

free flight • vol libre

4/02
Aug/Sep



HAVE JUST RETURNED from the 2002 Nationals, which were held by MSC in Hawkesbury. It is an event I always enjoy attending for the flying and for the opportunity to renew friendships with pilots from other clubs. This year I also made many new acquaintances in Eastern Ontario with successive landouts. I always had the company of one or more other gliders on these excursions, and Dan Cook was particularly persistent. Thanks again to Peter Trent and his members at MSC, and members of GGC for volunteering their efforts to host the championships. Some of these volunteers were assisting for the first time, and their willingness to get involved and help out is particularly appreciated.

As so often happens, the scene is set but the weather fails to cooperate. I personally was glad for some of the rest days, as coping with the exceptional heat and humidity was difficult. I found out that Hawkesbury does not have a cinema, so one day was spent going to Canadian Tire, Zellers, and Giant Tiger, just to stay cool. At the end we had an event, but only just, as Standard and Club classes squeaked in their required minimum of four days. Subsequently, I have been wondering why we do not experiment with holding the Nationals later in the year, say over the August long weekend? It has seemed in recent years that better weather has been available later in the summer, and also for those who cannot start their flying early south of the border, it would give more time to practise and prepare.

The slow start to the season evoked memories of 2–3 years ago when membership was very slow to appear on the fields. However the turn-around in the weather in the last two weeks has stimulated a lot of interest and new members coming out to learn what we are about. My club has put a lot of effort into participating in local events, consistently over the last three years, and I think we are beginning to reap the rewards of working to establish ourselves in the community. Brochures, gift rides, exhibits, open BBQs, and working with neighbouring attractions have all played a part in heightening our visibility as an exciting, but also conscientious activity.

I just received an update on the insurance claims situation for the year so far. Unfortunately we suffered two fatalities between May and June. My condolences to their families. I remember having the opportunity to enjoy the company of Karl Robinson when we worked together during our early days on the SAC Board.

The level of claims to date is already higher than the whole of last year, and much of the flying season is still ahead of us. We have two total losses associated with the aforementioned fatalities, as well as some other significant claims. Some of these are ground losses for which the brief descriptions appear somewhat bizarre. As was mentioned in the insurance report in the AGM documents on the website, this first year following 9/11 will be an important benchmark for other insurance companies who may be looking to come in and compete for our business. We would best serve ourselves in this increasingly costly market by taking extra care to avoid further losses of life and equipment.

Les compétitions nationales 2002 font maintenant partie de l'histoire et il convient de remercier Peter Trent et les volontaires de MSC et GGC qui ont rendu possible la tenue de cet évènement. Malgré une météo accablante, nous avons réussi à avoir les quatre jours réglementaires pour que la compétition soit homologuée.

Ces dernières années, la météo du début de l'année a été moins favorable que plus tard dans la saison. Peut être devrions nous penser à tenir ces compétitions en août ce qui donnerait à tous plus de temps pour s'entraîner.

Nous déplorons deux accidents fatals déjà cette année. Si on ajoute à ces deux pertes totales d'autres réclamations significatives, déjà les réclamations de cette année sont supérieures à celles de 2001 au complet, et la saison est loin d'être terminée. Cette année sera une année témoin pour les compagnies d'assurances qui se relèvent du choc du 11 septembre. Si nous voulons que d'autres assureurs nous fassent des offres en 2003, il serait avisé que nous faisons des efforts soutenus cette année pour éviter d'autres pertes en appareils et surtout en vies humaines.

Bons vols et soyez prudents.

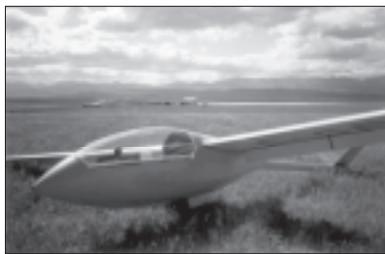
free flight • vol libre

4/2002 – Aug/Sept

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

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Cover

An outlanding in ranch country 3 miles south of Cowley during last year's Alberta Provincials. It looks like a great cross-country day, but the wind was howling and shredding the thermals over the countryside east of the Crowsnest Pass. View is southwest towards the mountains north of Waterton National Park.

photo: Tony Burton

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SAC accident update

Dan Cook, SAC Safety Officer

SADLY, we have had two fatal accidents so far this year. Both appear to have been easily avoidable and related to the all-too-familiar stall/spin scenarios. The first occurred on a winch launch shortly after takeoff and the pilot did not have enough height to recover, the second involved a low slow turn to final where the pilot appeared to be trying to extend his glide and making a flat turn to final. From the preliminary accident reports the following information is available:

Fatal The glider, an Open Cirrus, was observed during a winch launch, pitched up, appeared to stall, and then rolled inverted and dove into the trees. Observers estimated there was an 8 knot tailwind and that there was some hesitation to go ahead with the takeoff prior to the launch. The Transport Safety Board ascertained that all equipment and controls were working normally on impact. There was no water ballast and there were no windssocks present on the airfield to confirm wind observations. The pilot was experienced.

Fatal The glider, a 1-23, was observed returning to the field, and appeared to be joining the circuit for landing. The glider was estimated at 500 agl when over the threshold on final. The pilot continued down the runway to the mid-field area (4000 foot runway), then joined a modified circuit, and made a normal radio call on downwind. The observer, being an experienced glider instructor, felt the pilot-in-command was flying too slowly and radioed the pilot to fly faster. The glider was observed in a shallow skidding turn from downwind to base and final. The glider appeared to enter a spin to the left, completing a half turn, before impacting on a gravel road near the runway. The glider hit left wing first and steep nose down, virtually at the same time. The pilot had 146 flights and first flight in type.

Substantial damage The glider, a K8, was damaged in an off field landing attempt. The pilot selected a good field but elected not to land up slope and into wind but on the flatter area at the top of the field. The pilot set up a circuit and had a 45 knot airspeed on final but, at some point in the decent noticed that the airspeed indicated 65 knots. The pilot overshot his intended flatish landing area and went down the other side of the hill and hit a ditch-like roll across his path that bounced the glider. It appears the glider hit hard on the skid and bounced (four skid divots in line) several times finally yawing 80° off its original path and stopped sideways, left wing and tail low. The left tailplane had broken off at the fuselage and including about a metre of the left wing D-section from the root outward. The aileron controls were jammed so that they were both in full up position.

Substantial damage The glider, a Hornet, had the tail broken off in a deliberate ground loop on an outlanding into a too-short field.

Substantial damage A 2-33 is damaged, cause unknown (\$12K).

Substantial damage A Citabria towplane has a prop strike on the ground (\$7K).

Substantial damage A car runs into a Pilatus glider trailer damaging both the glider and the trailer (\$15K).

Minor damage A DG-300 wing is dropped while waxing it (\$1.5K).

Closing thoughts I wish to bring to everyone's attention that we have had several fatal accidents in past years where slow flight and/or slow approach speeds have been suspected as a major factor contributing to accidents. Potentially, causes are underestimating the effect of microbursts on calm days, mountain gusts (or any cause for rapid change in angle of attack) or not recognizing a speed reduction while trying to extend the glide (increasing angle of attack). Please make a mental note *now* to have the alarms ring in your head and try to recognize these conditions as they start to build before a stall. Remember — it is the angle of attack (which is related to speed) that causes the stall, whether it be in a winch launch or slow, low turn to final. ❖



The SOARING ASSOCIATION of CANADA

is a non-profit organization of enthusiasts who seek to foster and promote all phases of gliding and soaring on a national and international basis. The association is a member of the Aero Club of Canada (ACC), the Canadian national aero club representing Canada in the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale (FAI), the world sport aviation governing body composed of national aero clubs. The ACC delegates to SAC the supervision of FAI-related soaring activities such as competition sanctions, issuing FAI badges, record attempts, and the selection of Canadian team pilots for world soaring championships.

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

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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 vélioles 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.

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Des photos, des fichiers .jpg ou .tif haute définition et niveaux de gris peuvent servir d'illustrations. Les photos vous seront retournées sur demande.

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A privileged person

Many years ago I heard it said that carrying passengers was cheap flying. I never thought of it as that, to me it was a combination of an introduction to the sport of flying without an engine.

As years rolled past I had many interesting passenger flights, like the young lad I had to put in the rear seat of the K13 because of his weight and to the objection of his mother, who was told to go away by her son. We got airborne and after release I told him how to keep the wings level which he did for a little while, then I got a request in the form of, "please mister, help me"

Very intuitive, whereupon I levelled the wings and he got to try again. The second attempt was the same as the first only it took a little longer this time — after levelling the wings again he was all set and did rather well. I had found a young kid who knew things were going wrong and did something about it. He was one smart kid.

On another occasion I had a young girl in the front seat. This was a true passenger flight as she did not want to touch the controls so I moved the interest to the ground, looking at the cows, etc. This must have been a very special time for her as I was most privy to her wishes and aspirations. On this flight I was a most privileged person.

On the same day I took her little sister up on a flight. On this occasion the altitude and serenity of the flight had an interesting effect on this little girl because she insisted on singing to me. The song was appropriate for her age as it was *Old MacDonald Had a Farm*, and for a little while I was allowed to name the animals until the last, whereupon she cut me out with her own choice. Once again I was a privileged person.

Another day I had a more mature lady as a passenger, it was a beautiful sunny day, not a cloud in sight. This was a flight that finished up as a science lesson because she learned that even on a bright sunny day the air is always in movement. We cruised around for a while and on landing she was one of the happiest people on earth.

I have had many good passenger flights and this could go on a lot longer. The joy I have had as a "Passenger-carrying Pilot" has been one of the most rewarding parts of being a club member and glider instructor and which could become another story about some of the students I have flown with.

Jim Laing, GGC

Airmanship defined

Airmanship includes keeping a good lookout, consideration of others in the air, of good planning before and during flight, and being aware of our human limitations.

Good airmanship involves protecting ourselves as well as the other pilots in the air and on the ground. It is the example that we set by our own preparations and how we conduct ourselves on the ground and in the air.

Good airmanship is the almost silent giving of advice and it goes almost unnoticed because nothing dramatic happens.

Good airmanship is the continuous application of good judgement, not only about when and how we prepare for flight but of how we conduct ourselves in the air and, most importantly, how we keep ahead of the game by planning ahead and keeping our options open for the unexpected eventuality. We are continuously questioning and suspicious about the situation, and therefore we are actively thinking of what to do next.

This is all very well to say, but how do we teach good airmanship?

It starts obviously with the development of a good attitude to our own flying which would be helped if we started with a good approach to life in general! The student should understand that good airmanship is not applied only when the flight starts. It has to be developed as a continuous activity, as a deliberate thought process that eventually becomes part of our everyday activities. Good airmanship starts before we leave home for the gliding club.

Ian Oldaker
chairman, FS&T committee

Sailplane landing gear design improvements mandated

Recent tests of cockpit safety have shown that the design requirements for the energy absorbing capacity of landing gear are insufficient for modern gliders.

Drop tests of a two-seat glider conducted by Tony Segal in the UK resulted in undercarriage failures which could result in unnecessary back injuries to pilots.

JAR 22 is the standard under which sailplanes are designed and manufactured in Europe.

Helmut Fendt, chairman of the JAR 22 Study Group, and the German LBA official responsible for certifying gliders, motor- ➔ p20

1000 km on the Ridge

Larry Springford, SOSA

another Diploma to a Canadian pilot



I HAVE BEEN ENCOURAGED to describe my 1000 kilometre metre flight on the Ridge on 3 May — well, it don't take much to get a glider pilot to talk about one of his flights. The flight was on a three turnpoint declared course of 1033 kilometres which I completed at 116 km/h. However using the On Line Contest format and finishing at the point furthest away from the third turnpoint, it worked out to 1078 kilometres at 125 km/h, and if I were to use a fourth turnpoint it was 1115 km at 126 km/h. So it was clearly my personal best flight!

