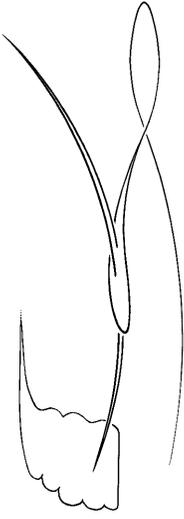
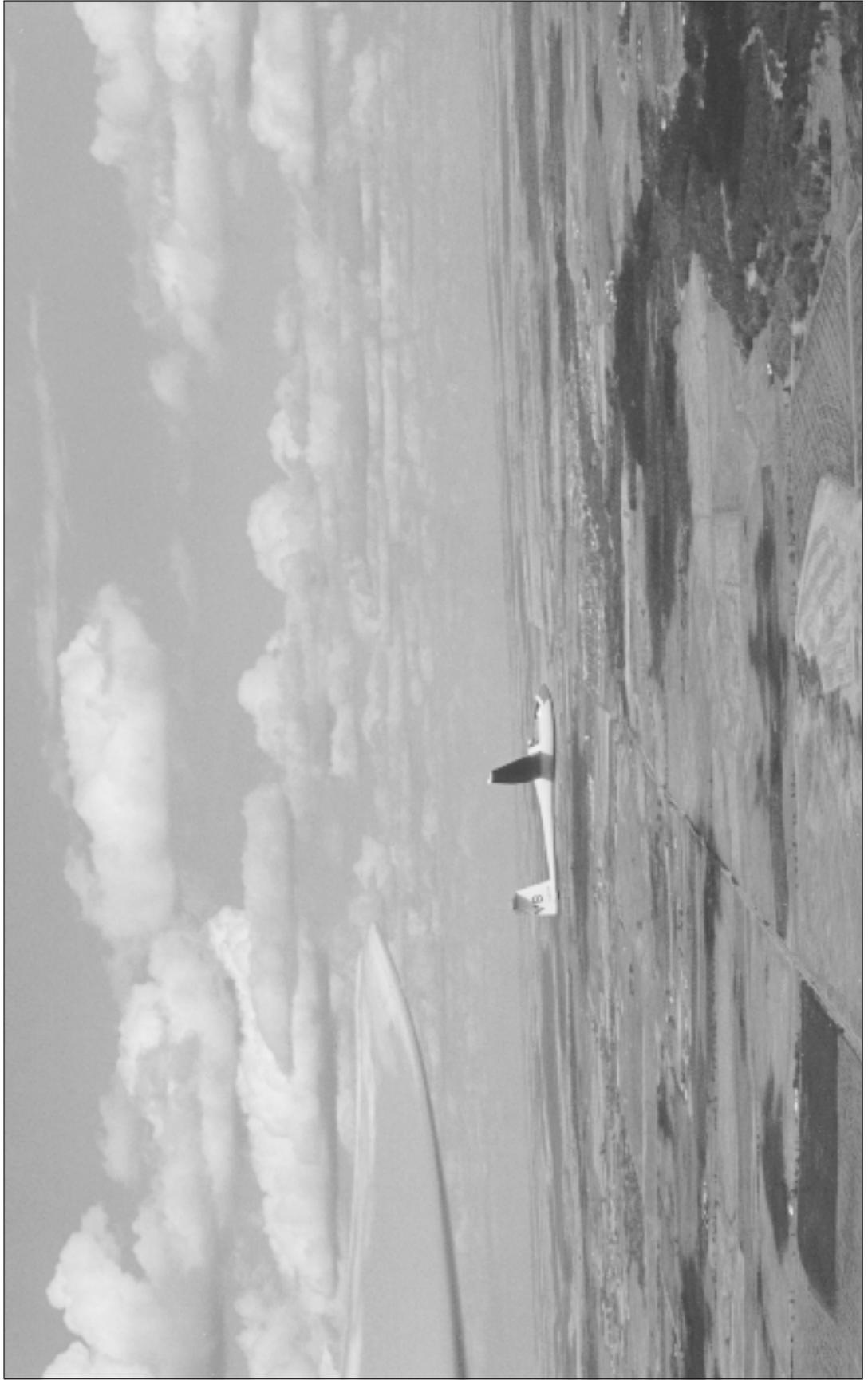


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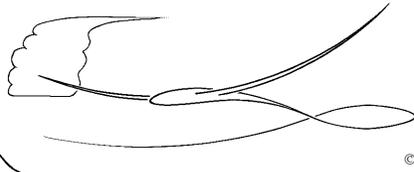
the journal of the Alberta Soaring Council



Summer 1994

ASCent

Summer 1994



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Cover Hal Werneburg in VB flying just north of the Cu Nim field this May (not enough skies looked like that this year! photo – Gerald Ince

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Editorial notes

The April/May issue of the British magazine "Sailplane & Gliding" had a complimentary bit on us by Mike Bird in his humour column, *Tail-feathers*. Mike is known to readers by his nom de plume, Platypus. He was commenting on all the magazines which cross his desk and wrote: "... From north of the border (*he had also referred to the Seattle Glider Council*) comes the elegantly styled *ASCent*, journal of the Alberta Soaring Council. Why glider councils and soaring councils? Over here councils collect garbage and issue parking tickets, but over there I think it means something more lofty, like a senate, or a meeting of great legislative minds. I imagine they sit around in scruffy clothes drinking beer and moaning about the weather like anyone else ..." He further remarked on the "hair-raising article about landing on a mountainside in a Lark" which he saw in *free flight* but which originated here in *ASCent*.

It's nice to get recognition from other scribes in the business.

Lots of good flying stories in this issue. Dave Mercer and Buzz Burwash describe their hard-fought Diamond distance flights, and Dick Mamini relates his trip to Cowley from Golden and also harks back to his first cross-mountain flight 25 years ago. Two of those personality traits you hear about that pilots shouldn't have, 'invincibility' and 'macho-ness', have little place in getting across safely. Mountains can kill even the very best of us when there is little margin for error, as the recent report of the death of Klaus Holighaus in the Alps attests.



Prez's Toimal (or is it turmoil?)

There have been some significant things happening on the administrative front in the past few months. In late May the full Council got together to come to a decision on the allocation of the proceeds from the sale of the Grob. I was really pleased with the way everyone came to the meeting in a spirit of cooperation and compromise, so we were able to arrive at a solution fairly quickly that was satisfactory to all clubs.

Early in July I attended a "town hall" meeting in Red Deer which was a public forum for various aviation sectors to present their views and concerns related to the new Recreational Aircraft category. Nationally we are represented through the Aero Club of Canada by Bob Carlson (also a past-president of SAC) but it was important for us to be represented at the regional level too. The issues for soaring are not as critical as they are for the ultralight community — especially with respect to licensing. The indication from Transport Canada representatives was that they do not have any concerns with soaring as we appear to be doing a good job with our current self-regulatory structures. Our message to them was simply to remember that we are a part of the recreational aircraft community and not to forget about the possible impact of future policy directions on us even though the primary focus is elsewhere.

The most significant change was the turnover of the operation of Cowley airport to the Alberta Soaring Council. Please note that we are the *operators*, the land is still owned by the federal government. We have signed an agreement for ten years and are awaiting the return of our official copy. You'll read

about the Summer Camp elsewhere in this issue, but I would like to acknowledge the contribution Bruce Hea has made over the years with respect to the development of the Cowley airfield. He has made it a personal project of his to ensure that the facilities were always maintained to a high standard by working both with the farmer and Alberta Transportation over the years, to say nothing of his early morning wars with the assistance of Bruce Anderson to "get" the gophers to eventually get the badgers — have Bruce explain the theory to you sometime. Now that Cowley is "ours" I understand the enthusiasm exceeded all bounds this year and the creature comforts were raised to even greater heights.

Lastly, read this executive search notice for a President and Secretary. I'm in my third year so it's time for new blood, and Ursula has been a super secretary since the Schweizer 1-19 was a high performance machine. So give it some thought and step forward. We really don't gain anything by pressuring people into taking these jobs and then keeping them until they burn out.

How about it?



Job openings February 1995

PRESIDENT

*

SECRETARY

*

If you think it's time for a change,
here's your chance.

If you think these jobs are for life,
you're wrong!

*

These jobs have priceless rewards,
Try it and see for yourself.

*

An inquiry doesn't mean you want
the job, but maybe you will.

please give us a break

the Cu Nim cross-country week

a fledgling's view by Chris Gadsby



A RAG-TAG GROUP OF PILOTS GATHERED at the Cu Nim hangar the morning of May 9th, kicking off the Cu Nim cross-country flying week. Terry Southwood, venerable CFI and pilot of his ASW-20 (Papa Mike), had arranged the week and had enlisted Tony Burton, cross-country prophet and pilot of his RS-15 (Echo Echo), as second leader. Lyn Michaud and Barry Bradley were ready to provide the majority of the tows and we had nine pilots ready to take advantage of the week's flying including two students who were flying locally. Most of the cross-country fledglings were flying Cu Nim's two Jantars.

The first pilots meeting focused on the techniques of team flying. We found it useful to "learn to leech" an accomplished pilot. Terry explained the principles of following the leader and using the leader's aircraft as a fu-

ture vario to observe the airmass ahead. Terry explained that if the following pilot (leech) did their job right, they should always be above the leader by staying behind when he was in lift and moving over when he was sinking.

Terry also underscored the reality that all of the fledglings were Pilot-in-Command of their own ships and must accept the responsibility associated with cross country flight.

I had two flying days during the week. Both times EE was my leader. For our first flight Tony felt that going northwest would be best. He launched and I followed. I was flying Cu Nim's new Jantar, "Funny Girl" and we hadn't installed a radio in her yet. Karin loaned me her portable and on tow it reset itself to 118.0 MHz. After release I ended up flailing around the sky trying to reset the radio back to 123.4. As I got lower and lower, I realized I had better start "aviating" rather than trying to "communicate", so I "navigated" over to the house thermal and started to climb. After I settled into the thermal, I resumed working on the radio and finally got it locked into 123.4. I then contacted Tony, explained what had happened and he promptly told me to change frequencies to 123.3! I had just demonstrated two gotchas: "be familiar with your equipment", and "fly the aircraft first".

So, with my new radio skills I was soon on frequency and following Tony out to the northwest. It was almost surreal to be following another glider at high speed. I felt like I was in an IMAX film with the countryside slipping by. Tony's yellow glider with white wings would rise and fall in the canopy and I would move away or in behind accordingly. The day was scratchy and we never got above 3000 feet agl. As the gliderport faded from view and I looked down on terrain which was becoming more and more forested, I was very aware that I was cross-country soaring — gulp! We had difficulty finding lift and there was a high cloud bank coming in from the west.

When we arrived just east of Bragg Creek we split up to look for lift. Tony found lift a couple of miles away and I started heading back towards some open fields "just in case" (that P1 thing again). I arrived near the fields at about 1500 agl and started desperately searching for lift. I noticed a farmer cultivating a field so I worked my way over this field. By this time I was at 1200 agl and my heart was pounding. I was just about to reach for the gear when I found some reduced sink, and then some zero sink. Slowly, over the longest ten minutes of my life, the zero sink turned to lift and I climbed away.

