

AScent

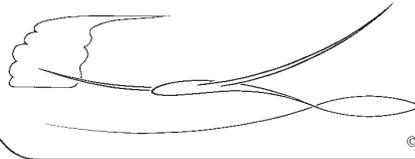
the journal of the Alberta Soaring Council



Summer 1995

ASCent

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Cover

It was good to see the Grande Prairie bunch back at the Cowley Summer Camp once again with their Blanik. The towplane has just arrived to launch Walter Mueller. *photo: Tony Burton*

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Editorial notes

Thanks to Gerald Ince for the beautifully composed cover photo you will see on the 5/95 *free flight*. Such a photo is rarely a lucky snapshot — in this instance he went through a whole roll of film while in an extended formation flight with EE at Cowley to get two or three ‘keepers’. A good photo requires planning.

Speaking of planning, put 18 November down on your calendar for the fall ASC meeting to consider the plans for 1996 events. See the note on page 15. ESC is having its awards dinner the same evening, so if any of you out-of-towners are interested in attending, contact John Broomhall.

It’s time for someone other than an ESC member to accept a term as ASC president. It’s not onerous, and now is the time to think about it before the pressure of the annual AGM. Ask Marty about the job if you want to do your share of some basic volunteer work for soaring on the best organized provincial body in Canada.

ASC must have more hard data on club day members (interested visitors given introductory flights) and on associate and family members, etc. not usually placed on club membership lists. In the recent past, the total number of persons involved in the sport who are *not* regular full flying members of clubs has been estimated to be about three to one, based on historical data. The funding people are insisting on the names by 1997 at the latest, so if ASC is to retain its current status, clubs must be diligent in listing *everyone* associated with the sport. More later.



from the president ...

IT SEEMS THAT EVERY YEAR that I've been writing these things, the one for this time of year contains some mention of the mediocre weather we had. Well, not this year. Nosiree! It was abysmal! At least it was here in Edmonton. Overall in Alberta, I think the year went something like this:

Fires in the north. Floods in the south.
Some fire relief in the north. Rising waters in the foothills.
Hail in Edmonton. Rain in Calgary.
30's in the southwest. Rain and cold August in Edmonton, blah, blah, blah ...
(and by the time you read this we will probably have had drifting snow!)

Actually, clubwise, Edmonton has staged a comeback of sorts this year. The club really got on the promotion bandwagon to raise the profile of soaring. As a result we have a good group of students and have introduced many people to soaring.

I haven't been in touch with the clubs much lately, but second hand info indicates Red Deer is going full tilt with their refurbished 2-22 and newly acquired Bergfalke. They were doing winch demos at the Red Deer Airshow. (Oh yeah, the weather was mostly lousy for that, too).

A contingent from Grande Prairie made it to Cowley. The new trailer for their Blanik will certainly allow them to expand their cross-country horizons.

As you know, Cold Lake has been awarded the Nationals to be held in Red Deer next year, so we will all be asked to help out. It will be a great opportunity to showcase what we can do as a group in an excellent soaring spot.

We are okay for now on funding, but a meeting of all the sport associations will be held in Edmonton in November to discuss changing funding criteria and other matters. With the pot shrinking, the eligibility requirements are being tightened up. We meet the requirements now, but to maintain our eligibility and current funding levels into 1997, we now *need* regular day member information from all clubs. Thanks to all those who have been sending it to Ursula.

Cowley sustained some vandalism to the cookshack, and work was required on the (ahem) disposal facilities. Thanks to all who took time away from their flying to pitch in to complete a lot of maintenance.

Lastly, it may seem like I'm starting early, but I will not stand for re-election for sure next year. Please give some thought to suitable candidates and discuss it with them. I'll get one more kick at pleading and crying in the next issue, so be warned! It's time for new blood.

Marty.



Dave Mercer, Tony Burton, and Rod Crutcher

The Cold Lake guys were running the contest this year. Dave Mercer was CD as he was without his RS-15, and was practising to be a Nationals contest 'God'. The competitor list was short again — some pilots chose to fly in Golden instead and, as happened last year, I think a few pilots got scared off by the so-so weather forecast. Remember, you don't need badge weather to have a successful contest, you just have to be able to stay up a few hours. A couple of other pilots who did show up turned around and left after the first day or on the last (and best) day. Unbelievable! What has happened to the historic blind optimism of glider pilots?

Dave For the first time in its history, CLSC tackled the responsibility of hosting and running the Alberta Provincial Soaring Contest. It proved to be a valuable learning experience for the club. The intention was to gain understanding towards our greatest undertaking ever, the Canadian Nationals in Red Deer next year, 25 June to 5 July.

Our goal from the outset was to provide a safe, incident free and fun contest, with rules that would cater to the first-time competitor while still challenge the more experienced. Due to the wide variety of aircraft pilots would be participating with, the most even format was to be PST tasking. We also wanted to run the contest as a mini-rehearsal for the Nationals. We would have to learn everything as we went along. Only two of the staff had any contest experience, and one staff member as a competitor only. Some staff had never seen a high performance sailplane before. However, I was confident the learning curve would be steep. There were only a token number of complaints, thankfully, which only temporarily deflated the volunteers who made the contest possible.

We met only part of our primary goal. We had an unfortunate rash of incidents and an accident. There were no injuries, but it did serve as a strong warning, and proved an excellent lesson learned. That lesson being: people will make errors and/or mistakes when put in unfamiliar surroundings, especially when compounded by the pressure to perform. Usually errors can be corrected before a chain of events leads to an incident or accident. Mistakes, on the other hand, are often nails in the coffin.

Two of the three days were contest days, making it an official contest. The weather on each day was both spectacular and severe. The first day had no finishers, due to heavy downpours over Innisfail, and the second day was a classic (ordinary?) cross-country day.

20 May A low pressure system influencing the Innisfail area sat to the westnorthwest over the Rockies. It was forecast to track south along the BC/Alberta border providing clearing conditions. The system instead crossed north of Rocky Mountain House and then over top of Innisfail. The 'CuSonde' was flat after the morning sounding, showing thermals of zero knots! Local showers and TCU surrounded Innisfail at grid time. A sniffer was able to remain airborne at 3000 agl in a thermal of three knots and the decision was made to launch. This lift turned out to be TCU inflow. Showers swiftly approached the field before anyone got away, washing everyone out of the sky. A competitor thought the CD might award points for getting a start photo. It was a valiant effort, and although achieving more distance than any other competitor that day (0.0 km after the start photo!), the decision was made to throw in the towel. The contest bedded down for the night amongst cooling conditions and Cbs.

Tony Yep, the day was basically dead. Some flattish overdeveloping cu showed up and I was launched as the sniffer and found a couple of knots or so for a short time above release height, but was only able to stay up for 45 minutes. The forecast was for rain and cool temperatures overnight, so Ursula and I chickened out and stayed in a motel rather than camp. As we were eating dinner it really poured, and then the rain turned to snow! Not a very propitious day to begin the weekend. The next morning while we drove out to the airport, the news reports told of 10 cm snowfalls around Calgary. The snow line around the local countryside was about at eye level, so a broad area to the southwest of Innisfail which was a little higher than the airport was completely white.