The task as declared was using a start point at Ridge Soaring, PA, to Monterey, VA (311.5 km), to Lock Haven, PA (359.5 km) to Sacred Heart Hospital at Cumberland, MD (205.5 km), to the finish at Ridge Soaring (156.7 km).

My original hope for the day was that I could do a 1000 kilometre out and return by flying down to a turnpoint near Fincastle, VA. However, the weather forecast indicated that the wind was not going to be suitable down to the south, so with encouragement from Walter Weir (our guru of the Ridge), I selected another task from my Volkslogger routes, which didn't take me as far south. In fact, the ridge was working further south than expected. Tillmann Steckner, from London, ON, also flew 1000 that day, using a turnpoint another 50 kilometres further south from my first turnpoint.

There were some lessons learned from this flight, as there should be from all flights. One of them was to have a set of pre-identified tasks available so when the weather is not exactly as forecast, it will be simple to change to the most suitable task.

The first pilot to take off that morning just before 0900 was Doug Haluza, a New Yorker who flies at the Ridge a lot. I didn't get off until almost 10 am (a point of some criticism

from Walter). I got up at 0630, thinking that would give me enough time for an early start — it didn't. I guess it's going to be 0530 for the next major attempt! I had done as much as I could on the previous day, such as filling my water ballast containers, but my preparations still took longer than I expected.

The takeoff was exciting. The wind was very strong and I don't recall a rougher tow outside of the mountains. In fact, shortly after my takeoff, Tom Knauff, the operator of Ridge Soaring, shut down the operation for a couple of hours as unsafe for takeoffs. After release, I turned immediately north on the ridge to get into the sector for my start, did a 180 degree turn and headed south on the ridge. The strong wind was making the ridge so rough that I was flying 500 feet above it for much of the first part of the flight at a speed of about 85 to 90 knots. Crossing Altoona was straightforward, having been able to climb to a little over 4000 feet flying straight ahead in ridge lift. At the Bedford gap, I spent about ten minutes mucking about trying to locate a thermal, eventually getting a good one to 5000 and crossing without any problems.

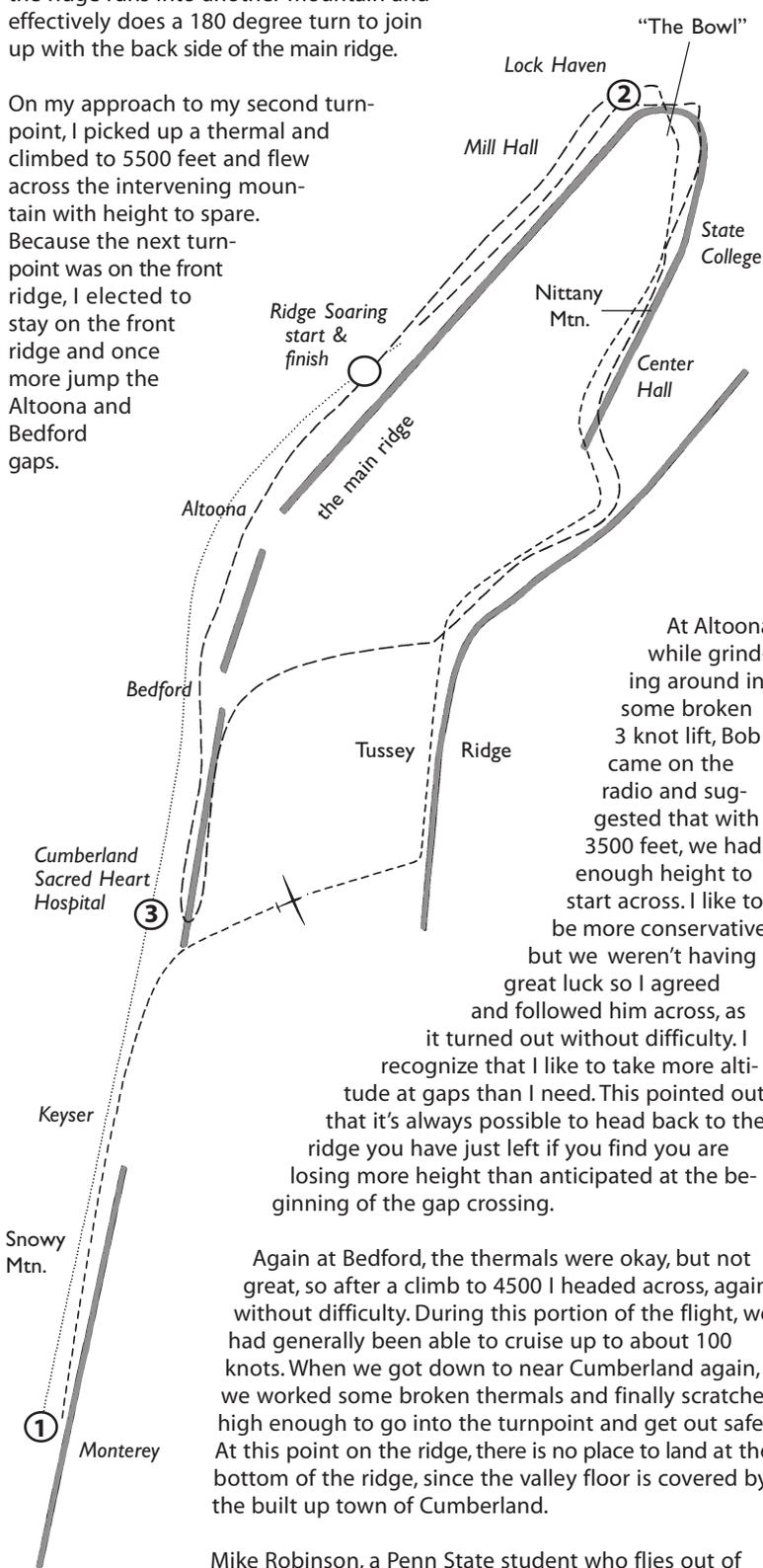
The run to Cumberland was easy at speeds of 75–100 knots, but then came a twenty minute delay solving the problem of finding a decent thermal to start across to Keyser and on to New Creek Mountain which was the first place to expect reliable ridge lift again with some conservative height above the valley floor. In fact, there turned out to be some lines of lift, which may have been associated with wave. From here down to Monterey and back again was clear sailing. It was at about this time that Bob Harvey from New York City, and a regular at the Ridge, hooked up with me and we flew together for the rest of the flight.

Snowy Mountain, which is upwind and higher than the ridge, is another potential trap on this part of the ridge. It's not too serious headed south, but on the way back north you find the ridge getting higher. If you are too low here you can get caught in some downwash from Snowy Mountain. I flew conservatively and as high as the ridge lift would take me through this area. Back at Keyser, both Bob and I encountered some more lines of lift at 5500, well above ridge lift height as we flew straight ahead, more or less on course. This got us back to the Cumberland area where we headed for the back ridge, Tussey Ridge.

The advantages of Tussey Ridge are that it eliminates the gaps at both Bedford and Altoona and it is a shorter route to Lock Haven. There is a short jump into wind near State College from Tussey to Nittany Mountain, and then Nittany takes you almost all the way up to Lock Haven, the second turnpoint. At the north end of the Nittany Mountain there is a spot called "The Bowl", since

the ridge runs into another mountain and effectively does a 180 degree turn to join up with the back side of the main ridge.

On my approach to my second turn-point, I picked up a thermal and climbed to 5500 feet and flew across the intervening mountain with height to spare. Because the next turn-point was on the front ridge, I elected to stay on the front ridge and once more jump the Altoona and Bedford gaps.



At Altoona, while grinding around in some broken 3 knot lift, Bob came on the radio and suggested that with 3500 feet, we had enough height to start across. I like to be more conservative, but we weren't having great luck so I agreed and followed him across, as it turned out without difficulty. I recognize that I like to take more altitude at gaps than I need. This pointed out that it's always possible to head back to the ridge you have just left if you find you are losing more height than anticipated at the beginning of the gap crossing.

Again at Bedford, the thermals were okay, but not great, so after a climb to 4500 I headed across, again without difficulty. During this portion of the flight, we had generally been able to cruise up to about 100 knots. When we got down to near Cumberland again, we worked some broken thermals and finally scratched high enough to go into the turnpoint and get out safely. At this point on the ridge, there is no place to land at the bottom of the ridge, since the valley floor is covered by the built up town of Cumberland.

Mike Robinson, a Penn State student who flies out of Ridge Soaring joined up with us now on his way back from Seneca Rock. He passed us going north 500 feet or so higher than us, and the three of us headed north on the ridge towards the Bedford gap. On the south side of the Bedford gap we couldn't get a solid climb, so we dropped back to Tussey ridge once more. I knew that it would take me far enough to let me finish the 1000, and I'd worry about getting back to Ridge Soaring after we were back in the vicinity of State College.

Earlier in the day, Doug had finished his 1000 using a finish point about 20 kilometres east of Ridge Soaring and we'd heard on the radio that he had been able to work his way back. However, he was about an hour ahead of us. The run up Tussey was the best part of the whole day. The wind strength had dropped enough so that the lift was now smooth and we were able to get right down on the ridge top, blasting along at 110 to 120 knots.

When we came up to the north end of Tussey, again the thermals were broken and not going all that high. We now had 1000 in the tank. All we had to do was reduce the retrieve distance. If worse came to worst, we could land at Centre Hall, where Doug had finished, and get an aerotow retrieve. By this time Mike and Bob were ahead of me. Most frustrating to have a couple of LS-4's ahead of an ASW-20! My only explanation in retrospect was that the flight was so rough that the gap seal tape on my wings had split, so maybe I was losing performance due to that. I'd had my tape split on the bottom side of the wing before, but since that's the high pressure side that's not too serious, but when I had it split on the top side, I must have had some significant performance loss. When I mentioned later to Tom Knauff about how my tape had split during the flight, he commented that he always uses a double thickness of tape.

Bob and Mike started the jump upwind to Nittany Mtn. from 3500 feet and reported no sink, so I followed happily. On Nittany, we couldn't find any decent thermals which we could climb high enough to jump upwind again to get over the main ridge and land at Ridge Soaring, only 10 kilometres upwind of us. We continued up Nittany to The Bowl again, but there we were still not finding thermals to get us over the valley for the jump to the main ridge. I had heard about the possibility of ridge soaring all three sides of the bowl. As you are heading north east up Nittany, the ridge works as expected with a northwest wind. As the ridge turns left around the north end of that valley, you wouldn't normally expect there to be lift but it's there, probably because the air is being forced northeast up the valley and has nowhere to go except up at The Bowl. So once again I followed my companions who had done this particular trick before.

We climbed up as high as we could in the ridge lift and then followed the bowl around to the left. At the top end of the bowl, we transitioned to the other side of the small ridge, which continues on around and starts heading southwest. The only problem here is that you are now between two ridges. As you head southwest, the small ridge on your left, and the backside of the main ridge on your right have only a small tree-filled valley between them. Going around this part of the ridge I was holding my breath and watching my height relative to the ridge on my left so, if necessary, I could dive over it to the valley where there were some fields. However we accomplished this transition with only a 1200 foot height loss and popped through a gap in the main ridge right at Lock Haven, looking at Piper Memorial airport. If this transition hadn't worked I would have still had my 1000. As it was, maintaining a close eye on my escape route all the way around The Bowl, I had a safe out into the valley. From here back to Ridge Soaring was a cake walk on the main ridge and I was back on the ground a little before 1900 hours with a smile on my face that didn't leave for at least a couple of days.

the Hawkesbury Nationals

George Couser, Contest Director

As the 2002 Canadian National Soaring Championships drew to a close I learned that I was expected to write a contest report for *free flight!* This came as a bit of a shock as I had not been thinking along that line at all. But, it was a perfectly reasonable expectation on the part of the editor and others. So, here we go ...

First, I would like to give a big thank you to all of the competitors who made the preparation for the Nationals worthwhile. Without you, all the effort put into organizing would have been for naught. But you had us worried for a while. We needed a minimum of five Canadian pilots in a class in order to hold a contest for it. For a while, it looked like we were in trouble in at least one class. But in the end, thanks to some late arrivals we exceeded the minimums for all with a total of 31 competitors, including four from the USA (most of whom are almost "regulars" at our contests). The final total was a little less than we had hoped for, but just about what we expected.

