

free flight

vol libre



Priorities

Website Project Update

Jay Allardyce, Prairie Zone Director

BACK AT THE NOVEMBER BOARD MEETING, I agreed to spearhead a project to look at revamping the SAC website. The current website had served its purpose for many years but several outages of the website led the Board to consider revamping the website and hiring professional management in order to ensure a stable website for the membership to enjoy.

The project kept me and our website consultant busy throughout the winter months. I spent a lot of time creating and updating content for the new website while our consultant focused largely on the areas that were beyond my skill set, namely the technical aspects of getting the site to work.

At the time of writing (late May), a small preview team is being tasked with combing through the website and providing feedback with the idea of making last minute tweaks to the site before it goes live. I hope that the new site will be live by the time you read this, but my personal schedule and commitments will dictate the timeline for that.

The site will have a lot of new content that will hopefully be interesting to visitors:

- There's a lot of information about various SAC programs that were previously buried in various documents, news items, and meeting minutes on the previous website.
- A nice integrative map that gives the location of all of the soaring clubs in Canada and there's information on some of the soaring safaris and camps that are hosted across the country and North America.
- The *Competition* section conveniently displays the latest OLC scores and allows visitors to check who is leading the Canadian OLC and keep tabs on the Daily OLC Scores for Canada with ease.
- There will be an *Achievements* section that highlights the latest Canadian records, including links to some of the record flights that can be found on the OLC. There's also detailed information on badges and the various SAC trophies.
- Most of the previous functionality and information on the current SAC website has been preserved, which included a *News* area to keep members up to speed on all SAC news, the *Documents* section that houses all of the important documents that we use, and the excellent *Free Flight* archive.

I hope that all members will enjoy the new website when it does go live. Many hours of hard work have gone into creating it and we hope that it will fill SAC's needs for its online presence for many years to come.

SAC has plans to retain the consultant who helped out with the development of the website and to maintain it going forward to ensure all of the technical updates are completed and that the site is backed up and remains stable. This website was an investment for SAC and we certainly need to ensure we protect that investment. ❖

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ancient flying heroes	4	from Greek mythology	◆ <i>Costas Pikros</i>
Safety & SSA 2014 convention	5	a wealth of lectures	◆ <i>Dan Daly</i>
the BIG triangle	6	672 km in an ASW-15	◆ <i>Chris Gough</i>
and 500 in the Russia	7	almost an accidental record	◆ <i>Tony Burton</i>
hangar collapse at CAGC	9	marvellous inter-club support	◆ <i>John Mulder</i>
soaring à la Française	10	navigating the Alps	◆ <i>Chris Fleming</i>
MayFly 2014	13	pilots 10, mosquitos 0	◆ <i>Roger Hildesheim</i>
and MayFly from Ray's cockpit	15	a fun entry to contests	◆ <i>Ray Wood</i>
landout under Centre Peak	17	a difficult retrieve	◆ <i>Conrad Lamoureux</i>
finally	18	Diamond Goal at last	◆ <i>Jay Allardyce</i>
the reincarnation	20	a heli ride to repair the cairn	◆ <i>Steve Weinhold</i>



This montage was taken in New Zealand when pilot Terry Delore was practising for an air show. The sequence of photos were merged in PhotoShop.

photo: Geoff Soper

The pdf copy of this issue is all colour on the SAC free flight webpage

DEPARTMENTS

- 22** **Training & Safety** — principles and standards of airmanship, "break-off"; avoiding undershoots in training
- 24** **Miscellany** — searching for Francis Popp (tales from 1964), the 1-26 Travelling trophy, tech talk at SSA convention, perceived risk, successful 5th FAI Grand Prix, contest letters, it's probably not possible to exceed this record, Dick Georgeson obituary
- 30** **FAI badges** — current badges and badge legs

Ancient flying heroes

translated by **Costas Pikros**

WITHOUT DOUBT the most famous ancient flying hero is Icarus, but consider what he did to deserve such fame. He was trained as a pilot by Daedalus, but on his very first solo flight he violated the flight safety regulations and is considered to be the first casualty of an aircraft accident.

The second known ancient pilot is Phaethon. His flying achievements are similar to Icarus. He was trained by Apollo as a pilot of a multi-engine aircraft (a four-horse shining chariot). His first flight was a planned mission to replace Apollo in the daily patrol of the Sun, but he carried it out with youthful enthusiasm and overconfidence. He made low passes over the earth, burning the crops. At the finish, he overrode all safety regulations and flew into a cunim, where he was killed by Zeus with a lightning strike.

In thinking about ancient flying heroes, Icarus and Phaethon are usually the first we recall. Icarus was honoured by the name of an island (Icaria) and the name of a sea (Icaric Sea, part of the Aegean Sea). Both were provocative violators of flight rules, even though mythology clearly states both were systematically instructed on the flight regulations. In contrast to these two youngsters, mythology tells us about other glorious heroes, who were able and wise pilots, but are not praised for their flight abilities as they should. We aren't referring to the gods of Olympus who were flying around the sky all the time, but to heroes well known for other heroic deeds who should have been considered ideal pilots.

Daedalus is not famous as a pilot. He is known as a civil engineer who built the Labyrinth of King Minos. He is also known as the aeronautical engineer who built the wings for Icarus. Nobody seems to remember that he was the one who successfully escaped from Crete. He flew as far as Sicily! This feat is almost totally forgotten. We mostly consider Daedalus as an engineer and Icarus as the pilot.

The MIT team who made the successful man-powered flight from Crete to Santorini Island named their flying machine *Daedalus*. It was the correct choice, and it reached Santorini (although a little wet) following the example of the wise Daedalus and not the foolish Icarus.

Another well-known hero, Perseus, was a very able pilot but nobody praises him for that. He is famous for killing the Medusa and saving Andromeda. Studying the myth, we note that Perseus started his flying career with a device having a very high wing loading, the flying sandals of the god Hermes. With those he made the successful raid against Medusa. There he obtained another flying machine, the flying horse Pegasus. After the end of the mission, Perseus returned the flying sandals to their owner intact. In contrast, the infamous Phaethon wrecked the chariot that was entrusted to him.



Perseus, flying the transport Pegasus, completed the first air rescue operation by saving Andromeda. Perseus was a wise and successful pilot but is not famous as a flying hero, and his flying career is overlooked in the aviation literature.

After Perseus there is another able pilot of the flying horse Pegasus. His name is Bellerophon from the town of Corinth. Flying the Pegasus, he completed the first successful ⇒ p28



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 the national aero clubs. The ACC delegates to SAC the supervision of FAI-related soaring activities such as competition sanctions, processing FAI badge and record claims, and the selection of Canadian team pilots for world soaring championships.

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Material published in *free flight* is contributed by individuals or clubs for the enjoyment of Canadian soaring enthusiasts. Individuals and clubs are invited to contribute articles, reports, club activities, and photos of soaring interest.

E-mail contributions as an attachment in Word or a text file. Text is subject to editing to fit the space available and the quality standards of the magazine. Send photos as unmodified hi-resolution .jpg or .tif files.

free flight also serves as a forum for opinion on soaring matters and will publish letters to the editor as space permits. Publication of ideas and opinion in *free flight* does not imply endorsement by SAC. Correspondents who wish formal action on their concerns should communicate with their Zone Director.

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ASSOCIATION CANADIENNE DE VOL À VOILE

est une organisation à but non lucratif formée d'enthousiastes et vouée à l'essor de cette activité sous toutes ses formes, sur le plan national et international. L'association est membre de l'Aéro-Club du Canada (ACC), qui représente le Canada au sein de la Fédération Aéronautique Internationale (FAI), laquelle est responsable des sports aériens à l'échelle mondiale et formée des aéroclubs nationaux. L'ACC a confié à l'ACVV la supervision des activités véliques aux normes de la FAI, telles les tentatives de record, la sanction des compétitions, la délivrance des insignes, et la sélection des membres de l'équipe nationale aux compétitions mondiales.

free flight est le journal officiel de l'ACVV publié trimestriellement.

Les articles publiés dans *free flight* proviennent d'individus ou de groupes de véliques bienveillants. Tous sont invités à participer à la réalisation du magazine, soit par des reportages, des échanges d'idées, des nouvelles des clubs, des photos pertinentes, etc.

L'idéal est de soumettre ces articles par courrier électronique, bien que d'autres moyens soient acceptés. Ils seront publiés selon l'espace disponible, leur intérêt et leur respect des normes de qualité du magazine. Des photos, des fichiers .jpg ou .tif haute définition et niveaux de gris peuvent servir d'illustrations.

free flight sert aussi de forum et on y publiera les lettres des lecteurs selon l'espace disponible. Leur contenu ne saurait engager la responsabilité du magazine, ni celle de l'association. Toute personne qui désire faire des représentations sur un sujet précis auprès de l'ACVV devra s'adresser au directeur régional.

Les articles de *free flight* peuvent être reproduits librement, mais le nom du magazine et celui de l'auteur doivent être mentionnés.

Pour un changement d'adresse, communiquez par sac@sac.ca. La revue est disponible gratuitement, en format "pdf" au www.sac.ca.

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Safety, and the SSA 2014 Convention

Dan Daly, past SAC National Safety Officer

SOME OF YOU doubtless noted my absence from the SAC AGM; I had previously committed to attending the Soaring Society of America's 2014 Convention in Reno, NV. When I lived in the USA, I had been to a few of them and always found they were worthwhile. For example, both the Risk Assessment and Contest Risk Assessment Matrixes came largely from talks at the 2012 Convention.

At these conventions, there are a series of 'tracks' with different topics – new gliders, hardware, notable flights, and always there is a track sponsored by the SSA and OSTIV on safety and the technical side of soaring. I have listed some of the technical talks on page 23. Dan Cook and I attended and tried to cover all the relevant talks in the safety track. This year, and last, they shut the convention floor down for a "safety stand-down", which is the norm in the military or at airlines when the risk is high; two hours and 15 minutes long.

On the safety side, the head of the SSA Soaring Safety Foundation (SSA SSF), Richard Carlson, spoke on "*The worst way to end your soaring career*". This was a discussion of the statistics of fatal accidents in the USA, the picture it represents, and a recommendation of where the SSF should put emphasis to mitigate the highest identified risks. He wondered where should that emphasis be – launch, enroute, or landing? He presented monthly statistics that suggested there was no "silly season" at the start, since the majority of accidents are in July. Perhaps people are attentive at the start of the year, but become complacent? Does your club run a safety seminar in July?

In the USA since 1981 there have been 12 launch, 11 enroute, and 9 landing fatal accidents. Many landing accidents, not many fatal – launch and enroute, many fatal. Accident locations: 10 at home, 5 outlanding, 4 unknown. Of stall/spin fatalities, 43% were on launch, 40% in cruise, 35% landing. The enroute accidents were caused by flying low at low airspeeds (mountains, ridges), or uncoordinated shallow or medium turns, sometimes with gust-induced angle of attack increases. Some were 'low saves' at 300 feet.

Bottom line – launch accidents can be mitigated by multiple layers of checklists to ensure a serviceable glider is taking off. Enroute accidents can be mitigated by maintaining sufficient airspeed ($1.5 V_{stall} + 1/2 \text{ wind}$), evaluate terrain for landing and, above all, by committing to an outlanding at an altitude sufficient to complete a landing safely ("you've got to know when to stop racing and when to start landing").

Tom Johnson spoke emotionally on his feeling that cockpits are becoming too distracting in "*Glider In-Flight Decision-Making and the Impact of Technology*". I have seen a number of people struggling with new technology in their gliders in first flights of the year. I try new PDAs or software in the Condor flight simulator, and learn it well before going flying. I recommend this method – no distracted flying, please.

Dan Cook, our FT&SC Chairman, described "*Stall/Spin Glider Training in Canada*", which had a lot of the instructors present asking for copies of the FT&SC spin video series. Remember, spin training is not required in the USA until the instructor rating. Dr. Dan Johnson (column author in SOARING magazine and often reprinted in *free flight*) talked about "*Cockpit Attention Disorder*" – how the human animal is not well suited to process information under stress. ⇒ p23

the BIG

Chris Gough, ESC

I GREW UP IN southern Ontario and learned to fly at SOSA. In 2012, I moved to Fort St. John, BC for work and slowly made my way closer to civilization, moving next to Slave Lake and then to Edmonton. From Slave Lake, the closest club was the Edmonton Soaring Club, so of course I joined them.

There have been great flights out of Chipman including a joint downwind flight in 1984 to the Winnipeg club by Dave Marsden and Mike Apps. In recent years most of the big flights have been flown by Bruce Friesen in his Standard Austria. Bruce gave me great advice on gliding in this area and was a real inspiration to fly big flights in lower performance gliders. In 2013, I had just one fair-sized flight out of Chipman in the PW-5 for 300 km. I also had a nice flight



of 430 km out of Cowley but didn't manage to get out to the field for any of the other good weather days.

Since the club owns a PW-5, I had a look at the current World Class world records and reasoned that the current triangle and straight distance records for both free and declared were attainable out of Chipman. The obvious route for a straight distance would be the same as the Marsden/Apps flights to Winnipeg. The triangle distance had a number of possibilities. The airspace around Chipman is not terribly restrictive but we are on the NE corner of the Edmonton airspace and have restricted airspace around Cold Lake and Wainwright. Planning a 500 km triangle with only two turnpoints is difficult because most tracks would take you right through the Wainwright airspace. A northern turnpoint to make a start-on-leg triangle is an option but heading north there are fewer fields and more forested areas. A 600 km task is just enough to make it around the Wainwright airspace with only two points. I chose turnpoints to fit the task; Marsden, just across the Saskatchewan border next → p8



Gough Lake

and 500 in the Russia

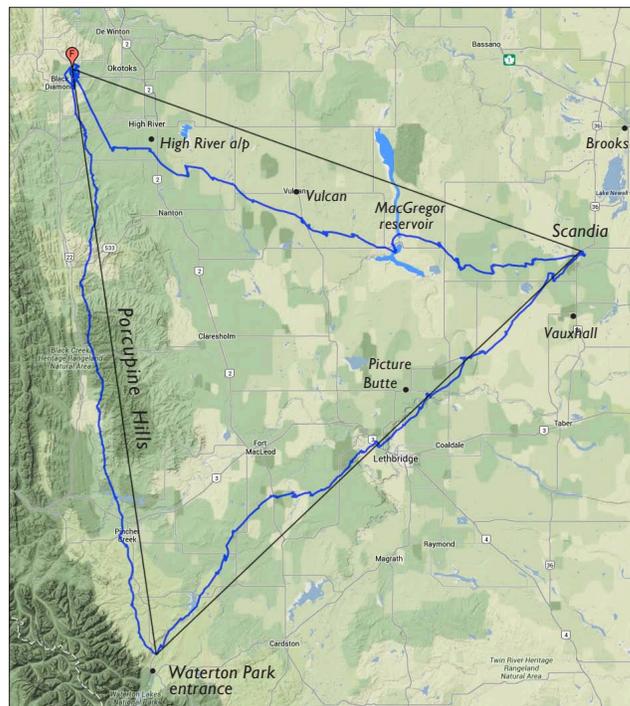
Tony Burton, Cu Nim

THIS WAS THE OTHER FINE TRIANGLE. The day after Chris's awesome flight in ESC's elderly ASW-15, E2 flew its first declared FAI 500 triangle – it sure uses up an afternoon!