During this experience Tony had been calling me but I had been too busy hanging on to call back. After settling into the lift, I called him and, as the area was getting weaker, we ran for home. We split up near Okotoks and

Tony elected to head for the field. I met up with PM who had lost his leech. Terry called and asked me if I “wanted to dance”. Now, here we had a real communication problem. I grew up north of Winnipeg and “wanting to dance”, spoken between males, meant do you want to fight! At this point I was worried — the club CFI wanted to kill me! What did I do wrong? Terry must have wondered what the radio silence was all about because he called again — and this time he asked if I wanted to follow him. Now I understood! I lasted another half hour or so and then “Jantar butt” set in and I broke off and landed. Flight time – 2:10, distance – 59 kilometres.

My second flight was completely different. The day was absolutely booming — the thermals were strong and spaced well apart. It was tough to find that first thermal, in fact I had a relight, but when I found the first thermal it was straight up to 11,000 feet (7000 agl) at 6 knots. The clouds were huge and high — even when I was at 12,500 the clouds were still well above.

Tony was patiently waiting for me and we began heading south for Claresholm. (You can tell how impatient Tony is by whether he thermals with both 90 degrees flap and gear extended — or just gear extended.) We flew fast and straight and never got below 4000 agl. It was sure reassuring to be super high above the prairies. The horizon stretched out — we could practically see the curvature of the earth.

When we stopped to thermal at High River I took one extra turn in the thermal after Tony headed out on course. He was already just a “razor blade” on the horizon and very difficult to see. I caught up and we continued on, topping up every 20 kilometres or so, and in 90 minutes we were circling over Claresholm. The Claresholm airport was just a wee triangle below us. I remember wondering whether Jerry Vesely would have his radio turned on at SunAero — not that I was going to try and call!

The excitement or the altitude were getting to me. I had that tingly feeling which I had last experienced in the high altitude chamber. As I had no oxygen I descended to 10,000 and suggested to Tony that we had better not go further. I kicked myself later because I am sure we could have easily done a Claresholm/Cowley triangle. Anyway, we went back towards Black Diamond with a 38 km final glide in from Cayley. When Tony said we could final glide from Cayley I didn’t really believe him. We couldn’t even see the gliderport yet. Tony assured me that we had altitude to burn and sure enough I arrived over Cu Nim at 2200 feet agl at 75 knots. After flying at 60–75 knots it felt weird to slow the glider down for the pattern. Time – 2:40, distance – 180 kilometres.

Over 2000 km of student cross-country flying was done during the week with only one landout. Steve Hosier and

Scott Russell bagged their C badges and Karin got her Silver distance and duration. The camaraderie was superb. All of the participants agreed that it was a very successful week. A special thank you for Terry, Tony, Lyn and Barry.

Postscript On one of the days, after the leaders had lost their followers, Tony was overheard calling Terry and suggesting that “It seems unfair, but now that we’ve scraped all the barnacles off — let’s have some fun!” *Team Barnacle* was born. *Team Barnacle* had its revenge during the provincial contest when just about every cross-country week participant flew in the competition, with the club Jantars scoring very well; in fact Cu Nim’s entire fleet was airborne.

More on barnacle-scraping from Tony:

It was the day before Chris’ flight to Claresholm and it was blue with difficult to find, nondescript thermals. Over near the mountains west of Longview there were a few isolated high cu. At first Darwin Roberts was my leech and we dribbled off towards Okotoks. We got separated in height and there was an area of steady sink over the river west of Okotoks which got us both into trouble and Darwin made a good job of his first outlanding a little northwest of town.

I got back up and, deeleched, wandered south a bit towards High River as Terry had Mike Glatiotis and Gerald Ince with him somewhere nearby. I heard them struggling too, but they set off slowly west towards Longview. Their lift sort of fell apart on this leg and Gerald got separated north of track and worked his way back to the field rather than try for Longview.

By now those few clouds to the far west appeared much closer to Longview and were aligned north–south. Terry and Mike were together halfway to Longview and I took up an intersecting course. On the glide west though, Mike lost more height than Terry and essentially got stuck on the hills just east of Longview survival thermaling. He finally climbed out and headed back home.

That left Terry also clean of students of the art and techniques of staying airborne out of sight of the field. Those welcoming clouds, timing themselves with great precision, were now a little south of Longview and we connected and climbed well to the cool heights of 10,000 feet and joyfully dolphined off down towards the Chain Lakes! It was then that I uttered the B-word which now seems to be a Cu Nim fixture.

If being a member of “*Team Barnacle*” gives every new cross-country pilot a sense of belonging to a keen group out to do in sailplanes what they have been lovingly designed for, then I’m glad I said it. ❖



The 1994 Provincials

Terry Southwood

THE 1994 PROVINCIAL SOARING CONTEST was held at Cu Nim's Black Diamond field on the long weekend of July 1 to 3. My objective as Contest Director was to run a fun, safe contest with simple rules, and to encourage as much club participation as possible, so that the people who were new to contest flying would discover that it can be a tremendous amount of fun. I think it was a roaring success. Every club glider, including the three Blaniks, flew in the contest. Compared to seven private owners, the club ships carried thirteen different pilots into the contest — most of them for the first time. The happy babbling of pilots at the end was a delightful reward. Here's how it went:

Day 1 *Lennies stacked to the west and south indicated plenty of wave influence early in the day, but by the time we marshalled to the east end of the runway, upper winds had slackened. By 1300 the first of the afternoon cu formed, and we launched into a 3-1/2 hour task.*

It turned out to be a day for "local" flying, with the successful flights going around some combination of Okotoks, High River, Longview and Quirk Creek. Everyone who went further east got shot down, including B9 (Bingo) east of Mossleigh, FJ (Kurt) at Vulcan and 54 (Gerald) at South Calgary — but not before Gerald had posted the longest distance of the day. TC (Lee) had the fastest speed and the second longest distance to win the day.

The real story however was happening on the Blanik side of the contest. First, the Contest Director, in allowing special close-in turnpoints for the Blaniks (a good idea), had foolishly removed the minimum flight time for Blaniks (a bad idea). So of course, Dave and Steve immediately flew the infamous warp speed minimum distance maneuver. I thought they were landing for a relight, and they were finishing! Poor Rod and Mike suffered through two hours of "Blanik butt" for fewer points. Sorry guys.

Meanwhile, good local conditions and good piloting saw Karin and George not only doing laps around the field, but laps around just about everyone. They not only cleaned up in Blanik class, but if I had scored them in with the single seaters they would have been second for the day! An incredible performance. Mind you, I didn't lower the handicap factor to allow for "Moose" ballast jacking up the wingloading!

Day 2 *After scrubbing the day on Saturday due to high winds and the threat of cbs, Sunday showed great promise, with light westerlies and cu popping by 1000. We called a 4 hour task and launched shortly after noon.*

By the time the start point opened however, an ugly bank of cloud was threatening from the northwest. Fortunately it stalled on our doorstep, allowing most competitors to finish at the end of a good day.

In contrast to Friday, this was not a local flying day due to the weather change, and the Blaniks were hard pressed to stay up. After a furious battle, Chris and Steve in EVA managed to outdistance Team ISK to win the day in the Blanik class.

Setting aside Kevin Bennett's *hors de combat* performance (229.5 km, 93.7 km/h), it was Bingo Larue who led the pack east and showed that wood is still good by winning the day. The glass drivers will probably be calling with an offer to trade. The club Jantars were right behind, with Al Poldas notching the day's fastest speed, and Karin Michel showing tremendous persistence to get home with the longest flight of the day.

Gerald Ince made it back with a fine flight for fourth overall, while others were less fortunate. Buzz Burwash ran out of lift and luck close to home and sustained some minor damage to AB in an off-field landing. Faring better, Lee Coates in TC carefully nursed his lead by staying a little closer to home and hung on to win the contest — without camera problems this year.

Many thanks to Barry Bradley, Mike Crowe and Paul Frigault for towing. And thank you Buzz and Florence and Bingo and Moose and Paul for making the trek down south to fly with us. And congratulations to:

- all of "Team Barnacle" (and especially Karin) for such a fine result in your first contest.
- Bingo for your fine win on Day 2 and showing us that L/D isn't everything.
- Lee for winning Day 1 and the contest. Lee is such a quiet, unassuming guy that many people don't appreciate his abilities as a skilful pilot and a smart competitor. Well done, Lee. ❖

The Phantom Retrieve

Kurt Edwards

C U NIM flew both of its club Jantars in the contest, each with a team of three pilots. I was on Team Fruit Juice (contest letters FJ) along with Chris Gadsby and Karin Michel. I had Day 1 and flew my first all-by-myself cross-country, eventually landing at Vulcan airport, having been rather airsick on the leg southward from Arrowwood (thank goodness for zip-lock lunch bags). But, boy-oh-boy, did I have fun! I left more experienced and better equipped competitors in fields near my courseline, got a real feeling of being all on my own, and bumped along from one crummy

little thermal to the next over endless checkerboard fields in the gorgeous Alberta sunshine.

Still feeling ill, it took all my good sense and willpower to keep from climbing away in the journey's strongest thermal over the Vulcan grain elevators! Instead, I took the safe route and landed in the perfect field (black, with numbers at either end) while I could still fly the plane. I would have had my Silver distance, but Vulcan is enough lower than Black Diamond that I would have had to land another 5 kilometres south, which I had lots of altitude to do, and ...

But this story isn't about that; no, it's about what happened two days later, when Karin flew FJ. On that Sunday, Mike Glatiotis and I had AUK, with the other Blaniks flown by instructor/student pairs. The start was fabulous, with strong lift and a 12,000 foot cloud-base. It quickly turned bad, with strong winds and large sheets of stratus clouds rolling in immediately after the start. We barely made the little Millarville / Black Diamond town centre / Big Rock circuit, landed, and put the airplane away. The weather caught out a number of competitors, including our contest director's partner. We "early finishers" took pity on Terry and granted him leave to retrieve his airplane, leaving Chris Gadsby in charge.

