

Ascent

the journal of the Alberta Soaring Council



Summer 1999

A note from John

I should start by thanking our beleaguered past president, Jack Towers, for his term as president and beyond when we failed to find a replacement at our AGM. Jack's health has not allowed him to continue flying, and the guilt caught up with me as the months ticked past our AGM with no visible replacement. I guess we never will learn. So soon after the Woods affair taught us the potential dangers of acclaiming executive members, we still struggle to find people prepared to stand. At least we were able to nail the barn door shut after the cows had left.

The ASC has a new face this year on the internet. Tony taught himself HTML and has done an excellent job getting our website together (*see the details on page 20*). There you will find a lot of information about Cowley, all the forms, turn-points, meeting minutes, manuals and documentation that make up the ASC. There are links to all of the member clubs in the province. We have also provided space for Grande Prairie and Central Alberta to get their own web pages going when they are ready to send us some club information. Check the site regularly to see what "Hot News" might be posted, it's there for you.

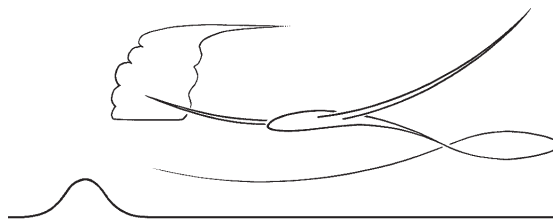
Is there more to the ASC than Cowley and PCK? The model for our existence has not changed for many years. Does the ASC still meet the needs of our member clubs? Are there new things we should be doing, are there old things that are no longer relevant? I'm interested in your opinions. Send a note to me care of <john@cips.ca>.

I write this not long after saying goodbye to a friend. Mike Cook represented to me the kind of person we need more of in our sport. I remember the days he coaxed me into the sky for a good mountain flight when I otherwise wouldn't have rigged. I remember flying north from Invermere with him, following the contours of the mountains, in formation around the back of Mount Seven with head scrunched down, two hands on stick, near redline, on his quest for a 300 km speed record. Mike didn't have too much time for bureaucrats and rule makers, he just wanted to fly. He helped me remember flying's what it's all about.

John Broomhall, ASC president

ASCent

Summer 1999



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We give a large "Thank You" to Chris Schostek and his company, Makeda Press, for printing this issue with its colour cover(!) at no cost to ASC.

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Cover

Cu Nim CFI, Terry Southwood, demonstrates keeping a good lookout in *Papa Mike*.

photo: Terry Southwood

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Cowley, the view from England

Geoff Bailey

AS A RARE ENGLISHMAN attending the Cowley Summer Camp, Tony Burton asked me to write an outsider's view of the event. When you consider that most of my soaring has been done at elevations below Cowley ground level, this event was bound to be something special for me. I normally fly at the Bowland Forest Gliding Club in Lancashire. We are near the foot of a 1000 foot ridge, soarable in several wind directions, and with occasional wave activity. Being near the sea, cloudbases tend to be low and thermals relatively weak. This year's weather at Cowley was described to me as the worst anyone could remember — in that case you guys must be really spoiled by your usual conditions! The 'poor' weather was perhaps good for me in that there was less competition for flying, in what appeared to me quite a good week.

I had heard of Cowley on my previous visit to Alberta in 1988 and when, after suitable hints to my wife about Christmas presents, I received a copy of Ursula Wiese's book about the site, *Stalking the Mountain Wave*, I knew that our next family visit to Alberta really ought to include the 'Cowley week'. With notions of Gold or even Diamond heights, I contacted Cu Nim in January, and received a very welcoming response; I would be able to fly in their Blaniks, and their solo machines subject to satisfactory check flights and obtaining a Foreign Licence Validation Certificate. Obtaining the certificate proved complicated; in the UK we don't actually need a licence to fly sailplanes. However, a UK licence had just recently become available, so I was able to get UK gliding licence number 81, then get the Canadian Validation Certificate.

Arriving at Cowley on the Friday afternoon to set up the tent, borrowed from cousins in Rocky Mountain House, the site certainly lived up to the images which leapt from the pages of Ursula's book about its history. On the drive down from Calgary, there had even been both cumulus and wave cloud good enough in my eyes to make me miss the odd turning (but later described by the regulars as "not much good at all").

Friday was an interesting night; not sleeping too well, I heard the sound first of a train moving through Cowley town to the south, at about three o'clock determinedly sounding its hooter every few minutes. Around five

o'clock, a coyote chorus around the foothills, and at various points mice scurrying round the outside of the tent. They were all probably there on subsequent nights as well, but I was then sleeping better.

The tugs arrived on Saturday, the weather seemed passable to me, but there was generally no interest in flying — partly due to the higher weather expectations of the regulars, perhaps also to the recent gliding fatality in BC. My only circling that day was sanding the cookhouse walls — it felt very much like my home club, where we continue to upgrade our ancient farmhouse.

Sunday produced for me a couple of very enjoyable check flights. The first, in the morning, involved a tow through rotor to reach strong primary wave behind the Livingstones. I certainly found the tow interesting, having to use both hands heaving on the stick to keep station on the tug. After a 3000 foot tow, we were just high enough to pick up initially broken lift from the front of the rotor, then move up to a patch of clear air where eventually we had to hold at 12,000 by cruising at 60 knots with full airbrake. Rick said this indicated about 10 knots of lift present. We were limited by the absence of oxygen, and in any case the cloud patterns prevented us moving north to clear the airway over Cowley. This felt super — my previous highest in the UK being 8000 feet in wave over Yorkshire (though that was starting from a tow to just 2600 asl). After twenty minutes we descended below the 9000 cloudbase to explore and locate further landmarks before landing.

After lunch, both glider and CFI of the day were waiting around on the ground without customers. Unable to understand why no one else wanted them, I proposed a second trip, and off we went. From a relatively calm tow (ie. only two-handed for about a quarter of it!) of 2000 feet, there was thermal lift of up to five knots available to 8000 feet. This flight was curtailed when a shower cloud started moving in on the airfield; by the time we got on the approach there was a severe wind gradient, and strong cross turbulence in the final stages before touchdown. No sooner had we stopped than the rains poured down. Our descent from when we noted the shower's movement (it had been stationary far west for some time before) down to the field had taken rather too long for comfort!

Those two flights had given me a taste of the challenges Cowley could offer (apparently not the very worst conditions, but well up there into the severe end of the spectrum). This seemed most fortunate, since for half an hour it appeared I would have clearance to fly solo, having handled those conditions adequately.

However, following a conference of Cu Nim officials, it was decided that visitors such as myself would not, as a matter of policy, fly their gliders solo. After the elation of the flying that day, and initial approval, this was a major disappointment — no possibility now of badge flights, and restricted to Blaniks rather than glass.

Monday brought cu with some signs of wave above. At my turn to fly, thermal lift had been proving difficult to contact. At Al Hoar's suggestion we decided on a high tow, and to fill the Blanik's oxygen system, to look for wave. Despite the high tow we gave up on wave and settled for being dropped under a cu near the Livingstones. A climb to cloudbase of 10,000 feet, followed by edging forwards, enabled some climbing up the front face of the cloud, but the ragged lift had to be tried on many cloud fronts and further forward in order to eventually get us to 12,000. Moving north past Centre Peak (to clear the airway) resulted in further slow lift, very close up to the lee of the Livingstones, taking us eventually to 16,000, another personal height record, and the highest flight of the day.

Tuesday had moderate thermal soaring available, but I thought I'd better leave others fly the Blanik after my long flight the previous day.

Wednesday appeared to me to be offering good thermal prospects, but there seemed to be remarkably little interest in flying. An appeal to the Cu Nim CFI regarding possible solo flying appeared to offer a possibility subject to some further check flights, and the weather looked worth risking a tow ticket for the fun of it especially since Al, the only other pilot to fly that day, was still airborne some hours after launch. A tow in conditions much more similar to the UK (ie. only one hand needed on the stick) was followed by a very pleasant hour of thermal soaring of up to 11,000 feet; at 7000 above ground this was excellent by Lancashire's weather standards.

Debriefing after the flight seemed encouraging — might I still be let loose alone? Inexplicably to me, there were only two flights in total for the day. It turned out Al had managed to get into wave as well as thermal, but why did no one else fly? During this flight we were called up by a commercial flight in the overhead airway, presumably he had us on radar near the airway centreline, and was checking he wasn't likely to hit us — since we were at 7000 at the time, and he at 14,000, there seemed adequate clearance! The comfortable radio relationship with commercial traffic is another of the striking memories I have — much of the traffic seemed aware of the Camp, and keen to talk. Similarly, I was impressed by the (usually) relaxed professionalism of the 'Cowley traffic' radio communications. Getting a low level fly-past one evening by one of the

local fire fighting A52 'water bombers' was also a surprise treat.

Thursday was too windy to fly. I was glad to have put the tent in the lee of some bushes, with extra guyropes. Head-Smashed-In Buffalo Jump was well worth the trip I made to see it.

On Friday it became clear the 'no-solo' policy would be reinstated, but there appeared to be the prospect of a cross-country flight, again with Al. We took a tow around lunch time, but found conditions marginal; 7500 was the best we could get, and we fell down after an hour or so.

Before dawn on Saturday, it started to pour with rain, and seemed likely to continue. I decided it was time to strike camp and rejoin my wife in Rocky Mountain House. Overall I had five and a half hours of what for me was excellent or good soaring. The site seems super and it seems a pity it's used so infrequently. The irritation of not being able to fly solo machines detracted somewhat from the enjoyment of the week, particularly having gone through all the licensing hassle. I understand that some recent incidents may have contributed to the changes in Cu Nim policy. Also I don't think I had the prospect of any Gold or Diamond heights given this year's weather, which makes it less problematic being restricted to P2. I find it difficult to decide whether I would have gone to the trouble of coming anyway, if the restriction had been evident back in January. The experience was certainly excellent, as was meeting the many interesting and friendly people. I would like to thank you all for making me feel so welcome.

