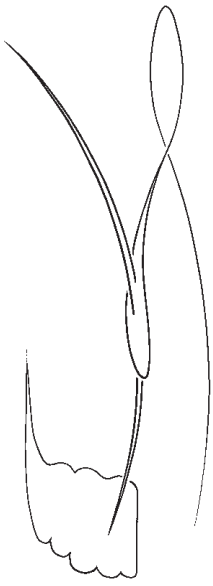


# AScent



the Journal of the Alberta Soaring Council



Summer 1996

*from the president . . .*

**A**LL OF US WERE CAUGHT NAPPING. Despite clear warnings — especially the 2-95 notice in the AIP received by every licenced soaring pilot — we were lulled into inaction by vague bureaucratic reassurances. Now soaring is in the middle of an air-space crisis both regionally and nationally. The new Class C airspace expansion has the potential to cripple our sport by making cross-country flight impractical at many clubs. A detailed review in this issue spells out the current Calgary situation.

We're getting our act together nationally, and will further lobby federal politicians to blunt the serious damage to sport aviation that these changes are causing.

But what can you do as an individual? Write! write now (postage free) to the Minister of Transport, to your MP, and to any other federal politician you think might listen, care of the House of Commons. And send a copy to Gilles Rodrigue, Director General, Air Navigation System, Transport Canada. Even if you've already written, write again after reading the update in this magazine and AIP 30/96. Then ask the people you know in general aviation to do the same. Non-squeaking wheels get no grease, and a couple of hundred letters to a politician will get his attention, especially when an election is in the offing.

Now, back to flying. Our summer and fall Cowley camps were both great. There was a surprisingly large turnout at the Thanksgiving camp, rewarded by rambunctious wave day after day, and a harvest of height badges including Diamonds.

We weren't so fortunate when it came to aircraft incidents and accidents in the province this season, especially at Cowley. The bad news is that the alligators were in a feeding frenzy, and the good news is that no one got hurt. Two points might be worth pondering while we wait for the celestial dandruff to fall this winter and eventually melt. The first is that at least two of the incidents might have been avoided had the landing checklist items been double checked visually. (*Is that the control I think it is? Is it being deployed the way I think it is?*) The second is to remember that weather and wind conditions at Cowley can and do change from minute to minute, and often are harsher than seems likely.

I hope that our next soaring season will start early, and will bring a large harvest of bronze, silver, gold and diamonds accompanied by zero incidents. In the meantime, don't forget to send a record of your best flights and a completed trophy application form to Bruce Friesen, the new ASC badge chairman. I was fired from the job and forced to become ASC president as an object lesson to others who might underperform.

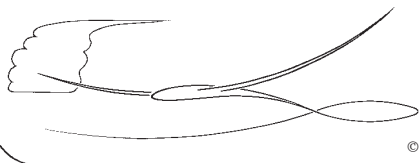
Happy hangar flying,

David McAsey



# ASCent

Summer 1996



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editing and layout ..... Tony Burton  
proof reading ..... Ursula Wiese  
printing ..... Dave Puckrin



Darwin Roberts of Cu Nim (on the right) with our Bluenose visitor and passenger, Stuart Baker, pose for the annual Cowley "Who is going to land out first in the Blanik?" award. Darwin got shot down in strong sink behind Centre Peak and put down safely in a pasture a few miles to the north. *photo: Tony Burton*

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## editorial notes

Well, here is the flying season issue, finally. Lots of things have delayed getting it to the printer. A big airspace meeting on the 26th of September was one – I definitely wanted that in before 1997. Although Cu Nim is the main "beneficiary" of the "blob that ate Calgary", the impact of Class C airspace encroachment will be felt by other Canadian clubs and is a warning to act together or sink together, since in the past SAC has treated airspace as a local problem.

Thanks to Darwin Roberts, Renee Machat and others for their contributions to this issue. Most of the stories are Cowley centred this time, although I did hear of great flights flown out of Chipman.

The two Cowley camps this year were a study in opposites. The summer camp was half its normal size with generally poor soaring and with a couple of days of October temperatures, while the fall camp was twice its normal size with five great days of wave soaring in non-winter temperatures (on the first day I needed to put my shorts on).

Reserve some holiday space for the 25th summer camp next year and help participate in the planning for a lot of special events to take place there, and say a few prayers for some decent soaring weather to make it truly memorable.



# Cowley Summer camp

## Tony Burton

**L**ET'S HOLD THIS CAMP IN RESERVE as a bad example, shall we? Poor weather, low attendance, an angry farmer, and an unnecessary accident (aren't they all!). It sounds sort of grim, but there were rays of sunshine and laughter, and I'll get to them also in this short diary of the 24th Summer Camp.

We only saw 42 pilots register during the week, about half the normal contingent, with only a few "coming from away", as they say in the Maritimes. A good portion of Cu Nim and Grand Prairie attended (it was good to see the Grande Prairie club being successful in its growth of members this year — a new handful of enthusiastic students makes a big difference to a small club). Cold Lake pretty much tapped out their holiday time running the Nationals and only Bruce Friesen was on hand to uphold the honour of ESC. We welcomed Don Klassen of the Prince Albert club fresh off the SAC Western Instructors course, Stewart Baker from Bluenose on the east coast, and gypsy BG-12B pilot Neville Robinson from somewhere in western North America!

The weather was hot, blue, and fairly stable for the first four days, followed by two soaring days, followed by three cold October days (one of which had good wave), and the final holiday Monday was abandoned because no tow-pilots were available.

**Saturday, July 27** The camp started with the usual early arrivals showing up and two Scouts and Blaniks being ferried in from Black Diamond. It was a blue day with enough convection going in midafternoon to give 2+ hour flights to five single seaters. In the evening, a couple of Grande Prairie campers rolled in with their Blanik on the impressive new trailer that Walter Mueller had built. There were several first time visitor from the club, and all were keen during the camp to squeeze in all the glider training and aerotow experience they could muster.

Lee Coates, the ASC Cowley Development Chairman, had brought along the hardware store, and he and several helpers spent the morning stripping and re-shingling the east side of the cookshack roof before it got too hot to walk on it. Throughout the camp, many otherwise unemployed pilots spent hours sanding priming and painting

the outhouses and most of the picnic tables. It was a lot of hard work — thanks to everyone who contributed to the Cowley upkeep which is now our responsibility. Special thanks to Barry Bradley who so generously made his generator available for the never ending sanding jobs.

Steve Hosier reported that the swimming hole was survivable once you got wet!

**Sunday** The day was blue again, and it turned out to be the busiest with 33 flights, two thirds of them being Blanik training flights. And again, there was sufficient afternoon lift to provide some local soaring.

**Monday** The plus for Monday was that young and newly licensed Tomas Florian had his first flight in a single-seater and did just fine in the Jantar.

The disaster was the trashing of the Grande Prairie Blanik during a spot landing contest when it touched down on the road at the entrance corner of the field, then took out five posts belonging to the airfield fence and entrance sign. Very fortunately, both pilots were unhurt. The cause was the "classic" mishandling of the Blanik flaps and spoilers. The expensive removal of a length of barbed wire fence gave organizers pause to consider why the fence needed to be there anyway. As a result, two sections of fence at the approaches to 11 and 21 were permanently taken out the next day. This will not, of course, prevent the error of low approaches, but the cost of the error may not be as onerous on some flight in the future.

The Blanik sustained significant surface damage and may be a write-off. This is a serious loss to the Grande Prairie club as it is/was their only two-seater. Cu Nim is to be commended in loaning them one of their Blaniks for the remainder of the season (?) to keep GPSS operational.

