

AScent

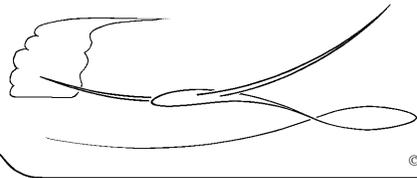
Journal of the Alberta Soaring Council



Summer 1992

ASCent

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Dick Mamini waits to launch to the cu-nim in the background one interesting day at Cowley.

photo: Tony Burton

Editor's notes

Has anyone done any decent cross-countries this year in Canada? "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away." A beautiful no-winter winter in most of Alberta came to us compliments of el Niño, which shoved the jet stream north and had us flying in March and April. Then Mt Pinatuba's ash cooled the summer off a couple degrees which has given us lousy weekends for the best part of the year.

It's sure fortunate that the Canadian Nationals weren't at Claresholm this year — it would have been completely drowned when the area got anywhere from 5 to 12 inches of rain in two weeks! Ursula and I could hardly believe our eyes when we drove east through the Crowsnest Pass coming back from the Sports Class competition in Ephrata to see green fields and standing water everywhere.

This issue is a dandy one, with lots of flying stories and good photographs coming my way, so I think you will enjoy reading it as much as I have in putting it together. Although I had to write three articles myself, I guess I was stuck this time since I was the only Alberta pilot at two of the events. So if you get tired of seeing my words, you'll just have to go and do some interesting flying yourself somewhere next year — and tell us about it. An other plus for *ASCent* readers is that Hans König has promised a regular supply of his excellent illustrations.

Finally, the Wave Camp (3-12 Oct) must be just around the corner — it snowed in Alberta on August 21!



. . . from our president

This may come across as a bit of a rambling discourse, but I have a few things running around in my head that I would like to get out. Reading through the various publications, recreational flying is undergoing dramatic changes which haven't been seen for a long time. Recent changes in the long standing management of COPA (the Canadian Owners and Pilots Association) appears to herald a major shift in the way it will function. Additionally, there are efforts to have the various recreational flying organizations try to be more coordinated in the voice we present to regulators. At the same time the perception seems to be growing among the regulators in some quarters that recreational flying is really only for a select few, so limiting their activities is not a big deal. However, the continuing existence of the ultralight movement, and many cross-country flights in hang gliders and parasails points to the fact there is still a strong interest in all facets of fun flying, and maybe it will be a big deal to regulate them out of existence.

So what has that to do with us? Well, I think we're just carrying on – business as usual – while our whole environment is changing about us. Coupled with this is a change within our own circles. Perhaps it's just me, but it seems that the same old names keep cropping up whenever anything has to be done. With notable exceptions, we always seem to be waiting for our old reliable standbys to get things done. What's really niggling at me is this attitude of "let the other person do it". Whether it be executive positions, organizing events, washing ships (especially those yucky towplanes), taking time to help a visitor at the field, taking the time to even talk to them, or just thanking some of the hard workers by recognizing what they have done.

You can almost sit back and predict two types of cycles that characterize our sport:

- keen beginner who really pitches in, becomes maturing adolescent solo pilot, who starts to let the keen beginners run all the wings and fill out logbooks, becomes private owner or fibreglass club ship pilot who comes out at ten and leaves at three, becomes dropout who drifts away ...
- the notable exception who goes from keen beginner to keen solo pilot to continuing contributor ...

Unfortunately we have too few of the latter at the best of times and, I feel, our "let the other guy do it" attitude is also starting to burn out our continuing contributor since it seems they are criticized about their contributions. What is the incentive to keep volunteering in this type of environment? An even bigger question – what's going to happen when the environmental things I talked about earlier start to affect our sport and place additional strains

on the few continuing contributors we *do* have. Maybe they are going to start saying, "let the other guy do it". In the past we always seemed to find new people to replace those we had burned out. My sense now is that the replacements don't seem to be coming along as frequently as they used to – our "resource" is shrinking.

The frustrating thing for me is the simplicity of the solution – if we individually all did a little bit we wouldn't be burning out the volunteers. Here's a proposal:

- at the next club meeting when they need a volunteer to phone people put up your hand,
- next time you are at the field and notice there is no signaller at the towplane go out and do it,
- early in the morning while waiting for flying to start get a rag and a pail and wipe down the glider or towplane,
- go and introduce yourself to someone wandering around the field looking a little bit lost,
- when someone lands a bit long, join the other three people helping out so the burden is a bit lighter for everyone instead of telling yourself three is enough

BUT, and this is the tough part ... be prepared for no one to say thanks, be prepared for others to sit back and watch, and so on. The payoff hopefully will be when it starts to rub off on everyone else you can take the personal satisfaction of knowing you made a difference and also that you refused to lower your personal standards to become one of the crowd. Soaring pilots like to look at themselves as above the crowd. What we have to do is raise the standards of *our* crowd by *our* personal example. GOOD LUCK!

If we can start making a change at this level, think what benefit we will derive when this attitude gets instilled at the club executive, provincial association and national organization levels. In the long run it really is up to us.

Switching gears, as I look back in my logbook there is a notation for a dual flight with Dave Woodcock in the Medicine Hat 2-22 at Cowley dated July 31/83, for a duration of 20 minutes, which I believe was the first season Dave was actively training. The enthusiasm for soaring that I saw then never wavered with Dave. Bob Sturgess says it much more eloquently elsewhere than I ever could, but knowing people like Dave is one of the other dimensions of our sport that makes it special. I'm proud to say I knew you, Dave.

Marty.

the return of the Innisfail May meet

by *Bingo Larue*

photo
of Bingo
no longer
available

The 1992 Provincial Soaring Contest for Alberta was held in Innisfail, 25 km south of Red Deer. The airfield is an old Commonwealth Air Training Plan airport with its standard triangular runways. The airfield is operated by the Innisfail Flying Club and served by a nice clubhouse. There's lots of space on each side of the taxiway to tie down several gliders. Runway 16/34 has been resurfaced with asphalt and is in excellent condition. The grass on the infield was also in excellent condition except for the grass parallel to runway 34, which resembles the field in Black Diamond, minus the badger holes.

I arrived at the airport on Friday the 15th around 11 pm after a five and a half hour drive from Cold Lake. I put up my tent in near freezing temperature. I felt lucky I had my winter sleeping bag as it got to -3°C during the night. At least we didn't get the snow storm that happened south of Calgary — those Cu Nim guys had quite a surprise when they went to pick up their gliders! The temperature the next morning was +5°C with a blue sky. We had the pilot meeting inside the clubhouse and were welcomed by the contest organizer, Tony Burton. To keep the tradition going, I had over a hundred cookies of different kinds made by my girlfriend Lynne for everyone to enjoy. Jay Poscente particularly enjoyed the banana cookies, while

Dick Mamini liked the chocolate waffles ... I even received some requests for the recipe from the pilots' wives.

We went through the contest rules, field operation and the election of the task committee. Then Al Sunley, the contest director, arrived and called a new meeting around 12:00 to set the task duration. Then began the strenuous task of synchronizing turnpoint cameras. If I have one recommendation to make for the next provincial contest, I like to make it here. The contest director should synchronize the contest clock with Dick Mamini's data-back camera first. This should save over one-half hour of waiting while Dick tries to take the picture of the clock. Next was rigging the gliders. It's always a joy to help rig those glass sailplanes. I am proud to say that it took my 24 years old wood glider the same amount of time to rig as "Fruit Juice", the Cu Nim Jantar. Not bad for a British design.

This was only my second provincial contest. Flying in a competition is very different from the daily flying we do in Cold Lake. It's not every day we have a chance to thermal with Ventus, Mini-Nimbus, ASW-12, ASW-20FP, DG 202, etc.

On Day 1, I went west to turnpoint 4 (Caroline), 50 km away. It was a difficult day because there were no cumulus except for a few clouds which did not work. I was trying to stay high because of my low cross-country experience on blue days. About half way to Caroline, I met RM, 180° out. It is interesting to fly for an hour without seeing anybody and then find another sailplane sharing a thermal with you. Anyway, I made it to Caroline and back to Innisfail via Dickson Dam, 14 km southwest of the airfield. Still having one hour available to fly, I decided to make a quick (don't laugh) out-and-return to Dickson Dam. According to the "new" rule, you were allowed to make an out-and-return only on your last leg before landing. Unfortunately I couldn't do this out-and-return to the dam since I was just arriving from it, making this an out-and-return (dam/Innisfail/dam). For this reason I couldn't do Innisfail/dam/Innisfail. Confused? Just ask Stirling and Hea and ... they have all the details. Tony was fastest and won the day with a 203 km flight. Jay Poscente came in second with a longer flight but lost first place after the handicap was applied. After the contest though, Al gave Tony a photo penalty and the day went back to Jay. I placed 8th with my Dart/17R.