Part of the attraction of visiting new sites is the magic of flying them alone, and the aspiration of possible (even if unlikely) badge flights. I feel it would be sad if only those people able to arrange their own aircraft were able to aspire to badge flights at a site with such proven soaring weather, and history, as Cowley. As a visitor it is not for me to set policy, but perhaps all organizations with an interest in Cowley should consider whether practical arrangements can be made for visitors to attempt badge flights, or whether it would be preferable to discourage such visits. The outcome should of course be made clear to future potential visitors. These comments are meant to be constructive and I hope will be taken in that sense; if we wish to preserve gliding as a movement, rather than a collection of isolated operations, I believe the more that can be done to encourage interchange, the better.

I hope that I get the chance for a further visit someday (perhaps with even better weather, such as what the regulars might call normal?); until then, farewell! ✨

The “eh-team” rules

Tony Burton, Cu Nim

I HADN'T BEEN TO EPHRATA since 1992 when the US Sports Class Nationals were held there. So, when Mike Thompson, an HP-14 pilot in Vancouver, asked me in an e-mail if I was going to attend this year's Region 8 contest (due in a couple of weeks), I thought — okay, why not. I had passed up the Canadian Nationals this year because it now required the use of GPS for scoring and, still being a bit of a Ludite about this gear, I wasn't about to learn how to use it in the middle of a Nats gaggle.

It was a well-attended contest, with fourteen in Sports class, eight in 15m, and the minimum five in Open. The Open class contest was unusual since there hadn't been enough entries for years and the local *Nimbii* were usually relegated to Sports. This year, Helmut Gebenus of VSA was convinced to fly his ASW-20 in the Open class for an undisclosed inducement. Canadians were very well represented in Sports with five pilots from BC, me, and Paul Tolson, an itinerant Brit. Open had Helmut, and the 15m class added Rudy Rozsypalek from Pemberton Soaring.

Ephrata is an airport in central Washington which I commend to any soaring pilot — the area is simply magnificent. Located in the Columbia Basin, a semi-arid countryside sitting on about 5000 feet deep basalt lava beds, it's a thermal and dust devil generator *par excellence*. There are huge grain fields where there aren't vertical columnar basalt cliffs (up to 800 feet high in places). Half the fields are fallow any year so outlanding is no problem. There is a large elevated plateau to the west and north, also with grain fields, which starts convecting as early as 9 am.

Ursula and I arrived at Ephrata after a ten hour drive from Claresholm on the Friday evening before the contest. It was to be a six day affair with practice on Sunday. It rained most of the way through the mountains, but once west of Spokane the Basin opened up before us and so did the sky, and the further west the drive, the better the sky looked for soaring. It didn't appear that the traditional soaring conditions were going to abandon pilots.

After shaking a few hands around the clubhouse, the word to the wise was, “Get rigged early and grab a spot

on the tie-down line”. Ephrata is a second home to several western Washington glider clubs. The ramp of the former WWII bomber base is enormous and holds two very long tie-down cable lines and is also where gliders marshal, launch, and land. A lot of campers look like fixtures, and some cars parked by the trailer line also look like permanent retrieve-only vehicles — judging from the faded paint, they've definitely been out in the sun too long. The pilots who had stayed overnight were shocked that it had rained hard the night before. The poor sods from the coast had hardly seen the sun there for months on end. The joke running around Seattle was a visitor asking a kid on the street when it stops raining around here, and he answers, “I don't know, I'm only six years old.”

Saturday Unlike Cu Nim, pilots are awake and lined up in front of the washrooms at the Seattle Glider Council clubhouse at 6 am! At 6:15 two pilots were making out 500 kilometre declarations on the clubhouse deck (they made it too).

I got EE rigged and washed and had a 2-1/2 hour flight after lunch to refamiliarize myself with the territory. On the way back to the field I passed a *Russia AC-4* and stopped to join it in a couple of thermals to how it looked and how it climbed — it's an elegant little ship (12.6 m, 300 lbs) — and two of them would be competing in the contest. The soaring was good with the only problem being some mid-level spread out which was to be a concern on later days.

Sunday Practice day. The forecast is for the same moist airmass but with a little more drying so any spread out areas should be avoidable. The only problem during the day was a lot of fake clouds which would not leave when their lift did. Norm Ellison called them *Cumulus Non-Liftus* clouds. Cloudbase was a quite low 7000 feet asl (5700 agl) but the 7-8 knot lift and some streeting allowed lots of choice. The task was a three hour PST and I flew a big loop to the north and then east visiting Mansfield, Electric City (near the Grand Coulee Dam), Davenport, Odessa and return which totalled 293 kilometres.

I felt I had wasted time on the first half of the flight due to those Non-Liftus cu, but the day started dying at an early 4 pm with the result that the cumulus that

did persist were honest, and that allowed good progress home into wind from the east (being able to progress well into wind is always a big plus in cross-country flying).

I had a unique problem with the compass, which I have used perhaps twice in twenty-two years. Its seal decided to give up the ghost and alcohol dripped steadily onto the hot instrument cover where it evaporated, and the fumes were quite potent, especially when I had occasion to close the air vent. Intoxication aside, I wasn't sure how I had done relative to the other pilots and was very surprised to find that I had won the day at 97.6 km/h, well ahead of the second place DG-400M at 82.0 km/h. That earned me 1190 points. Just to bring you up to speed on the scoring system, the presence of "Aliens" (hence our scoring designation and the pun in the title) is not supposed to affect the scores of the home-grown pilots. The highest placing American pilot is to get the "maximum" points for the day, and then us "A"s get proportionately more if we beat them. I think it's a fine system.

The long range forecast for the next few days was pretty bad. Ephrata was to be in a warm sector following a frontal passage with a lot of cirrus and alto stuff to cut off the lift. And that's how it was for the next two days which featured a sky full of wave clouds off the Cascades. It was unstable enough to produce a little cu under all the clag but nothing useful for tasks. Some pilots launched for local flying and one or two connected with the wave and got to 12,000 feet. On the second day (Monday) we actually gridded in hope of enough convection, but the sniffer didn't get more than a knot or so to about 2400 feet agl so we all tied down again. Two consecutive days of no soaring at Ephrata had the locals in mild shock!

Tuesday (and Day 1) We woke up to altostratus again at 7 am and by the pilot's meeting at 10 it was almost solid. The pilots were actually beginning to wonder if we might not have a contest if tomorrow was also a dud. The forecast was the same as yesterday and the satellite photo showed a broad zonal flow of cloud upstream right out over the Pacific with the jet stream flowing west to east just over the Canadian border. Minimum tasks were set and we gridded again, more in desperation than hope, that's for sure.

Then, as if by magic, the sky cleared completely and the cu looked promising by 1230. Everybody but one got around. The Open class flew their short task and were finishing before all the Sports class had gone through the start gate! The sky to the east looked fantastic at 4 pm, and one of the 15m pilots relaunched at 4:15 and completed his task 15 km/h faster than on his first try. Again, the early part of the task had fake

cu, but there was 7 knot lift if you could find it and cloudbase rose to almost 7500 agl. I came in third with 954 points. Paul Tolson (HP-18 mod) was first, and Jerry Plaszowiecki (whom a few of us named Mr. Microsoft for want of our ability to pronounce his surname and his debugging skills for the scorer) was second in his lovely and expensive ASH-26E.

The "magic" that had occurred was the jet stream taking a short detour south over the Basin. This produced subsiding cool air at altitude which warmed on sinking and completely evaporated the mid-level cloud. The timing was absolutely impeccable.

Day 2 The morning started blue and good cu developed to the north and northeast. But the airport blue hole persisted for about 30 kilometres all around Ephrata. Launches began at 1215 when heating finally got local thermals going, although they stayed blue. The 15m pilots had Ritzville (87 km east) as a turn-point way out in the blue and they had a struggle in the soft lift and were slow. The Sports class had a good time of it once most pilots made the long glide north to the excellent looking cu over the high part of the task area.

There was 6-7 knot lift even in the blue on my way north to Wilbur. Once there, there was beautiful cu along the north edge of the plateau all the way WNW to Anderson, 90 kilometres north of Ephrata. My intention was to then double back to use the same cu to another turnpoint before heading home. Unfortunately, the day started going blue early again and those clouds were then too far off course to use. All the cu disappeared from the track home south across the plateau, and I was stuck with about 70 kilometres to glide with little hope of making it since dust on the ground was now blowing straight out of the west indicating a marine flow. I got low about 40 kilometres out and flew off the plateau to the east at about 3000 agl towards an airport and over the (drum-roll, please) Channeled Scablands — yep — the surface looks as bad as it spells. A bit a gain and I was in range of some big fields to the south. Finally, a big six knots coming off the vertical sun-facing basalt channel walls got me home.

Way back at that 70 kilometre mark was the last cu, and a Standard Cirrus that I had been flying with for quite a while was about 300 feet higher when we reached it. He cored its thermal and then pulled it up behind him! He had a final glide from cloudbase while it took me twenty minutes longer the hard way back which cost at least a hundred points. I was sixth for the day but still not too badly off. Mr. Microsoft roared around the course and moved to first overall, but Paul Tolson had an unrecognized start and got a significant time (hence point) penalty, so I moved to second overall.

Day 3 The atmosphere was cool and very unstable, but more mid-level spread out prevented the day from blowing up. The high would only be 21°C and the freezing level was 6000 feet — it's not often that you have to close your air vents here in July. As it was impossible to predict where all the usable lift was going to occur out on course, the task committee called a PST for all classes.

During the gridding and launch, a huge build-up developed directly to the west of Ephrata on the edge of the plateau. Pilots who didn't find lift immediately on release had a hard time climbing out and there were several relights. Everybody split to the east and the sunshine on starting. Many used Odessa for the first turn, and the natural place to go after that was Ritzville to the southeast because it opened up future course decision possibilities. However, Ritzville was under the spread out and there was not too much obvious lift in the sun in that direction. Pilots who elected to try it early had difficulty, and a couple landed out at the airport there.

I started that way too and was five miles on course when I decided that it was *not* a smart move and did a 180 back to a westerly turnpoint at Wilson Creek. Once there, I flew back east along good cu, and by then the prospects for Ritzville had improved a lot so I headed there again. By the time I arrived it was only a short glide in under the overcast and back out to the sun. After that, the return home was a northerly arc under good cu which took in two more turnpoints.