**Tuesday** In the perhaps emotional rush to remove all possible approach hazards, the 10 foot cottonwood growing in the ditch at the airfield entrance in line with the left edge of 11 was looked at with a very jaundiced eye — it was getting taller and would become in not much more time either an impediment or a distraction on short final. As it was on the road allowance and not on private land, it got sawn down. Well, did *that* cause some hell! — a farmer and his wife was livid. That lonely large shrub across their

fence was a forty year old PET, and no amount of explanation would calm them down. It did not matter that their hot personalities were well known locally, or even that the MD would have removed the tree for us if we had asked (as we rightly should have done). It is difficult to reap a lesson from the whole affair except perhaps to never assume anything.

It was a slow day — again mostly training flights with a few 1+ hour flights squeezed out of the midafternoon heat by private ships. The forecast for the next day was finally looking good though, with cooler, windier, “sunny with afternoon cloudiness” weather — yes. Finally, some cross-country flights were being planned. The evening was finished off nicely with a casual camp BBQ and lots of stories to tell.

**Wednesday** By noon the sky looked soarable and at noon Mike Swendsen launched in Cu Nim’s *Fruit Juice* for his first solo in the Jantar. Great! The next launch was Steve Hosier in Jantar *Funny Girl*, off on his Silver Distance attempt southeast to the Cardston Temple and then maybe even back. The wind was blowing 20 knots and the upper cloud looked sort of wavy, and although the cu looked high and flat to the southeast, around Cowley they had a shredded appearance. That’s because they were, and five of the next six launches in the ensuing hour (including yours truly) were shot down in what was probably wave suppression of the convection. Lift was around but it was broken with lots of sink.

I relaunched at 1340 with a 3000 foot “wimpy” tow and straightaway headed southeast out of the valley to do a casual POST cross-country. It turned out to be a four hour flight and I went 277 kilometres down to Waterton Park then east past Cardston to the Del Bonita border crossing and back. My highest point of the flight was at 12,300 on the last thermal of the dying day 60 km out just northwest of Standoff. That climb allowed a welcome final glide home against the headwind. During the flight, Steve reported making his turnpoint. I hope his first cross-country was a memorable as one’s first solo usually is. Unfortunately, he didn’t wind the barograph and it stopped in midflight so he has to do it again. Steve was relatively sanguine about it, saying the important thing is that he knows he achieved the flight. That’s the right attitude.

Terry Southwood enjoyed a trip east to Fort Macleod and back in PM and Al Hoar got shot down in 4E and landed just to the east in a field that was hosting a heritage farm equipment show. Struan Vaughan brought his DG-400 from Brooks, AB to show off and he launched today. He told me that he can now be from his front door to 2000 feet in 20 minutes but that Brooks seems to have been in a giant blue hole all season.

**Thursday** The second soaring day in a row was upon us. Some cu was expected but perhaps a handful showed up all afternoon (I saw one!). Almost everyone had a flight around the valley as long as they wished, with Paul Chalifour being airborne just two minutes shy of five hours.

**Friday** A major change of airmass occurred overnight and it was uncomfortable with only +8°C in the morning with a stiff wind out of the west and a solid high overcast. I had disobeyed my own rule to always have my winter jacket in the car when at Cowley and tried to stay warm with every T-shirt I had (four) and a windbreaker. Stewart Baker from Bluenose had been treated to his “Mecca” flight by Terry yesterday and waxed poetic about his Cowley experience at the morning pilots meeting. He had more to come.

The long range forecast for the weekend was pretty bleak with a system moving through central Alberta and supposedly pushing south. A few more people decided to head home today. One should always be optimistic at Cowley however, because Calgary weather very often stops 50 kilometres north. The afternoon saw quite tricky wave conditions with perhaps more mechanical turbulence low down than actual rotor. Most tows were 4000 feet over towards Centre Peak with almost no one connecting. Mike Cook in Z1 was the most successful but even he didn’t get too high, flew for a couple of hours, then left to go fishing. The first to try was Darwin Roberts in the Blanik with — Stewart Baker — and they were promptly shot down in Aspen Valley under the Livingstone Range and landed in one of the few pastures north of Centre Peak.

Later in the day, Walter Mueller delayed just a few seconds too long on his downwind waiting for another sailplane in the circuit and then found he was unable to make it to the runway in the strong wind. He landed short in a field amongst hay bales and was fortunate to avoid them all. With the help of a calibrated eyeball, some fourth dimensional geometry and brute force, the Blanik was transformed through a narrow gate in the field and back to runway 21 without a second Blanik derigging party needed in one day.

**Saturday** At 5 am it was clear; at 7 am it was overcast. Although there was the occasional spit of rain it never poured as it did in Calgary. It was windy and chilly — the whole day was either a pleasant fall camp day or a cold summer camp day, take your pick. Although there were no lennies to be seen, there was definite scruffy rotor aloft to show the presence of a primary and secondary wave. It never improved, so no flying was done. At the morning meeting we were introduced to Susan Cardinal, a CBC Radio producer

at Calgary, who tented with us for a couple of days and soaked up the ambiance of Cowley winds and the soaring life. She is producing a one hour segment for the "Ideas" series on the subject of the wind in southern Alberta (having been inspired by Sid Marty's book, *Leaning on the Wind*), and contacted me about coming down to Cowley and taping interviews about the experience of wave soaring. She must have put at least eight hours of conversations on tape. The show is to air sometime in November and ASC will get a tape copy and I'll inform clubs on the date and time.

With nothing else to occupy the mind, the highlight of the day was the BBQ which, though small, was marvellous. The cookshack stove was fired up and tarpaulins were nailed up around the south and west walls to cut the wind and trap the heat. It was cosy inside, a very successful mod, and people could peel off some layers. (Making more 'permanent' removable closures to the half walls were discussed.) Picnic tables were brought inside and covered with fine white plastic, some custom decorated with wildflower centrepieces. Sheila's crew of Dana, Catherine, Ada, Grace, Rose, Rhoda, Ella and Sally laid out salad, beans, buns and dessert, compliments of ASC, and everything else from filet to

salmon to a can of Spam was burned on the coals outside in the shelter of the wind. It was just great!

**Sunday, 4 August** There weren't many pilots left for the last day of the camp which turned out to be a pretty good wave day although not a strong one as the upper air windspeed was modest. (Monday was not going to have any towpilots available.) There were clear indications of three waves in the valley with rotor clouds parked in the usual rows with secondary rotor indicators just to the west of the airfield and fairly low. The airmass was wetter than usual though, so the primary wave looked socked in from the ground.

Terry was first off in the Blanik to give Susan Cardinal a ride and he reported that the secondary wave was working well under 2000 feet. For the next three hours, then, eight more pilots got wave rides in the secondary to various heights, some for the first time. Steve Hosier took *Funny Girl* to about 17,000 in the secondary on his first solo wave flight. I was next off at 1140 and topped out at just over 20,000 feet where the lennies had a quite threadbare look and were not well defined — later in the afternoon a real lennie formed. The lift was variable from 4-10 knots low down in the secondary with the rotor base at about



Al Hoar

Haut cuisine at "Chez Cowley", the fanciest, most intimate little BBQ ever held on the airfield.

10,000 feet. It was easy to work, although everyone mentioned it felt a little claustrophobic with so much cloud around — it was like flying in a bowl initially. However, once one got up well into the teens, the structure of the cloud became evident and it was easy to find one's way around. There was some open sky in the primary behind Centre Peak, but the cloud cover was solid west of the Livingstone Range and on into BC. Once I got to about 17,000 there was adequate height to move to the primary north of centre Peak, but the wave was not strong and I lost less than 1000 feet in the process.

