

free flight libre



6/07
Dec/Jan



This column follows the Board of Directors meetings at the SAC office November 3 and 4. A more complete summary can be found on page 18.

As safety is always a top priority, the meeting was attended by Dan Cook, chairman of the Flight Training & Safety committee. The following is from Dan and director Eric Gillespie :

The current draft SAC Safety Management System program is still under legal review with the aim of producing a long-term, sustainable national safety management policy. This process has taken longer than initially expected but has been productive.

The execution level of the management program, primarily at the club level, is fully supported by the SAC Board of Directors with certain modifications. The Flight Training & Safety committee (FT&SC) will continue to support development of other club safety program documents and implementation of safety program tools such as club risk analysis, accident reporting, safety audits and club operating procedures.

Based on feedback from many clubs, the series of association Policy Manuals previously released have been further reviewed and are in the process of being consolidated to make them into a single, more condensed and user-friendly document that is more consistent with current SAC policies and structure. We have an objective of tabling a workable document to clubs by the start of the flying season in 2008.

Efforts regarding safety at the club level appear to be moving in a positive direction as there has been a turn-around in our accident rate over the past two years. We cannot emphasize enough the importance of maintaining everyone's efforts at the club level, utilizing the safety program tools and maintaining a dialogue on safety issues. Please continue the current efforts towards improving our program and safety record. SAC's Board of Directors unanimously supports the ongoing efforts of the FT&SC committee and all of our clubs and members to improve safety in our sport for everyone.

The website was also discussed as an urgent priority. While it is agreed that a more attractive, user-friendly site is necessary, the issue of cost is a factor. The commercial quote we received for what we requested would have been in the \$15 to \$20K range, and that price tag may not have been well received by the membership. We are now attempting to work with the expertise within the soaring community.

As airspace is a priority, Ian Grant (SAC Airspace committee) attended that portion of the meeting with an update on Canadian airspace issues. He also agreed to be our representative to a new FAI Airspace commission. Canada is not alone with this problem – it is a particularly serious issue in Europe for airports.

Some soaring feathers were ruffled by the cover of the last issue of *free flight*. The use of "Vol Libre" in the magazine's name has long been in question because it is more representative of hang gliding and there is a hang gliding magazine by that name. "Vol Libre" returns to the front page while retaining the fresher layout design that was Tony's intention, but more consideration is being given to the use of the term. The question is, do we want a French language equivalent on the cover and, if so, what shall it be?

The next SAC Annual General Meeting is being planned for the Montreal area in conjunction with the Canadian Advanced Soaring seminars. Details are still being worked out. More information will be posted on the SAC website and the Roundtable. Finally, on behalf of the SAC directors,

Best wishes for the holiday season and a happy, healthy, and safe New Year.

free flight

6/07 – Dec/Jan

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

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Cover

"Lord, the sky is big and I am so small."
A glider cruises over the rotor in the
primary at the fall Cowley camp.
photo: Darren Clark

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The worst season of the year

Gary Hill, Edmonton

THE LEAVES ARE RAKED, THE MOWER HAS BEEN PUT AWAY, the motorhome winterized, Hallowe'en candy has been stored as part of next year's ballast avoidance system, curling has started, it is the end of the season and a new one is about to begin. The worst season of the year. There really are only two seasons to a glider pilot — soaring season and winter. Winter is that cold dark season when glider pilots have that far away look in their eyes. We shuffle around in the dark with our heads hung down — there is no reason to look up, no hope of escape, the cold condemns us to our pitiful day-to-day existence, there is nothing to lift our spirits. I have friends that make a concerted effort; for their loved ones they will stare at the flickering TV images for nights on end trying to follow the antics of their local hockey team as they dash their spirits once again and what difference would it make anyways — playoffs are during the most joyful season anyway. Maybe after a three hundred kilometre out and back, over a few brew to reward the retrieval team, then you might catch a final score but that is still winter stuff.

This is the time of the year that I look back through my log book and go over my accomplishments and review the goals that I set at the beginning of the year. I make little notes all year long to remind me of special milestones.

Checkflights at the beginning of the year then right into 23 knot winds; now that had to blow the cobwebs out. The next weekend I start on my Bronze badge work by putting away a two hour flight. The following weekend I'm up at the 8000 foot cloudbase for another two hours as I set a new personal distance record in a new direction from the field. I thought I was going to land out (again) the whole way back and I was spotting fields every step of the way ... it is amazing how far a Blanik will go with a stiff tailwind.

Then I get a long haul tow overland to an airshow and a chance to practise those low tows. I did miss one critical bit of information that I could have used later in the year to prevent my next landout but more on that later.

Slam dunk another two hour flight then almost double it practising for my remaining challenge in the quest for my Silver badge — I only need the 50K portion but am planning on doing 50 miles instead, just to cover any height penalty issues. I wished I had known more about the club flight recorder because one leg of my practice triangle was over 50 kilometres. Oh well, the practice is fun and it drives me on to learn more about flight recorders, downloading files and checking them, and eventually uploading them for the On Line Contest. No one else in the club knows how to do it so the rainy days are filled in by crunching my thumbs on those little keys.

I didn't get the earliest flight of the day, but 5:18 am is still pretty early for our club's 50th anniversary flights. I spend the day enriching the club coffers by attempting as many spot landings as I can. I am best at doing one spot landing in a row, never the three I need for the Bronze. With all the other tasks between flights it is a busy long weekend. By the end I finally have the three consecutive spot landings done. I'm sure the Bronze badge is a nefarious plot by our club treasurer.

My better half finally says that she may come for a flight to see what all the excitement is all about, so I have to get my back seat flying and passenger checks done. She's not brave enough to take the first or second flight and when she does come for her very first glider flight it is to see Cowley from the air while sitting in the back seat. I had been courting her since I began this sport and she gradually moved from, *"you will never get me into one of those motorless death traps"* to, *"when Hell freezes over"* to, *"maybe on a perfectly calm day if you promise to bring me down the instant I ask"*.



The SOARING ASSOCIATION of CANADA

is a non-profit organization of enthusiasts who seek to foster and promote all phases of gliding and soaring on a national and international basis. The association is a member of the Aero Club of Canada (ACC), the Canadian national aero club representing Canada in the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale (FAI), the world sport aviation governing body composed of 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.

free flight is the official journal of SAC.

Material published in *free flight* is contributed by individuals or clubs for the enjoyment of Canadian soaring enthusiasts. The accuracy of the material is the responsibility of the contributor. No payment is offered for submitted material. All individuals and clubs are invited to contribute articles, reports, club activities, and photos of soaring interest. An e-mail in any common word processing format is welcome (preferably as a text file). All material is subject to editing to the space requirements and the quality standards of the magazine.

Images may be sent as photo prints or as high-resolution greyscale/colour .jpg or .tif files. Prints returned on request.

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

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5 January, March
May, July
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L'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.

Les articles publiés dans *free flight* proviennent d'individus ou de groupes de véliques bienveillants. Leur contenu n'engage que leurs auteurs. Aucune rémunération n'est versée pour ces articles. 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. Les photos vous seront retournées sur demande.

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.

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I was careful to ask the other pilots what the Cowley conditions were like and those lying SOB's said that they were super — she would have a great flight. Into Hell we leapt on the bumpiest tow I have ever been on, all the while I am telling her how great it will be once we are off tow and I can fly around avoiding all this 10 up lift. Don't worry dear, the tow-pilots always fly like idiots so I can show you how skillful I have become — if I had any money I am sure she would have divorced me. Needless to say, once we were off tow the lift was everywhere and she was ready to be safely on the ground — her "instant" had arrived. I had to give her credit, she stuck it out for a full 18 minutes counting the 3000 foot tow. She did have to admit that it could surely only get better and the views are spectacular. If you haven't been to a summer camp be sure to go and catch some super thermals and sample the local "breeze".

Back from Cowley I knock off another 3 hours and 50 minutes for the longest flight of the day — again (I really have to get that bladder fixed), but still no 50K recorded. Three flights later and I finally pull it off on a straight-out to St. Paul on my son's birthday.

Now I need that tow back — sure I could take the trailer route but why interrupt everyone else's flying when I can wait until the end of the day and get a tow back? Picked the wing off the grass for the first time and away we go, wheel down in low tow position. Straight as an arrow on a GPS track. Just lay back and relax thinking about how easy it was — so far. Now we are getting closer to the field and the towpilot says he is descending for a long approach. I guess towplanes must slow down to descend because I am getting a bit of a droopy rope. A bunch of yaw and it is taken care of, then it happens again and again. I must be missing something so the next time I am going to pop the spoilers. I just don't want to break the weak link this far from the field. I begin to think, "is this rope going to loop around my wing or what?", then I hear that little "click" as the rope releases and drops away. "Bob, I'm on my own". A quick turn away and raise the wheel — where is that towplane anyway? Check my bearings and get my best long glide attitude — lift would sure be nice, but little sink is also helping this time of the day. Closer and closer I get but the final fields to the south are high crops and trees north of the road I am following. I'm not going to make this straight-in landing so I veer off a quarter mile or so into a freshly plowed field. I don't know if I would have stopped as fast with the wheel down but I sure would have ripped the doors off. Trailer retrieve from a mile short of the field — what a couple of great flights.

The next tow is to another airshow/field re-opening and a chance to talk to a lot of people about the kind of fun you can have in the sun. I didn't need spoilers in the morning but with a tailwind on the way home they sure help. The landing and takeoff were my first on pavement — now that is smooth.

I have my Silver, now it is on to Gold. Maybe the fall camp at Cowley will give me some altitude attitude. I know you have to jump in when the time is right at Cowley because tomorrow may get blown away so I have the best wave checkflight at the end of the afternoon. I thought rotor was going to be a lot worse and that we would all of a sudden be dropped in super smooth lift. No, we had to do some "S" turns and hunt around then away we go — you have to be careful where you are and where you can go. Keep a sharp lookout for other planes and let them know where you are. Radio is most important and don't get caught by those beautiful clouds as they fall away below you. Up to 15,500 and lots to go but maybe someone else should get a chance. Just look at that shadow of the glider on the face of the cloud ringed by a double rainbow! I sure wish I had my camera but I thought it would be too rough. Oxygen and cloud tops over the mountains to the east; what a view, what a rush.

Two days later I am up on my first solo wave flight — can I really do it? I have had rougher tows out on the prairies and certainly had one the last time I was in Cowley taking my wife for her ride. Then I connect and away I go, out from under the V300 airway and to the north as far as I can get before hitting solid clouds. I can't go south or north but I can go up as long as I can see the ground and, "what now" — the batteries are going dead in my GPS so safety dictates that I cut off at 13,000 and head down.

⇒ p19

Soaring and wining in the Rockies

J. Marc Gagnon, GGC

THE CONCEPT behind any “soaring and wining” vacation is to rely on Mother Nature’s generosity in providing the glider pilot with some “lift” whether he be under the clouds or on the ground, generally not on the same day!

One never knows what kind of weather will prevail during those valuable days of vacation spent far away from home, often at great expense. This is particularly worrisome if you are a glider pilot hoping to soar while spending a vacation with someone for whom reaching new heights is better experienced in gastronomical terms. This is when “soaring and wining” becomes a winning proposition.

The seed for this memorable adventure was planted in the Andes over 5460 foot Mount Manquehue (“the place of the Condors”). It came in the form of a question from a member of the Club de Planeadores de Santiago with whom I was flying on a beautiful spring day of November 2006. He confronted me with this simple question: “Marc, have you ever flown over your own mountains?”

This is when I started to experience pangs of conscience. Even though I had visited Alberta and British Columbia often, I was a bit ashamed to admit that I had never soared over my own mountains. So, after recovering from this inquisitive “spin”, my nose was suddenly pointing toward my next adventure, still on the American Cordillera but almost 10,000 kilometres away from Santiago.

On returning to Canada, the idea fermented for a while as I pinpointed the source of some very good Canadian wine flowing in the Okanagan Valley. From a soaring point of view, however, I soon realized that I was faced with a challenge not unlike the one facing a winemaker trying to give his wine a distinct and unique character.

The genuine Canadian Rockies are only found between the foothills in Alberta and the Rocky Mountain Trench in BC. Even though their width rarely exceeds 150 kilometres, I didn’t expect to be soaring across the ranges forming them. So, I needed to decide whether I should be admiring the Rockies from the foothills or from the trench.

Feeling divided about this choice, I threw a few bottles into the sea in the form of e-mails addressed to the Invermere Soaring Centre and the Alberta Soaring Council. My queries



were answered almost simultaneously by Trevor Florence and Phil Stade respectively, who offered me what turned out to be the perfect blend of memorable soaring experiences on both sides of the Divide.

My wife Lise and I arrived in Calgary on 24 June and we immediately drove towards Radium Hot Springs, not too far away from the Invermere Soaring Centre where I had reserved the Duo Discus for two days. Just before arriving at my destination, as I passed by the famous mineral pools, I almost had a mystical experience when I caught sight of the sheer cliff walls of Sinclair Canyon, the gateway to the Columbia Valley. In the last curve leading to Radium, the Redwall Fault almost obscured the late afternoon sky, creating the impression of a tunnel where I could see the Purcell Mountains at the other end.



At this very moment, I felt like Indiana Jones in the Last Crusade, riding through the eerie canyon before entering the stone temple in search of the Holy Grail, except that in my case, it was located in a hangar not too far away from where I was going to spend the night. Like the Holy Grail, this soaring “vessel” is very special, being the only one of its kind in Canada. Even though the Duo was built in 1993, it remains in

miraculously perfect condition after being bought from a German club and jealously guarded ever since by Trevor Florence, acting as the Templar Knight. I could not wait to fly it.

Unfortunately, on the next day, Mother Nature shrouded the entire region in a very cold mist. But this turned out to be a blessing, giving me and my wife an opportunity to experience hot springs in a completely natural and private setting at Lussier Falls, where a walking trail leads down to a set of rock pools alongside the Lussier River near White-swan Lake Provincial Park. It was nice and relaxing to bathe in mineral water flowing through a pool, then into the river, at a temperature of 43°C.

The next day, Mother Nature answered my prayers and I rushed to the Invermere airport where I met Trevor, and also Peter Musters who I had last seen in Pendleton for the "Freedom Wings" week at Gatineau Gliding Club a few years ago. I watched with amazement the careful ballet required to extract from their small den the Pawnee and then, sideways, the Duo Discus. Both aircraft were immaculate, as if coming straight out of the factory.

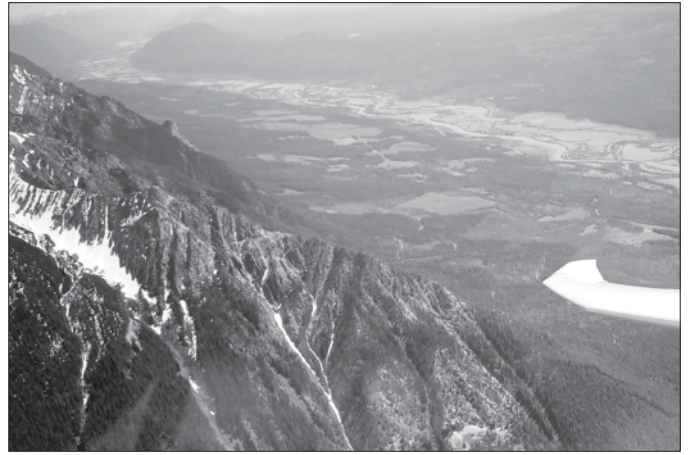


Not too long after, I watched Peter tow the first glider of the day. While I waited patiently for my turn, I spoke with a few glider pilots and took a particular interest in the strategic alliance which is in place at the Invermere airport. Three

organizations make the operation run smoothly: *Babin Air* (the airport operator), the *Canadian Rockies Soaring Club* and the *Invermere Soaring Centre*. Everyone I spoke with seemed to share a comfortable relationship of mutual support, private owners included. There's much to be said about life in Lotus Land!

Trevor and I took off early in the afternoon and released at 7380 feet in a thermal. We immediately headed North West along the southern Rocky Mountain Trench. The sun was shining and the Rockies looked magnificent as we flew from one thermal to another, like a roller coaster, at speeds varying between 120 and 150 km/h in a very spacious and quiet cockpit. During the flight, I could see Mt. Assiniboine (11,870 feet) in the distance, its pyramidal shape reminding me of the Matterhorn. I also admired the Columbia Wetlands along the way, which is one of the longest systems of continuous wetlands in North America (180 kilometres) and home for over 265 bird species.

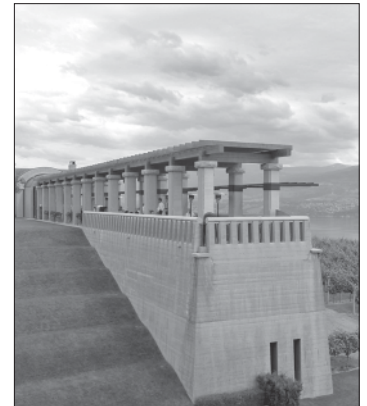
The Duo Discus is an aerodynamic work of art, certainly the smoothest bird I have ever had the pleasure to fly. Our trip lasted slightly over four hours and took us over the Beaverfoot Range from Invermere to Golden and then back over Fairmont Hot Springs at altitudes reaching up to 10,800 feet over a scoring distance of 360 kilometres.



The next day, Lise and I visited the spectacular Yoho National Park on our way to Revelstoke, where we admired the Takakkaw Falls ("magnificent" in Cree). At 384m, it is one of the ten highest waterfalls in the world. The drive along the Columbia Wetlands offered us an exciting look at nature and I even got free soaring lessons from the ospreys nesting along the road.

Before we reached Penticton, one day later, we stopped at the VQA Wine Shop in Kelowna, where I made a fortuitous encounter with Laurel Packinhouse who assisted as my "flight planner" on this wine tasting mission. His advice proved invaluable and will actually help me plan more forays in this valley. When I told him I was a glider pilot, Laurel showed me a bottle of *Soaring Eagle*, a 2005 Pinot Noir, which I purchased to bring me good luck on my next flight.

As we only had three days to spend in the Okanagan, it was clear that we could not hit all of Laurel's targets on the map. So we cherry-picked – not unusual in this valley. Before we reached the hotel in Penticton we had a guided tour of the *Mission Hill* winery that offered us an opportunity to enjoy our first wine tasting in the region and to see the impressive underground cellars that had been blasted into volcanic rock, after which we had lunch on the impressive terrace.



On the next day, we stormed the pocket desert around Osoyoos, and visited *Nk'Mip Cellars*, North America's first aboriginal owned and operated winery. We were much impressed by the art found on this site, as well as the excellent food and wine we enjoyed on the terrace overlooking the shores of Osoyoos Lake. On our way back to Penticton, we stopped at the *Inniskillin Dark Horse Estate* in search of my favourite Pinot Blanc and the *Jackson-Triggs Okanagan Estate's* beautiful tasting gallery.

The grand finale took place on the last day, at *Quail's Gate Estate Winery*, for a fantastic meal and accompanying wines at the *Old Vines* restaurant, where we enjoyed

the magnificent view of the vineyards overlooking Okanagan Lake. Needless to say, leaving the Okanagan Valley was a painful exercise, especially after I stepped on a Prickly Pear cactus the day after, while taking pictures of the Antelope Brush ecosystem near the *Burrowing Owl* winery. This desert is for real!

Black Diamond, our next destination, seemed far away, but the journey was full of nice surprises starting with the best deal of the trip: *St-Eugene Mission Resort*, a 4-1/2 star hotel and the *Casino of the Rockies*. We then drove toward Crow's-nest Pass and across the Continental Divide, to spend a night at the *Prince of Wales* hotel overlooking Waterton Lake. Constructed in 1927 by the Great Northern Railway, this romantic and grandiose alpine chalet may be one of the most photographed hotels in the world.



On the next day, we left for Black Diamond, stopping along the way for a short pilgrimage at Cowley, the wave flying capital of Canada. When I arrived at Cu Nim, Phil was already busy pulling a very big bird out of an old hangar, lengthened at the back with a shed to enclose one of the 110 kilogram wings of this 20m permanently-rigged monster. If I thought the Duo Discus was unique, I was in for a surprise as this ship, a Brasov IS-32A "Super Lark", is the only one in North America.



Only twelve were built by Intreprinderea Aeronautici Romanesc (IAR).

Peter Neary, the owner, has loaded the cockpit with \$12,500 worth of equipment and installed joy sticks that would convince my three gamer sons to become glider pilots tomorrow. The list of instruments is impressive and includes a transponder with a 15,000 metre encoder, an LX Navigation LX 7000 pro igc with remote computer and vario on the back panel, remote stick grips for both pilots, airspace warnings (both horizontal and vertical) as you approach new airspace, and more.

Even though the all-metal IS-32A is lighter than a Duo, it feels more like a Panzer tank when you try to move it on the ground. After we parked it in position on the flight-line, Phil announced that we were going to attempt a six-hour flight to Waterton Lake. I immediately went to the car to pick up my water bag and some food and, on the way back to the flightline, a club member wished me good luck and smiled. I wondered why until I strapped myself in the front seat and Phil asked me whether I had any insect repellent on board, as if it stood for the "I" in CISTRSCO.

We released at 1900 agl and gained altitude over Turner Valley before proceeding south over the foothills. The conditions were challenging but we managed to reach altitudes of almost 13,000 feet, and even encountered a small wave phenomenon along the

way. However, we decided to turn around before reaching Cowley and flew north over the Livingstone and Highwood Ranges, up to Kananaskis Country then east to High River before heading back to Black Diamond. We covered a scoring distance of 260 kilometres during our trip in slightly more than four hours.

I really enjoyed flying with Phil and felt quite privileged to have been given an opportunity to borrow Peter's Super Lark. It took me a little while to get used to the controls as this glider does not fly like any other I have flown but it was a lot of fun and certainly put the sport back into soaring for me. As we started our descent, the thermal activity was so strong at 6600 feet between High River and Turner Valley that we had a hard time coming down, even more so when Phil learned that other pilots flying at a lower altitude just could not stay up locally.

This sensation of buoyancy was certainly felt for many weeks after my return to Ottawa, where we celebrated the end of our vacation by opening my bottle of *Soaring Eagle*, admiring the sunset and wondering where Trevor and Phil were flying at that moment. Looking back at my other soaring and wining adventures in the Andes and the Pyrenees, I must say that our own mountains constitute one of the most beautiful soaring playgrounds in the world. Gracias, mi amigo, for having planted the seed last fall. Soaring and wining – the only sure way to soar!

PS: If and when you repeat this motto, and it sounds like "the only shure way to shore", it means you should be grounded or else take up sailing as a hobby. ♦

"Click"



Roger Hildesheim, GGC

ing able to take off and land in such conditions. Hans soon returned and we all agreed it was time for food and an early night. Sunday was shaping up to be a great wave day.

No warm bed tonight. It's a sleeping bag in the back of the pickup. Turning off my flashlight, I see the sky clear and soon have my own personal planetarium. Throughout the evening the wind blows in smooth steady gusts, gently rocking the truck and me to sleep. It is almost as if the mountains are deep breathing, preparing for the day ahead.

SOMETIMES THINGS JUST CLICK. Athletes will describe it as being "in the zone." It's hard to describe but it's simply amazing when you're there... Your glider is not only an object, it's you. Just a 1/2 inch of fibreglass between you and the atmosphere...feeling every nudge, tremor and surge of the surrounding air. Sure, we all get kicked around rough thermals, but in wave things are different—smooth. You can almost feel the surrounding air mass breathe, surge, as you ride the wave higher and higher. The air takes on a feeling of being...alive...

So starts my Diamond climb story. Seven years of learning, exploring, analyzing the wave dynamics of the high peaks region of the Adirondacks and flying in a full spectrum of different conditions in the area. A 250 km thermal X-C flight one fall, ridge running the Sentinel Mountains the next. Even a wave flight over Pendleton in May 2007 when Tim Tuck and I climbed to over 10,000 feet in thermal/frontal induced wave. The signals were there, this could be the year.

It all started the preceding Monday when the long term forecast showed that a low moving through the Lake Placid area late Friday would generate the optimal strong northwest winds. I started checking out my cold weather and oxygen gear in anticipation of the weekend. I remind myself of the 7Ps: "Proper Planning and Preparation Prevents Piss Poor Performance." By Friday evening, the truck was packed and the glider trailer hitched, ready to go early Saturday morning. It's quite a logistical exercise when you think about it: Trailer a glider to an airport three hours away in another country, rig and attempt to fly higher than you have ever done before.

On the road at 0615 Saturday. There is nothing quite like leaving on a trip with the headlights on and watching the sun rise as you drive. Three hours later I pull into Lake Placid airport and start tying down the trailer. The westerly winds were quickly increasing making for a 90 degree crosswind on runway 32. Hans Baeggli flew his DG-808 while the rest of us assessed our chances of be-

The morning light was my alarm clock. 6:30, not bad. A breakfast of Muesli, fresh fruit and a cup of coffee and I was ready to go. By 9:30 the MSC twin and DG-300, Bob Katz and his PIK-20D and my trusty SZD-55 were at the threshold of runway 32, waiting for the calm morning winds to pick up. The LP FBO confirmed that Boston Center has opened both the LP north and south wave windows to 25,000 feet for the entire day. (Note to self: send the FAA in Boston Center a Christmas card.) By 10:36 I am first in the air (call me sniffer), towed by expert MSC towpilot Alain Orfila. A short turn and run down the Sentinel Mountains and I release in 2 knots of wave downwind of Whiteface. The wave surges between 2 and 4 knots and tops out at 18,000. Bob and I both try to climb higher but to no avail.

We turn tail (crosswind tail...) and head 28 km away to Mt. Marcy which usually generates a wave when the wind is in this direction. Flying around Marcy trying to visualize the wave location (no rotor or lennie clouds today), we are rewarded with another 2 to 4 knot climb into alpha airspace, capping out at 22,000 ft (Flight Level 220 as the captain says...). I do the math and realize that I have my required 5000m gain but with very little margin. Wanting to make this "real" I search the area around Marcy, Colden and Algonquin for an extra 1000 feet as a buffer. Boldly is the only way to go! Soon the air mass breathes again and I gain another 1200 feet in 1.5 knot lift to 23,310. But this last step feels different as I turn up the oxygen flow. The smooth wave now has higher frequency, low amplitude undulations. Kind of like riding on an air mattress near the shore of a small lake. I have to open the front vent a bit more to keep the canopy from fogging up. This is not Kansas anymore...this is a whole different world and I am definitely just a visitor. I snap a few quick pictures and take in the sights.

Sometimes things just click. Athletes will describe it as being "in the zone." It's hard to describe but it is simply amazing when you're there... Your glider is not an object, it's you. Just a 1/2 inch of fibreglass between you and the atmosphere...feeling every nudge, tremor and surge of the surrounding air mass. Sure, we all get kicked around rough thermals, but in wave things are different, smooth. You can almost feel the surrounding air ➔ **p19**

A student wonderland

Darren Clark, Cu Nim



AS AN ON-AGAIN, OFF-AGAIN STUDENT with Cu Nim Gliding Club for a few years now, I have found it difficult to press on with my gliding training due to other commitments, but I have yet to miss a year at the Cowley Wave Camp in Alberta. Soaring there is spectacular – a total elevator ride when the wave is hot!

I had some wonderful flights with my instructors this past camp, surfing the western edge of the wave. Jean, one of my instructors, compared the flying to downhill skiing, looking ahead, and picking our careful path around the clouds. I never saw more than 12,000 feet as our club L-13 Blaniks were not oxygen equipped this year due to a hitch in getting the new equipment. But this was a blessing as we decided to ride up and down the wave, frequently descending (with the aid of full spoilers) to below 10,000 where I had no need to be as concerned about hypoxia or the V300 airway that intrudes above the airfield between 12,500 and 18,000 feet. We frolicked amongst the clouds and occasionally flew between the sun and cloud in order to watch our halo. We dilly-dallied about and were eventually joined by the Super Lark flown by Phil Stade who was also enjoying the wonderful cloud surfing (*see the cover photo*). A splendid day in the sky indeed!

The next day, the wind was more than excessive in the morning as it can be at Cowley. (One day we shut down after Tony Burton radioed he needed 80 knots on tow to penetrate, so *don't* launch the Blaniks!) So, we did what pilots do, we talked about the flying. Sheltered in the cookhouse around the wood stove, brewing tea, we all talked about yesterday's landout adventure – the one that walked another Blanik down a valley road for six miles because the trailer was 125 kilometres away at the time. We joked about Linda, one of the wives who actually got some seat time during that retrieve, as we needed her assist-

ance in the cockpit on the wheel brake to keep the Blanik from getting up too much speed on the downhill bits. She got in nearly 12 minutes as an unlicensed P1.

It was at this time in our chatter that I mentioned to the group I would like to land out. There was silence, then, "That's it, right, you're cut off then – no more flying for you!" In defence I replied, "With an instructor of course, with previous landout experience!" They all looked at me in silence, thinking I had cursed myself. Perhaps they were right.

The next day the wave did not set-up well due to changing wind directions. Still, another day of soaring lay ahead. I took another instructed 4000 foot tow out west towards the Rocks, and found some weak thermal lift. I worked it to below the dark cloudbase, and then ventured north where I found some more thermal lift and the Edmonton Blanik. We were fairly close together, it was performing some figure-8 turns while I tried to maintain inside my thermal but I was dismal at it as I spent more time focusing on the separation between our two gliders.

⇒ p19



A motor gliding experience

Charles Yeates

WELL – OCTOBER 2007 HAS BEEN THE BUSIEST month since we retired!! An early October trip to Ridge Soaring and State College, PA was a great success – even though the motorglider flying was demanding. Bob Bauer was my instructor in the side-by-side Scheibe SF-25C that he and Tom Knauff operate for checkouts. Of course the exercise was more difficult than it needed to be because I was not current – not having flown since June.

The Scheibe is a side-by-side 13.55m winged beast that rests on a single main wheel under the cockpit, with outriggers to keep the wingtips from touching the ground. With Bob and me aboard plus half fuel, we were at its gross weight of 1170 lbs. The only positive thing about the ship is a steerable tail wheel while you are taxiing. It waddles down the bumpy runway – paved or grass – into position by the downwind fence. You need *all* available space to get this seriously underpowered machine off the ground. The 65 bhp Limbach engine screams at full throttle on takeoff – it sounds like it could explode at any moment and makes you conscious of just how serious is each takeoff attempt. (Later models were equipped with an 80 bhp engine).

When the tail finally lifts, you immediately get the feeling that you are dancing on the head of a pin – the torque, runway bumps, crosswind gusts and slow acceleration force the hopeful pilot to juggle controls firmly and quickly (madly?) to hold a straight line. At 40 knots it lifts into ground effect and tries to levitate. It is essential that the nose be pushed down so that the ship can then accelerate to a safe flying speed of 50 knots while still in ground effect. Alternatively – if allowed to rise out of ground effect at 40 knots it cannot accelerate in level attitude and you are flying without any safety margin at all. I tell you that is the *first* scary moment.

Off the ground and climbing (never more than 200 ft/min unless in a thermal), we edged left toward the trees so that there would be space for a quick 180 turn back to the airfield if the engine stopped. At 400 feet, just as Bob called for a left turn toward the downwind leg, he eased back the throttle to climbing (?) rpm. This ended the motor screaming but reducing power during the turn toward the ridge and over the trees produced my *second* scary moment. Coming around, Ridge Soaring came into view on the horizon, beyond the forest, an unreachable distance away. We eliminated this anxiety later by climbing straight ahead until after power had been reduced and stabilized. It took careful nursing to get the craft up to 600 or 700 feet by the end of the downwind leg but from then on, the approach was familiar. However it was essential that touchdown be accomplished tail-down so ground roll steering would be assured instantly.

The *third* scary note was in the operating manual. If the Scheibe wing is flying in rain (unlikely, eh?) the stall speed for the airfoil rises from 37 to 45 knots – a significant increase. Therefore, on each morning preflight, we were careful to wipe even dew off the wings.

We flew mostly in the mornings after fog burned off and before serious turbulence and crosswind gusts came alive. The last day we circled in a thermal to gain enough height to cross the 2100 foot ridge, passing through a low dip in the crest. We made several touch-and-go circuits at the State College airfield, fitting in between a couple of commercial flights. The long *smooth* runway was a delight.

On the way back to Ridge Soaring, we gently climbed to 3000 so that an engine restart could be experienced. Throttle to idle, nose up until the propeller stops, adjust the throttle for restart and dive down until the airflow turns the propeller. This is not a gentle maneuver. Dropping the nose of a fibreglass sailplane a few degrees rapidly increases the airspeed – *not* the Scheibe. It took a 60° dive to get the airspeed to reach 75 knots, enough to cause the propeller to hesitantly turn against cylinder compression. When the engine fired, the airspeed rapidly rose into the yellow arc and at the bottom of the curve it registered 100 knots. Gently, gently on the pull out. From propeller stop to the lowest altitude, the altimeter showed a drop of 600 feet. Lesson: Do not try an engine restart in the Scheibe unless you are next to an airport and have at least twelve hundred feet of altitude.

After 25 takeoffs and landings over four days, Bob endorsed my logbook. His final remark – “You’ll find every other motorglider easier to operate than the Scheibe.”

Tom Knauff took me into the hangar where we stood beside the Nimbus DM and he pointedly emphasized an additional motorglider characteristic that one must beware after climbing to the point where the engine is shut down or if the engine stops unexpectedly. With the mast up, the sailplane will quickly raise its nose and decelerate because of the considerable drag created high above its centre line. The forward stick movement required to counter this high drag can be substantial. A pilot must not be distracted by restart procedures and fail to lower the nose. Further, Tom repeated that even modern motorgliders taking off must fly in ground effect long enough to achieve safe climbing speed.

Canadians were gathering at Tom’s place hoping for ridge weather. Walter Weir arrived with his ASW-27. Charles Peterson was there with his Discus 2 Turbo and Tony Firmin was expected to bring his identical machine. The adventure continues.

Throughout all this time, Tidewater Soaring of Norfolk, Virginia, were negotiating by phone and e-mail for purchase of the PW-6U that was coming in for Kris and me to use as a demo ship. The deal was confirmed. Now we must arrange money transfers and reassignment of the glider plus Avionic trailer for delivery through Baltimore. No sweat really but reordering our demo ship will mean that it will arrive in early April in time for the flying season’s start. The Jezow factory was kind enough to juggle their production schedule to make it happen. That’s four ships I’ve bought out of their first batch of ten.

Busy, busy, busy – but having fun.

the Ontario Provincials

Three soarable days in a row in September?!

Derek Mackie, Toronto Soaring

EARLY THIS YEAR, the Toronto Soaring Club was asked if we would host the 2007 Ontario Provincials, to be held over the Labour Day long weekend. We have pretty good facilities and a layout that can accommodate lots of gliders and their attendant paraphernalia – tents, campers, crews, families, dogs and other hangers-on. The club has had the honour of hosting events several times over the years and the memories of those events were all good. During our spring AGM, we talked about whether we could handle it, since our club is somewhat smaller than in the past, having only about 20 members.

The previous summer we held a winch day with Great Lakes Gliding Club to introduce some of their members to that skill, which turned out to be a fantastic success. We called them and they readily agreed to provide towplanes and pilots, and ultimately decided to move their entire operations to Deleurant Field for the weekend.

As a relatively new competition pilot, I was keen to see the Provincials held at home. Unfortunately, that enthusiasm turned against me and I got volunteered to be Contest Manager with David Ellis (TSC president). Our prediction that we needed everyone to pitch in was right on the mark and they did, and got the club looking spic and span and in top working order.

The contest itself was another issue. Nobody in our club had run one, even in a support role, so we called on some of the obvious experts to take care of the more technical bits. Ed Hollestelle (A1) agreed to be the Contest Director and Dave Springford (F1) the scorer, while Kerry Kirby (69) would roll-the-bones on the weather forecast. The weather was an interesting example of some of the challenges we faced – we don't have internet at the field and the closest town is 25 km away. We don't even have a phone! Kirby and one of his club members (known to me only as Sean-the-Geek) found some software that allowed him to download weather pages through his Blackberry and transfer via Bluetooth to his laptop. Very cool.

The remaining contest roles were taken on internally, with Rusmir Mujic as Chief Towpilot, David Gossen (YT) as treasurer and Rob MacDonald and Tasneem Hashmi rotating the grid boss duties. Towpilots were Munib Mujic, Sean Fung, Mike Ronan, Jan Juurlink, and Andrew Kozlowski.

"Feeding the Animals" was one other challenge for the club. Restaurants are a bit far for visitors to get to, and I'd heard that competition pilots sometimes end the day with a cool, refreshing beverage, so we decided that the best thing to do was to provide in-house meals. This would prove to be one of the most exhausting, yet most rewarding aspects of our little contest. Chefs extraordinaire Geoff LeBreton and Yvonne Foster, along with the assorted sous chefs, consist-

ing largely of the Better-Halves and the lamb-roasting team, worked for weeks to prepare, organize and execute the magnificent feasts.

Day 1, Sept 1 After a fine breakfast, the pilot meeting was called to order, a task committee elected, and the local hazards presented. Ed decided not to fly the contest so he could concentrate on running it and his first order was to get agreement from the pilots on the classes we would run. The more advanced competition pilots were combined with the intermediate to fly in the Club class, while Novice class was run for first-timers and those flying "vintage performance" ships. The name of the game was *FUN* while fostering competition-driven skills advancement. Kerry Kirby, a pilot with a gazillion hours and a penchant for teaching our sport, was inspired by Adam Zieba in the 2006 Nationals and chose to fly this contest in the Novice class from the instructor's seat of the Great Lakes Krosno with a different pilot up front on each day.

The forecast called for a booming day with 6–7000 foot cloudbases and 6 knot thermals, with nice cu to mark the way. It just doesn't get much better in southern Ontario, especially this late in the season. A 3 hour Turn Area Task (TAT), Stratford/Belwood Lake/Durham/return, was called for Club class so that the wide performance and experience differences would provide lots of options. Novice was tasked with a 3 hour TAT, Palmerston/Belwood Lake/Mount Forest/return.

This day's flying was a drag race around the course. The thermals were plentiful and well spaced for big speeds. It was almost too easy – the only decisions to make were how far into the turnpoint area to go for your particular ship. Most pilots elected to touch the back of the first and second areas and use the third area to optimize their finish timing.

Dave (F1) screamed around the course, returning just under the minimum time and with a minor airspace penalty – his turn at the back of the Belwood Lake area put the belly of his LS-8 into Toronto airspace for a few seconds; tsk, tsk. Jerzy Szemplinski (usually XG, but flying 2W, Walter Weir's ASW-27, to practise for the World's next year) was not far behind in actual speed, but finished more under-time. Close on his heels was Sergei Morozov in the SOSA LS-4 (DW).

The Novice group similarly tore through their course and most finished well under the minimum time. Clearly these guys were underestimated by the Task committee, which would haunt some of them later as the conditions grew more challenging. The day was won by Bill Cole (MX), flying his Scheibe SF-27, followed by David Mulders

(FX) in his Elfe S-4 and Kerry and company in the Krosno (CN). TSC capped the day by putting on an excellent pasta feast that set the backdrop for re-telling of the day's adventures well into the night.

Day 2 The forecast was not at all what we had experienced the day before. It would have lower cloudbases, much less predictability and lighter lift. Nonetheless, it would be flyable, but there was some question as to when we would see the thermals trigger and the day started. The Task committee reserved a few options and set a pilot meeting later on the grid. The sniffer, Bob Lepp (NUP), was sent up and promptly came back to earth, so the start was delayed. Eventually we could see the cu popping and the sniffer was able to connect and stay aloft. The grid was launched with 3 hour tasks set: Modified Assigned Task (MAT) of Mt. Forest/Conestoga Lake/Belwood Lake/Dundalk/optional TPs/return for Club; and Mt. Forest/Conestoga Lake/Grand Valley/optional TPs/return for Novice. Our met man was heard to complain that there was, "no way a Krosno would make it to Conostoga Lake in these conditions", but that fell on deaf ears and he was launched with the rest of us.

There were a couple of relights, but we opened the gate since most were connecting and getting high enough to go. The day started out well, with strong lift if you could find and centre it, but the thermals were challenging and speeds were well off the previous day. On course there were lots of cu, but not all were working and the cores never seemed to be very cohesive.

Most of the field made it around their respective mandatory turnpoints and into the optional turnpoint segment. However, I found myself under the wrong cloudstreet east of Luther Lake and discovered sink instead of lift, followed by a landing back at TSC without seeing the last required TP (drat!). Many others found that their day was rapidly coming to an end as the lift died out with pilots variously to the north and east of the finish. Marian Novak in his homebuilt Egret (N1) discovered a nice field near the village of Proton Station after the

bottom dropped out. Luckily for him, I was already on the ground and was able to get a head start retrieving him before the bulk of the fleet returned. Meanwhile, the previous day's Novice leader found himself making introductions to a grass-strip owner near Dundalk after his first ever landout. TSC towpilots Rusmir and Sean made quick work of the aero-retrieve and Bill Cole (MX) was back in time for cocktails.

The rest of the pilots squeaked in on the last wisps of lift at the end of the day. The Club class leaders continued to show their mettle, racking up an impressive collection of extra turnpoints as the time ran down. Amazingly, at the end of the handicapping and scoring magic, Dave and Jerzy tied the day for first place and a one-two, respectively, overall. Again, Sergei was not far behind them and maintained his overall third.

In Novice, the Krosno did make it back from Conestoga Lake, all the turnpoints in fact, to take a big lead on the day, catapulting Kerry and company into first overall place. Gossen, flying TSC's Junior (JT), had a great day and landed himself in solid second, followed by Mulders.

The pilots returned to find the beverages ice-cold, the smells of lamb roasting on a spit and steaks on the BBQ. Once again, a wonderful evening of food and drink and the sounds of aviators telling their stories, hands slicing through the air. Magic!

Day 3 By the third day, we had slipped into a comfortable routine: big, tasty breakfast, followed by the pilot briefing, rig and wash the gliders, grid and wait. The weather had cooperated amazingly well for an Ontario contest at the end of the summer. It looked promising that we'd get a third day of flying on the three-day contest – unheard of! The forecast was for "flyable", but no two weather models agreed and it was difficult to set a task with any certainty. Several scenarios were set at the brief and a grid meeting set for decision time.

The day began to wear on as the pilots variously loafed around the grid, waiting for news. Some snoozed under their wings, while others chatted in small groups. Finally a decision was made to set a task and launch. However by the time the grid was airborne, our available day was shortening and the conditions were not developing as hoped, so the task was re-set and a pilots' roll-call made to confirm the change. Club class was a 2.5 hour MAT; Belwood Lake/optional TPs/return. Novice was a 2 hour MAT; Arthur/optional TPs/return. This seemed like a short requirement, but it gave the pilots some options to fly miles at their discretion, based on their read of the developing conditions.

And off they all went, heading south in fairly good lift with good speeds. It looked like it might be a race after all; however, as the first turnpoint was reached, it was very clearly decision time, as the sky was blueing out from the north. This meant that we were able to make it south with markers and decent lift, but the run home would be an unknown into the blue. It was forecast to work, but would it?

In the Novice class, Gossen made the 17 kilometres to Arthur then turned and struggled home, happy to have made just that. That would be good for first place for the



Mike Morgulis says: Watching the launch of the grid yesterday, I snapped a decent (or is it descent?) picture of Mike Ronan in his Samba towplane overtop the grid. His Samba is a neat plane that did yeoman's service launching and put the Pawnee to shame with its better gal/hr consumption rate.

day! The rest of the Novice field landed out after having made the one and only turnpoint at Arthur. David, flying the 1-26E, *Rosebud*, almost made it home. He dug and clawed his way north from Arthur and eventually gave up the fight into a ploughed field within sight of two airstrips. His enthusiasm for his adventure was infectious and the landouts to follow would pale in comparison! In any case his distance would be good for second place for the day! Way to go, Team Rosebud!



Kirby and company landed at Air Sailing after the turnpoint resulting in an easy aero-retrieve and a third for the day, while Bill Cole had to turn back and made his landout back at Arthur.

The Club class had managed to stay ahead of the blue to Belwood Lake and essentially split into two groups – the first group consisting of Dave Springford and the second group was everyone else. My own strategy was pretty straightforward and seemed to be what the others had in mind – follow the edge of cloud westward as far as I dared then double back east and then north towards home and spend as little time in the blue as possible. It seemed reasonable and I was in good company. So off we went and several of us made Stratford before turning back. Unfortunately, once we rounded, it was clear that the entire area would blue out shortly as the cu were rapidly dissipating.

I made the decision to top up at the final wisps of cloud then head back toward TSC – hoping for something along the way. I only needed 1800 feet to make it home – one, maybe two thermals. I found a little near Conestoga Lake and then sink and more sink. I tried desperately for a few scraps and then made the decision to head for Arthur which consistently showed 175 feet below final glide. I prepared myself to land out and just kept on going from landable field to landable field. As I got low, I found that there was some buoyancy, if not lift, and I just kept floating along. I had long since stopped looking at the depressing final glide numbers. Over the town of Arthur, highway 6, one more field, then another and next thing I know I'm downwind for the active runway. Turn base, then final, then drop the gear and a little flap – over the fence and touchdown, rolling to a stop at the back of the line for a tow. I was completely conflicted – on one hand

I was angry for not having made it home, but on the other I had never been so happy to make an airfield!

I was in good company at Arthur – I was parked right behind Cole and the air above was filled with contest pilots trying, mostly in vain, to get high enough to make final glide to TSC. As I was taking my tow out of Arthur, I could hear gliders landing out – first Morozov, then Randy Neilson and Rick Jones and on. We were going to be late for the Wine & Cheese and awards! In all, the last hours of the contest saw 12 of the 18 pilots landing out.

But what about the other group – Dave Springford? Let's just say he took the day. He later described his flight something like this: "As I reached Belwood Lake, I realized that with a NW wind we usually have really good conditions along Lake Erie. So I went there." He followed the good conditions through the Guelph corridor, past SOSA and then headed west along the lake, then turned north, struggling a wee bit in the blue, but making it home. That was good for 215 km and 86 km/h on a day when just about everyone else was in the weeds. Second for the day went to Wilf Krueger in his DG-808, followed by Jim Fryett in his H301 Libelle for third.

Eventually we had enough people return from their outlandings to declare the Wine & Cheese open and, after a little snack, we began "The Awards" that went to the first three finishers. Here are the full results:

Club Class

1	David Springford, F1	LS-8	2673 pts
2	Jerzy Szemplinski, 2W	ASW-27	2365
3	Wilfred Krueger, K2	DG-808b	2290
4	Sergei Morozov, DW	LS-4	2120
5	Jim Fryett, 14	Libelle	2059
6	Stan Martin, Z1	Mini-Nimbus	1861
7	Randy Neilson, ASW-19	ASW-19	1702
8	Rick Jones, 9Z	HP-18 Mod	1672
9	Derek Mackie, TT	Mosquito	1590
10	Marian Novak, N1	Egret	1314
11	Dean Toplis, 69	Jantar	1251
12	Chris Gough, MF	Jantar	784
13	Bertrand/Moore, L8	Jantar	783

Novice Class

1	David Gossen, YT	Junior	2155 pts
2	Kerry Kirby, CN	Krosno	2015
3	Bill Cole, MX	SF-27	1584
4	David Mulders, FX	S-4	1532
5	Donaldson/Miller, 585	1-26E	1052

The Toronto Soaring Club would like to thank all of the pilots and their crews for coming out. We certainly did enjoy hosting the group and learned a lot from the experience. It is always wonderful to see the level of community and brotherhood rise as the event unfolds. The new friends we make and re-acquaintance with our old ones makes it all worthwhile. Plus we get to fly a lot in a short period of time, pushing and developing our skills. Fun? You bet!

I would personally like to thank the many members of TSC who put in so many hours of hard work. A special thanks to the pilots' better-halves, who make so much of our sport possible. The club has never looked so good and we're ready for the next one! ❖

John Mulder
Central Alberta

a Diamond climb



Darren Clark

FALL COWLEY, AND MY GOAL was to get a Diamond climb accomplished. Saturday was spent getting our Jantar, motorhome and family relocated to Cowley. Sunday, 30 September, and time for my first flight of the camp. I had planned for a 3000 foot tow to reduce the altitude required to achieve the Diamond. It was an early tow and Paul Chalifour hadn't had any previous tows to find the wave. On his advice I hung on for a 4000 tow as nothing really strong had been found to that point.

Releasing in weak wave in the secondary, it took a while to get to 10,000. I heard a radio call from the north of wave at 14,000 so I headed that way. I continued to the northern boundary of the Livingstone Block airspace, hitting 5–7 knots there, then turned south, still in 2–4 knots of wave. As I continued south, the wave in the secondary seemed to top out at 21,000 feet – that would be several thousand short of a Diamond, but it was only the first flight of the camp.

I decided to try the primary. Heading west I found 6–8 down but only lost 2500 feet in the transition. I began to make short laps to the north of Centre Peak and got back up to 22,000 but now the lift averaged less than a knot. I had nowhere else to be, so I decided to be patient and see if I could milk the needed 3000 more for a Diamond. It seemed an eternity, but in about 45 minutes I managed to get to 25,000 and that should be enough!

I kept doing the math comparing my release height and the conversion of 5000 metres to feet, add the release height – yeah, I think that's enough. I can still do the math; hypoxia has not set in.

I decided to head south and explore the Block, being mindful of the airspace restrictions. I hit very strong sink as I continued south and was concerned that I might

descend into the airway that runs through the centre of the Block. Moving south and east I contacted the secondary east of Lundbreck and found some weak lift. With adequate altitude I started west again along Hwy 3 but only found sink, so after the loss of several thousand feet, at 13,000 feet I headed back to the airfield, first going east toward the Pincher Creek airport, then turning north to use up the altitude I had to spare before landing.

Passing the Cowley airfield I hadn't lost much altitude and was holding 12,000 so I decided to try the secondary again. Between the 'Oldspan' (yellow bridge) and 'Old-man' (Hwy 22 bridge) turnpoints I found a steady 8 to 10 knots! That lasted for a few thousand feet but weakened to 4 knots through 17,000 and close to 1 knot at 20,000. It's amazing how the lift is on then off again like a switch. I headed back to the primary thinking I might break 25,000 feet and ensure I had the Diamond altitude. Because the lift was still very weak above 23,000 and I had used up my patience on the last climb, I decided to take a pass on the continued attempt and instead just enjoy the scenery.

Finally it was time for dinner, so I opened the spoilers and found the lee side of the wave to descend. After a 5:24 flight, I was ready for something to eat.

I was fortunate to have found the lift on the first day of the camp, because although we had several more wave days, it never produced the height I found on this flight. Day 2 was also good and Carol managed a Gold climb and completed her Silver distance in the wave. It took October for the Mulders to accomplish our 2007 season goals. Thanks Cowley!

This turned out to be the only Diamond badge climb of the camp, and the first there since 2005. ❖

Miscellany



Carol Mulder

Now how is one to understand this photograph? Either it's to show that this young guy is born to be a glider pilot, or there's nothing more boring than reading *Free Flight*!

Some comment on the FT&SC response:

A response to the, "what is a glider flight plan" item in Safety & Training page of the last issue.

The New Brunswick Soaring Association had a problem like this years ago when I flew there. The problem was that the glider pilot was communicating with ATC, ran out of lift and informed ATC they were landing in a field. The standard protocol is for ATC to notify SAR after 30 minutes if contact has been lost. This sounds like a similar scenario.

SAR then did a "comm search". After ATC notified SAR of the lost contact and the Rescue Centre in Halifax tracked the NBSA down and contacted us in Havelock, we explained that the glider was safely landed, had contacted

us, that there was no emergency and it would be retrieved in due course. We were busy with students so due course was much later. It did not help that the glider landed in a large field under a busy VFR airway about 10 miles from Moncton or that the pilot removed the canopy, turtledeck and cushions, etc. to expedite the eventual derigging. Until we finally got around to the retrieve, sightings of the wreckage and apparent debris were reported by passing pilots for the rest of the afternoon. The military SAR type on duty spent the afternoon fielding the 'crash' reports and making annoyed calls to our operation in Havelock.

Flight plans or itineraries etc. filed with responsible persons while important would not prevent incidents like this. Once contact has been made with FSS or ATC the "30 minute lost contact" protocol is activated and a full

SAR flap will follow (as it should) unless the radio contact is formally closed "glider BFG switching to 123.4, C-FBFG out" or (and!) a call is made to ATC after landing to confirm "flight plan closed". In this NBSA incident, the pilot was not used to dealing with ATC; working a glider is not that common for ATC either.

Conclusion: if we talk to Flight Service or ATC, *formally end the conversation before landing*, and for good measure phone them once on the ground and confirm that all is well.

Paul Chalifour, Cu Nim

What is the WSPA?

I want to let Canadian glider pilots know about the existence of the *Women Soaring Pilots Association*. Although the WSPA is a division of the SSA, international members are welcome. Its purpose is to promote all aspects of soaring for women glider pilots. Members from outside the US have their own Board representative (currently Irena Gornik from Slovenia), and are eligible to apply for scholarships supporting flight training.

Activities include an annual Women's Soaring Seminar (2008 to be held in Alexandria, Indiana) where training, discussion and fun flying are all available. They also are present at the annual SSA convention, have a busy e-mail discussion group, and publish a quarterly newsletter, *Hangar Soaring*.

Full membership is available to any woman holding a student glider rating or higher, and associate membership is available to anyone else. Membership is a bargain at only \$10 US per year (going up to \$15 in 2008). More info can be found at <www.womensoaring.org>. I encourage all women pilots in Canada to consider a membership in this organization.

Carol Mulder, Central Alberta

Winching and curry

On 3 November, Great Lakes GC moved their flying operations for the day over to Deleurant Field, home of the Toronto Soaring Club. This is the second year that GLGC has made the trip to TSC to experience winch launching.

TSC has operated a winch since the club was formed back in the 60's. Today we primarily use aerotow but everyone enjoys getting the winch out regularly to keep our skills up and practise circuits on days that we otherwise would not be flying. Last year, through the efforts of a few people from each club, we got together for one weekend in August and introduced some GLGC pilots to the winch for the first time. Based on the success of that weekend, we organized another day this year.

TSC members started the day early to make sure that our Puchacz was airworthy after receiving an emergency AD earlier in the

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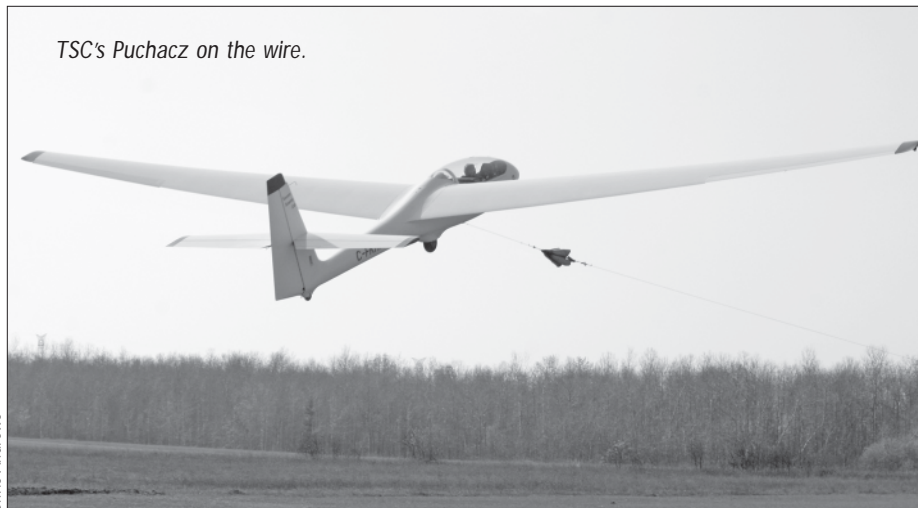
week. The Great Lakes Krosno arrived by aerotow shortly before noon and a few privately owned single-seaters arrived in their trailers. The flying activities started with a briefing focussed on winch launching procedures for the benefit of those new to the winch and as a refresher for everyone else.

We were fortunate to have a westerly breeze blowing, so that we could launch from the clubhouse end of our east-west runway, giving us plenty of room for staging the gliders before flight and retrieving them after they land. This allowed the day to run very smoothly and we were able to launch a glider approximately every ten minutes. It was possible to thermal away from the launch, as demonstrated by one SZD-55 pilot, but most flights lasted less than five minutes because we wanted to give as many people as possible the chance to try the winch. We did 35 winch launches for the afternoon and people were walking around with grins on their faces despite their short flights.

The fun factor of the day could be summed up by a pilot in Rosebud, the 1-26, when a loud "Yahoo" could be heard from the cockpit as the glider accelerated down the runway.

TSC's Puchacz on the wire.

Chris Andrews



The flying came to a close only when the light started to fade and the chef was calling for the third time that dinner was ready. While we were flying, Geoff and his culinary team were preparing a feast of wonderful curried dishes and appetizers. Was it a success? People are already talking about next year.

David Ellis, Toronto Soaring

The Mulders at play at the fall Cowley camp – John, the little kids, and Carol in the family Jantar getting ready for her Gold climb and Silver distance two days after John flew his Diamond.

Darren Clark



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free flight photos HELP!

I get lots of photos, all easily lost with file names like *IMG_1234*. It really helps to first rename them to something sensible to an editor.

Think of *free flight* when you have a good photo and send me a low resolution .jpg first. If I ask for the original file, make no "improvements" whatever – I'll crop, etc, etc. as needed at my end.
 Many thanks. Tony

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Ontario, Eric Gillespie (EG)
Pacific, David A Collard (DC)
Alberta, John Mulder (JM)
FT&SC, Dan Cook (Dan)
Executive Director, Jim McCollum (Jim)

1. FT&SC safety management

EG has been working on the documents with a legal advisor. EG will have a draft document to circulate to the BoD prior to the 2008 BoD meetings. Dan Cook and EG will prepare a note for *free flight* indicating the progress with this project. During the discussion, it became apparent that an article for *free flight* would be of valuable concerning liability and how clubs and individuals use, follow or deviate from what would be considered 'standard practices'. It may also encourage clubs to follow the FT&SC documents during training and flying activities. Dan Cook will prepare a checklist for the clubs to continue the process of implementing the Safety Management System. *Action: EG, Dan Cook*

2. Web site

JM and EG provided an update. Cost and the lack of knowledge concerning the technical requirements for this project has slowed progress. A letter from Gabriel Duford concerning the direction of the FT&SC for an online resource and his recommendations to tie the SAC web site with the FT&SC was reviewed.

SB will contact Gabriel Duford with the results and advise him to contact JM as the SAC web site Liaison. Once the project is underway, contact CAS to see if they are interested in placing their web site under this umbrella.

Action: SB, JM

3. Promotional material

Copyright issues were discovered concerning adopting existing documents that could be modified for use nationally. Some documents in the SAC office were circulated and discussed. It was decided that the website is the best form for promotion, and videos could be added or linked to other web services already available. There are some materials in the SAC office available to clubs.

4. Insurance update

Keith Hay e-mailed his report and called into the office on speaker phone. He expects little change for next year. There is still a concern with very high value gliders (\$180k+). Because these occur infrequently, we will attempt to find solutions on a "one-off" basis. Keith will speak with Jones Brown concerning ultralight towing and Recreational Pilot Permit tow-pilots. Keith mentioned that a Private Pilot Licence holder may continue to tow after the PPL privileges expire on the Recreation Pilot Permit but must request and receive approval from the insurer.

Liability coverage for course directors and instructors were reviewed. The coverage is

associated with the aircraft involved (club two-seater \$2M liability). Legal fees do not affect the liability coverage.

Action: Keith Hay (JT)

5. AGM and CAS

Discussion about the format of the 2008 AGM. We would like to coordinate with CAS at their cross-country clinic in Montreal. We would like to have the AGM from 9-10 am on Saturday morning. FT&SC would like to have a presentation on flight simulation, interactive displays and demonstrations on Sunday morning. SB will look into hotels. JT will discuss the coordination of dates and activities with Dave Springfield.

Dates: Try to arrange for 15 March 2008, otherwise the first weekend in April (some clubs may be flying?) *Action: SB, JT*

6. FAI Airspace Commission

Jim presented a request to FAI members forwarded to us from the Aero Club of Canada requesting representation on a newly established FAI Technical Commission to handle questions relating to airspace and navigation. Since we have a strong and knowledgeable airspace committee, it was decided we should ask Ian Grant and Scott McMaster if they would be willing to represent Canada on this Commission.

7. Update to SAC policy manual

This project requires a fresh approach. Jim will send the current bylaw documents to Robert Wappel for review and amending. Will attempt to have a revised document for review at the March BoD meeting.

The policy manual Table of Contents will be distributed for review by the BoD to determine chapters still relevant. Jim will send an e-mail identifying what has been completed to date. The objective is to get the chapters we want updated into electronic format for editing and distribution. *Action: Jim, BoD*

8. Possible re-alignment of zones

EG and SB will discuss this with their member clubs. *Action: EG, SB*

9. Free Flight changes

Discussion concerning the change to the *free flight* cover. The cover will return to the original "Free Flight - Vol Libre" until a more appropriate French equivalent can be determined. SB will circulate the question to the membership requesting suggestions for the French language title. *Action: SB*

10. Airspace committee update

Ian Grant provided an update from the Airspace committee concerning their activities and future plans. The BoD had the opportunity to discuss initiatives and options concerning gliders and other airspace users. The BoD also recognized and thanked the Airspace committee for their professionalism

while working with NavCanada and Transport Canada. This professionalism reflects well on the entire soaring community.

Ian was asked if he would be willing to represent Canada on the FAI technical commission concerning Airspace and Navigation. This is subject to the Aero Club of Canada.

11. Funding of Worlds

The BoD reviewed the funds available for supporting the World Team. Interest from the Wolf Mix fund will be transferred to the World Contest fund.

An idea first circulated on the Roundtable for a National day of support and fund raising for the World Team by providing fam flights and donating the proceeds to the World Team. This was strongly supported by the BoD and attempt to use this day as a National PR day for soaring.

12. Event dates

SAC AGM	2008	Montreal
	2009	London (to be contacted)
	2010	Silver Star (Vernon)
Cdn Nats	2008	Gatineau
	2009	CVVQ
	2010	North Battleford
Western Instructor course		
	July 21-25	Innisfail (to confirm)
SAC BoD	AGM	Montreal
	Nov 8-9,	2008 Ottawa

13. Committees, etc.

They were reviewed - only the changes are recorded.

Historical DC will also put his daughter in contact with Tony concerning *free flight* archives.

Medical EG will talk with Real LeGeoff concerning a position on this committee.

Safety Review Board SB will find a French member for this committee.

FT&SC Dan Cook is looking for interested, hard-working individuals to fill one vacant position on the committee.

Aero Club representative EG will look for a candidate.

COPA insert Go ahead again this year in May.

Coupon idea for fam flights

Focus on the National Team, describe the venue, the team members etc, tie in a Canada-wide "Fam Flight Day" fund raiser. Dan Cook will prepare a booklet for COPA concerning Power Pilot to Glider Conversions and Tow-pilot requirements. *Action: Dan Cook*

SAC membership

Names and funds need to get to the SAC office in a more timely manner and with accurate information. Discussion concerning timing for insurance coverage when becoming a member of SAC. Is the individual covered when the club accepts the application and cheque, when the SAC office is notified, or when the SAC office receives the funds? JT will contact Keith Hay for clarification. *Action: JT* ❖

After I realized that we were losing ground, I turned our ship around and started heading back towards the field. We were lured away from our transit towards the field by a newly forming cu slightly north of the field, but as we approached it, nothing. Nothing except more sink.

We had lost altitude heading over to the cu, and now there was even more sink on our way back to the field at around 5–8 knots down the entire way. My level of urgency was now on high, as we slowly realized that we didn't have the legs to make it back to the field with the altitude remaining. I felt a bit of panic for certain, and started calling out our height and sink rate to my instructor who was now in command.

We both scanned for a good landable field and simultaneously found a very worthy one and called it out at the same time. It was one of the fields at the Hutterite colony that gets an almost annual visit from Blaniks that chance to fall out of the primary wave off tow. I quit calling out the numbers so as not to distract my instructor from his task at hand. I radioed Cowley Ground and announced our intentions of outlanding three miles north-west of the airfield. As we turned final, and I saw that we would easily clear the fence at the near end of the field I felt a burden of

relief. The landing was uneventful in a well-chosen field. It was my first landout!

We opened the canopy, and I let out a big "Whoop." I felt as high and as exhilarated as my first solo landing last year.

We were received well by a few Hutterites arriving in a pick-up truck and farm tractor. They were very inquisitive and offered their assistance. Levi, the tractor driver, suggested that we come back tomorrow and land in the field again because, "the women make hot buns on Friday!"

Driving back in the retrieve vehicles, Jean realized that he should have let me do the landout for the practice. But I was content; I had experienced it first hand. No tigers were lurking ready to pounce on us on touchdown. It was something I personally wanted to do prior to licensing, as it was a dark fear that lurked in the back of my mind. Although I still have a healthy respect for the risks involved in an outlanding, I now know that should I ever have to perform one on my own, the pucker factor will be less, allowing me to concentrate clearly on the task at hand.

Now I just need to meet the demands of our CFI and TC to get licensed! Until then, the next Cowley wave camp awaits! ❖

mass breathe, surge, as you ride the wave higher and higher. The air takes on a feeling of being...alive...

The reality of having flown a Diamond climb hits me. Yahoo! However, there are more pressing issues: my feet are starting to cramp up from the cold, and a quick check on the O₂ gauge tells me it's time to return to lower altitudes if I want to keep a safe margin in the tank. At 6000, the familiar jostling of late day thermals and low altitude mechanical turbulence returns as I slip below the smooth laminar flow of wave. Almost forgot what this was like after 5 hours in the wave...

Taking time to descend in steps, allowing my glider to gradually warm up, I am in the circuit for runway 32. One more good pounding through the turbulence on short final, flare, rollout and then silence. I don't want to move or open the canopy – just savour the moment for a few seconds more before leaving my magic carpet of the last 6–1/2 hours.

Soon the other gliders are landing. Everyone managed to get above 20,000 feet, one of the best wave days ever in Lake Placid. Stories and camaraderie are plentiful at dinner. By 9:30 pm I am on the road home, grinning all the way. Sometimes things just click. ❖

Cowley isn't all wave as Phil Stade and I find when we just have to go up and see what is happening. We could have pulled off at 500 feet under a big black cloud – it was the fastest 2000 foot tow I have ever been on! We then heard that Walter Mueller was up at cloudbase at 8000 but we hit it at 6000 so we flew out from under the cloud and kept climbing. At 8000 feet we were looking down at that cloudbase below us and wondering which one it was that Walter was at. A quick trip towards the mountains to the south and then back over the Hutterite colony to the northwest of the field that looked like it had been bombed with a giant flower bomb. It was a perfect circle of snow that came down in a couple of minutes while we flew south and back.

While flying east and west north of the cloud we saw Walter duck under the cloud and shoot through a thin section of a precipitation veil and go back to the field. On our return we decided to follow his lead. It was a good thing the veil was thin – we got a little ice build-up on the leading edges that melted right away on the other side in 4 degrees.

Now I can look through my log book and figure out how many times I had the longest flight of the day. I can start planning to finish off that Bronze, get some Gold and maybe get my OO and start on the instructors and — Oh look, curling is on TV. ❖

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Canada's first 750 km flight

The first 750 kilometre FAI triangle flown in North America was achieved 30 years ago in a flight from Odessa, Texas – NO, it went over Algonquin National Park!

John Firth did it in his Kestrel 19. Here is his story which first appeared in the 5/1977 free flight.



DURING THE GLOOMY PART of last winter, I began musing about the possibilities of distance flights achievable in a ballasted modern ship. The newly-instituted FAI record of 750 kilometre triangle speed seemed possible, though it would be quite a formidable task for eastern Canada. The main problem was the need for good soaring conditions over most of the course without getting completely away from inhabited regions. The map suggested a course line over the 1500 foot high plateau within the Ottawa, Toronto, North Bay triangle.

Much time was spent in selecting easily found, well-placed turnpoints which yielded just over 750 km. Eventually Bethany and South River were chosen. The first leg lies over a modest ridge (500 to 1000 feet) north of Lake Ontario. The second follows the edge of the 1500 foot Algonquin Plateau, and the third, initially across Algonquin Park, with 50 miles of lakes and woods, is almost entirely over high ground, with the hope of strong convection continuing into the evening. Though 50 miles of unlandable terrain may seem formidable, I expected to be crossing this at 4 pm at the peak of the day, with cloudbase above 8000 feet, helped along by a tailwind. By flying the Kestrel conservatively with 7000 underneath, that 50 miles can be covered in one glide. This last leg also offered the promise of a late downwind final glide of maybe 60 miles. Some thought was given to emergency gear, and a small pack was prepared.

We had an early season start at Kars – though there were no booming days, the hills to the west beckoned. A series of probing flights, two of 330 km to Barry's Bay and back, and a 529 km triangle showed excellent soaring in this sparsely inhabited region. My surmise was correct; thermals and cumulus bases in this area are the best in the region.

Thereafter on every promising day, I declared 750 km and prepared for 10 am takeoff. This tactic was necessary because of the lack of basic information such as a tephigram as the preceding evening's data was not a reliable indication of the next day. Twice I sat and waited for cu and cancelled the task before 11 am. Twice I took off but found only weak lift which did not improve in the following hour, and turned back.

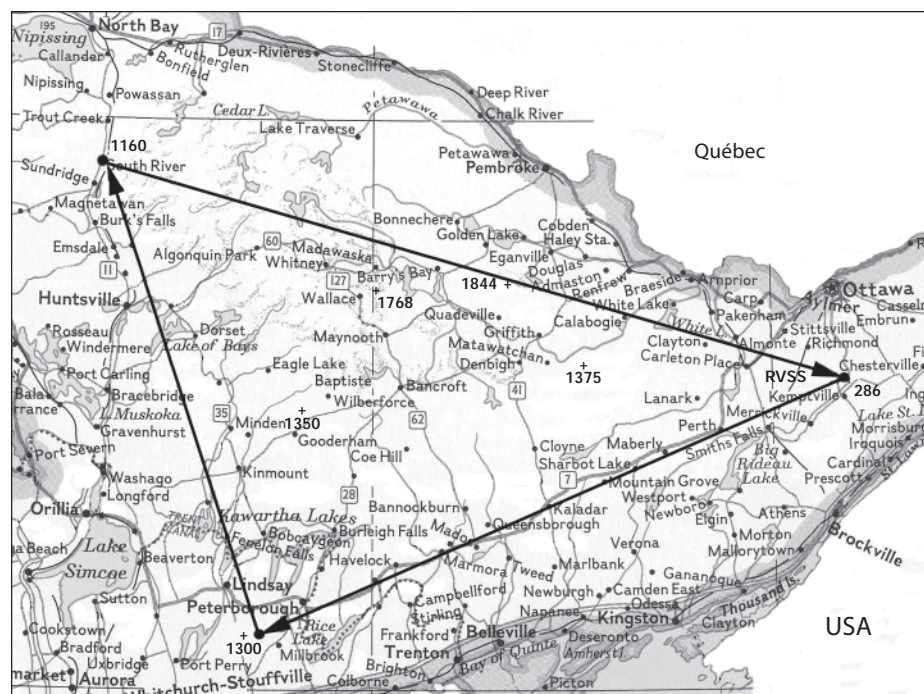
Finally, on July 10th, 24 hours after a cold front, North Bay and Toronto reported clear skies and light winds from the north, and the early morning in Ottawa was clear and calm. The Kestrel had been rigged the night before, by 9:30 we had the ship watered and fed and on runway 24 at Kars. As the first cu appeared away to the west, a fitful wind strengthened from the east. Twenty minutes were lost towing the ship to the other end of the field. Takeoff was finally at 10 and I left straight forward – no scrapes, no low points – though the lift was never strong, averaging 4 to 5 knots with bursts of 6.

By 12:30 Bethany was obligingly under cu at 6000 feet. The east wind had slackened and shifted to the north and so I had streets along leg two over a line of hills. I pressed on keeping high and in touch with home via a double radio relay. South River arrived surprisingly

soon, around 2:30, with cloudbase now 7000 feet to which I climbed gratefully before setting out on the 50 mile unlandable section.

To the east the last small cu formed two lines, one to the north and one south of the course. Choosing the south line, nearer the Two Rivers Lake emergency strip (I was later told it was overgrown), I climbed under every cu back to cloudbase and continued at a conservative 75 knots. The 500 kilometre mark went by in 4 hours 40 minutes, then a bunch of sailboats racing on a lake – Algonquin Station on the disused CN rail line is now a sailing club!

By this time the sky was completely blue and thermals became harder to find and work. With 200 km to go, I set the ring to 1 knot and the achieved speed dropped to 60 km/h; for the first time, I began to worry about getting home. At Carleton Place, down to 3000 at 6 pm I needed 2000 more feet and finding a 1 knot thermal, worked it for a long twenty minutes. I need hardly have bothered as two miles further on 2 knots arrived, then 3 and more; so with an extra 1000 feet I enjoyed a glide at 90 knots for the last ten miles. There was still soaring around Kars at 7 pm! ❖



FAI badges

Walter Weir

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(905) 263-4374, <waltweir@ca.inter.net>

The following badge legs were recorded in the Canadian Soaring Register during the period 11 September to 12 November 2007.

750 BADGE (750 km flight)

1 John Firth Rideau Valley

To honour John Firth's magnificent achievement of the first 750 km triangle flown in North America, the Soaring Association of Canada has retroactively awarded him Canadian 750 Badge number 1. The story of his flight has been reprinted on the opposite page.

SILVER BADGE

1018 Matt Keast London
1019 Charles (Stuart) McNair York
1020 Carol Mulder Central Alberta
1021 Derek Mackie Toronto
1022 Martin Brassard SOSA
1023 Andrzej Mazur SOSA

DIAMOND ALTITUDE (5000 m gain)

John Mulder	Central Alberta	5074	Jantar	Cowley, AB
Roger Hildesheim	Gatineau	5315	SZD-55	Lake Placid, NY
Jean-Guy Hélie	Quebec	5143	ASW-20	Baie St-Paul, QC

DIAMOND GOAL (300 km declared flight)

Martin Brassard	SOSA	375.6	LS-6b	Rockton, ON
Richard Jones	Great Lakes	324.6	HP-18	Colgan, ON
Martin Brugger	Air Sailing	305.8	Phoebus C	Belwood, ON

GOLD DISTANCE (300 km flight)

Martin Brassard	SOSA	375.6	LS-6b	Rockton, ON
Richard Jones	Great Lakes	324.6	HP-18	Colgan, ON
Martin Brugger	Air Sailing	305.8	Phoebus C	Belwood, ON

GOLD ALTITUDE (3000 m gain)

Carol Mulder	Central Alberta	3270	Jantar	Cowley, AB
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SILVER DISTANCE (50 km flight)

Matt Keast	London	64.5	Astir CS	Embro, ON
Charles (Stuart) McNair	York	60.7	1-23	Arthur E, ON
Carol Mulder	Central Alberta	51.4	Jantar	Cowley, AB
Adam Blowacki	Montreal	53.2	L-33	Hawkesbury, ON
Derek Mackie	Toronto	75.5	Mosquito	Conn, ON
Thomas Sands	SOSA	60.8	PW-5	Rockton, ON
Andrzej Mazur	SOSA	60.8	SZD-55	Rockton, ON

SILVER DURATION (5 hour flight)

Marin Bolkovic	Winnipeg	5:04	ASW-15	Belwood, ON
Derek Mackie	Toronto	5:54	Mosquito	Conn, ON
Martin Brassard	SOSA	5:26	LS-6b	Rockton, ON
Andrzej Mazur	SOSA	5:50	SZD-55	Rockton, ON

SILVER ALTITUDE (1000 m height gain)

Allan White	Montreal	1026	L-33	Hawkesbury, ON
Arvind Jain	Montreal	1470	DG-300	Hawkesbury, ON
Derek Mackie	Toronto	1240	Mosquito	Conn, ON
David Donaldson	Great Lakes	1210	1-26	Colgan, ON
Thomas Sands	SOSA	1670	PW-5	Rockton, ON
Andrzej Mazur	SOSA	1268	SZD-55	Rockton, ON

C BADGE (1 hour flight)

2872 Sharon Sukhdeo	York	1:12	2-33	Arthur E, ON
2873 Marin Bolkovic	Winnipeg	5:04	ASW-15	Belwood, ON
2874 Cecilia Kwok	York	1:13	2-33	Arthur E, ON
2875 Rubina Nanji	York	1:08	2-33	Arthur E, ON
2876 Dale Travis	Edmonton	2:35	L-23	Chipman, AB
2877 Allan White	Montreal	1:37	L-33	Hawkesbury, ON
2878 Derek Mackie	Toronto	5:54	Mosquito	Conn, ON
2879 Andrzej Mazur	SOSA	60.8	SWD-55	Rockton, ON

FAI records

Roger Hildesheim

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(613) 838-4470, <lucile@istar.ca>

The following records have been approved:

Pilot	Tim Wood
Date/Place	23 June 2007, Invermere, BC
Record type	300 km Speed to Goal, Territorial, Club
FAI Category	SAC
Sailplane	ASW-27, C-FWKR
Speed	92.1 km/h
Task	GPS declared start and finish points
Previous record	Not claimed

Pilot	Tim Wood
Date/Place	26 June 2007, Invermere, BC
Record type	Free Out & Return Dist, Territorial, Open, 15m, Club
FAI Category	3.1.4b
Sailplane	ASW-27, C-FWKR
Distance	541.4 km (Open & 15m), 476.4 km (Club)
Task	GPS declared start/finish and turnpoint
Previous records	Open – 372.2 km, Tony Burton (2003) 15m – not claimed Club – 442.9 km, Tony Burton (2003)

Pilot	Tim Wood
Date/Place	5 July 2007, Invermere, BC
Record type	3 TP Dist, Territorial, Open, 15m, Club
FAI Category	3.1.4f
Sailplane	ASW-27, C-FWKR
Distance	642.7 km (Open & 15m), 565.6 km (Club)
Task	Mt. Swansea, Blaeberry, Lakit Lookout, Mt Seven, return
Previous records	Not claimed

Pilot	Tim Wood
Date/Place	10 July 2007, Invermere, BC
Record type	Free Triangle Dist, Territorial, Open, 15m
FAI Category	3.1.4d
Sailplane	ASW-27, C-FWKR
Distance	481.0 km
Task	GPS declared start/finish and turnpoints
Previous records	Open – 433.4 km, Tony Burton (2004) 15m – not claimed

Pilot	Tim Wood
Date/Place	11 July 2007, Invermere, BC
Record type	200 km Speed Triangle, Territorial, 15m
FAI Category	SAC
Sailplane	ASW-27, C-FWKR
Speed	95.2 km/h
Task	GPS declared start/finish and turnpoints
Previous record	Not claimed

Pilot	Anthony Kawzowicz (Alf Marcelissen)
Date/Place	21 July 2007, Rockton, ON
Record type	400 km Speed Triangle, Territorial, Multi-Open
FAI Category	SAC
Sailplane	DG 505, C-FGLP
Speed	85 km/h
Task	SOSA, Flesherton, Strathroy, Oshweken, return
Previous record	Not claimed

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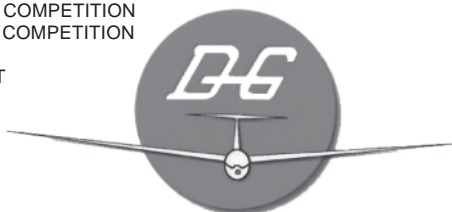
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