It was about 4:15 when we received a radio relay message that Karin was landing 10 kilometres east of Vulcan. Southeast and downwind towards ➡ 22

1994 PROVINCIAL SOARING CONTEST					Day 1				Day 2				total pts
					km	km/h	day pts		km	km/h	day pts		
1	Lee Coates	TC	Pik-20B	0.95	135.4	51.1	878	1	172.6	59.9	759	4	1637
2	Poldaas / Roberts	FG	Jantar Std	1.02	81.8	38.0	612	5	192.9	74.7	941	2	1553
3	Edwards / Michel	FJ	Jantar Std	1.02	111.0	-	521	6	216.7*	54.2	936	3	1457
4	Gerald Ince	54	Mini-Nim	0.99	152.0	-	693	2	164.9	59.9	749	5	1442
5	Bingo Larue	B9	Dart 17	1.17	58.1	-	314	7	182.7	63.0	986	1	1300
6	Buzz Burwash	AB	ASW-20FP	0.93	81.8	48.1	613	4	214.9	-	645	6	1258
7	Crutcher / Hea	26	Ventus	0.93	97.7	39.1	632	3	157.3	-	472	7	1104
8	Keith Hay	PM	ASW-20	0.94	64.9	-	281	8	44.8	-	136	8	417
Team Blanik				hcp					* prorated back from 237.5 km				
EVA	Karin Michel / George Szukala			1.51	62.3	37.8	877	**	** this flight would have been worth 769 points if scored with the single seaters, and good for second place.				
AUK	Dave Fowlow / Steve Hosier				16.0	64.0	478						
ISK	Rod Crutcher / Mike Swendsen				30.8	19.7	435						
EVA	Chris Gadsby / Steve Hosier								43.0	36.3	940		
ISK	Kurt Edwards / Mike Glatiotis								38.5	45.3	927		
AUK	Mike Crowe / John Monroe								18.0	38.7	549		
Scoring rules – each day the best distance earned 700 points and the best speed earned 300 points. All other distance and speed points scored proportionately, then summed and handicapped. No day devaluations.													

the SMOKE CAMP

Tony Burton

THE 1994 COWLEY SUMMER CAMP will be remembered for the unremitting sun, 30° heat, and the forest fire smoke which suppressed the soaring potential of many days. There was no question that the previous two wet summers were gone as cracks could be seen once again in the surface of the airfield.

When I arrived Friday afternoon with a pickup load of towropes, oxygen, and other camp stuff, I saw the usual early-comers like Bruce Hea and others already sipping drinks on their 'patio' next to the kitchen. Bruce tried to explain to me that he and Barry Bradley had been working hard all day filling in badger holes on 21, but since they looked so laid back it was hard to be convincing. A contingent of Winnipeggers were setting up their tents, and a load of hay bales pulled out.

Bruce said that the farmer was happy as a clam to get the mowing job back again after it had been taken over for years by Alberta Transportation. The word was that he had swathed and baled about 150 bales off the property! In exchange, the farmer was offering to do a lot of airfield maintenance for ASC like fertilizing the bareish areas at the 11/21 intersection and rolling the ground, besides looking after water hauling and supplying firewood for the camps. This win-win partnership looks like it will result in quite reasonable upkeep costs on the property for ASC in the near future.

For the first time, some miscreant had kicked open the door of the shack, but nothing was taken. The afternoon was spent on the other camp setup jobs that are noticed only when they aren't done.

The weather for the entire camp was controlled by a stationary loop in the jet stream which kept us under a high with relatively light winds all the way up. The airmass was dry and somewhat stable with the daytime heating great enough to promise light thermal activity by midafternoon on the flat and a somewhat earlier start over the Livingstone Range and the Porcupine Hills, and strong thermals late afternoon.

The forecast was supported well by our local soundings. Mike Glatiotis and his apprentices played with this equipment and it was quite accurate — what it didn't allow for was BC burning down just to the west. Forest fire smoke was at times thick and this had a marked effect on surface heating which delayed and suppressed thermal activity on several days.

If you couldn't fly you could soak in the Oldman swimming hole — this was a vintage year for refreshing water, not the ankle-turns-blue, it was "this cold" ice it usually is!

Saturday, 23 July Air movement #1 occurred at 9 am when PCK ferried in from Claresholm. There was no lift over the field until about 3:30 although there was some ratty cu over the Livingstones that could be reached with a long 4000 foot tow. The event of the day was Dick Mamini drifting in for a 6:30 landing after a long flight from Golden BC via Elko (*read all about this flight on page 10*). It was not an easy trip, and only Dick's mountain experience got him over the rocks. The evening ended with one of Cowley's great 10¢ thunder and light shows which gave good entertainment without actually appearing overhead.

24 July Stable low down with overbuilding and a little rain after lunch. It cleared by midafternoon and there was a little lift but only two of the 21 flights passed a half hour. Cold Lake arrived with their 'new' Twin Astir, a gift from the closing of CFB Lahr in Germany. (The club plans to go after two place records with it next year which sounds like a fine idea to me.)

25 July A better day and once the first glider stayed up the lemmings rushed to the line. The two Scouts were busy and we needed the third towplane. Kevin launched at 1230 and disappeared for four hours, and a handful of other long flights were made. Art Grant tasted non-flatland soaring for the first time in the Winnipeg Jantar — following Russ Flint around like a puppy on a string, and loving every minute he said.

26 July Bingo was determined to get his Diamond goal flight in the Dart and plots courses up and down the mountains for any day that looks probable (even possible). Today he got cut off by rain on the second leg and landed south of Twin Butte (south of Pincher). Rod Crutcher tried a cross-country too but got low in the Fort Macleod hole and landed at the airport there. Bruce Friesen is building up flying time after a lot of reconstruction work on his Austria. Today he got seriously out of position on tow and was dumped by the towpilot off the end of the runway. Bruce had to set down in a crop and did some minor damage to the end of one of his ailerons. He was flying again in a couple of days but it's too bad he spoiled his great paint job.

Terry Southwood, Kamp Kommandant, was finally back from apprenticing as a course leader at the SAC Eastern Instructor School at Hawkesbury, Ontario.

27 July The morning forecast promised a cross-country day and the morning safety briefing run by Rod Crutcher touched on hypoxia sneaking up on you in extended flight at 'low' (10–12,000 foot) altitudes. Soon after, several pilots were drawing lines on their maps and positioning their gliders near the line to short circuit the mad rush. There was early cu over the Porkies and task launches began before 1300. I was off to Black Diamond on the start of a 500, but the smoke was so thick from the Chain Lakes north, the air went flat and the task was off. However, a beautiful high and solid cu street was building west into the mountains from the high end of the valley near the compressor station and once I connected, it was an easy flight over to the Continental Divide at 14,000 feet. Flying southeast from there, I picked up the Livingstone Range and had a pretty flight south to Waterton and home. It was the best day of the camp with many long flights.

28 July The forecast was the same as yesterday but the haze cut thermals significantly and there were only a few thermals over the Porkies in the late afternoon. Only Mike Glatiotis, Keith Hay and Rod Crutcher had more than a sled ride. The pilot of the last flight of the day did an evening beat up down the runway in which he ran out of energy and made a precarious turn back to landing. This prompted an instructive safety topic the next day. Mike Maskell and some others left with their Lark because they were scheduled to display it at an airshow in St Andrews, MB.

29 July Just before the pilots meeting, young Mike Morgan flew his first solo. Congratulations. It was a couple of degrees cooler and the haze was thicker. From the field you could just barely make out the silhouette of the Livingstones 15 kilometres away! Everyone went for a swim.

Saturday, 30 July Campers were surprised by some lightning and a little rain at 4 am which proved to be the passage of a weak cold front. All day there was sign of weak wave. Before lunch the two motorgliders launched and found some up to 16,000 where they were stopped by the cloud deck. A lot of people left the camp to try something else for the weekend.

The forecast was for 33°C and a 40–60% chance of evening cbs. However, significant mid-level cloud and cirrus moved in early in the day which cut off the sun. This squelched the ground heating and the cb threat but most pilots derigged anyway — mostly for something to do for the afternoon, I think. Naturally the sky cleared off soon afterwards and launches began

again at 4:25 with Al Poldas, who picked this evening for his annual great flight. Towing over to the south end of the Livingstones in Fruit Juice, he alone found some lift and got high enough to relax and have an enjoyable mountain flight until shortly before sunset.

At 5:00, there was a clear blue sky with some isolated cu on the mountains, and it was a cool classic Cowley evening, perfect for the delicious ASC barbecue well-organized by Sheila Hea, Ella Bradley, and helpers.

31 July By this last full day of the camp, most of the pilots who remained were from Cu Nim. Although the forecast called for a somewhat stable airmass, cu began forming on the Livingstones during the pilots meeting, so there was some prospect for a cross country flight. But the lift was indeed only 2 to 3 knots with some better ones over the mountains. South of the Pass, strong thermals coming off each peak where sun, slope, and wind combined made just-visible haze domes at the 11,500 inversion level. Applause to Mike Crowe who flew his Silver duration and altitude.

And so it went, with Monday being a packing up day. Some cross-country got flown ... maybe the thermal gods will be kinder next year and give us some horizon to horizon cu that I think I remember seeing once. Those there enjoyed the camp. The morning meeting 'seminars' were a new idea which worked well. Thanks as always to Mike Morgan who bugled us to the meetings, to Bruce who did his best to keep the toilets pleasant, to all those who organized in the background, and to everyone else who helped out. ❖

a few OBSERVATIONS from the SIDELINES

Ursula Wiese

- *helping on the flightline* One pilot and his young friend who did a shift just about EVERY day mentioned to me, "You know, there have been many pilots who guided me to the stage where I am at now, so this is my payback." What a great sport! So why are there a few pilots who always sit on their hands when flightline work is requested? Also, a small camp requires taking more than just one shift, and a very hot day makes work that much harder — for you and me. I wish some of the slackers would show more support and encouragement for the linecrew instead of sitting smug in their cockpit, watching the operation unfold just for them. Whatever positive support you may have given at one time doesn't count for much ➡ 23

Across the Rocks

two mountain flights 25 years apart

Dick Mamini

I HAD TO PICK UP MY GLIDER in Golden for the start of the Cowley week. Working late on the Friday night, I didn't get away until Saturday morning, July 23, and therefore decided to fly at least one day at Golden otherwise I would have been driving all day with no chance of flying at all.

A film crew was at the airport making some sort of film for Uwe, so I had to wait quite a long time to launch while various beat-ups in the Blanik were performed. I mentioned to Mike Cook that if conditions were good I might try to fly to Cowley. The barograph was in the ASW-12, so I switched it on. I took a tow to 1900 feet but had to immediately head for Mount Seven and ridge soar to stay alive. 1500 feet! This didn't look too good, but after what seemed like an eternity I got enough nerve to head off around the corner of Mount Capristo where pockets faced more into the sun and prevailing wind. I didn't really get away from the Golden area until about 1530.

The thermals were super-adiabatic and very tough to centre up to a point about 2000 feet above the ridge top. Above this point the newest and strongest clouds produced good lift.

Looking at my barograph trace after the flight, there were only two really good climbs and two that were sort of mediocre, the rest was a jumble of pullups, S-turns and climbing straight ahead. The track was more or less down the front range to Fairmont and then jumping to the back range as you can follow the Kootenay River out to Canal Flats if you get into trouble at that point.

I then proceeded to Whiteswan Lake and at the east end of the lake I experienced the best climb of the day, and from 13,500 feet things felt good. There was a good looking cu on Mount Harrison to the southeast, and from there you could make it to the Elk Valley airport. However, I was very hesitant to proceed as the area appeared to be going blue.

All the way down I had been watching what was happening to the east. It was a bit strange as sections looked good for a time and a while later the same sections looked blue. I almost crossed over at Mount Assiniboine but it didn't look quite right.

Okay you wimp, go for it, and I headed for Mount Harrison. On the way there the cloud started to collapse in front of my eyes; virga swept out of the bottom and the area was looking very blue. I was too far in to think about going back to Canal Flats so I elected to head for Wasa. There is a low spot in the ridge there and a drainage towards Premier Lake.