Other pilots having a good time were Bruce Friesen in his Standard Austria, Al Hoar in the Std Cirrus, Renee Machat got her first wave intro with Terry in the Blanik (her story follows), Kerry Stevenson and Mike Crowe in the Jantars, and Tomas had his first solo wave flight in the Blanik.

From midafternoon on, the day was mostly packing up the camp while Terry cast a jaundiced eye on the sky

to the north for possible ferry flights of the Blanik and a Jantar back to Black Diamond. It was off for some time due to high winds up the valley and cb activity in the Calgary area. For a while it looked like the ships were going to have to be tied down until Tuesday, but eventually the conditions softened and at least the Blanik got home before sundown.

So that was it for the summer camp this year. Somewhat restrained, let's say laid back, in size, soaring opportunities and activity.

1997 will be entirely different though! It will be the 25th Cowley Summer Camp and we plan great things for it. The ASC executive are entertaining ideas for special events and activities — pass them along. Put aside some holiday time, it will be a big party. Ursula thinks that you may even have to reserve a place at this table if many past participants indicate they will be coming! There will be more information on the planning of this anniversary camp later.

## Fall camp Addendum

WHAT A CONTRAST to the Summer Camp! I was more than a little concerned as the cold, wet September progressed and it snowed on 1 October. That was too early. At first it looked like it would be a small camp again like last year. The September Cu Nim club meeting was indifferent, but then I started getting regular phone calls from everywhere asking about the camp — is it on, etc. More and more expressed interest and I had my fingers crossed for the weather.

It turned out perfect! It was the best fall camp I can remember — six straight days of relatively warm, sunny, all dry, very west-windy weather that gave good wave the whole time. Forty-three pilots registered making it as big as the summer camp. Eight Montanans arrived and aerotowed their Blanik in from Kalispell with a Pawnee. That was an epic five hour trip because of their tortured course which backtracked out of the Flathead Valley and then had to go east to Del Bonita to clear customs at the little border airstrip there. They won't do that again. Others from away were a few from BC, Horst Dahlem from Saskatoon, George Szukala from North Bay, Ontario and Bob Mercer from Quebec. Everybody got a wave ride, from lower level peeks in oxygenless checkrides to five Diamonds, two Golds, and a Stachow Trophy flight.

Thursday the 10th gave the highest wave with only a few campers on hand. John Broomhall got to 25,000 in his Jantar and Trevor Florence reached 26,000 in

the VSA Grob 102 for Diamonds while I stopped at 28,000 feet at the top of the block, still climbing at a couple of knots. Surface winds were at 25-30 knots most days and gusting more. Unfortunately, the strong wind spelled the end of the Cold Lake 1-26 when it was outlanded to the northwest and was blown upside down after the pilot left it insufficiently secured while getting a ride back to the field for a retrieve. The wind was a concern for most of the camp with Scout tows being halted one afternoon after it was unable to taxi (the Pawnee could continue) and on other occasions it was tied down or taxied behind shelter between tows. It became normal to see sailplanes hit the button from 6-800 foot final turns.

The next day, young Neil Gegenbauer got his Diamond in the Grob 102 following his first wave flight during his morning checkride, and Mike Swendsen introduced "Brave Heart" to the wave and got his Diamond also, then performed the often-repeated classic of landing gear up after having it down during the whole flight — the paint was hardly scuffed.

On the 14th, the secondary was working very well — it took Buzz Burwash only three minutes from takeoff to release! Wayne Watts from ESC got a Gold and Aaron Archibald from Golden topped out at 24,000 feet from 7000 for his Diamond. Unfortunately, Paul Scott of ESC missed his by a small margin because his low point was at 8000, but he can claim a Gold climb from any of the three that he flew.

Congratulations to all. It was a classic wave camp — if you were there, consider yourself fortunate.

# Shot down in Aspen Valley

## Darwin Roberts

I WRITE THIS at the prompting of Tony and in the hopes that others that have not followed their basic instinct will pay attention, and to congratulate those of you who avoid potentially dangerous situations. Follow your training and your gut instinct.

On the second of August this year, my family and I had shown up at the Cowley Summer Camp with tent in hand, and a handful of tow tickets, and a new homebuilt aircraft, and a possible 50-50 forecast. At the pilot meeting Tony spoke up and indicated that he would like some material for the magazine, and indicated that surly someone had something they could contribute. I searched my data banks for material and was sure that I had not accomplished anything that was noteworthy.

A glance to the sky told me that there was a possibility of wave working however the wind did not seem just right, Tony indicated that he thought that the rotor clouds that seemed to be hanging around was from the divide, but that there was a possibility of wave. My partner and I assembled the HP-16 along with the three miles of tape and towed to the end of runway 25. I was standing around glancing skyward and was interrupted by the CFI and was asked if I would like to make a flight with Stuart Baker who would like to try for a wave flight before the day was over. The Cu Nim Blanik was free for the moment and since it's time was at a premium he would like to take his turn.

From here it all goes down hill, we launched on 25 and were headed for Centre Peak, hoping to release in wave at an altitude of 4000 feet agl. As we proceeded in a north west direction I handed the controls over to Stuart at around 800 feet, it was his second time at the aerotow game.

I noticed that we seemed to be in a bit of sink but that didn't bother me because we fly in and out of it all the time while searching for wave — in fact thinks can get down right violent. There didn't seem to be any end to the sink but that still didn't bother me, however my gut began to react. We still proceeded north west alternating on controls to allow Stuart get back into position, still in mild sink.

We were now flying in the area were I have usually been able to contact the wave if there is any around.

But all that was happening was rougher air, and we were still not climbing very fast. I was doing most of the flying and the air was a bit rough and I did not want to have a rope break. Another mistake that I had made was that I had left the mike in the right side pocket of the L13 and I am right handed. I was so busy moving the controls from lock to lock and deploying spoilers, and side-slipping to keep the rope from breaking that I had no time to radio the tow pilot to turn around and head back for the field. On top of that, I had a feeling that we were going to run into the wave at any minute, and we kept on going, now around 3000 feet.

We were approaching Centre Peak and were testing the harness system somewhat at about 3500 feet agl. The air was very rough, however there were a few spots were it would smooth out and go up like hell, but just for a short burst and then back into it again. Also we were now flying to close to the peak and I figured that we must be in the turbulence coming over the top of the mountain. By this time I knew that there is going to be no wave today and that I would really like it if the tow pilot would just get out of there. Just then the glider was bounced to the left, and the tow plane to the right and down, and was going to be out of sight any second. I pulled the pin.

To my delight the vario was pegged up and it looked like we had found what we were looking for, we gained for a few seconds, and then the vario went the other way. I penetrated forward in case I had fallen out of the back side, but nothing, then we were back into it again with the vario going up. I worked back and forth for a short distance north and south but it seemed to be short-lived, with the vario now pegged down.

I decided that we should use what altitude we had to find a field or somewhere that we could make a safe landing. A short distance away slightly to the north of where we were there was a few farm buildings that looked like there could be something. On looking over them there was machinery, hay bales, buildings, cows, creeks, trees and high hills, not good! Oh, I forgot to mention the rocks.

A field with hay bales on part of it with a power line running a third of the distance from the downwind end looked like the only possibility. As we were





overflying that field I was able to examine another one right underneath us. I could see that it had been worked by machinery and reseeded to a hay crop, the only obstacles that I could see was a power line at the downwind end and a high 500 foot hill.