Day 2 was a repeat of Day 1 except the thermals were weaker. The gate did not open until 15:15. Lee Coates in TC (PIK-20) was the first one up and couldn't get above release height. The launch was delayed and TC came back on the ground. Tony was the next in line to be sniffer and flew for almost 45 minutes in weak thermals before we decided to go flying for the fun of it (I'm

1992 Provincial Scores Innisfail, Alberta				Day 1				Day 2				total score	notes
				day pos	km	km/h	pts	day pos	km	km/h	pts		
1	Hans König	Jantar	FJ	3	165.3	62.3	807	3	75.4	47.5	798	1605	
2	Dave Marsden	DG-202	VR	4	161.4	65.2	786	4	28.9	120.4	783	1569	a
3	Buzz Burwash	ASW-20FP	AB	11	89.8	49.5	497	1	99.1	72.1	1000	1497	
4	Tony Burton	RS-15	EE	2	203.3	73.6	950	9	56.6	0	434	1384	b
5	Bingo Larue	Dart-17	AK	7	99.1	47.1	631	6	28.9	55.5	564	1195	
6	Bruce hea	Ventus B	26	8	128.9	55.8	619	7	28.9	76.9	545	1164	c
7	Dick Mamini	ASW-12	RM	9	99.1	54.4	530	5	89.8	0	590	1120	c
8	Al Stirling	M Nimbus	3A	5	151.5	55.1	704	11	28.9	36.2	384	1088	c
9	Crutcher/Ince	Grob 103	ML	6	116.3	48.7	678	10	47.8	0	401	1079	
10	Rick Zabrodski	VentusB	VB	10	104.8	45.9	506	8	67.9	0	461	967	
11	Jay Poscente	M Nimbus	54	1	219.8	70.6	960	13	0	0	0	960	d
12	Lee Coates	PIK-20	TC	12	0	0	0	2	28.9	148.2	925	925	e
13	Fred Guest	Jantar	52		dnc		0	12	28.9	23.1	330	330	

a distance (hence speed) reduced due to losing a turnpoint from bad photography on Day 1
b 50 point penalty due to poor start gate photo on Day 1
c lost distance due to violating the "no out-and-return" rule on Day 1
d no start on Day 2
e lost all points on Day 1 due to film becoming exposed on opening the camera (no rewind because of low battery)

glad to see the joy of flying is still present in everybody's heart). Around 1500 the thermals started to pick up and a task of two hours was called over the radio.

That was the start of an interesting day. It seemed that everybody decided to go to Dickson Dam first, not to repeat the first day's mistake. Except for Jay — he decided to go cross-country in the vertical. While all of us could barely make it above 7000 feet (4000 agl), Jay went to 10,000 before the gate opened. Unfortunately, the rules do not provide points for the 4.3 km he flew vertically and he never did get a start. After making difficult progress to Dickson Dam, I decided to come back to Innisfail and land (yes, Al Stirling, you can do this). Four landed out that afternoon. Tony and Rick Zabrodski landed in fields on their way back from Caroline, while Buzz Burwash in his ASW-20FP (AB) flew over them and made it back to Innisfail. He must have been wearing special goggles designed by NASA that could make out thermals in clear blue sky. That flight gave him first place for the day. Rod Crutcher/Gerald Ince in the Grob decided to go to Eckville where they landed right after taking the picture. They knew they were in trouble right from the start when they left Innisfail while everybody was still above them (well below Jay anyway!). Fred Guest won first prize for the slowest average speed (well below stall speed) for the day.

While Dick was getting a ride with a farmer back to

Innisfail we sent a search party to find him. Thanks to an airplane flying overhead directing the car to turn left here and right there and so on, they found the ASW-12 but no pilot. Retrieving crew No. 2 arrived a short while after with Dick and started to derig the glider in record time. Then the convoy proceeded to Innisfail to drop off the trailer before going to the restaurant. Dick was ready to give up soaring all together until he found out the restaurant was offering a 2-for-1 pizza special.

Day 3 was cancelled due to a lack of thermals in the forecast. (*The mid-afternoon weather proved the morning temperature sounding quite wrong though, and it might have been a decent day. Tony*) Everybody used the time to derig and say farewell. One thing they said before leaving is that they will be back. ❖

Congratulations to Hans König for winning with two no-penalty flights. This avenges his 1986 loss due to a bad photo at Pincher Creek! Lee Coates deserves special recognition for achieving the fastest, shortest task in Canadian contest history. (And we thought Okotoks and return was remarkable last year!) Thanks to everyone who attended, made it a good contest, and helped get Innisfail back on its feet once again. Tony

Flying with the BC Soaring Safari

Tony Burton

URSULA AND I TOOK A SHORT HOLIDAY to fly with the BC crew for a few days out of Elko and Invermere. The safari had started in Grand Forks, then people trailed into Elko on 28 May. We arrived that evening, saw eight sailplanes tied down, and just caught the convoy to Fernie for a supper.

The Elko airstrip is operated by the local flying club which are a very friendly group of people. The beautiful little grass strip just east of Elko is visible from the highway just for an instant if you are looking in the right direction — its entrance road is a secret dirt track designed to keep the barbarians and vandals out. I think another claim to fame is that it has the classiest outhouse I've ever had the pleasure to sit in — complete with padded seat and a rubber lizard to surprise you when you get your eyes focused in the right spot!

The weather was very unstable and rain showers would blow up the instant any sun hit the ground. So no soaring was done the next day except for the DG-400s going up for a sniff and Don Matheson giving a couple of the flying dub members a ride in his RHJ-8. That evening a lot of the power pilots gathered and we all got to know each other around the campfire while we burned hot dogs and shared out some of Heinz Portmann's smoked salmon.

I had gone to Elko particularly to explore the area just south of the border for some planned long flights out of Golden but the weather wasn't going to allow that. When I asked if any of the power pilots would care to give me a flight down to Whitefish and back, I got an instant volunteer to take me on the reconnaissance. The next morning, Ursula and I and Don Matheson jumped into the airport manager's Bonanza and did in one hour what would take me three in EE. It was a great way to mark up the map with the good bits of the lowering ridge and landing fields and check out the Whitefish turnpoint from the air.

By the time we got back, the weather was drying out so the mass flight 150 km to Invermere appeared to be on. Don stayed at Elko all day converting the heathen, and he says that some enjoyed the gliding so much there's talk of getting a 2-33 and putting a hook on one of the power planes. After lunch, three DG-400s, an HP-14, Libelle, RS-15, ASW-20CL, and a Grob 102 were above the ridge at Elko and on the way north. Cloudbase got to about

10,000 feet, the thermals were very rough, and the rock face turbulent. Everyone remarked on how rough it was soaring the 9300 foot Steeples near Fort Stede. After that it was almost straight dolphin soaring to Invermere.

Two of the DGs which left Elko early went all the way to Golden, Dave Baker in the -20 turned at Nicholson bridge, and others went a little north of Invermere before actually landing. Three of the pilots were crewless — but they got picked up by one of the power pilots who flew in to Invermere and took them back to Elko to get their trailers.

Sunday was quite stable, but most pilots were able to stay up for two or three hours later in the afternoon. Monday I had circles and arrows and time markers all figured out for a 200 speed to goal to Crystal Lake airport about 30 km south of the border but the day wasn't developing for a record attempt so Ursula and I did some R & R with a hike at the Top of the World provincial park followed by a soak in a hot spring. At 7 pm we were just getting back to Invermere when the sky to the north started looking ugly and it began to blow. The empty airport suddenly filled up with cars arriving from everywhere to check tiedowns. The sharp front passed quickly and we hoped that tomorrow (always tomorrow) would be good.

Tuesday morning had low thin cloud in the valley which began burning off. A DG took off to sniff around 11 and we were watching it struggle when suddenly a second DG-400 appeared — it was Rick Ryll who had soared up from Elko on his own — he said conditions were great to the south but he had to turn the engine on twice north of Wasa. He landed, then quickly decided to launch again for Elko when it appeared that rain was coming in.

It never got good enough to make a speed start at Invermere so I reluctantly derigged for an early drive home. Sure enough, the south half of the valley looked gorgeous in the midafternoon, with beautiful looking cu well above the mountain tops. We stopped in on the Elko airstrip for a short time to pick up some big flat rocks for our garden. Rick was derigging, and who should also drive up but Dan Zdrzila from Fernie, a Cu Nim member a couple of years ago, who saw a sailplane in the area and came to investigate. He wants to get an engine back into his ship so he can fly locally. Good luck to him — and maybe he can help turn those friendly airplane drivers of the "Elko Secret Airport Flying Society" into real pilots. ❖

the US Sports Class Nationals

A speed only POST competition at Ephrata, Washington

Tony Burton

FOR TWO YEARS I had attended the Region 8 contest at Ephrata and practised for this one — the US National Sport Class competition. I highly recommend this type of contest for pilots since the gliders are handicapped and anyone has a decent chance to win if they fly well.

The soaring conditions are consistently outstanding in central Washington; in the last three years there have been only two no-contest days out of a possible 23! This year there were seven days flown out of nine. I came in 9th out of 26, averaging almost 350 kilometres a day, and all competitors flew a total of about 54,000 kilometres! The winner was Dick Mockler, a competition heavyweight from Texas.

Ephrata lies near the western edge of the Columbia Basin which is flat to gently rolling grain country and lava beds and outcrops in central Washington surrounded by mountains. The roughly circular basin, about 200 kilometres in diameter, was created by a few million years of lava outflows which are thousands of feet thick. The whole basin tips up to the northeast and is 1300 feet in elevation at Ephrata and about 2400 feet towards Spokane.

The other major feature of the area is a plateau to the north and west of Ephrata which rises abruptly a thousand feet above Ephrata. The plateau is tipped up to the northwest somewhat and is drained from the centre to the south by a large and dramatic vertical walled canyon called Moses Coulee. The plateau has large grain fields and a couple of small towns which are well-worn turn-points. An outlanding on some parts of the plateau would mean a long walk to a phone. The edge of the plateau drops off steeply to the Columbia River and the Grand Coulee Dam reservoir to the west and north, and vertically on the east down to Banks Lake. The coast and interior mountains begin on the other side of the water to the west and north. The whole area is very dramatic visually.

The surface soil is primarily a fine powder of basalt which is well drained and generates thermals with a minimum amount of encouragement from the sun. A feature of the whole area are many dust devils, often awesome in size because of the surface heating, the fine soil, and the very large fields that are fallow. The ground

is so soft when it is worked that farm tractors are often seen on tracks rather than wheels — and an outlanding will usually bring you to a stop in two or three fuselage lengths.

The only serious cautionary note to raise about Ephrata is that there is no landable terrain in the vicinity of the airport. Rough ground and rocks go out over 15 km in some directions, so it is imperative that final glide heights be conservative. I usually gave myself at least a thousand feet to spare and wound up finishing at over 100 knots. Only once did I find myself drifting in at 60-65 with a headwind, and it was distinctly uncomfortable when about 5 to 10 kilometres out.