I got a launch as soon as the towplane was ready just after 11 and was immediately shot down by big sink over our hill just to the north of the field. After landing and rolling up to the launch point, the two pilots who were getting ready to fly the DG-1000 picked me up and turned me around still strapped in and off I went again at 11:20 ...

XCSkies had a good soaring forecast for the day, especially along the mountains, so a first leg south was the plan as I drove up to the club right after breakfast, and by 9 am the cu started popping over the high ground, and the bases looked high, which was a very good additional good sign.

The great thing about the Rockies front ranges, 40 km to the west of Cu Nim, is that they are accurate and instant soaring forecasters. The time you see the cu begin popping there, as well as how nicely formed and high they are, is a very good indication of how thermals will develop to the east an hour or two later. When these indicators are good, we know that well-developed lift will work over the Porcupine Hills and the front ranges that allows an early 120-150 km first leg south before soaring conditions out over the flat get going.



One of the courses loaded into my Volkslogger is a 509 km FAI triangle with TP1 just north of the Waterton National Park entrance and TP2 at the Scandia bridge (between Vauxhall and Brooks). Okay, let's give it a try.

Now this is important for you early cross-country pilots – if you are going to be heading off on a task on a nice day, for Pete's sake declare something a bit ambitious! Who knows, it might work out – why get back after the flight and regret not declaring your Gold distance, for example. You can always abandon the task if the conditions don't work out, but you can never wish it back if it turned out great.

And even if your better judgement (that cautious accountant in the back of your brain) is trying to tell you that the task looks hopeless, you sometimes still have to say, "to hell with it, I'm going to see how far I can go today even if I land out." It was that decision in 1992 that got me the 653 km O&R that still stands as the record in the 15m Class in Canada – I was halfway to the turnpoint and thick cirrus was moving in from the south but I decided I wasn't going to break off the task no matter what. I got lucky with the resulting day, but record flights often have some good luck going along with them.

As forecast, the cu built up nicely all down the Porkies and the front ranges before noon, and with the light tailwind and already an 11,000 cloudbase at the time, it was a delightful 175 km run south at 86 km/h. The prairies began to fill up a bit with cu but not evenly



Just landed and a happy "high-500". View is to southeast down the last leg.

the BIG triangle

to Manitou Lake was the first turnpoint, and I found Gough Lake in the exact area I needed for the second turnpoint so that made it a very easy choice.

On 11 May the weather looked good but the forecast high temperature was only 11C. *XCSkies* was showing lift of 5 kts or more and cloudbases up to 12,000 ft by the end of the day. I was not sure how accurate *XCSkies* forecasting was as I am still relatively new to the area and with such low temperatures I was not accustomed to such weather. It turned out to be almost spot on this day. The 600 km task I had planned looked achievable but I decided to fly the club's ASW-15 as I was not that confident in the forecast and I had not flown the PW-5 since last year. I got to the airfield at 10 am, keen to get flying, and pulled the -15 out of the back of the hangar. Around 10:30 the cu started to pop locally and I was thinking that I should have been launched already.

I didn't bother declaring my task as I was not really thinking of breaking any records. I finally got the glider prepped and launched at 11:11. It was blue immediately around the field but right after release I hit a 5 knot thermal to 6500 feet directly over the airfield.

The wind was on my tail for the first leg with nice looking cu developing ahead. I accepted relatively weak lift for my first few thermals to conserve my height in the developing sky. It finally became scattered with streets going in the direction of my track up to 8500 ft and I was stopping for nothing less than 5 knots. I made my first turnpoint, Marsden, 212 km away, in just over two hours. Pretty good time for that early in the day.

The second leg was crosswind but I had the strongest conditions on this leg. I probably thermalled too often because every thermal I hit was a boomer. I was flying at altitudes of up to 10,500 on this leg and was happy I packed my winter

jacket behind me because I needed it. Even though I wore my wooly socks, my toes were losing feeling as well. The Wainwright military restricted airspace was close to me on this leg but the wind was pushing me away from it.

The final leg was into a wind of 10-20 kts. I reached my highest point of 11,800 feet on this leg but it was also my slowest for a number of reasons. When I hit the turnpoint I went into an area of less cloud. I am not sure if the airmass just dried out that far west or if geographically something caused it but it was forecast in *XCSkies*. On reflection, I think heading another 10 km back eastward to the better looking cloud would have allowed me to add a little more distance at the end of the day. It also would have kept me away from the Edmonton Terminal airspace that limited my height to 9500 feet.

When I arrived back at Chipman at 6:15 pm, I figured I could head north to increase my triangle distance. The clouds past Chipman had a blown over look to them and did not work consistently. I only found one good climb and after a couple good looking clouds didn't work, I decided to head home. The trek north added another 70 km to my triangle. When I landed it took about half an hour to get the feeling back in my feet. Next time I'll wear a second pair of wooly socks.

The flight was just under eight hours, my longest since flying in Australia. I was hoping to break the 700 kilometre barrier but was quite content with my flight regardless. The triangle distance was 672.4 km which exceeds the Canadian Open, 15m, and Club free triangle records. It is still early in the season and I have a few other flights planned for Chipman and Cowley. I think I could have got about an hour more flying out of the day if I had started earlier and planned a bigger task to keep me further south. I am hoping time off and weather will line up for me so I can complete my other planned tasks this year. ❖

500 in a Russia

and fairly thin. The DG-1000 was behind me for half the leg, then it peeled off to the east towards Claesholm.

The second 174 km leg was also good and, with the thinner cu, longer cruises were made but cloudbase was a bit above 12,500 and there were 6-7 knot thermals around if you could find them. The further east I went the bluer it got and there was little cu evident once I passed Picture Butte, but I arrived at the bridge at Scandia at 5:10 pm at 65 km/h.

On the return 158 km leg, getting back was in serious doubt, and I chased remaining cu while still getting some lift in the blue. Thanks for the now 11-12,000 top of lift, allowing long, slow runs into wind for E2. At first it was straight west where there were some cu appearing. I hoped at least I could get back to "civilized" country west of the MacGregor reservoir and then towards Vulcan to shorten a retrieve. At the bottom end of the reservoir I turned back south to a cu that just appeared and got up to a nice height that now made the Vulcan airport reachable.

Conditions were quite weak by the time I was southeast of the High River airport (about 6:30 and 45 km from home), and I was taking anything. Once over High River airport I almost had final glide but lost it to some big sink. A lonely cu about 11 km straight west got me 900 feet, enough for a safe final glide, and I landed at 7 pm at only 56 km/h for the last leg. It was a great day.

PS Surprise, surprise – twelve days after the flight when I had written this story and was fact-checking it, I realized that I had exceeded by just 2 km the Club Class triangle distance record set in 2011 by my arch-rival Bruce Friesen when he was flying the Austria. I had flown an "accidental" new record, possible to claim only because I asked an OO to verify my declared flight before takeoff. I suppose you *could* call that preparation in this case.

PPS *C'est la vie*. I had used the OLC handicap value for the Russia of .84 (inverse 1.19), while SAC uses 1.17, dropping me under the record distance. ❖

hangar collapse at Central Alberta

John Mulder, CAGC

marvellous inter-club support offered

I WAS AT A HOCKEY GAME on 8 January when a text came through that our club hangar had collapsed. At first sight what we found was very disheartening! This was the 25th anniversary year of the club and now it appeared that our training fleet was written off. This was going to be a turning point for the club, and the outcome could be positive or negative depending on the approach to a solution. Club members arrived to survey the damage and move private aircraft from behind the hangar in case the building structure fell back. This required a lot of equipment and shovels to move the snow out of our way. The trailers were stacked on the main apron out of harm's way.

Warm weather had caused melting, then a cold front with snow and strong north winds would blow the snow over the top where the trees trapped the snow on 1/3 of the roof. The unsymmetrical load continued to build until a 30 foot section gave way about two-thirds from the front of the hangar. When the roof came down it contacted the wings of three of our gliders, the 2-22, Bergfalke, and a privately owned 1-26. Our Lark, a club project for a few too many years, was also damaged. The way the roof collapsed cut the Bergfalke wing in half, and it was only held together by the fabric on the top of the wing.

We decided we should get the aircraft out from under the collapse to ensure no further damage would occur and to better assess what the damage was. This would require a lot of hand shovelling to remove the snow so the collapsed section could be raised and shored up sufficiently to remove the aircraft from underneath. Several volunteers from the CAGC and the Innisfail Flying Club showed up but most impressively, two carloads of ESC members also arrived with

shovels and good spirits ready to work. We shovelled the snow off the collapsed area then brought in a front end loader to start raising the section bit by bit as planks and pallets were stacked underneath to stabilize things. Once it was raised high enough, the damaged aircraft were pulled from under the collapse and slid to the side. The aircraft were derigged and placed on their trailers, and serviceable aircraft and equipment was removed from the building. Further assessment determined the remaining structure was stable enough to allow the aircraft on their trailers be parked in the front of the hangar. With most of the door panels missing the wind could blow right through, but at least we knew what we had.

At the fall Alberta Soaring Council planning meeting in Calgary I had heard that Edmonton may be selling their L-23 and I expressed our interest at that time. With no two-seaters in the club now, this conversation became critical so I took the opportunity to discuss the ESC L-23 and how we could structure a deal to get the aircraft to Innisfail. Once word got out about the hangar collapse, I received a note from Dave Springford that SOSA may have a Puchacz available. I started talking with them about the availability and cost of that aircraft. Both ESC and SOSA were willing to work with us to make it possible for us to afford these aircraft with prices and terms we could manage.

One of our club members had purchased a beautifully restored K-7 from the USA a few years previously, but time had not allowed him to get the import completed yet. He offered this aircraft to the club at a very generous price. We now had enough information to have a club meeting to decide what our plan should be. I presented the options we had available and a motion was made to purchase all three aircraft and re-evaluate if we could manage this or if three two-seaters would be too much. We agreed one two-seater would not meet our need for training and familiarization flights, but could we afford to keep three?

Shane Cockriell did a civil registry search and found a Bergfalke III listed in Camrose just north of us. The usual computer searches didn't provide any contact info so we started to pass the word around that we were looking for the owner. While having lunch at the Red Deer airport we mentioned our search to a diner at the next table, he said he knew some aviation people in Camrose and would try and get us a number. His contacts came through and my father Jerry contacted the owner to schedule a look at the aircraft. The owner said it was in an enclosed trailer just outside of town. We decided a road trip was necessary and a plan to visit the L-23 in Edmonton and then the Berge in Camrose came together. ⇨ p29



Soaring à la Française!

Chris Fleming

a short story

SPRINGTIME SOARING IN THE FRENCH ALPS is our sport at its best: ridges, thermals, waves ... they're all here, and is what brought me to France. Today had been magical, with each ridge and cloud producing just what you'd expect from looking at them. I was on the return leg of a 500 kilometre out-and-return task that took me from Fayence airport near the Mediterranean coast to a turnpoint at the Col du Grand-Ferret, a mountain pass on the Swiss border. I hadn't made a turn in nearly 200 kilometres thanks first to a beautiful cloud street formed by a convergence along the French-Italian border between Bardenocchia and Aosta, and then to an unexpected mountain wave in the lee of Mont Blanc. I was still in the long glide following that wave climb as I descended between cumuli near the Col d'Etache and marveled at the beautiful Massif des Ecrins in front of me.

My return down to the convective layer was announced by the 'speed up' tone from the variometer. I lowered the nose and made a turn toward Mont Chamberton. As I approached the mountain, I noticed a small gaggle working a thermal originating from its summit. I maneuvered behind the highest glider and felt an upwards nudge, but I didn't bank as the lift didn't appear strong enough to warrant a turn. As I left the gaggle behind me, I returned to an 82 knot glide, my MacCready 3 speed corrected for the 40 liters of water ballast I had in the wings, and aimed for the far side of the Vallée de la Durance.

During the traverse, the glide was mostly smooth in still air, and I arrived at the far side level with the ridge top. I decided to explore an adjacent notch predominated by Pic de Beaudouis. The sunbaked rock face of the notch's eastern ridge is great for producing anabatic (upslope) lift, but I needed to fly slower to better distinguish between the horizontal shear and the vertical lift, so I selected MacCready 2 on my Cambridge. As the cliff passed under my left wing, I looked ahead for birds that could mark the hot spots. When I reached the end of the notch without finding anything, I was below the ridge top and opted to continue on the less promising but unexplored western slope back to the main valley.

I arrived back at the Vallée de la Durance eleven minutes after and nearly 1000 feet lower than when I had started my diversion. I was still comfortably within my altitude band, but I wanted to climb soon. Rather than continuing down the eastern slope of the main valley, I decided to cross la Durance again and climb at the popular thermal-

generating southern face of Tête d'Amont. I immediately started to second-guess that decision when my vario started unwinding – the audio was screaming "SPEED UP!" and I responded by assertively pushing the stick forward.

I had been within range of the Saint-Crépin airport since Col d'Etache nearly a half-hour earlier, and I glanced at my Oudie glide computer to verify the critical numbers: I needed a glide ratio of 14:1 to make it to the airport, well within the 43:1 capability of my Discus-2. In the mountains, however, the French teach us to remain within 50% of the glider's *finesse* to a known safe landing place, which in my case is 21:1, and I programmed this into my Oudie by setting its MacCready to 10. As a result, any airport or landout field displayed on my moving map will appear green when it's within a 21:1 glide, and yellow when it's between 21:1 and 43:1. My Oudie also uses MacCready 10 to calculate the Arrival Altitude, which becomes more important to me as I approach the target waypoint.

I was half-way across the valley and firmly in the turbulent grasp of what could only be described as a river of sink flowing down the valley. I was flying at my optimum escape speed of 95 knots and aiming for the west slope of the valley. I didn't expect to find any lift there – I just wanted out of this sink. I arrived at the slope at 5500 feet, losing 1500 feet in just four miles! I was at the bottom of my altitude band, and now willing to accept a weak thermal just to get me back to where I wanted to be. I dialed "1" into my Cambridge to stretch my glide further, and checked my Oudie to verify my current glide slope to Saint-Crépin – 21:1, the minimum. My course to Tête d'Amont was in the same direction as the airport, so I flew on.

As I rounded the southern flank of Tête d'Amont, I was relieved to see several vultures spiraling just off its towering rock face. I aimed for the flock, and as I passed under them I eased gently back on the stick in anticipation of the lift. The surge from below simultaneously caused the glider to pitch up and roll away from the cliff, while my airspeed and variometer both jumped 5 knots.