Mr. Microsoft was slower this day (65.4 km/h) than all the Canadians, coming in sixth, and the first place pilot of yesterday was only tenth. Mike Thompson was first in his HP-16T with 1036 points (92.3 km/h, 263.3 km), and I was second with 1001 (89.2 km/h, 276.5 km) which moved me to first overall with a margin of 61 points over Mike.

Day 4 Saturday, the July 4th holiday. The forecast was for typical great Ephrata soaring but the tasks were moderated to get everyone back in time for the awards dinner. Cu started at 9:30. There was just a little lingering spread out that was easily avoidable. Good lift up to nine knots and equally strong sink in places. My goal was to stay focussed, not make a mistake, and not mess around in weak lift.

I had a very scenic first leg north to Electric City airport up the east side of the basalt escarpments which border Banks Lake. Then it was southeast to Wilbur and back to Ephrata for the first triangle, followed by a smaller one to fill in the remaining time. I got into trouble going into Wilbur in very strong sink crossing a cloudstreet to its southern sunny side. The sink was

continuous eight knots, and I lost 5500 feet in short order. Flying west out of Wilbur while S'ing around looking for help, I could feel turbulence indicating that there was strong lift somewhere along the edge but I was flying past it all. By 1300 feet agl, I was heading for a landing area and flying over all the sunny fields available when finally there was that thankful surge and I rolled right into five to six knots. That was my contest-winning thermal.

I was second (63.0 km/h, 298.6 km), staying ahead of Mike (62.0 km/h, 283.0 km) and gaining another seventeen points on him, and I had the contest.

The five members of the Sports class "Eh-Team" along with Paul Tolson of the UK wound up taking 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, and 8th places. The organizers thought that they would have to approach the SSA rules committee to include the BC pilots as "semi-official Americans" so the scoring formulas wouldn't be abused so badly. Why the Eh-Team? Well, because we're Canucks. Gerry Pomeroy, an Ephrata fixture, spent the contest writing groaners of limericks which included our good taste in beer if not in our insistence on attending.

The final Sports class scores were:

A	3743	EE	Tony Burton	RS-15
A	3665	XH	Mike Thompson	HP-14T
A	3528	ET	Paul Tolson	HP-18 mod
1	3350	MS	Jerry Plaszwiecki	ASH-26E
2	3210	ZX	Chris Klix	Std Cirrus
A	3184	M3	David Wright	Ventus B
A	3166	GW	Lothar Schaub	Ka6E
A	3102	D2	David Burgess	ASW-19
3	2866	O5W	Rick VanGrunsven	DG-400M
4	2596	PY	Jackson/Gilbert	Std Cirrus
5	2438	6A	Eric Greenwell	AC-4B
6	2111	RU	Tom Udd	AC-4A
7	1992	ZG	George Cserfoi	Mini-Nimbus
8	1246	B6	Roy Clark	DG-300

Craig Jurgens, the contest flightline chief, was quite impressed with the performance of the home-builts, and versified on the subject:

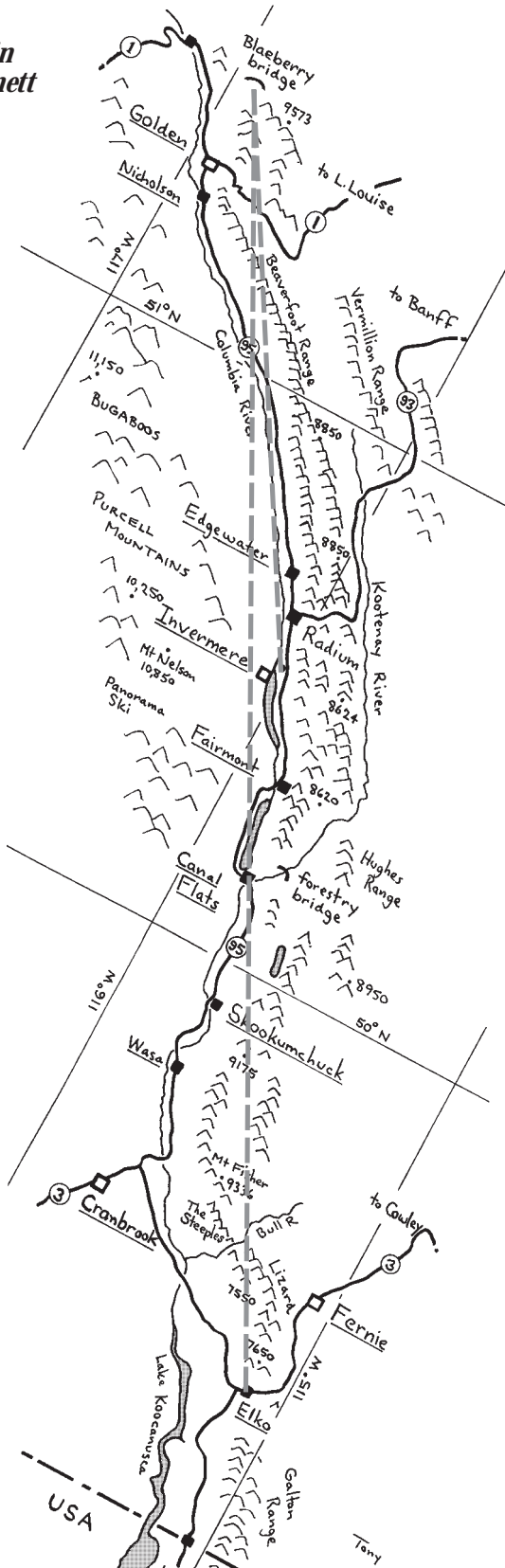
*The racers are faster than snot,
And we like to launch them a lot!
But it's nice to see
That the brand called 'HP'
Are so fast they must be red hot!*

*For airplanes so old and home-done,
It's a treat to see how they run,
With their tails in a 'vee'
(except two have a 'tee')*

They're cheap and have four times the fun! ✱

802.6 km

**Kevin
Bennett**



I WAS LOOKING FORWARD to the Invermere flying week, since I had had only one flight so far this spring due to the weather and several other feeble excuses. The May long weekend started off with great flying, but I didn't participate as we did "family" things for the weekend, and then I was on my own for the rest of the week.

Tuesday the 25th was also a good day and I flew up and down the valley for five hours enjoying the conditions. Rod Crutcher took advantage of the day and did his Diamond distance AGAIN! I hope that Walter Weir had sympathy on him and blessed his paperwork this time.

The weather forecast called for a cold front passage that night, so I started thinking that tomorrow could be the day for a long flight. The front moved through as forecast and several people were ready for what Wednesday had in store. Tony Burton launched about 11 am and started on his task heading north towards Nicholson bridge just south of Golden for his first turnpoint. By the time I finished getting ready, I launched at exactly noon and climbed to 3000 feet agl just east of the airport. I put the "Iron Thermal" of my Ventus-2CM away and started on course at exactly 12:10 heading north to my first turnpoint at the Blaeberry bridge, a little north of Golden (125 kilometres north of Invermere). My plan was to turn at the bridge and then fly back south to Whitefish, Montana and then back to Invermere for 750 kilometres. At launch time, there was no cu developed, with only the occasional hint of a wisp along the range.

I elected to stick to the front range to start with, expecting cu to eventually pop and then I could jump to the higher back range. The initial trek north was slow, as I couldn't find any decent thermals to climb high in. There were lots of burbles off the peaks and I was able to stay above them without turning, but the speed was slow — maybe 60-70 knots. The front range merges with the back range about 50 kilometres north of Invermere at Spillimacheen. When I arrived, there was still no cu in sight. I was fortunate to find a good thermal in the blue at this point and climbed a couple thousand feet to around 9000 and make it onto the back range and continue north. I was able to pick the speed up substantially now, as there were very consistent blue thermals along the ridge — I dolphined along 500-1000 feet above the ridgetop, rarely needing to stop and thermal.

I made it to the turnpoint bridge in a little over an hour and headed back south. I've flown the range between Golden and Invermere many times, so I started to fly faster since I expected conditions to further improve since it was still early afternoon (and still BLUE).

The trip back south was very quick and uneventful, and I made it back to Invermere by 2:15 after 2:05 hours on course with 250 kilometres flown.

Meanwhile, Paul Chalifour (Echo Sierra) had launched and was proceeding south to Elko. I had been listening to his progress on the radio as I had only crossed the gap at Canal Flats five or six times before — but never in the blue. The range was cooking down low on top of the peaks, but only rarely had I found a thermal to get much higher than 2000 feet above the peaks, which is okay as long as there is a ridge. As I approached Canal Flats I checked all the usual places for strong thermals, but couldn't get any more height except to about 8300 (500 feet above the ridge). I was chicken as I started across as it's a long glide to the far side (about twenty kilometres) and I didn't want to be too far below ridge top when I reached the other side. I slowed down to 60 knots and aimed towards a low ridge part way across hoping to find some buoyant air and sure enough, a small wisp appeared as I approached. By the time I reached the far side, I had only lost 500 feet and was just below the ridge top.

I continued to fly slowly as I didn't know this part of the range very well and it was still BLUE. I limped south hoping to find a boomer to climb above the ridge and continued on at 60-70 knots max. I was able to stay above the ridge, without having to stop to thermal, but still too intimidated to fly aggressive in the BLUE on a part of the ridge I was only vaguely familiar with. Echo Sierra was also continuing south ahead of me, so I knew the ridge was working and I plodded along.

At Fort Steele, just east of Cranbrook, the range bends about 30 degrees to the southeast. The wind, which was generally westerly, could now be hitting the ridge obliquely and so I continued my cautious flying. At Mt. Fisher I finally got a strong thermal to over 10,000 (Mt. Fisher is 9336 feet) which was the highest I had been all day. Finally high, I was still chicken to fly faster until I was comfortably sure that conditions were consistent. The good news was that, although I was not flying very aggressively, I was still making decent time since I didn't need to turn very often.

As I passed the Steeples, I was now a virgin to this part of the ridge ... all the more reason to fly slowly, in the BLUE. At long last, I was approaching Elko (150 kilometres south of Invermere) and had a big gap to cross there to continue on to Whitefish, Montana, another 130 kilometres south of Elko. By the time I got to Elko, I had talked myself out of continuing any further south in the blue in unknown territory. Besides ... the range gets lower, the valley gets higher and there is a lake in it and did I mention, it was also BLUE.

I turned at the Elko townsite and headed back north with the goal of making it all the way back to Blaeberry bridge before returning to Invermere. I'm not sure why, but as soon as I headed north, the testosterone kicked in and I started to fly like I knew this part of the ridge like the back of my hand. As it turns out, I could make great time and still stay above the peaks and regularly run into 5-6 knots thermals, occasionally stronger. Once I figured this out, the confidence rose substantially and I now was flying 100-110 knots and rarely stopping to turn. In short order, I was back to Premier Lake (a little south of the dreaded Canal Flats gap) and with a great stroke of luck found a perfectly placed 8 knot thermal on the ridge and took it to 11,500 feet to cross the gap.

With 3000 feet of altitude to blow off in order to be back on the top of the range north of the gap, and with only 20 kilometres to lose it in, the trip across the gap this time was twice as fast as the trip south. I was now very determined to make it all the way back to the Blaeberry bridge as I was back on familiar turf and the conditions were still good. The computer was telling me that the total distance would be more than 800 kilometres.

As I passed Invermere on the back range, it was now 4:45 and it had taken me 2:30 hours for the Elko out and return (300+ kilometres). The trip south to Elko had taken an hour and a half, and the trip home only one hour! The trip north continued to be fast, as all my favourite little nooks and crannies had predictable thermals. All that was necessary was to pull up and push forward, pull up, push forward. In fact, I flew almost 200 kilometres without a turn, after the climb to 11,500 feet at Premier Lake.

Just south of Golden, the house thermal at Mt. Capistro was cooking so I broke my straight run at this point before crossing the Kickinghorse Pass, since the range becomes somewhat irregular north of Golden. The trip to the turnpoint bridge and back to the thermal at Mt. Capistro was straight – straight out. By the time I topped out at 10,000 feet and was headed home to Invermere, I knew I had made it with only 80-90 kilometres to go. I stopped once about halfway home in an eight knotter and then flew home at 120 knots. I finished at 6:45 pm for 6:35 hours on course, averaging 122 km/h. The last out-and-return portion had taken only two hours.

After landing, I realized that this day was probably a 1000 kilometre day. Tony had launched an hour before me and I could have been airborne for at least an hour after I landed. And it could have been done in the BLUE. Just imagine the same day, same conditions but with cu. The potential is ... still to be determined. ✨

Summer Cowley

Tony Burton

IT WAS A GOOD CAMP for camping, but not so good for soaring. It started with five days of October wind, then it was cold enough on a couple of days to have everyone in sweaters, then very windy and HOT, then rain, then overcast, then stable, then — well, you get the picture.

The camp started by finding Lee Coates “almost finished” after two days of work in the shack building four long suspended shelves. It is a great improvement and gets a lot of stuff up off the floor. There was a strong west wind. We had a visitor from afar, Geoff Bailey from the Bowland Forest club in England. He had bought *Stalking the Mountain Wave* through the BGA and was determined to experience Cowley while visiting relatives in Rocky Mountain House. Another “from away” was Dick Vine from the Bluenose club in Nova Scotia. He had been over in Invermere the previous week. Walter Mueller was all set up in the Grande Prairie quarter but in poor condition from an extremely swollen ankle from a mysterious insect bite — he had to make regular trips into the hospital at Pincher Creek for antibiotic shots for a few days.

On Saturday morning the Cu Nim Scouts appeared overhead with the Blaniks and Marty Petrucha arrived with PCK from Red Deer in the afternoon after being delayed with low cloudbases up north. John Weber, a Cu Nim president in the 80s and now in Toledo, Ohio showed up with his son Mark. Al Poldas had driven John’s car and DG-101 all the way from Toledo in exchange for flying privileges through August. He had a difficult time trying to prove to Canada Customs that the glider was only temporarily in Canada and had to jump through many bureaucratic hoops (and pay a hefty bond) to cross the border.

Some Winnipeggers showed up from the Invermere soaring camp. There was a strong southeast(!) wind on the surface. The flags were set to half mast for Mike Cook who lost his life on a mountainside in Invermere a few days ago doing the thing he loved to do the best. There was only one launch, made by Kevin Bennett in his motor Ventus to check out the possibility of wave — none. The front to the north finally went through late afternoon and the wind swung around to the west. It sprinkled a bit that night.

Sunday. The morning provided an interesting and changing cloudscape and there was definite signs of

wave — first a primary and secondary, then the primary disappeared (or at least moved back to where the secondary usually is and there was a lot of virga and showers in the lee of the Livingstones, as well as a mixture of altostratus, rotor and cu. There was a strong west wind. It was cold on the flightline, with everyone wearing all the clothes they had while huddled behind a couple of vehicles used as a windbreak.

Dick Mamini (who was flying his PIK-20E without a functioning engine) landed out at the Pincher Creek airport at 1300 and got a retrieve with PCK. He reported that the wind at the airport was howling at 40 odd knots and it took two tries to make a successful launch. Glen Buhr (Winnipeg) in his Std Cirrus was the only pilot who had a really successful wave flight — he connected and got to 17,000 feet. A couple of others did get into the wave lower down including Geoff who went up with Rick Zabrodski in a Blanik.

Around 1630 and soon after I had assured Jim Carpenter, from COSA in Ontario, that showers — now seen building on the Livingstones — hardly ever got to the airfield, they got! There was a strong blowout which very nearly got Jos Jonkers into trouble right after touchdown in PCK, and people ran out to hang onto the struts. Very soon after that, two Blaniks and Paul Chalifour in his VES-1 all landed together and the rest of the onlookers went out to sit on the wings until the wind and rain passed. It was sort of an October day.

Monday had a beautiful morning: sunny, warm, low wind — models were flown and rockets launched. Again there was indication of wave aloft and the forecast upper winds supported the possibility. Mike Swendsen took up a Regina pilot for a wave check flight in their Grob 103 and did the camp two-seater “duty land-out”. It was a busy day with 31 launches — lots to 4000 feet to see if the wave could be caught. By far the best flight was by Lee who got well hooked-up and flew the wave for over four hours, not high but doing much fast soaring north to Chain Lakes and back south.

Tuesday turned blue and hot. There was a strong west wind. The thermals were broken up and sheared off by stronger winds aloft around 7300 feet. Only four of the 22 flights managed to stay up more than an hour.

Wednesday was Hot. There was a stronger west wind. Everyone was muttering about the weather. Everyone (except Al Hoar) decided to do anything but fly and go anywhere but the flightline. At noon, Al launched (“I’m here, why not?”) and proceeded to have a three hour flight which included wave, ridge and thermals! The only other flight that day was a midafternoon Blanik ride with Geoff again with Terry for an hour.



Mike Glatiotis shows off the Cu Nim *Best Flight of the Year* trophy, co-earned last year with Tony Burton for an “interesting” Elko/Golden O&R trip. Mike got the award at the BBQ for its turn on his mantelpiece.



Dick Vine (left), a Maritimer from Bluenose Soaring in Nova Scotia, with John Broomhall of ESC, ASC president this year. Dick’s trip was bettered only by a UK visitor.

Thursday. A second system came over in the night and from 6-10 am the wind was howling. Solid overcast, no flying, everyone checked tiedowns and added extra ropes. We were getting ready to shoot the messenger — poor old Todd Benko who was accurately telling us how poor the weather was. The towpilots hosted the camp to the traditional Coyote pancake breakfast in the shelter of the cookshack.

Friday. This was the best day of the camp for soaring. There *wasn't* a strong west wind. There was an unstable airmass between the weather that passed yesterday and the cold trough that was coming in tonight. It was blue in the morning with large bands of alto-cu drifting south. Cloudbase was just on top of Centre Peak and by 1300 it had spread out with a very dark underside to fill most of the valley with the south edge over the airfield. The lift was good, particularly around areas of cloud wisps that hung down under the deck. Lee Coates, Dick Mamini, and Mike Crowe were heard on the radio calling out turn signals as they did a few passes along the Livingstones in weak ridge lift. The overcast got really solid around 1630 and most gliders landed by 1700. The evening wind was northerly and spitting rain and the forecast didn't sound too productive until Monday.

Saturday gave us a solid overcast in the morning with light rain which stopped by 10 am. The ceiling was half way down the Livingstones and when they became visible, we saw snow down to 5000 feet! The forecast was for gradually improving conditions from the south and some patches of blue sky appeared in the afternoon. It was quite unstable and showers could be seen in all directions, but the airfield stayed dry as it often does. It was another winter jacket day and the cookshack stove was lit and the space was warm all day for pilots sitting around and telling many, many stories.

The camp evening barbeque at 1800 was a convivial social event as always, with about fifty people at the picnic tables which were set up in front of the cook shack. Catherine Southwood, Grace Mueller and Ursula Wiese prepared the salads and desserts. George Dunbar judged the table decoration contest, and the bottle of wine prize was won by the Grande Prairie troupe. The Cu Nim best flight trophy (for 1998) was passed by Tony Burton to Mike Glatiotis so he could have it on his mantle for the last half of the year. Dick Vine thanked all for the opportunity to visit and fly at such a magnificent place. At dark, Kerry Stevenson and his son gave an “ooohh ... aaahh” fireworks display.

Sunday was another overcast day with the cloudbase about 1800 feet. Still, there were a few student flights and the Air Spray fire bomber crew came over from Pincher to try some gliding.

I wanted to be an instructor...

Brian Galka, Saskatoon Soaring

The small Italian cafe where our group of six had supper the previous evening was now quiet with only the subdued background banter from the kitchen. Gordon Lightfoot's *Rainy Day People* played in the background and the waitress quietly sang a few bars with the song. A clear, warm, stillness settled over the foothills of the Canadian Rockies. The song suggested a time for introspection. What got me interested in gliding ten years ago? My interest was initially piqued while having coffee one afternoon with Dick Metcalfe, who was a barley breeder at Agriculture Canada's Winnipeg Research Centre. While discussing aviation Dick asked me if I had ever tried gliding and I replied, 'No, I haven't.' Dick suggested that if I was really interested I should venture out to the Winnipeg Gliding Club's field southwest of Starbuck, Manitoba. "Some of the nicest people you'll ever meet," Dick said.

I followed Dick's suggestion. I had always been interested in flight, but prior to 1989, I had only been on one flight in a light aircraft. I was hooked after my first glider flight and joined the club. A year-and-a-half later I was licensed, and a few months after that I was carrying passengers. Time slipped by and I watched the club evolve. Changes were also happening elsewhere, and I was going to be transferring to Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, as part of a federal government re-organization. I remember the last pot-luck supper I attended at the Starbuck field. Good food; wonderful friends.

I knew many people in Saskatchewan, having been born in Regina and lived there for 17 of my 39 years. I didn't know if Saskatoon had a gliding club, but I was going to find out. After a few inquiries at the Saskatoon airport, I got the number of Clarence Iverson and proceeded to call him. The Saskatoon Soaring Club was smaller, but the common bonds of flight and friendship were still there as they were at Winnipeg. Over the next few years I became the club secretary and began to climb the 'soaring ladder'. I transitioned to the Blanik L-13 from the 2-33, and began to develop my soaring skills. On a few occasions I thermalled up to 9500 feet and managed a few cross-country flights, if landing on a paved strip 53 kilometres from the point of departure counts. Now I was flying passengers with myself in the back seat of a Blanik; a place that I would become more accustomed to, but in a different role — that of instructor.

I had heard of Cu Nim mostly through articles in *free flight* concerning the club's battles for airspace preservation in the vicinity of Calgary, Alberta. I also knew that they had many very accomplished pilots that regularly achieved cross-country treks in the hundreds of kilometres. My first day on the SAC Western Instructor Course was a rainy Sunday, which was just as well since we had a lot of classroom material to cover. Our chief instructor, Terry Southwood, met everyone at the door of the fire hall at Black Diamond, Alberta, at 0900 hours.

I had talked to Terry a few times over the phone regarding the course, but hadn't met him in person until now. Not all of the faces were unfamiliar. It was great to see Art Grant from Winnipeg. I hadn't seen Art in five or six years. Wayne Watts and Ray Carey both represented the Edmonton Soaring Club, while Doug McDougall and myself represented the Regina Gliding & Soaring Club and the Saskatoon Soaring Club respectively. Last, but by no means least was Ernst Schneider from the East Kootenay Soaring Club at Invermere, BC. Each of us came from very different backgrounds. Amongst our group was a teacher, a computer consultant, an entomology technician, a salesman and a doctor of veterinary medicine. Our flight experience was just as varied. Two solo pilots from Cu Nim, Ross Mason and Chris Lowe, and our other flight instructor, Karin Michel, sat in on the classroom part and were flying at the field much of that week. Our towpilots, Barry, Dave, Lyn, and Rick were on hand to





This year's modestly-sized course: left to right – Wayne Watts (ESC), Brian Galka (Saskatoon), Doug McDougall (Regina), Art Grant (Winnipeg), Terry (course leader), Ernst Schneider (E. Kootenay), Karin Michel (instructor).

provide our tows and offer friendly advice about the operation at Cu Nim.

The first day involved introductions and classroom work about what is involved in the learning process. We were at Cu Nim not only to sharpen our flying skills, in order to teach students how to properly take-off, fly, and land a glider, but how to properly and effectively impart the information to the student. In the classroom we dealt with reviewing what we learned in ground school, which was many years ago for most of us, flight theory. At the airfield, the flights with Terry and Karin would polish our flying skills as well as prepare us on how to properly brief and debrief students before, during, and after flights.

After a day in the classroom it was time to do some flying. Monday, July 5, brought some beautiful soaring weather, and after each of the potential instructors did a 'First Lesson' flight we did some soaring. Mike Glatiotis of the Cu Nim club, who had just returned to the field after a long flight in the Standard Cirrus, joined Karin and myself in a tight thermal to 8000 feet asl. The view was spectacular with the Rockies seemingly only a few minutes to the west. We, as potential instructors, had taught our first lesson that day. Terry said that the first lesson is one of the most difficult because there is so much knowledge and skill to impart in such a short time. Speed control by adjusting pitch, co-ordinated turns, demonstrating adverse yaw, look-

outs, and judgement was a lot to accomplish in 1500 feet. The first day of flying ended with 23 flights.

Tuesday afternoon we did higher tows and practised sensitivity to reduced 'g' loads, stalls and spins, plus a few wingovers for those of us that stayed up a little longer.

On Wednesday, the potential instructors got to try their hands at teaching in the classroom. By this time we had become fairly relaxed both in and out of the classroom (Terry might describe it another way), and this helped in presenting the classroom material. Wednesday afternoon we practised crosswind takeoffs and landings; but only a few flights were given before a thunderstorm rolled through the area. Back to the classroom for a few more hours, and then it was time for some 'R and R'.

Thursday was again rainy, so we decided to review the course material and write the exam that afternoon. The pass mark was 60%. The test was thorough. Some of my classmates used more colourful terms to describe it. The informal post-test 'de-briefing' was done back at the Cu Nim campground, where further lessons in aerodynamics were taught by Ernst with his steerable parasail kites. Each of us had tried our hands at flying these steerable kites over the past few days. Top *ab initio* marks went to Terry Southwood who performed spins and loops on his first attempt. After some ►► 22

Soaring the summer away

Kevin Schostek, Cu Nim

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN to Unterwössen in Germany? If not, you and your glider are missing some excellent fun. Never before have so many good things been so close together in one little village. And I had the opportunity of enjoying them firsthand — as a graduation present from my parents I was given six weeks of summer and a credit card! Everything worked almost as planned. I arrived on an Airbus 320 in Munich where I fooled around with my uncle for a few days. Then I left for Unterwössen, only coming back to Munich for washing clothes and getting money. If you look on a map of Bavaria, you'll find Unterwössen half way between Chiemsee and the tops of the Alps. Getting there is simple by train and bus.

Arriving there is like waking up on Christmas and leaving it is something you regret. This town and its soaring school are masterpieces nestled in the best part of the land of beer and BMWs. The fresh mountain air and the warm hospitality foretold of the unforgettable days of flying ahead for me.

I was just an eighteen-year-old novice student when I arrived in Germany. By the time I had said goodbye I was flying alone with my B licence. DASSU (*Deutsche Alpensegelflugschule Unterwössen*) where I flew, and all the other soaring schools in Germany use A, B and C certifications. "A" signifies your third solo in the plane you were taught with. You get a "B" after some practice in a single seater and some more time with the instructor doing fast-flight, steeper turns, unusual landings and a twenty minute flight. After you fly a five

hour flight you get the "C". Then you just do some more theory and a fifty kilometre flight and you're ready to take the private pilot licence test. For the "A", you get a very big surprise, but I can't tell you what it is — you'll have to find out yourself. And speaking of going there, just phone the school at 08641-698787 for an appointment, or else visit their website <www.dassu.de> which has everything you'll need.

I had eleven tows at Cu Nim in my logbook to start, and those flights had been accumulated over several months. Can you imagine how surprised I was when I got eight flights on my first afternoon at DASSU, and eighty-eight by the end of my vacation! The reason for all those flights is the four-cable electric winch at the end of the runway and the approximately 100 available instructors and superintendents. (The DASSU has over 3000 members.) I got Marco, instructor number 64.

I had only heard of a winch launch before I came to Unterwössen. While I was walking up to the airport, I saw this thing shoot up behind the trees trailing a glistening cable. After twenty seconds it leveled out at 1000 feet and dropped the cable with a parachute. So that was a winch launch! The instructor had me seated in an ASK-13 with some lead ballast and we were off in no time. The winch is a little too fast the first time, but after that it's fine.

Later, when I flew solo, I found out that you gain another 200 feet off the winch with the single seater ASK-8. At the DASSU they will gladly tow you up with a towplane, or even better, with a towing motorglider. I heard that it is much more relaxing to fly on tow with a motorglider rather than the Porsche Remorqueur towplane they have because of the slower speed.

In Unterwössen it rains a lot (which explains the luscious flora all around), so be sure to bring a notebook for ground school. Bring a bathing suit as there's a nice pool in town along with loads of other fun attractions. On a nice day you can go hiking on the well-groomed colour-coded trails. In winter there are ample ski possibilities just minutes away in the Alps. ■■■ 19



The Unterwössen airfield and surrounding hills

Club News

Central Alberta Soaring Club

Another season has passed, and it was again a safe and incident free year for CAG/SC. Several club members achieved personal goals, and I would like to acknowledge some of these here. The club was honoured to issue two new licences this year. One was to Don Bais, as a power conversion, and also our club's most dedicated towpilot. I am sure many ASC members had the pleasure of meeting Don at Cowley summer camp. The other licence was issued to our club's first ab-initio student, Brian Davies. Brian has participated in several ASC events and is a very enthusiastic club member. He also launched on a flight of over an hour, flying along the edge of a line of thundershowers, in the minutes following the issue of his licence.

As is the case with any successful club, certain key people participate and ensure our success. I would like to express special thanks to Jerry Mulder, Rob Van der Velden, Don Bais, Brian Davies, and Todd Benko for all their efforts this past season. Although it may not be appropriate to single out people in a club for fear of missing someone, their dedication and contribution this season must be acknowledged. Thank you! I would also like to thank the local chapter of the RAA (Recreational Aircraft Association) for their assistance in the rebuilding of the Zephyr. We should have it flying again in Alberta's skies next spring.

May your Christmas be white, and your spring come early!

John Mulder

Cu Nim Gliding Club

Maintenance Well here we are again — the fall of another year. And, what an effect the cool summer weather had on the grass. It grew and grew and grew. In a normal year, dry summer weather would bring estivation of the grass and lower workload for the dedicated members of the tractor flying squad. But no such luck this year. In fact, during the Cowley summer camp hiatus, runway 14/32 became a hayfield! Consequently, a major effort was demanded of the mowing equipment. Unfortunately it was not up to the task at hand, resulting in frequent breakdowns and endless frustration.

Enter a new \$1900 three-bladed deck mower to replace the ancient, unreliable and self-destructive scythe mower. It certainly can handle that hard-to-cut alfalfa but it seems the ancient tractor we have is somewhat under-powered for modern mowing equipment driven

from the power takeoff. So, a plea to anyone out there with a more powerful tractor — a donation perhaps?

The tractor flying squad roster worked well this year but needs to be fine-tuned for more coverage in the growing season. Much thanks to those members who did the majority of the cutting even when not rostered.