The Regional contests of the past two years featured 'scratch distance' handicapped POST tasks in which a minimum distance was set for the day. One applied the sailplane handicap to this distance to determine one's personal minimum distance and the resulting speed around your selected course was also handicapped. It paid to keep flying as long as one's average speed was improving, though the minimum distance was often better since this maximized the proportion of the flight which was final glide.

I was expecting the same type of POST task again, and was surprised to find that the rules demanded speed only POST tasks — a minimum flight time was set (usually three hours or the task was devalued) and one's handicapped speed was scored. Again, you could fly as long as you wanted to. Both types of POST severely discounted a landout. To discourage intentional distance flights if a pilot knows he can't get back, the maximum distance scorable is the winner's speed times the minimum flight time of the day. (An all-landout day scores a maximum 400 points.) A further advantage of this scoring system was that it prevents the high speed, short flights that skewed the scoring in both our provincial contest and the Nationals in Hawkesbury.

Another difference was that you didn't have to declare that a photographed turnpoint was actually used on turning in your list of achieved TPs at the end of the day. This allowed you to make an illegal out-and-return legal. It had the advantage of giving the pilot more flexibility in choosing the next course, but cost in

overall distance achieved if the undeclared turnpoint was too far out of line with the one prior to that. So one's scored distance was based on the written list on your landing card, not on the direct evidence of the TP sequence on the film. A severe pitfall to this system was that you could not make an incorrect declaration — even an honest error — or you were landed at the last TP for which there was a corroborating photo! Also, if a photograph couldn't be identified as the place you said you were — you were again scored as having landed at the last recognizable TP (no matter how much further you had flown) rather than the Canadian interpretation of scoring the distance by omitting the bad TP.

These rules sure tended to make pilots be absolutely sure they were really at the turnpoint they thought they were, and to write down completed TPs as they were turned, as a poor memory about a day's worth of flying would be disastrous to your score.

Another minor difference to Canadian POST was that the start was not considered a TP, so a day's flight could begin with an out and return to the airport.

The weather was locked into a general system which didn't change much. The airmass was generally unstable with cbs building over the mountains during the day and elsewhere in the evening (one day was cancelled due to high instability with rain clouds blowing up the instant sun touched the ground, and one day had a solid high overcast though cu was still developing under the clag). The early mornings usually had a lot of *alto-junkus* which dissipated, and jet stream cirrus bands were an occasional problem which blanked out different portions of the task area on different days.

On the unstable no-contest day, the contest staff treated us to a fun road rally which had us driving around the contest area answering silly geographical questions. The score was based on how closely each team's odometer reading matched the "official" distance of the course, the answers, and a lot of imaginative penalties. It was the only day I won, as Ursula and I were the only team to get the distance exactly — though some spoil sports said that was only because we supplied the officials with our own kilometres to miles conversion factor. One team stopped en route to help put out a small grass fire started by a lightning strike! — they were penalized for trying to influence the officials with heroic acts.

There was always the threat of the cloud cover to the north moving south but it was only a factor on one day when it did cut off Ephrata from all us pilots roaring around turnpoints 60 km and more to the east, and only four finished. A squadron of competitors landed at Grant County A/P 20 kilometres to the east. Grant County's claim to fame is that it does Boeing 747 conversion

training for JAL pilots, so during the week sailplanes had to keep an eye out for these big aluminum overcasts doing low circuits out to the VOR north of Ephrata.

Every day had solid cover beginning up on the northern edge of the contest area — that was the two weeks of rain we got in southern Alberta, however the POST tasks allowed the bad bits to be avoided. Cu built up on the edge of the plateau west of town by 1000 but the day usually began dying quickly around 5 pm. This was unusual for the area because maximum heating is normally around 3 with thermals going to early evening.

I found that this competition was a very good test of one's techniques for efficient soaring. With some exceptions, every day had consistent soaring with cumulus and guaranteed thermals, some much stronger than the average if you could find and centre them. To place well you had to follow the best energy path through the sky, maximize dolphin flying, and refuse to circle until the good thermals were flown into. That of course got you low and slow if you pushed too hard, but I often found myself banking into a surge of lift too soon, falling out one side, waffling around a turn or two, getting mad, and then carrying on — all of which of course wasted precious time and resulted in lost placings at the end of the day.

As the contest progressed, my constant command to myself to "fly straight ahead and climb" improved my results and I was gaining a placing each day from 14th (stall speed on Day 1) to 8th before dropping back one on the last day. The contest was just not long enough! At any rate, the progression of my placing may demonstrate that nothing improves competition flying more than flying competitively. In this regard, the US pilots have a great advantage — they can go from one contest to another all summer almost, given enough time off. I think that the regional contests in the States have at least as much competition as a Canadian Nationals, and probably more.

As there was also a hang gliding competition going on off the north edge of the plateau at Chelan, I often saw these pilots twirling around near cloudbase. Their bright wings were very easy to spot.

The last day of competition was a real doozie with 10,000 foot cloudbases and 10+ knot lift under streets fed by lines of dust devils squirming up into the sky — even the locals remarked on it! I finally exceeded what seemed to me to be a personal 100 km/h "sound barrier" with 101, my best flight of the contest, but still had a couple of frustrating slow spots and came in only 16th for the day. The winner's speed was 114 km/h over 430 km.

The contest wound up with an awards breakfast the following morning before everyone headed home. It was a well-run competition over fascinating countryside. ❖

LESSONS IN DERIGGING

Every club member should know how to take apart their two-seater and load it onto a bridge ... ah ... Lark trailer.

Bingo Larue

On July 8th, the Cold Lake Soaring Club offered a rigging and de-rigging course on our light weight category sailplane (over 900 pounds). You guessed it, we are talking about the Lark. Looking in the other corner of the ring, another heavyweight champion, was the trailer, custom built for the Lark.

At 1800 hours, a small crowd started to gather round the Lark waiting for Don the professor. As the body count increased to six, we decided to move the trailer to a strategic location in front of the Lark. We chose this location to minimize the driving skill required by the person holding the tail (it didn't work). When the professor arrived, he demonstrated how easy, effortless, quick, and simple it is to remove the Lark's turtledeck. Once this easy task was accomplished, we started to work on removing the wing — expecting this to be easy, effortless, quick and simple. At this point we had thirteen members in the class and everybody was participating actively in the lesson (I mean at hard labour). Their position was critical. The figure shows the proper positions for the derigging team: After an hour of “down”, “back”, “up”, “out”, “forward”, “in”, we managed to remove the wing. We then installed the fuselage cradle onto the Lark. Thanks to Dave Mercer, we now knew what the red bars were used for. We had 13 different ways to install them (only one proposal per person was allowed). After debate, we decided to install them backwards as it seemed the right way to do it.

The trailer was next. I believe I could write a 500 page book on this trailer. We first gathered around the trailer and took a few minutes to appreciate its construction. That's when we realized that we had more than a trailer, it was a multi-purpose platform. When not in use by the club we could make a fortune renting it. Some of the propositions were:

- 1 Ice fishing With a few holes on the floor and covered with canvas, we could accommodate at least 24 fishermen.
- 2 Camper With a TV, couch, bed, wood stove,

etc. this thing would be great for camping.

3 Scud

By placing the trailer vertical, it would make the perfect launcher for the Scud, Space Rocket or the Space Shuttle.

4 Classroom

That's for our use.

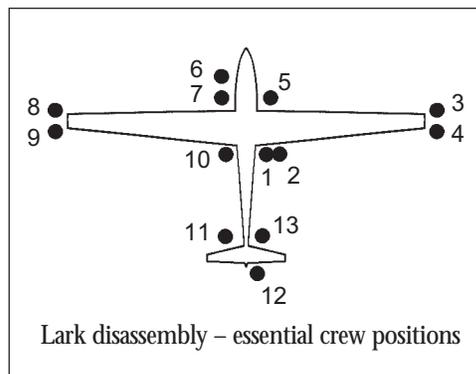
5 Jail

I'm sure police could use it in time of riot.

If we go ahead with the ideas, we might have some competition from Randy Blackwell. I saw him taking notes. His trailer provides almost the same capacity.

Back to our lesson. The next step was to get the fuselage of the Lark on the trailer (after all, that's what it's for). We had again thirteen different ways of proceeding, with the most interesting one coming from Moose. He suggested the fuselage cradle could be installed in such a way that

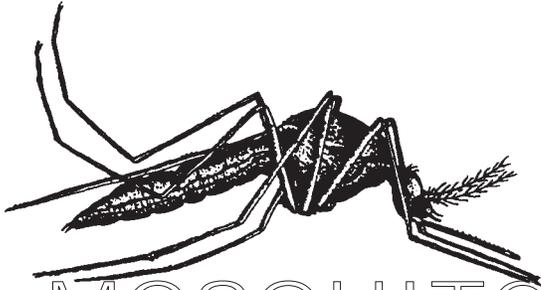
the Lark fuselage would be hanging upside down from the roof. Don the professor told Moose that unless he came up with better answers on the next question, he would fail the course. With the fuselage on the trailer, we discovered two very ingenious bars coming down from the roof. If we could only figure out what they're for, I'm sure they would be great. Thanks to a commu-



nity thinking, we realized we had the fuselage cradle backward. If installed the right way, we could make use of the two bars coming from the roof. I say Moose should get a half point for his idea. Next were the wings. With wing dollies marked “forward” and with rails in the trailer, they went in easily, effortlessly, quickly and simply. Realizing that both wing tip supports were missing, we went on a search and found the pair inside an abandoned trailer on the field. We also found other artifacts inside the trailer including table, couch, chair, and even a typewriter.

The final lesson was to reverse the process and put the Lark back together. The simple task of pushing the fuselage out of the trailer and back to where it was, required an

continued on page 20



the MOSQUITO CAMP

Tony Burton

WEATHER DOMINATED the 20th Cowley Summer Camp as it has seldom done before, with over-development everywhere and a threat of hail on many days. We were fortunate that none touched the camp as hail fell in record depth not so far away elsewhere.

Southern Alberta had been in the grip of a drought which hadn't produced much moisture since the October snow-storm which closed out the '91 Fall camp. There was hardly a blade of grass growing in the Porcupine Hills in June, and ranchers were shipping their stock out to pastures in central Alberta. Then, in the last week of June, the dam broke and it rained continuously for two weeks. The Pincher Creek weather office got 183 mm, 262% of the average June precipitation, and already had over double its average July rainfall when Ursula and I stopped in Friday afternoon on the way to Cowley with a couple of truck loads of camp equipment.

The countryside was GREEN, water stood in the ditches and low spots, and I was concerned that the airstrip was going to be too soft to use since another inch had fallen midweek. (Hwy 22 down from Black Diamond was closed due to muddy conditions.) I called up the camp CFI Dave Fowlow Thursday night to hold off on the Friday evening operation to ferry the towplanes and Blaniks down, and to radio us Saturday overhead prior to landing to see if it was going to be safe — if necessary, towplanes would tie down at Pincher airport. The field was soft but acceptable Saturday as people arrived, though the end of runway 11 past the intersection was unusable on the right side.

The long grass now held mosquito swarms of prodigious thirst. The *Cowley Guide* lied to our guests in declaring that Cowley was insect-free, and "Muskol" was the deodorant of choice for the week.

Saturday There was a good early turnout to the first pilot's meeting. The Winnipeg dub was well represented with eleven members present. After the meeting the first

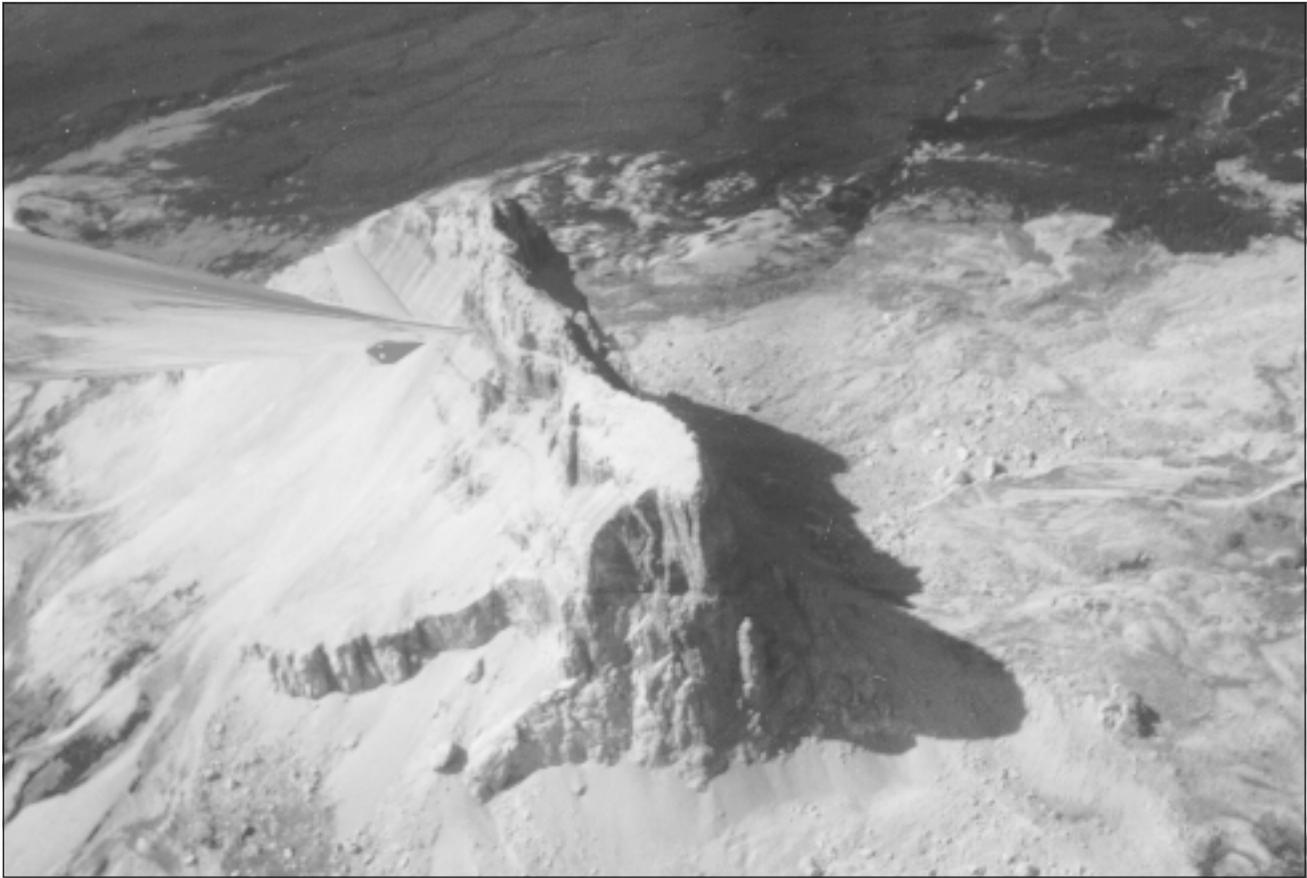
chore was the mandatory filling of gopher and badger holes on runway 21. Dave Marsden arrived overhead with the Ogar motorglider after a five hour flight from Chipman at a leisurely 60 knots.

Sunday This camp featured some hi-tech weather forecasting for the first time: with Kevin Bennett organizing faxed weather from Environment Canada, Kurt Edwards taking the sounding with a special wet and dry temperature sensor attached to the towplane strut with a read-out in the cockpit, and Denis Bergeron doing data reduction with a laptop and plotter in his tent before breakfast. The software and sensor package was provided by Stephen Foster in Ontario (*see article in ff 2/92*). After a little diddling with program variables such as surface albedo (which was a factor in predicting maximum temperature) the forecasts got remarkably good. Kevin always prefaced his briefing by saying, "Don't believe anything I say, following which he updated the running tally of the weather versus the "3 amateur meteorologists" — it did stay on the side of 3AM, which says a lot for Steve's program.

At the pilot's meeting, Rick Zabrodski held up some kind of little critter in one hand, said in a loud voice that it was a dog, and he called it Spike. Jay Poscente introduced the "125 Challenge pin", part of Canada's 125th anniversary promotion, to be awarded to the first 20 pilots flying 125 km cross-country. They all went by the end of the camp.

Today, Hugh McColeman and Rick Dawe kept the ESC club ship outlanding streak going by dropping the Puchacz into a sea of barley, again without a trailer. Fortunately the Grob trailer was on hand even if the Grob wasn't, and Polish parts more or less fit the Grob fittings.

Stew Tittle, our regular visiting Oregonian, flies an LS-6, UW, or "Uncle Wiggly" — this was hard to take by the more macho pilots in the crowd who suggested that something like "Ultimate Weapon" is much more manly. Other old friends in from Washington for a couple of days were Harry and Sharon Miltner.



Tony Burton

Chief Mountain, just south of the US border, looking north. The large new landslide on the east face produced boulders at its base that are house-sized.

Cold Lake brought along its 1-26 with an open sport canopy conversion. It was an instant hit, with many pilots throughout the camp having a chance to experience real bugs in-your-teeth flying. The only disconcerting aspect was the occasional oil-canning which gave an extremely loud *BOINK* right into your left ear — it was very difficult to accept that there was nothing breaking off inside the wing root.

Monday The new 1000 foot tow sticker is proving to be a popular addition to the 2000 foot ticket for launches into questionable lift; 1 in 4 tickets had them. Mike Maskell called it a “Wimpy” and the name has stuck.

Trevor Florence arrived from BC with his Alaskan malamute, “Kulu”, so Spike got rechristened, “Breakfast of Champions”. The pilot who came the furthest arrived today from Quebec City; Alex Krieger, who was a long time SAC Quebec Zone Director, finally got to see what The West has to offer.

Peter Clare from Cu Nim soloed in the Blanik; well done. The ESC ASW-15 was towed over from Claresholm where it had been in Jerry’s shop for months

getting refinished. Steve Shaw and cameraman Dieter from 2&7 TV arrived to shoot an “Out West” program segment. Some excellent raw footage was taken with a small video camera taped to the wingtip of the Cold Lake Lark and the strut of a Scout. We will be getting copies of all the footage and the edited version. The segment will air next spring and the date will be advertised.

A lot of high cirrus and general overdevelopment killed most of the local lift — even 3000 foot tows rarely gave 30 minute flights. By late afternoon low cloud completely obscured the Livingstones. This brought the foothills just to the east of the Livingstones into sharp relief and clearly showed just how high they are — normally one looks right through them so to speak. There was a lot of precipitation all day to the north. The cu-nims provided a fine light show east of the Porkies that night and the camp got a half inch of rain between 10:30 and 1 am.