I skirted along the "Top of the World" Provincial Park and came out right over the hang glider launch site near Wasa. Up to this point I had been hoping for a landing at Cranbrook airport, but it was very difficult to see with all the haze from forest fires and I wasn't too familiar with the area. Luckily at this point, having just flown through some rain from one of these collapsing clouds, I got the second best climb of the day right over the hang glider site. Hang gliders were all lined up on the ground and none were flying; perhaps the rain had shot them down.

After climbing I abandoned the idea of landing at Cranbrook and decided to go to Elko as it has a nice grass strip. The idea of crossing the rocks was out of the question at this time. As we worked our way towards Elko it became evident that there was a sort of finger of clouds that extended east past Fernie to about Sparwood. I decided to try for a cloud north of Fernie and if that didn't work then I could zip back to Elko through the pass. If it worked, I'd try for one at Sparwood and if that didn't work, I'd land at Elk Valley.

The cloud north of Fernie was one of two second rate climbs of the day, but good enough to have me go on to Sparwood. At Sparwood I didn't really climb so much as to maintain altitude under a decaying cloud which allowed me to survey the blue haze ahead. I flew out into the blue to assess the sink and see where my

glide path would take me. (I don't have any of those fancy instruments that tell you all that stuff.)

Because of the smoke I could barely see Crowsnest Mountain and had to guess where the Livingstone Range was, but it looked possible. The barograph trace says it all, steady downhill all the way with no sign of any appreciable lift — or sink for that matter. When the Livingstones became visible there were times that it looked like we wouldn't clear them, so I sort of headed toward Burmis in better air. It looked more promising, so on average I headed for a point about half way between Centre Peak and the Pass and this is where I crossed the range. With lots of altitude to make the field from this point I turned north to check for signs of lift. Nothing! How many times do you find no lift on the Livingstone Range? The airspeed was increased from best L/D to about 100 knots and I overflew the airstrip, made a turn over the river, then on to the swimming hole at 1000 feet — wow! a weak thermal, and I started to circle in the first nice smooth thermal all day — you could slow it right down and it felt good; maybe I can still fly after all.

The point of this narrative is to stress that changing your mind and your goals is all part of flying into the mountains. Had I kept heading for Mount Harrison, most certainly the same air mass that I encountered at Sparwood would have been encountered but a lot sooner. From Harrison you have to cross a wide valley and another ridge to get into the Elk Valley and it's a long way. If you went down in that area, they might never find you. Many thanks to Norm Wagner for towing my glider trailer and bringing my camping gear down from Golden to Cowley.

... 25 years before

On Monday, July 28 (1969) I received a call from Jim Reid who told me in passing that on the weekend some of the Red Deer Soaring Association fellows were planning a soaring camp at Kootenay Plains on the David Thompson Highway. This was planned because the whole area including the Forestry strip was soon to be flooded by the Big Horn Dam. A quick call to Kerry Bissell in Red Deer confirmed this and immediate plans were made to attend.

The shortest and best way to get to the Forestry airstrip from Calgary was via the Banff-Jasper Highway to Saskatchewan River Crossing and then 60 km east on the David Thompson Highway to the strip. Only the last five kilometres of this route was unpaved and you had beautiful mountain scenery the whole way.

Unknown to us was the fact that there was a giant binge called the "David Thompson Cavalcade" taking

place on this three day weekend (the August civic holiday). An estimated 4000 wild campers were camped at a huge campground 10 kilometres from the airfield. Associated with this event was a fly-in and there were several powered aircraft including Harry Leader's Stagger Wing Beech and Pat Johnson's tow hook equipped Citabria. Soaring pilots Kerry Bissell, Walt McKinnon, and George Dunbar were also there, but without their trusty sailplane.

Saturday, August 2 produced some excellent flying for me, and a great deal of the White Goat and the Siffleur Wilderness Areas were explored. The most western part of my wanderings took me over the main part of the Columbia Icefields, a very beautiful sight indeed! From this point I could clearly see the Mica Creek damsite which appeared to be amazingly close and thoughts of zipping over there and running down the Columbia River to Revelstoke crossed my mind. Cloudbase had risen to 15,000 late in the day which permitted lots of high speed flying, and at one point I noted with some satisfaction that I was zooming past 10,685 foot Cirrus Mountain; that's the first time I've ever passed any kind of Cirrus.

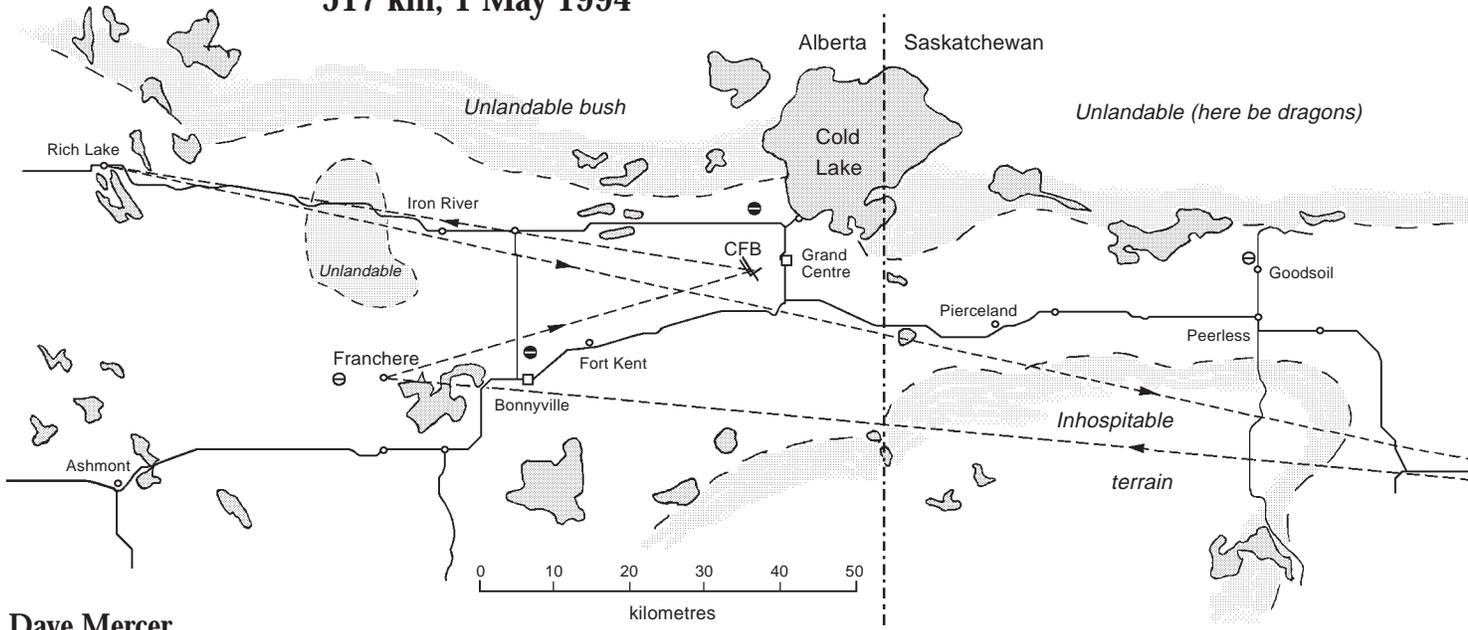
After landing and securing the ship, Gale and I moved up the road to the seething mass of humanity at the campground where we were lucky to find enough room to pitch our tent. There wasn't much sleep that night with all the drunken "entertainment", nevertheless it was enjoyable seeing everyone having such a good time.

There were several politicians at this event, so naturally there were many speeches that evening. They explained how David Thompson had discovered Howse Pass and then travelled down the Blaeberry River to meet the Columbia River near Golden. They wanted the group to lobby the BC government to build a road to the National Park boundary at Howse Pass to promote tourism through the Red Deer area. It flashed through my mind on hearing Golden mentioned that there was an airfield there, and to my knowledge no one had ever flown a sailplane over the Canadian Rocky Mountains before, especially in this rugged ice covered region.

Next morning, a borrowed aeronautical chart was used to locate the Golden airport and a 1230 launch had us in the air just about the time the sun was shifting from the easterly facing slopes to the northwesterly slopes. This created exciting conditions on nearby Mount Michener which is capped with a fire lookout tower. The morning drainage flow had been down this westerly facing slope and this flow was still general at the time of launch, although the noon sun was starting to heat the slope sending up very strong bubbles. Why tow to such an unlikely spot, you might ask. The answer is it was the closest mountain to the air- ➡ 22

My excellent adventure

517 km, 1 May 1994



Dave Mercer

CLS C BEGAN FLYING THIS YEAR only weeks before my Diamond attempt was made. Up until the 30 April weekend, the weather had given much indication of yet another poor spring. This changed midweek about 26 April. Progressively stronger lift and higher cloudbases prior to the weekend made for some of the roughest flying I've done in the high-wingloaded F-18. When you can feel very rough turbulence in a fighter, you know it's strong!

The pessimistic side of me said the good lift would be gone by the weekend anyway, so there wouldn't be much point in being disappointed if/when the weather took a turn for the worse. We had checkouts to give on Saturday, and as the club's CFI, it would be irresponsible to just hop in my RS-15 and disappear for the day.

Saturday came and went with the highest cloudbases I've ever seen in Cold Lake. The cloudbase topped out at 12,800 feet which is fortunate because legally we could not go higher without oxygen. Our high point on one of the checkrides was a little over 11,000 feet agl! I began having visions of 200 kilometre final glides from that altitude with the lift at 6-10 knots! The forecast for Sunday was identical.

The Sunday morning prep went relatively smoothly. The forecaster was still predicting a cloudbase of 9000 feet beginning about noon. Winds were to be from the west no stronger than 10-15 knots all the way up.

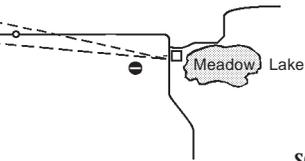
The route I declared was CFB Cold Lake 1 Hangar tower to Rich Lake (intersection of Hwy 55 and the N/S road), to Meadow Lake (intersection of Hwy 55 and Hwy 4), to Franchere (intersection of the E/W and N/S road) and return. The total distance declared was 517 kilometres. Due to a fair amount of inhospitable terrain southeast of Cold Lake, the distance flown would have to be a bit further.

I chose to take an early launch, as a sniffer flight had not gone up. I released about 1130 in weak lift of one to two knots. Knowing lift was about, I immediately pressed west on course, simultaneously notching the barograph. But where were the clouds to follow? I figured it was still too early for them yet, from what the forecaster had predicted. I found as the day progressed the forecaster was incorrect in his prediction, as not a cloud in the sky appeared all day, not even a wisp of cirrus!

A few miles west of the base, I found a reasonable thermal of a few knots, and prudently chose to climb at this early portion of the flight rather than push on without knowing fully what the day had to offer. With one more of these weak thermals I was over Iron River with a small area of unlandable terrain ahead, except for one square cut out of the trees. I topped a broken thermal of 2 to 3 knots just short of the treeline and pressed on for Rich Lake, easily clearing the forested area, but at the sacrifice of a long period of weak sink.