21 May, Day 1

Dave The low pressure system that forced the yesterday's scrub rested just north of Medicine Hat. Innisfail

remained affected by it during the morning. The 'CuSonde' showed instability, but only zero to one knot. The task called was a 3 hour PST. Clearing skies to the north in a narrow band of drying conditions was replaced by TCU and Cb development from another system centred 160 kilometres to the northwest. A large cell developing out of this airmass rolled through just minutes after the start gate opened, with heavy showers sweeping over Innisfail. Al Sunley and Paul Scott were unable to get away from the field as a result.

Shortly after most of the competitors started, there was a clip of a radio transmission that a glider was down in a field short off the runway upside down! Amongst the confusion and reduced visibility of the rain, it was difficult to pinpoint the location and the nature of the accident. It was not known if there were injuries, or the status of this accident for an agonizingly long time.

Indeed a glider had pranged off the end of the runway, but it wasn't upside down. Although the final report will clarify all the factors involved, the apparent cause was the failure of a flap on the Pik-20. Whether both sides were hooked up before launch may not be known, but the pilot mentioned he did not perform a positive control check after rigging.

The pilot did state that he became aware of a flight control problem not long after release. While applying flaps thermalling, he experienced a rolling moment which became more severe as more flap was applied. He found he could remain airborne and proceeded west away from the approaching shower. Unable to remain airborne to the west though, he chose to return to Innisfail which was being overrun by the rain. The pilot found he couldn't make Innisfail due to heavy sink so he chose a field short of the runway. Seeing an obstruction ahead, flap was applied to control glidepath, which forced a wing into the ground at the flare. The glider then twisted in a high speed groundloop, break-

ing the fuselage near the tail. The pilot was not injured.

The staff felt the day could not get any worse. It was a lousy, but sobering, introduction to running a contest. To make the day complete, all competitors who managed to start landed out.

The day brightened somewhat by the report of the day's winner, Rod Crutcher. His post-flight comment was that he had never flown so fast for so long. He landed south of Innisfail at Didsbury airport after a long run scurrying from one turnpoint to another while being chased by the front. Honourable mention goes to Paul Frigault, our hometown boy in a 1-26, who did very well in his first ever contest day.

Tony was given a 50 point photo penalty, though really through no fault of his own. His camera, possibly due to a static discharge, did not show the time of day on his landout photo. Scored by using radio transmissions and the time he telephoned in, narrowed his landing time to within 10 minutes. This is a good argument for recording GPSs or backup cameras!

(Yes, it sure was my fault. You should always check the time/date window on the back of the camera to see if the time is showing before taking a photo that requires the time! That's why you drill the little hole in the cover plate to allow the data LCD to be reset if necessary. Tony)

Rod The day looked promising. Wet ground, but enough instability and sun to create high energy paths for at least a few hours. I was well rested, and looking forward to a fun flight — I wasn't disappointed.

After the tow, I scratched around in broken lift near the airport while others, having launched both earlier and later, soared over me. It seemed like this was going to be a day to get high and stay high. Shortly before

1995 PROVINCIAL SOARING CONTEST — Innisfail					Day 1 – 3h PST				Day 2 – 4h PST				total pts
					km	km/h	day pts		km	km/h	day pts		
1	Tony Burton	EE	RS-15	1.05	271.8	0.0	p893 3		317.7	79.4	1000 1		1893
2	Rod Crutcher	26	Ventus	0.93	226.9	0.0	1000 1		250.3	62.6	517 3		1517
3	Terry Southwood	PM	ASW-20	0.93	174.8	0.0	650 4		261.0	65.3	578 2		1228
4	Paul Frigault	QL	1-26	1.68	133.1	0.0	885 2		0.0	0.0	0 5		885
5	Hay/Ince	54	Mini-Nim	0.99	dnc	0.0	0 6		181.5	45.4	262 4		262
6	Lee Coates	TC	Pik-20B	0.95	23.4	0.0	88 5		dnc	0.0	0 5		88
7	Al Sunley	JJ	Jantar Std	1.00	0.0	0.0	0 6		dnc	0.0	0 5		0
8	Paul Scott	TA	Pilatus	1.31	0.0	0.0	0 6		dnc	0.0	0 5		0

the gate opened I made the decision to fly to the east, and shortly after I connected with air going up and climbed to cloudbase, took my picture, and rocketed east. I discovered that Terry Southwood in PM and Tony Burton in EE were also going east and were several miles ahead of me. I caught up, and we flew under a large shelf that provided minimal sink and pockets of strong lift with little need to turn.

After 35 km or so EE decided to head a little further east while PM and my bird, 26, took a southeasterly route towards Elnora. After taking a picture at Elnora, I headed to the southwest, while I made up my mind where I wanted to go next. I initially thought going south to Three Hills might work, but after losing a thousand feet or so in significant sink I became cautious. A large cell was developing to the northwest. It looked a bit nasty, with a lot of dark and cool ground underneath it, but it did have a partially defined shelf on its leading edge and it seemed to me that I just might be able to reach it and fly west for a while. If it didn't work there were lots of fields in which to land, and it was certainly likely to be some form of lift further south if I needed to make a quick exit.

I left the silent company of PM and headed cautiously towards this highway. Having landed out on most flights in most contests, I consoled myself by thinking that at least I was flying back towards Innisfail and I might minimize the retrieve. As I approached the shelf, I lost another 800 feet but soon I was flying straight ahead and climbing at 6–8 knots! Several minutes later, I was near cloudbase and found that I could fly this street at 100 knots and not lose any altitude. I soon arrived at Olds, took my picture and decided this was so much fun I would do it again.

The cell was moving in a southwesterly direction. It seemed to me that I might be able to continue to fly just in front of it for a while more and I might be able to get around the west end of it when I needed to — even the east end, although less defined, might be accessible. (*The east side was working, and it allowed EE a steady cruise from Big Valley south to Drumheller and north again to Stettler. Tony*) All smiles, I flew back east to Three Hills at 100–110 knots and not a turn. I recalled that when circling, cross-country speed is zero — so things were going all right so far. After Three Hills, I flew back west as the cell drifted further south.

Now over Didsbury, I was bemused to note this wasn't a turnpoint this year — "How could the organizers have missed this opportunity", I wondered. Now I had to really think. I considered flying west to Sundre, but the cell looked to be breaking up in that direction. Going northwards to home base looked a little bleak, so I left the comfort of this high energy shelf and

settled for some broken thermals on the way south to Carstairs. I knew I could rejoin the shelf and head east again, but getting home is part of the game I reminded myself — and I thought it likely that others would make it back and it would be such a waste to lose all my speed points if I landed out. So, after two hours and my Carstairs photo, I headed north and flew into the dead air behind the aerial superhighway.

I had lots of time remaining, but not lots of height. I ventured a little east, and then a little west — clouds that should have worked did not. The air above the shaded ground, now just coming into the sun, was perfectly still. Flying slowly and ever downwards, I thought that this did not seem like the way to end such a fun flight. The idea of ending up in one of the many mudflats underneath was not very appealing, so I inched towards the Olds-Didsbury airport, looking for skyhooks. There were none. I drifted around nearby fields for the next 20 minutes or so, waiting for something to happen. Of course it did — I arrived at circuit height and landed. The friendly folks at the airport helped me push my bird towards safe quarters while I reflected on the intriguing contrasts of our sport. My crew arrived before long — one of their shorter retrievers I might add — and I learned that they thought no one else had made it home yet. I was sure EE and PM were on their long final glides back to homebase, but I smiled and thought that this flight was fun even though, again, I didn't end up where I intended.