Tuesday Cold Lake related a cautionary tale at the morning meeting. The gear of the Lark was not extended on landing after the media flight yesterday. This was no big deal as it is identical to the Blanik and stays half exposed, but no one noticed. Marek Wakulczyk had the

Remember our Laughter

*The air was fresh when to Cowley all came,
Many boldpilot both new and known name:*

*South, Tittle; west, Portmann, and Krieger from east
And even Szukala was here for flight's feast.*

*A leader was needed. and Dave was akin,
Inspired and assisted by Jay's soaring pin.*

*Day built upon day, and long flights by the score,
Hans, Andrew, and Kevin – 300s and more.*

*Three hours 'long the Peak flew Marek and Art,
Blind leading the blind, their skills – a la carte,*

*Good fortune smiled on us, indeed, a safe year,
Not counting of course, a half-exposed gear.*

*No weak rope will cause the new Puchacz to sink,
Its new three inch hawser bans fear of unlink.*

*Now lightning bolt (flash!) was on the menu,
Foretold by the campers' three wise met men new,*

*And quick derig teams needed no further prod,
When evil black skies promised cold acts of God.*

*That evening while growing in hard rain and mist,
A foot of white hail had dropped to the east.*

*Sighs and good thank you's were far more than few,
Once more, glider guiders, step into your pew.*

*Thus endeth my tale of the Cowley camp here,
Now a pilot's tradition for tweny long year.*

*Heading home now, I'm ... HEAD? WHO SAID HEAD?
Friends, remember our laughter, after our tale is read.*

Marek Wakulczyk

*[This is Cowley "in" verse, so those who weren't there
will have to come and write their own next year. ed]*



Tony Burton

next flight and missed the fact on the cockpit check and carefully extended the gear on release and retracted it again in the circuit ... a perfect example of seeing and feeling the controls in the right place because that's where you expect them to be. (One instructor I know in Cu Nim carefully unlocks the gear on student flights in the Blanik sometimes just to see if the student actually checks gear down and locked or just "glances-and-assumes".)

The highlight of this day was more cu-nims building across the north end of the valley, much closer than yesterday. We watched as the line slowly shifted east but also south towards the field. As the weather approached it broke into two main cells: the westerly cell had less energy and was no threat as it passed south, but the one to the east dropped lightning, hail and solid water on the Porkies just to the northeast, missing the field. This cu-nim had enormous development with pileus forming as it grew. Necks began to get sore as heads tilted back to watch the top roll and grow. Launches were shut down at 3 pm as it reached the field and right after Dick Mamini took off in the ASW-12 to explore the leading edge of the monster. Everyone was in awe of the buildup as it grew directly overhead and passed south. Dick had some trouble getting lift at the start then hooked in and soon reported 15 knots up to 12,000 under the shelf of the cloud on the south edge which we couldn't see from the field. On descent, Dick tried the path between the cells and got some hail and 5-10-15 down — for a while unsure that he would get back!

The day was capped by a great evening gathering at the cookhouse which featured a keg of Big Rock Traditional Ale served by Al Foster, and sliced smoked salmon donated by Heinz Portmann, accompanied by rye bread, cream cheese, and capers. It was a great feed and we wondered what the rich people could be eating that night that could match it.

There was another Donner und Blitzen show at 9 pm but again we missed the solid rain and hail, getting only a burst of wet as a narrow gust front passed over the field.

Wednesday We got a better forecast with good prospects for cross-country after two days of unsettled conditions. Lots of ambitious tasks were planned (especially to Chief Mountain down on the border since the word spread that it had suffered a massive landslide following an earthquake in Montana). Dick was invited to relate his adventure of yesterday, but said he couldn't tell the story any more as his arms were too tired!

The area approaching and north of the Chain Lakes reservoir was very scratchy from two days of rain and slow to negotiate so the great flights were cut short, and Jack Despres landed his Jantar near Chain Lakes. Only the mountains worked well if you could connect. Kevin and

Jay did complete their 300s with 5-1/2 hour flights to Longview and Waterton Park, Jay for his Diamond Goal (his 300 claim in Invermere last year being rejected on technical grounds). Another remarkable flight was made by Hans König to Canmore and back in the Cu Nim club Jantar.

Hil Austin from Cu Nim arrived with 24 golf shirts with *20th Cowley Summer Camp* embroidered on the pocket, and they all sold within minutes.

Thursday The forecast was better, and cloudbase in the mountains reached 12,000. Andrew Jackson, Jay and I reached Chief Mountain on our travels, and Chester Zwarych landed out on the way beside the Shell gas plant northeast of Waterton. A great slab of the mountain had indeed slid off the east face of Chief.

I had a remarkable incident with a golden eagle when I joined it in a thermal near Lundbreck early in my flight. After a couple of turns in the thermal it began practising stooping — half folding its wings and arcing down in a steep dive then pulling up to my height again. It did this three times in succession, to my delight but to Chester's concern as he was 300 feet below in the same thermal at the time. It was an impressive show.

Friday The most distant visitors to Cowley arrived when Jos Jonker's brother and sister-in-law arrived from Holland to camp a few days with him.

The soaring conditions were excellent once pilots transitioned onto the rocks. Cloudbases were over 14,000 in some areas. But the local area was as dead as a doornail at times with no soaring available even with a wimpy tow. The best flight of the camp and the longest flight in Canada so far this year was made by Kevin when he racked up over 500 km in a flight up to Moose Mtn, north of his home in Bragg Creek and back followed by a second out and return to a turnpoint in the Highwood Pass. Kevin reported that his flight back from Moose Mtn (about 160 km) was flown in only an hour!

The hang glider pilots over in the Columbia valley were heard bitching that they couldn't get a word in edgewise between the "grocery list" chatter of our pilots on 123.4 MHz. It isn't just a sailplane frequency.

The second first solo of the camp was flown by Lorne Birch of Cu Nim. Art Grant from Winnipeg and Marek from Cold Lake took simultaneous 4000 foot tows in Jantars over to Centre Peak (each believing the other was an expert!). They both connected with the lift after a tenuous start then spent a couple of hours flying back and forth above the ridge getting an eyeful of the scenery. For Art it was the flight of his life, and he had to carry ballast to keep his feet on the ground right through the next day.

Saturday The high level instability and low level blahs were upon us again. More cbs forecast for later in the day. With no one staying up and the sky looking darker all the time, everyone spread out and began derigging about 2 pm, and all flights were shut down before 5.

This was just as well because a big feed was planned for the evening. The village of Cowley hosted a barbecued beef dinner in the Community Hall for all the campers and the area residents. I brought along gliding books, a soaring video, and the SAC wave trophy to display in the adjoining library room for information. By 7:30 we had doubled the population of the village, the hall was packed, and after a couple of short welcomes by the mayor and the local MLA, everyone tucked into beer, beans, cole slaw, baked potato, and your choice cut of huge slabs of beef which had been cooked by the local Lions club. The dinner was delicious, everyone was stuffed, and it was a very successful event. The people of Cowley enjoyed throwing the party and want to do it again. I believe we'll come!

As the meal broke up around 9 pm, the sky was looking increasingly evil. Heading back to camp, the lightning began again, mostly well to the east of the Porkies. As night fell, this system generated continuous lightning for a long time. Some of the closer strikes in the valley were bright enough to leave after-images on the retina, and as the crowd oohed and ahhed, they also started telling some stories of hair standing on end during other close encounters, then decided that perhaps viewing the action while lying on a horizontal non-conducting surface like a mattress was a fine idea. The entertainment got no closer than five kilometres away — Cowley lucked out again.

Sunday Barry Bradley was head cook at the almost traditional Coyote Howl towpilot pancake breakfast. The weather gave us a moist air mass once more with lift beginning under thin puffs over the Porkies. One knot lift only went to about 3000 agl all day. Jay landed out this time and was driven back to camp for a self-retrieve by a Cu Nim member who was travelling back up 22 at the time and saw him.

The local innocuous low cloud during the day hid a massive development to the north. Lee Coates hauled his PIK-20 back up 22 to Black Diamond during the afternoon, then found the road closed on the way back from rain and hail which muddied the surface. He drove out to Stavely, then down to Claresholm where the ground was covered with two inches of hail at the airport. Jerry Vesely collected a few specimens in the freezer at his hangar which were almost two inches in diameter, and three aircraft parked outside were severely battered.

Later, radio and TV reported that an intense swath of hail from Claresholm to past Lethbridge had dropped up to 30 cm(!) of hail in places and which brought out snowplows

to clear Highway 3. (A few days later, Ursula and I drove past Monarch, just west of Lethbridge, where the most damage occurred — all vegetation in the fields had been knocked down and completely mulched — the country side and highway ditches looked as if they had been mowed like a golf fairway.

At the Tittle campsite, an evening cauldron of “cream of left-over” stew from many contributors was prepared to feed the starving multitudes (mostly Cold Lakers).

At 8 pm that night the bases of the low clouds over the valley took on extraordinary shapes as they conformed to the swirling wind patterns. There was a local easterly circulation of air in the lower levels which produced a dear primary wave cloud off the Porcupines just to the north of the airfield; this must surely be a rare event.

Monday It was an early packing-up day as the forecast promised nothing useful. ICO and NJK ferried out the Blaniks at 8 am, and later the Puchacz and PCK took off for Chipman. (Al Sunley told me later that the trip north wasn't entirely uneventful — past their refuelling stop at Drumheller they had to divert considerably to the east to avoid thundershowers.)

It was a very successful and busy camp. Over the ten days we had 96 glider pilots on hand with 40 gliders and over 70 other family members, friends and visitors. Just over 1800 aircraft movement were recorded, using 496 tow tickets and 124 wimpies. (A financial statement for the camp on page 22 shows other details of interest.)

Although this wet season put a bit of a clamp on much serious cross-country at the camp (only Mamini got out to the east and then only because he had nowhere else to fly for a while one day), a lot of pilots got a lot of enjoyable mountain soaring in nevertheless. Of special mention are Jay's Diamond Goal flight, a difficult one; Kevin's daily effort to declare something and achieving hundreds of kilometres as a result; Lorne and Peter's solos, Dick's entertaining low level perils, and Hans' long flight to Canmore and back.

Thanks as always go to all the many volunteers who assisted in the camp's success: especially Dave as director and camp CFI; Jos coordinating safety, Kevin, Kurt and Denis for keeping the rain away, Ursula on registration, sales and statistics, Hans for organizing the towpilots, and the unsung many carrying pencil, broom, tow rope, toilet paper roll, shovel, fuel drum, or garbage bag who looked after the hundreds of small jobs that keep the sand out of the organizational gears. Thanks also go to Cu Nim, ESC, and Cold Lake for making their dub ships available to non-club pilots.