On the first encounter with anabatic lift, one should always fly straight ahead and feel what's going on while examining the thermal's structure, and not to prioritize climbing until the 2nd or 3rd pass. Once I was completely through the hot spot, I banked away from the cliff and turned back for my next pass. As I returned to the vultures, one pulled its wings close to its body and dove under



me, while another just looked at me with pity. The surge of the thermal was predictable, and I pulled up to minimize my airspeed gain and to maximize my altitude gain. As I started my third and final pass, I saw the sun reflect off of another glider coming around the southern flange of the mountain; I was going to have to share my thermal.

Now that I was familiar with it, I was ready to better harness the thermal's energy by turning within it. I pulled into the now-familiar surge and banked away from the cliff before reaching the far side of the lift. Still inside of the thermal, I rolled out to fly away from the cliff and to give myself maneuvering room for when I resumed my turn. I glanced at the approaching glider, an ASG-29, and noted that he was about 200 feet below me – plenty of room for me to continue my turn above him. My initial circle was conservative as I intended to decrease it with each subsequent turn. I also wanted to keep an eye on the -29 as I watched him start to turn on his very first pass.

He was opposite from me as I swept back past the rock face, and he surprised me again when I saw him maintain an aggressive bank angle throughout his turn; he wasn't going to have much room to spare if he misjudged his distance from the cliff. I didn't follow his path outbound as I again gave myself insurance before turning back. When I resumed my turn, I twisted my neck to the limit to see that he had climbed closer to my altitude and cut his spacing behind me in half. Yes, he was climbing better than I was but I didn't like the risks that he was taking! I looked back to the mountain for my next approach when my FLARM sounded its collision warning. I hadn't noticed a Duo Discus that was about to join our party from the opposite direction and was flying straight along the rock face, which meant that he had the right-of-way.

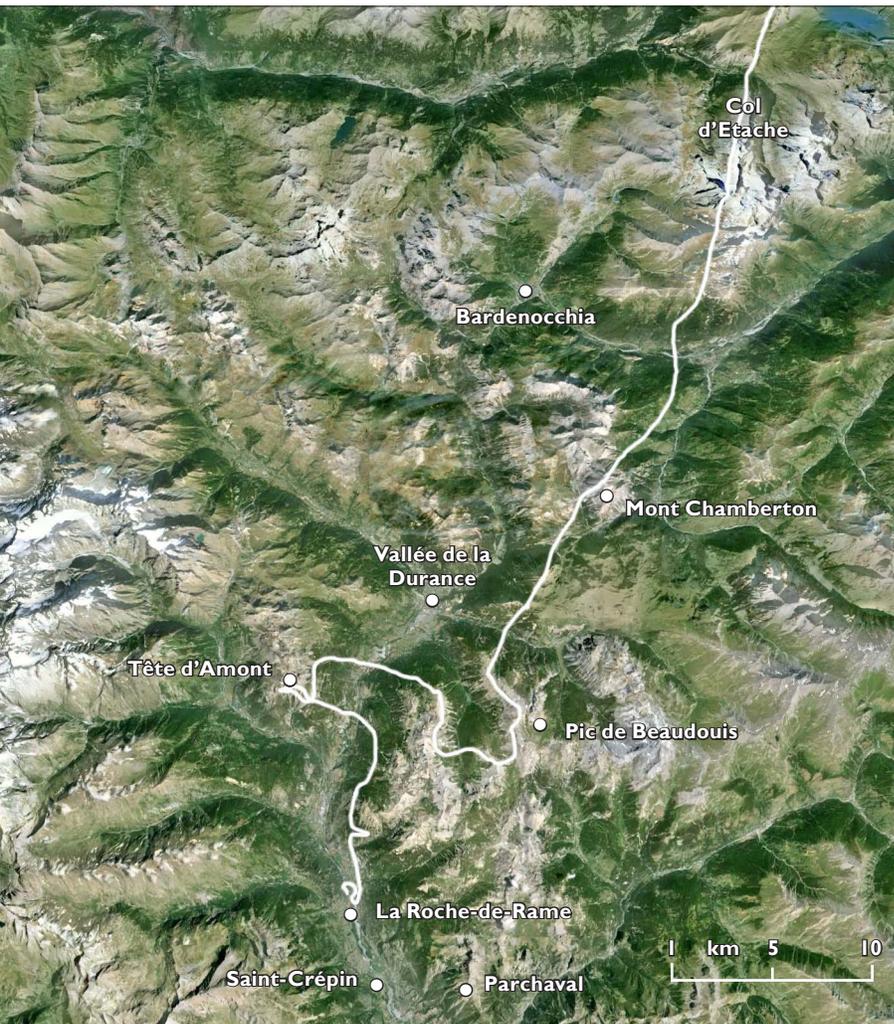
I yielded and aborted my pass by pulling away from both him and the cliff. I kept my turn tight all the way around as I hadn't used my safety margin on the last turn. As I re-

turned to the face, I looked toward the -29 and was shocked to see him approaching me with his belly exposed; he had put me into his blind spot! Our closure rate was high and I only had a moment to dive out of his way to prevent a collision. With my heart pounding, I left the thermal and the mountain to give everybody a time out.

I looked at my Oudie and saw that my overall situation had improved as Saint-Crépin was now comfortably 'green' with a 15:1 glide. I decided to cede the thermal to Messieurs 29 and Duo, and to continue down the valley and hopefully to an even stronger thermal. A safe bet would be the west facing slope of Parchaval, just past the airport, and a good climb there should position me well for the final 100 kilometres back to Fayence.

Unfortunately, the west side of the valley was now in the shade and offered little chance of lift, so I would need to traverse the Durance, again. Double-check Saint-Crépin: nine miles away with a 15:1 glide and an Arrival Altitude of 1050 feet (assuming a MacCready 10 glide of 21:1). While I was comfortable, I was still at the bottom of my altitude band and chose to continue gliding at MacCready 1.

As I returned to the open valley, I anticipated the river of sink ahead and preemptively accelerated to 80 knots. Moments later the unwelcome feeling of falling from the sky returned and it was immediately clear that I would need a lot more than 80 knots to minimize my losses. I pitched forward, but my airspeed didn't increase. I pitched forward more, but I barely made a dent in my airspeed deficit. I needed to ignore the unwinding blur of the altimeter and dive for the ground. Finally, my airspeed was where it needed to be, but I had paid a high price in altitude. I needed to focus on arriving safely on the far side of the valley, but a quick glance at the Oudie confirmed that I was now below my safe glide angle



to Saint-Crépin; I needed 24:1 but I was currently only achieving 9:1! To add insult to injury, my Arrival Altitude was now negative 250 feet! I needed to have 'Plan B' ready to go, which was a field three miles short of the airport at La Roche-de-Rame, and my Oudie still showed it as 'green' which is all that I needed to know for now.

As I approached the far side of the valley I adjusted my heading so that I wouldn't be at a right angles to the slope. Not until the trees were literally passing under my wingtip did my vario approve a more civilized speed, but I was still in sink and only achieving a glide of 20:1. I looked down the valley and could see the airport. I announced my situation on our club's air-to-air frequency before switching to the Saint-Crépin unicom. I was now just trying not to *aller aux vaches*, French for "going to the cows" – their eloquent way of saying landing out.

I was now officially desperate, which meant that I needed MacCready 0 to maximize my glide and to accept any lift whatsoever. The 40 litres of ballast in my wings was only hurting me now, so it was time to say *au revoir* to the water. I scanned the slope for any indication of lift: tree tops leaning away from a breeze, any kind of bird, or an ASK-13 which would likely have an instructor in the back seat knowledgeable of any house thermal nearby. I was now only three miles from the airport, and the field at La Roche-de-Rame was passing under my right

wing. I've actually walked the field before for just such an occasion, a practice the French strongly recommend for emergency fields, and it appeared to still be in good shape if I needed it. My Oudie was still giving me bad news – I now needed 30:1 to get to the airport, and I was only getting 25:1. Worse, my Arrival Altitude was still showing -250 feet, and at such a short range, that was to be respected. But all I needed to do was look at the rising runway in my canopy to know that it wasn't going to work; I committed myself to La Roche-de-Rame.

When one lands out in an alpine valley, it's critical to plan for a steep final approach as there is a very strong wind gradient below 200 feet; all of that mountainside anabatic lift pulls the air from somewhere! I turned final with my spoilers extended almost completely, and aimed for a spot about one-third of the way down the field. I saw the tree tops at the approach end bend over just as the turbulence hit me. The glider rolled abruptly and then I lost what appeared to be half of my remaining altitude in an instant. I shoved the spoiler handle forward, leveled my wings, and kept the nose pointed down at the field. I passed over the trees with little room to spare and arrested my sink rate at a height of just twenty-five feet. With full control regained, I pulled the spoiler handle to the stop and flared. At 3000 feet above sea level without flaps, the real estate goes by quickly, and I wasn't looking for a smooth landing. I touched down onto the unimproved surface with both my main and tail wheels simultaneously, and I quickly squeezed the brake lever to bring my Discus-2 to a stop in as little distance as possible.

Ten seconds and several bumps later and it was over. I was safe. I took a deep breath, and opened the canopy. I could hear the Durance River roaring in the distance and the stiff breeze blowing through the trees. If I hadn't been so annoyed I would have found it beautiful.

I unlocked my harness and pulled off my oxygen cannula. My SPOT transmitter was attached to the parachute, and I pushed the 'Need Assistance' button to send a message to my girlfriend, my buddies, and to my chief pilot to say that I was okay, but that I had *vached*. I climbed from the cockpit and took off my parachute. The mountain air was noticeably colder than the air near the sea, so I pulled out the coat that I had stuffed behind the headrest. I looked up to the slope where I had been just moments earlier and saw a brightly-painted ASK-13 float by. Then my iPhone rang. It was Philippe from Fayence – he had received my text. After telling him that "*oui, ça va*" everything was okay, he suggested to me that rather than sending my trailer up from Fayence (a seven hour drive) he could call the Saint-Crépin club and have them retrieve me. I readily agreed, and ten minutes later I received confirmation of the plan.

Within an hour, a blue Citroën pulling a Cobra trailer was slowly navigating the double-track dirt path along the side of the field, with a young bearded man waving from the passenger seat. No sooner had he opened the car door, he commented on the American flag and registration on my glider's tail, and then he welcomed me to France. Within thirty minutes, Gilles, Jean-Yves ⇒ p29

MayFly 2014

Roger Hildesheim, GGC

Pilots 10 - Mosquitos 0

IT IS SAID THAT GOOD THINGS COME to those who wait and the 2014 edition of the GGC MayFly contest certainly held true to this adage. After a spectacular contest in 2013 which saw average speeds exceed 100 km/h, the expectations for 2014 were high with ten competitors on hand from four clubs.

MayFly has been designed from its inception to be a fun, laid-back contest for cross-country pilots who wish to experience their first gliding competition in a supportive, learning environment. Team flying (as a group) and sharing information about thermal locations and strength is encouraged. A two-step handicap is applied to level the playing field. One handicap is applied depending on the glider flown. A second handicap is then applied to balance the experience levels among pilots, the more experienced being more heavily handicapped. This unusual scheme has allowed new pilots to score well against the seasoned competition pros. Detailed rules and info regarding MayFly can be found on the MayFly home page of the GGC website <www.gatineauglidingclub.ca/mayfly>.

Friday 16 May The day was a washout with heavy rain in the early afternoon. That said, it still provided a

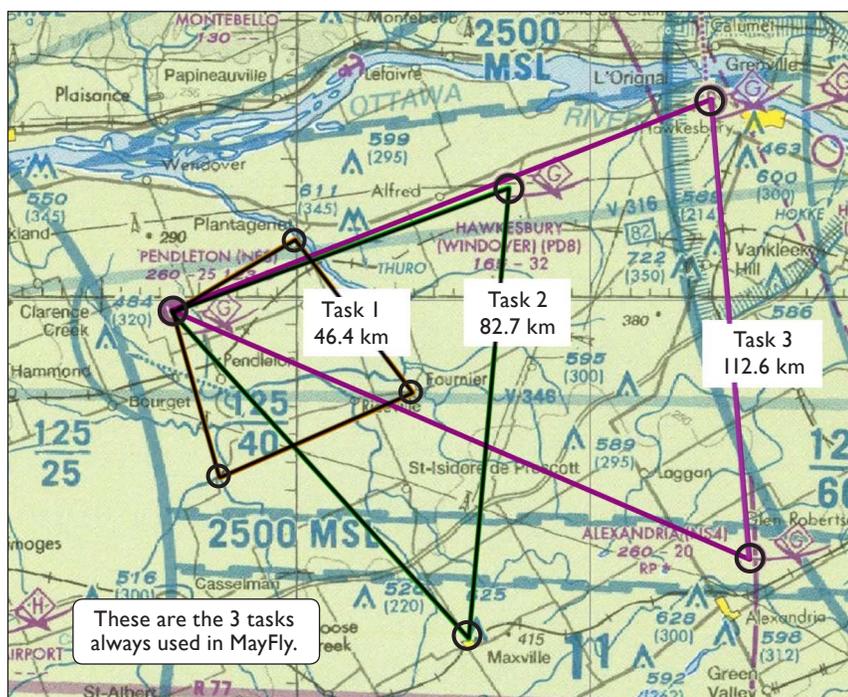
good opportunity for walking through the ins and outs of competition flying as well as detailed area and operations briefing. GGC has generated a good set of training material for new contest/XC pilots and many of the more experienced contest pilots openly share their experiences in preparing for and flying in competitions. Later that day many of the visiting pilots took advantage of assembling their gliders between rain showers and storing them in the main GGC hangar, ready for the next day!

Saturday 17 May The weather was far better but we were concerned about how quickly things would clear out. After the daily pilot meeting, the fleet was gridded and ready to go. Unfortunately, a few sniffer flights were unable to maintain 3000 feet of altitude so the day was scrubbed. A few pilots elected to launch and familiarize themselves with the local flying area. Saturday evening was highlighted by the sausage dinner/barbeque under clearing evening skies. Throughout the evening everyone could sense that Sunday and Monday were shaping up to be great days.

Sunday 18 May The day did not disappoint with 6-8 knot climbs to 9000 feet over the entire contest area. Many pilots recording speeds in excess of 90 km/h over

the 3.5 hour task. Post-flight comments include phrases "just like last year". Once again, Frank Vaughn and Nick Bonnière set up their live flight tracking system with a big screen display in the GGC clubhouse. This system proved popular with crew and club members who tracked the competitors during the afternoon.

Popcorn was passed around the clubhouse while people monitored the flights. At one point, a crew member of a pilot had to excuse herself from watching because it was too stressful to watch the ups and downs of cross-country flying. Who would have thought that online flight tracking would have become that engaging! All



pilots managed to return safely to GGC and the clubhouse was filled with hours of stories of the amazing conditions.

The top three pilots for the day:

- 1st Team Williams/Goyette – GGC (ASW-24)
- 2nd Sylvain Larue – RVSS (LS-4)
- 3rd Pierre Gavillet – MSC (LAK-17A)

Monday 19 May Although not quite as strong as Sunday, conditions still provided 5-6 knot climbs topping out at 6500 feet. Another 3.5 hour task was called with only one landout. Speeds were slightly lower, with a few topping 80 km/h.