But enough on the topic of grass. Several more wind-socks sprung up at opposite ends of the runways to the benefit of towpilots and "Wrong Way Corrigan's" alike. And those pesky gophers (a.k.a. Richardson's Ground Squirrel) had a banner year digging up the turf. That, of course, brings us to the subject of badgers. Where there are gophers there are hungry badgers. Moreover it appears they also fancy the "real" gophers (a.k.a. pocket gophers). Result: many large deep aircraft-eating holes. Again, out comes the "flying squad" shovels in hand to replace several cubic yards of dirt per badger. Now if only the individual(s) who keep stealing our gopher traps would fall in one of those holes!

So, the field remained mostly flyable throughout the season, the gophers and badgers continue to prosper in spite of lead poisoning and trapping. Our antiquated equipment remains a continuing frustration considering the degree of commitment we need to runway grooming and maintenance. What needs to be done? In my view, continued focus by our volunteers on the runway maintenance, and retirement (perhaps replacement) of the 3-wheeler as one quad just doesn't seem adequate anymore. Again, thanks to all those who volunteered their time through the season.

Lyn Michaud

Director of everything that doesn't fly

Flying Last year's loss of our Jantar was rectified with "Jolly Miller", a much loved Std. Cirrus which the club purchased from Mike Glatiotis at the start of the season. The C of G hook, all-flying tail and smallish spoilers make the Cirrus a more demanding club glider than the Jantar, but its comfy cockpit and responsive handling are proving a big hit with everyone who has made the transition. Mike is now very happy with the much-modified, high performance HP-18 he purchased from Paul Tolson. We started flying at the end of February, and the first event on the agenda was the cross-country week at the beginning of May. On Monday, Tony Burton flew a Club category 100 km speed-to-goal to Picture Butte, and on Wednesday Al Hoar set three Club category records over a 300 kilometre triangle that also netted his Diamond goal. Tony did a 427 km O&R the same day, which would have set four more Club records — if the barograph had been running! Mike Swendsen rounded out the week by completing his Bronze badge.

At the end of May, Mike Glatiotis organized and ran Cu Nim's second annual mountain soaring week, this time at Invermere. Rod Crutcher completed his Diamond badge with a 500 km flight. Tony matched that distance, but Kevin Bennett took top honours with an 800 km flight in his Ventus motorglider.

There has been no shortage of eagerness for flight training however, as nearly two dozen students have kept our instructors and towpilots busy this year. Chris Lowe and Ross Mason were both soloed and licensed. The western SAC Instructor Course was held at Black Diamond again this year. It was the smallest course I have run, with only five candidates attending, but the camaraderie was among the best. Karin Michel helped with the flying, and a few people sat in for a refresher, including our two solo students. Kurt Edwards put his woodworking skills into a new tailgate for the Jantar trailer, and Lyn Michaud spent many hours perfecting his "towing" skills on a new mower for our runways.

It has been a safe year for us, so far, because we know that 90% of Cu Nim's accidents over the last seven years have all occurred during the second half of the year. We also know that half the accidents involved licensed pilots who were new to the club. This prompted the creation of our "New Pilot Procedure", a training program aimed at licensed pilots who are either new members or visitors to the club. During the ten years from 1983 through 1992, Cu Nim averaged more than two accidents every year. Over the last seven years, we have reduced that rate to about 1.4 accidents annually. And *if* we can remain accident-free for the rest of this year, we will have slashed our 3 year rate to less than 0.7 accidents per year. There's room for improvement, but I think this is a remarkable turnaround. Nevertheless, a few members seem to feel that the club is being too cautious. In a year when *four* pilots across Canada have died in our sport, it boggles my mind that anyone would complain about too much safety!

After seven years as Cu Nim's CFI, I will be stepping down at the end of the season. Although there is not a great clamor for the position, it is time for some new blood and fresh enthusiasm to lead the club into the year 2000.

Terry Southwood

Year 2000 may bring indoor plumbing to Cu Nim

This summer it began to appear that Cu Nim might soon fulfill a long-held dream of its more "domesticated" members. A new and proper clubhouse is now in the works thanks to a grant application made to the Calgary Community Lottery Board last spring. We received a favourable response (\$45,000), and an earnest effort is now underway on the design and contract arrangements. With luck, construction will begin soon.

Talk of a "real" clubhouse has been going on since before I became a member in 1973. In those days we had a dilapidated mobile job office which was seldom ventured into. It had a good deck on the south side but no washrooms. Although Cu Nim was on rented land we convinced ourselves to erect a first class hangar, largely with funds wrung out of the City of Calgary by Bruce Hea. But a similar commitment to provide civilized facilities for members and their families failed to materialize. After the successful purchase of our land in 1992 which was engineered by Jay Poscente, a committee of clubhouse promoters prepared a design program, but the idea languished in fiscal conservatism until Mike Glatiotis championed the project last year as his presidential platform.

The facility to be built will have a main lounge on the south end towards the hangar which can be easily adapted for seminars or meetings. The central space will be an open kitchen/dining area with an adjoining small office (room or alcove), and some storage space. At the north end will be the all-important washrooms complete with showers. A large deck is planned around the south end to be built as resources allow. Some work may be done by club volunteers but the structure will be done by professionals.

Some Cu Nim members who have experienced the comforts and convenience of such a gathering place at other clubs have long marvelled at (and lamented) our ability to survive without it. I have no doubt that whatever the final details, this project will enhance our experience of the sport in many wonderful ways. Get ready for more members and their families showing up regularly at the club, a growth in membership, more flying, and more fun.

Al Poldas

Cold Lake Soaring Club

Our club faced a season filled with change and unusual circumstances, which lead to a challenging but nonetheless successful year. The first order of business was passing the club's stewardship (presidency) from Doug Stroud to Doug Butt. Not to be outdone, Doug, who is an officer in the Canadian Forces, subsequently received a well deserved promotion to Lieutenant Colonel. Alas, there was a trade-off to the good news as LCol Butt was moved to an HQ job out "east". The search for a president was on again, and resulted in Paul Kissmann taking over the helm early in the season. The enthusiasm and expertise of both outgoing presidents helped fuel the club's safe and successful operation over the past few years. The members of CLSC wish to express their sincere gratitude to both Dougs for their dedication and professionalism and we wish them all the best in their future endeavours.

We can comfortably state that Kosovo would not normally affect a soaring club in Canada. However, a unique factor in CLSC is that the majority are active members of the Canadian Forces. With a commitment to supporting 18 CF-18 Hornet aircraft in Aviano, Italy, our members were engaged in flying activities that had little to do with thermals and mountain waves. As a result, the club found itself drastically undermanned all season, with less than ten active members.

The short-staffing produced many single points of failure for weekend flying. In an effort to alleviate that problem, the club managed to qualify a new towpilot, Brett MacNeil, who promises to be a popular man at the field as one of only two currently qualified towpilots. The club also welcomed a new instructor pilot, Deanne Nichols, whose enthusiastic demeanour lent itself well to keeping up the energy of our two active student pilots.

Luckily, the new club CFI, Ryszard Gatkiewicz, is a civilian and he was able to maintain a focus on running a safe operation. Ryszard has extensive soaring experience gained in his Polish homeland. With an unthinkable number of hours experience in a Blanik, he was more than able to challenge both students and pilots alike to perform to the best of their ability. We look forward to many years of excellent soaring instruction, and perhaps a few new stories as a result of Ryszard's involvement with the club.

The club has reactivated its auto tow capability, and qualified all its members as observers, drivers, and of course pilots. With the shortest runway at Cold Lake measuring 8300 feet in length and the longest in excess of 12,000, auto tow is truly a viable means to an end. Typical altitudes at release were 2000-2200 feet all on less than a gallon of auto gas. The club may pursue more frequent use of auto tow next season as a cost cutting measure, although clearing the long tow rope from the runway lights was not an efficient or enjoyable process.

Of all the members of the club, the key individual this season was Danie Lachance who is the club treasurer and flying coordinator. Her fierce determination in corraling members to support flying was essential. It was not unusual to hear my wife saying, "It's Danie again, stealing you for the weekend!" Danie's active role saved what would have been a total washout of a soaring season in Cold Lake. We would all like to thank her for getting us airborne this year.

Not all of the club's goals for the year were met — which leaves us with a fairly clear flight plan for 2000! Some of our primary efforts will go towards increasing club membership (especially on the civilian side), pur-

chasing a medium performance single-seat glider (Pilat B4 perhaps), re-qualifying some members as OOs, and planning and executing badge flights for several of our pilots.

The CLSC has a sound core of individuals committed to the sport of soaring. We will endeavour to continue to build on that base next year. We wish all ASC members the best for the winter season and the Y2K crunch — may your dreams be filled with lift and solitude.

Paul Kissmann

Grande Prairie Soaring Society

First a review of the 1999 Cowley summer camp through the eyes of GPSS. GPSS was represented by the usual stalwarts, Karl and Rosemarie Soellig and Walter and Grace Mueller for the entire duration of the camp. The club Blanik (ZIV) and Walter's Tern (BWA) flew at Cowley. During the week, Terry Hatfield and his family showed up for a few days. During this time Terry, who was at one time a member of the Smithers, BC club was reintroduced to aerotowing. He soloed again on aerotow. Also, Michel Coulombe came down and had his first taste of aerotowing and the Cowley camp.

Dave Olsen, fiancé Shauna and her son Michael just missed the Saturday night BBQ. On Sunday, both Shauna and Michael had their first aerotow experience, albeit to the height of the 2000 foot overcast. Former GPSS members, Phil and Beth Stade, now relocated to Black Diamond, came to visit during the camp and enjoyed the BBQ as well. It was great to see them.

Karl with the guidance of Rick Zabrodski had his first taste of wave flying, connecting for 1/2 hour at 12,500 feet holding altitude with full spoilers extended at 70 knots. Karl was thrilled to say the least! With the adverse weather conditions, no other impressive flights were made by any of our other club members.

On Saturday evening at the BBQ table decoration contest, GPSS (Grace) defended the title and won for the second year. But, we hear via the grapevine that competition will be greater next year. It is an enjoyable aspect of our evening.

We wish to thank everyone who drove Walter to the Pincher Creek hospital (and back) daily for his treatments (Terry, Catherine and Karl). We truly appreciated it very much. Looking forward to better weather for the Cowley summer camp next year.