I learned later that no one made it home that day, and that although others stayed in the air longer, I managed to fly the greatest distance — 271 kilometres. This was, of course, fuel for Tony's fire — he made sure the next day that I was adequately smoked. There is something about soaring that is of constant intrigue and appeal; something that is not really explicable but captures our imagination. This day was special, and will remain so for a long time.

22 May, Day 2

Dave The day looked promising with the airmass moist and unstable. The 'CuSonde' said three to four knots average maximum strength by midafternoon. The task called was a 4 hour PST. Cu formed on time and looked good so the grid launched a few minutes early. The upper winds of 20+ knots caused problems only later in the day by making thermals broken and difficult to find and centre. All who started finished except the 1-26 which made no turnpoints due to the strong wind. A few were under time however, choosing to get less speed points rather than risk landing out, as the conditions became more difficult in the late afternoon. Ever the battler, Tony won the day and the contest with a flight of 317.7 km at 79.4 km/h.

Tony The forecast was much better today. Typical lift was 4 knots and there were the occasional 6 knotters if you could find them. The wind was moderate out of the northwest with a risk of overdevelopment out of the north also. By the time the gate opened, the cu to the north and northeast did indeed seem to be spreading out and the ground north of Red Deer appeared to be considerably shaded. I thought that there was a good possibility that this condition would spread south and cut off lift, perhaps giving us another distance day. The best strategy seemed to be to go upwind as far as possible towards the overdevelopment, then go south or southeast, staying in the sun to rack up the distance for as long as possible. (As it turned out, the air stayed drier to the south and there was no worry about the day shutting down.)

So, after starting as high as possible, I headed north towards Sylvan Lake, with Eckville or Rimby as the first turnpoint as the lift directed me. A few cu lined up towards Rimbey so I got there, a little slowly but high. The wet ground in this area was producing a lot of no-lift clouds. Turning around, the cu looked much better to the south than the southeast so I headed south with Caroline or Sundre as targets. The drift was helping but I didn't get a good climb until I got south of Eckville where the ground was drier and better drained over small rises of ground.

As the conditions looked much improved, I kept pushing at 70–75 knots and got a little low east of Caroline where, finally, a small 6 knot thermal got me up to cloudbase around 8000 feet. That gave me a run to Sundre where I got another decent climb. Then, heading generally northeast back towards Innisfail, it still looked OK but I seemed to be flying between all the good thermals and into all the sink and lost a lot of height fast. (In retrospect, I think it was because I was following the somewhat lower and perhaps damper ground of the shallow Red Deer River drainage area.) Soon I was down to 1500 agl, turned right, and drifted carefully southeast towards Olds. I eventually got back up to cruising height again in a thermal over the highway between Olds and Sundre.

After that, a couple of good cu got me downwind over Didsbury where I flew east towards Three Hills. The cu were getting a little thinner now but a bit more consistent, and I turned Three Hills with time to get back home with Dickson Dam added in. However, the headwind was a bit more than I bargained for, so I headed straight back home and finished about five minutes after the four hours. My total distance was 324 kilometres which was proportioned back to 318 for the small overtime. The distance turned out to be significantly longer than Rod's, so it got me the day and the contest.

Dave Thanks to comments and suggestions made by pilots and crews after the contest, we began to feel more confident about proceeding onward to next year. Time permitting, next year's Provincials will be held in Red Deer so we can get our infrastructure in place for the Nationals.

Of the lessons learned, most important was the realization of how unprepared we were for an accident. A very specific drill needs to be put in place where a rapid reacting team does very specific functions in an emergency. It must also be tested in a "fire drill" manner. Communications are essential and must be detailed and accurate. We felt rather well prepared in most other areas administratively and logistically. Where we found we could improve the most was in the flight line operations. We had many green people helping on the line, and sometimes we needed more running bodies during the launch. After intentionally going to participate on the flight line at the 1995 Nationals in Pendleton, I have a very good idea of who to place where, and how to make the line move smoothly.

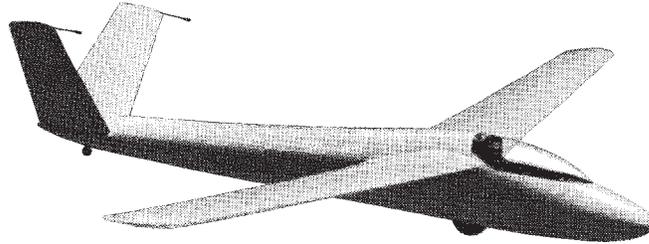
I was proud of the manner in which the many new and inexperienced members from Cold Lake conducted themselves. They displayed patience and initiative in conducting the various tasks they were asked, and sometimes not asked to do. I hope "my" people will accept the offer to continue in preparing and running the upcoming contests with as much enthusiasm as before.

The names to remember are: Todd Benko, who did great work as the Met Guy; Randy Blackwell, who did the Contest Manager stuff, and towed too; Karla Callbeck, who despite a thrown out back, still came down to help run the office; Carl Cottrell, who was glued to a towplane; Tom Hacking, who did everything but fly, ie. flight line, crewing, running errands, etc.; Grant Humphrey, who was also glued to a towplane; and Paul Pentek, who showed the new folks how to do all the flight line chores as well as direct the launch operation.

I would also like to thank the following for their work and dedication who came to help from clubs other than Cold Lake: George Dunbar, Cu Nim, who provided a wealth of knowledge and experience, and while hiding behind a computer, scored a bit too; Jerry Mulder, Central Alberta GC, who laid the foundation with the locals in Innisfail and Red Deer, and John Mulder, Central Alberta GC, who gave us a hand with hangar space during the crummy weather.

Final congratulations go to Tony Burton from Cu Nim, the 1995 Alberta Champion. Good work in the come-from-behind victory. Next year will be challenging, as there will be many new faces nipping at your heels! ☺

My lucky day



Bruce Friesen
from the ESC *Towline*

I awoke to the sound of a gusty northwesterly and a clear blue sky. Oh no! For the first time in years I was at the field without a tow vehicle, and it might be THE DAY! The day I had been waiting for, to make a really long downwind flight. The weather forecast was not encouraging, calling for towering cumulus and possible thunderstorms by 2 pm all over central Alberta and Saskatchewan. Cloudbase was predicted at 6000 feet, rising to 7000 feet. So I dithered. I dithered over rigging the Scarlet Lady (a Std. Austria, C-FPDM). I dithered over a declaration, and I dithered over all the details of food, water, barograph, camera, landout clothes, landout reading material and all the rest. With the result I was not on the line at my target time of 1100, and when I was ready at 1145, suddenly there were half a dozen gliders lined up.

Luckily for me, the duty pilot, Garnet Thomas, had the second towplane out immediately, and luckily for me Kerry Bissell insisted (in his quiet way) that I get myself into the sky and gone.

Off tow at 1600 feet agl, bending right into good steady lift, I knew — it was THE DAY. The flight itself was interesting, challenging, but basically routine. Off tow at 1228 and on course at 1235, I landed at Lanigan, Saskatchewan, at 6:17 pm with the GPS reading 554 kilometres back to Chipman for my Diamond Distance.

The Scarlet Lady had arrived over Lanigan at 8000 feet with good lift still plentiful and solid, concave-based cu stretching out in front of us. But I was feeling tired and knew I was not sharp or focused. Having broken the plane once by flying too long, I knew I belonged on the ground. After a lengthy argument with myself about this and that (including my cherished dream of

soaring on and on downwind using the last scraps of lift on a gentle golden evening), I pulled full spoilers and circled down to the town airstrip. I could see it was long, good turf, and straight into wind. Several vehicles were parked at the upwind end in support of a spray plane operation (more arguments in favour of calling it a day!), a large town only two miles away, motels on Highway 16, and bus service virtually back to Chipman.

