arrived home, happy and pleased with the way the glider pickup had gone but wishing that he could have stopped more often to look at the sights. After all it is not every day that one gets to travel such a long distance.

During the time that we were negotiating with the owner in Texas, we were also dealing with the North American distributor, Solaire, out of South Carolina, who had a Krosno in storage and offered it at a reduced cost in order to clear it out of inventory. As this is being written, we are awaiting the arrival of Krosno #2.

So if you are in the Winnipeg area this summer and wish to experience the joys of flying the Krosno, do look us up and we can accommodate you. And if any clubs wish to purchase a 2-33 or IS28B2 Lark do let us know. We are in the book.

Mike Maskell

CYBERSOARING bits from the Internet

from lkirkbri@magnus.acs.ohio-state.edu —

My mother-in-law sent me the following poem. I repeat it here without comment (about my mother-in-law or the poem).

Actuarial tables — by R. Gordon

*When I read of gliders soaring,
Speleologists deep exploring,
Parachutists falling free,
I think a bit of boring me.
They may take joy in adventures bolder,
But odds are I will live much older.*

A response from stevep@shell.portal.com —

Here's something to send back to your mother-in-law, composed for the occasion.

A pilot's view

*From where I sit the choice is clear,
Life's too short to live in fear.*

*And don't forget by quirk of luck
You might die young, hit by a truck.*

*Measure not your life in years
But how you heed the call you hear.*

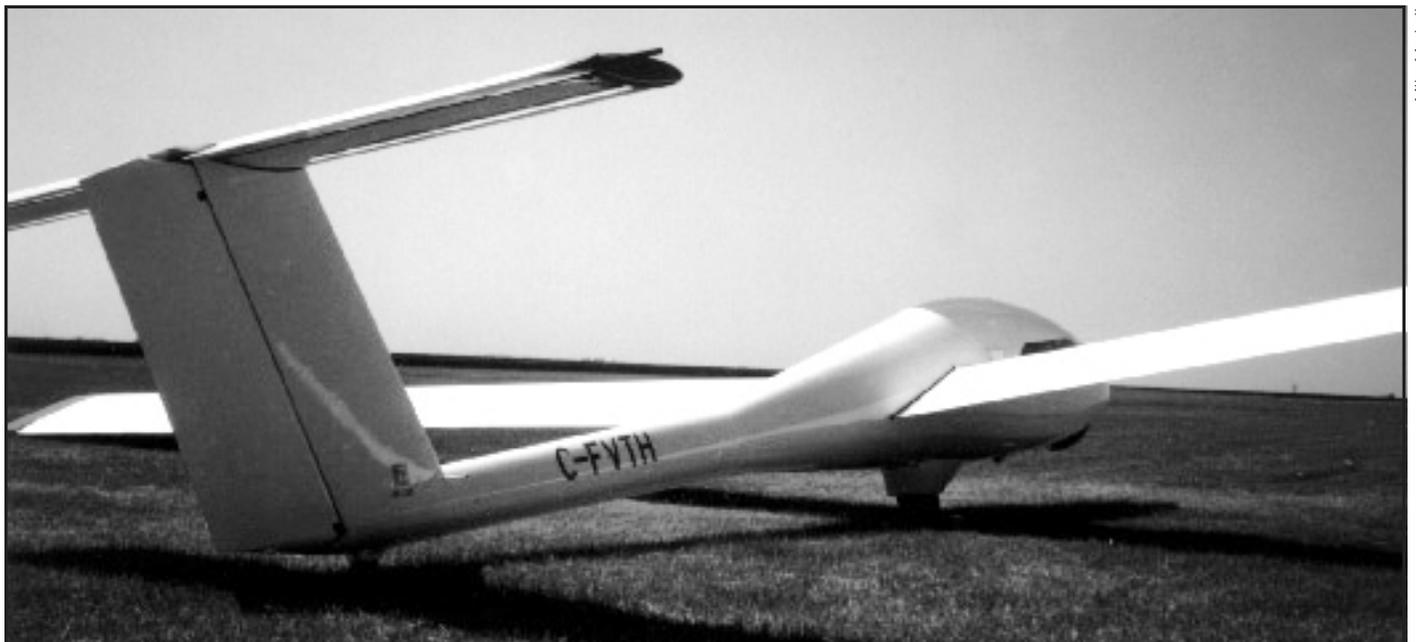
*When this life ends we're dead and gone.
What we were is what we've done.*

*What worse end could be foreseen
Than one last thought, what might have been.*

*So live your life as you see fit
And don't cave in, your joy forfeit.*

*Life is sweet; drink from the cup.
I know the way — the sky is up.*

from the Seattle Glider Council "Towline"



Mike Maskell

Le concours OVPO

Attention, passagers fragiles!

Martin Camiré

membre de l'AVV Champlain

LE CONCOURS "OVPO" de l'Université de Sherbrooke peut sembler assez ordinaire, mais c'est une compétition qui peut faire vivre à tous les amoureux de l'aviation des moments d'une intensité remarquable. Ayant moi-même participé, j'ai décidé de décrire dans les lignes qui suivent toutes les émotions par lesquelles passent les étudiants qui décident de relever ce défi.

Tout a commencé un certain mardi après-midi, je me préparais à l'affrontement avec mon professeur de dynamique qui, lui, était parfaitement stimulé pour entraîner sa classe dans les abîmes sans fonds de la théorie du moment dynamique pour un ensemble de particules. C'est alors qu'un de mes amis me dit ceci: "On participe au concours OVPO, bon!" Il était effectivement très décidé, mais il ne savait pas encore qu'il venait de trouver un partenaire dont la détermination était probablement suffisante pour déclasser tous les autres participants...

Ce concours (Objet Volant Porteur d'Oeufs), qui a lieu au mois de mars de chaque année à la faculté de génie de l'U de S, s'adresse aux étudiants de la concentration en aéronautique, mais est ouvert à tous. Cette année, l'objectif était de fabriquer un avion capable de transporter le plus d'oeufs possible (sans les casser) sur la plus grande distance possible.

Étant en première année, la concentration en aéronautique ne s'offre pas encore à moi (soyez sans craintes, ma demande est faite depuis longtemps déjà), mais c'était quand même une occasion qu'il ne fallait pas manquer. Nous avons donc été nous inscrire, pour se voir remettre la boîte contenant le matériel autorisé :

une bougie, 20 épingles droites, une tôle d'aluminium de 1 pied carré, 2 perles de plastique, 20 pailles à boire, 10 plaquettes de "Plexiglas" de 1x6 po., 20 élastiques, 3 condoms, un tube de colle au silicone, un rouleau de papier kraft, un sac à vidanges vert, 40 petits anneaux de métal, 2 cintres, 2 tiges de bois, une boîte d'allumettes, un rouleau de "Scotch tape", une boîte de carton, une petite bobine de ficelle, une plaque de styrofoam de 1 pied carré, 20 trombones.

Il me semblait que cette liste ne contenait pas les outils idéaux pour réaliser ce type de

projet (avec ce matériel, il fallait construire l'avion, la rampe de lancement, et le mécanisme de projection), mais il y avait quand-même moyen de faire quelque chose. Dès lors, mon cerveau se mis en marche, et les idées venaient d'elles-mêmes: grande envergure, petite corde, profil presque symétrique (pour donner assez de portance mais peu de traînée), etc. En fin du compte, je savais précisément ce à quoi était pour ressembler notre prototype avant même que mon partenaire ait pris le temps d'y penser. La construction a donc commencé.

La fin de semaine précédant le jour maudit, nous sommes allés faire quelques tests. HORREUR! Après quelques "crashes" farmineux (dont un qui avait été causé par la queue qui était restée coincée sur la rampe de lancement) notre prototype gisait sur le sol en quatre pièces distinctes...mais aucun des cinq oeufs n'avait été endommagé! Une bonne couche de silicone et du "Scotch tape" en masse pour ne pas que ça bouge pendant le séchage, et notre avion était prêt, nous l'espérons, pour le grand jour.

Nous voilà donc arrivés au jour "J", à l'heure "H". Tous les participants semblaient enthousiastes, et la pression commençait à monter. D'abord, les onze équipes d'aéronautique nous ont donné tout un spectacle: des décrochages à 50 cm de la ligne de départ, des piqués, des oeufs cassés, etc. Malgré tout, la majorité des équipes avaient fait une performance remarquable. Le gagnant de cette catégorie avait transporté six oeufs sur une distance de quatre mètres. Il nous fallait battre cette marque!

Quand notre tour arriva, la nervosité était relativement grande, mais elle était pour monter encore davantage. Nous installons la rampe, puis l'avion, et nous voilà enfin prêts pour le décollage ... mais où étaient donc nos allumettes (le seul contact autorisé pour le décollage était la flamme d'une allumette)? Une autre équipe fut assez aimable pour nous donner leur boîte. C'était donc l'instant critique ... mais pourquoi fallait-il qu'une goutte de silicone de nos dernières réparations ait coulé sur notre ficelle pour ainsi l'empêcher de bien brûler? La pression atteint son apogée. En prenant une deuxième allumette, je les échappe toutes. Second essai pour brûler la ficelle. Soudain ... l'avion n'était plus là! Pendant la demi-seconde qui suivit, j'ai l'impression d'avoir été déconnecté de la réalité. J'ai entendu les applaudissements des spectateurs et les commentaires du présentateur qui semblait tout énérvé derrière son micro. J'ai également vu mon coéquipier sauter de joie ainsi que...wow!...notre avion qui me semblait maintenant à l'autre bout de la salle. Résultat: cinq oeufs sur une distance de six mètres, la meilleure performance pour cette année.

Après la compétition, tous semblaient fiers d'avoir réussi à relever ce défi, et un esprit de camaraderie flottait, pendant que chacun s'amusait à lancer son avion un peu partout. Mais, malgré les oeufs cassés et les "crashes" inespérés, malgré la déception évidente de

certaines équipes dont les prototypes n'avaient pas démontré les performances atteintes lors des essais, je peux vous affirmer qu'aucun participant ne regrette son expérience. Si vous en avez la chance l'an prochain, je vous invite fortement à assister vous-même à cette compétition, qui est le dénouement d'une longue période où aucun des participants ne peut s'endormir le soir sans penser un peu à son prototype.

The OVPO competitions of the University of Sherbrooke appear to be general, but it inflames the love of aviation to its greatest extent. Although I was in the first year in Aeronautics, I decided to participate...

The "egg-carrying flying object" competition takes place every March, mainly for the aeronautical students, but it is open to all. This year's goal was to build an airplane capable of carrying the most eggs the greatest distance without breaking them. Our materials kit consisted of: 1 candle, 1 sq.ft sheet of aluminum, 20 drinking straws, 20 elastics, 1 tube of silicone, 1 green garbage bag, 2 coat hangers, 1 box of matches, 1 cardboard box, 1 sq.ft of Styrofoam, 20 straight pins, 2 plastic beads, 10 plexiglass plates 1"x6", 3 condoms, 1 roll kraft paper, 40 small metal rings, 2 wooden rods, 1 roll Scotch tape, 1 small bobin, 20 paper clips.

This list didn't seem to offer the best materials to build an aeroplane, takeoff ramp, and launch mechanism, but we could do something with it. Once the brain got engaged, the ideas came along — great span, small chord, almost symmetric profile for smallest possible drag. I visualized the prototype, and my partner also had some ideas. The construction began. We did a few tests — some crashes, but the five eggs never broke. A healthy layer of silicone and Scotch tape made sure they wouldn't move; our aeroplane was ready for the big day.

Excitement, the pressure mounted. Eleven teams offered quite a spectacle: release after 50 cm, dives, broken eggs ... Most teams had remarkable performances. The best carried six eggs over four metres. We had to beat this mark!

Ramp set up, aeroplane ready for takeoff, but where are the matches? (the only authorized contact for takeoff was the match flame). Another team was kind enough to lend us theirs. The critical moment — but why was there one drop of Silicone on the thread from our last repair to stop it burning? Nerves at their peak. A second match. Second try to burn the thread. Suddenly the aeroplane launches! I hear the spectators' applause, the commentator on the mike seems all excited. My partner jumps for joy.

"Wow!" Our aeroplane reached the other end of the hall; five eggs, six metres — the year's best performance. We are proud, friendly spirits soar — more flights, more broken eggs, even the non-performers try again — nobody regrets the experience. •

SAC affairs

SAC "MEMBERSHIP METER"

Club	Membership (7 July)		
	90-94 avg	1995 to date	% avg
ASTRA	2	17	871
Air Sailing	40	21	53
Alberni	14	11	79
Aero ... Outardes	35	24	69
Base Borden	19	10	53
Beaver Valley	14	6	43
Bluenose	52	31	60
Bonnechere	11	6	55
Bulkley Valley	18	7	39
Central Alberta (new)		10	-
Champlain (+ App)	69	45	65
CVV Quebec	47	33	70
Cold Lake	35	20	57
COSA (+ Kawartha)	58	22	38
Cu Nim	79	38	48
Edmonton	86	49	57
Erin	38	42	111
Gatineau	109	76	70
Grande Prairie	9	6	67
Gravelbourg	5	6	120
Guelph	39	22	56
London	56	31	55
Mont Valin	7	0	0
Montreal (+ Ariadne)	128	71	55
Prince Albert	10	10	100
Regina	42	19	45
Rideau	23	7	30
Rideau Valley	52	29	49
Saskatoon	15	16	107
SOSA	150	108	72
Swan Valley	8	0	0
Toronto	24	0	0
Vancouver	131	77	59
Westman	5	1	20
Windsor	15	0	0
Winnipeg	88	63	72
York	113	6	5
Individual	12	2	17

ONTARIO SOARING LADDER

Ian Grant

I have pleasure in reporting the following results in the Ontario Soaring Ladder as of 11 July 1995. London Soaring Society is the most active club so far this season. Three of its members have claimed eleven flights totalling 2953 km of cross-country flying. Sue Eaves is currently in top place. Sue deserves congratulations for a 508 km diamond distance flight that took over seven hours.

George Wilson, last year's winner, is not going to rest on his laurels and tells me that he intends to better his score.

The Ladder seemed to catch the imaginations of people whom I talked to at the recent Nationals at Pendleton, and I look forward to receiving additional claims. You may register for a fee of \$15 payable to Ontario Soaring Association and submit flight claims up to 31 December. Please note that work (that four letter word again) is interfering with Steve Foster's soaring, so registrations and claims should be sent to me, preferably to my home address below:

41 Gillespie Cres. Ottawa, ON K1V 0C1
(613) 737-9407 H, 995-2609 W,
fax 943-0253

Name	Club	Glider	Call Sign	No. Flts	Total Kms	Points	Place
Sue Eaves	LSS	LS-4	SU	4	1017.2	1259	1
George Wilson	LSS	Libelle 201	JK	4	881	1122	2
Fred Hunkeler	SOSA	Std Jantar	1M	6	977.4	1012	3
Chris Eaves	LSS	ASW-20	XU	5	1055.1	1000	4
Jörg Stieber	SOSA	LS-4	JS	2	587	715	5
Norman Fortin	GGC	LS-4	ZT	1	315	312	6
James Adamczyk	SOSA	Std Jantar	1M	1	96.7	100	7
Ian Grant	GGC	LS-4	ZT	1	85	84	8

Note: points are awarded for the four highest scoring flights.

We have moved!

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WORLD CONTEST TEAM SEEDING LIST (preliminary)

The selection to the Canadian team for the 1997 World championships in St. Auban, France will be based on a competitor's combined results of this year's contest at GGC and, more importantly, next year's contest in Red Deer. The first five placings on the 15m and Standard class seeding list resulting from this Nationals are, in turn:

1	Ulli Werneburg	100.00
2	Nick Bonnière	93.57
3	Dave Springford	83.96
4	André Pepin	81.53
5	Heri Pölzl	72.55
1	Jörg Stieber	100.00
2	Ed Hollestelle	90.55
3	Ian Grant	60.81
4	Kerry Kirby	57.09
5	Richard Longhurst	44.51

George Dunbar, Sporting Committee



Coming Events

21-25 August **Beginners XC Clinic**, SOSA. Bronze badge required. Contact Ed Hollestelle (519) 461-1464 or Paul Thompson (905) 776-1903

2-4 Sept **Ontario fun contest**. Location not set. Call Ed Hollestelle for details (519) 461-1464.

5-9 October **Cowley Wave Camp**. Call Tony Burton at (403) 625-4563 for details.

Mar 8-10, 1996 **SAC AGM**, Regina, SK

23 Jun - 4 Jul **1996 Canadian Nationals**, Red Deer, AB. Contest organizer: Randy Blackwell (403) 594-2171 home.

NEW!

50th Anniversary Sweats and T-shirts

Item	price	qty	total
Sweat shirt - specify colour			
M	\$25	___	_____
L	\$25	___	_____
XL	\$25	___	_____
XXL	\$25	___	_____
T-shirt - specify colour			
M	\$15	___	_____
L	\$15	___	_____
XL	\$15	___	_____
XXL	\$15	___	_____
shipping & handling			\$3.00
subtotal			_____
8% PST (Ont res.)			_____
Total			_____

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Address:.....

.....

.....

GET ONE! The sweatshirt was introduced at the Nationals. The anniversary logo is a very professional design. Definitely wearable! Any colour available - your choice. Mail your order to the national office. [free plug from the editor]

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(604) 521-5501 (club)

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Don Mills, ON M3B 3N6
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(416) 391-3100 ext 250 (B)
Mbr: Doug Eaton

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Bob Mercer, Box 636
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Terry Southwood
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(403) 625-4563 (H&F)

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Mbr: Dr. W. Delaney

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Stephen Foster
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see Prairie Zone Director

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(403) 594-2139 (F)

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Chris Eaves
see Director at Large
Mbr: Herb Lach

Trophy Claims

to be filled

Cracking Up

continued from page 9

their own tank. No charge, said the welder smiling, not for the gas or the job, you're visitors, it's our pleasure — trust Ontarians to have such strange problems! I couldn't believe it. We thanked them warmly and set off for Govenlock in a hurry.

When we were checking the map for the landing position, I'd discovered from the Border Patrol that there was a private airstrip near the border at Willow Creek near the ploughed-under road, so we headed there to see if we could get an aerotow.

the Crew: I was now riding in the comfort of the back seat. I don't know if my pilot ever got the Rider to speak but they sat beside each other all the way to Govenlock. Naturally there was absolutely no difficulty getting there. The road had dried out. I told John about Dave's crew, expecting him to say I had been feeble and given up too easily, but no, good humouredly he said, "With all their extra weight, the heavy tow car, and the added momentum of good spirits, they'd have had no difficulty getting through. Anyway, in the event, you couldn't have reached me from there. I landed much further to the east, south of where Dave landed.

"Oh it was him at Divide then."

"Had to be," said John, "and I was already across the border. We could never have got out of there in the dark. No, you did the right thing — well done."

I couldn't quite see that we'd done anything; we seemed to be on some kind of endless loop, but if he was pleased, good. At Govenlock we went to the garage and asked if they knew of any pilots nearby. In a very short time farmer Schmidt arrived, John bought some tow rope from the general store and drove off with him. The Rider and I had a coffee. It was almost supper time. After a couple of hours John returned. We both looked at him expectantly.

"Well," he said, "we've found the glider, but no way we can tow it out of there."

"You mean the pilot couldn't land there?"

"Oh no, the pilot could land on an elevator roof if he wanted to and nearly did. Gosh, what a cowboy. Zig-zagging along between 50 and 400 feet, IFR (I follow roads) and beat-ups over the farms of all his friends and relatives. I was actually scared. I've never flown so low in a power plane before. No, I mean, I think it would be better if we drove out to the glider over the open range." I didn't dare express scepticism but caught the eyes of the Rider who was thinking what I was.

We left Govenlock and drove south about three miles, turned east and in next to no time we had reached the T-junction on the Robsart Road we had passed this morning. Was it this morning? We turned right, crossed the road from Climax and the railway line at an invisible station called Arena and continued south towards the States over

ten miles of cart tracks. From there we were on the open range. It was a little rough, but unexciting; I've been on rougher retrieves.

"There!" said John. On a rise, silhouetted against the sky we saw the HP. It was surrounded by cows. "Oh — that's all we need." He honked the horn until the herd ambled off. The HP seemed to be in one piece. "Damn, look at this, they've damaged the tailplane. Look, they've been using it as a rubbing post for their horns or something, there's a great dent all the way up." "Well, at least they didn't eat the parachute or walk up and down the wing." I said. I felt mean-spirited. Again I caught an understanding flicker in the Rider's eye. "Well let's get derigged then. Come on — it's getting dark."

The plane ran into the box without a squeak. My job was done now. I found Chiki on the back seat, he didn't like cows either. I looked at the map; we'd been so close.

THE FINAL CRACK UP

9 July - fourth contest day. It took nearly two hours to get back to Maple Creek. I wanted to eat at the restaurant with the telephone even though it was bedtime. The contest pilot wanted to keep going. He knew if he didn't get back and fix the tailplane he would miss the last day of the contest. True to his nature, the Rider kept out of the argument, so we ended up having supper on the road out of the picnic basket again. For the first time I thought to ask the Rider where he thought his wife was. He told me she was staying at his brother's place. He seemed very unhappy about it. At this point I don't remember any more, but apparently John added a few hours of sleep to the eight hour drive.

We should have delivered the Rider to the Highway 2 intersection in Calgary in time for brunch, but the chance to see this particular obligation through to its end went up in a puff of smoke. On the outskirts of the city the over-tired engine gave a small cough and died.

In a surreal silence as the pilot eased the rig out of traffic and over to the shoulder, the Rider opened his door, jumped briskly out of the moving car and ran off up the highway. Almost immediately he was picked up by another car and swept away into a sea of tail lights. I don't know whether it was relief, remorse, fatigue, or the fact that it was not funny, but I thought I would die laughing. The glider, the pilot and what was left of his crew spent the noon hour waiting for the engine to cool. When we finally limped back into Innisfail, Dave had already won the day and the contest.

It's taken me 25 years to put the pieces of this story back together again — I still can't face fried eggs in the morning. In any event I would like to take this opportunity to apologize to the Rider. I hope his wife forgave him for being kidnapped; it must have been very difficult for her to understand.

FAI badges

Walter Weir

3 Sumac Court, RR2, Burketon, ON L0B 1B0 (905) 263-4374

The following Badge legs were recorded in the Canadian Soaring Register during the period 30 April to 20 June 1995.

GOLD BADGE

271 Douglas Bremner SOSA
272 Dean Toplis Air Sailing

SILVER BADGE

859 Dean Toplis Air Sailing
860 Peter Kom Montreal

DIAMOND GOAL

Dean Toplis Air Sailing 327.0 km SZD-48 Belwood, ON

DIAMOND ALTITUDE

Heribert Pölzl SOSA 5300 m LS-6b Omarama, NZ

GOLD DISTANCE

Dean Toplis Air Sailing 327.0 km SZD-48 Belwood, ON

GOLD ALTITUDE

Douglas Bremner SOSA 3100 m SZD-55-1 Julian, PA
Dean Toplis Air Sailing 3600 m Grob 102 Minden, NV

SILVER DISTANCE

Dean Toplis Air Sailing 99.8 km SZD-48 Belwood, ON

SILVER ALTITUDE

Dean Toplis Air Sailing 3600 m Grob 102 Minden, NV
Matt Keast London 1250 m 1-23G Embro, ON
Miguel Cabrejas Outardes 1970 m 1-26 St Esprit, PQ

SILVER DURATION

Peter Kom Montreal 5:16 h DG-300 Hawkesbury, ON

C BADGE (1 hour flight)

2473 Heribert Pölzl SOSA see Diamond altitude

Peter Kom's Silver distance was 59.2 km. No distance was reported in the last issue.

Larry Springford and I have both noticed that horizontal canopy marks are often invisible in the photo, but the same width of mark applied vertically or on a slant shows up very well. This may be peculiar to the Konica camera. Can anybody explain this?

FAI records

Dave Hennigar

404 Moray Street, Winnipeg, MB R3J 3A5 (204) 837-1585 H

The following record flights have been claimed:

100 km speed to goal, Multiplace (not FAI), territorial, 89 km/h, 18 May 95, Uwe Kleinhempel and Jim Dunnam, Blanik L-13, C-FZIV. Flown from Upper Donald Rd/Hospital Creek intersection to Radium Hot Springs pool. Surpasses record of 47 km/h set in 1971 by Walter Chmela and Rainer Zimm.

200 km speed to goal, Open (not FAI), citizens, 143 km/h, 6 May 95, Walter Weir, ASW-20B, C-GGWW. Flown from Julian, PA to the goal at Seneca Rock, WV. No previous citizen's record claimed.

Free distance, Feminine, 500+ km, 22 May 95, Sue Eaves, LS4, C-FAOS. From London Soaring Society to Hanover a/p to Tillsongburg a/p to Shelbourne helipad and return. No previous record claimed.

Mea Culpa

The idols have feet of clay;
Oh, how the mighty have fallen;
Do as we say, not as we do; etc.