Cowley looks really lonely when it empties out. ❖



the Cowley Great White (Jaws VI)

“Landout” McColeman and “Hee-Haw” Dawe

ON JULY 26 many tourists stopped to observe the Great White in a barley field at the intersection of Willow Mountain Road and Route 22 in the Cowley valley. The fin of the Great White was clearly visible above the three foot crop before it submerged to the lower roots of the barley. Actually, the Great White was the termination of our attempted wave flight in the new ESC Puchacz (MJS). The ship was brand new and needed a first landout. Also, all the members of ESC needed de-rigging/rigging experience on the new ship.

Our flight began as an attempt to re-live a similar flight in 1988 when we played tourist by visiting the Centre Peak of the Livingstone Range with a 6000 foot tow. But this time we encountered ROTOR.

We took off about 11 am expecting a pleasant ride to 10,000 feet. But our inexperienced (never towed in rotor before) towpilot took us directly to the Peak, instead of to the Pass and up the Livingstones. As a result, we were at the Peak face in rotor, on tow with 4 down, at 7000 feet. Rotor caused a slack in the rope which was intended to be taken up with a skid. The skid yawed both the towplane and glider straight towards the mountain face. Flying straight into the face gave all three of us, towpilot and glider pilots, a desire to part ways. Which we did.

So, we were on our own at 7000 around the rocks of the

Peak with 10 down. Desire for survival took over and we headed for flat land. During our glide to flat land many cockpit conferences were held concerning not trying to thermal in 2 up and where we were going to land. One of us wanted to land in the grazing field with the guard donkey and the other wanted to become a “hay-shaker”. The hay-shaker won and — barley field here we come.

The landing process was similar to a dual landing in the Air Canada “Gimli Glider”. The usual checks were done with a great deal of observation concerning fences, ditches, irrigation wheels and animals. The next decision was to bring in the Great White with spoilers in. Crop has a tendency to remove spoilers if they are opened for landing.

Finally after flying through a sea of green we stopped and our only concern was how much doggie-do we were in from the other ESC members. Fortunately there was no damage to Great White and we were forgiven. However the hay-shaker who owned the barley field was not as forgiving. He viewed glider pilots as a bunch of hot shots with money to burn and extracted a few of our dollars.

So the Great White was removed from the barley sea, we were lectured on landout procedures by the ESC Godfather, ESC got experience on rigging, and the whole time the President of ESC (AJ) stayed by the phone at Cowley in case he was needed for consultation. All in all, a Great White experience! ❖

cumulo-nimbus flight

Dick Mamini

The day was rather humid and the air seemed dead, but I had more or less decided to fly anyway as I had missed some good flying at the beginning of the camp doing last minute repairs to the 22 year old gel-coat on the wings of the ASW-12.

A number of sailplanes had been taking double tows and had been unable to stick, nevertheless I pushed into line, as usual hoping for a miracle. These long tows with only one towplane resulted in a very long wait but I was becoming ever more excited because some cells were developing to the northwest and drifting toward the field. My mind drifted off to similar flights in the distant past, but in particular to a flight in 1968 from Penhold ...

... That day a number of sailplanes were rigged and ready to go but the weather was so humid and stable that most pilots preferred to sit around on the ground and sun themselves. My newly completed HP-14 would have none of that so we launched anyway. I was surprised to find weak but reliable blue thermals to about 2500 feet agl so we drifted off towards Innisfail and then for no particular reason northwest over the Medicine River. From this point through the haze I could see a band of cloud to the west which looked inviting so we headed that way in search of stronger lift. As we got nearer to the clouds, around Caroline, I realized that my perception of these clouds was completely wrong and that the base of the clouds was only about 2000 feet agl. This was lower than the blue thermals I was using to stay aloft but the cloud tops billowed up for thousands of feet! Steady strong wave-like lift was encountered in the clear air ahead of this frontal cloud.

This flight was spectacularly beautiful as the leading edge spawned numerous columns created by the warm moist air being scooped up by the slowly advancing front. I was able to fly around these columns or towers like wandering through a forest of huge trees. Eventually we topped out at some 15,000 feet, and this rates as one of my most exciting and beautiful flights...

Perhaps this will be another day like that! ... Finally, I was at the front of the line, it almost seemed too late as the strongest cell had moved over the Porkies and was already

south of us over the last line of knobs. The safety officer was about to shut offtowing but allowed one last launch.

No appreciable lift was encountered on tow and, due to a lack of communication skills on my part, we circumnavigated what I perceived to be an embedded cu in the leading edge of the main cell. I released at around 2000 feet and headed for this embedded cu. Down to 1800, weak 2 knot lift, climbed to 2200, saw some wisps to the east, headed for these, nothing; back to the cu, 1700 climbed to 2100; lift seemed to be dying; where to go? There were some new wisps ahead of the cloud to the south — go for these and if you don't find anything head for Pincher Creek airport and land. (This was my alternate landing spot even before takeoff).

The wisps were working and soon we were level with cloudbase which was only 2500 feet above the Cowley field. The cloud was very dynamic and areas to the south and below would start to fill in so I would have to move to the west or further south. At 10,000 feet there was 10 knot steady lift and getting stronger, with the strongest lift closest to the vertical wall of billowing cloud.

As we approached 12,500 feet close to the face of the easterly cell, my Ball variometer was pegged at 15 knots, and half way through a circle away from the cloud we still had over 10 knots. The sun was shining on this face of the main cell and down on the field of small cu being kicked up as the cloud advanced. This was an absolutely brilliant sight and I was kicking myself for having left the turnpoint camera sitting in the front seat of my car.

I could see Pincher Station through a hole in the low deck but Pincher Creek was covered at this moment. I was still slightly below the airway so I decided to explore to the west and see if there was a way around the westerly cell to get back to the field. At this point I was completely confident that I could get back to the lift area even if sink was encountered. I cruised along with one wing in the cloud, initially climbing at the same spectacular rate. I flew faster to stay below the airway, but in fact I was already south of it — anyway, no powered aircraft pilot in his right mind would be anywhere near these cells. Near the west side of the west cell quite strong sink was met but I continued on not

Summary of 17 May executive meeting

The meeting was held in Innisfail at the Provincials. Present were: Marty Slater (P), Al Sunley VP), Denis Bergeron and Julie Lauzier (T), Ursula Wiese (S), and Tony Burton (PC). The meeting started at 1930 and ended at 2310.

Cowley

Shade — For lack of any shaded areas at the flight line, it was decided to buy a tarpaulin, poles and guylines to a max. of \$100. A similar arrangement had been tried and proven very handy and welcome.

20th Summer Camp — We want to invite several dignitaries for a get-together, offer a soaring flight, or whatever is available at the time. Ursula to prepare letters for Marty's signature.

C-GPCK

- Installation of mode C transponder still in progress.
- Marty to check with Gerhard Novotny on progress of towplane manual.
- Radio licence for 1992 not yet received.
- Newly introduced 1000 ft tow stickers will be initialed and sold by one person only at ASC events.

C-FAML

Update on sailplane committee's proposal to sell and replace the Grob. The executive is waiting for an offer to purchase. A replacement is a separate issue and will be dealt with at that time. Denis will update the existing checklist (loose items list) to be used when ferrying Grob from one location to another. Critical conditions of the sailplane are to be marked. If a club is found negligent on upkeep of the Grob, the executive is to send letter to club with particulars.

realizing just how fast my easily won altitude was being bled away. I turned around intending to top up and go for FL180 which was now clearly available. The area that I had so easily cruised through a couple of minutes ago had suddenly changed and I now was in strong sink and an open arch had formed between the two cells.

Never mind, there was a steep glide (10:1) to the top of a saddle in a line of cu which extended from the active east cell, and beyond these cu lay the low deck which had produced such good lift earlier. Wow! at 15 knots down, I was forced to turn away just as I reached the saddle which probably would have saved me. I could have flown under the line of cu but looking back through the arch it appeared that Cowley field was

Treasurer's report Outstanding statements from February are finally received and the books can be finalized. There are no problems reported. The receipt of insurance premiums and SAC fees by clubs to ASC works well.

Expenditure limits — Bylaw 3-14 "not exceeding \$500 may be authorized by the president and the secretary..." This amount to be updated to allow for today's business dealings. A motion will be prepared for presentation at the next special meeting.

Claim of travel rate — Present rate stands at 25 cents per kilometre. It was decided not to increase to current government rate.

Donation to Aviation Museum The Aero Space Museum Association of Calgary asked ASC for support of restoration of the Bagyo glider. George Rynning, (former Cu Nim member), head of restoration will be asked the status of this glider, the purpose of the restoration and benefits to soaring, donations received to date and expected, and suggested completion date. [The Executive was concerned that an ASC donation would be wasted if the project had no prospect of going ahead.]

Consumer & Corporate Affairs

A levy for filing of financial statements was requested for the fiMt time. Ursula wants to write a letter to object.

Typewriter deaning and adjusting

Ursula asked for monetary support. The executive allowed a maximum amount of \$100.

Ursula Wiese, Secretary

within reach, while going on might result in an off-field landing. I must be getting older — a few years ago I would have pressed on regardless.

Although there was some hail coming from the active east cell the blow-off was to the east. I feel that there was relatively minimal risk staying south and west of this cell. There was some risk flying through the arch that had formed between the two cells in order to get back to the field but again there was no virga along the path flown and we only encountered a few rain drops. The air was very turbulent behind the cells.

The flight could have been a lot longer if I hadn't gone exploring at 12,500 but nevertheless it was very interesting and also very beautiful. ❖

CLUB NEWS & GOSSIP

Edmonton

The new Puchacz two-seater bought this spring has received an excellent reception from club members who have flown it over 100 hours already. Interest in aerobatics has increased as the ship also flies well upside down.