I am convinced that that was a lucky decision.

It was also the start of the real adventure. The folks on the strip included Kevin Blair, the owner of the local fertilizer distribution business who was supplying the chemicals to the spray plane, his wife, and two young sons. The Blairs let me use a cellphone. I contacted my wife, Joanne, in Edmonton, and she was willing to come. A realistic time of arrival was about 3:00 am, driving half the night, but she had no trailer towing experience, so in Lanigan we explored some options. The Blairs thought the glider could go in their fertilizer shed. My lucky day. But the last bus for 24 hours was leaving in an hour. No problem — Mrs. Blair's parents were coming down from their farm 20 minutes outside of Saskatoon. A quick phone call confirmed they were willing to ferry me to Saskatoon, and another call confirmed a bus out of Saskatoon at 6:00 the next morning. More luck! I got back in touch with Joanne, called off the retrieve and, who knows, perhaps saved my marriage!

So now there was lots of time. As we waited for the spray plane to complete its day's work, four other young fellows drifted in one by one. Eventually, I realized it was a bunch of old friends, some in town because of a

wedding the day before, who kind of rounded each other up to give me a hand. One was the owner of a flying service in Yorkton, another a farmer with a brother who is a pilot.

Then we were off, towing the glider the length of the airstrip using the largest rope I ever saw (about two inches in diameter and, being so heavy, buffered all jerks on the glider from the tow vehicle). At the far end was our first obstacle — a ditch too steep to cross. Whatever else she is, the Scarlet Lady is not a 'floater', all six of us were not going to carry her over *that* ditch. So off came the wings, up onto the road went the pieces, and back on went the wings. Towing along the road, our destination was pointed out to me, about a mile away. Next came the bridge, with guard rails just too high for the wings to pass over. No problem! A quick trip to the fertilizer yard yielded a bunch of planks. Laid stair-step style down the middle of the road, they carried the glider up and over, just. Various bushes, signs, and posts were passed. I guess farmers think nothing of flagging down traffic going both ways on the Yellowhead Highway so low flying aircraft can amble by. Railway crossing signs are just far enough apart to slew a Standard class glider around and through (you folks with long wings might want to land somewhere that doesn't involve railways). At last to the shed, where enough rubber tires were located and, covered with foam, supported two wings, two tail fins and

a fuselage. The shed door was closed, hands were shaken, and my crew melted away, leaving only instructions to write out some details for the local paper before I left town. The sun set. What a lucky day!

By this time my ride to Saskatoon had materialized. A quick stop at the Blairs' home, pleasant conversation on the drive to Saskatoon, a hotel room at midnight (procured at a bargain rate by my benefactor), up at 5:00 to catch the bus at 6:00, dropped off at Secondary Road #834 near Chipman by an accommodating Greyhound driver, and picked up there by Inga Dejong.

I was back. But of course, the Scarlet Lady wasn't. So, the trailering trip down to the Cowley Summer Camp from Chipman involved a brief detour through Saskatchewan!

PS Oh, did I tell you, Noreen Blair, parked at the end of the small town airstrip I chose, is the sister of Keith Hay of Cu Nim. Which of course makes Jack and Marilyn Hay who drove me to Saskatoon, Keith's folks. What a small world! What a lucky day! Also, just as we reached the fertilizer shed outside Lanigan, another fellow showed up who had taken an intro ride with us in Chipman just the week before. He said he had been looking up that day, had seen the same kind of clouds that had the pilots at Chipman so excited, and said to himself, 'looks like THE DAY'. ☘

It was a poor X-C summer ... but ...

some did OK. Here's a list of flights over 300 kilometres achieved this year in Alberta.

dist	name	date	task
554	Bruce Friesen	15 July	Chipman to Lanigan, SK (free distance)
509	Chester Zwarych	16 July	Lamont to landout at Swift Current a/p
507	Tony Burton	10 May	Black Diamond, Cowley town, Strathmore, Claresholm and return
433	Chester Zwarych	20 Aug	Lamont to landout at Saskatoon a/p
400	Buzz Burwash	22 May	Chipman, St. Paul, Westlock, Smoky Lake and return
376	Kurt Edwards	10 May	Black Diamond, Cowley town, Strathmore and return
357	Buzz Burwash	21 May	Chipman, St. Paul, Westlock and return
347	Buzz Burwash	23 July	Chipman, Elk Point, Smoky Lake, Duvernay and return
342	Chester Zwarych	28 July	Lamont to landout at North Battleford a/p
324	Tony Burton	22 May	Innisfail, Rimbey, Sundre, Three Hills, and return
320	Bruce Friesen	21 May	Chipman, Minburn, Newbrook and return
314	Tony Burton	13 May	Black Diamond, Caroline (O&R)
309	Tony Burton	30 Aug	Black Diamond, Cassils (O&R)
308	Rod Crutcher	31 July	Cowley, Moose Mt. (O&R)
305	Buzz Burwash	22 July	Chipman, Vermilion, Bruderheim, Mundare and return
303	Rod Crutcher	20 Aug	Black Diamond, Picture Butte, Bassano, to landout



Gerald Ince

Tony Burton

It turned out that the 12–22 June contest at Albert Lea in southern Minnesota was perfectly positioned and timed for me to attend while I was on my way to the Canadian Nationals at Pendleton, Ontario.

The Sports Class Nationals is now a feature on the US contest scene and is very competitive with a broad entry list of good pilots. The organizers were a little disappointed that the list was only 24 long this time. The common problem is distance — with most of the competitive pilots in the States living east or west, it seemed that driving to the middle was too much for some. (Illogical as it is, the wet weather there last year at the 1-26 Nats may also have dissuaded a few.)

I wasn't the only 'alien' present, there was also an Aussie competing, courtesy of a borrowed Libelle and a grant from the Australian Gliding Federation to give international exposure to up-and-coming competitors. He was good and lead the first two days. An HP-18 pilot flew very fast and was leading in the latter half until an ASW-20 pilot blew everyone out of the sky on the last day. Another pilot, the winner of the Sports Class last year, was flying a two seat ASK-21 very well and using its 18% handicap to great advantage and he won a day and was leading on Days 3 and 4.

At 6:30 am on the morning I was to begin driving east, the great "Flood of 95" was at its peak in southern Alberta, with many bridges and roads out. I had to call the RCMP to find out if the last remaining bridge over the Oldman River north of Coaldale was open — if not I was going to have to get to Medicine Hat by way of a Calgary detour! The May and early June weather had been wet all across the prairies and American Midwest and there was standing water in the fields of North Dakota and Minnesota as I drove to the contest site. At least the miles of corn was still low.

Albert Lea, which I had never heard of in a soaring context before, turned out to be a fine area for a contest. It's surrounded by gently rolling farmland with good thermalling — and landout — prospects. Navigation is easy with some major Interstates, several large lakes, and a north/south road grid to orient the pilot. The airport featured two long runways, lots of ramp area, lots of grass for tiedown and camping, and a friendly and supportive airport manager.

The contest weather was ... southern Ontario with lift. That is to say it was HOT and hazy the whole time (thankfully not overly humid), but eight of the ten days were soarable. A stationary high settled into the area for the duration, and the local news was all about the "Minnesota Heat Wave". (The cold side of the weather was in the west, and there was general hilarity on hearing that the Open Class pilots were getting snowed on in Minden!) After the practise and first contest day, the temperature went up to the low 90s and stayed there while the visibility dropped from 15 to 5–6 miles. That's when the prominent surface features really helped the navigation. The big plus for the flying was that regardless of the soaring problems, the conditions were fairly even over the course of a day and over the course area, so landouts were fairly rare. It was the first contest I got back every day.

"Don't get dehydrated", was the constant message, and the organizers helped a lot by having a large container of ice water on hand on the grid at all times — I was surprised at how many cups I could down before launching without having to take a leak! A lovely taste was also the perpetual afternoon keg of draft beer in the hangar — a great inducement at the end of a flight to get your card and films in soon and to hang around and gather 'round to tell lies.

The US Sports Class rules are much the same as ours

except the tasks are all PST. However, from a tactical point of view, turnpoint photography and recording is most important. The US scoring rules are onerous, in that no turnpoint is accepted following an unverifiable TP (either through a photographic problem or a mis-declaration on the landing card). The US philosophy is that on a PST the pilot has assigned a task to himself which he has not completed, so if a bad TP photo has been taken, the pilot is considered to have landed out past the last good TP and loses speed points even if he got back. Our rule ignores a bad turnpoint photo and scores the pilot directly to the next good turnpoint, which has a variable influence on the score depending on how far "off track" the next TP was.

The absolute necessity of correctly listing your achieved TPs arose out of some pilots in the past listing TPs they never flew to in the hope that a hurried photo inspection by a busy staff would miss the discrepancy and score the unflown distance! Contest rules are complicated because there is always the rare someone out there who will try to beat the rules rather than the competitors. There must have been recent strong opposition to this (Is it a photography contest or a soaring contest?) because this year the rule was modified to give you at least one strike before you were out. If a bad photo is found by the staff, the pilot is now allowed, once only, to relist the turnpoints to eliminate the bad one. The price is 50 points off your new score.

This happened to me one afternoon (one of the airport teenagers raced up to me on his bike and gleefully said that the 'photo monster' wants to see you) ... I didn't have a photo of a place I said I'd been to. I then remembered that I had got so far out of shape pointing the wingtip at that phototarget I went negative 'g' and was so busy catching things in the cockpit that I must have forgotten to press the shutter release! Luckily that was an 'insurance' turnpoint along a track to the next, so little distance was lost.

The other major difference is that the Americans still run the classic start gate (with a 5000 foot agl max height start for Sports Class) rather than using time back cameras and an unlimited height 'silent' start.

The US Competition Rules committee has been experimenting a bit with Sports class rules and procedures. This year PST tasking always included a mandatory first turnpoint. This simplified the startline action for the officials and had the effect of getting all competitors out in the same general direction at the start of the day. Depending on how changeable the local met situation was forecast to be, this could have several effects on pilot tactics, and could tend to cut down any wild card scoring results of a pilot or two running off in a totally different direction from the pack. It would also

tend to increase the potential for a bit more gagging which the PST is intended to limit in part, but in this contest you didn't get to see many sailplanes on course anyway because of the poor visibility. The competitors were polled on the rules changes instituted, and almost all of them liked the mandatory first turnpoint idea.

The famous 'professional' competition director, Charlie Spratt, was on hand to run the show, and his skill and the respect the pilots accorded him was quite evident. The preflight details were efficiently run. At the beginning of the contest a grid list was published which directed pilots where to grid every day before the pilots meeting (grid markers were placed on the runway in the morning and a grid time was posted on the notice board). Pilots parked their glider off the runway opposite their marker which eliminated all the grid shuffling that can go on. Then, exactly at grid time, everyone then simply pushed their ship onto their marker and rotated 90° and it was done. Five minutes later, a pilot's meeting was held at the front of the grid where a task information sheet with primary and backup tasks, weather, start/finish directions, etc. was handed out. Safety concerns, daily winner brags and prizes took a few more minutes and it was done. Twenty minutes later the first launch went, lift permitting.

I did well in this competition except on Day 2 when I was really slow. My best daily placing was 4th on Day 6 and Day 8, and I finished 6th overall. On one day it looked like the HP-18 pilot and I were 1 and 2, and I was soaking in the glow of that until I realized that I was being credited with about 20 more miles than I thought I flew. After I pointed out the error, the subsequent correction dropped me several notches — ah, how fleeting is fame and glory! (It turned out that the scorer had reversed the order of two of my turnpoints while entering my list into the scoring program.)

As I mentioned earlier, the weather was generally hot and hazy, with moderate lift, mostly blue some days, and Ontario cloudbases when they were there (3-5000 agl). As a result of the late onset of soarable conditions each day, all the tasks were 3 or 3-1/2 hours long. A front was stalled out to the west on the North Dakota border and slowly approached. Only on the last two days did it get close and the increasing upper instability provided some big cu and development to allow some fast and satisfying dolphining at 6000 agl between northerly turnpoints.

With the low visibility, if you were running southern turnpoints, you didn't see any of this. Up at cruising heights you could only see a couple of cu in any direction laterally and cloud shadows on the ground extended your knowledge a bit further. Picking the next turnpoint could have been a bit of a crap shoot but  15

Cowley finale

Al Hoar, Cu Nim

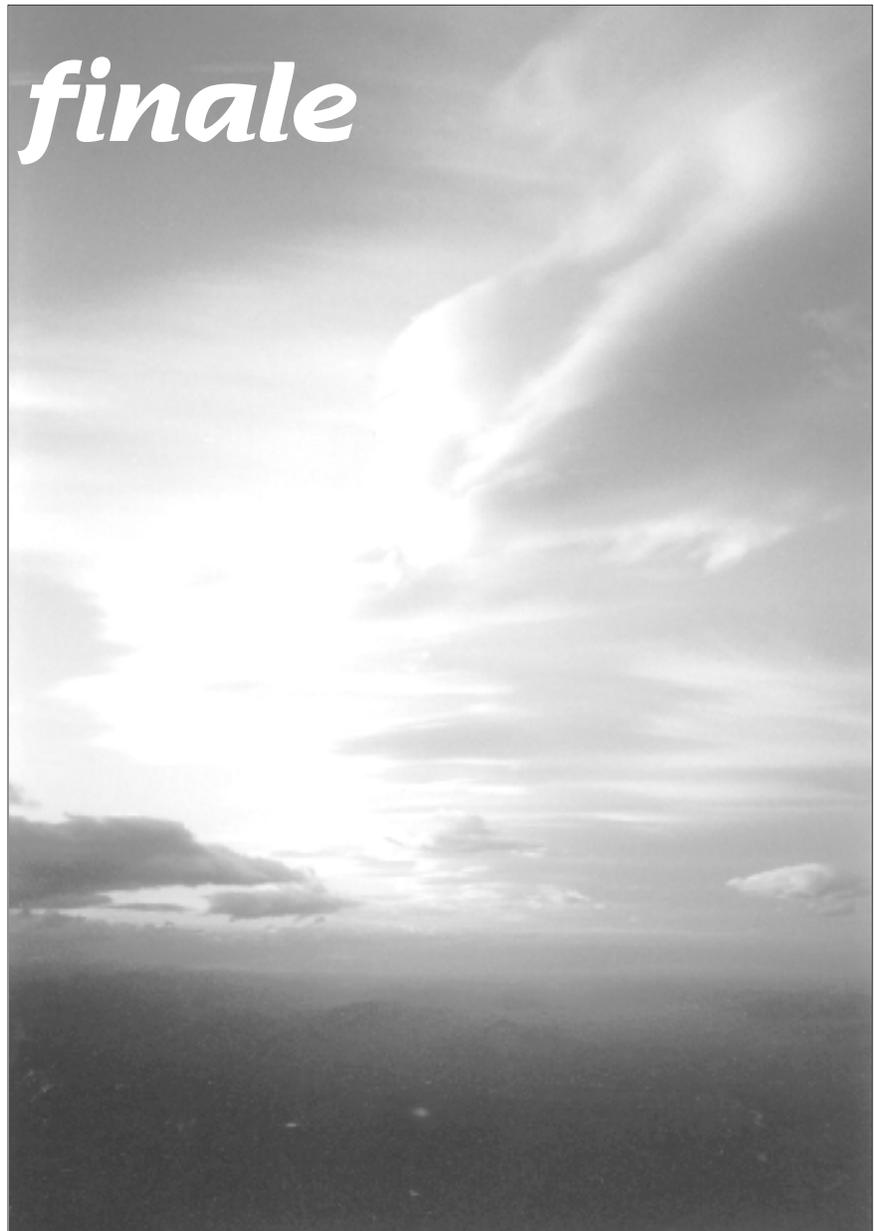
SUNDAY, 6 AUGUST, 1995. It's another windy day — too windy to risk the towplanes being upset, so no launches are made. Because it is the last weekend of the Cowley Summer Camp, this “no tow” weather causes an exodus. Almost everyone leaves. Terry Southwood is one of the few people who stay. He continues to fulfil the role of CFI. How does he manage to keep such good humour amidst all the conflicting ideas and desires of all those present? All who were there owe him much gratitude.

The Cu Nim newbies including Gord Taciuk, Keath Jorgensen, Tomas Florian and I also stayed. This was the first summer camp we had been to and we were determined not to miss anything. Dave Morgan and Rick Graham also stayed, as two representatives from the crew of dedicated and talented towpilots who served all week. Kevin Bennett wandered into the newbies camp around noon and asked, “Who wants to go for a wave flight, maybe even try for the two place altitude record?” “Me, me, me.” say all the newbies, all of us frothing at the mouth for a chance to fly in the wave and learn from Kevin. Being civilized newbie glider pilots, we avoided a fight and drew straws (yes, real grass stems — hand selected and made different lengths by Kevin). It was my lucky day, I drew the long straw. However, the wind was steady and still too strong to allow flying, so perhaps the long straw would mean nothing.

A bunch of us drove off to see the Frank Slide Interpretive Centre while Keath and Gord wrote their radio operators tests. (They passed!) The Centre was very

interesting, mostly because of its descriptions of the coal mining and coke making which was done in the Crowsnest Pass.

At 4 pm we wandered back to the airfield from Frank after a slight detour to Lundbreck for ice cream and we helped several people derig. Gerald Ince derigged, Alan Daniel derigged, Terry Southwood derigged, Tony Burton derigged, and Walter Mueller derigged the Grande Prairie Blanik. The Blanik took a long time, perhaps because of all the “help” pushing and pulling different ways. About this time the wind dropped and Kevin showed up after asking Dave for a tow. We checked out the oxygen system and were soon airborne and following Dave's smooth tow, flying towards the south end of the Livingstones. The time was 6:18 pm.



Tony Burton

The next hour and a half seemed magical. Fly toward the mountain under the cloud, turn right (north) along the only opening in the cloud. There was no rotor! Approaching 8000 feet we felt the wave, see the variometer jump, and release. Dave turned the towplane left, and when we looked at him 20 seconds later he had gained 300 feet, obviously wave influenced.

Kevin said park it here, and that's just what we did. Full flaps, nose towards the Livingstone Range, speed just above stall — motion over the ground, *none* — motion in space, *up*.



Cowley duties. Dave Fowlow, left, watches Al Hoar keep the flight sheet current.

Tony Burton

We parked there for 15 minutes while moving up past the first layer of cloud. Then we moved north to be north of the airway and the invisible Centre Peak. In fact, the entire Livingstone Range was covered with cloud throughout the whole flight. 13,000 feet arrived and on went the oxygen masks. The silky smooth wave continued its magic and soon we had to move west to the leading edge of the upper lenticular band of clouds. Airspeed was faster now, flaps were in and the long opening in the cloud east of the range was our visual contact with the ground and reality.

This first high wave flight was an amazing experience for me, enhanced by the broken cloud and made comfortable by Kevin's presence. We did not set any record. My altimeter read 21,700 feet and our climb had slowed. The EW electronic barograph we borrowed from Gerald showed a peak of 6800 metres or 22,300 feet. The descent was a new experience also. Look for sink (further west), spoilers open, nose down, 60 knots and 2000 feet per minute down. To move to a new location we closed spoilers and maintained 70 knots, which is rather nose down in a Blanik. As a descent technique, it did not work — we were climbing. More spoilers and nose down brought us below 12,500 and we were able to go around the clouds and back over to the field where we landed at 7:30 pm. John Grieco was in the area at the same time and had towed just after Kevin and I. He had an equally successful flight in 'Funny Girl'. Where was everyone else? Packed and gone — too bad! In retrospect, it was all rather strange. It was early evening, we helped everyone else derig, then we went for what was, for me, a most thrilling flight — the highlight of my week.

Can there be a better Cowley finale?

☞



**Yes — win the SAC wave trophy
at the fall camp!**

Club News

Central Alberta Gliding Club

We had quite a busy spring and summer. Two of our members completed their training and received their licences in June. Congratulations to Mike Spencer and John Radomsky. The club also provided familiarization flights to several youths who were participating in "Space Camp", an aviation oriented one week camp held in Red Deer.

A winch launch and glider demonstration by the club at the Red Deer International Airshow gave the general public some exposure to gliding, and information was provided for interested people to get involved in soaring in Alberta. The demonstration on Saturday was done after the Brazilian Aerobatic Team takeoff at the beginning of their performance. On Sunday, we were scheduled between the Snowbirds' takeoff and show, but due to weather limitations, our demo was one of only a few of the acts that could perform. The club will begin operations again in September after a brief rest in August due to holidays and weather.

John Mulder

Edmonton Soaring Club

ESC is enjoying a considerable increase in membership this year. There are fourteen students presently in training — about half of them have achieved solo flight. One student from 1994 is now licensed and one who took most of his flight training in (Hawaii) completed his training with us and is now licensed also. Some of the solo students will likely proceed to licence category this fall.

Our publicity coordinator has done a great job of getting information to the media with follow-up phone calls. The publicity went to city outlets and to local papers in the area northeast of Edmonton. The result has been an increase in the number of people coming for familiarization flights. Some of our new members have joined because of this publicity. The 50th anniversary "Longest Day" promotion resulted in a record number (62) of flights. There was a good turnout for the BBQ held as part of the anniversary celebration.

The "winter works program" was finally completed with the return of the ASW-15 to the field on 22 July. Long delays in obtaining information and parts from Germany set back the work schedule by about four months. Both 2-33s were completely checked; corroded structural tubing in the aft part of the fuselage of one of them was replaced. Control cables were also re-

placed as needed. The 1-23 was repainted and the cockpit relined.

Proposed changes to the eastern boundary of the airfield have been delayed. The correction line "jog" is to be redesigned for higher speed traffic and widening of the road resulting in some encroachment on the southeast corner of the ESC property. The construction will likely take place in 1996.

Jack Towers

Cold Lake Soaring Club

Farewell to some hardcore members of the club. Marc Brassard has been posted to Borden where he will likely become involved with the Base Borden Soaring Club. Grant Humphrey is going to Comox where he wants to take up extreme skiing and make some high altitude parachute jumps. Bingo Larue is now in Goose Bay, Labrador, where he will try to establish Canada's first wilderness gliding club using his dog for a towplane. His Dart is still parked here, so we expect to see him back periodically. Thanks to you all for the countless hours of hard work and self-sacrifice for our club.

Congratulations are in order for three of our members who completed various badge requirements. On 5 May, Paul Frigault made his Silver altitude and distance legs with a flight to Glendon and back in the Twin Astir to finish off his Silver Badge. On 16 July, Darryl Klassen struck out for Goodsoil, SK in the 1-26 and, although landing short at Peerless, achieved 50 kilometres. After landing in a field of powdery black dirt (and missing the one spread with fresh manure), the resident farmer treated Darryl to some typical prairie hospitality of cold beer and a hot supper. And, on 23 July, Jeff Anderson got his Silver duration in weak condition in the 1-26, not without considerable distress to his bladder. Jeff's own glider, an ASW-15 he purchased while in Germany, will soon be out on the flight line.

It has been a summer for ducks, not glider pilots, but we hope that September and October will supply some decent fall soaring. The club is still looking for a Blanik to replace the Bergfalke, as promising leads have turned out to be unsuitable or already sold. Undaunted, we hope to find a Blanik soon or perhaps a used Krosno that falls within our budget.

Randy Blackwell

Cu Nim Gliding Club

We actually got started with our checkflights in late March this year, but the early part of our season was dominated by strong northwesterly winds and snow, with a majority of April's flying grounded due to the white stuff. Fortunately, on the days we could fly, our

new cross runway allowed us to operate into the stiff northwesterlies.

May finally brought sunshine and good soaring, and our second annual cross-country week was easily the highlight of the season. Even so, the sudden concentration of warm sun and lots of soaring took its toll on more than a few people. The format this year was expanded to include student instruction, and almost everyone in the club took part at some point in the week. We enticed Dave Morgan out onto his first ever cross-country, for an unsheparded 107 kilometre triangle. Alan Daniel in his Phoebus enjoyed three of his best flights ever, which ranged from 150 to almost 300 kilometres. Kurt Edwards flew one of the club Jantars around an undeclared 376 km triangle. He said he would continue to avoid the hassles of badge declarations and just fly cross-country for the fun of it — that's a breath of fresh air! Meanwhile, freed from last year's sheparding role, Tony Burton topped the achievements of the week by racking up a total of over 1600 kilometres, including a 314 kilometre out and return, and a declared 507 kilometre cat's cradle.

The May long weekend saw the provincial contest at Innisfail once again. Its sparse attendance did not do justice to Cold Lake's level of organization, and the accident to Tango Charlie did not allow Lee Coates to defend his title. After an overnight snowfall(!), Rod Crutcher bagged his first contest win on Day 1, with a fine show of strategy, but on Day 2 wasn't able to hold off a charging Tony for the championship.

June brought with it more dismal soaring conditions, but our dozen or so students began to blossom nevertheless. Al Hoar had soloed at the end of May, and in mid-June, during one of our well-attended days of midweek student flying, I soloed off Gord Taciuk and Keath Jorgensen. These three became "Team Keen" and their infectious enthusiasm swept up everyone in their path. They quickly scooped up B and C badges, and will soon be licensed and clamouring for Jantars. On 9 September, Matt Roden soloed. With only one or two other students remaining, I'll soon be out of a job! Last year's keen student, Mike Swendson was licensed in July, and Steve Hosier was rated for both the Jantars and back seat "Blanik butt".

Lee Coates and Barry Bradley have been prime movers in improvements both at Black Diamond and Cowley. It's also good to see Barry flying on both ends of the towrope again. At Cowley, the flight of the week probably went to Rod for his epic struggle to Moose Mountain and back for a little over 300 kilometres.

We have got to figure out some way to appease those weather gods. ☼

US Sports Class Nationals

continued from page 11

the homogenous airmass and terrain didn't cause too many unwelcome soaring surprises.

The last day had a surprise, though. I was counting on the increasing instability to give a repeat of the street running up north but as I worked my way that direction in the latter half of the three hour task, I could see that the ground was really dark — there were some serious build-ups hiding behind the murk. I got to my turn which was still in the sun, then went for another about 15 miles to the east because it would set me up nicely in position and time-remaining.

About halfway along this track at about 3000 agl all hell broke loose in extreme turbulence. EE was thrown all over the place. It was the shear line of a strong outflow from the cell to the north. I called this in to contest ground as did another ship in the area. Dropping through the shear, I was now in dead smooth air even though there were cu directly above me. Luckily, I had the height to take the turn and then skedaddle straight south to get out of the area. A few minutes later, boom, EE flew back through the shear line again with map and water bottle up on the canopy. Now under 2000 and anxious to get some height, I wrapped up in the first thermal surge. A couple of turns and the shear cut it off — scoot south a bit more — do a few turns — treating the mess like rotor. After a few repetitions of this, with great relief I was in a consistent good climb and ran well south to my last turnpoint before going home.

As I was pushing myself out of the cockpit at the airport, the wind swung around out of the north and this lovely cool blast of air washed over Albert Lea. What a change from the past ten days — drinking up the last of the draft in the hangar was just pleasant and convivial now, not a necessity! ☼

ASC Fall Planning Meeting

18 November, 10 am

*Percy Page Centre
11759 Groat Road, Edmonton*

It's time to begin thinking about what we'll be doing in 1996. Everyone is welcome, particularly new club executives and chairmen so that they can see what ASC is all about, and see that they are it. Bring your club events lists for '95 and '96.

the annotated

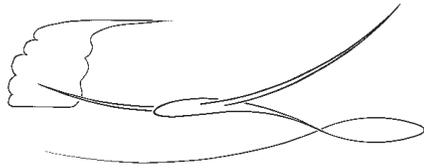
“HIGH FLIGHT”

*Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds¹ of earth
and danced² the skies on laughter-silvered wings.
Sunward I've climbed,³ and joined the tumbling
mirth⁴ of sun-split⁵ clouds, and done a hundred
things you have not dreamed of⁶— wheeled
and soared and swung⁷ high in the sunlight silence.
Hov'ring there,⁸ I've chased the shouting wind⁹ along,
and flung my eager craft¹⁰ through footless halls of air.
Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue,¹¹
I've topped the windswept heights¹² with easy grace
where never lark, or even eagle flew.¹³
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
the high untrampled sanctity of space,¹⁴
put out my hand,¹⁵ and touched the face of God.*

apologies to John Gillespie Magee, Jr.

FLIGHT RESTRICTIONS and notes

- 1 Flight crew must insure that all surly bonds have been slipped entirely before interacting with the travelling public, as any detectable trace of an onboard surly bond slip may be grounds for certificate action.
- 2 During periods of sky dancing, the “Fasten Seatbelt” sign must be continuously illuminated.
- 3 Use of proper environmental clothing is strongly indicated for those who climb sunward often.
- 4 Joining the tumbling mirth is prohibited to on-duty pilots and flight attendants as this action wholly constitutes “conduct unbecoming a flightcrew member.”
- 5 Pilots must not exceed 30 degrees of bank while flying in clouds forecast to be sun-split, as doing so will result in flight attendant uniform splits as well.
- 6 Things not dreamed of are, by definition, not written into the aircraft flight operations manual, hence are forbidden. Doing a hundred of them is beyond belief for any responsible pilot-in-command.
- 7 Wheeling, soaring, and swinging will not be accomplished simultaneously except by pilots in a flight simulator and only after having completed an approved course of training in recovery from unusual attitudes.
- 8 “Hov’ring there” constitutes a reliable indication that the flight envelope has been exceeded and an emergency is imminent.
- 9 Flight attendant procedures state that although chasing of the “Shouting Wind” is allowed, chasing shouting children is not.
- 10 Be forewarned that craft-flinging is a leading cause of flight attendant and passenger injury.
- 11 Should any crew member or passenger experience delirium while in the burning blue, submit a medical irregularity report upon flight termination.
- 12 Minimum Enroute Altitude margins must be observed when topping windswept heights.
- 13 Position of any larks or eagles which may be seen must be NOTAMed immediately as a potential bird strike threat.
- 14 ATC must issue a special release for trodding the high untrampled sanctity of space.
- 15 Air Regulations state that no one may sacrifice aircraft cabin pressure to open windows/doors in order to touch God’s face.



ASC FLIGHT TROPHIES

APPLICATION for XC100 Boomerang Carling McLaughlin

FLIGHT DATA Pilot name _____ Flight date _____

Glider type/registration/contest ltr _____

Type of flight: Tri O&R Poly Goal Post Dist Alt

Takeoff point _____

Landing point _____

Turnpoints (if used) _____

Dist. or Alt. claimed (both in km) Glider handicap _____

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:

Sailplane handicap (see SAC list of handicaps); Goal flight, or POST (**1.25**)

Out&Return, Polygon, or Triangle (**1.50**) – if landed out, **1.25** on completed legs;

Free distance, any declared portion is scored as above according to course geometry.

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

Signature of OO or CFI (mandatory) _____ 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 as P1 at the beginning of the season.

Carling the best flight in western Canada.

McLaughlin the best five flights originating in Alberta.

The ASC trophy chairman will score the flight based on the appropriate factors specified (*scoring is the same as for SAC trophies except the record flight and speed factors are not applicable*). 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. 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, and any other details to clarify the flight.

Trophy claim forms must be received by Dec 15 of the year in which the flight was made (or 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.

Odds & Ends

Tony Burton

The kite record project I recently got a fax from Richard Synergy, the kite guru who is working on a world kite altitude record at Cowley which was written up in the 3/95 *free flight*. He says that sponsorship funding has been slow, and he is going to have to delay the program into 1996. He has received a 50 hp hydraulic motor and 75,000 feet of piano wire. Not bad, but still \$100,000 short of what's needed. On the plus side, they have got a lot of good publicity and have attracted the help of two professional fund raisers. A smaller kite has been built to run tests on the strain gauge computer, servos, the full flying tail, met instruments and computer, the video cameras, GPS and data downlinks — not your ordinary kite! He is planning to run the test flights in Kincardine, ON in October.

Soaring on Discovery Channel? A video production company in Toronto is producing a series on Canadian aviation, with each episode devoted to a specific area: history, bush flying, flight training, aerobatics, etc. etc. I was contacted on the feasibility of producing a show on soaring. They are interested in the Cowley wave camp, and I've sent them a lot of background info on soaring and Cowley. They are looking at costs and seeing if they can flesh out an hour program. It could be very good advertising for the sport.

Cursed be we poor soaring pilots It has been another season of so-so soaring weather, although there were good flights made if you were ready to take advantage of the few good days that appeared. A few of us in late August were wailing at the soaring gods: "Oh where is the brown and cracked earth, where are the plagues of locusts, where are the dust devils spinning off white alkali lake beds, where are the shrivelled wheat fields?! Please bring some of all this back to us miserable pilots — are any of you listening up there?" I have read somewhere that the North American drought cycle runs on a double sunspot maximum of 22 years. Does that mean we have to wait until 2010+? Climate study is faddish — maybe global warming will kick in and help us out sooner, but 20 years ago the question was when the next ice age was due!

New club at Cranbrook, BC Alberta pilots may have another soaring venue now that a small club has become established at Cranbrook airport. They have a 2-33 for training and a commercial towplane. Mike Cook and two other glider pilots who recently moved from Vancouver, Renee Machat and Paul Chalifour (who are also flying at Cu Nim), are the experienced

members. Bruce Hea visited the club in August in order to give some ground and air instruction and to assess their new members.

Cowley campground maintenance – Ursula Wiese

The east outhouses were fitted with a large vent by Lee Coates. Because the level in the tank was high and changing, there is a strong suspicion that it has a leak. Bruce Hea is going to get a contractor look at the matter so we know by fall camp what the problem is, and:

- a) can the leak be fixed, or
- b) does a whole new tank need to be installed,
- c) what will the cost be.

Not a happy prospect, but we need the second set of outhouses, not doubt.

Barry Bradley offered his generator to help out the sanding of wooden objects at the camp. What a blessing. The kitchen was sanded and got a new dark brown paint, including a new piece of plywood for the side (which had been damaged by vandals) and it looks much better. Many of the picnic tables were sanded and recoated with primer, and some of them got a new bright green top coat as well. "If you want to use one, you have to paint it". It worked! Lots of help was forthcoming. One of the east outhouses got sanded and primed, and Lee worked on its roof as well on the final Monday. Barry did an excellent job for two or three days in the sun, giving the west outhouses new shakes where necessary and new ridge boards.

The replica of the cairn – Ursula

There is a new project in the works to place a replica of the soaring cairn which is on Centre Peak in the campground. Steve Weinhold, Bruce Hea, John Broomhall, Denis Bergeron, Tony Burton, and myself had a meeting in Cowley to work out the general details. Steve's contribution will be to search for a large boulder of the appropriate shape next year and have it moved to the Cowley campsite. Tony will design the replica plates to be mounted on the stone. John Broomhall is looking after the SAC dedication of Cowley as a national soaring site. Steve will donate the cement base next year (US\$500 included!) and I will look after the appropriate surrounding gardens.

The cairn rock will be placed just to the north of the kitchen and west of the bend in the entrance road as "centrepiece of a grand entrance to the camp ground". This leaves the flagpoles and the Jack Davies memorial plaque untouched (there had been some consideration given to moving it to Cu Nim.) The idea of having the rock near the road bend allows for an unobstructed view to the Livingstone Range and the big sky and the valley behind when looking at it. ☸



Copy this and hang it by your phone.

ASC EXECUTIVE

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Sportsfund	John Broomhall [ESC] – address above (must send the form letter with your donation)	

CLUB PRESIDENTS

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

Central Alberta	Jerry Mulder 4309 Grandview Blvd Red Deer, AB T4N 3E7	H 343-6924
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Grande Prairie	Bryan Lynch 10226 – 112 Avenue Grande Prairie, AB T8V 1V8	H 532-0435 B 539-8407

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Towplane	Mike Crowe [Cu Nim] 61 Okotoks Drive Okotoks, AB T0L 1T0	H 938-5343 B 235-3310

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