After the extended glide of just under 30 kilometres with hardly even a hint of a thermal, I was becoming concerned. The terrain ahead (upwind) was laced with lakes. I was pondering whether the lakes were cooling the air sufficiently to suppress the lift when I stumbled into an odd thermal with apparently two cores. It was not a particularly strong thermal by western standards at 3 knots, but it was a little better than average up to this point, and besides, I was beginning to need it. I left the thermal as the lift began to fade and ran in and out of the turnpoint, located 50 kilometres north of Ashmont, hoping to hook up with the same thermal exiting Rich Lake.

It appeared my thermal had dissipated while I was gone, so I chose not to retrace my steps over the forested area towards the next turnpoint. Fortunately, I found another thermal 18 kilometres out of Rich Lake as I was heading south of the woods. It gave enough to be able to press back onto track over those same trees which had sucked up all my lift earlier. The sink wasn't as severe the second time.



The route back past the base was uneventful, averaging about 75 km/h. Cruising in an altitude band of 7000+ to 4000 agl, Pierceland passed lazily off my left side, allowing me to easily see the airfield a mile or so west of the town. Not far ahead, a small forest fire burned on the area near the group of reserves south of my track. The smoke did not appear to flatten on top, so I was not troubled by the chance of thermal suppression in the vicinity. One of the better thermals of the day in fact was only a few miles north of the fire at 5 knots.

From the top of that last thermal, I could have pressed on directly to Meadow Lake, but it would have been over completely unlandable terrain leaving me at an uncomfortably low altitude emerging on the far side. Taking the slightly longer route around made for less anguish on an enjoyable flight so far.

Dashing into the second turnpoint was fun as minutes prior to the photo two 5 knot thermals presented themselves, allowing me to really do some racing for the first time that day.

Facing west into the wind again that forest fire seemed so incredibly far away for some reason. It dawned on me I was a shade over half way, passing 300 kilometres in the Meadow Lake area. I still had many hours left in the day, but I think I was getting tired at this point. The sun had been directly on me all day, as there were no clouds to dolphin into the shade under, and it was past lunch time and I wanted my nap.

The lift became scrappy as my intuition warned me it might. I hobbled along in semi-survival mode towards Peerless away from the forest, knowing an airfield was at nearby Goodsoil should things go downhill. Nearing Peerless I was in full-fledged survival mode in sink for what seemed like forever down to a shade under 2000 feet agl. After spending the last three hours over 4000, this was uncomfortable. The first useable thermal in 35 kilometres graced me with its presence at just the right moment: a weak and broken one knot at first (survival!) but it improved to a smooth 3 knots or so after grinding away for about 10 minutes of not really gaining much. I climbed it for all it was worth!

Once high again, progress was easy, bumping off the two knotters, and occasionally taking a turn or two in the above average. The high point in the flight was just prior to passing Cold Lake for the second time at 7300 feet agl. From that height I could see Bonnyville and knew I could quickly glide there. I was feeling excited now because I knew I would only need another thermal and a half to make it. The time was 1730, I had gone about 420 kilometres so far with the average speed down slightly to 70 km/h.

Strangely, the air went rather smooth towards Bonnyville. I clipped the odd bump here and there, but nothing substantial. Overhead the Bonnyville airport with plenty of altitude, I went on a search pattern over the scrapyard and the most likely looking fields. Passing over an electrical power station, and feeling like a landing was soon to be inevitable, I snapped a picture hoping I could make up some distance elsewhere.

The last turnpoint is on the northwest shore of Moose Lake, with not an abundance of fields and apparent thermal producers inbound to it. I wanted to climb short of the turnpoint and then stretch my glide with the knowledge I could make it to Fort Kent at least on the way home, or maybe even Ardmore for perhaps a shade over 500 kilometres. Finding that last thermal a few miles west of Bonnyville took 20 minutes of scratching and sweating, and climbing took much longer! In all I wasted nearly an hour scrambling for what I thought would be enough altitude.

I was elated that I could make the turnpoint. Even more so, when cruising past Bonnyville homebound (or Fort Kent bound really) I fumbled my way into a steady 3 knots! The final 20 kilometres home were spent at 100 knots, finally touching down at 1930 for a not so speedy 65 km/h average speed.

The flight completed my three Diamonds: the first was 7–8 years ago in the RS-15 at the Gatineau Gliding Club, and the second in the Cowley wave in a Regina 1-26. *(Dave has earned Diamond Badge #83.)* ❖

my second 500, the fourth attempt!

– this time a Diamond?

Buzz Burwash

AT THE START of this year I hoped for another opportunity to try for a 500 km flight again in May. It's unfortunate this time clashes with a lot of activity at work. Along with this comes some weekend club duty days which leaves maybe four or five days to hope for good cross-country weather. But we all know how kind the soaring gods can be, so at best 1 or 2 days maybe available for a hoped-for long flight. This year with things at work scheduled earlier than normal, I was able to schedule two weeks holidays starting with the last three days in May and going into the planned cross-country school at the club.

The first Monday of my holidays looked very promising after getting the numbers from the weather office. A strong NNW wind would allow a good downwind dash to Swift Current, Saskatchewan, site of last year's Nationals, for an easy 500 kilometres. The beauty of this type of flight, even with the extra cost of the retrieve, is that it avoids the pitfalls of being tripped up on photographic evidence as was the case with my 500 out of Cowley in 1988.

My crew chief Florence and I headed out to the gliderport and quickly rigged AB for the promised 11 am thermal trigger. After rigging I found that there had been a mix-up and a towpilot would not be available until midafternoon! I finally launched a little after 1500 for a short 200 km flight which was completed.

The following day our early monsoon season arrived and nothing looked promising until the last Friday of my holidays, 10 June. The morning soundings showed some promise of 3 to 5 knot thermals for east central Alberta, but this could be greatly affected by the wet ground. The one redeeming factor was an 1100 trigger for thermals which should last till 1900 or 2000 hours.

My parents were in town, and I departed for the field with my dad as crew. I was ready to go around noon, with Graham Craig acting as my OO for the flight and

Kerry Bissell, who is our club senior OO, overseeing Graham as he marked the canopy. Kerry had arrived on the field shortly after the sailplane had been rigged and his expertise was a comfort.

Shortly after noon I pushed out on the line having declared Chipman — Stettler — Kitscoty and return for 508 km. Then I sat for 40 minutes waiting for the late towpilot. At 1313 I was hooked up and pulled into the air. Passing through strong lift at 1700 feet agl, I released and after gaining another 2000 feet I was in position to take my start picture looking south at the gliderport hangar. Finally southbound, I headed for Stettler at 1330.

It was very slow going as I worked my way down the west side of Beaverhill Lake. A little over half an hour later I was pushing on south of Tofield at a comfortable 4700 agl. Progress was slow as I worked 2 to 3 knot thermals until I reached a point 20 miles north of Stettler, where I topped out at near 5000 agl. Looking ahead, the ground appeared damp and with a strong northwest wind blowing off the large Buffalo Lake 5 miles west of track, few cu could be seen forming on a line into Stettler. A detour close to 10 miles to the east was made as I struggled to remain high so I could do a glide into Stettler and out.

At this time I was in radio contact with Tony Burton who was near Sundre trying a 500 km flight out of Cu Nim. He was having a tough go with the wet ground also, and not making very good speed. He indicated he was not going to try for his last turnpoint, but make his way back to Cu Nim from Three Hills. This began to raise questions for me if it was worth pushing on as I still had to reach my first turnpoint.

After another half hour I was some 10 miles northeast of Stettler at 5000 feet when I pushed off for a glide in and hopefully out. As I came across any lift I pulled up and finally, rushing my turn, I took my first picture at 1532 and headed east to what looked like better air over dryer ground. It took 2 hours and 2 minutes to go 154.6 km for a ground speed of 76 km/h, only about 9 above stall.

Some 5 miles ENE of Stettler I was below 1700 agl when I connected with a one knot thermal. Working it I gained some height, and the higher I went the stronger it became and finally sped off from 5000 feet on track for my second turnpoint. During the long time I was climbing I reflected on the rushed turn I had made at Stettler. Did I or didn't I take my picture in the photographic sector required to prove I had legally made the turnpoint? At any rate it looked like I wasn't going to complete the task anyway, so I planned to just carry on

halfway up the second leg to Jarrow and then head back to Chipman. (In 1984 I was going the other way round the same task and used Jarrow to break off and head home to prevent a late retrieve.

On track southwest of Forestburg over the Battle River Valley thermaling conditions had improved and 4 knot thermals were becoming more common. The heights I was reaching also went up as I crossed dryer ground. Moving along to the northeast I kept upwind of my planned course line. Around 1620 when I was north of Killam I could hear my trusted crew chief trying to contact me. I relayed my progress through Kerry and Graham, who were up enjoying the thermals around Chipman. With conditions improving a little more, and 5 knot thermals being used, I reached Jarrow. Now the big decision — continue on to Kitscoty or return to Chipman? Well, it was Friday and there was nothing pressing for Saturday so I kept my nose headed to Kitscoty.

The pace picked up and within an hour I was 10 miles southeast of Kitscoty facing another problem. Across my path was a long cloud 10 to 15 miles on either side of the line into Kitscoty. It was dumping heavy rain at the northwest end and the same for the southeast end with light rain in the centre. Through the light rain in the centre I could see Kitscoty in the sun, along with an even larger heavier cloud bearing in 4 miles to the north. I pushed towards the light rain and before reaching it I encountered some strong lift which I worked up to near cloudbase. Running through the rain, I pushed into Kitscoty and lined up a much better picture angle to make my turn at 1729. This second leg was quicker than the first, requiring only 1 hour and 57 minutes for a much longer distance of 195 km. My ground speed had improved to almost a 100 km/h.

After taking my picture I headed north 2 miles to try and connect with the leading edge of the storm heading to the southeast. I connected below 2000 and with a near 5 knot thermal was soon up to cloudbase. Two miles further north the back side of the cloud was dumping tons of water along with a striking light show. I was able to get positioned in the cloudstreet to take advantage of the energy path which ran northwest of my intended track. Some 10 minutes after reaching cloudbase and carrying on, Kitscoty could not be seen due to the heavy downpour of rain now falling in the area — I just got through there in the nick of time! But that was behind me and now I had a good street to work. In a little over 20 minutes after going through some more rain a number of times and passing lightning a couple miles to the north, I came to the end of the street some 30 miles northwest of Kitscoty and nearly 15 miles NNW of Vermilion. It was time for another big decision.

The choice I had to make was either cross the 5 mile gap to continue with this heavy cloudstreet which would take me further north of track (30 miles) or go south to a minor cloudstreet and be only 5 miles north of track. I decided to keep closer to my course line, but this minor cloudstreet proved much slower going. At the end of it I was crossing the Vermilion River valley 20 miles further on as the time neared 1830. It was very evident at this time that I was struggling against a strong headwind of about 25 to 30 mph.