The ASW-15 had its gel coat removed by a team of club members, chiefly Harold Porter, Harold Weidemann, and Al Sunley, early in the year; then Jerry Vesely spent a lot of time resurfacing and painting it — it's looking like new.

There are two new private ships on the field, with Chris Apps now in Dave Marsden's HP-11, and Paul Scott bought a Pilatus from Prince Albert, SK.

Membership is healthy with more than 75 now in the club, sustained partly as a result of two successful open houses held this spring. One is also scheduled for this fall. The Puchacz and PCK went to a fly-in at the new Josephburg Airport near Fort Saskatchewan. Also coming up is a "Chipman Appreciation Day" in which we will be inviting town residents and area farmers to visit the field for a BBQ and rides — a little local PR like this can go a long way in maintaining neighbourly relations.

A very successful two week student training camp was held 6-19 July where five of the six students soloed.

Thanks to Tom Schollie for donating a VCR to the club house; and Dave Lacy and Laurie made a baby boy.

Andrew Jackson, president

Cu Nim

Cu Nim proudly announces their ownership of the Black Diamond/Thompson Ranch airfield. Furthermore, our application to subdivide and purchase land belonging to our neighbour to the east has been approved. The end result is that runway 07/25 will be over 600 feet longer, over 150 feet wider, and significantly safer. Also new is a "north/south" runway which was laid out by a ten member committee which took into consideration safety, the prevailing crosswinds, noise abatement, topography, and ground operating concerns.

Thank you, Darwin Roberts, for organizing seeding of these runway expansions. It will be three years before the new grass is ready for operations, but with all the rain this summer, we could not have picked a better year to start.

Although our membership is down significantly this year to 59 due to the recession (67 last year), the flight stats seem to be holding up — as of Cowley, total flights are 1170 compared to 1191 at the same time last year. The Jantar is a busy glider, with 13 pilots flying it 67 times for 86 hours as of end-Cowley (compared to 63 times for 59 hours in 1991). There was a time not too many years ago when it stayed in the hangar most of the time. Our statistician, Al Stirling, has discovered that our training launches peak at 11:00, private flights at 14:00, and introductory flights at 16:00.

Jay Poscente, president

Grande Prairie

This year has been one of little activity. Our membership is seven with only a few of being active. As we all know, it takes a crew to get one pilot flying, so it has been difficult to coordinate when flying conditions were favourable. We have been flying at the Grande Prairie A/P the last two years, operating on the grass to the north of runway 25 with about 5000 feet for a winch line. Although it is a controlled airport, there has been no problem with other aircraft. The controllers do an excellent job of diverting power traffic from our flying area.



Kurt Edwards is feeling very up after his first flight in Cu Nim's Jantar, Fruit Juice.

Mice have been a problem this year and even the moth balls haven't been discouraging them.

Our most recent soaring activity has been a safari to Sherman Meadows Forestry Strip, 150 km southwest of Grande Prairie. Soaring conditions were fantastic, and the camping relaxing by the rushing Torrino River. None of us were at Cowley due to other commitments, but do look forward to future camps to share friendships and the "Love of Soaring".

Les Oilund, president

Cold Lake

Since the members of the Cold Lake Soaring Club have kept a low profile lately (snicker), it is definitely time to inform our fellow glider pilots of the latest dirt. No, I do not intend to comment on the debate about what an individual should buy first, a glider or a house; I am referring to our latest clan leaders who are:

Marc Brassard	president
Bulent Ilcan	treasurer
Randy Blad~well	chief towpilot
George Szukala	CFI
Paul Moquin	maintenance manager
Marek Wakulczyk	secretary

On the subject of capital spending, we are presently shopping around for a build-it-yourself barn/hangar. Big spenders that we are, we will ensure that it has a washroom too!

Our club membership has slowly climbed back to the 30 point, a figure that comfortably balances our limited instructing capacity and the need to keep the aircraft busy (translation: an acceptable cash flow).

Since our members were an integral part of the Cowley entertainment, it can be said that the Summer Camp was both fun and a success — our club aircraft flew about seventy flights with the participation of nine members.

Some of those who flew the Sport 1-26 have asked for a final tally of the flight results: you swallowed about 23 mosquitos, lost 3 hats, and narrowly missed 1 bird dropping. Furthermore, four Alberta tin can manufacturers have asked if we needed sponsors.

As Air Cadet and other summer camps come to a dose, I have noticed an increase in the number of curious "young adults" asking about flying. I would encourage all clubs to be receptive to this group. In these times of financial restraint, can your club afford to turn away someone who might fly 50 flights a year because he cannot afford the lump sum for membership?

Marek Wakulczyk, secretary

† David Woodcock

I met David Woodcock in 1982 at one of the first Blue Thermal Soaring Association's organizational meetings. We fast became friends and together slowly acquired the art of flying gliders, sailplanes and soaring.

Over the past ten years David and his wife Janice and my wife and I have travelled to different soaring camping activities, with Cowley and Hope being the high points. We shared many laughs and good times along with some disappointments. We shared outlandings a mile or so apart in different aircraft at the same time and the thrill of soaring the mountains at Hope.

When he went back to England to visit relatives and friends he loved to rent a canal boat and travel the canal system for several days and had expressed an interest in owning one some day. David was also a woodworking craftsman. He loved remodelling his house and building his entertainment centre and cabinets.

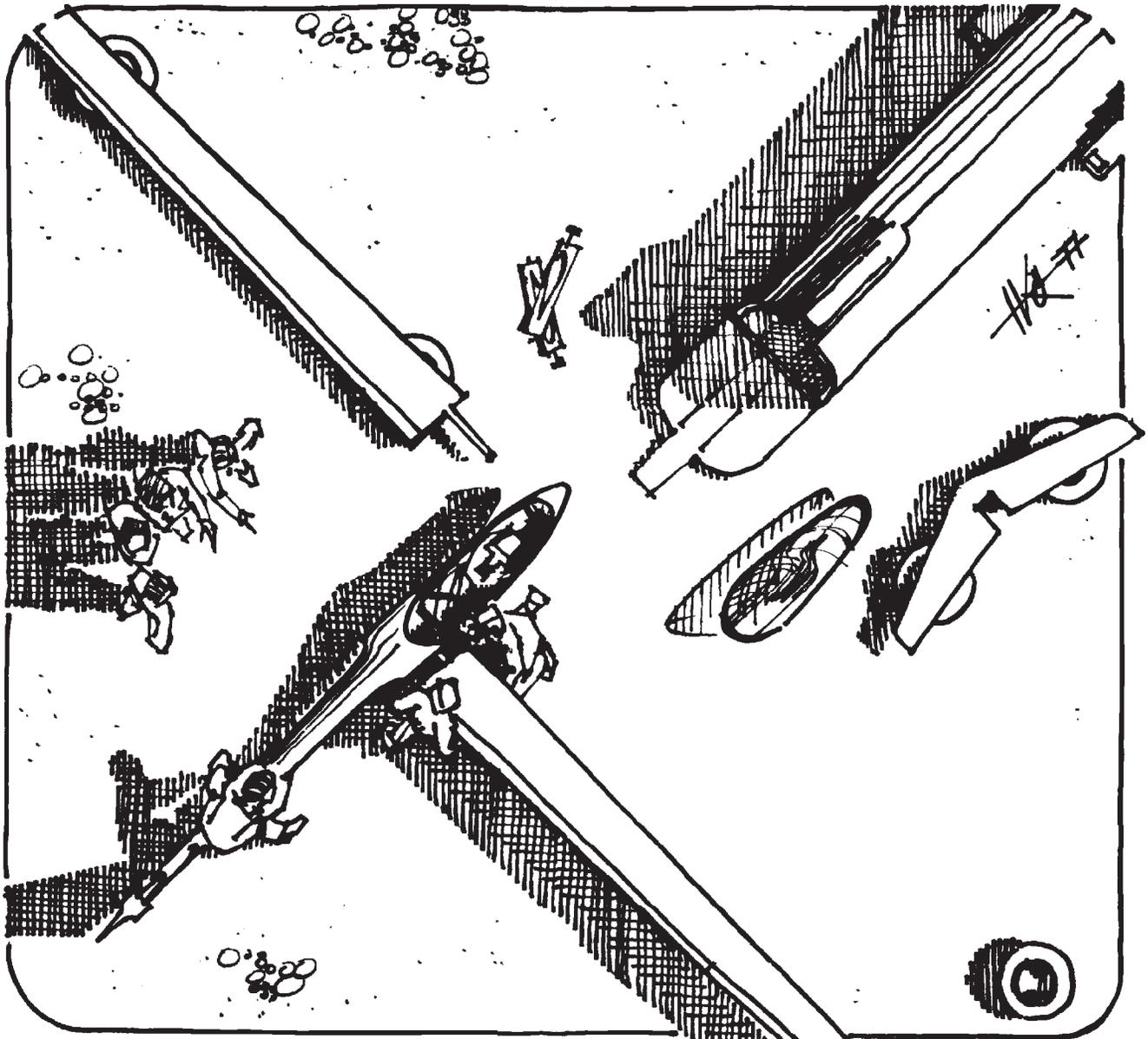
When we went camping David enjoyed building campfires for it always brought many people together and many new friendships resulted from them. He always carried an ample supply of dry wood in his camper for this purpose. He was often asked if he was burning all the woodwork in his camper because he always seemed to have a never ending supply.

Most of all, David loved to fly, and fly different types of aircraft. He loved to explore different areas and when we acquired the motorglider, this opened up new horizons for him and gave him the freedom to explore further areas. David was in pursuit of these new horizons when he met his untimely death May 17.

Mother Nature provides a great monument for David Woodcock and other glider pilots who have gone before in their quest of adventure and the thrill of soaring — a blue sky full of cu on a summer day as far as the eye can see.

As long as there are cu in the sky David, you will not be forgotten and may all your soaring flights be diamonds.