Stuart was also suggesting which field would be a good choice, and didn't object too strenuously when I told him of my decision. We tried to ridge soar a hill on the downwind side of the selected field, but there was not a lot of lift working for us. I did a right hand approach to the field and on the base leg the vario again was point to 500 down ... not good ... we were going to go under the power line, which I didn't like at all. Fortune started to smile at us again as the vario went "up" to 100 down and we would be able to fly over the power line after all.

Upon clearing the power line by 150 feet I pulled full spoiler and sideslipped to the ground, at the last moment closing the spoiler and bleeding off the speed. I didn't know how noisy a metal aircraft can be when it is running through grass but I was finding out. I pulled the brake fairly firmly and we came to a noisy halt. We were in the middle of the field with the grass approximately a foot and a half high, with clumps of grass over six feet, but everything seemed to be intact with no dings that we could see. On walking from the field I found that we had indeed been blessed in landing in a field that was flat and no obstacles other than high

grass to the one side of the field and the power line.

The retrieve is another story but I would like to make the comment that the grapevine phone system in that part of the valley was working very well. There was no one at home at the ranch house, and we had gone to the road to see if we could catch anyone. A neighbour was driving by and asked if we noticed the plane in the field behind us. She was nice enough to give us a ride back to Cowley where we organized a retrieve.

Upon returning to the ranch, we found that Rose had returned home from feeding a haying crew and she was busy mowing her lawn. She looked a little surprised to see me standing in her yard waiting for her to finish what she was doing. She stopped the mower and we exchanged greetings, I then asked her for permission to recover the L13 from their field she did a double-take because she hadn't noticed the huge glider in her backyard, in this case the "west 20". She stopped everything and gave us instructions on where to go and what gates to use, and then observed the operation as we pulled the Blanik through five foot high grass near the field entrance to the waiting trailer.

The rest is history but again my whole point in this article is this: if I had followed my gut instinct this incident would not have happened. I would not have risked life or limb, or the aircraft, and other pilots would have been able to fly that day as well.

## Doctor's orders

**Chris Proszowski**

from GGC newsletter, *"Snapshots from the Larboard"*

**D**AVE WAS A QUIET PASSENGER. Here we were, almost at release altitude, 2000 feet above ground and he has not said a word yet.

I saw him, sitting there patient and motionless on one of our plastic lawn chairs under the sun umbrella next to the flight "shack", for most of this afternoon. The flightline was very busy today, with gliders landing and taking off like clockwork and private power planes coming and going in between. I was filling in for another instructor who had not shown up this afternoon. It's nice to be up and flying on a beautiful day like this, even if it means just sitting in the back seat of a glider issuing instructions to the student in front. The students that I've been up with, so far, were all advanced and practising thermal centring techniques, and there really wasn't that much for me to do, except to give occasional advice. So, when another instructor showed up and asked if I wanted a break, I welcomed the invitation with relief. Maybe I'll have a quick bite to eat and then go up in one of our club's single seaters for a while. The lift was quite good now, and a solo flight would be a nice change.

I got a snack and a soft drink out of my car, and looking for a place to sit, noticed an empty chair under the umbrella next to a stranger.

"Hi, I'm Chris I've not seen you around here before. Are you waiting for someone? Are you their guest?"

"I'm Dave. No, I don't know anybody here. I just want to watch for a while and Tom (our duty field manager) said that it was okay to sit here."

Eating my snack I watched him, looking like a hawk at every aircraft movement taking place right in front of us. A thought occurred to me that perhaps Dave is an aviation inspector of some sort, quietly observing the procedures and operations at our gliderport for some reason. A couple of gliders took off, another landed, before I decided to break the silence again.

"Have you been up in a glider before, Dave?"

"No, never. Never in a small power plane like these towplanes either."

Well, so Dave isn't an inspector after all, I thought. He would have a pilot's licence or at least flown in an airplane once or twice before, if he was.

"The club rules don't allow for any passenger flights in our power planes, Dave, but I would be glad to arrange a flight for you in one of our two-seat gliders, if you want. Would you like to try that?"

He looked at me, serious expression on his face, and for a second perhaps, I thought I saw some fear in his eyes, but then he smiled and said quite firmly, "OK, let's do it."

It didn't take long to arrange for the next available glider, sign the appropriate forms, and collect the passenger fee before we were ready to go. As I helped Dave to make himself comfortable in the front seat of our ASK-13, I noticed that although he wasn't a big man, he was quite well built and muscular.

The takeoff and tow, with our trusty Citabria in front were uneventful, yet full of unexplained tension. I could almost sense it, sitting in the rear cockpit behind my passenger.

"Now, Dave, it's time to let go of our towrope. There will be a slight bang when I pull the release, and then we'll be free as a bird."

"Okay."

Late afternoon soaring can be very smooth and enjoyable. This was exactly one of those afternoons, the air was perfectly clear and our visibility excellent. Hopping from one gentle thermal to another we explore the area and gain altitude, new vistas opening before our eyes with each 1000 feet of height reached. I notice that the tension, so heavy in the first part of our flight, is almost gone, and I can see Dave curiously looking around, admiring the awesome scenery that surrounds us at this altitude.

"Would you like to try the controls, Dave?"

We are at 5000 feet and I realize that we must begin our descent in order to squeeze the flight within the prescribed 30 minutes for introductory passenger rides. Having a novice try the controls usually guarantees a quick descent, even in the best soaring conditions.

"No, I don't want to touch anything, I will just sit here."

It dawns on me that this actually is the first statement from Dave since our takeoff. Enthralled by this beauti-

ful flight, I didn't even notice that apart from some occasional grunts in response to my questions, Dave didn't say a word during the entire flight. Our landing into a gentle evening breeze is steady and a touchdown in the grassy runway is soft and final I open the canopy, and as we climb out of our cockpit I say,

"So, did you like it?"

He stood in front of me, deliberately looking straight in my eyes and said, "You know what — it was fantastic! I really, really liked it! And you know what? I even want to come back and try it again. Maybe even take some flying instructions, you know?!"

Well, I have seen some excited passengers before, the first flight is always a thrill, though nothing like this.

"But, Dave, if you liked it so much, why didn't you say anything before?"

After parking the glider, with the flight line assistant's help, we sat down under our umbrella again.

"You see, Chris, my profession takes me to many distant places, usually on a short notice. So, the only way to get there, in time, is by boarding some quickly-booked commercial flight. But I had an extremely acute fear of flying. Can you imagine the mental torment and anxiety I went through every time I had to board a plane to some destination? The only way I could get on any of those planes was after more than a few stiff drinks at the airport lounge. Although it was a quick fix at first, it wasn't a permanent solution nor a pretty picture afterwards. Imagine the hangovers, and trying to look businesslike the next morning.

Now this may sound corny, but by chance one day at an airport bar I met this psychotherapist who specialized in the treatment of phobias. It was he who told me that a phobic reaction involves a greatly exaggerated response to a stimulus that probably, by itself isn't really harmful at all, and the control of this reaction can be learned in just a few sessions with a qualified therapist using a procedure known as systematic desensitization ... I took every one of those sessions

But, what he didn't tell me at that time was that he wanted to experiment by combining this technique with another, called 'flooding' or 'implosion'. It is the total opposite of systematic desensitization. Here, a patient is faced with the strongest dose of the anxiety-causing stimulus that they can tolerate, either through Imagery or in reality.

So, my analyst was watching TV one evening, channel surfing, when he spotted some short film about flying

gliders in England. There was this chap, I think Derek Piggott was his name, flying around in a two-seat glider with this lovely young lady who seemed hardly able to contain her enjoyment of the experience.

He thought of me and got this video and then he showed it to me over and over again. But, that was only the imagery, right? He told me to find an airport where they fly gliders, watch them for a while and then try it ... in reality!

So, here I am, on doctor's orders! You have just provided the real 'anxiety-causing stimulus', the main ingredient of his prescription, and I am cured! I feel free and reborn! I no longer have any fear of flying, and all without even getting drunk!"

I slumped in the chair, my knees weak.

As much as I was pleased to have helped him, and flattered to have gained his total confidence to be the guide in this final test, I was overwhelmed by the thought of the great danger that we both had just gone through. Neither of us can tell what his reaction might have been had he actually panicked. The stories I have read and heard about some student pilot or passenger freezing on the controls in a panic and blocking normal recovery procedures cascaded through my head. Although he wasn't a big man, he was quite well built and muscular.

"Dave, I wish you had told me before we took off." ❧

## *ASC Planning Meeting*

***18 November, 10 am***

***RCAF Association***

***#108 - 5430 11 St NE***

***(east off Deerfoot exit at 64th Ave N, south on 11th - it's on your left just past the top of the hill)***

***It's time to begin thinking about what we'll be doing in 1997. 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 '96 and '97.***

***Give some thought to these topics;***

- provincial contest at Cu Nim or ESC***
- a special 25th Cowley Summer Camp***
- any interest in an Invermere camp?***
- an inter-club ASC XC "ladder"***

# Airspace grab

## Calgary chapter

### Tony Burton

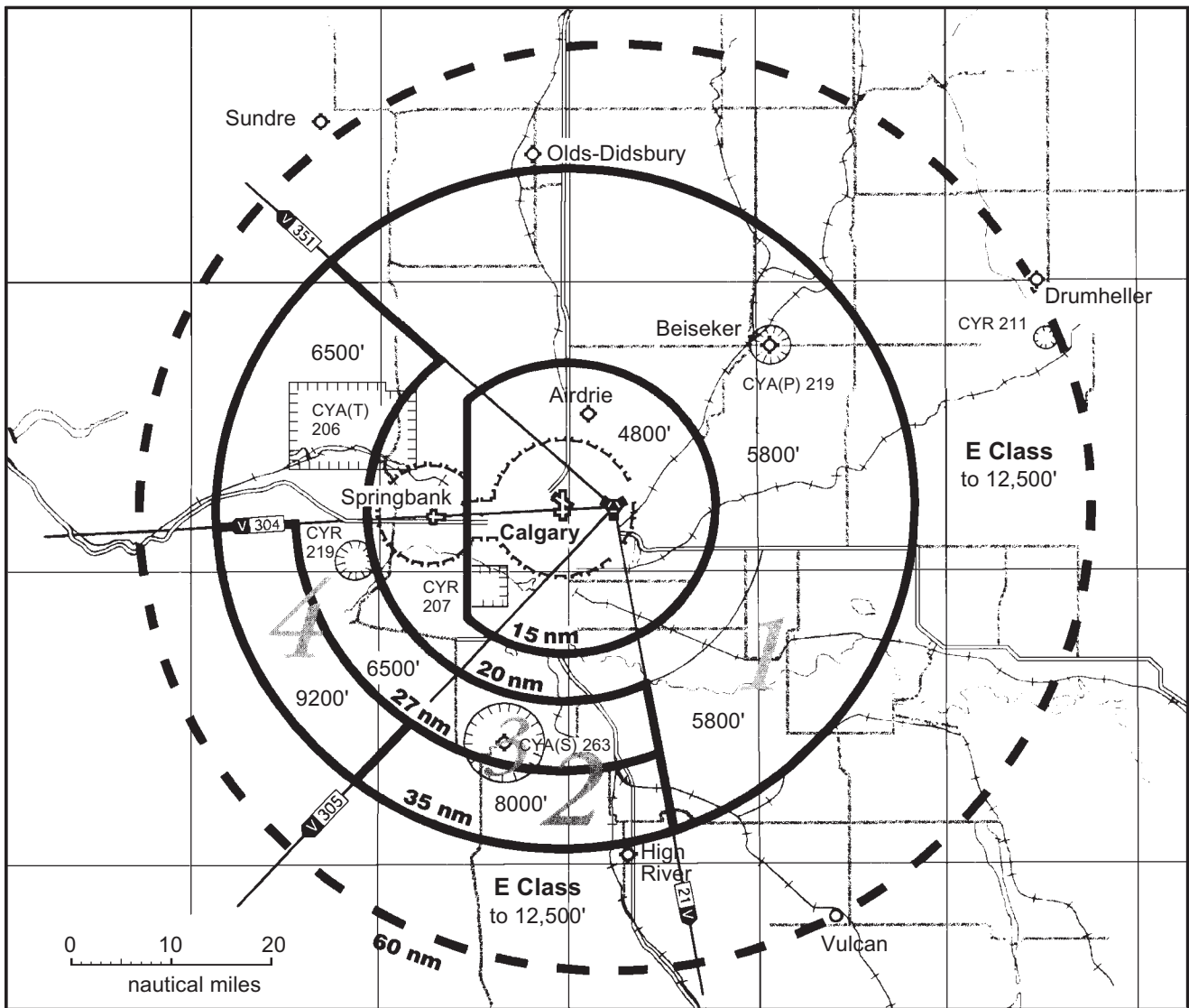
The AIC 2/95 broadly outlined the airports which would be expanding their Class C airspace to a 35 nm radius and 5800 ft floor (2000 ft agl at Cu Nim). The AIP Canada Supplement 30/96 (the latest AIP update) further defined and modified the airspace around Calgary. The 35 nm ring had been modified with arcs of higher floors towards the southwest when it was recognized that air traffic controllers would be controlling rocks and dirt in that direction otherwise. Also, a soaring alert area 4 nm in radius to 8000 ft asl (4200 ft

agl) was defined over Cu Nim. Cloudbase at Cu Nim is often 10 to 12,500 ft asl.

The Cu Nim alert area now is located mostly under a segment with a 6500 ft asl floor (2700 ft agl) with the southern portion extending into a segment with an 8000 ft asl (4200 ft agl) floor. (See diagram below.)

A three hour meeting was held 26 September by Cu Nim (Terry Southwood CFI, Dave Fowlow Deputy CFI, Tony Burton Alberta Soaring Council), Bill Green (SAC Airspace chairman), Calgary Terminal Control supervisor, Edmonton Area Control Centre representatives, and TC Western Region Airspace Standards and Navigation System Requirements supervisor.

The meeting was held to discuss the new airspace implementation and how soaring pilots and the club would/could operate within it.



### Meeting results:

Terminal Control described their operating procedures and limitations when bringing IFR traffic into Calgary and vectoring them for the runways. They are unlikely to get consistent radar returns on glass ships. Although sailplanes do not require transponders, Terminal Control is unhappy with having to work with aircraft they cannot positively position and control — they have a responsibility and liability problem in the case of loss of separation of traffic in the TCA. (The supervisor did state that once a glider pilot confirms that a specific aircraft is in sight, separation is “officially” achieved and one can proceed without problem.)

We were unable to get the Class C area reduced to minimize the impact on soaring (or on local small airports). TCA and ACC could only speak on the operational aspects of the airspace and Western Region said they could only work with the airspace hand they were dealt by Ottawa.

In the interest of flight safety, pilots could go off frequency briefly when in Class C airspace in order to maintain separation etc. with other sailplanes.

Four areas in the Class C airspace were defined which are bounded within the 20 and 35 nm arcs:

- Area 1 to east and southsoutheast – between the V21 airway radial and the Trans-Canada highway east of Calgary.
- Area 2 to southwest and southsoutheast – between the V305 and V21 airways.
- Area 3 a height extension directly on top of the soaring alert area for local training.
- Area 4 to west and southwest – between the V304 and V305 airways.

Cu Nim will phone Terminal Control in the morning to alert them that sailplanes may be calling in to enter certain areas during the day and provide a list of probable sailplanes. This *does not* open these areas to sailplane use — it just gives the controllers prior warning that we may be calling in to possibly reduce their workload to our benefit given traffic and busy local airspace considerations during the day. Note that gliders are not limited to the Class C areas outlined — these are just the areas most likely to be used by gliders. Each sailplane must individually call in to obtain clearance, giving position and intentions. The club alert area requires 24 hours notice to open — it can't be open continuously or on weekends on a schedule.

An operating agreement is being drafted for signature by Cu Nim (and Edmonton Soaring Club — their airspace is a smaller problem).

Regarding the increase in the Class C airspace, the controllers themselves said they do not want it because it increases their workload, responsibility, and liability exposure (Calgary ATC is going to have to add another position), so we have allies for change in the operators. Any airline pilot I have spoken with doesn't want to be wandering around so far afield burning up fuel at low altitude, so we have some sympathy from airspace users also.

### My observations:

- Local flying is going to be more problematic and a hassle and will diminish the joy of soaring and the essential freedom of the sport. This can only have a negative effect on membership retention.
- The Class C sectors and floors around Cu Nim are complicated. Club and private ships are going to have to carry well-marked charts showing sector borders for pilots to be sure what kind of airspace they're in.
- It is going to take a while for controllers and glider pilots to get comfortable with each other. The club will probably have to draft some standard “phraseology cards” worked out to clearly state local flying goals to controllers without causing confusion or denials. Serious badge/record/trophy flights will be harder to do and may be denied (or fail) because of airspace denials or delays, and some tasks (mostly to the north) will diminish significantly because of the longer courselines within Class C airspace.
- It will probably be difficult to hold a contest at Cu Nim. This is a blow as we *are* a sport after all. This diminishes the skills attainment which go into improving flight safety, etc.
- Most clubs will be incurring expense to upgrade radios with poor modulation or Tx/Rx quality, replace radios that do not have the ATC frequency, and buy radios for non-equipped trainers.
- The main concern is that we are going to have entry disapproved not because of any conflicting traffic for example, but because controllers are busy vectoring traffic miles away north of Calgary or, because they cannot be positive of our exact location, will unnecessarily delay entry because of IFR traffic that is “close” although actually well separated from us. (Having a GPS with the radar site as a waypoint will be advantageous because glider pilots will be able to report exact positions.)
- Cu Nim's continued tenure on its newly-bought field is in question. There is some talk that the airspace problem will be so onerous that the club

# Still at 11,000

## Renee Machat

There could not have been a more spectacular way to end this year's Cowley Summer Camp than to take a ride in the Cowley wave.

Sunday, August 4th, was the third day that the wind was howling out of the southwest, favouring 21. The wave was working. And since this would be the last day that towpilots would be available, the few remaining campers were keen to rig and DI ships, once the pilots' meeting was over.

I had had only two flights thus far for the week. I was definitely interested in having another, though I must admit I did think we seemed a bit crazy taking off into 20+ knot winds. Would it be that wild up there, I wondered. On the takeoff roll, my copilot, Terry Southwood and I, were off the ground within 10 feet, with the towplane following suit quickly after. That was the shortest dual takeoff roll I'd ever experienced. Amazing what a headwind, half flap, and two flyweight pilots can do.

Already I could feel the lift pushing up upward on tow. On a previous flight, Terry had made contact with the wave at 1,500 feet in the secondary but hung on until 2,000 for security. When we released at 2,000, contact was not imminent. While searching for the lift, we bumped into a thermal which gave us enough height to eventually make contact with the wave. From there on, the only way to go was up.

It is a pleasant feeling to be able to simply park the glider and be lifted up in the air without having to do any work. Gently cruising back and forth amongst the clouds was both eerie and exciting. Also, I had never seen my altimeter needle go beyond 8,000 feet. On this flight, we pulled full spoilers to stay below 12,500 feet. Flying along with full spoilers and extra speed (to maintain zero sink) was interesting. Normally, this configuration would enable me to get down pronto, but in such strong lift, their effect was now negligible.

Since the Blanik Terry and I were flying in had to be aerotowed back to Black Diamond later on and the conditions were so good, we toyed with the idea of simply soaring it back. But, needing to empty our bladders and refuel with food, we decided to give that idea some thought.

Back on the ground! fellow Cu Nimer, Steve Hosier, asked me how my flight was. "Excellent!" I said, though I needn't have said anything for the smile lighting up my face said it all.

After a bite of lunch, I was keen to get back in the air again, maybe even fly home to Black Diamond, about 120 kilometres north. Conditions had changed since my earlier flight though, and it was looking iffy even for an aerotow, never mind a cross-country glider flight. From the ground, we could see the tops of some Cb although it was hard to tell how far away they were. Terry decided that we would wait two hours to see if conditions improved and the wind calmed down before aerotowing the Jantar and Jantar back to Black Diamond. Since I have yet to fly cross-country, the adventure of a cross-country aerotow appealed to me. I wanted very much to do this flight, even though I knew that it might not be a reality given the weather. Still, I was hopeful.

By around 19:30, the wind had died down considerably. The sky looked pretty promising, too. A call made by Cu Nim member Darwin Roberts, who was camped out at Black Diamond, confirmed that the weather was clear back home. The flight was on. It was just before 20:00 when towpilot Mike Crowe, in the club Scout, NJK, lifted off with Steve Hozier in the Jantar. Paul Chalifour, towing in the ASC Scout, PCK, with Terry and me in the Blanik, followed shortly after. Unfortunately, Steve ended up not coming with us, as he had to punch off tow and return to Cowley after getting badly out of position on tow in some strong lift.

For the first part of our flight, we maintained a cruising altitude of around 8,600 feet. Passing through the valley just south of Chain Lakes, there are few landout options. Because of this, Terry wanted a bit of extra height so we climbed up to 11,000 feet and stayed there for the rest of the flight. Along the way, I was able to do a bit of map reading and sight seeing. I had never seen this terrain from the air. It was beautiful to see. By this time I'd noticed that Mike Crowe was off to our left in NJK. A wave of excitement washed through me as I thought of us all heading for Black Diamond.

When we reached Longview (roughly 20 kilometres south of Black Diamond) we released and continued our journey unfettered by tow ropes and engines. Once near the airfield, we still had plenty of height to lose. The two towplanes had already landed. Opening the spoilers, we gradually worked our way down to circuit height, checking the windsock in the process. The light had grown dim by this time. Circling once more to

lose altitude, I alerted local traffic that we were on downwind. On final approach, I glanced at the big, orange ball of sun sinking in the distance. As we touched down and rolled to a stop, I remarked that we'd made a sundown landing. It was 21:09.

As Terry and I climbed out of the cockpit, Darwin Roberts came over to greet us and give us a tow back to the hangar. It was such a good, warm feeling to be standing on my home airfield. Cu Nim member Al Hoar, who was to be our shuttle back to Cowley, arrived not long after we landed. When all the equipment was safely packed away in the hangar, we piled into Al's van to head for Cowley to collect our gear and vehicles.

Darkness had set in by this time. As we made our way down the gravel road, I looked over to Paul Chalifour and smiled, elated by what I'd experienced that day, and wondering whether the two flights I'd done had actually happened.

"I think Renee had a good day," Paul said. "She's just sitting there glowing." Indeed, I had had a magnificent day. Although I had made two landings, from two incredible flights, I was nowhere near the ground. I was still floating among the clouds at 11,000 feet. ☼

## Airspace

from page 13

will eventually move unless changes can be made. We shall see.

### The future:

For our own benefit, clubs and private owners will have to keep a club log/diary of all radio communication with ATC for at least a full season in order to get a grip on how accommodating the system is going to be. I'm sure that there will be problems and we will have to have solid figures to back up any claim of non-responsiveness or misunderstanding on the part of TCA controllers.

Cu Nim and all other soaring clubs and other aerosport and general aviation bodies affected by the airspace increase are going to have to make a coordinated effort to oppose the expansion. It appears to be a federal policy decision that had no practical operational input. I can't wait to see how user fees are going to be levied. Fees from NavCan will be hard to swallow — a charge for restricting our freedom to fly. It's like being shot and then getting a bill for the bullet!

Fighting a TC policy decision is a political and national effort — no local operational fine tuning will make it go away.

# Odds n'ends

## Yet another item on the cockpit checklist

In a recent issue of *Sailplane & Gliding*, "Platypus" wrote: I am told on good authority that one senior pilot, frustrated by the problems of having to pee once airborne, and in particular by the difficulty of extracting and stowing the necessary equipment, has taken to leaving his fly undone and his person quite exposed before takeoff, not caring what the world and his wife might think as they stroll by. It certainly gives new meaning to the ancient cry from the wing runner of "Take up slack!" and "All out!"

I have not sought the official British Gliding Association view, but I guess they would say it doesn't matter so long as you can still find the cable release in an emergency... Oh, and another thing: keep the sun's rays off somehow. You could wear two hats if you don't mind explaining what the other one in your lap is for. The two hat solution is absolutely necessary in Texas; they're very strait-laced, and the UV is savage.

## "Did the wind stop blowing?"

On the Internet, a pilot wrote that even though he limited his offers of glider rides to folks he knew would just love the experience, about half respond, "Oh, no, you'll never get me up in one of those things!" Another one was, "You gotta be crazy to go up in a plane without an engine". Some great rejoinders are:

- It's not the engine that makes an airplane, it's the wings. Your car has an engine, too — does it fly?
- We don't have to worry about the engine quitting — it already has.
- Airplane pilots can rely on their engine and panic when it quits. Glider pilots are taught to always have a landable area within easy reach.
- Airplanes fly against the weather, gliders fly with it.
- Airplane pilots have ETA, NAV, COM, ATC on the brain. Not glider pilots. They are never on schedule, never on course, never at the same height or speed for more than an instant. Their focus has everything to do with flying and nothing to do with transportation.

## Misc.

- Don't forget the 30 November ASC planning meeting in Calgary (see notice on page 11). Lunch will be across the street at the *Il Fiasco*. (I asked the owner why she was calling it "a disaster", but in Italy a fiasco is the rattan weaving surrounding a bottle of Chianti!)
- On the next page is a form for ASC Trophies. Are you eligible for one? — send your flight data to the new chairman, BRUCE FRIESEN, 224 Torrie Crescent, Fort McMurray T9K 1J7. ☼

# Club News

## *Grande Prairie Soaring Society*

*Cowley Experiences* I arrived at the Cowley Summer Camp in the middle of the week, and thanks to the Cu Nim club offering us the use of one of their Blaniks, I was able to enjoy the Cowley experience. My goal was to get checked out on aerotow. I had never even sat through an aerotow, although I witnessed one once. Back into the glider with an instructor I went. I had heard that aerotow is a real workout but was not prepared for what it really took. Not only is it harder work but it lasts a lot longer than winch launching. I didn't get checked out but I did learn a great deal about aerotow and would be able to pass a checkride with only a few more practise flights.

I had a couple of other neat experiences. One was just the wonderful soaring. I was not trying for any cross-country time or even any soaring, yet we were able to just float around in the vicinity of the airport. Very relaxing. Also I got to spend some time with Terry Southwood, an excellent instructor from Cu Nim. It's always a lesson to get in with a different instructor than you are used to. They will certainly have a different perspective on things that will make you take another look at your own performance. My own revelations came from being asked to do fully held off landings — putting the wheel on the ground with the minimum amount of energy. I struggled to do this, and have begun to understand that it certainly is a more precise way to fly and I will be safer on any outlandings I am sure to make.

All in all I had a good time at Cowley and I learned a lot. I will go back... *Darcy Lefsrud*

... GPSS had two air accidents and one ground near miss this year. In July, a privately owned Phoebus landing gear mount was damaged during the ground roll of the launch. A similar occurrence happened to same glider about ten years ago. The repair is extensive, it will involve removing/replacing bulkheads. So, ensure your take off/landing areas are inspected carefully on a daily basis — small changes to the ground (ie. gopher holes) can cause large problems.

Also in July, the club Blanik was written off at the Cowley Summer Camp when an instructor pilot opened spoilers on downwind check and left them open for remainder of the flight. The Blanik landed short, flying through a sign and fence before coming to rest. Pilots need to maintain situational awareness. Flap and spoiler controls are located in close proximity and work

the same way. Ensure you are using the correct control. Warning to others: our Blanik was underinsured, we now need to come up with about \$10,000 to cover the shortfall. Check your insurance, are you sure you're covered properly? The club is actively looking for a replacement training aircraft. If you know of a specific aircraft for sale or lease, please contact us.

In the ground incident, a winch cable entanglement around a foot was a near miss. The winch operator saw the cable retrieve vehicle stop at far end of field after pulling cable and assumed cable was fully pulled out. Retrieve vehicle began pulling again, and loose loops on ground at the winch end began to wrap around the operator's leg, but he was able to jump away in time. The potential for a serious accident was present here.

Since the Blanik's accident in July, we've turned away two members who wanted to start lessons because we have no training aircraft. We are finishing the year with fifteen regular club members, and one junior flying member. During the year we licensed one pilot and soloed three students. We also had a non-current licensed pilot brought back to solo standard. We have put over 100 hours to date on our trainer and single seater compared to 70 hours total in 1995.

Special thanks to Calgary for leasing us one of their Blaniks for the month of August. It meant a lot to our students to be able to continue training.

**Bryan Lynch**

## *Central Alberta Gliding Club*

All organizations: us, the Red deer Flying Club and others were involved in the National Soaring Championships. We can all thank one another for a very successful time, although the weather could have been more cooperative. The Cold Lake Soaring Club organized and ran the competition and without a doubt it was an event run extremely well. The Cold Lake members are to be congratulated for their work. The total team effort was great.

One had to attend a pilot briefing to understand the magnitude of the preparations in setting up the computer programs! To flow all this information into a coherent package that all people liked and understood, was a tremendous job and done with professional expediency. It was a memorable time to meet the contest flyers, very keen people, of whom the winners in their class will represent Canada in France during the World Championships 1997.

Speaking to Dick Vine from the Bluenose Soaring Club of Nova Scotia, who came to help crew and enjoy the



flying but not necessarily the competitive side of soaring, was enlightening. So many others also made the whole experience something to remember. The lessons learned will certainly help in the future.