Walter Weir

Larry Springford and I have been preaching for many years about careful preparation for important flights. In May at Keystone Gliderport in Pennsylvania we both screwed up — important flights were invalidated by dumb mistakes.

Larry flew a 1000 kilometre free distance flight. He would have been awarded the seventh Canadian 1000 Kilometre Diplôme except that he took the wrong photo for his final turnpoint. He had passed the turnpoint twice during the flight but failed to identify it clearly in his mind... He is smiling bravely and says he will do it again later.

Then a week or so after that happened I spent over four hours pounding down the ridge getting beaten half to death trying to break Peter Masak's 500 O&R record of 144.3 km/h. I had declared a 680 km task — much longer than the 500 needed to make use of the southern extremity of the course which is a very smooth steep ridge where high speed is possible and the average speed can be considerably increased. I was also trying to break the 300 km speed to goal record on the first leg of the flight.

For the first leg I averaged 156 km/h, easily breaking the old speed to goal record of 145.9 km/h. Coming home I was doing about the same average speed until I came to the last gap in the ridge. I needed an instant thermal — you can't break records spending time hunting for a thermal. Up until then I had thermals waiting for me at each gap. The day was starting to die and there was no thermal this time but there was a nice cloud out in the valley. If it was working I had it made. If it wasn't I would land out.

It wasn't. I landed out. Oh well, I still had the 300 kilometre speed to goal record. Wrong again. The next day I discovered that I had neglected to put the date and time on my declaration. The declaration had been prepared days in advance, leaving the OO signature, plus date and time blank. I had remembered to get my OO to sign but had not filled in the date and time.

I called Dave Hennigar, the SAC Records Chairman, and pleaded for mercy. He chortled gleefully and told me to forget it. Then he said he is going to Australia in November and plans to try a 1000 kilometre flight. He will have to send it to me for approval. Fat chance! Just kidding Dave — the documentation for diamonds and records must be perfect. I could not accept a diamond or 1000 kilometre application with important and clearly required parts missing from the declaration.

Now last month I had written as follows: *"One of the most exciting parts of gliding is landing out. I've been doing it for years and have never broken a glider. That involves a lot of luck because it's impossible to tell if the chosen field hides a rock or a hole ..."*

As I drove to the Nationals in Pendleton I said to myself, "Only an idiot would write an article on how to land out — it's tempting fate — I'll need to be especially careful."

Well, it happened. On the second contest day I was landing out in a flat area with lots of good fields. I chose one with a short, sparse looking crop and landed along the rows. As I touched down the left wing caught and the glider swung 90 degrees instantaneously. I slid sideways for at least 30-40 feet before I hit a shallow depression that ripped my gear off. That put me out of the contest. I'm still in a shallow depression (Barb says it's a deep depression).

The crop looked like grass — there were no seed heads. I landed on what I thought was a bare strip which turned out to be a wide shallow ditch. This put my wings closer to the ground. Most of the crop was about eight inches high but there was a taller patch that caught my left wing.

I have landed in far worse fields with no damage, but from now on I'll be paying special attention to ditches. The one that ripped the gear off was clearly visible on my downwind leg. Obviously I should have planned to touch down beyond it. It was shallow enough that it would not have been a problem to roll through but deep enough to do a lot of damage going sideways.

Now if you want to learn how to land out, ask someone else. •

FLIGHT FORMS LIST FOR SENIOR OOs

Some pilots never want to bother with badge flights or be OOs simply because of the paperwork hassle (though pilots who *are* doing badge flights should become OOs also to share the load). Perhaps the hassle could be made easier if the Senior OO of the club assembled a file of all the forms pilots look for prior to a badge or record flight, keep it up to date and complete, and make sure its location is convenient — and known.

The point here is that a club should place no impediment before pilots to improving their skills and accomplishments. Sure, your pilots should have a lot of this stuff in their flight bags anyway, but human nature being what it is, you are well aware of the scramble for a declaration form on "the day". Here is a list of the required and desirable paperwork (most are available from the national office):

- List of current club OOs (post it so pilots know who to collar)
- SAC OO application form, rev mar 95
- SAC OO questionnaire, rev Jan 94
(a useful self-test to brush up on the tricky bits)
- FAI Sporting Code, ed 1992 (a club copy)
- FAI Badge and Record Procedures Guide, ed 6 (a club copy)

- FAI Badge application form, rev 93 (or rev 2 – 92 français)
- SAC flight declaration form
- FAI record form A (for height record claims)
- FAI record form B (for distance record claims)
- FAI record form C (for speed record claims)
- Aero Club of Canada FAI sporting licence application form (required for nationals competition and record flight attempts)
- SAC OO checklist for a record flight attempt, rev 1/95
- SAC Flight Trophies form, rev 1/92
- SAC sailplane handicaps, rev 1/95 (data req'd for trophies form)
- any provincial/club trophies forms, (ex. Ontario Ladder, ASC).

Imposing, isn't it! Other useful information a club should have posted is a list of local turnpoints with their lats and longs, a list of local Silver, Gold, and Diamond task courses, and the current SAC national records list out of *free flight*. (If you think there are no potential national record pilots in your small club, just scan the records list and note how many two-place and feminine records are going begging simply for the want of making the attempt.)

Remember, the Senior OO job should be proactive — pilots should be actively encouraged to attempt badge flights, and CFIs should monitor and support their pilots' post-solo advancement. Some clubs have a mounted table of their members' flight proficiency levels and badge accomplishments — that's a good prod too.

Tony Burton



**PROVIDING FINANCIAL ASSISTANCE TO SAC
FOR MORE THAN A DECADE**

1600 Carling Avenue, Suite 800
Ottawa, Ontario K1Z 8R7 Tel (613) 798-4200

SAC SUPPLIES FOR CERTIFICATES AND BADGES

1	FAI 'A' badge, silver plate pin	\$ 5.00
2	FAI 'B' badge, silver plate pin	\$ 5.00
3	SAC BRONZE badge pin (<i>available from your club</i>)	\$ 6.00
4	FAI 'C' badge, cloth, 3" dia.	\$ 4.50
5	FAI SILVER badge, cloth 3" dia.	\$ 4.50
6	FAI GOLD badge, cloth 3" dia.	\$ 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	\$35.00
	<i>Items 7-12 ordered through FAI awards chairman</i>	
	<i>Items 10, 11 not stocked – external purchase approval given</i>	
10	FAI GOLD badge 10k or 14k pin	
11	FAI DIAMOND badge, 10k or 14k pin and diamonds	
12	FAI Gliding Certificate (personal record of badge achievements)	\$10.00
	Processing fee for each FAI application form submitted	\$10.00
13	FAI badge application form (rev 93) (<i>also stocked by club</i>)	n/c
14	Official Observer application form (Mar 95) (<i>also stocked by club</i>)	n/c
15	SAC Flight Trophies application form (rev 1/92) (<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, Section 3, Gliders, 1992	\$ 7.00
	available from and payable to the Aero Club of Canada (address below)	

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

SAC National Office, 111 – 1090 Ambleside Drive, Ottawa, ON K2B 8G7 tel (613) 829-0536 • fax (613) 829-9497
Aero Club of/du Canada, 9 – 5100 South Service Road, Burlington, ON L7L 6A5 tel (905) 333-1407 • fax (905) 333-2673

ARTICLES ACVV POUR CERTIFICATS ET INSIGNES

Insigne FAI 'A', plaqué argent	
Insigne FAI 'B', plaqué argent	
Insigne ACVV BRONZE (<i>disponible au club</i>)	
Insigne FAI 'C', écusson de tissu, 3" dia.	
Insigne FAI ARGENT, écusson de tissu, 3" dia.	
Insigne FAI OR, écusson de tissu, 3" dia.	
Insigne FAI 'C', plaqué argent	
Insigne FAI ARGENT	
Insigne FAI OR, plaqué or	
<i>Les articles 7-12 sont disponibles au président des prix de la FAI</i>	
<i>Les articles 10, 11 ne sont pas en stock – permis d'achat externe</i>	
Insigne FAI OR, 10k ou 14k	
Insigne FAI DIAMAND, 10k ou 14k et diamands	
Certificat FAI de vol à voile (recueil des insignes)	
Frais de services pour chaque formulaire de demande soumis	
Formulaire de demande pour insignes (rev 2-92) (<i>aussi disponible au club</i>)	
Formulaire de demande pour observateur officiel (<i>aussi disponible au club</i>)	
Formulaire de demande pour trophées de vol de l'ACVV (<i>aussi disp. au club</i>)	
Formulaire de demande pour records FAI	
Formulaire de déclaration de vol par feuille (<i>aussi disponible au club</i>)	
ACVV guide des procédures pour FAI certificats et insignes (éd.6) anglais	
FAI Code Sportif, Planeurs, 1992	
disponible et payable à l'Aéro Club du Canada (l'adresse ci-dessous)	

Votre paiement devrait accompagner la commande. La livraison est incluse dans le prix. TPS n'est pas requise. Les résidents de l'Ontario sont priés d'ajouter la taxe de 8%. Les articles 1-6 et 13-18 sont disponibles au bureau national de l'ACVV.

Trading Post

Personal ads are a free service to SAC members (please give me the name of your club) \$10 per insertion for nonmembers. Send ad to editor, NOT the national office.

Box 1916, Claresholm, AB T0L 0T0
tel/fax (403) 625-4563

Ad will run 3 times unless you renew. Please tell me if your item has been sold sooner. Normal max length is 5 lines, ads subject to some editing as necessary.

single seat

Grunau Baby, Dave Baker, (604) 535-2203.

1-26E, C-GMJM, #626, 976 h, Alpha 100 radio, open trailer. Peter Skensved (613) 376-3491 H, (613) 545-2676 W.

Cherokee II, C-FREA, 300 h, recovered and painted in 1991. Good 22/1 performer. Bubble canopy, electric vario, TE. \$2900 obo, call Jim at (905) 728-6886.

Ka6E, CF-VMX, full instruments, 2 radios, battery & charger, chute, misc. items, new fabric & paint, alum trailer. \$12,500 firm. Walter Kunster (604) 589-1087.

Pioneer II, C-GLUV, 35/1, excellent shape, fun to fly, all rigging aids, nice enclosed trailer. \$8000 obo. Ron McCullough (613) 547-7802.

HP11, CF-CMZ \$12,000; lovely ship to fly and great for cross-country. Standard class performance for half the price, excellent trailer. Full panel incl Varicalc computer. Must sell. Mike Apps (403) 436-9003 H.

HP11A, C-FUKB, 518h, std instruments, CB radio, open trailer available. Highest perf/\$ with completed gold and diamond flights. For quick sale as is, first offer over \$8500 – after clean-up and inspection \$9900. Bob Patterson (905) 457-5238, 9 am–10 pm.

HP11A, 55 h TT, new instruments, 720 chan radio, O2, Schreder trailer. \$11,000. Horst Dahlem (306) 955-0179.

HP-14, 450h TT, good condition, single piece canopy, filled wings, TE vario, chute. New Imron paint. US\$10,500. Keith Pritchard, (519) 570-9437 W, 571-1434 H, email kpritchard@sstech.on.ca.

Monerai, C-GHRE, 110h, vg cond, basic instruments, comes with Zenoa engine and encl trailer. \$6000. Hans Kruijswyk (604) 763-1788, fax 868-2488.

Monerai, C-GJUT, excellent cond, low hours, basic instruments with audio vario, TE, encl trailer. Must sell, \$5300 obo. David Ellis (705) 687-2365 H, (705) 645-5272 W.

Monerai, CG-RHG, 22h, full instrumentation, tinted canopy, enclosed trailer, current c of a. Asking \$4500 Mark Brown (204) 895-2929.

Std Cirrus, 1170h, beautiful ship, 5 flights since complete re-finish, Cambridge & Winter varios, all ADs Schueman box, O2, T&B, chute, Radair 10, Pfeiffer trailer, Winter baro. \$24,000. (604) 475-3495.

LS1C, C-FTUB, 38:1 L/D, radio, Winter & mechanical vario, T&B, chute, pressure demand O2, excellent trailer. Can be seen/flown at Hawkesbury. Make an offer. Bill Roach (613) 632-1985.

M100S, C-FRIV, aerobatic, well-balanced controls, 30:1, excellent visibility. Cambridge audio vario and PZL, chute, O2. Encl metal trailer. \$8700. Gar Ingram (416) 239-7465 H, 239-9740 W or Dave Harper (905) 896-3758 H, 669-9598 ext 241 W.

SH-1 Austria, good condition, current c of a, audio vario, radio, wing and tail covers, encl trailer. Ted Radvany (905) 697-3484.

Phoebus, C-FVKY, 17m, 42:1, O2, radio, two elec varios. 750h, recent paint, alum trailer. An excellent low budget cross-country ship. \$15,000 Alan Daniel (403) 547-5116.

VES-1, homebuilt by AME (Pik-20 with HP-18 wings), 120h, new polyurethane finish in 1994, very nice encl metal trailer. \$16,000. Jerry Vesely (403) 625-3155 W, 625-3871 H.

DG-202/17, C-GBYW, 1035h, excellent condition, Winter vario & ASI, Varicalc glide calculator, Bohli compass, O2, Dittel radio, Mylar seals, chute, barograph, aluminum trailer. "YW" stationed at Hawkesbury – 1/2 share avail. Boris Karpoff (514) 457-9707 or John Bisscheroux (514) 688-8034.

Nimbus II, C-GAJM, 860 h. Excellent cond, super performer, loves to be taken X-country. Factory trailer, full panel incl radio, 2 varios, Cambridge computer, mylar seals, wing and fuselage covers. Must sell. \$35,000 Mike Apps (403) 436-9003 H.

two place

2-22C, 2028h TT, completely refurbished 1992 (Ceconite 103), new cables. \$3500. Aero Club des Outardes (514) 621-4891.

2-33A, #170, 1970, 4900h, basic instruments and Radair 10s radio. Sturdy open trailer. Avail immediately. US\$11,700 obo. Contact Winnipeg Gliding Club. e-mail: <wgc-info@lark.magic.mb.ca> or leave message at (204) 837-8128 (24 hrs).

Blanik L-13, C-FCXC, 300+h. \$20,000. Doug Munro (416) 466-1046.

Lark IS28B2, C-GVLI, 1400 h, annual to 18 July 95. Basic instruments, Cambridge vario & back seat repeater, Alpha 100 radio, Varicalc flight computer, g-meters, professionally built open trailer. Available immediately. US\$19,500 obo. Contact Winnipeg Gliding Club. e-mail: <wgc-info@lark.magic.mb.ca> or leave message at (204) 837-8128 (24 hrs).

miscellaneous

L-19 parts, wings and fuselage plus other bits, no engine. \$15,000. Ozzie Maranta (613) 678-5197.

HP-18, kit partially done, spars inspected, tail 90%, rear fuselage ready to be closed, cockpit section needs finishing, no canopy. Some fasteners included. All other parts and materials incl. Encl trailer. \$4500 complete. Ruth Thumm (519) 599-6749.

Murphy Rebel Kits – only \$19,500. Rugged roomy metal 3-seat STOL could be your next towplane! Install a Lycoming O-320 or Subaru 180 hp engine and you can have better performance than factory-built, a strong alum airframe, and the economy of auto fuel. This flying camper is also a great personal sportplane, especially on Murphy 1800 amphibious floats. The Rebel can be a thrifty flight trainer – with the 80 hp Rotax 912, you can get 1100 fpm and 97 mph cruise on 3 gal/h. For info or demo, call Bob Patterson, IFA rep, (905) 457-5238, 9 am –10 pm.

SZD-45A Ogar motorglider, C-GZNM, 600h, 150h on Subaru EA81 70 hp autoconversion. 20:1, dual

O2, new Cleveland wheel and brake, full set of covers. C of A amateur-built category. Asking \$25,000. Deirdre Duffy (403) 439-2260 or Hugh Waller (403) 486-0993.

Clearance of Cambridge and other items CVS-50 vario, 5/10 kts or 10/20 kts, 1 yr guarantee – \$250. Cambridge integrator prototype (true average rate of climb) – \$50. Fuselage mount TE probes – \$20. JMF MkII 30,000 ft barograph, large 14 hour drum, smoked foil calibration incl – \$350. Pneumatic switches for netto on/off etc. – \$15. John Firth, 542 Coronation Ave, Ottawa, ON K1G 0M4 (613) 731-6997.

Wanted – Peravia barograph paper. Call Eugene or Chris at (905) 452-0580.

Blanik L13 parts, 2 sets of wings and fuselages, damaged. \$5000. Ozzie Maranta (613) 678-5197.

Rocky Mountain Soaring Centre, at Golden BC Unlimited mountain soaring, 500 km O&R or more. Full operation Apr to Sept with two L13 Blaniks, B-4, Phoebus B, Ka6E. *Towpilot/glider instructor wanted for the 1995 season.* Call 1-800-268-SOAR, fax (604) 344-7933.

suppliers

REPAIRS & MAINT.

Sunaero Aviation Glider repairs in fiberglass, wood, & metal. Jerry Vesely, Box 1928, Claresholm, AB T0L 0T0 (403) 625-3155 B, fax 625-2281.

Comtek Composite repairs. Hamilton, ON (905) 689-7444.

INSTRUMENTS & OTHER STUFF

Instruments for sale — best prices anywhere. Call for list and prices for vario, altimeter, airspeed, T&B, G-meter, compass, radio, etc. Lee (905) 840-2932 H, evenings only.

Barograph calibration, most makes and models. Walter Chmela (416) 223-6487 H.

Variometer / Calculator. Versatile pressure transducer and microprocessor based vario and final glide calculator. Canadian designed and produced. Skytronics, 24 Robina Ave, Nepean ON K2H 9P9. (613) 820-3751 or (613) 596-1024.

Firmal Electronics. Cambridge variometers, L Nav and S Nav now both available with Global Positioning System (GPS) option. You need never be lost again! Write for list or phone John Firth, 542 Coronation Avenue, Ottawa K1G 0M4 (613) 731-6997.

MZ Supplies. CONFOR foam, Becker radios, most German soaring instruments. 1450 Goth Ave, Gloucester, ON K1T 1E4 tel/fax (613) 523-2581.

Variometers, winglets, mylar seals — all products designed and built this side of the Atlantic! Peter Masak, High Performance Engineering Inc. (713) 499-9518 W, fax (713) 499-9620.

SAILPLANE DEALERS

Glaser-Dirks. DG300, 500, 500/22, 600, 800. Vankleek Sailplanes Ltd. Wolfgang Thiele, 5971 Dwyer Hill Road, Ashton, ON K0A 1B0 (613) 838-4902, fax (613) 829-4219.

Schempp-Hirth. Nimbus, Janus, Ventus, Discus. Al Schreier, 3298 Lonefeather Cres, Mississauga, ON L4Y 3G5 (416) 625-0400 H, 597-1999 B.