Walter and Grace Mueller

In other GPSS news: congratulations to Bryan Lynch, one of our club instructors and past-president on getting married to Mary-Ann Ritchie on 28 August in Grande Prairie.

By the time this article comes out in print, Harald Rieck, our newest club member and also a commercial pilot, will have satisfied the requirements to hold his Glider Pilot licence. Congratulations, and it has been a pleasure having Harald as a new member.

Our K8 has had some preparations in getting it back into the air. The elevator is in the process of having the fabric covering replaced. It has been a learning experience to become familiar with the Stits recovering process. Harald has taken on the bulk of the recovering work. Larry Campeau reworked the canopy, and Walter Mueller has finished off the structural fabrication of the trailer enclosure. The old trailer collapsed this spring and was used as firewood. The new trailer will sport an aluminum covered bottom half, with the top part of the clamshell covered in canvas. Next year should see the club in a position where cross-country flights will be made.

GPSS, in conjunction with the Peace Country Recreational Flyers (local RAA chapter), hosted an "Airport Day" at the Beaverlodge airstrip on 14-15 August. It was a great turnout with the best soaring conditions in the last two years. More than 25 familiarization flights were conducted.

Our student member Air Cadet Warrant Officer Todd Schultz received his Private Pilot licence and wings on 19 August after attending the seven week Air Cadet Flying Scholarship Course in Calgary. Congratulations Todd, and we look forward to having you back at the field for some powerless flight.

Dave Olsen

Edmonton Soaring Club

Garnet Thomas ran his annual student camp in July. We have had four solos: Leon Dirven, Abe Preisinger, Mario Rocchio and Henry Wyatt. Henry is an experienced power aerobatic pilot, and also got his licence and was checked out in the ASW-15. Marty Petrucha has flown Silver distance on a number of occasions, but been unable to make a claim. Most recently, his film was cut up by the developer. (*Happily, this error does not invalidate the flight now — I invite all OOs to download a copy of the new FAI Sporting Code stored on the ASC website documents page. Tony*).

Many of our pilots have flown at Invermere and Valemont. John Broomhall has done more flights in his Jantar from Invermere this year than from Chipman.

Bruce Friesen has flown about 1800 kilometres cross-country this year including a couple of 6+ and 7+ hour flights in his Austria. Finally, Marty Petrucha organized a booth at the U of A "Registration Week". Several members of the club helped him man it, and they got considerable interest. We hope to have a few new members out of it, even if not until next season. As of the end of August the club had done 582 flights, down 200 from the same time last year, but we have soloed three students. One of our 2-33s has been completely overhauled and is like new.

That was the good news ... ESC finds itself in somewhat of a crisis this year. This has developed over time, but is now causing our members to very seriously look at every aspect of our conduct as a club. Club spirit has decreased with a dwindling membership and in many ways the club has drifted. One serious consequence has been an erosion in safety standards and an increase in incidents, accidents and poor or lax procedures which must be halted by concerted and affirmative action.

The list of seventeen incidents and accidents that Graeme Craig, our acting CFI, has compiled ranges in severity from major injury to incidents that were merely potential for accidents. It includes a near-miss, and a student who was sent on his first solo in unsuitable conditions. To address the issue, a number of actions are being taken and recommendations will be made to the executive and the Flying and Safety committee. Safety is an issue for us all, not just instructors or the CFI. Ask questions. You may be surprised how often a question points up something that has been overlooked or taken for granted by "more experienced" (and perhaps more complacent) members.

Another action being taken is to start a safety audit at the airfield, based on the safety audit document available on the SAC website. This will be done by several of the club's senior instructors and continue to the end of the season.

Simon MacKintosh

ESC has a serious safety problem this year. This must be cause for concern and alarm to every member. If we do not improve our individual and collective attitudes regarding safety on our field and regarding our flying, then it is almost a certainty that we will be involved in accidents and possibly fatalities that can, in addition to the immediate sad consequences, easily lead to litigation for the club and to individual members as well.

ESC is currently implementing a club safety program that will be ongoing. Each member will be intimately and deeply involved in our safety program... A major factor in flying safety is pilot currency. Members have been asked to set themselves a goal for next season of

30 hours as P1 as a personal contribution to making the club a safer one and getting Canada out of last place in the international OSTIV gliding safety statistics!

Graeme Craig, CFI

Garnet Thomas, a long time member of ESC, writes: "I find it hard to believe that it is thirty-one years since I joined the Edmonton Soaring Club. In that time we have evolved from a small group of super-enthusiasts and homebuilders, with little equipment and no home field, to our high point in the 80s when we were one of Canada's bigger clubs, with many enthusiastic students, instructors, badge flyers and competitors, an excellent field, hangar, clubhouse and fleet of aircraft. Although in 1999 we still have the material aspects of a large club (and many good and life-long friendships) we, and a number of other Canadian soaring clubs, have become older in median age. We have not replaced ourselves with enough younger enthusiasts and leaders to operate as complex and busy a club as we were in the 1980s.

Inevitably, as fewer and fewer people try to maintain a big operation, more and more details fall through the cracks. This has happened to us. Good communications have suffered with the loss of regular TOWLINES. Duty rosters have become ineffective. Knowledge of regulations and safe practices has become sketchier. The information that we need as students, instructors and pilots of various club ships is less reliable or unavailable. One of the results of this poor communication is that we now have a serious safety problem...

Perhaps we can all pull together through this fall, winter and into a new spring season to redevelop strong communication links, work hard to improve our safety culture, and to generate a renewed set of enthusiasts to carry the ESC on." *

Soaring the summer away

from page 14

My trip was almost over when I decided to visit the Wasserkuppe, the birthplace of soaring. I came just in time for the Otto Lilienthal celebration. On the second weekend of August all the area pilots gather around the *Fliegerdenkmal* eagle statue in remembrance of the brave pilots who gave their lives for the advancement of their sport. Soaring is also taught at the Wasserkuppe, and they've come a long way from the broomstick primary gliders that started it all. For a few days I flew with their instructor in a fibreglass ASK-21. That plane is as roomy as my couch. It's so quiet that I had trouble keeping our speed right. What a holiday! *

Summer Cowley

from page 11

Monday the sun came back but the hoped-for fine soaring was a bust. It was very stable with about one thermal per ten square miles to under 2000 feet until about 1530 when Al Poldas on the tenth and last flight, and in John's DG-101 for the first time, put in almost two hours of wafting over the Porcupines.

Earlier, the first flight was off in Blanik TEG at 1130 with student Dave Stokes on a 4000 foot tow to the Livingstones. They were seen twenty minutes later low to the west in a circuit into a field east of Highway 22. Dave has been getting a wide range of experience and probably won't be surprised at anything when he solos. And that was it as the camp was packed up and aircraft ferried back to Black Diamond. It was a small camp (though not the smallest) with 54 pilots registered. It was definitely the lowest for number of flights with only 62% of the lows of 1992 and 1998. There were 25 gliders on the field and 20 different types. The weather can only improve for the birth of the new millennium, so be here.

Thanks to all who work in the background to make our camps a success one way or another. Thanks to all who put a new coat of paint on the cookshack, and thanks to Al Hoar who made the effort to organize the non-existent mid-week Provincial soaring contest — the job is still open for 2000. *



... at the Coyote towpilots wave flight debriefing ...

ODDS & ENDS

Tony Burton

ASC events to date

AGM The AGM was held on 6 February at the Nisku Inn (as usual in recent years) with a good turnout. The minutes and all the committee and executive annual reports for 1998 are available on the ASC website documents page. Give them a look — it's not dull reading. For those not on the internet, have a friend who's online print out a copy for you, or contact me.

Spring Soaring Seminar

The season opener seminar was due to take place in Edmonton on 13 March but was cancelled. I must take full responsibility for this as by the time the coordination mixup was discovered, it was too late to pull the event together. It was a classic case of, "... but I thought *you* were doing it ... !"

ASC Cross-Country Week

The Cu Nim event was held 2-8 May and the weather came through wonderfully in the first half of the week. Many long cross-country flights were made.

Invermere Soaring Camp

The mountain soaring camp was held 5-13 June and was well organized by Mike Glatiotis, again in conjunction with the East Kootenay club. It was held in Invermere this year, as Uwe's operation at Golden had closed down. The soaring conditions were definitely better than in 1998 and many good flights were made. Rod Crutcher completed his Diamond distance flight and Diamond badge, and several other 500+ kilometre flights were done. Kevin Bennett had a very fine flight on 26 May which was over 800 kilometres.

SAC Western Instructor course

The SAC instructor course, ably run by Terry Southwood, was held at Black Diamond (story on page 12).

Cowley Summer Camp

My write-up is in this issue. The poor soaring conditions put a strong damper on flying and only 546 aircraft movements (glider and towplane takeoff and landings) were completed compared to the previous low of 682 in 1996. By comparison, the best years were 1939 movements in '90 and 1803 in '92. Though the camp was "minimalist", to say the least, the event still produced a \$1700 profit for ASC.

Provincial contest

It was cancelled as the mid-week weather at Cowley was barely soarable.

ASC planning meeting for 2000

All are invited to our annual meeting to choose what we do for the next year. It will be in Edmonton on Saturday, 20 November. See back cover for details.

Visit ASC's website – www.soaring.ab.ca

At the AGM in February, the Executive stated that they would undertake to create an ASC website this year. Well, www.soaring.ab.ca is here and I think you will agree that it is a fine addition and a useful means of communication. The cost to ASC is low since it is piggy-backed on my own internet account — Telus-planet provides the domain name for free, and the set-up charges were about \$100 and the ongoing additional cost is \$15 a month.

I asked John Broomhall if he would put together a few pages of ASC info, photos, etc. as a skeleton around which I could continue the work. I asked him because he was a web guru in my eyes, as he built a website all about the *Storch*, a 3/4 scale version of this unique WWII STOL aircraft that he and Dave Puckrin had built from plans. I was a complete greenhorn as far as HTML code and all that, but I figured that since editing is a lot easier than creating (any artist will tell you that), I could continue hacking away at his kick start.

I had to learn about web coding somehow since I had been asked to manage all the national documents on the SAC website (many of which I had designed or updated). Anyway, John got the site started (thanks) and I have been able to build on it since. I found that the most frustrating part of designing a "simple" web page is that its layout won't sit still for you because what it looks like depends on the reader's browser and its settings. Of course, that problem can be solved by turning everything you see on the page into graphics, but I'm not at that skill level yet.

One of the main purposes of our site is communications, both externally and internally, and pilot support in the form of forms and other documents. The general communication is in defining the ASC and what it does, "explaining" Cowley, and providing links to our clubs and other sites of soaring interest. It will pay you to wander around and have a look at what is there; for example, Cold Lake's *On-line Ground School* is excellent. GPSS and CASC don't have their own sites at present, but space is available here if they want to place info on their clubs in cyberspace — just send the data to me and I will load it onto your club page.

The other important use is to pass on current information for Alberta pilots. This is the **Hot News** page.

Remember, communication is a two way street — if you have any news which other clubs or pilots can benefit from, e-mail it to me for a Hot News insertion.

Electronic posting of news is becoming more and more important for club current events and is a *very* effective means of spreading the news now that internet use is becoming pervasive. The recently developed Cu Nim e-mail list is a perfect example. It started with some messages being posted by someone in the club to all the known internet owners on some subject, I think it was mid-week flying. Anyway, it was soon discovered that e-mail lists were the business of <http://www.listbot.com> and a Cu Nim e-mail list was set up that now allows very quick news dissemination — no more tedious telephone fan-outs (www.egroups.com also runs lists). Without this means, it probably wouldn't have been possible to organize Wednesday night training in such an on-time, go/no-go way. It also allowed a very intelligent and wide-ranging discussion on “new pilot procedures” and on the proposal to build a clubhouse. The full range of issues were able to be aired which had always proven to be very difficult to do in past newsletters or at the usual club meetings. I would strongly recommend that every club consider using a listserver as a useful and fast communication channel to its members — it really works well.

Instructor endorsements paid

This year, the ASC Executive approved a plan to reimburse all instructors for the \$50 cost of getting their triannual licence endorsement. Send your receipt in to Tony Burton. The Executive thought that for all the great volunteer work instructors do for clubs, they shouldn't have to pay for the “privilege”. It's a thank you from all of us. Note also that ASC will pay the course fee and most of the flying costs for candidates who take the SAC instructor course.

† Michael Cook 1959-1999

Michael Cook was killed in a soaring accident near Invermere, BC on 20 July. Mike was a breath of fresh air in today's soaring scene, and will be sadly missed by all his friends with whom he flew, and by so many more with whom he lived in the rest of his life as a realtor, skier, hunter, fisherman, outdoorsman, and loving husband.

He gave us enthusiasm and an irreverent look at the soaring establishment, and carried a real passion for soaring that is rare. Mike had a talent for making friends and to have fun wherever he went. He expanded soaring limits in the Rockies, Purcells, and



Terry Southwood

Here's a nostalgic photo from the mid-80s. Don Jessee in Ka6CR “Cloverleaf” is coming up into formation with Terry Southwood in his ASW-20 over Black Diamond. This ship was flown by Ursula Wiese for all of her Diamond badge flights, all of which were also Canadian feminine records. Especially notable was the 607 km flight from ESC to Dilke, SK, northwest of Regina. Sadly, Cloverleaf is gone now, having been flown into a mountainside near Golden by a visiting pilot (who was unhurt in the crash). All that remains now is the trailer, used for David McAsey's Ka6, and a fragment of wing rib hung by a string in Ursula's sunroom window.

Selkirk Mountains, exploring some of the farthest reaches of these rugged areas with skill, knowledge, and understanding that have been matched by few pilots. Ironically, those limits were far from being tested the day of his accident. His tragic loss stands to remind us all of the risks we take wherever we fly, and to take care in even the most routine of flight environments.

We'll miss your humour and enthusiasm, and free spirited presence. Smooth lift and tailwinds, Mike.

Mike Glatiotis

ASC Treasurer's highlights

Al Hoar

Recovering of the wings of PCK was necessary and done by Hillman Air in Red Deer in February and March. The total cost was \$8934.14. It was expected that some volunteer work could be done, but the job was completed quickly so as not to have the aircraft in the shop too long taking up space, and there was no time for volunteer work to be done to reduce the cost. Trim will be added only after the fuselage is recovered.

I subscribe to *Kit Planes* and often see photos of aircraft painted in dramatic colours and more artistic designs. Should we have a design contest for the tow-plane colour scheme with a prize? I would like to see "Alberta Soaring Council" boldly displayed on the aircraft and paint scheme design that represents soaring. Are there any graphic artists in the audience?

For several years the ASC annual financial statements have shown an amount of \$2400.22 payable to the Cold Lake Soaring Club, dating to when the Grob was sold. In March 1999 the Cold Lake requested, and was paid, this amount from ASC.

The Invermere soaring camp earned money for ASC. PCK made 62 tows, and direct revenues minus direct expenses was equal to \$1695.30. The Cowley summer camp, though small, had direct revenues of \$4140.95 and direct expenses of \$2441.55, so still making a "profit" of \$1699.40. The two largest expenses were avgas (\$706.10) and tows provided by Cu Nim tugs (\$843.84). The largest revenues were from tows: PCK, \$2261.10 and NJK, \$1161.00. Note that ASC tow ticket sales are not counted as revenue until the promised tow is provided — until then the ticket is a liability.

Most of the financial transactions of ASC are originated by our executive director Tony Burton through the operating account in the Claresholm credit union. All these cheques are co-signed by the treasurer Al Hoar. The account balance as of the last statement at the end of August was \$4460.16. The signing authorities for the separate capital account are Gerald Ince, David McAsey, Jack Towers and Dick DeJong. Gerald Ince has continued to take the lead role, originating cheques, having them co-signed by David McAsey and mailing or delivering them as required. ASC income for 1999 from the Alberta SRP&W Foundation will be \$30,800. This is received in two payments, April and October, and paid directly to the capital account. Funds are moved to the operating account as required. Some large expenses, the recovering of PCK is an example, are paid directly from the capital account. All

small expenses are paid from the operating account. The 2 September balance in the capital account is \$22,029.52 consisting of \$21,013.02 invested in a money market fund and \$1016.50 cash in the account.

For full financial information come to the Annual General Meeting of the ASC, or see the end of year financial statements in March 2000. If you have questions, phone me any time (*number opposite*).

How to get a charitable tax donation through ASC

This is a reminder to Alberta pilots — if you have any money to give to a charity for this tax year, consider a donation to the Alberta Soaring Council to do both yourself *and* the ASC a favour. This is done through the Alberta Lotteries Foundation fund set up for this purpose. When you consider that you get a 43% tax write off after \$200, it is worth a serious thought.

Here is what you do:

- write a cheque to the **Alberta Sport, Recreation, Parks and Wildlife Foundation**,
- attach it to the form letter available on the ASC website documents page or from Tony Burton,
- mail it to the ASC vice-president, David McAsey, *not* the Foundation (address opposite).
- do this soon so that the cheque gets into the system before 31 December. That's all — thanks.

I wanted to be an Instructor

from page 13

hangar and kite flying, dusk drew near and we headed to a small Italian cafe in Okotoks where we discussed topics ranging from tropical plants, to entomology, to gliding experiences.

Finally the last day of the course arrived, and we met for the last time at the Black Diamond Fire Hall. We had all passed the written exam. We reviewed the test, were briefed on our flights for the afternoon and wrote or began to write our critiques of the course. That afternoon we demonstrated crosswind takeoffs and landings, spiral dives, benign spirals and sideslips. Hopefully some of the rust had come off during the week. The course was drawing to a close and a still calm of a warm Alberta evening once again settled over the airfield. What a great week it had been... Thanks for a great course Karin and Terry, and thanks also to all of the other members of the Cu Nim Gliding Club who made us feel right at home. ❁



Copy this and hang it by your phone.

ASC EXECUTIVE

President	John Broomhall 1040 - 107 Street Edmonton, AB T6J 6H2	<i>john@cips.ca</i> H 780-438-3268
Vice President	David McAsey 47 - 2300 Oakmoor Dr SW Calgary, AB T2V 4N7	<i>mprsoar@agt.net</i> H 403-281-7962 B 403-281-0982
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Exec Director	Tony Burton Box 1916 Claresholm, AB T0L 0T0	<i>free-flt@agt.net</i> B, H & fax 403-625-4563
Donation Fund	David McAsey – address above (send in 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	John Mulder 141 Bergen Crescent NW Calgary, AB T3K 1J2	<i>jamulder@telusplanet.net</i> H 430-730-4449
Cold Lake	Paul Kissmann Box 4511, Stn. Forces Cold Lake, AB T9M 2C2	<i>pkissma@telusplanet.net</i> H 780-639-4743
Cu Nim	Karin Michel 3604 Beaver Road NW Calgary, AB T2L 1X1	H 403-282-2723
ESC	Reg Adam 3 Larwood Place Sherwood Park, AB T8A 0J8	H 780-467-6924
Grande Prairie	David Olsen 10226 – 112 Avenue Grande Prairie, AB T8V 1V8	<i>olsend2@wdni.com</i> H 780-539-9636

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Towplane	vacant at this time	
Trophies	Terry Southwood 24 Hyler Place SW Calgary, AB T2V 3G6	H 403-255-4667

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Official Observer	Tony Burton Box 1916 Claresholm, AB T0L 0T0	<i>free-flt@agt.net</i> H 403-625-4563

return address
Box 1916, Claresholm, AB T0L 0T0

LATE BREAKING NEWS

2000 Planning meeting – what shall we do next year?

Come with your club activities – those done in 1999, planned for in 2000, and with ideas for ASC events and how to spend our money.

Meeting: Saturday 21 Nov 99, 10:00 am

Percy Page Centre
11759 Groat Road, Edmonton
(use parking lot entrance)

contact Tony Burton for questions/details

ASC now has a closer link to other provincial aviation associations

ASC has joined the Alberta Aviation Council (AAC), the umbrella body of most of the recreational, commercial, business, and government bodies associated with aviation in Alberta.

The AAC has recently restructured itself to give more representation to recreational aviation, to the extent of making available a position for a glider pilot on their board of directors. We see this as a useful way to make soaring more visible to others in the aviation world.