Top three pilots for the day:

- 1st Sylvain Larue – RVSS (LS-4)
- 2nd Tim Forbes – RVSS (LS-1)
- 3rd Pierre Gavillet – MSC (LAK-17A)

Top three pilots overall:

- 1st Sylvain Larue – RVSS (LS-4)
- 2nd Team Williams/Goyette – GGC (ASW-24)
- 3rd Pierre Gavillet – MSC (LAK-17A)

Detailed results can be found on the GGC MayFly website.

Although the contest got off to a slow start, the last two days of the contest certainly more than made up for the opening two idle days. Two “new” pilots to MayFly also received their first taste of competitive flying (and scored quite well). Thanks to a very wet and long winter/spring season, we were also blessed with a low mosquito count, which stunned many MayFly vets. Traditionally, GGC mosquitos compete with the towplanes in trying to carry (eat) glider pilots aloft!

No event such as this goes off without the dedicated support of a variety of volunteers. MayFly has become a GGC institution with members and friends pitching in to support all the activi-

ties and tasks associated with running this type of contest. Special thanks go out to Dan Daly who stepped in to assume the responsibilities of Contest Director (CD) while a stubborn chest cold kept me in bed for two days over the weekend. I would also like to acknowledge SAC for their financial support of this contest. 4000 km flown over two days by ten pilots with no incidents – MayFly 2014 was a great success! ❖



Rob Williams



Nick Bonnière

Back row L-R: Dan Daly (GGC), Rob Williams (GGC), Remi Knoerr (GGC), Jarek Twardowski (GGC), Paul Goyette (GGC), Ulli Werneburg (GGC), Roger Hildesheim (GGC). Front row L-R: Ray Wood (SOSA), Martin Lacasse (GGC), Tim Forbes (RVSS), Sylvain Larue (RVSS), Pierre Gavillet (MSC).

and MayFly from Ray's cockpit

Ray Wood, SOSA

SHORTLY AFTER SIGNING UP to fly the Nats at SOSA, I started thinking about getting some early-season cross-country flying practice. The idea of a low stress contest in the spring sounded like a good idea. With that in mind I did a little online research into GGC's *MayFly*.

Over breakfast a couple of mornings after my research, Pat and I were discussing places we would like to travel to and things to see. When she said, "I'd like to see Ottawa in the spring", I tried to contain my excitement over the possibility of combining a contest and a little

totally convinced my crew was in for an easy time – *I WAS NOT LANDING OUT. PERIOD !!* Although the fields in the task area were very landable, it *was* a mud bowl, and a landout would likely involve a lot of slogging of glider parts through soggy fields. I was convinced I must avoid an outlanding at all reasonable costs, but with my track record can I pull that off?

On to Montreal, for a trip to the top of Mount Royal, the shrine to St. Joseph (a stop well worth anyone's time), Schwartz's Deli for a classic Montreal smoked meat lunch, the old city, and that evening a performance of Cirques du Soleil's latest creation, "*Kurious*". A chance to see this troupe perform at home base, wow.

Friday was the mandatory briefing; it was raining very hard so no one was thinking about flying. The clubhouse was very comfortable with a fire burning in their very "cool" fireplace in the centre of the main room. As the weekend progressed I realized another purpose for the fireplace – when slightly smoky it helps keep the mosquitos at bay. The meeting eventually got under way with several visitors from RVSS, MSC, myself from SOSA and the gang from GGC. The briefing was given by CD Roger Hildesheim and Dan Daly, both very thorough on all aspects that would concern a visitor, from ground handling, take-off, landing and relight procedure, to an invitation to leave your glider rigged and in their hangar. With all of my pre-trip prep I was feeling great about the prospect of flying. But now the weather was a different matter altogether; with the extreme winter and wet spring, I was less than confident that any flying would happen as the rain poured down. After the briefing wrapped up, we headed for Ottawa to see all the sights in the capital.

Saturday looked less than promising but we had a pilot briefing, rigged, and gridded – the optimism of glider pilots is universal. When gridded, I was amazed that the launch area was able to handle vehicle traffic and a full grid of launch activity, a testament to the WWII builders who planned many airfields like this all across Canada for flight training.

... It was barely flyable and the day was cancelled. Roger the CD was sent home to sleep off a flu bug. A few intrepid souls launched for short flights. I went in quest of a tire repair shop late Saturday afternoon on the May 24 weekend (for the flat on my *Xterra* found while gridding) – good luck with that. I settled for a can of self-inflating tire repair goo from Canadian Tire. The tire is still rolling on it.

We showed up a little late for the Sunday pilot meeting. Dan had started the briefing with military precision, unlike many glider fields where people amble in and the meeting starts ... a little late. Sunday morning looked



Rob Williams

tourism in one package. You might guess that I quickly replied, "I think that's quite do-able".

After a couple of emails and phone calls, we had our lodging for the contest at the Gite Le Boise B&B in Plantagenent, a small village ten minutes from the gliderport. To keep things relaxed I was able to book six nights there, allowing us a couple of extra days – one in Montreal and one in Ottawa. If your wife is your crew, making the trip interesting for her makes it easier to talk her into joining you on your next adventure.

Taking our pre-contest tour day, a very roundabout route on the way to Montreal allowed me to survey some of the airports in the task area as well as becoming familiar with the lay of the land and farming practices should I need a farmer's field for outlanding. As a result I was

great, but with all the water everywhere I was not getting terribly excited about the probability of flying. Dan kept things on track and got us gridded for an earlier than planned launch. Wow, we are going to get to fly.

The start area for the contest was over a bog – what genius thought this up? We all know wet areas don't give great amounts of lift. Wrong, I have never seen the PW-5 vario pegged at 10 up before! *[Clue – moist air is lighter than dry air. ed.]* Throughout the day, I was enjoying thermal strengths I had never experienced in southern Ontario. Being able to pick and choose your thermals is a rare privilege in a PW-5. My initial plan was to be very conservative and use the shortest of the three preplanned tasks always used for MayFly (see the diagram on page 13).

At the first turnpoint, Plantagenet, I had the option to carry on to the first turnpoint of task 2, Windover, which I did. Decision time again, do I do the big task and carry on to Hawkesbury? No, let's be a little conservative, though I could easily have gone on to Hawkesbury. It is quite a well thought out set, not locking in competitors early in the game. If you choose, you can fly all of the tasks in succession or do laps around one if you think that will give you advantage and comfort (close to base and little chance of landing out). I went twice around the medium task, finding great thermals when needed, but it was difficult for me to really push for speed. With the Ottawa River close by and the St. Lawrence clearly visible in the distance, the scenery was spectacular at 7000 feet. With a little better planning I could have placed better, but not earning a "FDL" (finished dead last) was more than good enough in the competition with many seasoned pilots and a few newbies.

The scoring is unique, with competitor scores being handicapped for pilot experience as well as glider performance, making it possible for a pilot with only a hundred hours to beat more experienced pilots. For the experience handicap, pilot P1 time (excluding instructing) is used as follows: 90% (up to 200 hours), 80% (201–500), 60% (501–1000), and 50% (1000+, given big contest experience).

One of the great features of the contest for the crew was Nick Bonnière's tracking system that allowed the people

on the ground to follow your flight in almost real time. The downside – no exaggerating the feats of the day. While we waited for the day to be scored, Nick replayed the day with all flights running on the screen at once.

Sunday looked good on the weather maps so everyone got their act together and were gridded and ready to go early. Once we were in the air, the optimism tapered off a little. I had a relight, then connected quickly but struggled to gain enough altitude to get excited about heading out on task. While slowly gaining altitude, I heard a radio call of one of the pilots about to land out at a small private strip along the first track line. Well, all I need is a couple of turnpoints and FDL for the day goes to someone else.

Time to shift to ultraconservative mode. I dialed in the turnpoints for the small task, the right choice for me for that day. I got around the task once, made it to the second turnpoint at Fournier on the second trip around, fighting for every foot of altitude in gusty, difficult thermals. I decided this was not fun anymore and turned for home to finish early.

Watching the flight traces in the clubhouse, it was clear that everyone was struggling at some point. This type of feedback is very helpful when you are learning. There is a tendency to think you're the only person not having an amazing day, so this playback was great for boosting my mood.

There was a small awards ceremony to recognize the top three finishers each day and for the overall contest. In addition to the contest, club pilots doing great feats for their time in gliders were also being recognized. It is a great supportive environment for growth with lots of fun; I will be back. For anyone with little or no contest experience this is a good place to learn, for seasoned pilot's amazingly strong lift, runways that remain usable when the rest of the area is on flood watch, and great camaraderie.

Now if we could only do something about the swarm of mosquitos – Gatineau's living version of May flies. ❖



Rob Williams

Landout under Centre Peak

Conrad Lamoureux, Cu Nim



DURING THE COWLEY FALL CAMP last year, Jean Claude, flying the Cu Nim Jantar, got stuck down low on small ridges under the Livingstone Range for over an hour and couldn't escape to friendlier terrain. The landing spot was difficult to get a trailer to, and Conrad wrote:

The closer to the mountains we got the more concerned we became as the landout areas and easy retrieves grew fewer. Once on the Burmis road (the closest north/south road to the mountains) and heading south, the situation became ominous. Eyes peeled for a glider that should be close, each bend brought a new expletive. Then, coming around a corner I caught a small spot of white against the foothills; travelling another half kilometre and around another hill, the others saw it also.

When directly abeam of the glider, we stopped and stared at what looked like an impossible task. With spotty reception we reached Jean on the cell and were assured that access could be had using the trail under the power transmission line then crossing a couple pastures, which, while being pessimistic, looked a whole lot better than the ravine and water that were between us at our location.

Driving another kilometre we came to the power lines and turned off the gravel road that would seem like a highway on return. With darkness approaching, we switched to four wheel drive and eased our way towards the mountains on a trail more suited to an ATV, not a truck and glider trailer that were threatening to high centre on some of the small but sharp inclines.

A couple of barbed wire gates later we came upon Jean who, a bit breathless from walking a path from the glider, stated that there was access through the pasture, even on what some may call a trail. Again being careful not to get stuck or high centred, we crawled along, turned north off the trail, and climbed towards the glider, at times following Jean who led the way on foot around or over obstacles.

Finally! At the Jantar and ready to derig, dusk was well upon us. We looked around in amazement at where we were, a meadow under the mountains – the photo gives you an idea how far into the boonies we were. Getting busy, we finished just before total darkness set in and made our way back to the road, again crawling along and sometimes following Jean's lead on foot. Opening the gates again seemed a small victory as each brought us closer to sanctuary.

Now on the gravel road with total darkness, not even a moon, we headed south to reach Highway 3 instead of retracing our original route down the twisting and dusty road. As we all relaxed and teased Jean a bit, a deer crossed the road and I was sure he wiped the dust off the headlights. Thankful that the tail lights were working, we reached the highway and headed east towards Cowley.

Some 3-1/2 hours had passed and, all safe, glider in the trailer, we arrived at the airfield. Begging off supper and a beer, I went home with a story to remember. ❖

Finally!

Jay Allardyce, Winnipeg GC

THE 2014 SEASON HAS BEEN PRETTY GOOD so far to us glider pilots in Manitoba. It's the end of May and I've already had two excellent cross-country flights in excess of 300 km. With the long, cold winter that we had in Manitoba, I was beginning to think that spring would never come and we'd still have snow on the ground on May Long Weekend. But eventually the weather did warm up, our field did dry out and we started flying around the same time that we have in past seasons. Things are looking up.

I started getting my feet wet with cross-country in 2004 and achieved my Silver distance and duration in 2005. I've never really been that big into badge flying which is why I hadn't completed any badge legs since 2005. While I had made a couple of attempts at Gold and Diamond distances, I always either landed out or abandoned the task for one reason or another. I had completed flights over 300 km – it just seemed that things never worked out in my favour when I declared a task. And the days when I probably could have completed one of the distance legs, I never had the foresight to declare.

I decided that this season was going to be the year that I would complete at least one of the distance legs that I was missing. After getting one cross-country under my belt for the 2014 season on May Long Weekend, I committed that I would make my attempt on my next flight of the season.

That opportunity came on 24 May. It was one of those days where everything just came together nicely. I hadn't actually expected to fly that day, expecting that one of my other two partners in my ASW-19 would jump at the opportunity to fly. After all, I already had one excellent flight in the books for the season, as did my other partner, Justin Gillespie, but the third amigo, Frank Cwikla, had not yet flown this season. I had already emailed Frank on Thursday to remind him that Saturday would be his day and offered to help him rig.

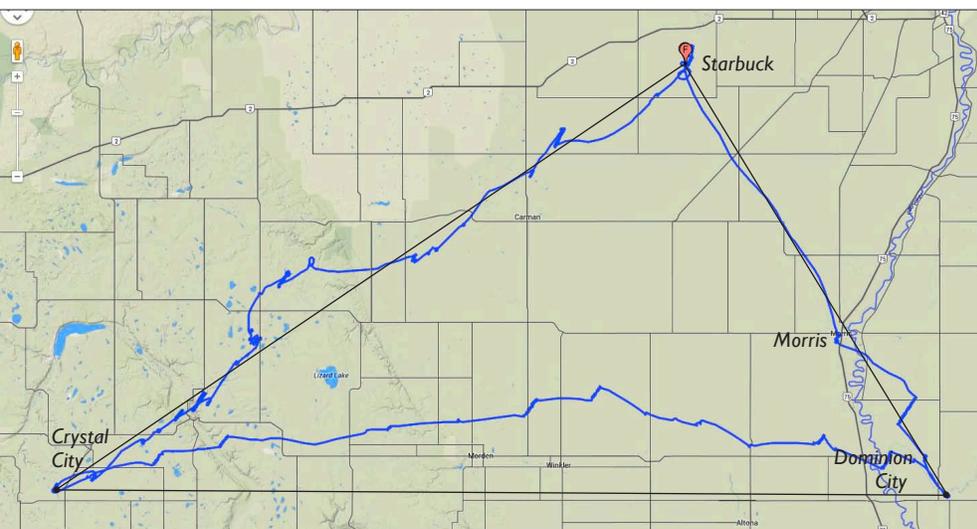
A quick check of the weather Friday night confirmed that things were looking good for a strong day on Saturday. I was driving out to the club and my phone rang – it was Frank, who regretfully, he told me he wasn't feeling well and wouldn't be out to fly today. Justin had texted me the night before to let me know that he wouldn't be around on Saturday. So, much to my surprise, the glider was mine for the day. Keeping true to my commitment, I immediately made plans to fly a badge leg. I plugged the Colibri into our club computer and dutifully declared my task for the day, known at our club as the "two city tour": Crystal City and Dominion City, for just over 315 km. If completed, I would be rewarded with my Gold and Diamond Goal distances.

I went about my usual routine of preparing my glider for flight with the added step of ballasting the glider. I knew based on the "soarcast" for the day that if it was going to be a soarable day, it was going to be very good. I elected to put 20L in each wing for about 80 extra pounds. I'd flown a couple of flights in the 19 with water but only with about 10 – 15L in each wing, so I was eager to see if the extra weight would make a difference on a good day.

After getting the glider out to the line, there were a couple of students looking for instruction, so I agreed to go up. I figured this would also be a good opportunity to test the air and see how the conditions were developing. The day was unseasonably warm for May with a predicted high of about 32C. The previous day's heat left a nasty inversion aloft so we didn't expect to see any lift until about 30C. On the second instructional flight, the air was noticeably more buoyant than the previous flight only 20 minutes prior. Another training flight was reporting 5 knot lift up to 5000 feet and those on the ground quickly assembled the grid. After landing with my student, I took the time to have lunch and fill out my student's log book. By that time, I was fifth in line for launch and was a little concerned that I would run out of day to finish my task.

Our wonderful chief tow pilot, Jeff Bell, found me a fine thermal right off the hop and I released at 13:45 into a 6 knot thermal, quickly climbing several thousand feet in short order. I positioned myself to make my start and once my Colibri started beeping, I double-checked on my PDA and also the LX to confirm I was where I needed to be and set off. MacCready at 3 knots, I sped in the direction of the best looking cloud. Unfortunately, the first couple that I arrived under weren't working that well and I was about 23 km before I found a thermal that met my standards.

The first leg was a long one, 112 km southwest into a 40 km/h headwind. Fortunately, the lift was relatively strong on this leg and 4–5 knot thermals kept me optimistic about the progress I was making despite the wind. A handful of other pilots launched before me were headed in the same direction, so I had fairly good insight into the conditions ahead. The one mistake I did make was going about 30° off course to visit a



crop fire that a pilot had reported was worth a visit. I sped over there only to be disappointed – it got me nowhere so I pressed on despite being at the low end of my working band. Fortunately, once past the fire, I found a 5 knot thermal that got me back to a more comfortable altitude. Reports over the radio indicated weakening lift in the area of my first turnpoint. I had also observed that the clouds were becoming less and less plentiful in the distance. At that point I started thinking, “would I have to abandon the task?” The idea of potentially landing out over 100 km from home wasn’t appealing but I elected to re-evaluate the situation closer to my turnpoint.

Pressing on, at about 15 km away from Crystal City I saw decent looking clouds all the way to the turnpoint. Wanting to fly conservatively at this point, I dropped my MacCready to 0.5 and set off towards it at a speed just over the glider’s best L/D to conserve altitude. Fortunately, every cloud I flew under had consistent lift and I was able to stay high, grab my turnpoint and get on with the second leg. Despite the wind, I still managed to complete the first leg at 63.5 km/h. At this point it was almost 4 pm and some rough math told me that the next two legs would have to be very fast in order to get me home before the lift stopped.

The next leg was an absolute joy and it wasn’t long before my previous turnpoint was 40 km behind me. The wind was now my friend, helping me make the speed I needed to finish the task. Clouds and the wind first led me to take a more northeasterly path to my next turnpoint rather than easterly track my flight computer was trying to steer me towards. The nice thing about the second leg was that every kilometre I flew was getting me closer to home as well so if I elected to abandon the task, I wouldn’t be too far from Starbuck.

As is typical on hot days in Manitoba, towering cu developed further north towards the club as I flew my second leg. Even if I wanted to abandon the task now and go home, the required track would have taken me directly through a line of heavy showers which wasn’t an option. At that point, I really had no choice but to keep flying the task, hoping that when I did turn for home after my second turnpoint, I would somehow have a clear path straight back to the airfield.

Three-quarters of the way to my second turnpoint, I called 1W (Russ Flint) on the radio to see how he was doing. He pretty much ended up flying the same task as me and was 30 or so kilometres ahead. He was a good gauge of what to expect ahead. He reported excellent lift around the second turnpoint and his 8000 foot reported altitude gave me optimism. I pressed on to the second turnpoint and arrived there in good shape. The tailwind helped me achieve an average speed of 111 km/h on the second leg. To my surprise, it was only 4:50 pm. Things were looking good, provided I could actually get home.

Now came the dreaded leg home – 73 kilometres to go. I had been monitoring the situation to the north as I thermalled, trying to get a sense of whether or not I would have to divert on my way home or abandon the task altogether and land at another airport to avoid the storms. Russ had set out for home ahead of me and was making good headway. I could see sun on the ground for most of the way, which was a

good sign. I took any decent thermal to stay high. I didn’t know when or where the lift would shut down, so my strategy was just to get as high as possible, giving me the best chance of at least getting close to home.

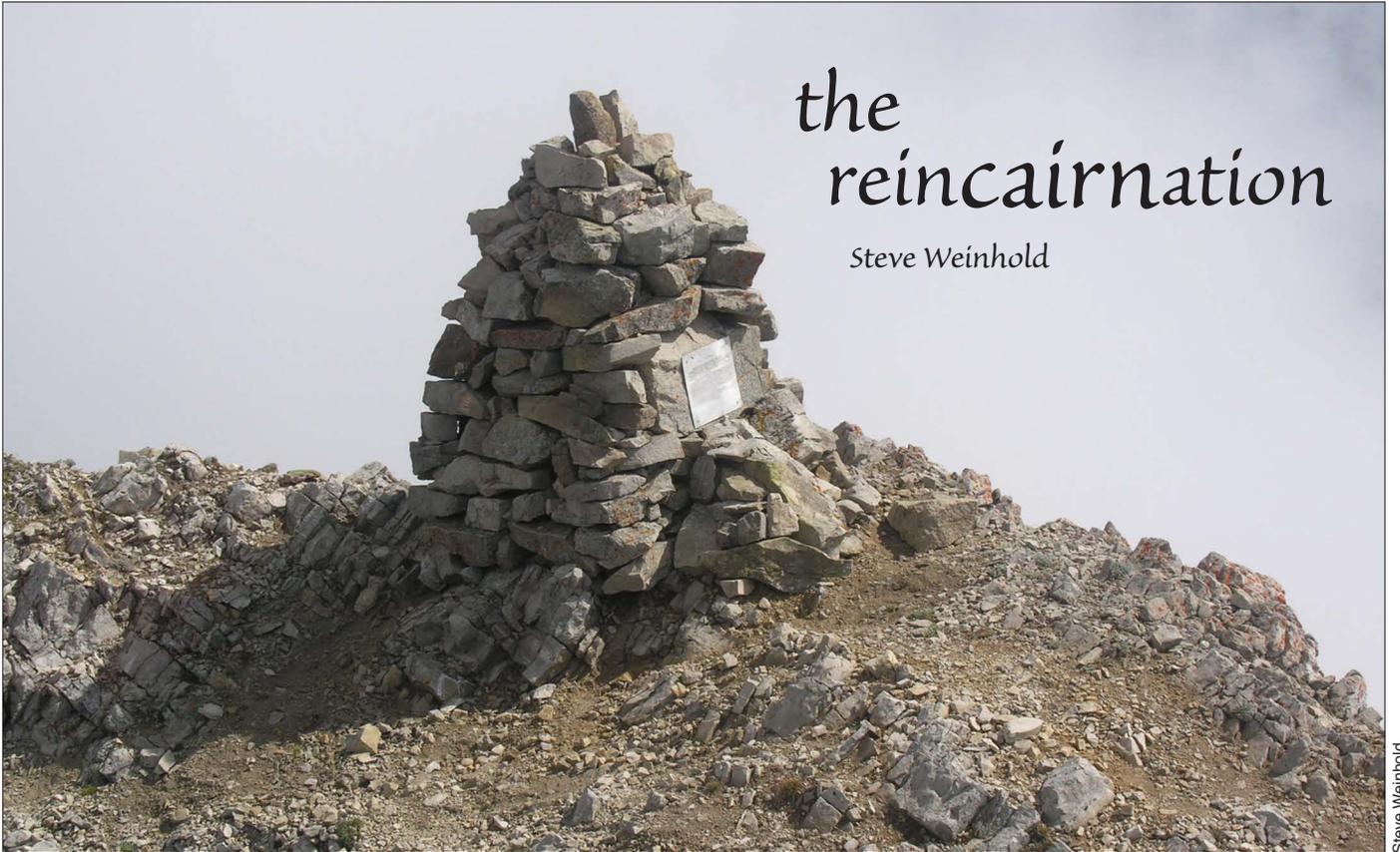
My experience is that the flight computer always lies. Whenever I think I have enough altitude, somehow any margin I have always seems to disappear. Today though, with the 40 km/h wind still at my back, I was surprised to see that I was actually making ground and my margin wasn’t fading away. At Morris, 45 kilometres from home, the view ahead was looking bleak and I took what I thought was going to be my last thermal as high as it could go. Black as the night sky ahead, I left the thermal towards the club at best L/D speed and prayed to the Soaring Gods that I wouldn’t hit any sink. The air was fairly buoyant in spite of the obvious lack of sun and I was able to maintain my altitude for a fairly reasonable distance. Crossing Highway 3 at Brunkild, with about 15 km to go, I hit some severe turbulence and some amazing lift. But I wasn’t about to stop and top up as I had more than enough altitude here. Flashes of lightning 30 km north were starting to make me nervous. I actually flew for about 5 km with my airbrakes open slightly at about 80 knots in order to avoid gaining any altitude.

Ten kilometres out, I called the club and let them know that I was in a good position and requested the wind direction and strength, which to my surprise were now easterly on the ground. I passed over the midpoint of the field at about 400 feet, dropping my water ballast while putting on a bit of a show for the folks on the ground. A quick left hand circuit to 08 and I was on the ground. I had finally finished a declared 300! No time to stop and celebrate. Heavy showers in the vicinity forced me to quickly get the glider to the trailer and derig. With the help of my dad and Les Brown, I derigged the 19 in record time, getting all the pieces into the trailer just as the first drops of rain were starting to fall.

At the clubhouse, my friends congratulated me on an excellent flight and were surprised to learn that I had never completed my Gold or Diamond Goal distances. I downloaded my flight and got it off to my OO for review. I completed my last leg at 109 km/h for a respectable average of 87 km/h over the task. I had arrived back at the field at 5:30 pm, completing my 315 km task in 3:37 hours.

So, long story short, I finally got my Gold and Diamond Goal distance legs completed, ten years into my cross-country career. And by chance, I also got my Silver climb which was something that I missed when I did my 50 km, 5 hour flight. So, almost nine years after starting my Silver badge, I have finally completed it! Icing on the cake.

This wasn’t my longest flight or my fastest flight, but it was no easy task and I’d like to think that the knowledge and skill I amassed on all of my non-declared flights just “floating” around the sky did help me complete the task. Most days I feel like things don’t go my way, but that day, the stars were definitely aligned in my favour. I’d like to send a special thank you to my partners for electing not to fly, which gave me this most memorable flight. ❖



Steve Weinhold

the reincarnation

Steve Weinhold

EARLY IN 1992 I LEFT CALGARY, relocating in Colorado for a new job opportunity. I didn't know then that it would also mark an end to the very active soaring life I had enjoyed for the previous twelve years at Cu Nim. It was there that I was introduced to this wondrous sport and be able to serve as both towpilot and instructor. Bonds were not totally severed thanks to the internet and the annual copy of *ASCent* from Tony Burton. The occasional email with fellow "bird-brained" individuals kept me up to date with developments at the club like the new clubhouse, which former Cu Nim member Dave Fowlow showed me one wintry day while I was visiting my brother in Calgary.

And so it was that in 2011 Dick Mamini alerted me to the fact that the wave soaring cairn on the 8364 foot peak of Centre Peak had fallen into a state of disrepair. This news, together with a general feeling of homesickness, compelled me to take a holiday and return to the Cowley summer camp in 2012, accompanied by my brother. I considered the practicality of perhaps making repairs to the cairn. For the full history of the cairn, go to page 166 of Ursula Wiese's excellent book, *Stalking the Mountain Wave*. You can find it online at www.soaring.ab.ca/Stalking%20the%20Mountain%20Wave.pdf.

On arriving at the camp, it was very evident that twenty years results in many changes, and yet there were also some similarities... a few familiar faces and of course, the gorgeous scenery and wonderful ambiance which is Cowley's essence. How can one not marvel at the power of a late afternoon thunderstorm followed by a magnificent rainbow over the Porkies unless, of course,

one is scrambling to derig to escape the ravages of a disgruntled Mother Nature!

Twenty years indeed. Centre Peak access from the west, which had been used in previous years, proved to no longer be a viable option. A side effect of oil and gas development in the area resulted in roads with locked gates to protect the public from potentially lethal hydrogen sulfide releases. One could bypass the gates on foot, but the end result was a substantial increase in hiking time to get to the base of the mountain. I had also read a 2010 *ASCent* article by the current Cu Nim president, Pablo Wainstein, in which a group had scaled Centre Peak from the east side. I pondered my options.

In the fall of 2012 Dick informed me that the ashes of a very long-time member of the club (Barry Bradley) had been scattered over Centre Peak by a helicopter drop. I had not considered this option but it made a lot of sense, given I was no longer the lad I was 24 years ago, so a plan developed. During an exchange with Dave he said that no matter what the plan, he wanted to participate. I contacted Dick who sent me information on the helicopter company and I made a commitment to return for Cowley Summer camp 2013. Besides, I wanted to introduce Pauline to Cowley as I am sure she was wondering just what it was about this place that held such a special allure for me.

Late July we left our home on a Thursday with our dog Boomer and arrived at Pincher Creek a day later in the midst of a heat wave. After stocking up with provisions and plenty of ice, we got to the campground at 7:35 pm

to discover we were the first and only ones there – but seeing the tied-down trailer for E2 as well as Tony’s tent, I knew this must be the opening weekend. On Saturday afternoon PCK arrived indicating the Summer camp was now officially open for business.

Dave had committed to taking time out of his hectic work schedule to come to Cowley so I scheduled a heli drop for that day given agreeable weather. We were very fortunate in obtaining the same pilot who took the Bradley family to the top last year to scatter Barry’s ashes. I would discover over the next few days why Stan was such an outstanding pilot. His previous career before joining Bighorn Helicopters was with the Canadian Coast Guard on the west coast where he had accumulated in excess of 20,000 hours in rotary wing craft. His finesse at the controls of the Jet Ranger was like watching a hummingbird in slow motion maneuvering from blossom to blossom. Very fluid with an uncanny precision.

Although there had been an early morning thunderstorm in Coleman, I informed Stan that Centre Peak was in the clear and later the hovering Jet Ranger deposited Dave and me on the ridgeline just south of the summit at 10:30. Before dropping us off, Stan had suggested that if changing conditions preclude recovering us from the mountain top, we should hike down to a gas plant on the west side where helicopter access would be possible.

Indeed, things looked different up here than when I was here the last time. Apart from the partially collapsed cairn, there was a stone plaque which sadly was broken. This plaque had been placed about twelve years ago by members of the Hucik family in memory of their father who pioneered at the east base of Centre Peak. We set about the task before us, further dismantling some of the stone cairn until it was down to a solid base. Now the reconstruction began, stone by stone, layer by layer. The aluminum soaring plaque was originally riveted to a sizeable stone, which now lay at the base of the cairn. It required both of us to lift this back into place on the south face of the cairn. How I was able to do this on my own in 1989? – can it be that time catches all of us! (*See the plaque text below*)

Within an hour of starting work, mist started to swirl about and we were being enveloped by cloud. I phoned Pauline back at camp who said that skies were clear at Cowley but that Centre Peak was no longer visible. By 1300 our reconstruction work was completed, a few photos taken and deci-

Cowley Wave Site

This cairn is dedicated to the memory of those pioneers who gave freely of courage and time to explore this mountain wave area along the Livingstone Range.

These individuals persevered both on the ground and in the air to make their dreams become reality. Their legacy must be respected and protected so that future generations might enjoy the benefits and exhilaration of one of the world’s foremost mountain wave soaring sites.

Soar high on silent wings; search out the serenity of space.

July 1987

sions needed to be made. The weather had not cleared off nor did it seem prudent to wait in anticipation that it might. The thought of descending the mountain in waning daylight wasn’t at all appealing so I texted Stan to inform him that Dave and I were starting the hike down the west side of the mountain. I also called Pauline to let her know our course of action. A text back from Stan informed us that he was currently on a project in Cranbrook but expected to be back in our area around 4 pm.

My plan hadn’t taken into account the possibility of hiking out, so we weren’t wearing good boots. Dave will attest to the fact that running shoes are a very bad choice when negotiating extensive scree slopes, particularly when descending, as often times one becomes a hapless participant in a scree avalanche. A sprained ankle would have added an entirely new “twist” to the adventure.

As we descended we found ourselves in a cell phone dead zone. By then, Dick had arrived at Cowley and Pauline told him what we were doing, so Dick planned to go and collect us from whatever oil field road we would be walking out on.

By the time Dave and I cleared the scree slopes, my legs were pleading for mercy. I found a couple of dead saplings and converted them into impromptu walking canes – what a relief! We abandoned the idea of going to the gas plant as it would require walking on a very rocky dry stream bed. I elected to head into the forest following a generally westerly direction I used on past hikes.

Now we were in an area where the cell phone worked intermittently and Pauline was able to inform us of Dick’s effort to attempt a retrieve. The snag with this plan was that she was to relay our GPS coordinates to Dick but we weren’t GPS equipped.

We continued bushwhacking westward through the forest and somewhat to my surprise connected with the seismic line that was the target of our effort. I now was positive of our location and knew that we had a 2 to 3 hour hike at most to get to Highway 3. Shortly after 4 pm the sound of a distant helicopter caught our attention. It flew up another valley and eventually out of earshot. The appearance of the helicopter prompted me to text Stan, leaving a message that although we were down off the mountain we would still take him up on his offer for a retrieve should he be available. Thus began a humorous exchange of texts:

5:12 Stan Looking for you but cannot see you.
5:19 Steve We are on a road in the valley west of the gas plant; have seen a Jet Ranger.
5:23 Stan That is me looking for you.
5:28 Steve Call us on 123.40 and we will guide you to us. (I had my handheld in the event some gliders might overfly Centre Peak.)

So we finally got picked up. The next cell phone exchange was not quite as funny. We had just landed at the helipad when I got a call. Assuming it would be Dick, I answered “Hi, Dick”, but the response was, “No, this is Jim from Search & Rescue”.

⇒ p28

Principles and standards of airmanship

from "The Marks of an Airman" by **Tony Kern**

Pilots need more than regulatory guidance, procedures, and word of mouth techniques to define – and become – experts. We need the same type of guiding principles that other fields enjoy to measure our progress on the road to airmanship excellence.

The principles are signposts and standards of airmanship development. Each principle of airmanship is followed by a standard by which to judge development. These standards are not quantifiable in the traditional sense, (ie. +/- 10 knots), but rather are qualitative measuring sticks for use in determining personal levels of airmanship. It is hoped that flyers who now understand the nature of good airmanship, will use these principles as tools to take the next step – personal action.

Here is a principle to consider: *Airmanship is uncompromising flight discipline.*

This principle needs little explanation. There is no room in good airmanship for intentional deviations from accepted regulations, procedures, or common sense. Violations of flight discipline creates a slippery downhill path towards habitual non-compliance. Once you take that first step in this direction with a willing and intentional deviation, you are far more likely to do it again. Good airmanship is not compatible with flight discipline violations of any kind or of any magnitude.

The standard: zero violations – zero tolerance.

It is not enough to practise good flight discipline, you must also make it clear that you do not tolerate poor flight discipline in others with whom you fly. This may be initially difficult as many feel uncomfortable confronting others, and value loyalty to friends above safety. However, real loyalty speaks out against unsafe practices, and makes it clear that poor flight discipline by anyone is unacceptable.

Real aviators [and that includes glider pilots] share a moral obligation to each other to maintain safe operating conditions.

Keep in mind, we all share the same sky.

"Break-off"

*Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of earth ...
... put out my hand, and touched
the face of God.*

from **High Flight** by John Gillespie Magee

In 1957, Clark and Graybiel reported that many military pilots flying at high altitude had a feeling of isolation, detachment, or physical separation from the earth. They coined the term "break-off" for this experience. Since then, this term has been used for any analogous experience in which a pilot feels a sense of dissociation from solid reality. A typical experience is one like John Gillespie Magee's, which inspired him to write his famous poem, *High Flight*. The first and last lines, printed above, epitomize the sense of "break-off."

Break-off is not a mental illness, nor is it delusional. Break-off is usually, but not always, experienced by single-seat pilots operating at high altitude and with low workload, such as a long-range transit flight with little to do. The lack of a well-marked horizon and the deep-blue sky above are other factors. According to the RAF Institute of Aviation Medicine, about two-thirds of the pilots who experience break-off are not particularly bothered by it. Some enjoy the sensation of remoteness from the world, citing it as one of the pleasures of flying, but a third find the experience disagreeable.

Break-off is, as we say, "within the very broad limits of normal," but if the pilot finds it noxious, it can lead to a fear or dislike of flying at high altitude.

The break-off sensation can be interrupted by redirecting the pilot's attention to something as simple as a cockpit check or a radio call. (Without stimulus, the mind wanders.)

It's probably related to break-off that some pilots report periods of great loneliness when flying solo at high altitude. William Bridgeman, who flew the Douglas Skyrocket, the first pilot to reach mach 1.7, wrote a biography in 1955 of his test flying titled, "The Lonely Sky" (a very well written book, lyrical and interesting).

Clark and Graybiel quote a paragraph from Bridgeman that exemplifies their definition of break-off: "Fifty-nine thousand, sixty

thousand, reeling off sixty-one thousand. I have left the world. There is only the ship to identify myself with, her vibrations are my own, I feel them as intensely as those of my body. Here is a kind of unreality mixed with reality that I cannot explain to myself. I have an awareness that I have never experienced before, but it does not seem to project beyond this moment ... and with this adrenalin-inflicted state floats the feeling of detachment."

My medical articles have been dedicated to showing you the many ways in which a skilled, well-intentioned pilot can wander into an accident. We are tripped up by our assumptions about what the air is doing, by the invisibility of turbulence and shear, by presumption about what other pilots will do, and faith in the accuracy of our (sometimes poorly-maintained) instruments. We regularly misperceive distance, shape, motion, and orientation due to the limits and operating characteristics of our senses and our perceptions.

We fly most safely when we are continually ready to be wrong – this is not a lack of confidence, nor is it safe to be indecisive because we might unknowingly be wrong. We simply need to have that little, quiet advisor standing beside the director's chair in our brain, saying, "What will you do next if you're wrong?" or, "Here's something that doesn't fit; let's re-think the situation."

I'm not aware that break-off has ever caused an aircraft accident – perhaps partly because it tends to happen at high altitude, where there's lots of space to recover from an upset and no conflicting traffic – it tends to be more likely when things are boring. On the other hand, break-off and the "giant hand" phenomenon are considered by accident researchers to be types of spatial disorientation, and thus are risks for accident.

On the safe side of soaring, perhaps we can count break-off and its variants among its many pleasures. When I began soaring, my only goal was to float mindlessly under the cu and take in the view. It was a brief, poignant disappointment to discover just how much learning, planning, and work are necessary in order to possess those occasional fleeting minutes of aeronautical nirvana, the "no worries, mate" moments.

Then I discovered how much delight is encompassed in learning about aerodynamics, weather, technique, navigation, and cross-country performance; mindless pleasure was no longer the goal. I don't know whether

break-off is related to other out-of-body experiences. I'm pretty sure it's not a near-death phenomenon, though with both, people tend to talk only about their pleasant visions – there's no point in frightening the children.

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Dr. Daniel Johnson

Common glider accidents in training – avoiding undershoots –

The following information is primarily aimed at instructors but all pilots can benefit. Most of this information is covered on the current SAC instructor courses. Based on the major accidents over the last decade in Canada, FT&SC has prepared a list of training points that instructors can use to mitigate the chance of having similar accidents with a student or will help students avoid similar accidents when the student is solo/post licence.

These points should be reviewed each spring by instructors. Further good references for these points is Derek Piggott's *Gliding Safety and Understanding Gliding*, available at most glider pilot supply sources.

- First, good demonstration circuits by instructors are required.
- Make a habit of demonstrating your approach by planning to use 1/2 to 3/4 air brakes (the center of the approach funnel). This allows students to be above or below a normal approach.
- Have students pick a reference point far enough down the landing area to provide a suitable landable undershoot area.
- Teach students they must first establish an overshoot before they open air brakes (reference point moves down in field of view).
- If detecting an undershoot on the approach (reference point moving up in field of view), teach them to close air brakes and re-establish overshoot then open only enough air brake to prevent overshoot by keeping reference point steady (not moving up or down).

... SSA 2014 Convention from page 5

"FLARM updated for 2014" – Production of a cheaper PowerFLARM without ADS-B, IGC approval, transponder detection, or engine noise level. Production of units with audio output for headsets in motorgliders. Adoption of PowerFLARM by Australian firefighting aircraft, and news of a trial of FLARM by BC firefighting aircraft – possibly an entry into general aviation.

Henrik Svensson spoke about "The Swedish Flight Safety Approach" – he is a professional instructor employed by their version of SAC, and he visits clubs, conducts courses, and is empowered to pull their insurance from any club not following the guidelines... very interesting.

In my opinion, the best talk was "Rescue and Water Landing" by John Good, who is famous for flying on the Allegheny Ridges. He described three accidents – one fatal, one with serious injury, and one where a pilot with no options landed in a river – from the perspective of how to interact with the county Search & Rescue and national SAR assets in the States, to assist in saving friends who have crashed.

He covered recommended safety gear, and overall, it was the shortest 45 talk I've ever been to. If you get the chance to see it, go!

During the safety stand-down – which was standing room only, I estimate 1500 people there – I jotted down notes as it ran very quickly.

- Large number of enroute fatalities – why?
- What can you do with pilots who do not self-criticize?
- Contest Safety – by Uvalde Contest Director – Daily Safety Talk; Safety stand-down after crashes; safety talks during cross-country clinics.
- Smart people sometimes do stupid things.
- Several doctors spoke about confidential reporting (done by doctors on each other), wondering if it would be worth-

- Teach a stabilized approach (airspeed and rate of descent constant to reference point).
- Have students practise over/undershoot control before teaching approach in the circuit.
- As the instructor, be prepared to stabilize the approach if the student does not adequately respond to verbal cues.
- Instructor must monitor the approach throughout (no distractions).
- Have student check speed control often

while. Used in the military aviation side.

- "Only perfect practice makes perfect" (not practice makes perfect) – a plea to fly with an instructor occasionally.
- How to empower youth members during safety meetings – front line for safety.
- Explain the "why's", not just the "not's".
- Remove incentives to be unsafe in contest flying.
- A comment overheard: "The OLC posting has changed the way I fly – my students can see my flights now."
- Interesting t-shirt for sale: "Quit whining on the radio and fly".

Of course, there is also the convention floor, dripping in millions of dollars of new glass (ASH-31, Arcus, Duckhawk, and so on). Vendors with demos of all the new nav computers, analysis programs, parachutes, wing wheels, towbars – oh, my – bring a bigger suitcase. Books, videos, t-shirts, booths for famous soaring sites... but, for my money, it is the speaker tracks that are the reason to go.

One interesting safety item was LED anti-collision lights. I understand Schleicher has these as an option, and LX has a controller box to either be on all the time, or when your FLARM goes to alert mode (since they draw 0.6 amps). I posted a video to the SAC Forum... very interesting. It was on an electric Silent.

Where next? 2016 SSA Convention, 11-14 Feb 2016, Greenville, SC. Perhaps not the best Valentine's gift ever, but if you remember to get flowers ...

A final thought. About a third of the SSA Convention is dedicated to safety – an acknowledgement that, to the SSA Board, it is important to them. There has been a shift towards safety in the SSA in the last four years. I believe I was offered a 15 minute window to brief safety at our AGM. I recommend the next National Safety Officer be allocated an hour to make it worth doing the work to get a presentation together. Let's be safe out there, folks! ❖

- (every 3–4 seconds) during the approach.
- Teach how to identify wind ground speed at circuit altitudes.
- Teach when and how to modify the circuit and not get lulled into using ground reference to judge turn to base leg (most common issue on windy days).
- On strong wind days make base turns within the runway boundary fence.

Dan Cook, chairman FT&S committee

Searching for Francis Popp tales from the past – 1964

Ulli Werneburg, GGC

IN 1964 THE CANADIAN NATIONALS were held at SOSA Gliding Club at Brantford, Ontario. I was able to attend in the capacity of go-fer and general "hanger-on". Many illustrious pilots attended including Roy Gray (Ka6CR, CF-ZDU), Jack Ames (Standard Austria), Willi Deleurant (Std. Austria-S, CF-PDM), Dave Webb (Skylark 4, CF-OUO), Peder Mortensen (Musger), Dave Parsey (Foka) and Charles Yeates (Std. Austria, CF-PZP). There were also a few American pilots including the famous Dick Schreder, flying his new HP-11A design. Among them was Francis Popp from Wurtsboro, flying a BG-12.

The weather turned out to be reasonable, with weak to good conditions. This was still the time of straight out tasks which were often set on days when closed tasks were considered too difficult to complete due to high winds or weak conditions.

About six days into the contest the task committee chose to set such a free distance task. The forecast was for blue conditions with strong southwest winds. Launching began and most pilots managed to stay up and get on their way, inevitably downwind to the east or northeast. However, Francis Popp wasn't one of them. He took a relight, and then another. On his last attempt, at about 4 pm, he managed to connect and was seen thermalling up to about 5000 feet.

As the day went on we began to get landing reports, some from respectable distances away such as beyond Peterborough, about 200 km northeast of Brantford, and well past Rochester, NY. (In those years we could fly essentially unimpeded into the US – the border Customs officers seemed to have little concern about unscheduled glider "intrusions" into the USA). Eventually, all had called in with the exception of Francis Popp.

As evening came and still no news from Francis, the organizers (John Kelly and Norm Jull) began to get worried. A call was put to the RCAF Search & Rescue Unit to alert them to the situation. Radio stations were asked to broadcast the story, asking that if anyone had heard or seen the glider or pilot to report to the search center. Search crews for checking out any leads were put on standby. In fact, several calls came in and cars were dispatched to check out the leads. Nothing was discovered even though a number of search missions were sent out during the night.

Next morning an aerial search was started. Because of the free distance task, it was impossible to zero in on a likely direction and therefore all of southern Ontario within about 100 km of Brantford had to be searched. All the towplanes plus other planes on the airport were assigned to the task. The Canadian and US Coast Guards as well as the US Civil Air Patrol also participated. The area was divided into quadrants and each plane was told to fly its quadrant in parallel passes of 2-3 miles apart. Observers were assigned

to each plane. As night came, these flights were stopped without any results. However, telephone reports of landing gliders continued to come in and had to be checked out by the ground crews.

On the morning of the second day, the search flights resumed. Finally, shortly before noon a young man hunting groundhogs came upon the glider wreckage about 30 miles northeast of Brantford. As it happened, at the same time one of the search planes flew overhead and, seeing the young man waving, reported that the pilot was alive. However, when police and an ambulance arrived on the scene the true report that the pilot was dead soon reached Brantford. The glider had evidently spun in from a low altitude, killing him instantly.

In spite of this sad event it was decided to fly a last contest day, in the best conditions of the entire championship.

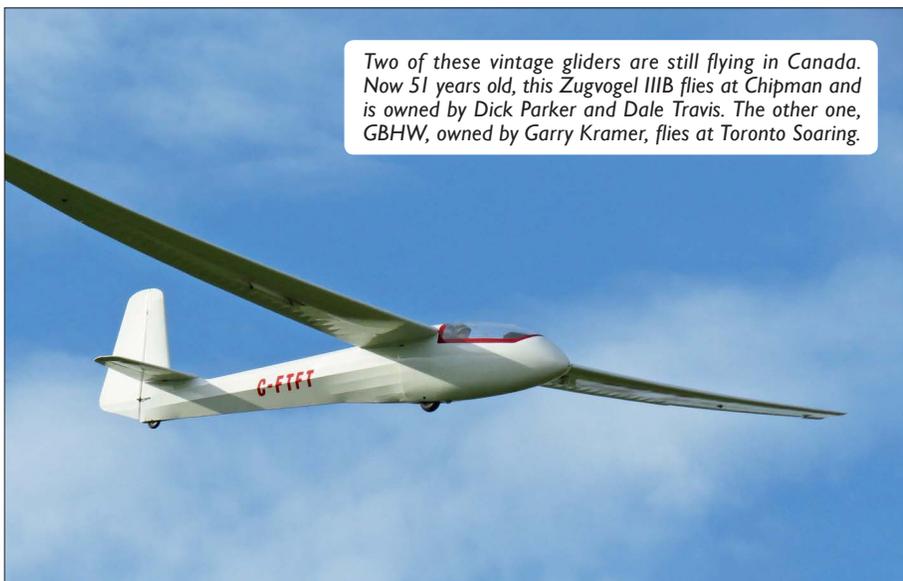
The contest was won by Dave Webb, followed by Peder Mortensen, Charles Yeates, Johann Kuhn (US, Ka6CR), Roy Gray and Dick Schreder. As you can see, the Skylark 4, the Ka6CR and the Standard Austria were the superships of the day. Schreder's HP-11A had a better glide performance than any of them but wasn't quite as good in the climb.

Another lasting memory I have of this event was the 50 km Silver distance flight by Peter Trounce in, guess what, a 10-metre span Ka-3 glider of which he was part owner with my brother Hal.

A group at MSC decided to organize, as much as possible now, a history of their club. From this it has broadened to try and capture gliding history in Canada from the oldtimers where they can be found, and from photos in albums hidden up on the top shelf of closets everywhere. Ulli Werneburg and Bob Katz are actively working on this, hoping to get stories written by those involved or even to have them recorded and transcribed later. These small histories can be saved as a blog, or be distributed in any other way that works. This contest story could be the first of an ongoing series.

The 1-26 Travelling Trophy

The 1-26 Travelling Trophy was set up around 1990 at York Soaring by then club member Sam Whiteside. He had the glider cast by a silversmith at the Harborfront Artist's Studios in Toronto, got the piece of granite from a maker of tombstones and assembled it himself. Dixon Moore was the first claimant, flying up from SOSA, and he continued to encourage his club beginners to fly for it. As



Two of these vintage gliders are still flying in Canada. Now 51 years old, this Zugvogel IIIB flies at Chipman and is owned by Dick Parker and Dale Travis. The other one, GBHW, owned by Garry Kramer, flies at Toronto Soaring.

Dick Parker

far as rules go, there really were none; just fly a Schweizer 1-26 to the club that had it, get your name signed into the trophy log and take it away in its custom carrying case. Didn't even have to fly back home.

In recent times the trophy has been immobile at YSA due to lack of challengers from surrounding clubs. The dwindling number of 1-26 club gliders is the main reason. I propose one small change to the rules that would re-energize trophy activity: instead of being required to arrive to claim the trophy in a Schweizer 1-26 glider, challengers would henceforth be allowed to arrive to claim the trophy in any glider up to Standard Class.

Recently, Sam Whiteside wrote: "Hi again, Tim. I hope this finds you well and getting ready for next soaring season! I know I'm ready for it. Our weather is running between snow showers and 60-70 degrees for the next week. It should switch to good flying condition, either wave or thermal any day now. I have the Nimbus ready to go back on line in two weeks.

With the diminishing 1-26 fleet, I'd be pleased to have you use the trophy to encourage XC beginners in an up-to-15m standard glider, as you suggest. At this distance of time and miles, I really don't have a lot of claim to what happens to it except the original intention was to encourage and reward beginners by having their name in the log of claimants – something to look back on in later years. This log was on loose sheets attached to the bottom of the trophy and may be lost by now. (It is still there.)

I had a marvelous time during the years I spent at York Soaring and wish I could do it all over again. Please give my best regards to everyone at York. Have a great 2013 season!" (Sam Whiteside is now living in Minden, Nevada and is an active cross-country pilot in the Sierra Nevada mountains. He flies a big Nimbus, but has always been a big 1-26 fan.)

Great Lakes and SOSA agree with the proposed changes, as does our club President, Stan Martin, and Sam Whiteside. *Free Flight* articles on the Travelling Trophy are in issues 6/05, 1/06, and 4/09. Check them out online in the *Free Flight* Archive.

York Soaring is pleased to encourage glider pilots from other clubs, particularly cross-country beginners, to fly in and claim the trophy, so that York Soaring pilots can come and take it back. Get your name entered into the trophy's log and join an illustrious company of earlier pilots!

Tim Wood

Perceived risk

At the Alberta Soaring Council spring safety seminar, I was struck (no pun intended) by the statement by a pilot present that he had no idea of all the other aircraft in the sky until he turned his FLARM on for the first time. This was an interesting comment because, while his *perception* of risk had jumped, the *actual* risk (absent actually having any other aircraft around) had not. I'm not taking anything away from the usefulness of FLARM in avoiding the collision risk with other gliders, after all, they are the aircraft that are most likely to be [deliberately] the closest to you. I'm reminded of the famous paper that Phillip Wills wrote to the British airspace people back in the early days of the push to enlarge controlled airspace for the purpose of "increased safety" – and that's never-ending. It appeared in his excellent book, *Free as a Bird*, and it is all a VERY GOOD read if you can find a copy.

Wills presented an analysis of the probability of a collision between a glider and any other powered traffic in uncontrolled airspace in the whole of southern England where most gliders flew. He used uncontrolled airspace for the practical reason that that was where almost all glider flights took place, and for the mathematical reason that aircraft movement in that space could be considered random, hence amenable to statistical examination. All the necessary factors were considered: total volume of airspace, the collision cross-

section of two aircraft, average traffic density, time of day, etc.

The result was that the chance of a [random] collision was microscopic compared to any other daily event that was likely to kill you. It has been compared to two darts players deliberately trying to hit the other's dart in flight. Wills challenge to the airspace people was that, since general/sport aviation aircraft tend to avoid controlled airspace if they can, any increase in this airspace must then increase the traffic density in uncontrolled airspace – their "increased safety" argument increased the actual collision hazard where most of us fly.

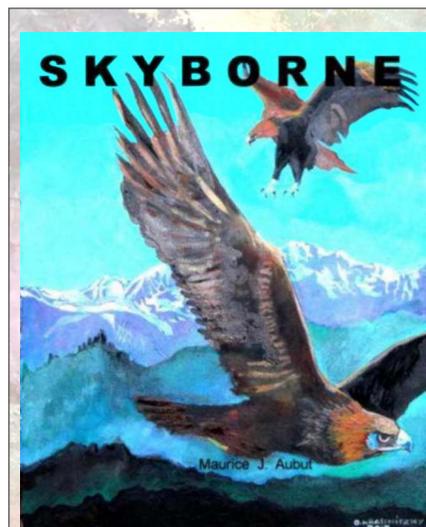
The actual collision risk becomes significant where flight is *not* random: controlled airspace, airways, out-and-return task tracks, ridge flying, the circuit – anywhere your flight path is being funnelled. This is where the risk goes up and where FLARM assists your lookout the most.

Tony Burton

Tech talk at the SSA convention

There were many very interesting technical presentations at the SSA Convention this spring.

- There was a report on the OSTIV Sailplane Development Panel Meeting in Toulouse, France, and reports on how, for example, sailplane cockpits continue to be made safer, and how future changes can be made without adversely affecting performance.
- Loek Boermans spoke on "Turbulators



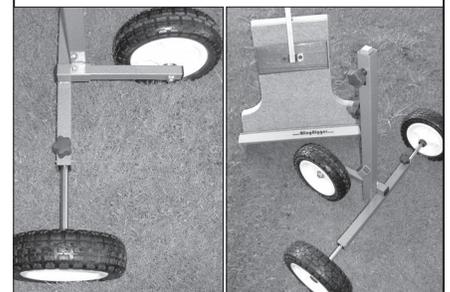
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in Practice” and how low-speed wind tunnel testing is allowing for improved real-world performance increases (things like the differences in cost of blowholes vs turbulator tape and their relative drag).

- Mark Maughmer spoke on “*The Evolution of Sailplane Wing Design*” – he is a (the?) world expert on wringing more performance from the new wings.
- Michael Grenier of Alexander Schleicher (the G in ASG 29) described the new 20m ASG 32 – their answer to the SH Arcus.
- Al Bowers talked on “*On the minimum induced drag of wings*”,
- Dan Armstrong spoke on “*WinDancer ultralight wing design*”,
- Tilo Holighaus of Schempp-Hirth talked about news from his factory.
- Richard Starke of the JS-1 factory spoke on “*Certification Flight Testing of a High Performance 21m Sailplane*” – the JS-1C.
- For those winching, there was an interesting talk on “*Line Force Measurement on a Winch Launch*” – which might lead to an instrument to read line force in the winch – making launches more consistent and safe.

I don’t know where else you could get a gathering like this, where you meet (and have dinner with) people whose names are famous throughout soaring.

Dan Daly

Successful 5th FAI Grand Prix

The final of the fifth series of the FAI Sailplane Grand Prix has been completed at Sisteron, France. This edition ended on 16 May and was called a great success with eight fiercely-contested competition days, a record number for a GP final.

From Day 1, this championships looked like being a battle for first place between Didier Hauss of France, who snatched the two last days, and Sebastian Kawa, Poland, the reigning world champion and winner of the three first GP finals. Australia’s Bruce Taylor won Day 3 and climbed to third place close behind the leaders after winning Days 3, 5 and 6 and seemed a possible podium contender. Fellow Australian, Graham Parker, won Race 4, showing that the Australians have learned how to race in the testing mountain environment, so different from their native flatland racing.

The first two competition days were flown in mostly thermal conditions but from Day 3, the northwesterly wind, a feature of the area, became strong and the races were flown at low levels using the energy available on the mountain ridges with three of the races won at average speeds in excess of 130 kilometres



Seen at the SSA convention: 15m *Duckhawk*, the SV model designed with very high cruising speed as its main feature. 435 lb empty, a +11/-9 g wing (rough air 160 kts, V_{Ne} 200 kts). One model has an even higher rough air and V_{Ne} airspeed!

per hour. The fastest race was won by Bruce Taylor at 139 km/h and the slowest, on the very difficult second day, was won by Didier Hauss at only 65 km/h.

The interesting and varied tasks really tested these world’s-best glider pilots who had qualified at sites around the world. At the start of the last race, any of the top four pilots were in a position to win the title but Didier Hauss prevailed to win the day just ahead of Sebastian Kawa in a very tense and engaging race which was absolutely spell-binding to watch on the big screen back at the airfield, thanks to the tracking technology switching between 2D and 3D views of the flagged pilots backed by the Google Earth scenery they were actually fighting over.

Expert commentary by Shaun Lapworth, given further weight by former world champions Brian Spreckley (GB) and Eric Napoléon (France), added to the nail-biting tension especially at the crucial and difficult final turnpoint. The cirrus which came through shutting out the sun and totally cutting off thermals in certain areas some two hours earlier than forecast, created a milky-white late-afternoon sky and some difficulties for late arrivers.

The beauty and drama of glider racing at this level with the added enhancement of being able to follow the whole thing on the tracking system has finally laid to rest the argument that glider competitions are of no interest to media or public because once they have flown away, no one knows what is happening till they come back! The next Grand Prix may have on-board video available.

There were record crowds on the first three days in an area well-used to gliding events as

well as thousands of followers on Facebook and Twitter. It is clear that a good product, attractive to both media and public, has been created with the Sailplane Grand Prix format which is available for careful exploitation and further development. Complete results are available at <<http://www.sgp.aero/results/overall-results>>. All the championship races are available and can be rerun at www.sgp.aero, “day’s highlights” videos and many photos of the event are also available on this site.

Grand Prix events are covered similar to the America Cup yacht races and really absorbing. There is similar jockeying for position at the start, and the first across the finish line is the winner. Follow all the action on upcoming qualifying competitions at <www.sgp.aero> or on Twitter using @faisgp.

Contest letters

I would like to pass along a couple of notes about this database to everyone.

First, the contest letter database could use an update. If you have sold a glider or know of someone who has sold a glider on the list please send me a message. Also, if you have reserved letters and have not passed on the registration or associated club please send me a message.

The contest letter database is used primarily by the Sporting committee to ensure that the same contest letters are not used in a SAC sanctioned contest. If this happens, the pilot without the reserved letters is responsible to make a change. Usually this is done by adding a 1 to the letters or changing one of the letters using tape. For example, 44 could be changed to 441 or possibly A4.

It would not be advisable to have two gliders in the same area with the same letters but if there is a glider on the other side of the country using the same letters and one of the gliders doesn't fly contests, there should be no conflict.

If you reserve a contest letter without an associated glider, the reservation is only good for one year. I have not been actively deleting old reservations so if you are interested in a letter that is reserved, send me an email and I will let you know if it has expired or when it will expire.

It is best to use the form that is linked at the bottom of the contest letters page on the SAC website as it is sent to my in-box with a contest letters marking and not my spam, or you can email me at: <christophermgough@gmail.com>.

Chris Gough

the Free Flight CD

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It's probably not possible to exceed this record haul!

Australian pilot Lisa Trotter visited Tocumwal in December last year with a record flight in mind. On the 20th, flying a Std. Class LS-8, she completed a 1000 km FAI triangle. Her goal was to exceed the Female World triangle distance record and the Australian Standard Class record in the General category set by Andy Pybus back in 1986.

After completing her 10-hour flight and getting to work on the claim, she was surprised to discover that the task that day picked up a total of *thirty-one* World, Continental, and Australian national distance and speed records! She noted that while many of the records were Female records (some of which were not too hard to exceed), six of the records were in the General category.

The list included 8 World and Continental records, 4 Australian in the General Std. Class, 5 each in the Female Standard, 15m, and 18m Class records, and 4 in Open Class.

Female records give women visibility and she said that she was pleased to push the standards higher for those records.

from *Soaring NZ*

† Dick Georgeson

Dick Georgeson, a pioneer figure in world and New Zealand gliding, passed away 27 March at 91. Wave flying made him famous. Following WWII, he returned to New Zealand after having learned to glide in England. In 1950 when he was 28, he imported only the second glider into NZ, a Slingsby *Prefect*.

Living under the immense Nor'west Arch, he began to explore the possibilities of flying in wave at a time when almost nothing was known of their structure and power. He was the world pioneer of distance flying in wave. Dr. Joachim Kuettnner had used wave to climb high then turn downwind for distance, but Dick was the first to "surf" the wave for extended crosswind flight. His first demonstration of this was in his second glider, a *Weihe*, in 1953 with a flight up to 22,000 feet from Christchurch to Dunedin.

In 1960 he made his remarkable World altitude record of 36,100 feet in his *Skylark 3*, a flight that included extended flight in cloud and iced-up controls. His favourite World record was in 1978, a 1300 km flight across almost the full extent of both South and North Islands. He was determined – it was his 27th attempt at it!

from *Soaring NZ*



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Oh no!, emergency response had been called; that could lighten my wallet. I was relieved when Jim turned the phone over to Dick and I got the rest of the story. Assuming that Dave and I might be hiking all the way to Highway 3, I had told Pauline that we would be arriving in Bellevue, but I really meant Blairmore. And so it happened that Dick stopped in Bellevue to seek advice regarding any oilfield road north of town. The annual street fair was in progress and SAR were manning the barbecue grill. Dick happened to catch the SAR chief who in turn offered to try my cell phone in case it was in range.

Back at Cowley I did my best to make amends with Pauline and downplay any potential hazard in the afternoon's activities. Dave had to make his way back to Calgary. After reliving the day's events, Dick also left for home in Coleman.

That night I was awakened by a knock on the door of the motorhome. It was Dick; heavy rain in the Crowsnest Pass had resulted in a multi-car pileup and the highway would be closed all night and he was cut off from his home. All in all, this had been a particularly stimulating day for all involved!

bombing raid against Chimera. Chimera was a flame-throwing monster with three heads and a dragon's tail. According to mythology, Bellerophon bombed the Chimera from the air with spears, escaping her anti-aircraft fire. After completing the mission he returned safely to base. The British Navy's man-of-war, *Bellerophon*, was famous during the Napoleonic wars. Unfortunately, this Homeric hero is forgotten in the history of flight.

As the long weekend approached it occurred to me that it would be a nice gesture to give Pauline a helicopter ride up to the cairn to help her understand its significance to me. Because of Dick's rescue efforts, I extended an invitation to him also.

So on Sunday Stan took the three of us on a scenic tour starting with an aerial view of the Cowley airstrip, followed by an up close and personal view of both Centre Peak (the title photograph was taken then) and Crowsnest Mountain. We saw mountain sheep on Centre Peak and a mountain goat on Crowsnest Mountain. It was Pauline's first-ever helicopter ride and it left an indelible impression on her.

Leave aside such military history, the history of flight is totally unfair to the long distance pilot Phrixus. Phrixus takes off with the transport "Golden Ram", a golden-haired flying ram. The sole passenger aboard is his sister, Helle. The flight reaches the limits of the then known world, Colchis, located in the Caucasus.

During the flight Helle gets dizzy while flying through turbulence and falls off her seat, as she probably didn't fasten her seat belt. Once again history is unjust - Helle is killed and becomes famous. Her name is given to a sea (Hellespont), a glorious battle of the Greek navy, and a contemporary Greek warship. But what about Phrixus, the wise and able pilot who completed the long distance flight to Colchis? The Golden Fleece of his ram is very well known, but who knows Phrixus? He is totally forgotten.

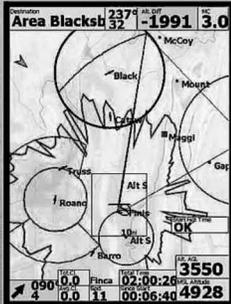
Greek mythology has many flying heroes who deserve to be glorified and become idols for the younger generation of pilots. Our persistence in repeating just the story of Icarus is unfair to the other able fliers of antiquity.

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The L-23 was given a brief inspection at the Air Museum at the Edmonton City Centre airport and we then crossed the street for noodles – how seven people can eat lunch with drinks for under \$40 is difficult to believe. We then sped off to Camrose to meet the Berg owner at Timmy's. Having never met the man or knowing what he drove, we had to approach every person entering the restaurant at the appointed time. Since he was ten minutes late, we spoke to a number of individuals that afternoon. Once we found our host we headed out to his farm to see the aircraft and to meet "the dog". I know a dog is considered man's best friend, but this dog was a little too friendly and very persistent. Fortunately for the rest of us, the 90 lb German Shepard took a real liking for Ethan so the rest of us could concentrate on the objective of the visit.

The covered trailer and Berge had been sitting in the pasture for ten years or more, and the trailer could no longer be considered covered and, like our hangar, it appeared to have succumbed to snow load many years ago. A look at the glider indicated some dirty and weathered wings, and a fuselage with a cracked canopy from the trailer collapse. We weren't optimistic there would be much of any use in there, and disposal would be our problem if we could come to an agreement on value and get it out of there. The owner said it wasn't going anywhere soon and to call him with an offer when we were ready.

We discussed its value and decided that an offer of \$1000 would be appropriate, we could probably find enough value in all the parts and pieces, but if there was any significant issues, we weren't out a significant amount of money. Jerry was tasked with making the offer since he had spoken with the owner the most. He called and made the offer, to which the owner responded he would remove the instruments and burn it before accepting. My dad must be a great negotiator because he convinced the owner that that talk was just foolish and explained why our offer was better than nothing. He finally agreed and we started to plan the recovery from the field.

It was decided to put the Berge trailer onto another flat bed trailer because we doubted the roadworthiness of the glider trailer. Dale, Ethan, Jerry, and Mark volunteered to go get the glider out of the pasture. It took six hours and some inventive thinking to get it back to Innisfail. Like most of these road trips, home by dinner was the plan, not after 9 pm which is what really happened!

I had also started serious discussions with SOSA after our club meeting voted to pursue the purchase of the Puchacz. A price was agreed to and I used my ability to fly at reasonable expense to visit with John Brennan at SOSA and inspect the Puchacz which was sitting at XU aviation in London. I arrived in Hamilton around midnight Thursday, grabbed some sleep, and John picked me up the next morning for the drive to London. A quick inspection, some negotiation and a bill of sale was signed and check presented. We now had an L-23 and a Puchacz in the fleet again. The next project is importing the K-7, but we will relax a bit on that for a few weeks.

We had decided the Bergfalke would stay in storage until we had the time and motivation to take a look at it, but having an unknown package wrapped in tarps is just too much temptation for any pilot, so we decided to empty the trailer and see what we had. The glider was filthy, and the trailer was rotting and falling apart so extracting the wings and fuselage was a challenge while trying not to injure any of the participants or cause further damage to the aircraft.

Once it was out of the trailer, some water and rags were used to clean things up, and the left wing that we really needed didn't look too bad. A little cleanup, some paint touch up and a thorough inspection may be all that is required to have it serviceable provided it would mate with the other wing and fuselage. Jerry and Gordon cleaned and painted, and I inspected. We then tried to fit the wing to our fuselage and other wing, and it all went together! What was anticipated to be a multi-year project was completed in a matter of weeks and we now had one of our original two-seaters back in serviceable condition. The 2-22 was relegated to the shed behind the hangar; I'm not certain our club will fly it again.

So we now own four two-seaters: a Puchacz, L-23, K-7, and our old but new Bergfalke.

The next project concerns what will happen with the hangar, which is very uncertain. That story is still being written so you may see it in the next issue once we find out where the County and its insurance stands on the issue. They may offer it to us as-is, but a load of innovative thinking is needed on that.

Our Puchacz arrived on 5 June from SOSA. A relative of a club member offered to drive out to Ontario and pick it up for gas money and a few expenses. Once again ESC came through by loaning us their Puchacz trailer on short notice so we could take advantage of the generous and helpful offer. ❖

and I had my glider safely in the trailer and driving away from La Roche-de-Rame.

As we pulled into the airport at Saint-Crépin and drove along a row of parked trailers, I looked toward some gliders near the runway; one of them looked very familiar. The 'PW' on the tail of the Ventus-2 confirmed my hunch, it was Patrick Wright, my best friend from Fayence, an Englishman who had also made the south of France his home, and apparently had only made it a few kilometres farther than I did. When I called his BlackBerry to welcome him to Saint-Crépin, he asked how I knew that he had *vached*. I replied with a wave, "Look to your left!"

Patrick and I agreed to share the club's bunkhouse, and to glide back to Fayence tomorrow. We grabbed our overnight bags from our gliders, and then tucked them in for the night. After cleaning up and making phone calls to our better-halves, we walked over to the airport restaurant where we found the local pilots enjoying their beverages at the picnic tables outside. Gilles pulled a pint away from his mouth leaving behind a foamy beard when he saw us coming. "Krees!" he said to me, pronouncing my name with a strong French accent, "pleeze, seet!" as he made room for us on the bench. Jean-Yves waved the waiter over to take our order, and within minutes Patrick and I were the celebrities of the day with everybody holding their pints to the sky welcoming us to their neck of the woods.

That evening was just as magical as the first half of my flight. The French are passionate about soaring, but they're obsessive about dining! Jean-Yves insisted I have the *sanglier en daube* (stewed wild boar), while Patrick took the safer bet with the *magret de canard* (duck breast) and roasted potatoes. Of course dessert was mandatory, and we both accepted the waiter's recommendation for the *tarte du jour*, an apple pie. The war stories continued late into the night as tiki-torches lit up the animated faces of our hosts. While it hadn't been the day that I had hoped for, it turned out to be one of my favourites. ❖

Chris writes: I first visited Fayence on a soaring vacation in 2005, and was instantly humbled and addicted to Alpine soaring. When I returned to the US, I nearly refused to fly with my students because I felt as if I was a fraud – the French had shown me how little I knew about soaring! In 2008 I moved to France with my Discus-2, and I've never looked back. I have an FAI Diamond Badge with over 15,000 hours flying experience between airplanes and gliders.

FAI badges

Walter Weir

3 Sumac Court, Burketon, RR2, Blackstock, ON L0B 1B0
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These badges & badge legs were recorded in the Canadian Soaring Register during the period 15 November 2013 to 10 June 2014.

GOLD BADGE

337 Conrad Lamoureux Cu Nim

SILVER BADGE

1079 Steve Hogg Cu Nim
1080 Conrad Lamoureux Cu Nim
1081 Marc Briau MSC

DIAMOND DISTANCE (500 km flight)

Steve Hogg Cu Nim 501.1 ASW-20B Invermere, BC

DIAMOND GOAL & GOLD DISTANCE (300 km flight)

Steve Hogg Cu Nim 393.9 ASW-20B Invermere, BC
Conrad Lamoureux Cu Nim 316.4 O.Cirrus Chipman, AB

SILVER DISTANCE (50 km flight)

Steve Hogg Cu Nim 94.5 ASW-20B Invermere, BC
Conrad Lamoureux Cu Nim 158.2 O.Cirrus Chipman, AB
Marc Briau MSC 52.7 ASW-24 Hawkesbury, ON

SILVER/GOLD DURATION (5 hour flight)

Steve Hogg Cu Nim 5:23 ASW-20B Invermere, BC
Conrad Lamoureux Cu Nim 5:15 O.Cirrus Chipman, AB
Marc Briau MSC 7:07 DG 303 Hawkesbury, ON

SILVER ALTITUDE (1000 m height gain)

Steve Hogg Cu Nim 1533 ASW-20B Invermere, BC
Marc Briau MSC 1692 DG 303 Hawkesbury, ON

C BADGE (1 hour flight)

3025 Antoine Latulippe Champlain 1:59 L-33 Solo St Dominique, QC
3026 Steve Hogg Cu Nim 5:23 ASW-20B Invermere, BC
3027 Rafael Rodriguez Quebec 1:34 Grob 102 St Raymond, QC
3028 Marc Briau MSC 4:20 ASW-24 Hawkesbury, ON

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Note: item 5 not stocked – external purchase approval is given

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3	FAI SILVER badge, pin	\$50.00
4	FAI GOLD badge, gold plate pin	\$60.00
5	FAI badge Diamonds – check with Badge Chairman	
6	FAI Gliding Certificate 10 for \$39.00 to clubs	\$10.00
	Processing fee for each FAI application form submitted	\$15.00
36	FAI SILVER badge, cloth 3" dia.	\$12.00
37	FAI GOLD badge, cloth 3" dia.	\$12.00

Order through the SAC office (and should be available from your club)

33	FAI 'A' badge, silver plate pin	\$ 3.00
34	FAI 'B' badge, silver plate pin	\$ 3.00
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Windpath North American dealer for SZD-54-2 Perkoz, SZD 51-1 Junior, SZD-59 Acro, and SZD55-1. Also MDM-1 Fox, PW-6, PW-5, and Avionic trailers. Jerzy Szemplinski, <www.windpath.ca>, <info@windpath.ca>, (905) 848-1250.

magazines

GLIDING AUSTRALIA – the bimonthly journal of the Gliding Federation of Australia. <www.soaring.org.au>. International rates for on-line access.

GLIDING INTERNATIONAL – the monthly world gliding publication by John Roake. Read worldwide, with a great reputation for being the first with the latest news. US\$96/172, 1/2 yrs airmail. Personal check or credit cards accepted <subs@glidinginternational.com>. Register on-line <www.glidinginternational.com>.

SAILPLANE & GLIDING – the bimonthly journal of the BGA. £41.50/yr airmail, £25.75 surface. <www.gliding.co.uk/sailplaneandgliding/subscriptions.htm>.

SOARING – the monthly journal of the Soaring Society of America. Subscriptions, US\$52. Credit cards accepted. Box 2100, Hobbs, NM 88241-2100. <feedback@ssa.org>. (505) 392-1177.

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