Schleicher. ASK-21, 23, ASW-22, 24, ASH-25. Ulli Werneburg, 1450 Goth Avenue, Gloucester, ON K1T 1E4 tel/fax (613) 523-2581.

Solaire Canada. Ed Hollestelle (519) 455-3316 tel & fax. SZD-55-1, Krosno, PW-5, trailers, GPS, and other sailplane stuff.



Required Reading

IS-28B2, IS-29 and IS-29D2 Gliders Service Life

Recent messages on the rec.aviation.soaring newsgroup on the Internet indicate that the manufacturer is seeking technical information from the owners of the above gliders in order to justify the removal of the 20 year life limit imposed at the time of certification. Since the 20 year life limit could have a serious impact on the future use of these gliders, owners are urged to communicate the requested information directly to the manufacturer. Following is the text of the fax from the manufacturer:

In order to complete and support our study on revoking the life limit of 20 years on our gliders so that the Romanian Civil Aeronautic authority can issue a corresponding Airworthiness Directive, we kindly ask hereby each owner of an IS-28B2, IS-29, or IS-29D2 glider to supply us by mail or fax with the information below at the following address:

S.C. IAR-SA Brasov or fax 40-68-151304
P.O. Box 198 Attn: Mr. Benone Costea,
2200 Brasov, Romania R&D Executive Director

- A/C type
- registration number
- serial number
- total launches
- total aerotow launches
- total number of flying hours
- issue of the flight manual
- list of implemented service bulletins and amendments
- summary report on the general technical condition of the aircraft, including defects found on overhaul and annual inspections
- addresses of the previous owners
- address of the present owner
- date and signature

Paul Fortier, Chairman, Technical committee

FREE FLIGHT Correction

For the record, this editor added an introductory paragraph to Larry Springford's notes on the World contest in the last issue and got a couple of facts wrong: first, Wilf Krueger had been selected to the Canadian team; and second, Brian Milner had not previously flown in a world championship. One out of three isn't so good, except perhaps in baseball.

SPIRIT and FALCON kit builders/owners

In a proof loading of the Falcon wing, it suffered a structural failure of the shear web between the root rib and the spar stub at the root under a load of 3 g's. The manufacturer, Advanced Soaring Concepts, has developed a retrofit fix for this problem and has reportedly contacted the builders of these two gliders with the necessary repair instructions. These gliders should not be flown until the mod has been done. About 60 kits have been sold at this time.

from Sailplane Builder magazine

NOT A SAC MEMBER, NOT INSURED!

A quick glance at our membership meter on page 22 will tell you that some clubs have not registered any members (or very few) with the national office. If your club does not forward your dues, you are not a member and therefore not insured. Richard Longhurst, Ontario Zone director and Insurance committee chairman, wrote to that topic in the last issue of free flight. Also in due time, you will drop off the free flight mailing list. An up-to-date list of registered members is sent to clubs at the end of each month. Make sure your name is on it.

Red Deer gets the 1996 Nationals

The Cold Lake Soaring Club's bid to hold the '96 Nats at the Red Deer Industrial Airport got the nod from the SAC board. The Cold Lake group will be getting a lot of support from Cu Nim, the Edmonton Soaring Club and the Alberta Soaring Council.

The dates have been chosen: 25 June to 4 July with practise days on 23-24 June. Updates will appear regularly in following issues of free flight. The contest director will be Dave Mercer and the contest manager and info contact is Randy Blackwell (403) 594-2171 (home), 840-7857 (work).

SAC Member Clubs

MARITIME ZONE

BLUENOSE SOARING CLUB
Ron Van Houten
17 John Brenton Drive
Dartmouth, NS B2X 2V5
(902) 434-1032

QUEBEC ZONE

AERO CLUB DES OUTARDES
Gérard Savay
16 Place Valmont
Lorraine, QC J6Z 3X8
(514) 621-4891

ASSOCIATION DE VOL A VOILE CHAMPLAIN
Claude Gosselin
30 des Orties
Laprairie, QC J5R 5J3
(514) 444-3450

CLUB DE VOL A VOILE DE QUEBEC
Jean-Guy Hélié
CP 9276
Ste-Foy, QC G1Y 4B1
(418) 875-2005

MONTREAL SOARING COUNCIL
Box 1082
St-Laurent, QC H4L 4W6

CLUB DE VOL A VOILE MONT VALIN
3434 Ch. Ste Famille
Chicoutimi, QC G7H 5B1

ONTARIO ZONE

AIR SAILING CLUB
Christopher D. Manning
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BONNECHERE SOARING
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CENTRAL ONTARIO SOARING ASSOCIATION
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Markham, ON L3P 1K4
(905) 294-2148 H
(416) 490-7156 B

ERIN SOARING SOCIETY
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Bramalea, ON L6S 6A3

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259 Cole Road
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LONDON SOARING SOCIETY
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Thamesford, ON N0M 2M0
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RIDEAU GLIDING CLUB
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Windsor, ON N9G 1V3

YORK SOARING ASSN
10 Courtwood Place
North York, ON M2K 1Z9

PRAIRIE ZONE

GRAVELBOURG GLIDING & SOARING CLUB
Mark Jalbert
Box 213
Lafleche, SK S0H 2K0
(306) 472-5668

PRINCE ALBERT GLIDING & SOARING CLUB
Keith Andrews
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Saskatoon, SK S7S 1B7
(306) 249-1859 H
(306) 933-7498 B

REGINA GLIDING & SOARING CLUB
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Regina, SK S4P 3W5
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SASKATOON SOARING CLUB
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Saskatoon, SK S7K 3W9
(306) 652-7909

WESTMAN SOARING CLUB
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Box 2108
Medley, AB T0A 2M0
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CU NIM GLIDING CLUB
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Calgary, AB T3L 1K5
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GRANDE PRAIRIE SOARING SOCIETY
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Grande Prairie, AB T8W 2A6
(403) 539-6991

PACIFIC ZONE

ALBERNI VALLEY SOARING ASSN
Doug Moore
RR3, Site 310, C6
Port Alberni, BC V9Y 7L7
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ASTRA
Christine Timm
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(604) 574-4141 B
(604) 574-4907 F (school term)
(604) 581-7456 F (summer only)

BULKLEY VALLEY SOARING
Ted Schmidt
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Smithers, BC V0J 2N0
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(604) 847-2231

VANCOUVER SOARING ASSN
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