Some competitors had no previous winch experience, and were put through the paces by CAGC members. We checked out pilots on our 2-22 and winch at the same time. A number of our members had the opportunity to fly the Cold Lake 1-26, and discovered the differences between it, the 2-22, and the Bergfalke.

A special mention of people in Red Deer who worked more than their share to make this event so successful were Daks Johnson and Murray Reid from Airspray, Dicky Mulder and Bill Woollven, for working on transportation and making sure that the meals were of a calibre befitting our Red Deer reputation. The Western Night, where Dusty Daines and Denica brought the hay, ropes, saddle, and bucking horse, was slow in starting due to so many "outlandings". However the Baron of Beef served that night was kept warm and served till 10:30 to late arrivals. The wind-up dinner was attended by the largest crowd, again at the Airspray hanger. The speeches were appropriate and the beautiful framed pictures with plaques were presented to the organizations and individuals in recognition for work done for this contest.

**Jerry Mulder**

### ***Edmonton Soaring Club***

The ESC has had a somewhat disappointing year so far. Despite the most ambitious marketing campaign ever, we succeeded in attracting no new members this year at all. Our membership has dropped about fifteen from last year. Indications are that the late spring and bad weather has affected all recreational activities this year, and we hope it is an anomaly.

We are finally getting a trailer for our Puchacz, and we subsequently hope to start some dual cross-country, and perhaps start chasing some of the two-place records.

The expansion of the terminal control areas affect ESC somewhat less than Cu Nim, but has the potential to reduce our ability to fly in traditional areas to the west. Talks were held with Transport Canada, and a potential solution has been identified with a block of airspace within the Class C area that we can open to access areas to the west and northwest. It will mean staying in radio contact with ATC while in these areas. The changes to this airspace do not affect our flying abilities to the north, east, and south.

The ESC year-end bash this year is on November 23 at the Petroleum Club, 6 PM. More information will go

out to ESC members separately. Non-ESC members are welcome, let us know in advance if you plan to attend.

**John Broomhall**

### ***Cold Lake Soaring Club***

*Nationals* – After nearly two years of exhaustive preparations followed by a very successful contest in Red Deer, the key players are slowly unwinding back to a normal pace. The follow-on response to the contest has been overwhelmingly positive with accolades still filtering in. Aside from making a small profit for our club, it has been very gratifying to see that the extra effort we put into the Nationals has resulted in a new standard being set for future contest organization.

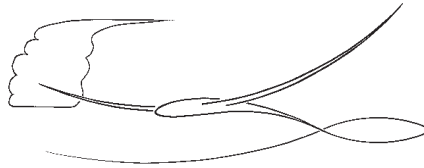
*Club support vehicles* – The recent purchase of two surplus DND one-ton crewcab trucks will be primarily used for airfield support, autotow launches and for Cowley deployments. Both trucks have low mileage and should serve the club well for many years to come.

*Club BBQ* – Our 1 September BBQ in ATC's Circle D Bar & Grill was well attended despite the cool weather. The dinner was followed by impromptu tours of some CF-18 aircraft at 410 Squadron and the Cold Lake IFR Control Centre.

*Meadow Lake Safari* – Following some advance onsite preparation and media hype by Ryszard Gatkiewicz, our club deployed to the Meadow Lake Sask airport on Aug 24-25 to conduct some remote club operations and to fly over 50 fam flights. Flying a dual cross-country tow into Meadow Lake with the Twin Astir and the Blanik really caught the attention of the locals, as they seemed to come out to the airport in droves throughout the weekend. By late Sunday afternoon we had to turn people away in order to fly back to Cold Lake before dark. Ryszard's advance efforts coupled with high quality fam flights really pumped up the interest level for gliding in this community. The deployment was also very beneficial to our club as it was a money-maker as well as giving our pilots a chance to fly from different surroundings and to practise some dual towing. I highly recommend this kind of road trip not only for the benefits to your club and its pilots, but also to raise the profile of our sport in remote areas.

*What's next?* – We have normal club operations until late September when our club will be providing a dozen fam flights to a local teen organization, followed by about 40 fam flights to the local Air Cadet squadron. Finally, the Cowley Fall camp will be the last major flying event for our 25th anniversary year.

**Randy Blackwell**



# 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  PST  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 PST (**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 (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.



Copy this and hang it by your phone.

### ASC EXECUTIVE

**President** Dave McAsey *mprsoar@agt.net*  
47, 2300 Oakmoor Drive SW H 281-7962  
Calgary, AB T2V 4N7 B & fax 281-0589

**Vice President** John Broomhall *jbroom@datanet.ab.ca*  
1040, 107 Street H 438-3268  
Edmonton, AB T6J 6H2 B 423-4730

**Treasurer** Denis Bergeron & Julie Lauzier  
89 Ross Glen Way SE H & fax 526-4560  
Medicine Hat, AB T1B 1N9 B 544-4756

**Secretary** Ursula Wiese  
Box 1916 B, H & fax  
Claresholm, AB T0L 0T0 625-4563

**Program Coord.** Tony Burton *free-flt@agt.net*  
Box 1916 B, H & fax  
Claresholm, AB T0L 0T0 625-4563

**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 *jjmulder@agt.net*  
4309 Grandview Blvd H 343-6924  
Red Deer, AB T4N 3E7

**Cold Lake** Randy Blackwell *c/o dmerc@jetnet.ab.ca*  
5101 - 60 Street H 594-2171  
Grand Centre, AB T0A 1T2 B 840-7857

**Cu Nim** Keath Jorgensen  
5911 – 5 Street SE H 255-9079  
Calgary, AB T2H 1L5

**ESC** John Broomhall *jbroom@datanet.ab.ca*  
1040 - 107 Street H 438-3268  
Edmonton, AB T6J 6H2 B 423-4730

**Grande Prairie** Bryan Lynch *lynchb@wdni.com*  
10226 – 112 Avenue H 532-0435  
Grande Prairie, AB T8V 1V8 B 539-8407

### COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

**Archives** Ursula Wiese *free-flt@agt.net*  
Box 1916 B, H & fax  
Claresholm, AB T0L 0T0 625-4563

**ASCent editor** Tony Burton *free-flt@agt.net*  
Box 1916 B, H & fax  
Claresholm, AB T0L 0T0 625-4563

**Cowley Developm't** Lee Coates  
2216 – 32 Street SW H 242-3056  
Calgary, AB T3E 2R5

**Equipment** Tony Burton *free-flt@agt.net*  
Box 1916 B, H & fax  
Claresholm, AB T0L 0T0 625-4563

**Publicity (ad hoc)** Dave Puckrin  
35 Mill Drive H 459-8535  
St-Albert, AB T8N 1J5 B 451-3660

**Safety** Dave Fowlow  
3527 Button Road NW H 289-9477  
Calgary, AB T2L 1M9 B 974-7541

**Sporting** Terry Southwood  
24 Hyler Place SW H 255-4667  
Calgary, AB T2V 3G6

**Towplane** Mike Crowe  
61 Okotoks Drive H 938-5343  
Okotoks, AB T0L 1T0 B 235-3310

**Trophies** Bruce Friesen  
224 Torrie Crescent H 791-6762  
Fort McMurray, AB T9K 1J7 B 790-7813

### PROVINCIAL COACHES

**Flight Training** Terry Southwood  
24 Hyler Place SW H 255-4667  
Calgary, AB T2V 3G6

**Official Observer** Tony Burton  
Box 1916 H 625-4563  
Claresholm, AB T0L 0T0

return address  
Box 1916, Claresholm, AB TOL 010