With fewer clouds in the sky, my flight path was taking me directly into sun and I headed for the glare that was coming off Plain Lake, 10 miles southeast of Two Hills. The going was really starting to slow down now with 2 plus knot climbs which pushed me back a mile or two before proceeding forward 8 to 10 miles before stopping for another thermal. This continued until I was some 15 miles north of Vegreville and 25 miles due east of Chipman. Once again I was low, below 1500 with the day showing signs of dying rather quickly with fewer and fewer clouds remaining. Now 1905, I connected with a weak half knot thermal. Circling and moving my circle I was able to climb and find stronger lift as I worked my way up to 4500 agl. This was 1000 feet less than the onboard computer told me I needed to get back to the gliderport, given the winds and weak thermals I was encountering.

Again I headed west, this time at best glide against the wind. Any time I flew through rising air I pulled up to help extend my glide. This continued for over a half hour until I was some five miles out and down to 700 feet under a clear blue sky. A friendly reminder from Kerry earlier to work the black fields had me zigzagging my way towards the gliderport. At 2 miles out I was able to move over to the left and line up for my final approach. It's too bad I was too low to do a traditional beat-up for completing a declared task! I rolled to a stop just north of the hangar and took my closing picture at 1952. My crew chief, all smiles, rolled up to tow me clear of the runway.

This last leg had been a tough one taking me 2 hours and 23 minutes to cover 158.4 km. This gave me a ground speed of 66.5 km/h, definitely under the stall speed. The average ground speed for the whole flight was close to 80 km/h. Not bad for a day which was slowed by a lot of wet ground and a low cloudbase at the start.

I was happy to have made it back to avoid the potential hazards of an outlanding. Making it back saved the effort of an off-field retrieve and derigging the sailplane where a new lot of mosquitos would be hungry for blood. Now safely back and tied down, I could satisfy my own hunger. ➡ 19

ODDS & ENDS

Tony Burton

A personal view of the Nationals The soaring conditions at the Nationals at SOSA this year were the pits except for the one good day, and all that has been written up in the last *free flight*.

Originally I had planned to attend the US Sports Class Nationals in northern California this year as the level of competition is high and the RS-15 has as much chance of winning as the glass ships — it's pilot skill that counts (and I was proud to win the Region 8 Sports Class contest at Ephrata in 1992). However, it ended the same weekend as Cowley started and I felt I had some responsibility to help get the camp going as usual. Furthermore, I was getting the repeated complaints from eastern pilots that no one was coming to the Nationals from the west, so I felt that "the honour of the West" was at stake, even though going to SOSA meant an extra two days of driving to almost certain poorer soaring conditions. However, it turned out I wasn't the lone cowpoke there, as Jim Oke from Winnipeg also showed up with his -20 and a clapped out old Volvo, but that's another story.

SOSA has very comfortable facilities with a large clubhouse and an established town of camping trailers. As with most large clubs, they have the current argument about where the money goes — into land or equipment. Even SOSA members will tell you though, that the biggest problem with the club is that they are not 60 kilometres north and 700 feet higher in order to avoid the dreaded lake effect from Lakes Ontario or Erie which kills soaring on many a summer day.

The "Big Gaggle" which formed on leg two of the last contest day task was quite intimidating. A dozen gliders within a thousand vertical feet called for a lot of trust and more than two eyes. Everyone played careful except one pilot who cut right across the thermal once on leaving, presumably to maximize his exit energy but I thought it was pretty poor judgement under the circumstances. The sailplane I wanted to be flying that day was Dave Fowlow's Grunau Baby. With it I could

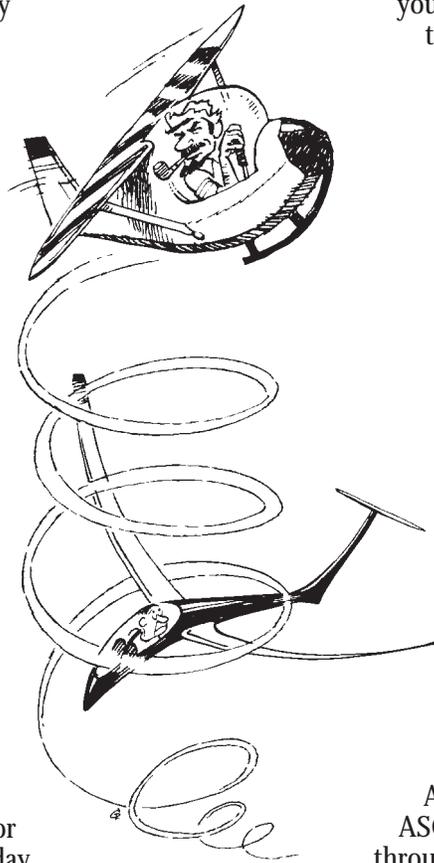
have cored each thermal and floated up the middle of each gaggle at three times the average lift of everyone else who were getting in each other's way while forced out to a 20° bank when 45 was needed. L/D be damned, a glider that could centre a butterfly fart would have won more than one day at this Nationals!

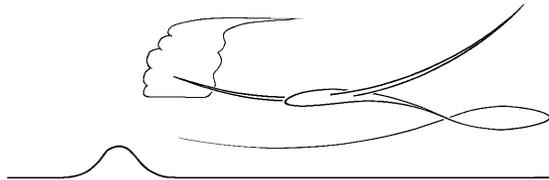
With the murk that was called air during much of the first week, pre-start visibility was everyone's concern after launch. With marginal lift and few landout fields, the contest director was prudent to insist on a 3000 foot agl cloudbase before opening the start gate. On some days there were a lot of transmissions of, "Now it's 2800 feet west of the field," and "It's 3100 to the north but there's no lateral visibility at cloudbase."

For those of you who have lived your soaring lives out in the west, roads are your compass — in southern Ontario this is out since the road grid system changes direction everywhere. The old surveyors didn't bother with north and south, they built roads in at right angles from the lakeshore — and there are a lot of lakes surrounding this countryside. Around Kitchener the grid comes together and the roads look like those photos of crystal clusters. It is compass — or even better — GPS territory, and the only time I thought I really ought to buy a Garmin for EE.

ASC flight trophies

Now that the flying season is about done, don't forget that there will be provincial trophies handed out for the best flights of 1994 at the ASC winter AGM. A copy of the ASC trophy form is opposite. Go through your log and get your flights in to Dave McAsey soon. Right now, it looks like the XC-100 trophy will be hotly contested by a lot of cross-country flights made this year by new pilots at Cu Nim. What have pilots at ESC and Cold Lake done? The best flight trophy may go to Dave Mercer's 500 unless someone else claims better. However, the five best flights trophy may go to a fairly modest set of flights this year, so don't be shy about reporting yours. Dave McAsey's address is #47, 2300 Oakmoor Dr SW, Calgary T2V 4N7. ➡ 19





ASC FLIGHT TROPHIES

APPLICATION for XC100 Boomerang Carling McLaughlin

FLIGHT DATA Pilot name _____ Date _____
 Glider type _____ Handicap _____
 Type of flight: Tri O&R Poly Goal Post Dist Alt
 Takeoff point _____
 Landing point _____
 Turnpoints (if used) _____

 Distance or Altitude claimed (both in km)
 Flight details _____

POINTS Basic points are 1 pt/km for distance, or 4H(H + 10) for height (H) in km.
 Bonus factors The basic points are multiplied by the following factors as applicable:
 Goal flight or POST (1.25); O&R, Poly, or Tri (1.50) – if landed out, 1.25 on completed legs; Speed in km/h (0.58 + 0.006 Speed); Sailplane handicap.

I certify that the flight claim is accurate and true. (Strict FAI evidence requirements are not mandatory for an ASC trophy, the person signing need only be convinced that the flight was performed “acceptably”.)

Signature of OO or CFI _____ Date _____

- Boomerang* a flight between clubs (only requires a witness signature that pilot was observed over the goal club airfield).
- XC100* the best five XC flights by a licensed pilot with less than 100 hours P1 at the beginning of the season
- Carling* the best flight in western Canada
- McLaughlin* the best five flights originating in Alberta

If a claim is also being made to SAC for SAC trophies, mail a copy of the SAC trophy form to the ASC trophy chairman. The trophy chairman will score the flight based on the appropriate factors specified (scoring is the same as for SAC trophies except there is no record flight factor). In the section marked “Flight details”, include the lengths of each leg flown between declared turnpoints and last turnpoint to landing point, the high point of an altitude flight as determined from the barogram, the achieved flight speed if a speed bonus is applicable, and any other details to clarify flight.

Trophy claim forms must be received by Dec 15 of the year in which the flight was made (the sooner the better). The chairman’s name and address are listed in ASCent. Inquiries about trophy eligibility are welcomed. This form and sailplane handicap data should be held by the club SOO or CFI.

ASC Council meeting

The meeting was held at the Percy Page Centre, Edmonton on 28 May 1994. Present were:

Executive Marty Slater • president
 John Broomhall • vice president
 Ursula Wiese • secretary
 Denis Bergeron • unable to attend
 Tony Burton • program coordinator

Council *CAGC* Jerry Mulder • president
 Mike Spencer • member
CLSC Randy Blackwell • president
 Paul Frigault • treasurer
Cu Nim Kerry Stevenson • president
 Chris Gadsby • executive member
ESC Dave Puckrin • acting president
 Jack Despres • treasurer
GPSS Walter Mueller • secretary/treasurer

Background

The meeting was called by President Marty Slater to find a solution to the question, "How to distribute the funds from the sale of the Grob and the sailplane replacement fund." Various motions and proposals had been offered at previous meetings and the last AGM, but the "how" was still unanswered. Marty welcomed everybody as a few had to travel long distances and make a two day trip out of it. Except for GPSS, each club had their quota of two voting council members.

The motion which passed at the AGM: *"that the funds from the sale of the sailplane and the existing sailplane fund be set up in an ASC foundation fund as seed money to be used for the betterment of soaring in Alberta as determined by the executive and board by a 2/3 majority"* gave the intent, but there was still no structure to the distribution of the funds. Because of the concerns with respect to the long term impact of this situation, Marty had sent a draft proposal to the clubs for study and comment at this meeting.

Sailplane fund distribution

- ASC initially received a grant of \$10,000 towards the purchase of the sailplane. This money should be used for Cowley, and a Cowley Heritage Fund be established. This proposal was accepted unanimously.
- Divide half the remainder equally among the clubs. This proposal was accepted unanimously.
- Divide remaining half on pro-rata basis by number of club members. On this the question arose: what constitutes a club and a club member? In the past, the Central Alberta Gliding Club operated under the crite-

ria that only power pilots could join their club. This criteria has changed and the club accepts anybody. The question of club membership fees was raised; the lowest was CAGC with \$60 annual, while all other clubs charge between \$250 and \$500, including SAC dues. The higher membership fees are required to make clubs self-supporting, buying equipment, etc. and also support SAC as the national body. CAGC will charge higher fees and also join SAC. At the same time, they are looking into a SAC-guided operation with the assistance of ASC. Jerry Mulder agreed that CAGC would not qualify as recipient of the per member portion of the funds.