One unregistered late arrival presented an early morning surprise to our tephigram flight crew. When they went to get their airplane out of the hangar, they found his vehicle blocking the doors. They had to wake him up and have him move so that they could go about their business.

For those of you who are not familiar with the location of the Montreal Soaring Council (MSC), our airfield is just to the west of Hawkesbury, ON, about half way between Montreal and Ottawa. Airspace restrictions are a fact of life. We operate within the Montreal TCA and have little access to the east, unless we go way north or south. To the west we have to go north or south to clear the Ottawa zone. To the north are the Ottawa River and the Laurentian Mountains (mostly tree-covered hills actually) and south is the basically flat farmland to the St. Lawrence River and the USA.

The mandatory pilot meeting was held in the afternoon of 24 June. The competition team and the competing pilots were introduced, various operational items were discussed and the pilot members of the Task Committee were elected. The members of the Task Committee were pilots Jörg Stieber and Nick Bonnière, Bernie Palfreeman (weatherman), and me as CD. The members of the Jury were the Task Committee plus Gordon Hicks and Terry Beasley, two active senior MSC members. The meeting was followed by a superb wine and cheese get-together.

Of the ten days allocated to the contest, we had competition launches on six days, five of which became contest days for the 15m class and four for the Standard and Club classes. You can see the results opposite. We had 169 competition launches (including a few relights) and 55 outlandings, with only a couple of instances of minor damage.

The hot weather was definitely a factor, however, the outlanding ratio was much less than at the 1988 Nationals held at Hawkesbury. Then, we had 39 contestants and for the first three contest days nobody made it back!

At the normal 10 am pilot meeting on 2 July, the 15m pilots revolted en masse and declared that, given the conditions, they would not fly. One pilot said that he would rather have a root canal than fly — and that is exactly what he did! The day was cancelled at the very sparsely-attended rescheduled noon meeting.

Task setting was generally outbound to the south and west, returning to the north, near the Laurentians, and then specifying a number of free turnpoints. The intent was to put the contestants in a location that would allow them to choose to continue on the flat land or take to the hills. In practice, this did not work well as the conditions were generally not conducive to straying too far north into the hills.

The exception was the last contest day, 4 July! That day, development over the hills started early and the original task was scrubbed in favour of a day in the hills. Everyone I talked to afterwards had a grand time — even the two who managed to land out (both of them were MSC pilots familiar with the hills, maybe too familiar and pushing a bit?).

On 5 July, the last contest day, we lost contact with the sniffer flight shortly after starting the launch of the Club class. Subsequently we learned that the reason for this was that he landed out. That is real dedication to duty. The launch of the 15m class was cancelled, as was the tasks for the Club and Standard classes, when it started raining sailplanes. So ended the 2002 Canadian National Soaring Championships.

We closed the meet with a very well-attended dinner and awards ceremony at La Cite Golf Club in Hawkesbury. Awards were presented to the 1st, 2nd & 3rd place finishers in the Club, Standard and 15m classes. We could not present the Dow (best flights) Trophies at the time as those scores had not been completed (*the Dow results are in the page 11 "Trophy winners" box*).

We had a few "novices" on the contest organization team, including myself as CD. I thank all those who provided me with advice and words of encouragement. It was all greatly appreciated. I also thank all those involved in making the competition a success.

Specifically I thank:

- Two experienced past CDs: Larry Springford for his help before and during the Championships, and Bob Mercer for his advice and observations during the Championships.

⇒ p19

2002 CANADIAN NATIONAL SOARING CHAMPIONSHIPS		28 June		29 June		30 June		3 July		4 July		total score					
		pos	km	pts	pos	km	pts	pos	km	pts	pos		km	pts			
15 METRE CLASS		3.5 hour TDT		2.5 hour TDT		2 hour TDT		3 hour TDT		2.5 hour TDT							
1	Walter Weir ASW-27B 2W	5	240.1	910	1	191.6	933	2	120.1	303	1	254.3	1000	1	340.2	1000	4146
2	Peter Masak Scimitar 2 PX	1	263.7	1000	2	176.6	860	1	130.4	329	2	230.1	905	4	335.7	zz787	3881
3	Nick Bonnière ASW-20 ST	6	237.2	899	6	134.0	652	4	104.5	264	3	209.1	822	3	277.0	814	3451
4	Dave Springford LS-6 F1	2	259.1	983	4	158.0	769	5	*34.6	87	8	*138.5	545	2	286.2	841	3225
5	Willem Langelaa DG-800 OX	3	255.3	968	4	157.9	769	7	16.8	42	6	*176.0	692	5	252.3	742	3213
6	Larry Springford ASW-20 S1	4	244.3	926	7	*103.3	503	3	112.2	283	4	207.7	817	6	241.2	Lz559	3088
7	Lorry Charchian ASW-27 LJ	7	*222.0	842	3	164.6	801	6	*24.4	62	7	*160.7	632	7	dnc	0	2337
8	Bob Leve Ventus 2a OS	8	221.7	840	8	*93.4	455	8	dnc	0	4	207.7	817	7	dnc	0	2112
STANDARD CLASS		3.5 hour TDT		2.5 hour TDT		3 hour TDT		3 hour TDT		3 hour TDT							
1	Jörg Stieber LS-8 JS	4	244.6	922	1	178.9	831	1	234.8	1000	1	234.8	1000	3	374.4	z860	3613
2	Dale Kramer LS-8 K1	3	254.5	960	5	*102.8	478	A *	preceding scoring distance indicates a		2	232.3	990	1	389.9	s950	3378
3	Ed Hollestelle LS-8 A1	2	260.3	981	2	172.8	803	3	232.0	988	7	*125.1	533	7	329.6	3z545	3317
4	Dave Mercer Genesis 2 DM	1	265.2	1000	7	*100.7	468	4	*160.8	685	2	340.2	873	2	340.2	873	2874
5	George Moffat Discus 2b XX	6	221.9	t787	4	116.3	540	10	*45.1	192	4	*160.8	685	4	358.0	z818	2830
6	Andy Gough LS-8 44	5	220.1	830	3	137.3	638	6	*140.9	600	6	*140.9	600	5	342.4	sz758	2826
7	Ian Grant LS-4 ZT	7	*155.4	586	6	*102.0	474	8	*84.3	359	8	*84.3	359	6	325.9	z736	2155
8	Kerry Kirby Jantar 2B 69	9	*75.5	285	9	*32.7	152	5	*141.4	602	5	*141.4	602	9	0.0	0	1039
9	Richard Longhurst SZD-55 4Q	8	*84.8	320	8	*96.7	449	9	*50.8	216	9	*50.8	216	9	dnc	0	985
10	Marco Raaijmakers DG-300 TD	10	dnc	0	10	dnc	0	10	*166.0	z326	10	*166.0	z326	8	*166.0	z326	518
CLUB CLASS		3.5 hour TDT		2.5 hour TDT		3 hour TDT		3 hour TDT		3 hour TDT							
1	Adam Zieba HP-18 mod AZ	1	183.1	865	3	*99.3	385	1	214.8	z885	1	214.8	z885	1	341.9	z900	3035
2	Alain Orfila Ventus a RS	4	136.8	z546	4	96.6	375	2	167.9	770	6	167.9	770	6	240.7	z604	2295
3	Marian Nowak Egret N1	7	*90.1	426	9	*90.3	351	3	161.4	740	3	161.4	740	3	250.8	734	2251
4	Calvin Devries HP-14 LT	6	*97.0	458	12	*78.9	307	4	161.0	738	4	161.0	738	2	253.1	740	2243
5	Charles Yeates PW-5 YC	3	*130.6	t567	2	132.7	515	6	135.3	620	6	135.3	620	8	195.4	L521	2223
6	Udo Rumpf HP-18 mod ET	5	*102.1	482	6	*93.5	363	5	147.1	674	5	147.1	674	5	238.2	697	2216
7	Ron Walker 304CZ CZ	9	*87.9	415	1	145.8	566	9	*98.0	449	9	*98.0	449	9	209.8	z514	1944
8	Roger Hildesheim SZD-55 AT	11	*81.4	t334	10	*85.7	333	8	105.7	485	7	105.7	485	7	205.0	600	1752
9	Bob Katz DG-303 MS	7	*90.1	426	5	*93.7	364	7	*108.3	497	7	*108.3	497	10	*183.9	z438	1725
10	Hans Berg Std. Cirrus HB	2	157.0	742	7	129.5	tt353	10	*76.8	352	10	*76.8	352	13	dnc	0	1447
11	Alain Berinrain Genesis 2 BB	12	0.0	0	11	*85.4	332	13	*30.7	141	4	244.5	715	4	244.5	715	1188
12	Gilles-A Seguin DG-200 GS	12	0.0	0	7	*91.0	353	11	47.9	219	11	47.9	219	11	171.0	z400	972
13	Dan Cook SZD-41A BW	10	*84.5	399	13	*14.2	55	12	*42.0	192	12	*42.0	192	12	165.5	4z84	730

Scoring notes

Penalty codes:

- "z" entering restricted or closed airspace – 100 points each infraction (ex. 3z = 300 points)
- "e" turnpoint observation zone entry error – 50 points first infraction
- "l" incorrect landing card – 50 points
- "s" incorrect start zone used – 20 points

Scoring distances handicapped in Club class, and a 10% distance bonus awarded for landing at Hawkesbury

the view from my throne

Walter Weir, COSA

a pilot's-eye view of the contest from the 15m winner

If I had known I would be asked to write this, I would have made notes. As it is, I am writing from memory, so forgive me if it's mostly about me and not absolutely accurate — I'm going to be 70 this year you know!

Barb and I arrived at Hawkesbury with my new ASW-27B a week before the contest started. I had ordered the new glider in the summer of 2000. It had been loaded into a shipping container in Germany on 13 May and it was finally here and ready to fly. I was looking forward to my first flight and a bit of practice time before contest day one.

The day after we arrived, 20 June, with butterflies in my stomach, I took off for my first flight behind a powerful MSC L-19. The '27 flew beautifully, very quick and light on the controls and it seemed to go forever without coming down. The day was mostly blue with some weak cu but I managed a short (110 kilometre) cross-country to Alexandria and Pendleton and gained at least some experience with the new instruments in a flight of 5:12 hours. The Cambridge 302 worked beautifully. The Compaq 1520 running Microsoft Windows CE only seized up and required rebooting once in the entire flight! (Thank you, Bill Gates).

A few days of unflyable weather allowed for some instrument and cockpit changes including the installation of a Peter Masak Lift Director vario. On 24 June I flew again in weak blue conditions. I was shot down in just over two hours, but I was satisfied with the changes I had made.

The food! When you go to Hawkesbury you always know you will dine like royalty. We started with a catered wine and cheese party complete with local dignitaries the evening before the first day. Then the following evening we had the first of the sumptuous meals prepared by Hawkesbury's own Hans Peter "Humpa" Roth. Humpa is a professional chef and his meals are superlative. He also was one of our daily sniffers and did a great job at that too. Every third evening Humpa produced another culinary masterpiece in spite of the heat — which was significant. Thank you Humpa!

The terrible heat The first few flying days it was hot — but then it got *really* hot. Some days our taskmasters whipped us out to the grid where Bernie Palfreeman, our weather guesser, kept us up to date on the readings as the temperature climbed through 34 and 35C with dew points just a few degrees less. The visibility was the pits. On other days the flying was cancelled early and people prowled around Canadian Tire, Zellers or the grocery store trying to look like they were going to buy something any minute now. Hans Berg drove his air conditioned van all through Quebec — sightseeing, he said. MSC has a wonderful, well maintained swimming pool and that saved many of us.

The prizes At no contest in North America have I ever seen such valuable prizes as those awarded at the Canadian Nationals. The daily winners of each class got a bottle of

wine and had their winning days tow paid for by Ed Hollestelle (Solaire Canada), a \$30 value. For the overall contest, first, second, and third place pilots of each class were presented with a nice take-home trophy at the final banquet. The winner of the 15m class received \$300 from Jörg Stieber's company, Ontario Drive & Gear Limited, to be spent with recognized Canadian glider equipment suppliers (or \$500 toward the purchase of his product, the all-terrain vehicle "Argo"). The Standard class winner received \$300 from Ulli Werneburg's MZ Supplies. The Club class winner received \$200 from Svein Hubinette's Canadian Soaring Supplies. Ursula Wiese had also prepared beautiful hand-made memento booklets on specialty paper with excerpts on the history of each class trophy from her "*Book of the Best*". It is a real keepsake for the winners.

The workers You wouldn't believe the number of people it takes to run a contest like this. In addition to the devoted crews who for some reason I am unable to fathom are willing to chase looney pilots of airplanes with no engines all over the countryside, it takes tow pilots, grid marshalls, rope and wing runners, signalers, computer and website experts, grounds maintenance personnel, publicity people, and many others. All these are donating their time and seem to be enjoying themselves doing it. Those prima donna pilots need to have more respect — who do they think they are?

The software for scoring has been written especially for the Canadian contest by Nick Bonnière. This was (and is ongoing) a mammoth task which would have cost hundreds of thousands of dollars if it had been done by a professional programming group. Our contest could not be run without it and we could never afford to pay for it. All Canadian contest pilots owe a real debt of gratitude to Nick. Our scorer, Antony Clark, laboured late with his job after every flying day and Nick was there to help when necessary. Nick also took on the job of task committee member — I don't know how he does it! Maybe it helped that the scorer's shack was air conditioned. I'm sure that's why Barb was sneaking pizza and beer to the scorer — nothing to do with bribery, honest.

MSC did a wonderful job. Hospitality, enthusiasm and willingness to help were showered on all the visitors. Thank you MSC.

The tasks For this contest all the tasks were TDT (time distance task) in which a time is set and mandatory turnpoints may be set. If you finish the mandatory TPs you make your own choices about which points to fly to after that. When your time is up your contest day is over no matter where you are and you are scored on the distance you have flown determined by the scoring program working with your flight recorder file. You got a 10% distance bonus for landing at home — so the best

thing to do is time out just as you are crossing the finish line at the home field with only enough altitude to make the runway. If your time expires when you are high you have failed to convert height into point scoring distance. If you are far from the home field and low when your time expires you may not be able find lift to make it back and therefore lose the home landing bonus. It ain't easy to get it just right.

The boring details

(you may skip to 4 July if you want)

Friday, 28 June – Day 1

Finally a flyable day after two no-fly days. The mandatory turnpoints for 15m and Standard were Alexandria/Iroquois/Hawkesbury (about 208 kilometres total) and the TDT time was 3.5 hours. It was a weak day with a brisk northwest wind. I spent a lot of time below 2000 agl, coming fifth. Peter Masak was first, flying 240 kilometres and he is 90 points up on me.

One 15m and three Standard class pilots landed out. Club class went to Morrisburg instead of Iroquois and only three out of thirteen made it home.

29 June – Day 2

The task for all is Apple Hill/Montebello/Bell Falls (which is 9 kilometres north of the field) for 2.5 hours, a mandatory 113 kilometres. The day was weak to start with and became weaker and blue to overcast but there was very little wind. When I got to Montebello I was sure conditions would be better if I stayed on the north side of the river all the way to Bell Falls but there was nothing there. I was not about to land on the north side of the Ottawa River so I crossed to the south shore and was at 700 agl when I finally got a weak thermal just west of Hawkesbury. I managed a distance of 174 kilometres and came first, gaining 73 points on Peter who was still first overall while I was second. There were a lot of landouts — two

for 15m, five in Standard, and nine in Club.

30 June – Day 3 for 15m

This was our weakest day and it was hot, hazy and humid. We were assigned only Pendleton with a 2 hour time. Our class didn't get through the gate until after 3 pm and most of my task was flown between 3000 and 1500 agl with a low point near Hawkesbury of only 530 feet. Peter flew 119 kilometres to my 109 and gained 26 points on me putting him 43 ahead overall. Near the beginning of the task, Peter's Scimitar 2 (which uses Ventus 2 wings), my ASW-27B and Nick's -20 all flew together and at these low speeds there was absolutely no discernable difference in performance.

The Standard and Club classes flew but launched after 15m and did not go far enough to be scored so it was not a contest day for them.

3 July – Day 4 for 15m

The 15m and Standard task was Morrisburg/Wendover/Hawkesbury (189 kilometres mandatory) with a time of 3 hours. Club was also 3 hours with a mandatory initial triangle of Morrisburg/Pendleton/Hawkesbury, then a small Vancleek Hill/Alfred/home loop as often as able.

It wasn't a really great day but for me it was exciting. I got started late and went blasting off to the first turn mostly between 2000–3500 agl. I saw a few other gliders but no large group and when I got to Morrisburg I didn't know whether I was ahead or behind. Morrisburg, on the St. Lawrence River, was all blue and smooth and required a long glide in and out. Part way to Wendover I came across George Moffat (yes, the real George Moffat, two time world champion) who was flying Standard class and had started quite a bit before me. I began to think maybe I had passed everybody.

Wendover, on the Ottawa River, was also smooth and blue and getting in and out used a lot of altitude and was very slow. Then on the way to Hawkesbury, Peter and Dale Kramer joined my thermal. I knew Peter had started before me and I thought all I needed to do was stick with him and he would time out before me. Then to my great disappointment just before we reached Hawkesbury he went shooting off to the south, convincing me that he had already been to Hawkesbury and was out getting extra TPs when I met him. I was crestfallen! I made Hawkesbury and used up my time as best I could but without much enthusiasm.

Later when I turned in my scoring disk I learned that Peter had not been to Hawkesbury after all and his dart to the south had been just a diversion to a place where he thought the lift may be better. I flew 231 kilometres to his 209 and picked up 95 points putting me in the lead by 52 points overall. Oh joy!

It hadn't been an easy day for any of the classes. There were three landouts in 15m, seven in Standard, and five in Club.

4 July – Day 5 for 15m

This turned out to be our best contest day. The air was finally cooler and dryer as a dry cold front leisurely made its way through from the north. As the airmass changed we suddenly got reports from the club Blanik that cloud-base was 6000 with 5 knot thermals! Launch the fleet! A free TDT task was called for all (no mandatory turnpoints) with a time of three hours. We had started late and the 15m launch was not complete until 2:45 so the 15m time was cut to 2.5 hours. With the excitement of climbing with six knots on the averager, many pilots blundered into the restricted airspace above Hawkesbury which is capped at 5000, 6000 and 7000 feet at various locations. My Compaq blew the horn and saved me from a penalty (Bill Gates is not all bad) but many others were not so lucky.

I started at 3:08 from 6900 feet and flew a cloudstreet on the north shore of the Ottawa River against a 20 knot headwind. I went 75 kilometres to Notre Dame → p21

THE TROPHY WINNERS ARE

MSC Trophy – 15m class champion
4146 points of a possible 4262
Walter Weir

Wolf Mix Trophy – Std class champion
3613 points of a possible 3831
Jörg Stieber

CALPA Trophy – Club class champion
3035 points of a possible 3416
Adam Zieba

Dow Trophies (best task flown)

- 15m class – 340.2 km @ 136.1 km/h
2.5 hour TDT with 10 free turnpoints
Walter Weir
- Std. class – 389.9 km @ 130.0 km/h
3 hour TDT with 10 free turnpoints
Dale Kramer
- Club class – 341.9 km @ 114.0 km/h
3 hour TDT with 10 free turnpoints
Adam Zieba

SOSA Trophy – novice – not awarded
O'Keefe Trophy – team – not awarded

AZ, Zen master

Kerry Kirby, "69"

IT WAS THE DAY 5 morning pilot meeting at Canadian Nationals. The winners of the previous day for the classes are usually declared at this point but because the scoring was done as a Pilot Selected Task instead of a Timed Distance, task results in Standard and 15m were thought to be too close to announce a winner at that time. Not so for the Club class, there was a clear winner on 4 July — Alpha Zulu, Adam Zieba.

I had overheard others the day before comment that Adam was flying in a class of his own, and now after Day 4, Adam was an untouchable. I think people view gliding contests much the same as you would view a horse race. When you have a race with two or more horses nose to nose all the way to the wire it is an exciting race. But also every once in a while when you have that horse that loves to run, is in top form, and crosses the finish line lengths ahead of a talented field — well, that is a thing of beauty to behold.

Adam stands to tell his tale of how he did it and gives the credit to George Moffat, one of the visiting USA pilots competing in the Standard class. He thanks George for his advice in one of his books, that to be a better pilot one should become "at one with your glider." Adam claims to have worked for some time to accomplish this over the years, and had felt he had finally done that yesterday. His last leg was 200 km/h and 5 knots up.

Day 4 at the pilot briefing, Bernie's forecast for the day's thermals left a lot to be desired. I could see Dave Springfield was toying with the same thought as I. He asked Bernie if the data and soundings were taken ahead of or behind the cold front that was just past. I think the answer was "close to it". If the data was pre-front I thought the sounding would not reflect the air we were going to be flying in.

As the grid was being set up the club Blanik launched to do some early gliding. What a surprise to everyone as he reported back over six knots and 6000 feet over the hills! If you had had a mobile water truck on the line about then, you could have made a fortune.

The Standard class launched first and we were dropped north of the Ottawa River into the hills where great cu were already formed and streeting. It didn't take long to reach 6000 feet. The task was a 3 hour TDT for Standard and Club — the 15m class was reduced to 2.5 hours as the task committee thought, "how long could this last?" As I had the same thoughts, I headed out not long after the gate opened and found myself well under ZT (Ian Grant) and behind JS (Jörg Stieber) but heading in the same direction. On and on we went following a street to

the west. Not stopping to turn, just pulling up in the lift. Well, my Jantar full of water or not, it cannot run all day with an LS-8 without having to stop for gas sooner or later, especially when the terrain below looks like nothing but trees, lakes and foothills ahead. Mistake #1 was get just a tad low with a heavy Jantar and paying the price to get it back up into the super stuff.

As I worked my way back up, I soon found AZ passing by a bit lower pulling up in my lift and then heading on. I'm amazed that I always find myself saying the same thing in a situation like that, "Well, if this thermal is not good enough for him, why am I staying in it?" Off we go — waterlogged Jantar chasing light HP-18. In a few miles the water got me ahead into the next turnpoint. Mistake #2 — my new Cambridge is set to display turnpoint numbers and the first five letters of their name. Who would think that turnpoints 40 and 41 have the same first five letters — this comes back to bite me.

AZ and I jockey back and forth on the run to what looks like the same turnpoint. Sure enough, we turn Montebello at the same time and then we both head back in the same direction to the northwest. All this is done with a minimal of thermals and a maximum of street.

As we get back about 50 kilometres west of Montebello, I am looking at my options for the next turnpoint to take. This is where mistake #2 comes into play. When I made the first turnpoint I entered it into the task editor of the Cambridge. The map on the Palm Nav said I was over NotrD (just five letters, remember?, see mistake #2). Well, I found Notre Dame du Laus on the list and entered that in the task, but actually I was over Notre Dame Salette. I now had a course line on the Palm Nav telling me I had been to a turnpoint that I had not been to. You cannot return to a turnpoint without having been to two others first. The only one that looks usable now is Notre Dame Salette but I had just been there. No wonder AZ was parting ways with me on his way north. My mistake #3 was thinking AZ was making Mistake #1.

The rest of my flight was just cloudstreet, see Dave Mercer pass me, thermal, thermal street, street finish. As I meet AZ the next morning, Adam confirmed he was dry and that he had taken the other Notre Dame turnpoint.

Now I'm reflecting back on the flight and Adam's comments about being at one with his glider. From what I saw in the hour I watched him, he did have something special. He flew almost 90 kilometres scoring distance (35%) over his next closest rival in his class. Was he at one with his glider? Was it a perfect flight? Perhaps an old Chinese poet wrote something appropriate: ➔ p20

Silver, without the lining

Francis Miquet, MSC

now *this* is perseverance over nausea

A QUIET CALM REIGNED when I arrived at the field in Hawkesbury on an August morning. It was a slightly breezy warm morning, the sky was clear. I had arrived early to work on the PW-5 trailer as I was anxiously anticipating its repair to finally attempt my Silver C badge. By mid-morning the sky had metamorphosed into a jigsaw puzzle of puffy white clouds. It was obvious that unusual conditions were developing up above. It took little convincing to abandon our earth-bound chores and empty the hangar. I decided to attempt the five hour duration component of the Silver badge.

Snuggly strapped into the PW-5, I was the first on the field and into the sky. I released at 2000 feet in strong lift and in no time was sucked up to 5000. The radio crackled with the excited voice of Pendleton glider pilots. I headed north of the river, overflying landmarks that had for me only existed in conversation with other glider pilots. The lift was dizzying as I effortlessly spiralled up to cloudbase which was now at 7000 feet. I swooped up and down and zigzagged across the sky painting imaginary pictures. This is much too easy, I thought to myself, achieving the Silver would present little challenge. I was vaguely disappointed and a little concerned that I might get bored.

An hour and a half into the flight I began to feel a slight fatigue and headache. I dismissed these sensations, attributing them to thirst and hunger so I gulped some water and pulled a sandwich from my small blue padded lunch kit. While continuing to thermal I impatiently waited for my malaise to fade away. Much to my dismay it intensified — the throbbing in my head became more pronounced and I was starting to feel queasy. Flying the glider now demanded a

lot of concentration, the longer I soared the more unsettled I became. I was angry and frustrated that reaching this goal could be elusive because of personal failings.

The world around began to take the pale appearance of an overexposed photograph. Body movement felt heavy and seemed to occur in slow motion. Like some alien the queasiness in my abdomen invaded my whole body. To my horror I had to finally admit to myself that I was getting airsick. Spasms of ever-increasing frequency and intensity racked my body. I reached into the side pocket and rifled for the airsick bag. To my dismay there was none. I reached behind my head fumbling frantically for my lunch kit. I tore out its contents and belched into it, one violent spasm after another for what seemed like an eternity. Just when I thought it impossible that my body could contain anymore, I would be racked by another series of convulsions. After it was all over I did feel better, but only slightly.

I tried to find an explanation for my condition. I had eaten properly that morning, I was hydrated, the cabin was ventilated. How could a “seasoned” pilot like myself succumb to airsickness? I concluded that my vestibular sense had never experienced such prolonged turning. Though I had logged a number of glider flights, they were all of relatively short duration involving little thermalling. Still, I was embarrassed, in my twenty-three years of power flying I had never once “spilled my guts”. In fact I tried hard to remember the last time I had vomited. Was it at the age of seven after a tonsil operation during which I had been anesthetized with ether? Was it after some high school drinking binge? There had certainly been many occasions since those early days.

For a short period in the early eighties I worked as a flight attendant on a Fokker F-27 turboprop aircraft. In the summer we would often fly among thunderstorms as sometimes the pressurization of our aging aircraft would not allow us to overfly them. I enjoyed the turbulent rides. In anticipation of having to go through a thunderstorm I would dim the cabin lights to better appreciate the coming spectacle. The lightning flashes would then illuminate the cabin in a wild and erratic light show. Invariably a passenger would get airsick. This often had a domino effect. I can remember on one occasion running out of airsick bags, but never once did I have to use one.

During ferry flight, in the course of my stint “flying a cart”, I tried several times to read Jean-Paul Sartre’s bleak existential novel, *Nausea*. I could never get past page thirty-eight of this joyless book which chronicles the protagonist’s alienation from society. His distaste for life is triggered by seemingly ordinary objects and situations, the world around him is a reflection of his ➔ **p21**



With blue lunchkit in lap, the green pilot reads from Sartre’s novel, *Nausea*.

Nightmare on tow!

John Nesbitt-Dufort,
from *Sailplane & Gliding*

a WWII night tow goes all wrong

AFTER ABOUT THREE MONTHS of test flying, during which I had scared the living daylights out of myself more than once in various highly unsuitable tug and glider combinations, the vexing problem of positioning the glider behind the tug while on tow on a dark night arose. I suppose that at the time I was the most experienced Lysander pilot in the unit, so it was natural that I should be detailed for the first night tug trial of the type. The glider for the test was a Hotspur, an eight-seater, with the famous Robert Kronfeld at the controls.

The problem was that, at night, glider pilots found it extremely difficult to maintain the correct tow position relative to the tug. To overcome this, the boffins had stumbled on the bright idea of mounting an “angle-of-approach” indicator on outriggers immediately behind the rudder of the Lysander — without, it transpired, much thought as to the aerodynamic consequences of the arrangement.

This now-antique piece of apparatus (somewhat similar to the modern VASI lights on an aircraft carrier) was a heavy metal rectangular box standing about 3-1/2 feet in height, containing a bright light which shone through three strips of amber, green and red glass. The apparatus used to be carefully levelled on the ground to the left of the runway threshold, and when it was switched on, all the tired pilot had to do when returning from a mission on a dark night was to adjust his approach angle so that the light showed green all the time; if he got too high, it showed amber, and if too low, red. It’s an excellent system for the ground, but would it work in the air?

On 11 June 1942, an extremely dark moonless night, with 8/8ths overcast at about 2000 feet so not even a glimmer of a star showed, I viewed with a torch and a considerable amount of misgiving the untidy arrangement at the back of the Lysander. The boffins had assured me that this heavy lump of metal would not put the centre of gravity out of the aft limit, or otherwise seriously affect the handling characteristics of the aircraft, and I, poor fool, believed them!

At 2330 that evening, Lysander 9276 lined up on the main runway with Robert in his Hotspur hooked up behind. He called over the intercom, routed along a cable attached to the towrope, that he was ready, so I took up the slack, and, obtaining clearance from the tower, opened up using the automatic boost control cut-out to obtain full power.

At first, everything seemed to be okay; naturally Robert was airborne fairly early, but I seemed to be stuck at about 48 mi/h, with my madly-shimmying tailwheel still firmly on the ground and half the runway gone already.

“High tow, now!” I yelled.

Robert, at the same time, had instinctively spotted my trouble; up he went slightly above the high tow position, up came my tail, and our speed slowly started to build again. With the stick hard forward and full nose down trim I saw the red boundary lights getting nearer and nearer. We had been committed to takeoff as soon as the glider got airborne. Now at only 55 mi/h, I had to do something about it fast.

“Down a shade, Robert, for Christ’s sake!”

Again he had almost anticipated my trouble, as just before I eased a fraction of forward pressure off the stick, I got a slight acceleration, the tailwheel banging on the ground, its oleo bottoming, and at only 57 mi/h, with the good old Mercury screaming defiantly, we were airborne and the red lights flickered by a few feet below.

The boffins must have been joking about that centre of gravity, as it was certainly a hell of a way aft of limits. Robert, in fact, did that takeoff, his superb skill being responsible for us getting airborne at all — with a less experienced glider pilot, we would have been ploughing a deep furrow in the adjacent field. He permitted himself a mild “Phew!” over the intercom, and I mentally agreed, but was too busy to answer, as although our speed had now built up to 59 mi/h, our rate of climb, which was showing as only 50 ft/min, seemed infinitesimal and the cylinder head temperatures were well over the their limits already. Normally the stall speed of a Lysander was well below this, but it should be remembered that I had the additional weight of the heavy nylon towrope, not to mention the massive steel box on the outriggers behind me.

Anyone who has flown over England during the blackout on a really dark night knows that it is absolutely essential to stick on instruments, but I must say that the temptation to look ahead for the inevitable obstacles which must have been tearing by a few feet below my undercarriage was nearly unbearable. At just over 60 feet, Robert called cheerfully that he was having no difficulty staying in the green, but how about a little more height? Sweating profusely, I was too busy to answer, but after an age we seemed to have wallowed up to a 100 feet with the ASI stuck at a steady 65 mi/h, so I called Robert and told him that I would have to level out for a minute or so to try to build up enough speed to cool my engine, as the cylinder head temperatures were now off the clock. Reluctantly, he agreed, as a seized engine at that altitude would have meant curtains for both of us.

In view of the fact that I had very limited forward movement of the stick to play with, I had some difficulty in

getting the position of the little aeroplane a fraction lower on the artificial horizon, but eventually the speed started to creep up without perceptible loss of height. At 74 mi/h and just over 110 feet, engine temperature was back on the clock but still dangerously high.

Wonderful! I'll see if she would hold that speed in a shallow climb. I was about to ease off a shade of the forward pressure on the stick again when I noticed a slightly sloppy feeling about the rudder pedals. Before I could investigate, there started such a violent juddering of the tail that the instruments blurred in front of my eyes, and suddenly the rudder pedal snapped over to the full left position and the Lizzie slewed off course. There was a loud yell from Robert of "Take it easy, John!" as I applied brute force to the right pedal and tried to centralize the rudder, but with a loud bang, it flipped over to the full right position, a savage correction and over it went again.

For what seemed an age I fought those madly-kicking rudder pedals, as, whilst still on instruments, I careered all over the inky black landscape with Robert grimly hanging on behind.

A snap glance at the engine instruments showed me that it would be suicidal to slow up again, and soon the cylinder head temperatures had gone off the clock again, but in addition the oil temperature was now also way above limits and the oil pressure about half what it should be. The unfortunate Mercury was still screaming away at full boost and revs in fine pitch with the cooling gills wide open. To bale out at that altitude was impossible, so I must at all costs save my engine, and this meant maintaining my present speed or better.

Eventually, by half standing up and bracing myself against my straps with my legs rigid I was able to keep that rogue rudder centralized, but it was a bitter struggle and before long both my legs were aching abominably.

There had been silence from Robert since his call on my first frantic swerve, but this was understandable. It must have been complete hell trying to keep line astern formation in the dark on an unpredictable and wildly weaving tug. Afterwards, he told me that he had realized at about the same time as I did what was happening, which was that damned angle of glide indicator, being immediately behind the rudder, had exactly the same effect as if it had been immediately in front of it. It blanketed the rudder off completely, actually creating back pressure over the rudder and fin, and rendering them worse than useless.

I now reassured Robert, and myself, that things were more or less under control and, subject to the engine not having an epileptic fit with a rate of climb of very nearly 20 feet per minute, we might even gain sufficient altitude over base for a safe cast-off and landing. At peak revs we were galloping through the gravy, and as our weight slowly came down, our speed crept up, but with only an infinitely small improvement in engine temperatures.

At about 78 mi/h, a further complication set in, and for me it was very nearly the last straw.

With a gentle thud, the leading edge slats closed, also automatically raising the flaps, necessitating forward trim, which was something I had run out of from the start. Up came the nose out of control, down came the speed, the slots opened, down went the flaps again, and so on, with the rudder still trying to break free every few seconds. This was altogether too much for me. To hell with it! If the engine cooks, it cooks! After expelling every oath I knew, the next time the flaps came down, I caught her and kept the ASI at about 75 mph or below.

I longed to be rid of my towed burden, but there's an unwritten understanding between tug and glider pilots that the tug pilot never releases, that is always the glider pilot's responsibility, and quite rightly so, unless there is an extreme emergency, such as a fire in the tug aircraft.

On eventually reaching 500 feet, I called for a back bearing and was lucky at that height to get a very faint "Class C". Somehow I managed to get the aircraft round onto its reciprocal and we headed for home. Fifty-five minutes after takeoff we were back over base at just under 1000 feet, and Robert gave me a brief "Cheerio" and cast off. The Lizzie leaped forward and I immediately felt the effect of the whole weight of the towrope as the aircraft reared up like a frightened horse.

