

free flight libre



2009
Autumn



Priorities

John Toles, SAC President

AS THIS ISSUE REACHES MEMBERS, the flying season will be winding down for many. The weather has been less than cooperative in many parts of the country, but there have also been some great flights logged. I hope you enjoy this issue – Tony has worked hard to assemble a variety of flying stories from the duration to a distance record, as well as the Nationals.

The next round of SAC board meetings will be held in Ottawa on the weekend of 14 November. Any concerns or questions you may have should be brought forward through your Zone director or the relevant committee chairman, preferably well in advance of the meetings. The meeting agenda tends to fill quickly, with Saturday and most of Sunday scheduled for SAC business.

One “priority” I would like to see addressed is expanded utilization of the SAC web site. In the past, *free flight/vol libre* was the main source for providing members with current information. By the time it now gets published and distributed, this is often closer to history than current events. Part of the rationale for going to a quarterly rather than bi-monthly distribution was that it could focus more on stories and articles of general interest, since current news is readily available on the internet.

Volunteers have put together an excellent SAC web site. *These same volunteers repaired the web site after it was somehow hacked early this summer. It was a real sacrifice on their part giving up valuable time fixing our web site during the prime soaring season. Special thanks again to Susan Snell and Luke Szczepaniak for all their valuable work!* Each club was asked to approve a representative to upload information of interest. One of the first banners to appear is “Newsflash”, with sections for “Latest News”, and “Popular News”. Perhaps these would be more meaningful as “SAC news” and “Club news” or something similar, but the opportunity is there to keep information current and interesting – and be a good reason for members to want to visit the web site. At present, under “Popular News”, the five most recent items are featured and they are from 2007 and 2008! This is your site – any suggestions for improved utilization will be very welcome.

The Roundtable forum continues to be well used, but only by a few. This is an excellent forum for asking questions, sharing information, and discussing issues of interest. One of the problems is occasional interruption by non-members, and keeping the site relevant and running properly. One suggestion I received was to include a banner on the home page indicating whom to contact if there is a problem with logging on or with the site itself. The volunteers that put it together have been very quick and helpful once a problem is pointed out, but we could use one main contact person for web site maintenance. Can anyone step forward?

John Mulder is currently the contact director for the web site, and he and Tony have been keeping the documents section up to date. There is a lot of information available, and we encourage you to troll through the documents section. Interested in information on obtaining badges? Safety and training? Insurance information? SAC minutes and reports? It’s all there and much more. Also available through the main menu are the current and back issues (to 1981) of “free flight”, SAC historical data, a photo gallery, links to other sites, and so on. *We will continue to update files as we sort through them. If you find documents that need updating, or should be removed because they are no longer pertinent, please send me an e-mail at <johnmulder@shaw.ca>.*

The next issue won’t be out until January, so this is my only opportunity to wish everyone the best for the upcoming holiday season. May your New Year’s resolutions include lots of goals for safe and enjoyable flying.

italics text added by John Mulder

free flight

vol libre

2009/4 – Autumn

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

ISSN 0827 – 2557



Aeroplan charitable program

AJ defies gravity!

2009 Nationals

... a novice's view

almost 6 hours!

soaring rules for wood

final glide

incident / coincidence

before the blow, then ...

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Cover

The first Boeing 747 fire bomber conversion landed at the 2009 Alberta International Airshow in Lethbridge and it was parked right in front of Cu Nim's glider display. That was way too good a photo-op not to take advantage of, so Tony Burton's 360 lb Russia was moved underneath (the wide angle lens certainly exaggerates its 12.6m wingspan).

Photo: Darren Clark

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Aeroplan is happy to facilitate the transfer of miles to support the Canadian Soaring Team

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Donate Aeroplan Miles and support the 2010 Canadian Team

The 31st World Gliding Championships take place in July and August 2010. The Standard, Club and World classes will compete at a different venue than the 15m, 18m and Open classes. The non-flapped contest will be held in Prievidza, Slovakia and the flapped contest will be held in Szeged, Hungary.

The 2010 World's Canadian Team is Dave Springford, Jerzy Szemplinski and Willem Langelaan. The team was selected based on the results of the 2009 Canadian Nationals in conjunction with results from each pilot's best contest over the two previous years. All pilots plan to fly in Szeged so that the team can combine logistics and reduce the expenses that would be associated with flying at two venues. As part of the team preparations for next summer, Aeroplan was ⇨ **p26**



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, published quarterly.

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 hi-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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10 **March, June**
September, December

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 vélivoles 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 quatre fois par année.

Les articles publiés dans *free flight* proviennent d'individus ou de groupes de vélivoles 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.

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 ou s'abonner à la revue, communiquez par <sac@sac.ca>. Le tarif d'abonnement est de 30\$ pour 1 an et 55\$ pour 2 ans. Pour l'extérieur du Canada, le tarif est de 35\$US pour 1 an et 60\$US pour 2 ans. La revue est disponible gratuitement, en format "pdf" au <www.sac.ca>.

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Date limite:

10

mars, juin
septembre, decembre

Beyond boundaries!

There are times when I would like to be able to bring an experience to a stop to fully savour the moment. Flying with Sean, Kim and John from the Carewest Fanning Centre in Calgary made for nearly 1-1/2 airborne hours of those moments! One of the few words Sean was able to speak with enough force for me to gauge his response from the front seat as he controlled the stick of the ASK-21 and FLEW was his continual "Exxxxxcellent!" His big dives, pull-ups and pushovers, well controlled turns and quick responses to my direction had me longing for more air time with Sean – a man whose day-to-day life centres on being moved on and off his wheelchair.

Kim flew next and her exuberance couldn't be contained ... "I'm flying!" To be the passenger in the back seat as she flung us around the sky for more than half the flight was a privilege I'm so glad I didn't miss out on. John, all 6'-4" of him, couldn't verbalize how he was doing or to control the aircraft but our pre-arranged signals of nodding, "Yes" got the message to me loud and clear. We did gentle reduced-G pushovers and graduated to full blown wingovers but the time in the air was way too short.

Charles Petersen once told me that he had enjoyed instructing able-bodied pilots but the *Freedoms Wings* program raised that enjoyment to whole new levels. Right!

Phil Stade

Carolina dreaming

Good day Tony, I got an e-mail from Ulli Werneburg informing me that *Carolina Dreaming* appeared in *free flight*. Thanks for the excellent editing. I'm glad to see a professionally published magazine issued for SAC members – congratulations are in order.

Last spring I wrote to you about publishing short stories regarding sailplanes on a blog. That has been realized and you can have a read at <www.sailplaneflights.blogspot.com>. I'm going to expand the blog during the next year or longer. There will be five to six stories divided into Part I, II, etc., from an unpublished manuscript called *Skyborne*. The stories are about the secrets of the Golden eagles as told to three children by their grandfather. Playing out in the Appalachian Mountains and Canada, it involves soaring and the flight of eagles. There will be a bunch of free style poems on soaring and a short story on the

Atlantic Salmon. The remainder will be about flying gliders and perhaps other stories of Hans and Sue-Ellen. I would like the blog to have a link on SAC's web site for interested readers. Who do I contact for approval?

I've "tested" *Carolina Flight* and *Sailplanes Over Gan* (on the blog) on relatives who know nothing about flying. They understood – and didn't know flying sailplanes was so complicated. My only hope is that the blog will undertake to represent a cross-section of the sport to the general public and most importantly, to young adults – and that there are actual soaring competitions.

The blog, as presently constituted, illustrates soaring activities at Gatineau in the mid to late-seventies. I'm also going to ask for contributions of non-fiction experiences during that time. Richard Officer wrote a personal experience story about driving from Vermont to State College to fly the ridges. I'll keep looking over some of the *Gatineau Glider* magazines I kept, all this time, for more interesting writings of that short space of time.

Many members of the GGC have gone west like yourself or elsewhere, and unfortunately some are no longer with us. It will be a time to remember and cherish about some of the pilots who were there at that time.

Maurice Aubut

SAC youth bursary program

The 20 young members listed below have qualified for the SAC bursary program:

Justin Conroy	Canadian Rockies
Patrick Crawford	Canadian Rockies
Amadou Abdoulaye Diop	Champlain
Simon-Pierre Dupont	Champlain
Daniel Eyerund	Vancouver
Matthew Floch	Saskatoon
Michael Fluder	SOSA
Max Jurgensen	SOSA
Raffles Koh	Vancouver
Christopher Kok	York
Darren Long	Alberni-Van Isle
Zach Martin	York
Selena Phillips-Boyle	Edmonton
David Morin	Regina
Daniel Ryan	Vancouver
Megan Schatoske	Saskatoon
Si-Mun Tang	Canadian Rockies
Kassia Vinci	Silver Star
Robert Williams	Gatineau
Neil Wilson	SOSA

AJ defies gravity!

or how I flew part way across Canada

Andrew Jackson

Planned flights greater than the 500 kilometre Diamond distance weren't that common in Canada before Invermere got going. This year is the 20th anniversary of Andrew's 640 km downwind dash to Regina.

"Regina tower, this is glider Charlie Golf Romeo Uniform Romeo, inbound from Claresholm, Alberta for runway 26." Pause.

"Golf Romeo Uniform Romeo, did you say glider."

"Regina tower, affirmative." Silence.

"Romeo Uniform Romeo, did you say inbound from Claresholm, Alberta?" "Affirmative." Dumbfounded silence.

Earlier that Sunday morning, 2 July, I had got up to what was to be the last day of the 1989 Western Interprovincial Gliding Contest held at Claresholm, Alberta. This had been a mediocre contest for me to say the least. On one of the days I had to leave to sort a business problem in Calgary and, if that wasn't bad enough, I found that the contest dates had been extended by one day into this Sunday after I had already booked my able crew's flight back east. So that effectively scratched this last day of the contest for me as well. That really improves a pilot's standing!

I had already averaged about 6.5 kilometres per hour on one of the other days – an argument I lost with the iron-willed scorer, George Dunbar, who did not see the logic in my saying that a Ventus' stall speed was much higher than his figure, therefore I couldn't possibly fly as slowly as he gave me credit for!

So there I was, ready to put her in the box, snap at the crew – the whole thing was her fault anyway (I didn't mean that, Vicky) and drive the eight or nine hours home to Regina. Suddenly, someone came into the briefing room – "It's going to be a great day – a boomer!" If someone else says that one more time this week, I'll personally strangle him! "No, really it is." "Oh, yeah!" and so on. You know the sort of thing heard at all glider contests, "There's an upper level trough moving through that inversion layer that passed the high yesterday and the 700 millibar indicates that the dewpoint spread could adversely affect the thermal index should the weak disturbance move east."... You've heard it all before; I mean, anyone who can pronounce those bloody words

has got to understand them – right? You've seen them though, all those serious-looking pilots at the weather briefings, nodding away like those ornaments you see in car rear windows.

I pushed my crew towards the trailer to start to derig. The morning got hotter. Hal Werneburg (accomplished Canadian World Championship pilot) said to me, "Could be good." Now this guy I respect; he doesn't rush about like all the other idiots. "You mean real round thermals, 10,000 foot bases, equidistant, two miles apart, all over?" "Could be", he replied. A class act; this guy knows his weather, and he flies a Ventus too!

My crew sidled up to me, "You could go a long way today, get in and I'll drive the trailer and you see how far you can fly."

"Maybe we should just derig and drive in comfort." "GET IN", she hissed. I got in. She thrust my sandwiches, water, tow ticket, pee bags, pen, money, and maps into the cockpit. Good crews are really hard to get. "FLY", she snarled. That's what I like about good crews – they're able to make decisions!

As I sat in front of the contest grid and looked down the lonely blacktop runway, I saw a white wisp forming above. An old pal of mine, Graeme Craig, approached. "Where are you going?" With all the cool that Ingo Renner could have mustered, I shouted across the field, "Are you crazy? Haven't you seen the weather, it's going to be a boomer. Get out there, dummy!" Ha! I knew my weather all right. Graeme ran to get his Libelle to the front of the line also. Misery loves company, I thought.

"Don't forget to pick up my Tost link," I yelled to Vicky as she ran my wing – Tom Knauff charges \$20 each for those! I had visions of trying to retrieve it from someone at the Cu Nim club later at Summer Cowley. Fat chance.

Over the airport, I released in a good four knots. Steve Weinhold's done it again, I thought – typical – drops me

in the best one of the day just to fool me. A few minutes later, I was up to the wisp. "Contest ground, AJ on course." Never mind this "over-and-out" stuff. I could see Graeme start his tow. "I had better not hang around any longer," I thought. Flaps up, nose down and off we went.

The first part of the flight to Vauxhall some 100 kilometres away was pretty straightforward although the cu seemed to be forming much better to the north, and I was right on its southernmost edge. This was probably caused by the dividing line of a large irrigated area of land to the south. I heard Graham say he, too, was on course as I continued towards Medicine Hat.

Now, had I known the territory to Medicine Hat was as bad as it was, I would have trailed back. Too late. Talk about a moonscape – I would have been scared to put a 2-33 with a cast-iron skid down into this stuff. Fortunately, the cu were getting a little stronger now, with bases going about 8500 feet, so I pressed on, purposely working a higher height band to give myself a buffer over the inhospitable terrain below.

It's funny how the time taken to cross unlandable terrain is inversely proportional to the lack of landing spaces. (*Cronswad's 4th law of soaring.*) Finally, Medicine Hat came into view and with it no-stress landing fields – ie. one mile square, flat, with a pub at each corner. As I came up to the city, I relayed a message to the crew and heard that Graeme was still airborne. Good stuff. Careful to pass between the town and the southern limit of the Suffield Military Base, the cu was now at its best, 10,000 foot bases with six knot thermals so the Ventus came into its own. For the next 220 kilometres, I didn't have to turn. The landscape passed quickly by. "I should have filled her with water," I thought. The likelihood of remembering to fill with water decreases with the need for it. (*Cronswad's 3rd law of soaring.*)

Finally I could make out Swift Current. I started to get excited. Only a few more clicks for this elusive 500. What's all the fuss about. It's easy – wrong.

Suddenly, I noticed the altimeter unwinding. An altimeter will always turn anti-clockwise as the pressure increases. (*Galileo's 2nd rule of instrumentation.*) "Funny," I thought, "where's all the lift gone?" Nevermind, you don't need lift in a Ventus. On to the next cu – no lift and the next, no lift. Jeez, I'm so close – down to (?) – I was so low I couldn't read the numbers on the altimeter! Fortunately, all the bells started ringing, "change gear, change gear!"

On reflection, what had happened is that the lift was probably recycling. I just had to give it time. Ha! So, town by town, I tip-toed along until I was over Secretan: 506 kilometres, 4-1/2 hours. Incidentally, if you've ever tried to tip-toe a Ventus, it doesn't do it very well. By now, I was getting low enough to see the terrain was very rolling and not very landable. Bloody hell! I'll just have to keep going.

Finally, I found a weak one over some salt flats and ground away for a considerable time. In fact, it was so weak if I'd

dropped the gear, I swear we would have gone down, not up. Slowly, it got better and some time later, back we were at cloudbase. I tried in vain to let Vicky know where I was but we lost radio contact when I passed Swift Current. Anyone want to buy a handheld?

I could see Moose Jaw away on the horizon now, I knew there was a grass strip northeast of town, and my final glide computer said I had it aced. However, it must be wrong as I couldn't possibly go that far from here! I gave the instrument a couple of taps just to settle the printed circuits down but still it insisted I could do it.

The cu was much more sparse now, but I was glad to be able to prove the computer wrong as I arrived at Moose Jaw with much more height than I needed! And guess what? As I searched for the strip, I noticed I seemed to be looking down on Regina, a mere 70 kilometres away. Anyone want to buy a final glide computer?

As I lived in Regina, it seemed reasonable to land there. Thoughts of pressing on eastwards to try and beat Dave Marsden and Mike App's 1109 kilometre record paled into insignificance compared to a home field landing, a cold beer and a warm bed. Besides which, I had to get the crew on a plane the following morning.

The final glide was uneventful. You know the sort of conversations in the tower – "there's a bloody glider wants to land at an international airport, who does he think he is anyway" – "jets stacked up" – "do you have a transponder" – "what's that" – "report on downwind" – "I'm on base" – "which base?" – "sorry, final" – "which runway" – "the long one". A piece of advice to readers: a Ventus is a superb sailplane with performance that borders on indecency but will not, I repeat, will not, fly a normal circuit on an 8000 foot runway. One runway's width out at 800 feet above ground will leave you thinking what a shame to have to land on base leg underneath the jets parked on the ramp!

Fortunately, superior piloting skills sorted the situation out and we landed right in the middle opposite the taxiway. Hee haw, 640 kilometres in just six hours – not bad at all.

I opened the canopy to a terrific din of large engines grinding away to my right. As I looked up, a row of the largest fire trucks I had ever seen were blotting out the light and parked in a line pointing at me on the taxiway. An official-looking official came up to me. "Excuse me," I said in my best grovelling, landing out voice. "I've had to make an emergency landing here. Could you possibly give me a tow to the nearest tiedown area."

"Just sign this form, sir," he replied in a gruff voice, "we can't be responsible for anything." No problem; I signed "Hal Werneburg".

We got the glider onto the taxiway and tied a rope onto one of the truck hitches which was at least seven feet off the ground. The procession then set off sedately ⇒ p19

2009 Nationals

Dave Springford, SOSA

Maria Szemplinska

THE 2009 NATIONALS was hosted by SOSA on 1–10 July. The dates were selected as one week later than normal at Rockton since over the last few contests, the following week has always been better than during the contest. For two weeks before the contest warm dry weather dominated the area and many 4–600 km flights were flown from the club. As the contest started, a low pressure parked to the north-east and circulated moist unstable air into the contest area. This created low ceilings, low temperatures, and thunderstorms for the practice days and first contest days. Later in the contest, another low developed in the same area and caused similar problems. Despite these lows we did have some very good conditions and were able to fly five days.

Nineteen pilots were on hand, split between the Club class and FAI class. The FAI class was also handicapped and was composed of the Standard and 15m class gliders since there were not enough gliders to fly separate classes.

Following the format of the training camp held at SOSA last year, daily seminars were held in conjunction with the morning pilot meetings to demystify some aspects of contest flying for newcomers. Topics included a discussion of the rules, the different types of tasks, and strategies to use while flying tasks. The meetings included in-depth weather briefings by Jörg Stieber.

Contest personnel included Dugald Stewart as our Contest Director, Walter Weir as the scorer, and Dan Daly as the assistant scorer and all-round general go-to guy. Neil Wilson and Sonia Hildesheim ran the grid and launch crew. Diane Maloney was the office manager and another go-to gal. The towpilots included Scott McMaster and Doug Scott with a different third towpilot each day. Without a core group of people like this to look after the details, the contest could not be held. A great thank you to all of you for taking the time to keep us flying.

On the social side, there were four barbeques held to ease the load of shopping and cooking for the pilots and crew. Thanks to Luke Szczepaniak and Virginia Thomson for the Polish sausage night, Dale Guenter and Tish Ashton for the steak night, Virginia again for the chicken night, and Vlada Dekina and Andrew Corrigan for the burger night. These evenings really added to the enjoyment of the contest.

The contest got off to a slow start with bad weather for the two practice days, followed by more bad weather for the first three contest days. Not wanting to give away a day too early in the contest, a lot of time was spent on the grid those first three days waiting to see if the clouds would rise to the requisite height to start a task. Finally, on the fourth day of the contest, we flew. Dr. Jack's forecast gave 4–5 knot lift and an AAT (assigned area task) of Hagersville (radius 15 km) / Embro (25 km) / Ohsweken (25 km) / Tillsonburg (25 km). The minimum/nominal/maximum distances were 151, 297, and 447 km for both classes. Willem Langelaan won the day in the FAI class with a raw speed of 98.8 km/h. In the Club class, Anthony Kawzowicz won with a speed of 81.3 km/h flying SOSA's Jantar. *(In the table opposite, the speeds and distances are the handicapped scoring values.)*

The forecast for Day 2 called for 5 knots over most of the task area, so the task committee set an optimistic task for the FAI class of Flesherton/St. Marys/Ohsweken/Belwood Lake, with distance range of 260, 426 and 596 km. The Club class also had a challenging task of Toronto Soaring/St. Marys/Ohsweken with distances of 218, 330, and 450 kilometres.

At grid time large cu were building over the field and overdevelopment was apparent. As these clouds moved southeast, better looking cu were moving in. Once in the

air two distinct air masses could be seen, the moisture-laden section moving out and a drier air mass moving in. At start time a large blue hole had developed between Rockton and the north end of Guelph. This required a good climb in the gate and then a long glide across the hole. For the first leg there were some reasonable looking cu, but the second and third legs were mainly blue. The day was challenging, the 5 knot thermals did not happen and the task seemed rather long for the actual conditions. Almost everyone made it home – thanks to the assigned area task, the pilot can cut off a large chunk of the task by just nicking the perimeter of the turn areas. In the FAI class, Willem won the day again with a speed of 89.8 km/h and Anthony also takes his second day in the Club class.

On the third flying day Dr. Jack shows 4-5 knots lift, although with 20 knot winds from the northwest, the “buoyancy/shear ratio” is in the 4-5 range indicating broken, unworkable thermals. A dry front is also forecast to pass through the area around noon. The night before, the forecast had called for 60% chance of rain but in the morning the sky was blue and we ended up with the best day of the contest thus far.

Launch is set for 1230 with an AAT of Lambeth/Waterford/Woodstock, all with 20 km circles, giving distances of 171, 273 and 390 km for the day. At launch time cu is building overhead and the task area to the south looks to be covered with cu as well. In the FAI class Dave Springford wins the day with a speed of 99.5 km/h and Anthony makes it a three-peat with a speed of 70.3 km/h in the Club class.

The next day is a no-fly; another low pressure has set up to the northeast and cycled cold moist air back into the task area. Gliders were gridded at 1230 and the day was scrubbed at 1530 after two attempts by the sniffer. There was a lot of overdevelopment and cycling of the clouds resulting in shade on the ground and minimal lift.

Contest Day 4 is a flying day with assigned area tasks for both classes. The task for the FAI class is Aylmer/Stratford/Tillsonburg – (radii 30, 30, and 20 km), distances 139, 266, and

2009 CANADIAN NATIONAL SOARING CHAMPIONSHIPS		4 July		5 July		6 July		8 July		9 July		total score									
		DAY 1		DAY 2		DAY 3		DAY 4		DAY 5											
handi.		pos	kph	km	pts	pos	kph	km	pts	pos	kph	km	pts								
CLUB CLASS		3 hour AAT		2 hour AAT		3 hour AAT		3 hour AAT		3 hour AAT		3 hour AAT									
1	Anthony Kawzowicz	HK	0.990	1	71.6	249.8	a1000	1	69.6	224.7	913	1	71.2	213.0	a965	4	–	244.2	458	4336	
2	Derek Mackie	TT	0.940	7	65.7	234.8	917	5	51.0	160.2	707	3	65.0	209.2	880	2	–	268.9	505	3704	
3	Aif Marcelissen	ASW-20	0.903	4	63.7	222.3	a889	7	–	162.7	446	4	63.8	191.2	a865	1	66.2	220.6	645	3699	
4	Larry Springford	ASW-20	0.903	3	70.0	242.4	869	10	–	126.5	321	2	64.2	196.0	842	2	67.9	206.5	920	3433	
5	Jim Fryett	301 Libelle	0.983	11	58.6	192.1	b478	5	61.2	231.7	854	3	59.6	195.2	781	7	57.1	176.1	773	3310	
6	Luke Szczepaniak	SZD-55	0.941	2	70.4	241.0	875	2	67.1	244.7	937	6	–	203.5	558	11	–	132.5	386	3185	
7	John Brennan	DG-505/50	0.925	5	67.2	212.2	835	11	55.8	198.3	d293	4	57.1	170.8	749	5	63.0	190.8	854	3127	
8	Randy Neilson	ASW-19	0.970	6	54.6	190.3	686	7	52.3	220.8	732	8	–	36.3	b99	6	59.7	208.1	809	2660	
9	Fish /Thomson	Discus CS	0.939	6	58.1	199.8	722	7	52.2	230.1	732	9	–	0	c0	10	39.6	115.4	a683	2533	
10	Bill Cole	SF-27	1.160	10	51.8	214.6	b571	6	55.9	215.6	780	9	–	0	0	8	53.2	161.9	721	2492	
11	Dave Cole	SZD-55	0.941	9	57.4	170.9	ad585	9	–	183.7	466	9	–	0	c0	9	49.3	144.5	a709	2149	
FAI RACING CLASS		3 hour AAT		3.5 hour AAT		3 hour AAT		3 hour AAT		3 hour AAT		3 hour AAT		3 hour AAT							
1	Dave Springford	LS-8	0.915	2	81.8	255.3	940	5	68.5	249.6	857	1	91.0	272.5	a980	1	83.0	257.5	989	4556	
2	Jerzy Szemplinski	ASG-29	0.874	4	78.5	261.0	903	2	75.9	266.2	950	2	85.0	254.4	a916	5	79.0	246.0	942	4526	
3	Willem Langelaan	ASW-27	0.880	1	86.9	270.6	1000	1	79.1	276.6	a989	3	84.7	257.8	912	3	80.3	240.7	a957	4417	
4	Nick Bonnière	LAK-17	0.903	6	76.2	262.0	876	4	70.3	259.7	879	6	78.0	253.8	839	6	77.1	230.6	a920	4271	
5	Jörg Streber	LS-8	0.915	3	79.3	270.5	912	3	74.2	276.9	928	4	81.6	256.7	878	2	82.7	247.8	a986	4251	
6	Ed Hollestelle	LS-10	0.875	7	64.7	192.1	a745	6	67.7	243.0	846	5	78.2	234.5	a842	4	81.1	255.5	e946	4229	
7	Sergei Morozov	SZD-55	0.925	5	77.4	249.1	890	8	–	258.6	595	7	73.9	222.0	796	7	68.3	220.7	814	3674	
8	Steve Burany	ASW-28	0.925	9	–	49.8	b118	9	–	218.3	502	8	51.1	158.7	671	8	–	100.0	248	2058	
9	Roger Hildesheim	SZD-55	0.941	8	62.6	192.2	733	7	59.4	261.5	743	9	–	131.6	294	9	–	88.6	219	1989	
Penalty codes		a	flight time less than minimum	b	distance less than minimum	c	no flight log														
		d	administrative penalty	e	finish penalty																



Maria Szemplinska

The progress of the sniffer was carefully monitored ...

426 km. Club class has Aylmer/Stratford (30 km each), distances 123, 210 and 320 km. During the day, the sky is cycling and there is overdevelopment and ground cooling as a result. The day is challenging and requires lots of cloud reading to avoid the overdeveloped areas where the lift is weak. Those who pick the right route have good speeds and distances. In the Club class, Anthony wins his fourth consecutive day with a speed of 71.9 km/h and Dave wins the day in the FAI class at 90.7 km/h followed closely by Jörg at 90.4 km/h.

Contest Day 5 is forecast to be another good day and the task committee sets an assigned task for the FAI class with turnpoints at Toronto Soaring/St. Marys/Waterford for a distance of 291 km. The Club class has an AAT of Toronto Soaring (30 km)/St Marys (30 km)/Brantford (15 km); distances 146, 260, 384 km. As the launch progresses and the competitors are waiting for the gate to open, the wind starts to swing to the east. At Rockton this isn't a good thing as Lake Ontario is only 30 km to the east.

As the competitors are starting the lake air starts to move in and cut-off the lift in the start area. Most get out just in time, but this is not the end of the problems from the

lake air. As we round the turnpoint at St. Marys, a large blue hole can be seen stretching from about Woodstock all the way back to Lake Ontario. For the Club class this means negotiating 50 km of dead air with a 15 knot headwind on the leg home. The FAI class is somewhat more fortunate as the last turnpoint at Waterford takes them around the west end of the lake air and down to the shore of Lake Erie where the clouds are still working. The problem now is getting home from Waterford. The glide home is at best L/D with no lift for the last 45 km and a cloudbase of only 4000 agl to start the final glide.

Only four pilots make it home from Waterford with another four landing at Brantford, one motoring home and the rest landing short. The odds for the Club class are even worse with only one competitor, Alf Marcelissen making it home to win the day at 73.4 km/h; Ed Hollestelle wins in the FAI class with a speed of 90.4 km/h.

The forecast for the final day showed promising conditions with 4 knot lift over the entire task area. Tasks were set and gliders gridded at noon. The morning weather briefing presented high cloud from a system over Michigan as a concern. At grid time there were some cu in the area, but one of the club K-21's reported very smooth air. At 1250 with cu now over the airport, the sniffer reported about 2 knots to 4500 feet. The launch started and most gliders were able to connect with a band of cu moving in from the south and climb to 4500. As gate opening time approached the high cloud was thicker and there were no cu on the course line. The day was scrubbed before the gate opened and the 2009 Nationals came to an end.

In the Club class, Anthony wins the CALPA trophy as the 2009 Canadian Club Class Champion. He also wins the DOW trophy for best flight in the Club class for his raw speed of 81.3 km/h over a distance of 252 km on Day 1. Dave Springford wins the Wolf Mix Trophy as the FAI Class Champion, and the DOW trophy for best flight in the FAI class for his raw speed of 99.5 km/h on Day 3. Alf Marcelissen wins the the Best Novice (SOSA) trophy. ❖



Martin Brassard

Club class winner Anthony Kawzowicz

... a novice's view

Alf Marcelissen, SOSA

HOW DOES A SIXTY-ONE YEAR OLD get to write as a Nationals novice? It began in 1969 with my first lesson at SOSA. Flying as much as I could, I also found time to get my power licence and glider pilot instructor rating. In 1973 I was in love and got married and raised a family. Over the next thirty-four years we had five daughters and nine grandchildren. This and my career left no time for flying, and it also left many unfinished personal goals as far as my flying was concerned. One of those goals was to compete.

In May of 2007 with the blessing of my family, I decided to return to the sport that never left my heart and mind. With great anticipation I visited my old club SOSA and met John Brennan, an old friend from my early days of flying. Within a few weeks all my skills from the past seemed to return quite effortlessly. By the end of the season I had progressed to flying the club LS-4. This was a great thrill as flying gliders had changed a great deal over the years with the intervening use of glass ships, flight computers, and GPS.

The following year I was privileged to fly the club LS-4 during the Canadian World Team training camp that was held at SOSA. This was a tremendous learning experience for me and increased my desire to try my hand at competitive soaring. On learning that the Nationals were going to be held at SOSA, I got permission to fly TW, an ASW-20, in the competition and enthusiastically entered the Club class hoping to further my learning experience.

Flying Day 1, July 4 At the start of this contest, we were all beginning to wonder if we would have one at all. Finally the weather gods decided to give us a break, and the morn-

ing briefing promised 4 knots lift and northwest winds at 15–20 knots. Two tasks were assigned with the final call to be made in the air. I had grid position #1 and launched.

I had been in the air for over an hour with Task A programmed into my Ipaq. The switch to Task B was a little unnerving while trying to get all this done in a thermal with seven or eight other gliders. When the gate opened at 13:55, I was ready and eager to get underway.

As I was cruising south to the first turnpoint the conditions were better than predicted and cloudbase was up to 5500 msl which lead me to the decision to go far into the first turnpoint. Twenty-five minutes after the start I was southeast of Hagersville with a nice cloud street towards Tillsonburg. I made the turn and headed that way. After penetrating its turnpoint circle, I was thinking about how far I should go in when I suddenly realized that I was *supposed* to be going to Embro, quite a bit north of where I was. I turned to the northwest and headed for the turnpoint circle. At this point I had the sinking feeling that I made a big mistake and needed to push in order to make up for lost time and distance. I went only two kilometres into the circle and then headed for the south side of the Ohsweken turnpoint area where the clouds looked better. With a strong tailwind I ended up near the edge of the circle due south of Ohsweken and then headed back towards Tillsonburg.

I went 5 km into the circle, all the time noticing that the north was now going blue with a few wisps of cloud showing. I flew east for a while and decided that I had to turn north at some time so better now than never. At this point I was 62 km away from Rockton and about 4800 feet agl – not enough yet to get all the way home. I needed one more thermal with nothing in sight. South of Brantford I found a 2 knot thermal and climbed to 4000 agl, and I was now 37 km from Rockton and 500 feet above final glide. I made it home easily at this point, three minutes undertime. Everyone else got home as well.

I was very happy to have finished the task but did not think I did well because of my mistake. When the results were posted I was surprised to see I was in fourth place with only 40 points separating second to fifth. Anthony Kawzowicz ran away with the day with an actual speed of 81.3 km/h in the club's Jantar.



The steak dinner and the conversations that night were especially gratifying, and my plan to get to bed early did not work out. I finally went to sleep with hopes of doing as well again the next day and I would try hard not to make any silly mistakes.

Flying Day 2, July 5 In the morning briefing the weather forecast called for 5 knots over the task area. The launch began at 12:50 with the FAI class going first. I was last on the grid this time. During the launch there was some overdevelopment beginning and by the time I got in the air I found myself scratching around outside the start area looking for a decent climb. Once the gate opened I was still nowhere near cloudbase. I heard several gliders starting, so even though I was only at 4000 feet agl, I decided to head back to the start area and begin the task.

Once I reached Guelph the clouds started to look better and I got a couple of 3 knot climbs and that brought me to Arthur just inside the first turnpoint circle for Toronto Soaring. This first leg took slightly over an hour. I decided to take a chance and head directly for St. Marys even though this course was now all blue with just wisps of clouds showing. All the thermals in the blue were 2–2.5 knots and when I reached the west side of Stratford I headed for the Ohsweken circle. After 40 km I reached the clouds and better lift and flew to the south end of Ohsweken where I climbed to final glide height and went directly back to Rockton with a final task time of 3:26.

The forecast 5 knot lift never did develop so my decision to not to fly too deep into the first turnpoint worked out okay. Anthony again was the fastest of all ships and won the day with an actual speed of 72.3 km/h.

I again came in fourth for the day and, because of a couple of outlandings, I moved into third overall. The day was very tough and demanding. I was happy to have finished and delighted to have moved up in the standings. That evening the forecast called for rain the next day and we were all expecting an off-day.

Flying Day 3, July 6 We woke up in the morning to crisp clear skies and our hopes for a third flying day 'soared'. In the briefing we were told to expect 4–5 knots lift and strong winds of 20 knots from the northeast. A task of Rockton to Aylmer to Waterford to Woodstock and return was set.

At 13:18 I hit the start gate at 5500 msl and headed for Paris where there appeared to be some good clouds. I made my first mistake of the day here and found myself low. I managed to climb 1500 feet in a less than 1 knot thermal which gave me enough height to go forward. I eventually found a couple of 4 knot thermals to 6000 which got me to Aylmer. On the way I passed a couple of competitors and began to feel confident in my ability to make up lost time. On the way to the second turn area I saw a nice cloud street to the south and made a decision to follow it deep into the area. As I neared the end of the circle, the whole area around Waterford had turned blue with some clouds directly north.

I decided to go north but found no lift and got very low over a small town. Down to 1500 feet and getting prepared to land, I found a few areas of reduced sink. Down to 1000

feet I set up my circuit for the field on the edge of the town. As I crossed a large settling pond near the town at 850 feet, I got a good bump – took a turn – and gained 100 feet. I kept working this area and once I got to about 3000 msl the thermal strength was up to 3 knots. I topped out a 5300 but also drifted about 10 km east of my course, having spent 25 minutes getting away. The area to the west didn't look good so I continued north well off track – this looked like the only way to go. Once I reached the edge of the Hamilton control zone I turned for Brantford.

Every time I stopped to thermal I was blown back by the 20 knot headwind but was determined to finish the task. Once I got to Brantford the whole area in front of me had overdeveloped and was totally overcast. I was 18 km from the Woodstock turn area with no way to make it there *and* back to Rockton. I did have enough height to return to Rockton and that is what I chose to do. Upon later reflection, the competitive thing to do would have been to go into the turn area and then head back to Rockton, with a landing in a field some distance short of home. This would have gained me more points but I think the save earlier in the flight made me happy just to get back.

As I didn't make the final turn area, my flight was scored as an outlanding with no speed points. I finished seventh and dropped to fourth overall. Anthony won the day for the third time now and has a commanding lead.

When I sat down after dinner I had some time to reflect on what happened and I concluded that I had started to feel overconfident and didn't look around enough during the flight. If I would have been more aware of how the day was developing I would not have gone so far into the second turn area and had a better chance of finishing the day. I decided to take the next day more easily and be more aware of the conditions over the whole task. We gridded the next day at 12:30 but it was finally scrubbed three hours later. I was happy for the time to relax and think about the rest of the contest.

Flying Day 4, July 8 During the morning briefing the weather report was good to the southwest of Rockton and we were given a task of Rockton to Aylmer to Stratford and return.

The flight to Aylmer was uneventful with good thermals on the way. On my way there I kept looking north for a good cloud street to follow once I made the turnpoint. I turned north just past Aylmer. This route would keep me clear of the London control zone with plenty of good clouds ahead. As I progressed north, the clouds got bigger and darker but the lift was still good so I stayed high and when I reached Stratford the area to the north was blue so I turned for home. From this point I used two thermals and made it home two minutes undertime.

I finished fourth again for the day and moved back into third overall. I was pleased with my results and once again looked forward to tomorrow's task. Anthony again won the day. We now have an official contest, and tomorrow looks to be even better. ⇨ p28

Almost 6 hours!

Vlada Dekina, SOSA

ONE'S PROGRESSION up past the glider pilot licence is more or less up to you. I had decided to chase the badge milestones. On 18 June I got started with the duration flight.

On the morning of my 5 hour attempt, high cirrus decided to park right over the club and it didn't seem like the day would go anywhere. By 11 there was still no sign of cumulus clouds, but there were lots of private gliders rigged and set aside on the flight line. I figured all those experienced cross-country guys must be onto something so had an early lunch, prepared my water, snacks and relief system, and made my way to the flight line. It was past noon and there were tiny cu way too far away from the club, but moving in the right direction. Apparently, there was also lift in the blue and the "house thermal" over the Lion Safari parking lots was working, so after talking to some experienced guys, I decided to launch and find a good blue thermal, then stick to it until cu moved in. I took off into the blue.

I found lift right after takeoff, but also discovered that my audio vario on the Junior's panel was under-reading by so much, it was useless and I had to shut it off and relied on the mechanical. That meant I had to have my eyes in the cockpit more than usual initially, and as time went on, I actually just flew by feel more than the vario.

While fighting with the audio vario I lost the lift core and could not find it again. Then I decided to move to another thermal after seeing a glider in it climb rapidly. I lost quite a bit of height getting there and got low, so had to work diligently on centering it. By the time I got to a decent height and could relax for the first time since release, it felt like an hour had passed. Imagine my surprise when my watch told



Vlada Dekina

I picked a textbook perfect looking cloud ...

me it was under 25 minutes! I was really doubting that I would have endurance to do five hours that day.

Having spent some time topping up the thermal I was in, I made it back to the Safari thermal and either the lift got better or I found a core, but I was at 7000 feet in no time. By that time, cu that was previously too far away appeared to be within reach on the downwind side of the club. The winds were very light, so I figured being downwind was not that much of an issue and at 7000 height I could afford to at least go in the direction of the cu to see how far I could get.

I picked a textbook perfect looking cloud and headed straight for it. I encountered more lift on the way and thermalled in it a bit, so by the time I got to it, I was still reasonably high. That cu was working rather well, and there were a lot more clouds drifting closer so flying got a lot easier and became a lot more fun from then on.

At some point, I headed for a really solid looking cloud only to find it completely dead by the time I got there. Other times I found massive lift in the blue. As I was circling in that lift I looked up and saw a haze dome and realized I was under the young growing cloud. Eventually I got too far downwind for my comfort and decided to make my way back upwind.

Ceilings got higher as the day went on – at over 8000, I could go a long way and still stay within gliding distance. For a while, I was very tempted to go beyond gliding distance and try a cross-country flight, but I didn't have my maps, my cell phone, or the trailer ready to go, so I resisted that temptation and turned back towards the club.

I was unpleasantly surprised at the picture in front of me. The sun and cu were now behind me and were replaced by a massive overdevelopment with some occasional rain showers falling down to the ground. Moreover, that dark and nasty stuff appeared to move towards me and I could not quite get away from it and still stay within gliding distance. At that point, I checked my watch for the first time in a long time and was surprised that it showed I was up for over four hours. With less than an hour to go I was really motivated to stay up the

⇒ p27



SOSA was being rained on...

Vlada Dekina



Soaring rules for wood

Bruce Friesen, ESC

MID-AFTERNOON OF SATURDAY, 13 June found the *Scarlet Lady* and me over the town of Paynton, Saskatchewan. Chipman, the task start and finish, was 256 kilometres behind us. The flight recorder counted down the last few tenths of a kilometre, emitted a reassuring beep, and switched over to guide us home, a sobering reminder of the challenge still remaining.

My faithful old Standard Austria had been over Paynton before, the first time in 1985 and then again in 2008, but what I had yet to do was get her back home again. Would this be the day? Things did not look good and, as we swung back northwest, my intent was to focus on each baby step towards a shorter retrieve.

Going into the 2009 season, I was determined to finally fly my old bird to the limits of her capability. In my mind, a declared 500 km closed circuit task would meet that objective, and would be a logical next step in my soaring goals. That Saturday morning I was down to my last day, my last opportunity in 2009 to chance a long retrieve. In two days I would be on WestJet flying home to Vancouver, and the long days on the prairies would be gone. Not that I was complaining; in the previous seven days I had spent over forty hours in the air, covering over 2600 OLC kilometres and earning nearly 3000 OLC points. However, I wanted something more, something more concrete, something definitive. I wanted to fly a classic declared task to a specific turnpoint a long way away, and to return.

The weather forecast was not really conducive to the flight I had in mind. In particular, the winds were forecast to be from the southwest, almost at right angles to the

planned flight track (the alternative task, into wind, would entail serious airspace issues, and anyway, I wanted Paynton). The forecast indicated significant risk of overdevelopment and scattered showers along the route; however, the lift should be good and the cloud-base high. My good friends at ESC, understanding the potential for a long retrieve, encouraged me to go, to just fly and not worry about the consequences. I cannot thank them enough.

Eleven o'clock, ready to launch, towpilot Guy Blood and I were leaning against the towplane staring at a big blue sky, searching for any sign of convection, any puff of cloud anywhere from horizon to horizon, with no luck. In my old Austria, an average cross-country speed of 70 km/h is a reasonable value for scheduling a task. Sure, we have gone faster in the heart of the day, but for a long flight, relying on both early and late conditions, that is about it. For my declared task of 512 km, I needed 7-1/2 hours on task, eight hours in the air, and needed to be on task by 11:30, noon at the latest – I needed to be off the ground! Guy and I convinced ourselves the air felt active and buoyant. We agreed we could wait another half hour, or we could within that same half hour do a tow and a relight. Off we went.

It was the right decision. Small but adequate thermals were available. On task at 11:39, I had a series of short two knot climbs and was thirty kilometres along the way before I saw the first wisp of cloud. At forty kilometres that most essential of all soaring attributes, optimism, was rewarded by a 4000 foot climb at almost five knots to a cloudbase above 9000 feet (7000 agl). Whoop boy, this is more like it – we're on our way now! Unfortunately,

at this point the wind direction expressed itself in the form of vicious sink between cloud streets. There was no prospect for simply dolphin flying, following the energy; it was climb and run fast, climb and run fast. Regardless, it was possible to cover the ground, to stay on schedule, to keep going and not turn back. We arrived at Paynton right on schedule in 3:45 hours at an average of 69 km/h.

That is where I started this tale because, true to form, the strictures of a declared turnpoint were in evidence in spades; the only patch of overdevelopment and showers encountered all day was over it. In reaching the turnpoint I dropped down to the bottom of the altitude band I had been working, and then spent almost half an hour digging myself out of a drippy hole. So much for the schedule and the average speed!

Thankfully, I regained a better part of the sky, and everything looked much rosier. Overflying the Lloydminster airport I had a nice chat with the person monitoring the airport frequency, bragging about where I had been, where I was (over 10,000 asl) and where I was going.

Not that much later I was feeling a lot less cocky, and a bit sheepish about that conversation, as the day was clearly dying. I had a good climb about 100 km out from Chipman, but was still about 5000 below the glide slope home. What had looked like good soaring ahead was, by the time I arrived, clouds spreading out and, as far as I could discover, no longer in contact with the ground. Hunting here, hunting there, over about 40 kilometres, turned up nothing I could work and altitude was becoming an issue.

Two Hills airport was within range. Not today – I was not going to give up just yet. I turned my back on the easy option and, not being able to think of anything better, flew upwind towards sunshine. In the event, this did not become a story of a low save and scratching in weak lift.

I hit a thermal – yes, perhaps the last real one of the day but nonetheless solid – about 2000 agl and achieved an honest 2 knots right at the start. Half an hour of circling yielded 5200 feet of altitude, and I was off for home. The only real stress at that point was that I didn't know my exact start altitude and certainly didn't want to waste the whole effort by coming in just over 1000m below my last fix in the start sector. I invested a few turns in weak lift to provide a bit of a margin; the average speed was already slow, so why not take my time? After that the final glide was over 50 kilometres in almost smooth air.

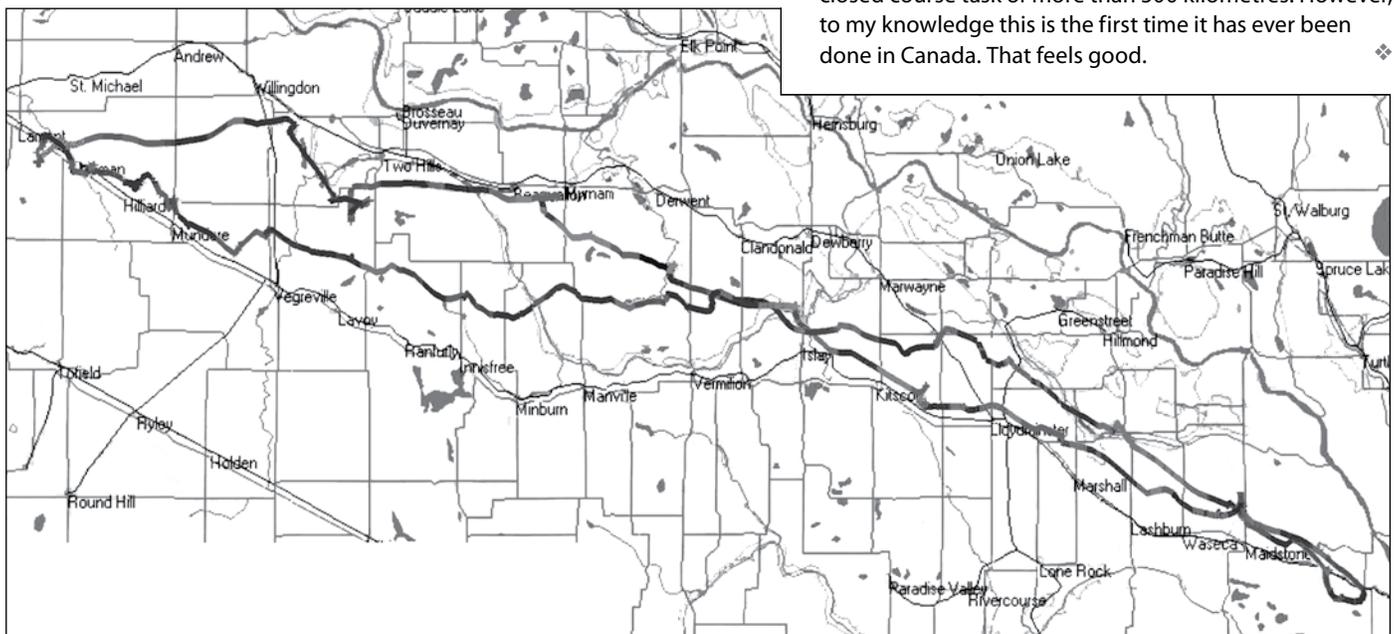
I believe I used every bit of the day, launching before the thermals reached condensation level, and landing half an hour after the last useable lift.

Total time on task was 8:20 hours, total flight time 8:40 with the landing just after 8 pm. The return leg was slow at 55 km/h, lowering the average task speed to only 61 km/h. Dealing with showers at the turnpoint and spending time in weak lift at the end of the day slowed things down. It killed any hope of a Club class speed record, but trolling through the Canadian Club class record list did turn up a couple of candidates for distance records.

What wisdom can one accumulate in 25 years of persistence? Some rules for success in an old wooden glider:

- To get back, you have to go.
- The plane can do it. Asked what one needed to do to become US national champion, Tom Knauff said, "First, sell your business." I'm now retired, and am finally getting enough hours in the air to hone my skills before the season ends.
- Referring to the longevity of his Canadian distance record, Mike Apps said, "Not many people are willing to sit in a very little place for a very long time."

Many Canadian glider pilots past and present had and have the skills to fly a wooden glider over a declared, closed course task of more than 500 kilometres. However, to my knowledge this is the first time it has ever been done in Canada. That feels good. ❖



final glide

Randal Cullen, VSA

It's 6 pm and I am not on final glide. I've been flying this sailplane since 1215. Everyone knows the lift stops working by 5 pm latest, but today seems to be some kind of exception since I'm still up here. The sky, so full of clouds and lift earlier, is starting to look like the expressionless face of a Koi pond in the evening, flat and empty, calm and unmoving. The last cloud shrivelled to a memory 45 minutes ago.

Everyone else is back on the ground having gone around the course set for the day. There are no landouts that I have heard announced on the radio. How do they do that? I am still a rank amateur, though this flight will now give me more than 3000 km of cross-country in various types of lift. Today I have 400 km behind me and only 30 km left ahead. Unfortunately I don't have enough sky beneath me to allow a final glide the remaining distance to the home airfield.

I've made a radio call – “not sure if I will get back” – with my position, about 30 km away at 1200 feet above the Free State landscape near Bloemfontein, South Africa. I know my fellow pilots would much rather squeeze in a shower before changing into clean clothes for the evening than drive out into farm country looking for a wayward white plane and its hapless pilot. It would be better for everyone if I made it back somehow. But how?

I am completely alone in a sky of deepening blue. The wind has stopped and the horizon is rising up my canopy, higher with each passing second, almost completely filling my field of view now. My slow descent towards earth is a mildly agonizing certainty. I feel helpless and hopeless, resigned to a landing in a stranger's field and the wait for a retrieve by a potentially ambivalent crew.

The only sounds are the subdued rush of air the fuselage is pushing aside as it advances forward and slightly down, and the creak of the hardware connecting the wings when a bump makes them flex and strain ever so slightly. It's quite comfortable up here in this ever more silky sky, I don't think I've ever felt so relaxed in a glider before. I feel like I could stay here all day, in fact I almost have. I don't want the flight to end while knowing that the ending is inevitable and will probably come sooner, in someone's fallow field, rather than later at the airstrip where this adventure began.

Still, there are small lumps and bubbles of rising air reducing my sink rate somewhat. You can feel how lazy they are, no longer aggressively pushing the glider around the sky but only nudging wings up on left and right from time to time. I know better than to waste a turn and the loss of altitude that would entail while trying to hook one. Little pops and puffs like smoke signals without the ash to mark them, they are too small to turn in. These are not the massive columns of lift

that had been so prevalent only an hour ago, dependable and unstoppable, forcing surrounding air aside as they bully their way skyward. Today they sometimes rose to 15,000 feet before coming to a stop and exhaling the fluffy white exhaust we call cu.

There is ever more sky above me than below me. Just a passenger on a down-bound train, a victim of physics. A small computer can do the necessary calculation; with this much height at this sink rate you will arrive against the face of the earth in less than 10 kilometres. I contemplate the uncertainties of the impending outlanding.

Still, the bubbles reduce the sink rate some and I'm now only 20 kilometres away from the goal, 1000 feet above the ground, still unequipped with the altitude required to guarantee a trip all the way home but closer than before and still with some altitude to spend on a bit more distance and a bit shorter retrieve.

I am floating along through the remains of the day like a leaf on a slowly flowing stream.

The detail on the ground from 800 feet is much clearer. Home is still 15 kilometres ahead. Should I have the *sang froid* required to just sit there and let it happen, assuming there will be a flat spot of sufficient length to land on when I reach zero altitude? I will be 5 kilometres from home and an easy retrieve if the math is correct but maybe there are enough of these bubbles to float all the way home?

I am a more pragmatic type, with less confidence that God, or Mother Nature, will deliver me from bad decisions and limited skill. I will probably be landing very soon. I'll use the remaining altitude to look around for a suitable landing site and for making a safe approach to touchdown. I am all alone with this decision. Just me and that farmer up ahead doing some evening plowing – that must be my field.

From 750 feet I can still make a short circuit and pick my spot. If I wait much longer to make a landing decision I'll be pushing the limits a little harder than I like to. Need to be able to check for wires, ant hills, rocks and other impediments to a safe field landing, and the only way to make the time for that is to pay for it with altitude. What an incredibly interesting game.

The farmer will know where I am and can direct a crew to the field where we sit. It's the safe option although inconvenient for those who must now change plans

from a shower and a cold beer before dinner to come and get me. I don't think he's seen me even though I am only 600 feet above him as I pass over and make my turn to check out the approach. And strangely enough, as I turn, I bump into some lift. It's weaker than the pulse of a dying man but there's no denying it really is there. So

again as that same needle finds new life and rises into the plus arc, ever so slightly. Still alive and getting healthier with each passing moment.

I have my height now. I can't believe it as the altimeter makes a small lurch to indicate 1000 feet above ground. I'm 10K from home and from 1000 feet the same physics that predicted a too-soon return to

instead of straightening out I continue the turn. The altimeter needle ceases its descent and then levels off, and then begins to rise ever so slightly.

This is a bubble large enough to lift this great 'faux bird'; I'm climbing. Can you believe it? This time of day? This empty sky? This thread-thick lifeline? Sorry for the prose but this must be akin to the feeling you get when you find out your blood sample was lost and the results you got indicating certain infirmity were meant for someone else.

Trying to hook this thermal, stay in it, and take its pulse for an entire turn is a delicate, tentative act; watching the dials, feeling the airframe react, testing for strength and size. All senses including taste and smell are on full alert as my brain tries to grow additional sensory capacity quickly enough to decipher these brief, faint signals from space still only hinting at redemption.

From the ground this is a relatively small aircraft floating around in a lazy circle in the still air. In the cockpit it's a continuous series of tiny adjustments to the pressure you are exerting on your stick and rudder pedals. No hard sudden movements, all subtle pressures and attempts to expand your sensibilities to the point where you *are* the airplane. The wings, ailerons, rudder and elevator are simple extensions of your appendages, it is an extension of you, your mind and body is the software, the glider is the hardware. Struggling to develop a picture of the invisible air around you, the spatial limits of the rising air and the changing scenario with respect to where this flight might end.

We are sliding around in this last patch of rising air, inching skyward. If I can have 300 feet of altitude from here I'll make it home with no worries. Me and my thermal are welded together in a slow waltz. The farmer doesn't realize what magic is happening in the wake of his tractor. It is he who caused the release of this last, day-saving bubble of hot air. He's some kind of hero to me. As timeless as the earth itself, he bounces slowly along thinking his own thoughts and looking forward to a late dinner.

Just relax back into your straps, try not to move or make a sound and wait patiently while your reflexes react automatically to the stimuli your senses are receiving through their contact with the control surfaces. Inching skyward, 100 feet now and still going. The averager doesn't work to the second decimal place – a 0.04 knot climb? Please don't stop.

One more turn and a slight weakening. The needle on the climb indicator falls back to zero and hope fades, then glows

earth is now predicting a rolling finish at my trailer and a cool drink to toast the day.

But why stop now with just enough? Why not be a little greedy and a little more comfortable? Why not milk this moment for all its worth? A cosy warmth envelopes me as my mind says it's okay for my body to wallow in that feeling of certainty.

We're home and dry. Suddenly it's all just fun. A beautiful evening, last flight of the trip and I'm going to make it back, last landing of the day. I just stay with my thermal, still rising slowly with that last bit of escaping air as far as it wants to take me. At 1200 feet the reverie is suddenly over, my mental balloon pops, uncertainty and indecision about the immediate future are replaced by the need to plan an alternative course for the rest of the day.

I have gone from victim to victor. The world of possibility and decision-making comes flooding back in. My friends are waiting patiently for word of my situation, the day is over and it's cooling off. Time to make another radio call: "5K out, joining the circuit in a minute or two."

The airstrip appears ahead like a latent photographic image resolving itself before your eyes in the developing fluid. I've floated along in this marshmallow air for the final 10 kilometres hardly losing any height. In retrospect I could have simply hung onto the stick and let the glider carry me home without that last climb. I've now got altitude to spare. One final orbit to look back the way I have come and try to burn as much of this experience as possible into my grey matter before cracking the spoilers and giving back that blessed altitude like a too-thick jacket on a suddenly sunny afternoon. Down we go to earth, by choice instead of physics.

One last bumpy landing on this meerkat-punctured field. A wing finally drops and we do a lazy 15° ground loop to a stop. I raise the canopy and just sit there. I haven't felt this good for many years. Surely the world is different somehow – I'm bathed in a warm feeling of wellness – people are approaching and smiling.

Just another landing after just another flight and a few more stories to share on the outside. Inside, some kind of spiritual catharsis.

... Back on earth, wishing I was in the sky.

Incident Coincidence

Mike Stoesser & Hank Hees

On Saturday, 20 June, I was participating in the Canadian Western Soaring Competition in North Battleford, SK. I took off about 13:25 from the Cameron McIntosh Airport at North Battleford, from runway 30 using the engine on my Apis MC motorglider. During climb-out I performed left turns using engine power, circling until I was about 2700 feet agl. I cooled the engine at idle and stopped the motor while still circling.

I switched on 'engine down' and the engine retracted to the 'ident' position and stopped. I observed the propeller in the mirror, which was not vertical. I needed to increase my speed to approximately 55 knots to windmill the propeller to the vertical position. This worked fine and the engine started to retract further. At that moment I heard a loud *BANG* – something wasn't right! I immediately selected the 'engine up' switch and alerted North Battleford traffic that I would have to land on 30 as I had engine trouble. The approach was no problem as I had enough height to make it directly to the runway. Because the engine was not retracted, the approach was steeper than usual. The ground launch crew quickly moved three gliders off the runway for me. I landed and cleared the runway right away. On getting out, I saw that the right engine door was missing and, although the left door was okay, its hinges were bent.

I would like to give you some information about the Apis. Originally, three arrived in one container from Slovenia. Two of the gliders had a power plant, and one came without. This last one went to Hank Hees in Saskatoon, who was also participating in the contest. The other motorized Apis went to Winnipeg. I have since spoken with its owner and found out that he also had problems with the doors.

After I landed, Hank helped me put the glider back in the trailer and was fully aware of what had happened at the airfield. Later, my wife and I set out on separate glider retrieve missions. When we were almost back from them and the vehicles were close to the airfield my cell phone rang – she had it – it was Hank ...

Mike

Hank During the competition in North Battleford I had the pleasure of meeting up with Mike Stoesser again, a fellow glider pilot whom I had first been introduced to in Invermere a few years back. Not only do we share the common interest of soaring, but we also share the bond

of having each become owners of two of the first three new Apis gliders to be simultaneously container-shipped to Canada from Slovenia. Mike has the Apis MC motorglider, whereas I have the Apis MCs pure glider version (basically the identical glider, but in an 'engine-ready' state such that it already includes the engine bay doors but without an engine).

So when I had come to Invermere in 2007 to pick up my glider I got to know Mike a bit, but other than occasionally checking his soaring exploits on the OLC since then, I hadn't seen or heard from him again until 18 June when we arrived to compete at the meet.

We both had enjoyable flights in our respective gliders on the first day of competition and even shared some radio chatter with each other as we were struggling with some scratchy lift for a while in the same portion of the flight task. The second day was not very rewarding for either of us, as I got shot down twice on two aerotows, while Mike had to make an urgent landing due to one of his engine bay doors having fallen off the glider while in flight. Since I wasn't going to make a third attempt to stay airborne, I remained on the ground and helped Mike put his damaged glider back into his trailer. I felt badly for his misfortune, and wondered what an inconvenience and expense it might be for him if he had to order a new engine bay door from Slovenia ...

About five hours later I was the front seat passenger in John Toles' car as the two of us were heading for a restaurant to share some supper. We initially took a wrong turn and had to make a circuitous route to work our way to the location of the restaurant. Well, that was a very fortuitous wrong turn. As we were backtracking by driving east along the main four-lane road into town, out of the corner of my eye I caught something long and white on the centreline of the road. Focussing on it, I immediately recognized it as an Apis engine bay door! The other amazing thing was that it was oriented longitudinally along the centre line of the road in such a way that no vehicle had apparently run over it, and it appeared to be relatively undamaged. I frantically asked John to quickly pull over to the side of the road. He must have wondered why the heck I was asking him to do so, but he complied. I hopped out of the car and dodged two lanes of traffic to arrive at the centre line to retrieve Mike's wayward door (which must have fluttered down to that exact spot

on the road), and then scampered back where we loaded it into the car.

As John and I arrived at the restaurant and seated ourselves, the sheer improbability of my find started to sink in. It then occurred to me that Mike might possibly be in the process of heading back to Invermere early, given that his glider was not flyable for the remaining days of the competition. I found his number on the printed list of cell phones which had been given to all pilots and made a call. His wife answered and I explained who I was and to please let Mike know that I had found his glider door. She was able to tell him almost immediately. Both could hardly believe it as they knew what an incredible coincidence that was. Mike and his wife did end up staying in North Battleford, including going to the banquet dinner the following day, so we all had plenty of time to talk about this weird but wonderful opportunity for one Apis glider owner to help out another Apis glider owner in a most unusual way.

Well, I hope you have many happy flights to come Mike, but please don't lose any more engine bay doors, as I can't guarantee that I'll find it the next time!

Mike What an incredible stroke of luck – who else would have known what was actually lying in the middle of the road. I am grateful that no one was hurt from a falling bit of glider and that it was not damaged very much. So there won't be any flying until the doors are fixed properly. The poor bonding of the hinges to the

door is a known production problem and there is a mod kit out to fix it. ❖



Phil Stade

Hank (left) and Mike show off the door at the banquet.

AJ defies gravity

from page 7

with me and the Ventus sandwiched between them. Forty minutes later, we arrived at the tiedown area – who said home airports were convenient? My wife and son met me with a cold beer as Flight Services had contacted them before I joined the circuit. Useful people, Flight Services.

I called back to contest ground in Claresholm to confirm my arrival, and the faithful crew arrived a couple of hours later. Just enough time for me to have another cold beer and a shower. This delay was due to Vicky stopping just past Moose Jaw to sign Graeme Craig's flight docs as he had made his Diamond [561 km], narrowly missing landing amongst a bible-reading gathering, who had taken over the landing strip for a "read in". That's another story – buy him a beer and he'll probably tell it to you.

Of course, unbeknown to me, the Cobra trailer lift strut had broken on the way back, and the airport had locked all the perimeter fences (it was Sunday night, remember) preventing me from getting the crew and trailer in to derig. A quick emergency call brought the RCMP in (I have always wanted to dial 911), who of course, have keys to everything and can act as excellent 2x4s if you stand them under the open lid of a Cobra trailer whilst you derig.

A great flight, a great day, a great crew, a Diamond, a Saskatchewan record and, damn me, there was still two hours of lift left! If I'd put water on, if I'd left thirty minutes earlier, if I'd flown a bit faster, a 1000 was possible that day. However, the whole thing was made sweeter in the knowledge that a good friend and Ventus pilot, Rick Zabrodski from Calgary, now owed me a bottle of *Dom Perignon* for our little side bet, which we drank at Summer Cowley. Thank you, Rick! ❖

The downwind dash is a wonderfully free and very liberating experience – to fly, goal-less, where the sky dictates, in the certain knowledge that late in the day you will be down in a God-knows-where field a long way from takeoff, probably tired, but with a big smile on your face, and the crew not too far away.

If one is going to be driving a long way anyway, it can be a great opportunity for a DDD flight. It often occurs when you are off to a contest somewhere or returning from one.

I paralleled Andrew's experience the next year in 1990. Going to the Brandon Nationals with EE, I launched in Claresholm and landed 716 km and 8-1/2 hours later in Indian Head, SK with Ursula 30 minutes away. Unforgettable. Tony

Before the blow...

Brian Murray, ESC



Grant Ranson

9 pm Saturday 18 July. This leading edge brought strong winds and lots of rain. Reports were that the storm peak passed through Chipman about 10:30 pm. My 6 mile drive from Chipman to Lamont (usually a leisurely trip) was absolutely hellish. I was driving 25 km/h or less, and often had to stop at the side of the road because I literally couldn't see 5 metres in front of me because of the hail, very strong rain, unbelievable buffeting winds, and the pitch black darkness ... *Grant Ranson*

IT STARTED LIKE MOST OTHER WEEKENDS.

Friday and Saturday were uneventful but busy as the weather was good. There was talk of a weather warning on Saturday, but it wasn't taken particularly seriously as the skies were clear. When we started to notice menacing clouds rolling in, we packed the gliders away, and called it a day. As we socialized and filled out log books, we noticed an interesting looking storm front moving in. The front was moving in with some serious speed, so we decided to take shelter in the clubhouse and wait it out before heading home for the evening. An hour later, the wind and rain had stopped, and we assumed the worst was over. Wrong.

During the usual 45 minute drive back to Edmonton I could see lightning off in the distance from a second storm cell creating a spectacular light show. I remember marvelling to myself how awesome the forces of nature can get. When I arrived back in the city, I began to see just how much damage the storm had caused in its wake. Many signs had been ripped down, and semis overturned on the roads.

Sunday wasn't looking like it would be a good flying day, but I decided to run out to the field anyway. As I pulled in to the

small road that leads to the clubhouse, I noticed several cars parked out on the airfield. At first I thought they were taking care of the plague of gophers that has been with us all year, until I saw a large white box with a small white panel lying in front of it. Then I realized it was a glider trailer and, on pulling in through the front gate, I saw our nightmare. Many of the glider trailers had been pushed, flipped, or otherwise damaged, and a camper trailer had been knocked over.

My first stop was at Henry Wyatt's Ka6 glider trailer out in the field. Several members had already arrived and were working to liberate the ship from its twisted coffin. There was significant damage to the roof and sides of the trailer. From the path it took, it appeared to have hit some benches that we use at the launch point. There were deep gashes in the ground, and broken bolts from the trailer. Of all the trailers at the field, this was the tallest, making it the most susceptible to the wind, and it had been rolled nearly 150 metres. All the pieces were taken out and inspected for damage. There were quite a few holes in the wings and fuselage. It appeared that the structure holding the glider in place had been smashed.

then ...



...Sunday revealed the damage.

photos: Brian Murray

Once the trailer was put upright, we were able to get the wings back in their cradles. Two members sat in the trailer to hold the fuselage while we towed the mangled trailer back to the storage line.

Our attention then focused on the club's L-33 trailer, thankfully empty. (We had bought our L-33 just days before, it had two good days of flying and was in the hangar.) The trailer had rolled several times into a bush about 100 metres away from where it had been parked. Without the bush to stop it, it would likely have kept going. The trailer was on its wheels. On closer inspection, it seemed as though the trailer was still straight, and perhaps mostly undamaged – the sheet metal was torn, but the structure appeared intact.

The next most-moved trailer belonged to our club president, Gary Hill. His recently purchased Jantar was in the trailer which had been rolled 20 or 30 metres. We didn't know the extent of the damage. Later in the week the trailer was care-



fully set upright. It took a bit of gymnastics to liberate the glider, but they managed to get it out without a saw. There were many puncture holes in the Jantar, just like Henry's Ka6. Our CFI noted that its g-meter was pegged at the maximum and minimum levels.

One private trailer was sitting unharmed next to the remaining wreckage. As far as I can tell, it was just a lot heavier, a lot smaller, and up on jacks, which kept it stationary. Another private trailer made it through almost unscathed. It had been next to one of our containers, so it didn't bear the blunt of the wind, but it had a → p27

Be aware of the conditioned response to training

I was recently reading an interesting article in the TC *Aviation Safety Letter* (ASL 3/2009) written by John Warner about "Awareness of the conditioned response in training". He points out in the article, "we become what we train for at times of urgency and should understand that subtle quirks of the training can lead to inappropriate responses."

He demonstrates that in emergency training for in-flight fires, our methods can lead to delay in proper action. He showed another example where a policeman trained repeatedly to remove the gun from an assailant in close quarters, then hand the firearm back to the police officer assisting him. Later, in a real life situation he removed the firearm from an assailant and promptly returned the firearm to the perpetrator. Programmed response!

In glider training we noticed similar problems in how we taught things. For example, in the Canadian manuals we removed the wording for stall recovery from "move the stick forward" to "lower the nose". This was in response to incidents/accidents where pilots felt they were falling on approach (low g) and "moved the stick forward" until they impacted the ground. Again, when teaching use of rudder, instructors now only *demonstrate* the glider's response to a rudder-only input, and subsequently make the student use coordinated aileron/rudder.

Much of the wording in the gliding curriculum has been gone over carefully to ensure there is no misunderstood meaning or negative training in our methods. For the same reasons, Derek Piggott states in his book *Gliding Safety* not to use action phrases in early stages of training that are unclear to students, such as:

centralize the stick,
use left aileron,
use opposite stick & rudder to straighten up out of a turn,
watch your airspeed,
keep 50 knots,
pick up your landing point.

Better, less-confusing phrases are:

move the stick to the left,
move the stick to the left coordinated with left rudder to level the wings,

lower the nose for a little more speed, your reference point is the red T, apply backwards pressure on the stick.

He recommends avoiding any non-essential information. New instructors tend to want to say everything they know about a flight stage or element on a training flight. He suggests telling them what to do clearly to address your teaching point! If you do plan to use a phrase or term that would be new, explain what you mean before you fly.

I have had instructor candidates ask me why I am insistent about the terminology used on the instructor courses, and why they cannot use their own words to make it easier for them rather than memorizing the "patter" in the instructor manuals. I explain that how we train will be how the student will react in an emergency later in their flying experience. If we use wording that has not been analyzed for interpretation errors, the consequences could be serious for the pilots.

Often non-instructor friends think they are helping out their buddies by giving or showing them how to fly exercises during periods between instruction. Doing so can teach a bad habit or create a misunderstanding in the student that can lead to a serious accident. It is also difficult to unlearn something that has been introduced in early training. Instructors may not benefit the student in the way we intend, and actually may cause problems later in training if they introduce too early their own techniques or ideas that vary from the curriculum.

Recently in *free flight*, Henry Wyatt wrote an article, "*Boot, Belly, Push*" about spin recovery, and invited FT&SC to comment. I commend Henry in his research and identifying a problematic area of training and developing a simple solution, but I think we need to be cautious of oversimplification that can lead us to problems later (inappropriate actions).

My main concern is with the "push" part of the solution. The current recovery technique requires the fourth step to be, "move the stick forward until rotation stops", rather than "push". In many trainers (example L-13) the rotation will likely have stopped before the stick is moved forward, and it will only be necessary for a slight forward movement to unstall the wings and then initiate dive

recovery. In other trainers (example Puchacz) and most glass single seat gliders, rotation will likely not stop until the stick is moved forward to unstall the wings. In some types and cg situations this may be quite far forward. At first blush "push" makes sense but more often than not if an instructor uses this term, a student will likely push (implies forceful rapid action) the stick too far and most recoveries may become beyond the vertical. This can lead to more serious problems or inappropriate actions.

The FT&SC preference is to stay with the spin recovery teaching for initial and recurrent training as advocated by OSTIV's Training and Safety Panel (as in our *SOAR* manual) as this is the recovery technique given to the glider manufacturers (through the Sailplane Development Panel) as a specification for airworthiness performance.

We cannot control previous designs or the differences found in various Pilot Operating Handbooks. CARs will require the techniques in a handbook that are specific to a type be followed as part of good airmanship, but for the base level skill in initial training, we need to stay with the current standard method. However, if another instructional memory aid works for you to get the results you need *after* initial training, why not?

Let us look at recurrent training now. The intent of the FT&SC is to look at emergency situations and see if we can develop training to help pilots deal with potential hazards. As Wagner points out in his *Aviation Safety Letter* article, we do not want to create any inappropriate actions as part of our training solutions or scenarios. Once scenarios are developed from accident data, safety reports, and national experiences, these exercises and training will be evaluated for inappropriate consequences. As in Safety Management Systems, once a hazard is identified the solution needs to be scrutinized to make sure it does not create a further hazard.

I invite you to participate by identifying the recurrent training needed to address emergency situations and passing them on to FT&SC members. As explained in Wagner's ASL article, I also invite you to participate in analyzing the training in your own club for latent "conditioned responses to training" that could lead to inappropriate actions.

Dan Cook, chairman FT&SC

What I learned the hard way ...

I suffered an incident of heat exhaustion and heat stroke on a flight this August. From what I have since learned, I was very fortunate in that I suffered a relatively mild case, and was able to fairly quickly get the glider on the ground, and get myself cooled down. Rather than run you through my whole day, I'll focus on what happened, and some of the things I could probably have done better.

At 4000 feet, about 8 km southeast of the field, I began to get a little light-headed, and then vomited in the glider (a new "first" for me that I could have done without having to add in my personal log book!). Here's what I think I did wrong that got me into this situation, and then tried to recover from:

- I spent 90 minutes working in the heat that morning with little water consumed.
- I ate breakfast very late, and then went flying before my body had had much time to process the food. I also kept my body in a heat-stressed state that probably precluded digestion from happening at its normal pace.
- I attempted to ration my water to ensure

I didn't run out while I was still flying.

- I failed to properly consider the environmental conditions (although it seems obvious now, I didn't process the fact that the body can shed heat much less efficiently in high-humidity conditions).
- I ignored warning signs my body was giving me – I had felt a bit nauseous a few minutes earlier, but had put it down to high bank in a turbulent thermal after spending some time trying to get the GPS to reconnect with *SoaringPilot*. I was also sweat-soaked head to toe – and had been for most of the flight – but was ignoring what I viewed as "just a discomfort".
- I didn't ask for help when landed, and probably didn't pay my situation sufficient respect once I was on the ground.

On the plus side, I did *some* things right:

- Despite the unpleasant situation, I maintained focus on flying the glider, ignoring the general mess around (and on) me.
- Suspecting I was suffering from heat exhaustion / heat stroke, I quickly started drinking water to try to re-hydrate myself, and give

me some tools to fight the heat.

- I got some water into my hat, and onto my shirt, to aid with cooling.
- I got my ass back down on the ground as quickly as I could.

As an aside, although I diagnosed myself as "feeling much better" after having vomited, on the flight back to the airfield my flying was suffering – aircraft track, speed control, and yaw control were all poor. I was clearly still afflicted, and I almost passed out when I first got out of the glider.

I got some good value from reading a bit more about heat exhaustion at http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Heat_stroke, and would highly recommend it to all. There was virtually no information on hyperthermia in *From The Ground Up* or the AIM, and none at all in *SOAR* that I could find.

The outcome could have been much worse than it was – I hope you can all learn from my mistakes, rather than making your own!

Graham Brown, Rideau Valley Soaring

Royal Flying Corps monthly safety report – December 1917

FLYING SAFETY TIPS

Horizontal turns. To take a turn the pilot should always remember to sit upright, otherwise he will increase the banking of the aeroplane. He should NEVER lean over.

Crash precautions. Every pilot should understand the serious consequences of trying to turn with the engine off. It is much safer to crash into a house when going forward than to sideslip or stall a machine with engine troubles.

RESUME OF ACCIDENTS

Avoidable accidents this last month.

- a. The pilot of a Shorthorn, with over 7 hours experience, seriously damaged the undercarriage on landing. He had failed to land at as fast a speed as possible as recommended in the Aviation Pocket Handbook.
- b. Another pilot in a B.E.2 failed to get airborne. By an error of judgement, he was attempting to fly at mid-day instead of at the recommended best lift periods, which are just after dawn and just before sunset.
- c. A Longhorn pilot lost control and crashed in a bog near Chipping-Sedbury. An error of skill on the part of the pilot in not being able to control a machine with a wide speed band of 10 mph between top speed and stalling speed.
- d. A B.E.2 pilot was seen to be attempting a

banked turn at a constant height before he crashed. A grave error by an experienced pilot.

There were 29 unavoidable accidents from which the following are selected:

- a. The top wing of a Camel fell off due to fatigue failure of the flying wires. An emergency landing was successful.
- b. Pigeons destroyed a Camel and 2 Longhorns after mid-air strikes.

COST OF ACCIDENTS

Accidents during the last three months of 1917 cost 317 pounds, 10 shillings sixpence, money down the drain and sufficient to buy new gaiters and spurs for each and every pilot and observer in the Service.

ACCIDENT BRIEFS

912 Squadron, 3 December 1917. Aircraft: B.E.2C, No. XY 678. Pilot: Lt. J. Smyth-Worthington. Total solo: 4:20, solo in type: 1:10.

The pilot of this flying machine attempted to maintain his altitude in a turn at 2500 feet. This resulted in the aeroplane entering an unprecedented maneuver, entailing a considerable loss of height. Even with full power applied and the control column fully back, the pilot was unable to regain control. However, upon climbing from the cockpit onto the lower mainplane, the pilot managed to correct the machine's altitude, and by skillful manipulation of the flying wires successfully side-slipped into a nearby meadow.

Remarks: Although, through inexperience, this pilot allowed his aeroplane to enter an unusual attitude, his resourcefulness in eventually landing without damage has earned him a unit citation. R.F.C. Lundsford-Magnus is investigating the strange behaviour of this aircraft.

Summary of No. 43 Brief, dated October 1917.

Major W. de Kitkag-Watney's Nieuport Scout was extensively damaged when it failed to become airborne. The original Court of Inquiry found that the primary cause of the accident was carelessness and poor airmanship on the part of a very experienced pilot. The Commandant General, however, not being wholly convinced that Major de Kitkag-Watney could be guilty of so culpable a mistake ordered that the Court should be reconvened. After extensive inquiries and lengthy discussions with the Meteorological Officer and Astronomer Royal, the Court came to the conclusion that the pilot unfortunately was authorized to fly his aircraft on a day when there was absolutely no lift in the air and could not be held responsible for the accident.

The Court wishes to take this opportunity to extend its congratulations to Major de Kitkag-Watney on his reprieve and also on his engagement to the Commandant General's daughter, which was announced shortly before the accident. ❖

A visit to Pipistrel in Slovenia

Pipistrel (the makers of a range of new light aircraft like the Apis and Sinus) invited the distributors for a maintenance course in the first week of February this year. It was a good occasion for me to get more time on the Taurus, which I only flew twice back in 2007 – and a good occasion to escape the cruel Canadian winter.

Distributors from France, Belgium and Greece attended the course and we had a good time together. The weather was not the best with rain in the morning everyday but that was perfect for the ground school. We managed to get a few flights in between showers on the Wednesday afternoon, and got two nice afternoon sessions Thursday and Friday.

Pipistrel's chief pilot, Mr. Tine Tomazic, gave me a demo flight on the short-wing Virus. The one we flew had the 912S (100 hp) engine. It climbed at 1400 fpm and cruised at 145 knots. It will be a nice towplane.

Then I flew with Mike, a young 38 year captain on the 747 for Japan Airlines (and he can fly gliders too). We went through some of the procedures: engine start in flight, landing with the engine extended and even some normal landings. The Taurus is very docile and easy to fly. Stalls are light, buffetting at 35 knots while descending around 500 fpm. It uses the same wing as the Sinus and the Apis. Landings are easy, 3-point and full spoilers as the wheels touch ground.

The next day I flew with the distributor from Belgium. Philippe showed me his licence – his name was on top and the licence was issued by ... himself. He is chief examiner for gliders in Belgium. We did some takeoffs and landings. At the end of the afternoon, the wind picked up and we were able to stay on the ridge for an hour. There was a light mist, nothing major, it is quite different to be able to soar under light rain and 6C.

The chief pilot had to radio us back; we could have stayed the whole night on the ridge.

Did I mention that the airport is around 200 feet asl? To the north and east, an L-shaped 3500 foot ridge gives perfect conditions whenever there is a westerly breeze. The ridge is only two miles away from the airfield.

The rocks are facing south and west – thermals, thermals. But nobody flies if there is a north or east wind – rotors, rotors.

The same afternoon they took the new Apis out and flew it for an hour. It uses the 30 hp Hirth engine. As the Rotax 447 will no longer be in production, Pipistrel bought the last 20 of them in December 2008. The Apis fuselage and cockpit has improvements. It will be available with the electric motor by the end of 2009.

Guy Duchènes

Trophy on the move

The *1-26 Travelling Trophy* is home again. Dr. Jack called it right for 5 July in southern Ontario. It was a very good soaring day, with a nice breeze from the northwest, lots of visible cu, a high cloudbase, and moderate to good lift. It seemed like a good day to go from York Soaring to Great Lakes Gliding Club at Ronan Field and bring back the *Travelling 1-26 Trophy*. Tim Wood decided that he would take a shot at it and launched from York at 1:30 in C-GEMB. The first 30 minutes was a bit tense as the thermals were weak low down between Arthur and Orangeville. Also the sky began to blue out from the west. After Orangeville conditions improved and Tim spent the rest of the flight to Colgan between 5 and 6000 feet msl.

There was very strong lift in the blue too. Tim arrived over Ronan Field before 3 pm and had to use a lot of spoiler to get down. The reception was very friendly as expected and the trophy was duly handed over in its custom box (designed to fit into the space behind the 1-26 seat backrest).

Tim was tempted to fly back home again to Arthur but remembered landing out in similar circumstances in 2005 near Guelph, the one that generated 911 calls, armed OPP squads, the Puslinch fire chief, the airplane



crash press release, the near-dispatch of a Trenton Herc, etc... Oh no, no... (see 2005 free flight for this tale). The urge was soon forgotten; instead, York's mighty Pawnee came to airtow him home, and he got back in time to help pack some of York's burgeoning fleet into the big hangar.

Now the cross-country pilots at Great Lakes have another chance to try their skills and come for the *Travelling Trophy* once again.



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The flight of the albatross – “Alby’s” transcontinental travels

This year an adventure got underway in the USA, on a much grander scale than the *1-26 Travelling Trophy* in Ontario. The goal – to fly the bronze statuette of an albatross, Alby, from site to site across the continental USA from west to east and back again. Alby flies only in aircraft that use the energy of the atmosphere as a means of travel. When in a glider, Alby is carried in a custom-built case that also contains a logbook for the journeys, numbered lapel pins that are kept by each pilot successfully completing a leg, and a SPOT transceiver for the pilot to allow the flights to be tracked.

Sergio Colacevich originated the project, and a small group of volunteers handle the administration and the web site. The web site <albysvoyage.blogspot.com> maintains a record of Alby’s flights, his whereabouts, the flight logs, and the rules under which the trip is being undertaken. All news, inquiries, and control is handled by this site.

A proposal to fly a leg of the trip with Alby, including a flight declaration, is sent to the *Albymaster*. There is an order of preference: the closest club to Alby’s current location, to the first proponent in order of time, to soaring clubs, to groups of pilots, or to an individual pilot. When a flight is accepted, the winner has a week to go for it. Of course, given that soaring is never a scheduled event, there are exceptions in the rules to cover all the “what-ifs”.

Takeoff and landing points must overlap in the east/west direction, and legs should end at a soaring site or a place where a glider can be towed. If the flight doesn’t end in the declared location, the *Albypilot* or a pilot of the



same club still have a week to try and complete the flight. If the declared goal is still not reached, Alby must be taken back to where it started (not necessarily by flying).

Alby travels with a logbook that the pilots fill out and sign. The flight data is e-mailed to the *Albymaster* and an entry is placed in the web site log. A description of the flight and photos are sent along with the flight data and posted on the web site. All flights, successful or not, are entered.

Sergio completed the first leg of the saga on 10 November 2008 from the Williams County Airport, CA, flying 120 km to the southwest to reach the Pacific Ocean, then back. As of 25 July, twenty-two flights have been made and fourteen legs completed, the last by new cross-country pilot Elizabeth Maynard, flying her Russia AC-4C from Decatur, TX to the Midlothian club south of Dallas.

talking GPS on market

GiPSi Navigation Corp. is producing a voice-based GPS, a system that eliminates “heads-down” navigation. Instead of watching a screen, this unit produces all the information the pilot needs in a clear human voice. The company said the device does not require extensive training and allows pilots to maintain situational awareness. “The interaction is very intuitive. It speaks to the pilot, allowing him to focus on flying the airplane.”

The pilot creates a flight plan on his or her computer and downloads it to the device. As the flight progresses, it logs flight movement with time-stamped altitudes, airspeeds, track and bearing deviations, along with waypoints. It can notify the pilot of the aircraft’s exact location and other types of information commonly found on GPS units.

Price – US\$395, 10 hour lithium-ion battery, weight 3 oz, length – 3” including antenna. More info at <www.gipsinavigation.com>.

Air Cadets and helicopters at Hope

As is our custom, my motorglider and I fluttered into Hope airport Sunday evening on 16 Aug, anticipating a quiet week of soaring followed by the Friday evening when the soaring fraternity filled the fridges. Surprise! The fridges were already full and we were surrounded by the troops! In fact, the Hope airport this week belonged to a BC Forestry helicopter fleet on the inner runway and Air Cadets on the outer. (Note to myself – it pays to visit the VSA website for news – being self-launching is not *carte blanche* freedom to own the airport...)

Mind you, I knew that something was going on before landing when someone came up alongside my wingtip during my arrival for picture-taking, and I wondered where this previously unseen glider came from. Turns out he was an Air Cadet instructor. However, on joining the circuit, the military presence was obvious as they could be seen milling about “The Knoll”, fighting the sinking air. I just surrendered and landed.

It’s always rewarding to be surrounded by this form of action as these cadets will likely be our future society leaders and it would be difficult to find a more dedicated, hard working group of citizens. These fledgling aviators are the cream of their crop as they are the senior NCOs who are being rewarded for their dedication in helping to manage the squadrons of cadets through the year. These warrant officers and flight sergeants have come from as far away as Cape Breton, NS to extend their gliding skills by learning the art of soaring. They brought a couple of cream puff L-19 tugs and Schweizer 2-33 gliders. During a walk around the airport with three of them last night they told me they find our high performance two-place gliders (Blaniks) a real challenge to fly and not as forgiving as their birds. You’d all be proud, I didn’t giggle. However I did learn a lesson – it isn’t prudent for someone in their sixties to challenge these late teens to a brisk walk – they are fit!

Given their familiarity with the copious rules and regulations associated with cadet flight ops, they have fitted in very well with the Hope airport operations. Especially so now considering we have self-limited ourselves during this forest fire siege to using only runway 25L – leaving the remainder to the helicopter suppression operations. The cadets are courteous, they are considerate, and they are thankful for the opportunity to fly in such a gorgeous area often fraught with towering *cumulo-granitus* clouds.

VSA personnel are pitching in with presentations and training, and it’s refreshing to see a semicircle of young people surrounding Roberta Dight and others as they circle around in the grass with arms outstretched simulating the centering of thermals or cruising alongside the hangar “catching” the ridge

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lift. Other VSA personnel deeply involved in the action were Mark Mozel who provided fam flights on VSA birds while Harald Tilgner and Ejub (from the former Yugoslavia) split the week tugging everyone aloft. Gerry Binnema provided safety and ridge gliding tips and some of the senior cadet ops staff covered other topics. The two Daves covered the *Rigging and Trailing* seminar and the balancing act of keeping two operations congruent. Essentially, the mornings were devoted to nine instructional briefings including thermalling, cross-country flight, landing out, wave, and Hope flight operations. The afternoons were devoted to gliding or soaring in the somewhat stagnant, stable air.

There was some wave, but not everyone could enter it as the fire-related airspace restrictions precluded us from crossing from Ogalvie to the Dog Mountain wave at any altitude below 4000 feet as this airspace was being used by fire fighting aircraft over the Fraser river route to the fire east of Boston Bar.

For those eavesdropping on the cadet seminars, the instructional tips must have been useful as we were all able to put in several hours of soaring on Monday, much of it in a decent wave off Dog Mountain. The airmass was very stable and while the wave didn't make a lot of sense to me at times, it was possible to get up to slightly more than 7200 feet at one point.

After a late launch on Monday, my first "hopeful" soaring day started with a cross-country to Tulameen, Outram and Silvertip mountains – lift provided by Rotax (now a Canadian company under Bombardier). This flight started as a sniffer run for future considerations and to tell the troops where lift could be found for cross-countries.

Not much was found – the wind was light and variable but favouring the west and my final glide from Jones Lake lasted 2.8 hours and covered a lot of territory in the generally subsiding air – the Dog wave providing excellent top-ups. Nearing the end of the flight (supper beckoned), I looked down from 4000 feet alongside Hope Mountain towards the setting sun and the smog was murky enough to preclude seeing the airport and valley floor through the reflected light. No problem, I followed the BBQ fragrance through the mung and landed in time for the late evening festivities.

The next day was surprisingly successful for many of the cadets as some challenging lift allowed many to make it into the Dog wave. While yours truly launched and surrendered early, the soaring novices all set personal records. For flyers who had seldom been out of the circuit except for stalls and spins and the like, these young folks were generally naturals at finding the secrets of Hope Mountain's ridge, the town thermals, and the Kawkawa Lake corner which worked intermittently. In fact, at one point, six gliders were thermalling together pursuing altitude gains that would allow them to transition to the Dog Mountain wave over the restricted airspace.

Senior VSA members were very favourably impressed with the discipline and skills shown in these endeavours – all techniques new to the cadets! Several of them stayed up for two to three hours on solo flights and even after landing they were floating above the ground.

Flying certainly beats real life... after being trapped in Victoria for three weeks of commitments and mediocre weather, it was great to get back to Hope where my spirits have soared. For the cadets, mid-week discussions with some indicated this was a dream come true for them, and their introduction to the broad spectrum of soaring will be a draw in their futures.

Ken Armstrong

Donate Aeroplane miles ...

from page 4

contacted to set up a pooling program for Aeroplane Miles for the team. Aeroplane supports charitable organizations by allowing the donation of points into a specific account to be used by the charity. The charity is allowed a 30-day period each year to solicit donations to go into the account.

Points donated into our team account will be used to fly the team members to Europe for the contest, thus reducing the team's air fare costs. If flights can be booked around the end of October, about 80,000 points are required for a one person return trip. With three pilots, three crew, and a Team Manager, this adds up to 640,000 points. If you would like to donate points to the team, please photocopy or scan the donation pledge form and then e-mail, fax or mail it as indicated on the form. Note that Aeroplane requires a signature on all pledge forms. The 30-day period for donations to the team runs from 1-31 October, so please don't delay, fill out the form and send it quickly. Thanks ahead of time for your support – it will go a long way to help!

Dave Springford



Darren Clark

I really enjoy the serenity of cross-country flight and ... what's that noise!

First 2000 km pilot dies

New Zealander Ray Lynskey, the first glider pilot to exceed 2000 km (in 1990), and the Open class winner of the 1995 World championships, has died of a brain tumour at 54. Ross Macintyre, the NZ Awards officer at the time, had the pleasure of processing that claim. He says:

"Ray was a nice guy and a superb pilot, and his passing is a loss to the gliding world. Typical of Ray, he took only one photograph of his turnpoints. We had some fun with the photo of the second turnpoint – I had to go over some previous flights to see the fence layout around the roads of Five Rivers since the garage that was the TP was hidden by just a mere wisp of a cloud. However, that was sorted out."

The course was essentially a long, very narrow triangle – the distance from the start point to the midpoint (nearly) of the second leg of the triangle was about half a mile. The flight fit into no record category at the time; it moved the IGC to create the 3TP-distance record. The IGC also established the open-ended series of Diploma courses and, even though Ray did the flight before they were created, the FAI office insisted (rightly) on awarding him 2000 km Diploma #1.

Tony

Before the blow

from page 21

hole punched in its side from the hitch of another rotating trailer. Fortunately, there was no damage to the glider inside.

The club PW-5 trailer was found on its roof several metres from where it started. It had been blown over two or three other glider trailers, causing damage to them. Trevor Finney's ASW-20 trailer was on its side with glider inside. The only thing that appears to have stopped it from continuing to roll is the other trailers it bumped into ...

So, what have we learned from this whole mess? First – just because the glider is in its trailer does not guarantee it is safe. While a trailer does protect them from most weather, strong storms can still toss them around. Many glider trailers only support the glider bits vertically. Normally this is okay, but if the

trailer ever tips over everything inside can fall out of their cradles, be damaged, and damage what they fall on. If glider parts can be positively secured, then the damage can be stopped or at least reduced if the trailer is tipped for any reason. Often a glider may not be fully secured in a trailer if one is not planning to tow it. Complacency for the sake of saving time can easily lead to unnecessary damage. An obvious solution for preventing this type of disaster is to install a tiedown cable along the trailer line, and to use it.

One of the owners learned an expensive lesson about insurance as he didn't have "not-in-motion" insurance. The glider wasn't flying but it sure moved.

In recent months, the club has been considering a second hangar for the towplanes. Some ideas have centered on erecting fairly cheap wind shelters. Since the storm, I have

seen a few of these cheaper hangar-sized shelters. They could have caused more damage than the price difference for a metal hangar. Our solid hangar was invaluable in protecting all the club gliders.

We also learned that we cannot be complacent in securing the hangar. Our doors sometimes don't close properly, so they require some work to ensure the pins are in the ground to hold them closed, but the attitude towards securing the pins is often lax. Suddenly, fixing this problem doesn't seem like such a bad idea.

The club is still picking up the pieces from this storm. Many members have volunteered to help others with the damaged gliders and trailers. This was an expensive lesson in being prepared. I hope that other clubs will look at these photos and learn from our experience so that it doesn't happen to them. ❖

Almost 6 hours!

from page 13

whole five and that meant I had to find lift under the clouds. I saw a sunny break halfway towards the club and headed for it, going through some rain in the process. Being rained on in the glider was a very interesting experience – it was so loud that at one point I thought it was hail.

I made it to the sun and gained as much height as I could. With less than 30 minutes to go, the clouds drifted over and the sunny break closed. Curiously, weak to zero lift continued even with no sun so I kept circling in it until I knew I made my five hours. With this goal achieved, I decided to head for another distant sunny break to warm up (I was quite

cold as I spent the previous 30 minutes under the clouds). On the way, I passed through another shower and got 4 knots lift in the rain!

As I flew into the sun again, I looked back at the club and saw shower columns heading to the field. I didn't want to fly through yet another rain shower, so I decided to stay sunny and play around some more. I had quite a bit of height to lose so I took some pictures of clouds and the rain, did some turns and had a grand time not looking at my vario or altimeter. Getting lower, I overflew the field to check the windsocks. Just as I was getting in the landing mode, I flew through a massive thermal that I just could not pass up. While climbing from 3000 to 5000 feet, I suddenly felt very tired; I opened full spoilers but was

still going up until I flew out of the lift. Flying with open spoilers until down to circuit altitude, I then did a circuit and had an uneventful landing. The total time for the flight was 5 hours and 50 minutes.

Packing the glider in the hangar, I knew two things that I did not know before that flight: first, I had the endurance to do long flights and second, the next time I am having a five hour flight, I better be *going* somewhere. I can't wait for my first cross-country! ❖

A sequel coming? Vlada got her power licence in 2005 and glider licence in 2008. Vlada joined SOSA for the sole purpose of learning to fly upside down as part of SOSA's aerobatic program, but she soon got addicted to soaring as well.

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A novice's view

from page 12

Flying Day 5, July 9 The morning briefing had much optimism, with strong lift forecast throughout the task of Toronto Soaring to St. Marys and back to Rockton. East winds were forecast at 10–15 knots. Once we were on the grid the weather was looking very good, so the task committee added a third turnpoint, Brantford. I was eating my lunch when Anthony pointed to the east and said, "lake effect is coming". Rockton is subject to lake effect with east winds, and it usually destroys all lift over the area. I was sure that Rockton would be blanketed with lake air by 1400 so I decided to start as soon as possible, aware that I might finish undertime.

Within one minute of the gate opening I was on course. I had a little bit of trouble getting through the Guelph corridor and by the time I was north of Guelph I had been low (1500 feet agl) twice. After this, things went much better with a higher cloudbase and stronger lift. West of Belwood I saw that the easterly winds were up to 15–20 knots, so the area of lake effect would be larger and farther west of Rockton than I initially expected. This confirmed my pre-launch decision to finish early.

After going about 17 km into the turnpoint area I headed toward St. Marys. The lift along the way was very good and very predictable. Two hours into the task I reached the farthest point of the turnpoint area west of Mitchell and headed towards Brantford. I knew that with one hour remaining in the task I had lots of time to go as far as I needed into the last turnpoint if the conditions remained good. If the whole area was blanketed with lake air, I thought I would still be close enough for final glide to Rockton.

South of Mitchell I got to my highest point of the day, 6200 msl. My flight path carried me south of Stratford where I connected with a cloud street and flew about 42 km at an average L/D of 82.

The cloud street ended abruptly with nothing but blue skies ahead. I was still 22 km away from the Brantford turnpoint area. I saw a faint wisp of a cloud about 2 km into the blue so I went for it. This weak thermal allowed me to climb back up to 5100, but at the same time the easterly winds had drifted me back 5 km. I was joined in this thermal by Jim Fryett in his Libelle. There appeared to be another cloud forming on course about 5 km

away. Jim headed for it and I followed after one more turn. On reaching it, I flew through and kept going as it seemed very weak. I was now 20 km from the turnpoint circle and 45 km from home. I got into the turnpoint area with an altitude of 3900 msl (about 3100 agl) and 25 km to Rockton.

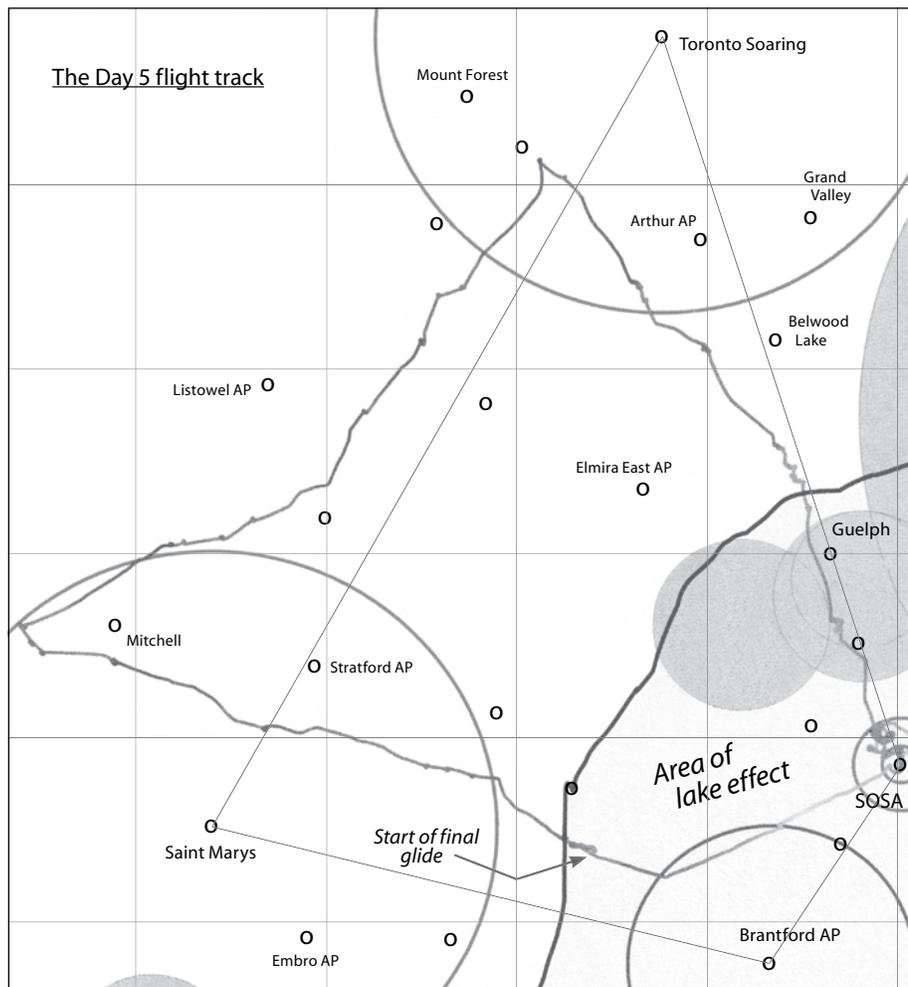
I then headed straight home flying at about 60 knots and trying to fly as cleanly as possible. The headwind of 15–20 knots was eating up my altitude faster than I expected and I slowed down for every bit of lift I could find. When I was about 8 km out I was not sure I was going to make it when I saw three hawks circling ahead and to the left of my course. I joined them and, flying through this area of lift, gained 150 feet. That gave me enough to cross the finish line at 700 feet and join the circuit midway down the downwind leg.

I was thirty minutes early but very happy to be on the ground at Rockton – it had been a very white knuckle final glide. As it turned out, no other contestant in the Club class made it home. I was very pleased with the decisions I had made along the way and that I finished first for the day.

The next day we launched but after about 14 of the 20 launches, the day was cancelled. This gave us plenty of time to get ready for the closing banquet at the Holiday Inn in Cambridge. The banquet was very well run and the food and camaraderie was excellent with lots of fun had by all. I was very surprised to receive the trophy for the best performance by a novice competitor in the Canadian National Soaring Championships.

The organization of this competition was excellent. The morning briefings were very informative with great reports on the weather, and the segments of how the winning pilots did it were quite instructive. The daily seminars were all terrific and gave a great deal of knowledge from very experienced competition pilots. The planned dinners and barbecues were well done and gave an excellent opportunity to learn more about one's fellow competitors and make many new friends.

As this was my very first real competition, I went in with no expectations as to how well I would do or what it would be really like. I think that this was the best event in my life as a glider pilot and I would recommend it to everyone. The tasks set were all very challenging but at the same time offered enough scope for all pilots regardless if you are just beginning serious cross-country flying or have done it for many years. The great people involved in this event make it hard to wait for my next opportunity to do it again. ❖



FAI records Roger Hildesheim

49 Maitland Street, Box 1351, Richmond, ON K0A 2Z0
(613) 838-4470, <rogerh@ca.inter.net>

The following records have been approved:

Pilot Ian Spence
Date/Place 4 June 2009, Invermere, BC
Record type Free Out & Return Distance, Territorial, Club, 15m, Open
FAI Category 3.1.4b
Sailplane Ventus 2cT C-FYSG
Distance 516.1 km (Club), 596.7 km (Open, 15m)
Course Invermere, BC – TP1 (N49°00'25" W115°01'21") – return
Previous record 498.8 km (club), 541.4 km (Open & 15m), Tim Wood

Pilot Bruce Friesen
Date/Place 13 June 2009, Chipman, AB
Record type Free Out & Return Distance, Territorial, Club
FAI Category 3.1.4b
Sailplane Standard Austria C-FPDM
Distance 608.3 km (511.2 km raw)
Course Chipman, AB – Paynton, SK – return
Previous record 516.1 km, Ian Spence (see above)

Pilot Bruce Friesen
Date/Place 13 June 2009, Chipman, AB
Record type Out & Return Distance, Territorial, Club
FAI Category 3.1.4g
Sailplane Standard Austria C-FPDM
Distance 608.3 km (511.2 km raw)
Course Chipman, AB – Paynton, SK – return
Previous record 442.9 km, Tony Burton, 2003

Pilot Jerzy Szemplinski
Date/Place 15 June 2009, Rockton, ON
Record type 400 km Speed Triangle, Territorial, 15m
FAI Category SAC
Sailplane ASG-29 C-GJXG
Speed 94.8 km/h
Course 3 GPS turnpoints out of SOSA
Previous record unclaimed (86.8 km/h placeholder threshold)

Pilot Jerzy Szemplinski
Date/Place 15 June 2009, Rockton, ON
Record type Free Triangle Distance, Territorial, 15m
FAI Category 3.1.4d
Sailplane ASG-29 C-GJXG
Distance 539.6 km
Task: 3 GPS turnpoints out of SOSA
Previous record 481.0 km – Tim Wood, 2007

New Sporting Code now official

By the time you get this *free flight*, the new 2009 Sporting Code will be in force. It is available on the IGC web site along with the companion *OO & Pilot Guide* (Annex C to the Code), also completely rewritten.

Paralleling these documents, the SAC Badge application form has been amended to reflect the Code changes – it's on the SAC docs page. You will find that this form is now more user-friendly to claimants and OOs: unnecessary tow-pilot and repetitive OO data is no longer required and the form accommodates data for up to three flights rather than the previous two – the whole Silver badge set.

FAI badges Walter Weir

3 Sumac Court, Burketon, RR2, Blackstock, ON L0B 1B0
(905) 263-4374, <waltweir@gmx.com>

The following Badges and Badge legs were recorded in the Canadian Soaring Register during the period 27 June to 5 Sept 2009.

GOLD BADGE

327 Gary Hill Edmonton

SILVER BADGE

1036 Frédéric Chauvin ACE
1037 Vlada Dekina SOSA

DIAMOND GOAL (300 km declared flight)

Paul Fish SOSA 302.4 Discus Rockton, ON

GOLD DISTANCE (300 km flight)

Gary Hill Edmonton 315.9 Jantar Chipman, AB
Paul Fish SOSA 302.4 Discus Rockton, ON

SILVER DISTANCE (50 km flight)

Frédéric Chauvin ACE 63.0 LS-4b Valcourt, QC
Vlada Dekina SOSA 66.0 SZD-51 Rockton, ON

SILVER/GOLD DURATION (5 hour flight)

Frédéric Chauvin ACE 5:27 LS-4b Valcourt, QC
Réjean Giasson Quebec 5:15 LS-4 St Raymond, QC
Vlada Dekina SOSA 5:42 SZD-51 Rockton, ON
Rob Russell SOSA 5:13 PW-5 Rockton, ON

SILVER ALTITUDE (1000 m gain)

Frédéric Chauvin ACE 1415 LS-4b Valcourt, QC
Réjean Giasson Quebec 1120 LS-4 St Raymond, QC
Vlada Dekina SOSA 1250 SZD-51 Rockton, ON
Patrick Kessler Quebec 1240 Grob 103 St Raymond, QC
Simon Paquet Quebec 1205 Grob 102 St Raymond, QC
David Gagnon Quebec 1045 Grob 102 St Raymond, QC

C BADGE (1 hour flight)

2905 Frédéric Chauvin ACE 3:39 LS-4b Valcourt, QC
2906 Réjean Giasson Quebec 5:15 LS-4 St Raymond, QC
2907 Vlada Dekina SOSA 5:42 SZD-51 Rockton, ON
2908 Stephen Lazuk Rideau Valley 1:38 1-34 Kars, ON
2909 Rob Russell SOSA 5:13 PW-5 Rockton, ON
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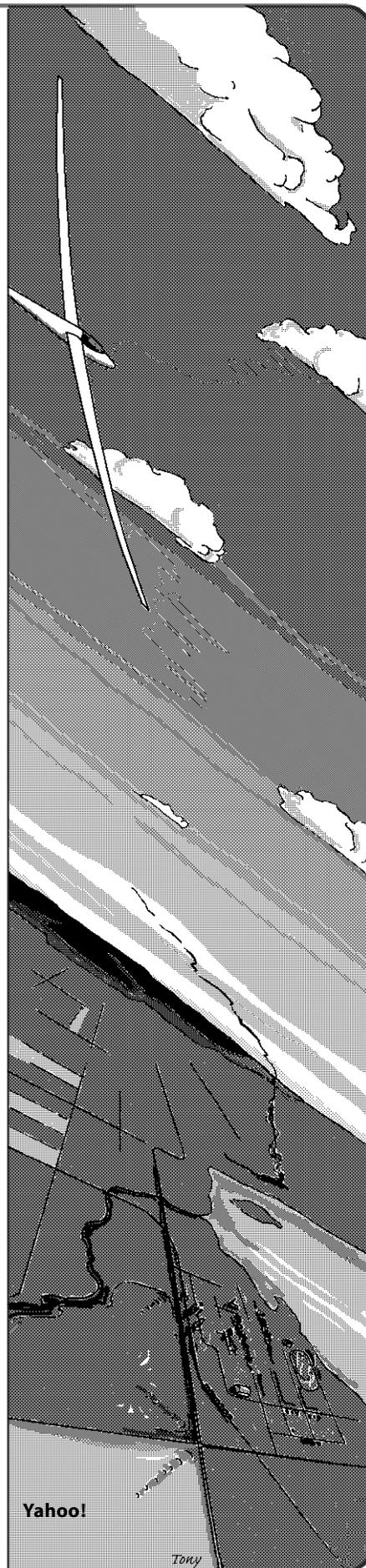
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