A motion passed unanimously that the definition of membership for purposes of dividing these remaining funds be based on the number of regular flying SAC members in each club as of 31 March 1993. (These funds will be distributed over time as the term deposits in the sailplane fund mature.) It was suggested that clubs report on how the funds are eventually used.

Cowley airfield

Marty reported on his meeting with Alberta Transportation. The parties discussed an agreement that ASC operate Cowley airfield for ten years with payment of one dollar per annum, plus a further ten year extension. The mutual indemnification clauses in the agreement have been referred to the insurance company, Sedgwick Limited, and we are awaiting comments from the insurance carrier.

The farmer in Cowley who had looked after the grass cutting etc. before Alberta Transportation took over is again most willing to cut and roll the runways when needed and provide firewood for the summer camp. Estimated cost is \$1500 per year, as the farmer retains the hay and uses the adjacent farmland for his crop. Bruce Hea, Cowley development chairman, is in charge of this project.

Prior to or during the camps, volunteers are needed to further upgrade and/or maintain the buildings, as necessary. ASC also welcomes other user groups such as the air cadets and RC modellers who have used Cowley for some years. We will approach them for support. Several parties such as the RCMP, Bill Odland (Alberta Transportation), the radio control model group and our friendly farmer will keep an eye on the field and inform ASC of any adverse activities.

Towplane use

In the past, clubs have been short of towplanes and the ASC towplane has been very useful to them. With ESC's latest addition, PCK is now more often parked in the hangar than flying. Its duties are earmarked for Cowley camps and the cross-country week at Cu Nim.

If the aircraft isn't flown enough to stay in good condition and support itself, suggestions have been made to sell it. As this option appeared out of the question by all present, Tony Burton proposed that clubs take the responsibility of flying the aircraft at their cost occasionally, whether they needed it or not, as it is in their own long term self interest to do so. CAGC suggested they would be happy to tow with PCK, and offered free hangar space at Red Deer, an ideal central location to our clubs. However, we can only accept their invitation if the conditions of the SAC group insurance are satisfied: that is, the CAGC becomes a SAC-affiliated club, and their towpilots are SAC members.

Kerry Stevenson mentioned that Cu Nim is going to increase the hull value on their Scouts to a more realistic replacement cost of \$50,000 and suggested that ASC follow suit. PCK's insurance will be upgraded.

Cowley registration fee

There was discussion on increasing the Cowley registration fee as a means of offsetting the increased maintenance costs. A \$10 fee was unanimously agreed to.

Marty thanked everybody for the cooperative spirit shown at this meeting, putting past difficulties aside and making everybody welcome. ❖

ODDS & ENDS

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Program Coordinator notes

At this time of the year, I'm trying to get all the Sports Council funds spent — oops, that's now the "Sport, Recreation, Parks and Wildlife Foundation", a mouthful both as a name and an acronym. This job is a whole lot easier if you get your claims in to me soon after your expense has been incurred. After a decent interval, I'm going to assume you don't want the money and put it somewhere else. As always, I encourage pilots to consider ASC when making donations for tax purposes. These donations, accompanied by a letter to "Sportsfund", are mailed to John Broomhall who coordinates donations (1040 – 107 Street, Edmonton, T6J 6H2). I have copies of the cover letter if you want one, and I or our treasurer Denis Bergeron usually mail them out on spec if we think you may be a likely donor.

program of the association. Instructors are perhaps our hardest working and valuable volunteers. ASC pays for their course fee (\$135) and at least half of their flying, travel and other costs — it's money well spent.

Some congratulations Hearty congratulations to the students who soloed this summer – Darcy Lefsrud (GPSS), Richard Lewanczuk (ESC), Mike Swendsen and Mike Morgan (Cu Nim), and Tom Hacking (CLSC); to those earning their licences – Steve Hosier (Cu Nim), Ken Freeland (ESC), Alain Daniel, Tom Hacking, and Mark Lawrysyn (CLSC); to Buzz Burwash (ESC) and Dave Mercer (CLSC) for completing their Diamond distances; to Dave Marsden (ESC) for getting the mighty Sigma flying again after a dozen year lapse, and lastly to Randy Blackwell (CLSC) on getting himself married in August. ❖

Very good news is that the 20% cut in grants to all the Alberta sports associations suffered this spring actually came back to us (\$7,700 for this year only) a couple of months ago. The reason is due to how bureaucracies must manage budgets. The old Sport Council and Alberta Recreation & Parks support to sports was combined and given to the new Foundation as a means of cutting the cost of sport out of the provincial budget. The old R&P used to provide basic operating funding to associations, and with that gone, total funding dropped. As I understand it, the Sport Council had accumulated over time more than a million dollars in unspent lottery funds which was off to one side on the books for "rainy day" use, and this little nest egg had to be distributed before Sport Council was dissolved, it couldn't be transferred, hence our unexpected gift.

my second 500 ...

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As for completing the 500 kilometre flight for my last Diamond, I was rather reserved as I reflected on my first 500 "non-flight", I still had a minefield to go through. The first was that rushed turnpoint photo at Stettler. Did I get it right? The second was the mark Graham had put on the canopy, would it show in the pictures? Somehow I wished he would have marked the leading edge of the wing with some electrical tape to satisfy the bureaucracy. It's no wonder I hear many say they can't be bothered chasing Diamonds as there is a second paper flight to be made which can put you down quicker than having no thermals. Well, I'll just hold my excitement about the flight until the verdict is in to see if it ever took place for recognition or a technicality says it never happened — again.

A lot of support is going to our new instructors who attended the Instructor School at Chipman, in part because eight Alberta pilots went. The extra grant money above helps. The ASC guideline used in financial support is that no person or club shall be out of pocket for *reasonable* expenses incurred as a result of supporting a

The big joy for this day may have been my dad's first sailplane flight. Rick Dawe had gone up in the club's Puchacz and offered the empty seat to my dad. The sun set on the day with my dad recounting the great flight which he had for over an hour with Rick. ❖

SAFETY CORNER

Rod Crutcher

THE COWLEY SUMMER CAMP was both safe and fun. In my dual role as SAC Alberta Zone and ASC Safety Officer, I tried an experiment to see if safety and instructional themes could be woven into camp activities in a natural way. From the reaction I got, the experiment was a success. I decided to adopt the “short snapper” format — an educational technique commonly used in the world of continuing medical education. In essence, the format involves choosing a specific theme and presenting the highlights in a succinct and friendly manner. Relevance, brevity, and participant interaction are key components. On introducing the idea, the response at the first meeting wasn't overwhelming, but people approached me individually during the day and suggested topics. It was simple to develop an agenda, and the interactive presentations were integrated into the morning pilots meetings.

I asked Jos Jonkers to give a talk the following morning on tips to optimally and safely enter a gaggle of thermaling gliders. Jos talked about careful planning and the technique of “circling the wagons” (my metaphor) in which one flies a gradually narrowing spiral around the gaggle until it is possible to enter optimally positioned both to see and be seen. Energy control is important but clearly it is necessary at times to sacrifice optimal energy use (converting speed to height) for safety in which a wider circle prior to entry may well be necessary. Knowing the pilots you are thermaling with helps, but if there is discomfort with the traffic during thermaling, leaving to find other lift is well advised. Jos also reviewed techniques that can be used when one glider is out-thermaling another. There was considerable discussion, and Jos' thoughtful review was appreciated.

The following day, Rick Zabrodski and I gave a talk on hypoxia. I looked at oxygen problems from a general medical perspective and Rick focused on the aviation aspects. We didn't emphasize the high altitude problems, but rather the subtle effects such as judgement impairment from being at or above 10,000 feet without oxygen. The symptoms of hypoxia were reviewed and the point was made that the regulations on oxygen use are unequivocal for a reason — all pilots, macho attitudes notwithstanding — will experience hypoxia if above 10,000 feet for more than a half hour without supplemental oxygen. Although it is difficult to quantify the detrimental effect of this on one's airmanship,

there is no question that a performance loss does occur with the attendant safety risk both to oneself and others. Yes — many have done it, some with only a “euphoric” feeling, others with headaches, and others with near disaster! The bottom line, from my experience, is that the danger of hypoxia at altitudes readily achievable under thermal conditions on average days at Cowley is often underrated. Having the oxygen turned on before every flight makes a great deal of sense.

Kevin Bennett and Jos gave a talk the next morning on high speed finishes. Both emphasized the fact that there *is* a place for this in soaring — particularly in competitions. The hazards of “mimicking” the contest finish without proper training were reviewed. We would not expect pilots to learn spin recovery techniques without understanding the theory and doing supervised practice; the same should apply to this maneuver. Any high speed maneuver near the ground has little margin for error, so practising one's first beat-up at 100 feet clearly compromises a healthy landing! Kevin and Jos emphasized the considerable preparation which goes into such a finish. There was much interesting discussion regarding this presentation, and I think everyone developed a greater appreciation for the care and graduated practise that must go into learning how to perform a contest finish safely.

The final day's talk consisted of a panel: Tony Burton, Dick Mamini, and Kevin, who addressed issues related to mountain soaring. The mountains near Cowley are accessible and inviting, and it is not uncommon to hear a few pilots raving about the lift they have run into over the Continental Divide. The reality is that not all pilots can get there, and that not all *should* get there. The principles of mountain soaring were reviewed with an emphasis on safety and recognizing that this is very much a gradually acquired skill. The need to be *constantly* aware of the wind direction, terrain, and sun was emphasized, as was the necessity of *always* having a safe out. They agreed that mountain soaring was a skill that they learned over a considerable period of time, often under the helpful guidance of a more experienced pilot. Participating in mountain soaring camps such as the BC Soaring Safari, in which core skills are reviewed and practised, is a good way to facilitate such skill development.

It was gratifying to note the amount of discussion that the safety talks generated. The “short snapper” format allowed safety themes to become at least a little more integrated into the summer camp and I propose that this be continued at future meets. Certainly, relying on the collective expertise of all the gathered pilots adds a great deal of depth and richness to our camp, and everyone present learned a little which should make their soaring both fun and a little safer. ❖

CLUB NEWS & GOSSIP

Cold Lake Soaring Club

Our club has been enjoying the new Twin Astir in some of the best soaring conditions we have seen for two years. So far, we have brought three students up to licence stage, and have upgraded many of our newer pilots into the 1-26 and the Astir. Several of our members attended the Cowley Summer Camp and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. We expect that some will go to the Wave Camp as well. Two of our instructors recently attended the SAC Western Instructors Course at Chipman — they came home full of good ideas and spoke highly of the course.

Our hangar construction is ready to proceed except that our site approval has been delayed pending the fallout of other base closures and possible relocations to Cold Lake. I hope that we can still start construction in 1994. This fall we will conduct autotow trials as a means of lowering our operating costs and to augment our aerotowing. Finally we are looking ahead to 1996 when our club will celebrate its 25th anniversary. Plans are early, but we would like to host a reunion of all current and former CLSC members combined with an open house inviting all Alberta clubs to enjoy a weekend of Cold Lake hospitality and thermals. Stay tuned!