Without the slightest compunction, I dropped the rope immediately and was myself on the ground four minutes after the Hotspur had touched down further up the runway. (The towrope was retrieved from someone's back garden a couple of days later.) I drew a large exclamation mark on the otherwise blank test report on my kneepad, unstrapped it and handed it in.

Silently, Robert and I made our way over to the mess, woke up the barman and dragged him out of bed. After four double scotches — Robert was normally pretty abstemious — we looked at each other and started giggling. The tension was finally over but we were still both sweating.

For this and many other equally exciting exploits, Squadron Leader Robert Kronfeld became the first Austrian to be awarded the Air Force Cross, a common enough award for test pilots at Farnborough and Boscombe Down, but strangely very rare amongst the test pilots at Ringway. Tragically, not long afterwards, he was killed testing a tail-less glider. ❖

This story by W/C John Nesbitt-Dufort, DSO, Croix de Guerre, is contained in an unpublished memoir describing his adventures after operational tours on night intruders and ferrying agents in and out of France in the early part of the war. These are described in *Black Lysander*, available from Whydown Books Sedlescombe, Sussex, TN33 0RQ, <www.whydownbooks.com>.

The author died in 1975 before his second book was completed. The flight related here occurred during an operational rest period, when he was posted as a test pilot to the Airborne Forces Experimental Establishment at Ringway in March 1942. As an experienced pilot and instructor, his main task was the testing of glider/tug combinations.

The British Gliding Association website is <www.gliding.co.uk>.

Plus jamais ...

Marc Arsenault, Outardes

L NE FAUT PAS CONFONDRE joyeux chant d'allégresse en altitude et attitude de maladresse près d'un champs.

J'écris ces quelques lignes pour tous ceux qui sont assis dans la même assiette prête à servir au grand ogre des champs, dévoreur de pilotes néophytes voyageurs. Avant tout, je dois vous confirmer que tous les livres que j'ai lu au cours de l'hiver dernier ne m'ont pas préparé suffisamment aux réalités pratiques des premières grandes sorties. Ces grandes sorties mystiques où l'on coupe cette ficelle attachée au seuil de piste de son club.

En trois vols distincts je tenterai de vous mettre la puce à l'oreille. Le but n'est pas de vous offrir le détail de chacun des virages mais bien les sensations et humiliations auxquelles je fais face! Je suis licencié "GG" depuis à peine quelques mois.

Le premier vol

Le 28 mai 2002, s'annonçait assez bien, des Vz prévues à 4 nœuds moyens avec des jolis cu en formation, ce qui n'était pas une maigre affaire puisque la météo ne nous avait pas choyée depuis le début de saison.

Une fois le Pilatus bien attaché à mon arrière train, le décollage piste 23 gauche sans encombre, fut suivi du largage à 2300 pieds (2000 sol). J'ai mis près de 30 minutes à "travailler" le ciel pour déterminer une bonne plage d'altitude. Dans ce cas 3300 pieds semblait la base et 5500 pieds la limite pratique supérieure.

Cherchant un collègue du club, M. Francis Ringwald, à bord du L-33 "Solo" (petit frère du révérend Blanik) j'ai fait son appel sur la radio. Francis m'annonça qu'il se situait près du Lac Brôme bientôt sur le point d'en faire le tour. "Hmnm" ... Sachant que Francis était assez bien expérimenté, je lui ai lancé une invitation cavalière. En fait, je me suis invité pour l'accompagner. Toujours aussi enthousiaste, il me dit qu'il m'attendrait. En un clin d'œil, fort de mes 5200 pieds je me dirigeai pleine vitesse vers sa position.

La journée nous "payait" des bonnes ascendances mais, vous vous en douterez bien, se remboursait par des descendances assez usurières. Bref, une fois rejoint, j'ai dû me refaire quelques tours de mes 4000 pieds avant de prendre la route. On m'avait expliqué qu'une bonne façon de faire ses premiers battements en vol voyage était de partir avec un ami expérimenté. Je comprenais bien le principe à ce moment, puisqu'une sorte de sensation de "sécurité" m'invitait à pousser de l'avant.

Cette sensation s'est en fait rapidement volatilisée une fois le tour du lac complété. Lorsque près de Sutton (centre de ski) nous avons pris conscience des conditions de vols sous 3500 pieds. Sans établir une procédure préalablement, nous nous sommes séparés pour trouver le plus

rapidement possible une furtive thermique, n'importe laquelle, pour nous sortir de cette cuvette inhospitalière. La recherche en duo a porté fruit (bien entendu puisque je la relate!). Joyeusement et sans traîner plus longuement, nous avons poursuivi vers le sud de Dunham. La cause semblait bonne, si bien que j'ai suggéré favorablement à mon sherpa, malgré lui, de s'attaquer informellement au "50 km". Il s'agissait du 50 kilomètres que je m'étais planifié de parcourir, déclaré en prime, cet été pour satisfaire aux conditions de la médaille d'argent de la FAI.

Le plan serait de filer franc nord sur l'aérodrome de St. Dominique site de l'Association de Vol à Voile Champlain. La distance est de 53 kilomètres. Francis n'offrant aucune résistance, je me dis que l'affaire était dans le sac. *Note personnelle: ne plus employer cette expression.* Après un bon secteur assez direct nous avons dû nous arrêter dans le ciel d'un urubus. Gracieusement, en fait, personne ne lui avait demandé, il nous indiqua le chemin pour retrouver le sommet de notre fameuse bande de travail.

Pour rallier le Mt. Yamaska, nous avons survolé Granby. Les terres de la Montérégie ne semblaient pas aussi accueillantes que celles des Cantons de l'Est. Peu de cumulus se pointaient devant nous. La raison étant fort simple: la pluie des dernières semaines n'avait pas eu le temps de sécher le sol.

Un appel des Outardes vint colorer notre réflexion sur ces conditions douteuses. On s'informait si notre sortie de trois heures, déjà, allait bien. La voix électronique de notre conscience jugeant de notre bonne position, n'a lancé que nous n'avions qu'à pousser devant puisque nous étions presque rendus! La réalité est toujours différente lorsqu'on est soumis aux conditions ambiantes. Francis me gromella une transmission radio à l'effet que les thermiques étaient plutôt éparses. Par contre, j'ai vaillamment répondu que je connaissais bien ce terrain et que je pouvais trouver au moins deux "ascenseurs de service".

Je me sentais un peu arrogant devant la générosité de Mère Nature. Malgré mon irrévérence, nous n'avons pas été déçus. La thermique de St. Liboire attendait fidèlement. Nous avons pu survoler SS4 à 4500 pieds. De là, sourire aux lèvres, nous avons rebroussé chemin vers Bromont. *Note personnelle: bien exploré le terrain avant d'avancer trop loin, trop vite.*

À 4000 nous nous sommes refait une fraîcheur dans la thermique à l'ouest de SS4 et nous avons foncé (figuratif, bien sûr) sur le Mt. Yamaska. Une fois à Granby, Francis décida de faire une session de photos afin de tester son nouvel appareil. C'est le seul moment, humblement, que j'ai volé au devant de mon copain!

Le dessert de notre sortie, résultant de notre sens de responsabilité civique, fut de procéder encore une fois vers Dunham pour "enquêter" un gros incendie. Une sorte de patrouille des feux, en planeurs! Une fumée montait

droit au ciel émanent d'un espèce de vieille fondation de maison. Les histoires que vous lisez à ce sujet sont véridiques. Abstractions de la mauvaise senteur nous montions à plus de 10 knots au vario. Avis aux pilotes en détresse (j'en suis un assez souvent) l'aéro-thermie est fabuleuse au-dessus de ces combustions si vous arrivez retenir le souffle. C'est à ce moment qu'une décision du commandant de bord s'est mise à exécution. Après 4 heures 40 minutes de vol je devais à tout prix rentrer via direct sur ZBM. N'ayant pas pris le matériel nécessaire aux grands vols de ce genre, mon orgueil toujours mal synchronisé m'interdisait les fonctions vitales. *Note personnelle: toujours partir avec tout le matériel, point final.*

Le résultat de la journée: 5 heures et 220 kilomètres. Je crois qu'il est difficile de relater avec précision le plaisir de voler avec quelqu'un d'autre. Il faut l'expérimenter. Dans ses écrits Helmut Reichmann est bien spécifique, il s'agit là d'un excellent exercice pour les novices.

La journée du lendemain me réservait encore des surprises!

Deuxième jour — le 29 mai

La journée se présentait aussi bien et pour cette raison je suis décollé en L-33, histoire de faire changement. Ce vol a démontré que la gravité existait toujours et que mon échappatoire de la veille ne serait pas laissé sans réplique par les effets calculés de Sir Isaac.

Après un travail acharné pour maintenir 2500 pieds et l'espoir de traverser une zone de bleu au-dessus de la piste, je me suis tapé une avalanche de -7 knots, sans fin, pour me retrouver fin bête dans le circuit près pour l'atterrissage. Je vous épargne la durée du vol. Soupir.

En après-midi, j'ai pu tenter ma chance de nouveau. Cette fois après un autre travail de fou, j'ai réussi, après ce que je qualifierais d'effort très persévérant, à me monter sur les 5000. La transpiration du pilote a presque fait fondre la verrière.

Malgré tout, ma fierté reprise en main (cette dernière est facilement mesurable à l'altimètre), j'ai décidé dans ces bonnes conditions de refaire le même tour du Lac Brôme, seul cette fois. Les conditions offraient des superbes développements de cumulus bien généreux. C'était le temps ou jamais.

Après une heure de voltiges locales, je me suis retrouvé au point de départ, soit le bout de la ficelle me raccordant à ZBM. 5700 pieds à la verticale de Waterloo et je regardais l'abîme devant moi. Un ligne de bleu de 8 kilomètres (gulp) "protégeait" des superbes grands cu qui faisaient le trottoir ou la rue si vous désirez. Rappelez-vous, grands prospecteurs de diamants, si vous souriez à lire mes notes, que je suis comme le bambin qui désire vivement de partir à vélo sans les petites roues.

Mes questions étaient multiples et personne ne pouvait y répondre. Un bon instructeur devrait toujours être présent lorsqu'on en a de besoin. La question prépondérante était: "Les ascendances seront-elles présentes sous ces machins blancs éclatants?" La réponse est bien évidente, assis entre ma chaise et le clavier de mon ordi.

Je me suis pincé le nez, j'ai pris mon souffle et suis parti droit dans le bleu à 90 degrés, s'il-vous-plaît. Je me suis



Francis Ringwald

vraiment pincé le nez parce que cela chlingait vraiment à bord!

À 70 nœuds le vario m'indiquait au mieux -7 à moins -8. L'altimètre descendait me donnant l'impression que mon zinc était devenu une brique "symonizé".

4700: "Toujours rien pouvant justifié cet effort de confiance à toutes ces rhétoriques de mes instructeurs et de ces fichus livres qui m'ont coûtés un saladier en passant."

4600: "Qu'est-ce que je fais ici, hein? Dis-moi pas que je vais me payer une vache?"

4500: "Ah, et puis zut (les métaphores colorées ont été censurées) voici un paquet de jolis champs près de cette route." Une sorte de torpeur consciente s'installe dramatiquement. Vitesse indiquée: 75 nœuds vario -6 nœuds variable.

4400: "Tiens, d'autres champs qui sont passablement plus beaux."

4350: Vitesse indiquée: 73 nœuds vario + 8 nœuds.

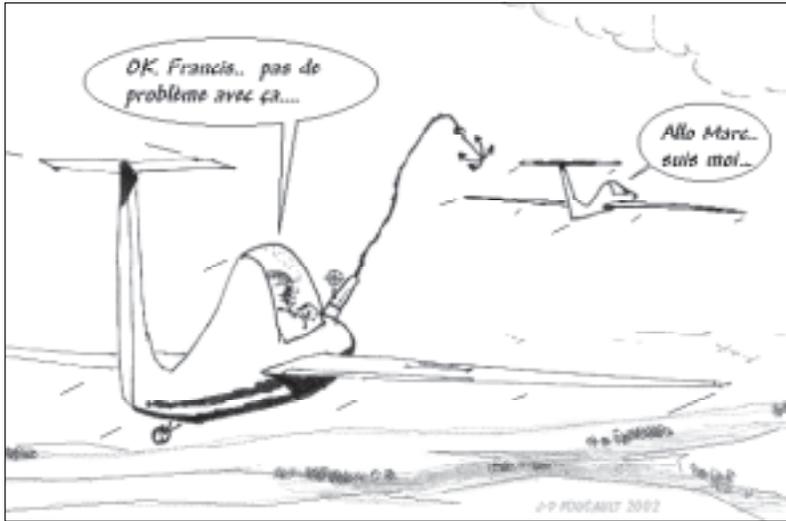
4800: "Whaouuuu!" J'ai dû monter à 25,000, c'est certain.

Herr Reichmann devait se marrer sur son nuage juché!
Note personnelle: payer la traite à mes instructeurs qui avaient bien raison! Messieurs, dames je vous évite les détails musicaux de mon humble vol, puisque j'ai dû entonné à peu près tous les opéras connus. Le restant du vol fut une espèce de sobre célébration marquée par un sourire ineffaçable de ma part. Je plains tous mes pauvres interlocuteurs qui me demanderont poliment, comment vont mes aventures vélivoles!

Alors, maintenant que je croyais savoir voler, une semaine plus tard je suis retourné sur la scène des crimes passés pour m'offrir une récidive.

Troisième cas à l'étude

Le 4 juin, une journée de grand ciel bleu était prévue. Je savais bien qu'il fallait être vigilant dans ces conditions. Au fond, si je pouvais faire le tour du Lac Brôme, je pou-



vais me rendre à Winnipeg. *Note personnelle: me référer à mes notes passées.* Déterminé à avancer sur un terrain connu, je me sentais bien à l'aise de pousser sur le sud vers mon fameux point de départ des 50 kilomètres, au sud de Dunham. Le plan était clair: une autre simulation pratique du style des missions Apollo. Quelques tours de lune avant la mission fatidique. Mes "missions" se déroulaient si bien que je ne me doutais pas du tout que je jouais à James Lovell et Apollo XIII.

Aussitôt le point de virage accompli la route vers le nord se désagrégea en drain pour véliplane naïf. En fait, je n'avais clairement pas assimilé la matière en détection des points de genèse thermale. Cette fois j'étais coincé. Horreur. En dépit du fait que je savais très bien que j'étais assez bas, l'altitude était parfaitement identique à celle de largage auquel je suis habitué. Une profonde concentration et un travail exténuant se mirent en route. Tout le monde dans le poste de pilotage fonctionnait bien.

Encore une fois la voix électronique de ma conscience me fit appel sur 123.4. Je ne souviens guère ce qu'on m'a dit. Je me souviens seulement que j'ai répondu une boutade du style: "Je suis occupé, je vous rappelle plus tard!"

Ayant trouvé une thermique favorable de 1 à 2 nœuds (que voulez-vous, j'étais presque au désespoir), je me suis remonté aux niveaux des pilotes sérieux. "Oufffff, il ne faut plus que je fasse des conneries pareilles, je ne me ferai plus reprendre. On en parle plus et célébrons avec mon pique-nique."

Mes affaires allaient de mieux en mieux. Le soleil chauffait enfin un sol qui s'asséchait de plus en plus. Outre la désintégration de mon sandwich causé par la turbulence atmosphérique, j'étais aux petits oiseaux pour ainsi dire.

Retour dans le ciel de ZBM avec près de 5000 pieds et un vario qui insistait sur les montées à peu près n'importe quand, la panse bien tendue, il me semblait que cela aurait été différent de sonder, cette fois prudemment, en direction de Farnham (18 kilomètres, vers l'ouest).

Les bons taux de montées et le vent en altitude étant presque calme je ne risquais rien. Toujours dans le bleu, je note avec détermination les sites de Vz raisonnables. Une sorte d'approche du petit poussait. "Tout allait si bien Monsieur le juge, j'ai fait un superbe virage tout juste à l'est de Farnham.

Mon altitude de 3500 pieds me permettait de pouvoir revenir sans problème à mes thermiques notées."

Coupable.

Le vario me présenta la sentence: -6 à -7 nœuds solides. Grand soupir: "Si jamais je me sors d'ici je vais faire allumer tous les lampions de l'Oratoire St. Joseph." Pourtant, j'étais certain que près de ces trois silos de métal, il y avait une bonne pompe." Je cherchais, ah, que je cherchais!

Pouf! Subitement, en un battement de cœur, mon dernier il semble, le vario tourne au plus. Sauvé, je m'étais sauvé. "Pourquoi allez plus loin? Plus jamais, plus jamais je ne ferai de choses pareilles. C'est sûr maintenant." Je savais que faire une vache ne serait pas la fin du monde, mais plus jamais je ne remettrais dans ces conditions. Le retour vers Bromont se déroula sans embuche. Après avoir pris meilleure connaissance avec mes alentours je suis rentré au bout de deux heures et demi. Souriant comme tout.

Vivement ma prochaine sortie, je serai très prudent et conservateur, c'est certain ... ❖

"Never again..." summary

I wrote these lines for all those who are in the same condition as I was, ready to release the string attached to our mother "clubs" and venture into the great distances of first cross-country flights. With the help of a more experienced fellow pilot I managed a 220 kilometre flight around Quebec's Eastern Townships aboard a Pilatus B4. The conditions, sometimes difficult, were absorbed with confidence.

Many winter nights spent reading and learning my yet to discover skills did not prepare me nearly enough for my encounters. Stomach-wrenching "low recoveries" are more easily undertaken when two sailplanes work the area. Would a beautiful cumulus street really develop lift after a deep crossing of blue? It becomes hilarious to ponder that I could be looking for an outlanding field already at the "low altitude" of 3800 feet agl. I take comfort in the thought that I usually release from a tow at 2000 agl!

The first real solo flight happened when I attempted the same flight the following day. The confidence level is totally different. But what a feeling it is to push into the abyss of a non-local area. The ups and downs of a cross-country are joyous singing at the top of a thermal to the gruelling perspiration moments of scratching 1 to 2 knots to "save" a flight. Instructors are never present when one seriously requires one.

A third day the following week created a sort of overconfident aviator who could climb anywhere, even in blue conditions. How low can someone recover — the boundaries have been tested to my great dismay. It became abundantly clear that I should not get so arrogant with Mother Nature. I reflected on how more conservative I should be when returning to Bromont, never should I attempt wild distances (using my modest ruler). I can't wait for the next good day to see where my guts will take me ...

For a complete English translation of Marc's story, go to www3.sympatico.ca/marcarsenault/articles/neveragain

- Two experienced competition pilots, Jörg and Nick, who were the backbone of the Task Committee. You guys chose well when you elected them.
- John Bisscheroux for organizing the towplanes and pilots and the Gatineau Gliding Club for the use of one of their towplanes.
- Martin Detering and his gang for running the grid operation.
- Carroll Garayt, "retired" air traffic controller, for his "Hawkesbury Ground" function.
- Ron Schelenz for setting up and running the contest web page.
- Betty Jean Couser, Cindy Bisscheroux, and Peter Trent (also the contest manager) for manning the telephones for outlandings.
- Marguerite Varin for keeping the flightline timesheets and reminding me to make start gate announcements.
- Terry Beasley and Gordon Hicks for agreeing to sit on the jury.
- And last, but by far not the least, Antony (no "h") Clark, competition scorer. He really did the work of two people. Antony very much appreciated the aid he had from Nick prior to and during the contest.

*Come and soar with
the bald eagles!*

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Bill Roach worked long and hard through the entire contest to produce a digital picture slide show set to music. It runs for 14 minutes and was the hit of the final banquet. It's available from Bill on a DVD disk (it will also play on a computer) for \$10. For copies, contact him at <bill_roach@sympatico.ca> or (613) 961-7333.

Would I do it again? In a word, YES. I found it a very enjoyable experience. You all helped me learn a lot — it was real on-the-job training. Thank you all. ❖

**LASTING FOR MORE
THAN 20 YEARS
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Meaning of Perfection by Seng-ts'an (d. 606)

*The perfect way's like boundless space
 Nothing lacking, nothing extra
 It is because of choice
 That its absolute truth is lost.
 Don't pursue externals;
 Don't dally in the interior void.
 When the spirit remains serene
 In the unity of things
 Dualism vanishes by itself;
 When that unity is not clear
 There is loss in both directions.*

So, was the old poet predicting Adam's flight?

*The perfect way's like boundless space
 Nothing lacking, nothing extra
 It is because of choice
 That its absolute truth is lost.
 Don't pursue externals;
 Don't dally in the interior void.
 When the spirit remains serene
 In the unity of things
 Dualism vanishes by itself;
 When that unity is not clear
 There is loss in both directions.*

uses any turnpoint he wants
 doesn't get there with extra height or too little

 chooses the right street, not stumbles on one
 doesn't go for thermals out of reach
 doesn't hang around in sink
 doesn't hang around in dead air

 this is when he loses the others

 this is where the Jantar gets lost

I expect there was purpose to Adam's choice when he acquired that initially rudderless HP-18. Without a rudder there is surely no need for rudder pedals and without pedals this leaves you free to sit in the Lotus position, drink green tea and meditate during your flight as you are at one with nature and your glider.

I can see in my mind's eye the pilot meetings at future Canadian Nationals. They will be held in a cloud of incense as pilots meditate over the day's task. Crew will not be required as pilots are at one with the glider and do not land out. Instead, crew will be replaced with gurus. Pilots will learn the native language of their glider in order to better communicate with it.

Well, that was Adam's claim to how he did the perfect flight.

Personally, I think it was not all Zen, but had something to do with the lightheartedness and uplifting spirit he always has at the ready.

Well done, Adam. ❖

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view from my throne from page 11

Salette without a single turn arriving at 4500 feet. What a day! Then back downwind in the same street to Bell Falls with only ten thermalling turns all the way. In an hour and two minutes I had covered 147 kilometres — this is just like ridge flying!

I decided to go north into the hills and went to Huberdeau and Duhamel and then headed for Lost River. Whoops! The last three clouds didn't work and I was down to below 2000 msl, probably 1000 agl with not much in the way of fields in front of me. I turned back against the wind and started toward some good looking fields that were just within reach. I was sure I was going to end up on the ground, out of range of cell service, unable to speak even a bit of French. "Dad blast it!" I said. Then I flew under a ragged looking

Silver, ... from page 13

inner state. "The Nausea is not inside me: I feel it out there in the wall, in the suspenders, everywhere around me", he would write.

In my glider I felt just like this character — everything that surrounded me reminded me of my misery: the ray of light on the altimeter, the sound of air rushing over the canopy, the slight "new car" smell emanating from the upholstery. I was sick again, this time my faithful lunch kit was in place, permanently clamped between my legs. I chuckled at the grim irony that my lunch kit was now being used for the inverse of what it had been originally designed for.

Superstitiously, I thought maybe my location had something to do with my condition so I headed south across the river. The lift here was equally strong — the single Astir had just encountered shear, plummeted several hundred feet and was returning to the field. I was three and a half hours into the flight; my queasiness continued unabated. Mentally, I was beginning to piece together rationalizations that would allow me to simply abandon this attempt and return to solid ground. I quickly put an end to these meanderings and the possibility of a quick landing by heading north again and putting some distance between myself and Hawkesbury.

The cloudbase was now at 8000 feet and I found little difficulty in maintaining this altitude. In spite of my miserable condition I did experience brief moments of exhilaration. From my vantage I could see Mirabel Airport to the southeast and the Gatineau Hills to the west. Above me were the swirling dark clouds and below the lush green carpet and shimmering lakes of the Laurentians. These moments would be fairly short-lived as most of my flight was a blur of thermalling and retching into my lunch kit. I stared at my watch, hoping that it would go faster.

little cloud which started slow but finally got me up and going again — what a relief.

When we added up our flights I had gone 309 kilometres to Peter's 305 which gave me 13 more points than him and an overall lead of 65 points. Then Peter got two airspace penalties at 100 points each which made the score much more lopsided than it really was. Since the contest was scored on distance only, you get a good idea of how close it was by adding up the total distances we flew in the whole contest. Peter flew 1033.1 kilometres and I flew 1042. How close can you get?

5 July – the sniffer lands out!

Although the weather was awful with a strong wind and weak lift, it really looked like we were going to fly. Contest Director George Couser was determined to give Peter another chance. I prayed for rain and even did a little

dance. George launched the Club class which proceeded to fall back down on the field in droves but the launch continued. Then they launched Dale Kramer who naturally said it was a good day and we could make it! Moffat landed — that should tell you something — but George wouldn't quit. Our sniffer, the talented André Pepin, was asked to investigate conditions out on the proposed course line. He ended up in a field a few kilometres southwest of Hawkesbury thus equaling the feat of Richard Longhurst who did the same thing at Red Deer in 1996. Things like this happen only at the Canadian contest, that's what makes it so popular with the Americans!

At last sane heads prevailed and the day was cancelled. Whew! And I won! Pretty good for an old guy even with a new super-glider. Did I mention I'll soon be 70? ❖

Finally, the needles lined up on the magic numbers — the coveted five hour mark. Plagued by the uncertainty that perhaps I hadn't properly noted my release time, I extended my flight an additional thirty minutes. Then I pointed the PW-5 towards Hawkesbury and pushed the nose down until the glider speed was well into the yellow mark. With the airport in sight I felt euphoric that the ordeal was almost over. This euphoria was short-lived for as I was lining myself up on crosswind, I felt a final surge swelling from within. Nature's final act of revenge.

After the glider had come to a full stop on the ground, I remained dazed and motionless in the glider. Though I had obtained my Silver duration, the flight had been anti-climactic and a humbling experience. I had assumed that flying skills and good thermals alone

where the key to success in soaring. I now realized it also takes some measure of grim determination and a well-lined stomach. Among soaring pilots there is always a fair amount of talk about other bodily functions, but next to none about airsickness. I wondered how many other glider pilots experienced this. There seems to be a silent code of honour that restrains one from revealing such an occurrence as it is potentially damaging to one's prestige and prowess as a pilot.

My reverie was interrupted by an approaching golf cart driven by a bouncing and beaming Gord Hicks. I popped open the canopy. "How was your flight?" he queried with a grin. "Great", I replied enthusiastically as I swung out of the cockpit clutching my blue lunch kit, terrified that it might somehow reveal my horrible secret. ❖



Jean-Pierre Martineau took this photo on his first glider flight ever by sticking a camera out the front vent. The back seat pilot in the Lark is Gabriel Duford, Champlain's CFI. The photo was taken at about 3000 feet over St-Dominique airport.

Jean-Pierre Martineau

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

The following Canadian record claims have been received and approved as of 18 July 2002:

Pilot	Spencer Robinson
Date/Place	20 January 2002, Tocumwal, Australia
Record type	Free out & return distance, Open & Club, citizen
FAI category	3.1.4b
Sailplane type	LS-6, VH-GLP
Distance claimed	529.9 km Open / 462.6 km Club
Task completed	Tocumwal, West Wyalong North, Tocumwal
Previous Record	Open – Walter Weir, 519.4 km, 1995 Club – Tracie Wark, 304.2 km, 2002
Pilot	Tony Burton
Date/Place	26 May 2002, Black Diamond, AB
Record types	300 km Triangle speed and Triangle distance, Club
FAI categories	3.1.4h and 3.1.4f
Sailplane	Russia AC-4C, C-GJEC
Speed/dist. claimed	78.2 km/h and 365.2 km
Task completed	Black Diamond, Bassano, Carmangay, Black Diamond
Previous Records	Not claimed
Pilot	Bruce Friesen
Date/Place	1 June 2002, Chipman, AB
Record type	300 km Out & Return speed, Club
FAI category	SAC only
Sailplane type	Standard Austria, C-FPDM
Speed claimed	113.6 km/h
Task completed	Chipman, Kitscoty, Chipman
Previous Record	Not claimed
Pilot	Trevor Florence (Jim King)
Date/Place	30 May 2002, Invermere, BC
Record type	Free 3 turnpoint distance, Multiplace
FAI category	3.1.4c
Sailplane type	Duo Discus, C-FDUO
Distance claimed	689.0 km
Task completed	N50°31.7' W115°56.7' to N51°26.8' W116°55.7' to N49°19.0' W115°06.7' to N51°01.0' W116°23.9' to finish at N51°20.5' W115°48.1'
Previous Record	Trevor Florence (D. Turner), 521.3 km, 1999
Pilot	Trevor Florence (Jim King)
Date/Place	30 May 2002, Invermere, BC
Record type	200 km Speed to goal, Multiplace (with King) & Club
FAI category	SAC only
Sailplane type	Duo Discus, C-FDUO
Speed claimed	91.5 km/h Multiplace / 80.9 km/h Club
Task completed	Start: N51°17.0' W116°54.0' Goal: N49°41.2' W115°35.8'
Previous Records	Not claimed

Record Notes

Once again it looks like folks are finally taking the Club class record list challenge to heart judging by the number of claims that have been received. The Club class seems to be breathing new life and enthusiasm into our sport! A near-record thirteen competitors were entered in Club class at the Nationals this year.

Multiple claims and declarations Only one speed claim (which must be declared before takeoff) may be made for a flight where a distance task or tasks is also being claimed. Remember that all record flights (with the exception of free distance tasks) must have the turnpoints

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

The following badge legs were recorded in the Canadian Soaring Register during the period 2 May to 7 July 2002.

DIAMOND BADGE

97	Spencer Robinson	SOSA
98	Robert Katz	Montreal

SILVER BADGE

944	Heinz Kaun	Beaver Valley
945	Don Klassen	Prince Albert
946	Richard Lewanczuk	Edmonton
947	Henry Wyatt	Edmonton

DIAMOND DISTANCE (500 km flight)

Spencer Robinson	SOSA	507.3 km	LS-6C	Tocumwal, AUS
Robert Katz	Montreal	505.5 km	Pik-20D	Julian, PA

DIAMOND GOAL (300 km goal flight)

Charles Petersen	York	300.2 km	Discus	Julian, PA
Richard Parker	Edmonton	315.5 km	Std. Jantar	Chipman, AB

GOLD DISTANCE (300 km distance flight)

Charles Petersen	York	300.2 km	Discus	Julian, PA
Richard Parker	Edmonton	315.5 km	Std. Jantar	Chipman, AB

SILVER DISTANCE (50 km distance flight)

Heinz Kaun	Beaver Valley	55.5 km	1-26	Alamogordo, NM
Richard Lewanczuk	Edmonton	87.8 km	ASW-15B	Chipman, AB
Henry Wyatt	Edmonton	87.8 km	Ka6E	Chipman, AB

SILVER/GOLD DURATION (5 hour flight)

Kamil Jarosiewicz	SOSA	6:18 h	1-26	Rockton, ON
Heinz Kaun	Beaver Valley	5:10 h	1-26	Alamogordo, NM
Don Klassen	Prince Albert	5:23 h	Phoebus C	Birch Hills, SK
Richard Lewanczuk	Edmonton	5:22 h	ASW-15B	Chipman, AB
Orlan Dowdeswell	Regina	5:16 h	DG-400	Strawberry Lk, SK

SILVER ALTITUDE (1000 m gain)

Nicholas Kirschner	Vancouver	1130 m	Blanik L-13	Hope, BC
Jean Yves Bastien	Montreal	1200 m	PW-5	Hawkesbury, ON
Bob Hagen	Edmonton	2090 m	PW-5	Chipman, AB

C BADGE (1 hour flight)

2715	Kamil Jarosiewicz	SOSA	6:18 h	1-26	Rockton, ON
2716	Kobus Steyn	Prince Albert	1:14 h	Ka7	Birch Hills, SK
2717	Richard Parker	Edmonton		see Diamond goal	

declared (by the pilot and verified by your OO). The declaration must be made (but can be changed) prior to takeoff. It cannot be changed after launch by a radio call to your OO. If you have a declared task stored in a flight recorder and wish to make a last-minute change, the new task can be written down on a piece of paper and signed with the time and given to your OO — that will then supersede the earlier stored declaration.

Multiplace records One other area requires clarification with regard to flying a two seat aircraft with two pilots and Club class record claims. In keeping with the Club class contest rules for this arrangement, only one pilot name (P1) may appear as the claimant for such a record.

A last note to OOs: I would like to maintain a copy of the original flight recorder file (prior to .igc conversion) for each record claim. Please ensure that these files are included with each record claim submission.

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Std Austria SH-1, CF-RSO, 1234 h. Basic instruments and Varicalc 1, encl. trailer, wing/tail/canopy covers, new control cables installed in 2000. At London SS. \$13,000 obo. Bob Morse (519) 453-0724, or Matt Keast (519) 680-0574, <mkeast@golden.net>.

Std Jantar 1a, C-GXTS, 540h, all ADs done, no damage, basic instruments, ATR 720A transcvr, boom mike, two total energy varios with audio, trailer and ground handling gear, wing & canopy covers, solar charger, camera, chute. \$28,000 obo. Al Sunley (780) 464-7948, <alsunley@shaw.ca>.

RS-15, C-GPUB, 2100h. Honest almost-Cirrus performance. Hollestelle winglets give big gain in low speed handling. Cambridge & Filser varios, O2, encl trailer, misc RS-15 plans & odds & ends. \$14,500. Tony Burton (403) 625-4563, <free-flt@agt.net>. For air photo, go to <www.soaridaho.com/Schreder>.

LS 4, T2, 1983, 1376h, full instrumentation with Filser LX 4000, Sage vario, Edo-Air 720 radio, alum Cobra clamshell trailer, tail dolly, US\$29,000. Contact Carsten (905) 465-0750, <susanaycarsten@aol.com> or Paul (905) 765-9809, <pault2thompson@aol.com>.

DG 202/17, 700h, Dittel radio, O2, Cambridge glide computer, chute. Small double winglets on the tip extensions. Performance in the 17m config. equivalent to ASW-20. Asking \$45,000. Dave Marsden, <dmarmsden@shaw.ca>, (780) 434-8859.

ASW-19B, C-GBYK, 740h, excel cond, no damage. Dittel ATR-720 radio, Winter mech vario, T&B, Bohli compass, dual battery sys, double panel spoiler mod. Security 350 chute, Smiley bags, canopy cover, Komet trailer with new undercarriage/wheels/tires/spare in 1998. \$35,000. Ric Willems, (519) 942-9933, <windborne11@cs.com>.

Discus CS, 40h, 8 months old, looks, feels and flies like new, all racing options, ILEC SN10 computer, GPS, special cockpit, winglets, sealed control surfaces. The glider can be seen at <www.aerosport.8m.com>, Réal Le Gouëff e-mail, <brac2000@satelcom.qc.ca>.

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ALBERTA SOARING COUNCIL

Tony Burton (403) 625-4563
free-flt@agt.net
Clubs/Cowley info: www.soaring.ab.ca

CENTRAL ALBERTA SOARING CLUB

Innisfail A/P, AB
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COLD LAKE SOARING CLUB

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club: (780) 812-SOAR
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CU NIM GLIDING CLUB

Black Diamond, AB
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www.soaring.ab.ca/free-flt/cunim

EDMONTON SOARING CLUB

N of Chipman, AB
John Broomhall (780) 438-3268
www.freenet.edmonton.ab.ca/soar/

GRANDE PRAIRIE SOARING SOCIETY

Beaverlodge A/P, AB
Terry Hatfield (780) 356-3870
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Pacific Zone

ALBERNI VALLEY SOARING ASSN

Port Alberni A/P, BC
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ASTRA

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BULKLEY VALLEY SOARING

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CANADIAN ROCKIES SOARING CLUB

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PEMBERTON SOARING

Pemberton A/P, BC
Rudy Rozsypalek (604) 894-5727
www.mountain-inter.net/soaring/

SILVER STAR SOARING ASSN

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