Bob Sturgess



more lessons in derigging

from page 9

incredible amount of concentration from the driver. The problem was the person holding the tail did not realize that he was the driver.

I have to admit that I missed part of the rigging lesson from Don, the professor. I was standing on the left wing tip and did not hear everything. The silence was some times broken by an "out", "forward", "up", "shake a little bit". I didn't really understand all this code until someone yelled "we need more grease", or "somebody get a rubber". At that point, I was glad to be at the wingtip. After approximately a half hour, we had both wings rigged together. That was a milestone. The turtledeck went back on easily, effortlessly, quickly and simply.

Once finished, Professor Don and his pupils all went to the Market Bar & Grill for a quick wrapup of all the lessons learned. Some were: don't wear a tie when derigging the Lark (Randy take note), don't believe the engineers (even if they designed the thing), when 13 minds are working together we can come up with 13 ideas (Moose, you passed the course), but I believe the greatest lesson learned was this one: the poor soul who lands out in the middle of a farmer's field will need a loan when it comes time to pay the crew's bill at the restaurant. ❖

ODDS & ENDS

The Cowley 125 Challenge Twenty pilots rose to the challenge to fly 125 kilometres at the 20th Cowley Summer Camp. The three longest flights were by Kevin Bennett (566 km), Tony Burton (376 km), and Hans Konig (366 km). Other interesting flights included Bruce Anderson's cross-country wave flight, Dick Mam-ini's "low level" cross-country, Jay Poscente's Diamond Goal mountain flight, and Marek Wakulczyk's first cross-country flight. All successful "125" pilots received a "Canada 125" pin. There were also three "Canada 125" water bottles to be awarded to the top pilots, but since they all had bottles, these awards went instead to deserving towpilots, Barry Bradley, Denis Bergeron, and Grant Humphrey.

Lost tapes The ASC video library is short of a few tapes — "Liftin' the Blues" and "Riding the Mountain Wave". I've asked a few potential loaners, but obviously not the right ones. If you remember borrowing it from me, please, please, please let me know right away. Thanks. Ursula

The Viking moves The Viking sailplane, which ESC members had found and restored to display standards, had a prominent place as part of a soaring diorama in Canada's Aviation Hall of Fame at the Edmonton Convention Centre. The Viking was a homebuilt sailplane constructed chiefly of fibreglass and flown in the '60s. This year the Hall of Fame was relocated to Wetaskiwin, and the Viking is now hanging from the ceiling there. This change of position required adding a main gear and doing some more clean-up work on the belly. Al Sunley and Kerry Bissell moved the Viking and did the additional restoration, and ASC picked up the expenses.

Whats the difference, anyway? That's the question often asked about medical versus aviation grade oxygen. On checking with CANOX which supplies DND and all western Canada with oxygen from their Nisku plant, the difference is post-production tests for moisture and trace gas content. Each cylinder of aviation oxygen is analyzed for the presence of carbon monoxide, ethylene, etc. and its dew point must be at least -63°C (-82°F). Medical oxygen can have a lower dew point of -54°C (-65°F). It's possible to reach this temperature within a regulator at high altitude and cause the works to freeze up. So don't use medical oxygen.

The fast, short POST The 29 km, 148 km/h POST flight of Lee Coates at the Provincials turned out to be a preview of a similar flight at the Canadian Nationals, when Fred Hunkeler (an old Cu Nim member) flew 28 km at 99.3 km/h. This caused great consternation in the ranks of Nationals pilots, and the SAC Sporting Committee is

likely going to change the POST rules on turnpoint use to eliminate this little bit of gamesmanship.

Speed record set The weekend following the Summer Camp saw the best soaring weather of the season in Alberta. Kevin Bennett made the most of it with a record breaking 515 km speed flight to Medicine Hat and return to Black Diamond on 9 August at about 126 km/h! This surpasses the previous Canadian 500 km O&R speed record set by Hal Werneburg in 1984 over the same course at 115.4 km/h. Kevin will also be claiming the 200 km Speed-to-Goal record, arriving at the Medicine Hat turnpoint in 1:46 hours for a speed of about 147 km/h, overwhelming Walter Weir's record of 109.6 km/h set last year. As the previous week's weather had been fairly stable, perhaps Kevin was fortunate in seeing decent Saturday soaring conditions and getting cued for the day — Mike Apps reported that southern Alberta's great Sunday arrived at Chipman a day earlier and no one was prepared for it. Mike said it was a potential 1000 km day up north.

SAC Western Instructors Course The course was held at Black Diamond this year from 16-22 August, led by ASC Provincial Coach, Mike Apps. Ten pilots were on the course, four from Alberta: Paul Pentek and Deirdre Duffy from ESC, John Grieco from Cu Nim, and Bulent Ilcan from Cold Lake. The course was probably most noteworthy for the weather extremes — on the Wednesday it was 31°C , the hottest day of our year, and 3 days later it snowed! Not only that, the usually rare mosquitos were so voracious that the evening lectures had to move from the hangar into the local school.

FALL PLANNING MEETING FOR 1993

will be held at the
Alberta Sport Council Boardroom

Room 450, 101 – 6 Avenue SW, Calgary
31 October, 10:00 am

This is the main meeting at which next year's provincial events will be discussed and planned.

Everyone is welcome to come and contribute; Club executives and committee chairmen are particularly urged to attend. Nothing happens without talking about it first.

1992 COWLEY SUMMER CAMP FINANCIAL STATEMENT

SALES

1	Ticket sales (546 @ \$17, less \$2)	\$9,280.00
2	1000' stickers (169 @ \$8)	1,352.00
3	registration fees (95 @ \$5/pilot)	475.00
4	oxygen cash sale to Cu Nim	34.00
5	misc ASC supplies, recycling income	208.10
			<u>\$11,349.10</u>
1	cash and checks deposited	\$11,154.87
2	cash paid out for camp supplies & party	194.59
			<u>\$11,349.46</u>

This statement for the camp is presented to give you some idea of the costs involved in running ASC's major event.

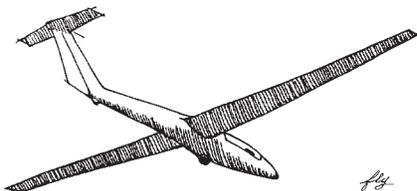
Prepared for the ASC Treasurer by the camp treasurer, Tony Burton.

REVENUES

1	PCK tows	204 @ \$17 & 51 stickers @ \$8	(to PCK revenue)	\$ 3,876.00
2	NJK & ICO tickets	292 @ \$17 + 73 @ \$8	5,565.00
3	Registration fees	95 @ \$ 5	475.00
4	PCK rent, 1 hr, ASW-15 ferry from Claresholm		(to PCK revenue)	100.00
5	Oxygen	5 tickets @ \$17	85.00
6	Oxygen 2 fills, AUK and ISK		34.00
7	Film (5 @ \$4), maps (3 @ \$13), bumper stickers (10 @ \$1)		69.00
8	Flight declaration forms	375 @ \$0.10	37.50
9	Cowley pins	18 @ \$4	72.00
10	Tost ring sale	1 @ \$20	20.00
11	Recycling of cans/bottles		9.60
				<u>\$10,343.10</u>

EXPENSES

1	XC-125 pins and water bottles (to Jay Poscente)	\$128.85	
2	Cu Nim tows by ICO & NJK (based on club towing rate less average gas used per tow) 292 + .4x73 tow tickets @ \$(16 - 5.10)	3,822.28	
3	CuNim - AUK, ISKrental	10 tickets @ \$16	160.00
4	ESC - MJS rental	4 tickets @ \$17	68.00
5	Cold Lake - XML rental	38 tickets @ \$17	648.00
6	Ferry of NJK & ICO to Cowley, 1 hr each @ \$70	140.00	
7	Calgary sectionals, 3	40.93	
8	Avgas - Pincher Aviation	777 gals @ \$3.68/gal	2,859.36
9	Food/keg of beer for camp get-together	107.40	
10	Engine oil, 1 case	38.52	
11	Media flights, 8 tow tickets + 1 sticker (paid by ASC)	144.00	
12	SAC flight declaration forms	37.50	
13	Miscellaneous expenses	37.09	
			<u>\$8,229.93</u>	



Notes:

- Gas cost at 757 gals used for tows @ \$3.68/gal for 546.6 tickets used.
- PCK ferry costs & maintenance costs prorated over period unaccounted for.
- Some officials costs, telephone, and other indirect administrative costs not included in expenses.
- Glider rental for media flights donated by Cu Nim and Cold Lake.
- Small difference in cash balance due to inexact US dollar check.



Copy this and hang it by your phone.

ASC EXECUTIVE

President	Marty Slater [ESC] 7621 – 153 Street Edmonton, AB T5R 1N3	RITE Operator B 427-5037 H 481-3866
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Program Coord.	Tony Burton [Cu Nim] Box 1916 Claresholm, AB T0L 0T0	B, H & fax 625-4563
Sportsfund	Al Sunley [ESC] – address above (please send form letter with your donation)	

CLUB PRESIDENTS

The Council for ASC is comprised of the members of the executive and the president (or his appointee) of each of the member clubs. The club presidents are:

Central Alberta	Jerry Mulder 4309 Grandview Blvd Red Deer, AB T4N 3E7	H 343-6924
Cold Lake	Marc Brassard Officers' Mess Medley, AB T0A 2M0	B 840-7628 H 639-3169
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ESC	Andrew Jackson 78 Fairway Drive Edmonton, AB T6G 2C4	B 463-2065 H 435-4425
Grande Prairie	Lester Oilund 9862 Prairie Road Grande Prairie, AB T8V 3R9	H 532-9025

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Towplane	John Broomhall [ESC] 1040 – 107 Street Edmonton, AB T6J 6H2	H 438-3268

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X-Country	Hal Werneburg, Mike Apps, Tony Burton	

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