Randy Blackwell

Grande Prairie Soaring Society

GPSS has pulled itself up from almost no activity last year to a good club effort with the addition of three very active new members. Bryan Lynch, who is also CO of the local Air Cadet squadron, and Dave Olsen joined this year and have flown a lot — they both earned their licences through the cadets, and we soloed one *ab initio* student, Darcy Lefsrud. We have been winching from Beaverlodge airport and up to the Labour Day weekend have had 17 flying days with 190 flights on the Blanik, and Les Oilund has had nine flights in his Phoebus.

Walter Mueller

Edmonton Soaring Club

ESC has enjoyed a mediocre flying season this year, with weather more cooperative than in 1993, but with some reduction in flying due to fewer members. For the first time in over ten years the club finds itself entirely debt free. The ESC debt started in earnest in 1984 with the construction of the clubhouse, and it grew again with the purchase of the Puchacz in 1992

and the second Pawnee in 1993. While the club had been paying down the debt on a schedule which would have seen it retired by late 1995, the share of the funds we received from the sale of the ASC Grob allowed an early payout. With declining membership (just over 50 this year), the club is positioning itself for leaner times.

The SAC Western Instructor School was held at Chipman 14–19 August. The weather cooperated mostly, with only one day rained out. About 12 participants came from all four western provinces, with eight representatives from Edmonton, Calgary, and Cold Lake.

John Broomhall

Central Alberta Gliding Club

The CAGC has kept busy this summer. A grass strip at the Red Deer airport was built parallel to runway 11–29 and used in cooperation with Sky Wings; this keeps us flying during the summer month when Innisfail is used by the Air Cadets. A number of fam flights to prospective pilots have been done and some enthusiastic people walked away after these events. We are looking forward to a busy fall and winter with flying, rebuilding the winch, and recovering the fuselage of our 2-22 after the flying season.

Jerry Mulder

Cu Nim Gliding Club

Cu Nim has been having an excellent season with the best weather in a few years, although the latter half of the year hasn't been conducive for cross-country. The cross-country week and the provincials were great successes and are no doubt reported elsewhere in this issue. Two of our club meetings this year featured guest speakers. The first was Jamie Roth from Transport Canada who gave a seminar on pilot decision making, and the second was André Dumas, a past member of Cu Nim, who has moved back to Calgary from living in France and Indonesia. He has acquired hangar space at Calgary airport, and work is advancing on a very nice two-place composite powered motor-glider of his own design.

The big weight is finally over for Loraine Fowlow, when a daughter was born to her and Dave on 2 September. They were so sure it was going to be a boy, they had no name chosen for a girl. That produced many suggestions from everyone who attended Iain Colquhoun's big 50th birthday party the next day held in front of the hangar with games, lots of food, beer, and music laid on. Over eighty people were present! Oh, the majority suggestion for a name was "Cirrus".

Kerry Stevenson

phantom retrieve*continued from 7*

Vulcan, the clouds looked bad or non-existent as far as the eye could see. On top of that, it was getting late. No, nobody's coming home from there, but by landing that far away Karin would at least pick up her Silver distance, unlike my trip two days before.

We mulled over the situation for a few minutes, and decided that waiting for a phone call on the last day of a contest, particularly when the retrieve was likely to be fairly long, was as good way to be late for work the next morning. Kevin Bennett had already landed and put the airplane away, and was about to go home. He and Joanne left a card giving Karin warm congratulations on completing her 50 kilometres. I thought of the barograph I had sealed that morning and put in Fruit Juice, and the measurements and calculations for the close-in 50 kilometres that I and my teammates were now all-too-familiar with. Yeah, she'd probably get it. Chris' car was the designated FJ retrieve vehicle, but he was a little tied up with all those finishing airplanes and stuff, so I took one of the students from the Blanik teams, John Monroe, and headed out. The plan was to make some stops along the way, phoning back for detailed directions.

Well, that particular car/trailer combination just wasn't very stable; 80 km/h is about as fast as we wanted to go. We stopped at Aldersyde, stocked up on junk food, and phoned back. It had already been half an hour, but no word as yet. We waddled on down Highway 2 in the slow lane, talking about speed skating, amateur sport, club culture and politics, and above all, soaring.

We finally got to Vulcan about 6:00. It was hard to believe that Vulcan is only 70 air kilometres away from our home field at Black Diamond. We squeezed our way into a truck stop (it only takes a couple double-parked semis to plug things up) and found the phone and more junk food. After a seemingly endless wait for another patron to complete a local call, John got on the blower and asked where Karin was at. I listened to a conversation that went something like this:

"No, I'll believe it. No, really."
 "She's *what?*"
 "Are you *sure?*"
 "OK, I'll wait."

Thirty seconds went by in silence.

"OK, OK. We'll see you in a bit."

John hung up, turned to me and said: "She's turning base ..." — *how* do you know, I thought, she's landing in a field somewhere — "... in Black Diamond." ❖

across the rocks*continued from 11*

port and therefore the cheapest tow. After a very turbulent struggle, a very strong bubble sent me sailing up to the level of the lookout tower, and the Forest Ranger and I exchanged greetings. But the momentary triumph of being on top of the first mountain was short-lived as my next pass through the same area produced such strong and persistent sink that I was driven down to below release height in one pass along the rock face. More struggling, but eventually a bubble got me high enough above the face that thermaling was safe and soon we were at cloudbase at 12,000, though it was a disappointing 3000 feet lower than the day before.

The Howse Pass cuts through two of the largest icefields in the Rocky Mountains, the Wapta and the Freshfield Icefields. Parts of this flight were incredibly beautiful and parts were quite stressful. While I was flying over Golden to the airport, a former glider pilot from Germany sitting on his front porch was shocked to see a glider overhead. He rushed to the airport and was very useful in helping me secure ALT, and he also loaned me his tent so I could watch over the glider at night.

....

This flight was my first really dangerous mountain flight. Looking back on it, I will add some thoughts (tempered by old age) on my state of preparedness for this flight. (*Remember, do as I say, not as I do.*)

On the positive side, I had lots and lots of mountain flying and ridge experience, and even more wave flying experience. Therefore, I was very confident (perhaps overconfident) of my flying skills.

On the negative side, however:

- I had less than 100 hours in my newly built HP-14 (not enough).
- The wings were not yet filled so I didn't have that extra edge. (I was to find that this was quite significant after I did profile the wings.)
- I was totally unprepared as far as navigation, charts, etc (used a Shell road map). I copied the location of the Golden airport from a MoT map only to find that MoT had the location of the airport on the wrong side of the highway. This caused me a lot of grief when I first arrived over Golden.
- However, the stupidest thing was having no emergency gear whatever. Had I survived a crash (which is quite possible as many have proven), I surely would have died of exposure. The day after this flight, the whole area was covered with 18 inches of snow causing total chaos amongst summer travellers on the Icefields Parkway. Since this flight I have a space blanket, flares, matches and a signal mirror permanently installed in my aircraft. Not much, but better than nothing. ❖

THINGS DONE and TO-DO'S at COWLEY

Bruce Hea,

Cowley Development Chairman

<i>Done:</i>	Cost
Field maintenance — by Jim Parker and sons	\$0
• cutting grass	
• supplying wood	
• garbage removal	
• roll runway as required	
• fertilize runway intersection and 200 ft of 11	
• reseed grass full width of 11/29 past intersection	
Chemical disinfectant in toilets	\$35
MD contacted to supply gravel for use around camp area and road	?
New hasp and lock on shack door	\$10
Mice permanently evicted from shack (maybe)	

To do (over next two years):

Gravel camp roads — 30 yds washed gravel	\$?
Reroof camp kitchen (1000 ft ²)	\$400–1000
Repaint camp kitchen	\$100
Toilets pumped out and recharged with water	\$200

Vent pipe added to east toilet	\$100
Demark trailer parking lines	\$0
Highway cones to mark north edge runway 11	\$0
Repaint runway 11 cone markers flor. orange	\$12
Water cistern, replace rusted down pipe, locks	\$15
Water supply (annual)	\$75
Speed limit signs (10 km/h on camp road)	\$60
Toilet chemicals, deodorizer, paper (annual)	\$80
Contact air cadets to have the occasional cadet gliding operations at the field manage their own garbage and toilet cleanup.	

The estimated costs noted here are for materials only, all labour will be done by volunteer effort. Gravel could be a large expense, but there is a good chance that the MD may support us to some degree with this.

I also propose that a replica of the plaque which is on the Centre Peak cairn be mounted between the flagpoles in 1997 for the 25th annual camp, and that the Jack Davies memorial plaque be moved to Cu Nim. ❖

OBSERVATIONS

continued from 9

right then and there. Think about it. Yes, we all have done our share before, but we still have to continue pay our volunteering dues now. If you aren't part of the flightline solution, you are part of the problem.

- *registration fee* There are costs in operating Cowley, more so now that ASC is in charge of the airfield. Cowley operations should be self-supporting, but it's difficult to budget on the summer revenue only. Besides, the last four years have shown a steady decline in participation. The cost of ferrying towplanes, oxygen, toiletries, telephone, water hauling, etc. is much the same whether 50 pilots go or 80; more participants pay more, but the expenses are higher. The small registration fee, payable by every single pilot who is flying at the camp even if it's only for one single flight, helps offset and spread evenly these overhead costs.

A suggestion was made that the tow tickets bear a surcharge rather than having a registration fee. The trouble with that idea is that the students who do concentrated flying several times a day besides working their butts off at the flight line would be unnecessarily penalized. The short term visitor sees a modest increase in the price of flying, but then he hasn't added any sweat equity to the camp operation either, so some fairness is to be considered.

- *games with wimpies* If the lift doesn't look too good, you have the choice of going the extra 1000 feet with the wimpy sticker. We hope that not too many pilots misuse it by playing 'wimpy roulette' on tow. It's a hassle for the towpilot to dig out the ticket for reimbursement if you pulled off early to save the \$8, for Tony who is trying to match tow ticket use against the flight sheet data each night and for whoever does the camp finances. Please consider this when you take to the air that your convenience will cause the inconvenience of somebody else — don't do a wimpy tow on the presumption that you won't use it. And remember — if you buy extra tickets in the morning, you won't have to beg for them from other pilots in the afternoon.

- *passenger flights* "Holy cow, fifty bucks!", you shouted. Now that made a great impression on visitors to the flightline — ASC rips off people who have dropped in for a ride! Wait a minute friend, you probably pay more than that for a flight if you include your annual club membership fees, your insurance premiums, sailplane rental (or your loan payments), etc. I believe our passengers and friends receive a wonderful gift package, nicely wrapped up and decorated with a pretty pink bow for the price. Next time you hear "fifty dollars" in answer to your question, take a deep breath and present the gift to your friend with a smile. Any other suggestions? ❖

return address
Box 1916, Claresholm, AB T0L 0T0

ASC meeting
PLANNING
FOR 1995

Calgary, 5 November, 10 am,
SRP&W boardroom,
450, 101 – 6 Avenue SW

Each club is requested to send members of their executive and other interested pilots to do the initial planning for next year's ASC events and how their club activities will tie into them.

Please bring along a list of your club events and dates held in 1994, and any information you may have on planned '95 club activities.

to: