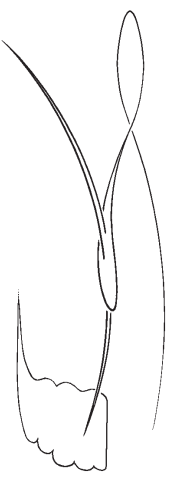
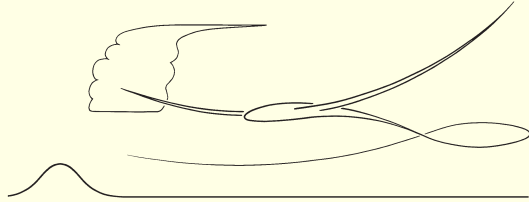


AScent

the journal of the Alberta Soaring Council



ASCent *the 2011 season*



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Note: The pdf copy of this issue is in full colour. It is archived on the ASC website.

The Alberta Soaring Council is the alliance of Alberta soaring clubs supporting the Soaring Association of Canada.

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Cover

The great wave day on the last Sunday of the Cowley fall wave camp. Arel Welgan is flying the ESC L-33 Solo at about 18,000 feet over Centre Peak.



editing and layout
proof reading

Tony Burton
Ursula Wiese

Notes from John

John Mulder, SAC Zone Director

SAC membership cards

You should have received your SAC membership cards and I am certain you were surprised at their late arrival. I hope you were pleased with the new format and method of providing the membership cards. The plan was for membership cards to be mailed to each individual as soon as the membership is received via the online membership form completed by the clubs. My understanding was that the card stock was delayed significantly and the cards were not completed and mailed until well into the membership year. Now that the card stock is at the office, it is expected the membership cards will be mailed within a day or two of the office receiving the membership application. I hope clubs found the online membership process helpful in entering data. I expect we will continue to improve the process as we refine our database system.

PowerFlarm update

Although not directly related to SAC, I have been the focal point for ordering the units, so I felt I could use this space to provide an update. PowerFlarm units were used at the pre-Worlds in Uvalde this summer and some deficiencies were identified. After much testing because the problem was intermittent, it was determined the antenna was at fault so all the units planned for delivery were recalled for the retrofit. No one is as aware as I am of the impact this delay may have had to our soaring community in western Canada. As soon as a firm delivery date is available, I will provide an update to everyone on my list.

SAC Board work

The SAC Board of Directors accomplishes most of our work during the non-flying season and starts with preparation for the SAC Board meeting in Ottawa, 18-19 November. Our agenda is built from the activities, suggestions and concerns that have arisen during the soaring season. We also review regular business and plan the SAC AGM which is traditionally held in late February or early March. If you have any comments, suggestions, or concerns please forward them to me and I can add them to our agenda as appropriate.

Speaking of the SAC AGM, it is planned to be in western Canada in 2013 and I would like to propose a venue in Calgary and have the event focused around our annual ASC safety seminar. If you would like to participate in the planning and execution of this idea, please let me know. I am thinking of a venue close to the airport that would allow us to put some gliders together, display the ASC winch and possibly have a small trade show associated (SPOT, POWERFLARM, others?) with it.

My e-mail address is <johnmulder@shaw.ca> so please send me your comments. □

Notes from Phil

Phil Stade, ASC Executive Director

My attention has been firmly on our ASC winch project for more than a year. We finally took delivery in June after many months of negotiating promises of delivery and delays. One of the project's primary goals is to introduce Alberta clubs to winching. To make that as safe and positive as possible we have adopted a transitional pilot training syllabus that is very thorough. It requires 20 to 30 launches to complete but the results have been worth the effort. As the only current winch instructor at Cu Nim and ESC, I have flown over 250 flights. We have soloed two pilots on the winch but that number should expand quickly once the 2012 season begins. About 15 winch drivers have been launching aircraft with the new winch. I anticipate the level of training activity will increase in 2012, especially once the new tension and airspeed controls are installed.

Winch launching at Cowley has taken off. At the summer camp we had 28 launches and used most of the runways to get heights of 900–1500 feet. At fall Cowley we launched straight south across the threshold of runway 21 with 7600 feet of rope. Altitudes achieved were up to 2500 feet but we anticipate a significant increase with the new modifications. We plan to develop that launch area more fully to reduce dramatically the interaction between winch launching and aerotows.

The initial order of rope was for 3/16" Spectra 2000. It was quite a surprise to see this shoelace-size rope accelerating 1200 pounds of aircraft. Unfortunately once it had been overstressed a bit or damaged in some way it began to fail. As a result we have moved to the next larger 1/4" Spectra 3000.

The flying highlight of the Cowley camps was Sunday, 9 October when 18 aerotow launches resulted in 18 successful wave flights. The limiting factor was the number of aircraft and pilots to fly them. It's amazing to see how a day like that erases the memories of rain, cold, and short flights. As is always the case, being there was the prerequisite for enjoying the conditions. We hope to see more pilots out in 2012.

What's next? My dream for the next five years is to see aerobatics become part of the normal training progression in Alberta clubs. In the chapter "Why Aerobatics?" in the book, *The Handbook of Glider Aerobatics*, the authors assert "that aerobatic training deepens our understanding of the flight characteristics of a glider and develops our ability to explore its capabilities. In aerobatics we are learning to perform standard figures as successfully and safely as possible". In short, such a program will formally extend our learning and increase our enjoyment of the sport of soaring.

The best to you all in 2012. □

this is either elation or hypoxia!

Erin Doerffler, Cu Nim

SUNDAY, 9 OCTOBER. My first clue that the flying would be good that day at Cowley was when I was woken at 7:15 by the towplane zooming over my tent. I am not really a morning person, particularly when camping in fall or winter, but it seemed I was one of very few who had placed breakfast ahead of airplanes on the priority list that morning. Two or three other gliders were being towed overhead as I heated the water for my oatmeal and tea, enjoyed a warm yet bland breakfast, and then washed up. The food and dishes were packed up again for a later cold lunch on the flightline.

Several pilots had launched by the time I drove out to runway 21 around 0900. Phil Stade and Ted Sorensen had been first up, in Cu Nim's ASK-21, with Ted using his best airline pilot voice to request clearance to fly through the V300 airway that penetrates Cowley's airspace. John Gruber had got out of his tent and was airborne in 4E well before I was even dressed, and we wouldn't see him again until early afternoon. There was a lineup developing for Cu Nim's L-33 Solo, but luckily there weren't many students around and I was able to get my name on the list for the K-21. Still, it was lunchtime before my turn to fly came up.

While I waited, I enjoyed some hangar talk with new friends from Edmonton and tried to avoid windburn by standing in the lee of Al Wood's truck, which he had parked beside the picnic tables. The strong wind was generating excellent wave conditions, with several bands of clouds forming off the Livingstone Range and progressing across the valley, and a Chinook Arch high above those.

Phil eventually returned to earth, physically at least, and as he was to be my instructor that day, we discussed plans for my flight. It did not take much to convince him that a wave flight (my first) would be much more educational than hanging around the airfield and practising coordinated turns.

Eventually my turn came up. Prepping the aircraft was normal, although I had to remember to hang on to the open canopies in the strong wind. But prepping myself was a bit different. I only started flying this May, and I had never before flown in cold weather, at altitude, in an unpressurized aircraft. After a summer of shorts and sleeveless shirts, it felt a little unusual to be wearing long underwear, a parka, a toque and gloves ... not to mention bright orange, heavily insulated "hut booties" with chemical warming packs in them because I had neglected to bring winter

boots. (My boots are pretty big, and probably wouldn't have fit properly into the toe loops on the rudder pedals anyway.)

After some minor confusion about how to don the nasal cannula, Phil and I were on our way. Although I had given the tow-pilot two tickets, we found ourselves in strong wave at only 6000 feet and Phil suggested I release. The altimeter continued to wind steadily up as Phil pointed out rotor clouds and described how to use them to find the upward-moving side of the wave. The air was incredibly calm, and at times, the only sound in the cockpit was the sweet, rapid beep of the pegged vario. This was interrupted fairly regularly by Phil's encouragement to continually look for even stronger lift, and occasionally by me giggling like a schoolgirl! It was amazing to watch the mountaintops drop steadily away beneath me, and so relaxing to simply trim the aircraft for straight and level flight while we coasted higher and higher in the rising air.

As we climbed through 12,000 feet, Phil continued to point out landmarks that Cowley pilots use for navigation and to identify their position to others, in particular the road leading east from Centre Peak that gives an indication of the edge of the V300 airway. With his coaching, I experimented with different tracks, bank angles, and speeds. I was astonished to see what it took to actually descend in those winds – a 100 knot nose-down attitude!

Small clouds were forming and dissipating nearby when one loomed ahead that must have looked particularly inviting, because Phil suddenly asked, "Do you mind if I play with this cloud for a minute?" Not knowing what he had in mind, but assuming he would maybe dip our wingtip into it or curve around the front of it, I shrugged and replied, "OK, you have control," and took my hands off the stick. Instead, he opened the spoilers fully and pointed the nose of the plane straight down! (At least it seemed straight down to someone who doesn't really like the feeling of reduced G.) I startled, and yelled a mild curse, but then I found to my surprise that once that initial drop was over and we were accelerating steadily, the lurching feeling in my stomach almost went away. Then Phil rolled the plane sharply back toward the cloud and the Gs started to pile back on. Our momentum and the rising air drew us rapidly up the face of the cloud as Phil banked the plane over even harder, until it seemed like we were standing on one wingtip. At the top of the cloud, he rolled level again. By that time we were both laughing.



Erin Doerffler

Around 16,000 feet, I had to ask Phil to take control again, as I was starting to feel a bit light-headed. My hearing was fading in and out, and my toes were getting a bit numb, although that could have just been the cold. So he flew us up to 18,000 while I sat back, enjoyed the ride, and concentrated on breathing regularly to increase my oxygenation. At that point, I took control again, just to say that I had, and we began to consider how we would get back down – other students were waiting for the plane. By then we were well above the rotor clouds and climbing beneath the Arch.

Because other gliders were climbing in wave beneath us, Phil decided to fly over the airway and descend quickly on the far side. I have only ever seen the Chinook Arch from beneath, not beside it, so I cheerfully handed control back to Phil, and he passed me his iPhone so I could take pictures. We were so far above the mountains that they looked like ... well, really small mountains that are several thousand feet below you. There is nothing that compares to flying over mountains in an unpowered aircraft. I was secretly hoping to see a Dash-8 or a Regional Jet cross beneath us, but had no luck.

We peaked at 19,300 feet and then began our descent once we cleared the airway. We were able to get some wonderful aerial views of the Frank Slide on our way down. Once we were below about 10,000 feet, I took control again and headed back

toward the airfield. It was still quite difficult to descend, and as we neared the high-key area, we were more than 2000 feet too high! I circled with full spoilers and kept an eye on our ground track – the wind was blowing us steadily back toward the field.

I began my pre-landing checklist at 1500 feet agl since I knew the downwind leg would go by quickly and I was still somewhat unfamiliar with the airfield, as well as new to the skill of landing an airplane. I made a close-in 45° and base leg, as CFI Al Wood had shown me the previous day. (To a student pilot, it is unusual and a little alarming to turn base almost abeam the runway threshold, because you have to point the airplane directly at the trailers and waiting pilots!) We covered very little ground as we dropped through the strong headwind on final. I rounded out for the flare a little early, but with some coaching I got us on the ground without any real problems.

The aircraft had barely stopped moving before someone rolled up on an ATV. I opened the canopy and creakily eased myself up out of the cockpit. My legs were somewhat reluctant to bear any weight, although my feet felt much warmer, and the air seemed comfortingly thick. I had been up for a fantastic hour and twenty-six minutes, and “done a hundred things you have not dreamed of”.

I can't wait until next year. □

Cowley conversations

Phil Stade

A FRIEND RECENTLY TOLD ME he was not going to be attending Cowley camps because he always had poor flying results there. His comment got me considering what it is that I am recommending when I invite pilots and students to participate. I asked a number of Cowley 'alumni' to share their views of these twice yearly events. They were: Darren Clark (DC), Roy Eichendorf (RE), Conrad Lamoureux (CL), Walter Mueller (WM), Allan Wood (AW), and Pablo Wainstein & Pilar Cifuentes (PP).

Their responses ranged from "don't expect instant gratification" (RE) to "climbing up the front edge of a lenticular in wave is a magical place to be." (AW) to "if you have not gone to Cowley you don't know what turbulence is." (PP) It's evident that Cowley camps are many things to many pilots.

The promise

One of the first points drawing pilots to attend a Cowley camp is the promise of a new flying experience. Those of us who have flown there remember the excitement of preparing for our first visit. All the stories we had heard led to unending questions with answers that seldom fully satisfied our curiosity and concern. It wasn't until we launched for the first time that it all came together. Each of our contributors has flown at Cowley camps and it's interesting that their comments form a further invitation to check out the Cowley promise.

"Never knowing what can come of a flight, no matter the height or time in the air, is a drawing card for me." (CL)

The history

It seems glider pilots are generally focused on the present. Today's flight. Today's challenge. Cowley camps remind us that what we enjoy today is built on the efforts of soaring pioneers. "This summer I was able to shake hands again with Dick Matthews, the 'Putt Putt' pilot of the early eighties and his son Rick, Al Poldas and Lee Coates, 'old timers' from the time my annual Cowley trips started. And not to forget Dick Mamini, one of the real pioneers of this Cowley thing." (WM)

The flights

"I had my reward one summer Cowley day. As a newly licensed pilot flying the L-33 at 9000 feet just below cloudbase, I thought, 'what will happen if I move to the west side of this cloud?' Suddenly the air was very still and smooth with the vario going a little crazy, and I was suddenly panicking as I realized I had no oxygen system and I was not sure I could stop this thing from going up. 'Pull out the spoilers' – still going up; 'pick up the speed'

– that helps but still going up. 'Okay, I'll fly to the northeast a little'; there we go, levelling out at 12,000. 'How long can I stay at this altitude with no oxygen?' No worries, I'm now in 10 knots down. 'S--- I'm losing height quickly and it's getting very rough, which way do I go now?'" (AW)

"One other flight I remember well. We had blue thermals which brought me again to the secondary wave without visible rotor clouds and once more I had to speed up to 100 mi/h to stay at 12,000 feet. It was a very smooth flight until I hit an invisible rotor at that speed and all hell broke loose. The VSI was hitting the pins at both ends of the scale and I found out I had quite a few loose articles in the cockpit. This was too rough for this old boy and I hightailed it straight for the Porkies where I found more lift with acceptable turbulence to carry on with my flight with the goal of achieving my 500th hour in the Cirrus since I bought it in 2001." (WM)

The conditions

"Normally my club in Saskatoon will cancel the day entirely before 9am if the wind forecast is for more than 15 knots. We simply don't fly at all if the wind is over 20 knots." (RE) Cowley conditions are often significantly beyond the limits of comfortable club flying. As the southwest winds rise, the potential for wave increases and Cowley pilots plan on being in the air to make the best of the opportunity. "If you want to progress as a pilot you have to put yourself in different situations, different locations and different flying conditions." (AW) "If you have not flown at Cowley, you don't know what turbulence is." (PP)

Sometimes Cowley can be gracious, offering up the best of wave flights with less roughness than your average prairie thermal.

The challenge

"It may take all ten days of a camp to get one kick at the cat, but just the potential of getting a personal best flight is too tempting for me to leave alone." (CL) "On the frustration side, a number of years ago I recall being in Cowley for three days with no productive flights and some rain in the weather forecast. Disillusioned, I went home for a few days. Two days later some bright spark sends out an e-mail announcing three or four Diamond climbs in one day... #*@&." (AW)

"I had never contacted wave and was utterly terrified of encountering rotor." "The rewards of flying at Cowley are many and great but don't expect instant gratification." (RE) "You can't just book a flight with great conditions but if you continue to reach..." (AW)



The learning

“Wind and steep approaches? You want to feel wind gradient? Nothing compares with having to do your turn to final in Cowley winds when the temptation to use too much rudder is enormous. At the club we have never experienced that so vividly. Not too much rudder!” (PP) “After experiencing severe rotor in 2008 I took the basic aerobatic course at Estrella”. (RE) “It was probably my most challenging tow to date.” (CL) “Wait until you are at 15,000 feet and everything down there looks so small. Then you realize how important it is to get oriented. Cowley gives you the chance to develop judgement ‘outside the box.’” (PP)

The beauty

“Flying beside a cloud, not under it and steady climbing till I can see over the top of it. Flying at 12,000 feet, looking to the west over the Rockies and all around this beautiful world: this is a personal experience which each soaring pilot will enjoy in their own way. I can relive these precious moments for the rest of my life.” (WM)

The camaraderie

“Cowley is not just about the gliding, it’s about enjoying the time spent at night around the fire talking about our great or not so great flights, or huddled around the woodstove for morning coffee to ward off the frozen toes in October. Whether we are tucked down in the valley between the Livingstone’s and the Porcupine Hills with lightning flashing in all directions around us and not getting a drop of rain on our heads, or simply lying on our backs in the field mesmerized by the brilliant star-lit night skies, this is the Cowley experience. Cowley is a magical place.” (DC)

“I’m starting to get to know enough of the pilots that I can be away from the comfort of my own group and be a part of the whole. It’s just great to get involved with everyone from far parts and listen to the stories. That’s worth the trip even if you don’t fly.” (CL) “The student feels a part of a community that has similar interests and a history behind it. Knowing that history allows them to feel part of a group with passion, convictions, and dynamics that enhance their interactions.” (PP)

“Two fall camps ago, I had one flight on the first Saturday with Jean Claude. That night we got dumped on with snow and the camp was cancelled. Jean and I waited that week by ourselves for the snow to clear. We tinkered with the wind generators and our trailers, we talked about soaring, we charged our batteries for trailers, photographed the hawks sitting atop snow-covered fence posts, and boiled soup to keep us warm. I have made some good friends in this sport, it attracts those special people that are adventurous, big-hearted, patient, and giving, because this is what the sport demands. I shared nearly a week with a friend in the snow that year with only one shared flight between us, but it was just as memorable as those camps that had big soaring days of distance, duration, and climb.” (DC) □

My longest flight

Wilf Plester, Cu Nim

MAY 31 was a beautiful Tuesday morning with nice looking clouds building as far east as you could see. The phone rang and Phil Stade asked if I was interested in going cross-country. After a quick discussion with my wife and son regarding work and the important things in life, I was off to the field.

When Phil chose a goal of heading for Drumheller I was a little skeptical. It’s more than a two hour drive there, and I was fairly sure I would be experiencing my first landout. We did the daily inspection on the Lark IS32 and stashed our snacks and cameras and discussed the tow with Dave Morgan. Tony Burton was also there and he headed out ahead of us in his Russia.

Our first launch was unsuccessful in holding onto the lift and we were back on the ground in fifteen minutes. We took a second tow to 2000 feet, taking off around 1300. With Phil at the controls it didn’t take long to reach the 8000 foot ceiling over Black Diamond. From there we headed east past Okotoks and on into open territory. Once we had cleared the 8000 foot control zone area, it was easy to climb to around 9500 and hop from cloud to cloud. The cu were spaced about every ten miles as far as you could see. Once we reached Bassano, 120 km to the east, we turned north. We had lost a couple thousand feet and spent some time thermalling back up to 9000+ before setting out for Drumheller.

The lift was pretty consistent for this part of the trip and we took turns flying and eating. Drumheller and surrounding badlands area is very interesting from the air. Along the way we talked with Tony a couple of times – he was also having a great flight. After topping up our height we left Drumheller and headed for Three Hills. We decided to turn south for home a few miles before getting there. Things continued pretty much the same for this leg of the journey. There were a few times where the blue space was a little more than we had encountered earlier, but with Phil’s consistent skills we continued on.

Once we were south of the Calgary zone, we were able to turn west and head back over Okotoks to Black Diamond. I took a moment (while Phil was flying) to phone my daughter, and she saw us overhead from her house in Okotoks.

We landed in Black Diamond at 18:30 for a total flight time of 5:30 hours and 408 km completed. (Tony turned at Drumheller airport for a flight of 5:20 hours and 353 km.) I believe our flight may have been the longest dual flight in Canada for 2011.

It is certainly the longest and most memorable of the flights in my log book. Thanks, Phil, for allowing me to share this great cross-country experience.

Ephrata diary

Tony Burton (E2)

ARRIVED in Ephrata (1250 feet asl) for the Region 8 competition after a 9-1/2 hour and exactly 800 km drive from Clareholm. This was Sunday, the practice day, but we missed it since I couldn't get away on Saturday. Many pilots were still flying their practice day task so we got a bit organized, said hello to some familiar faces from the five contests I have attended here since 1989. As usual, a contingent of pilots from BC were present (some make it their permanent cross-country soaring home), six in the contest and two other regulars. Mike Thompson from Vancouver, recalling his retrieve for me at North Battleford last year, warned those in the club house not to come and get me if I land in a swamp.

There are a lot more gliders in this contest than I had seen before. There were five in the 15m class, ten in the Standard class, and sixteen in Sports. The only Open class glider flying, a mighty Nimbus 4DM, had to go into the Sports class as four big wings are needed to compete as a class. Talk about a handicap disparity! – the last time I was here I took a photo of all of E2 tucked under the Nimbus's left wing. No handicap system is designed to cover *that* amount of performance difference, but as long as I can get to the next thermal, it will be interesting to see how the scores work out.

Monday No contest today. There was a lot of thick cirrus moving in from the west as well as a tephigram trace that I had very seldom seen with the adiabatic line from the surface exactly overlapping the atmospheric temperature profile. You can't get much convection from that. We all had gridding practice anyway, but the sniffer reported the obvious and shortly we all paraded back to the tiedown cables and were then free to sightsee for the afternoon.

Day 1 2 hr MAT US-2 (mandatory TP) 11th – 544 pts
The forecast was iffy, with the tephigram again showing suspect lift given the expected high. But the cirrus was much lighter which was a plus. Launch was delayed, then the sniffer reported consistent lift to above 4800 and things got going. The Sports class was last off about 2 pm so their task time dropped back to 2 hours. All classes had a MAT (Modified Assigned Task) with one mandatory TP, a highway junction, 34 km to the north, then pilot's choice after that.

It was a struggle to get high near the airport and it took me about 40 minutes to get any reasonable start height, and as it was then near 3 pm I had to go regardless. It was supposed to be a blue day but cu formed at 10,000 then rapidly filled in and completely shaded the ground over large areas to the west and north where everyone flies when conditions are marginal here. This is the plateau area that is very dry and several hundred feet higher than Ephrata.

Dust devils marked good lift and when one got high it was fairly easy to bridge the shadowed areas. I got the first TP, then two more to the north in an hour, then it was time to go home 77 km into a 12-14 kt headwind. Time passes, landout reports begin to fill the air and I overfly two down in fields, feeling fat and happy and high. I was above final glide three times going home but kept losing it to extended sink patches. With 10 km to go I didn't have safe height to cross the unlandable terrain surrounding the airport and turned back 2 km to a landable field. The penetration of a Russia failed me this time, but it was a contest day.

The people who keep the Ephrata gliding clubs and the clubhouse going (the Seattle Gliding Council) cooked a great feast of beans, chicken, pork, salad, dessert for all.

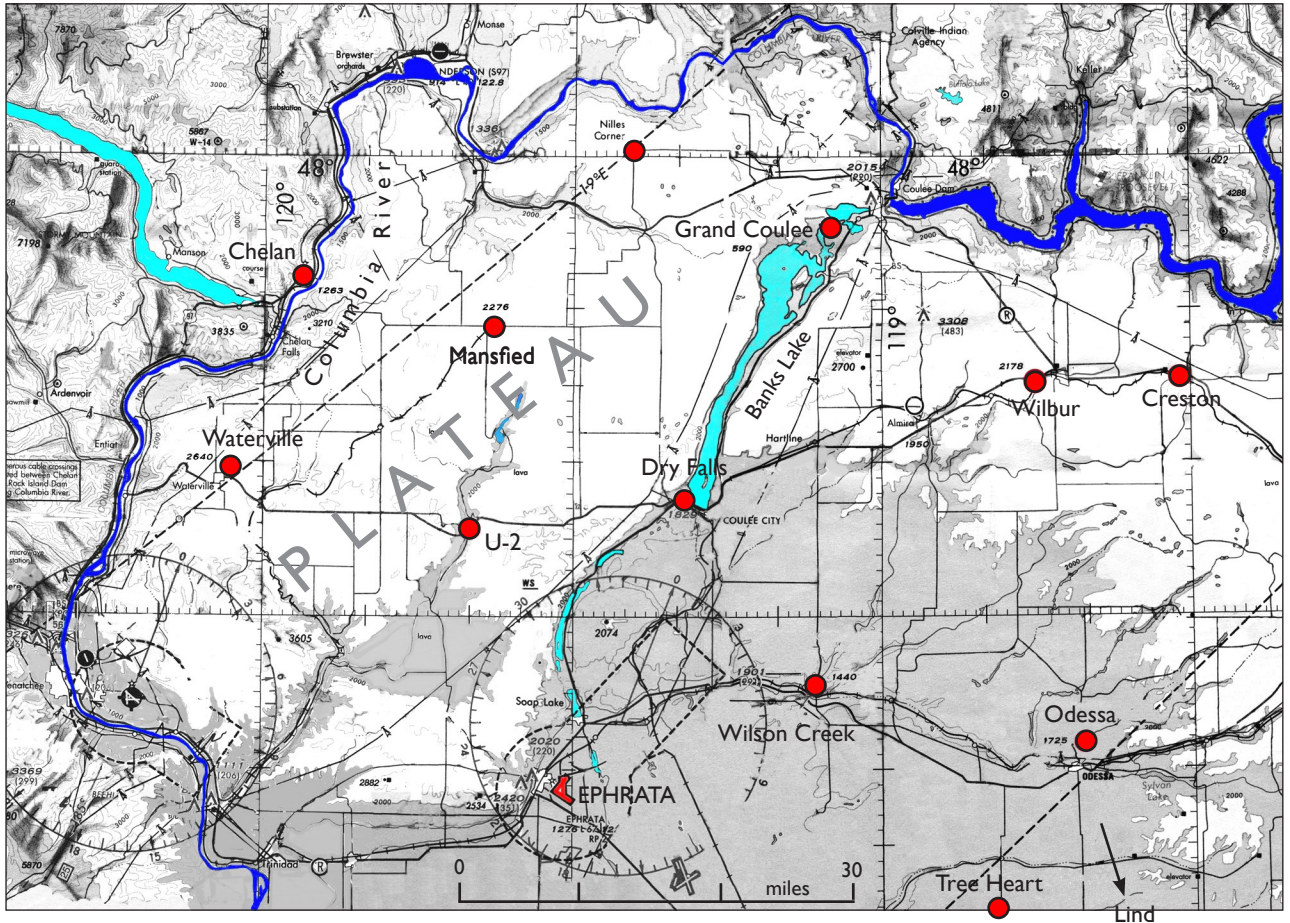
Day 2 3 hr TAT, Turn Area Task 4th – 809 pts
Creston (20 mi circle) / Lind (20 mi) / Dry Falls (15 mi)

For the first time the morning was sunny and blue. Ursula and I went to the airport early and got E2 rigged and de-dusted, and before the 10 am pilot meeting there were cu starting to form. The meeting weather report suggested that the problem for the day would be high winds, 20+ kts, with a fairly low cloudbase of 7000 feet (average 5500 agl over the area).

Launches started at 1230 with me in the first batch. Boy, it was a turbulent tow, I've only seen worse at Cowley, and there were a couple of rope breaks by others. But I didn't find a burp after release; it turned out to be the only relight of the contest. I almost needed a second relight but got up and started at a too-low 5500 feet; the local area was almost cu free, the better conditions were 10-15 km to the east.

The first turn area centred on the town of Creston, straight downwind to the northeast. The countryside rapidly moved under the cockpit and I was making a groundspeed of 80-90 knots. Great, I thought, but I'm going to have to get back too! By now fairly solid bands of cirrus were passing through and the cu, though working, was spreading out in large patches, the two creating large areas of shade on the ground. I turned at the Wilbur airport west of Creston, then headed south to the next turnpoint area.

Given the wind and the lift conditions, I didn't think I had a hope of getting around given E2's penetration ability. However there was some good lift and I knew I had to stay high, above 5000 if possible in the shady areas. I saw two gliders lower that landed out. Halfway along this leg was Odessa airport, which was a glider vacuum cleaner – four landed there (getting aerotows home) and two others in fields short of it. Eight landed out in all.



A few miles south of Odessa was Lind's 20 mile circle boundary and the dark cu were streeting a bit along the wind; that really helped to make some progress, but it was a grind. Odessa never seemed to go away, and the OLC track showed clearly the large drift that was occurring on the climbs.

The last leg was a dogleg for me, first a crosswind stretch to touch the Dry Falls TP circle, then a left turn for an into-wind run 26 miles back to Ephrata. Going west now it was evident that the day was changing: no more streets (a minus), the cirrus was gone (a plus), cloudbase for the isolated cu has risen 1200 feet to 8500 (a real plus), it was going blue (a minus). "Get high and stay high" was now a commandment, not a suggestion. Even an 18:1 glide angle back to the airport did not make me feel very secure, which was all I was maintaining to arrive with height for an abbreviated circuit. Phew!

Day 3 2-1/2 hr TAT 7th – 857 pts
Wilbur (20) / Tree Heart (15) / Dry Falls (15)

This day was tasked and flown almost like the previous day; the first and second turnpoints were a bit shorter and the task a half hour shorter. The forecast was a bit better – the wind was still strong out of the west at 15-20 kts but the cloudbase went to 9500 feet and there was supposed to be little cirrus – that was a lie but it wasn't nearly as thick this time and it was in bands that blew through.

An easier day all in all and everyone got around, although the Russia still suffered in the wind. There was strong 7 kt lift in the blue if you could find it as well as under the spotty cu. Again, I didn't go very far into the turn circles, especially the last one which looked very dead. My time was almost the same as yesterday and the distance achieved shorter.

Mike finally got his swamp retrieve dinner that evening.

Day 4 3 hr TAT 11th – 809 pts
Mansfield (15) / Wilbur (20) / Waterville (20)

Today was 1 July, and the contest organizers had an audio clip of someone singing our anthem from some sports event for the Canuck contingent on hand.

We are under a high now which dropped the forecast wind to about 5-10 kts in the convective layer, thank you very much. A strong inversion at 7000 was to keep the conditions blue and sunny with a less-than-ideal working band.

Every class had the same task that kept everyone mostly over the plateau except for Wilbur to the east. I was the last one launched today, then had problems climbing and it was 20 minutes getting above release. I finally got going north to the first turn area without a soul in sight, starting at a miserable 5500 feet. Others reported getting right up to the inversion

which was at 8000 – that is SO much better in allowing a choice of big fallow fields to test or to chase dust devils.

I wasn't getting good climbs which was frustrating as I could often feel the turbulence that indicated a strong thermal was nearby, but I was turning the wrong direction or unable to centre. Then, near that highway intersection TP from Day 1, a little cu appeared – the only one in the entire sky, and it got me up to 8500 feet!

Once in the turn area, conditions along track looked unimproved so I made a 90 degree turn eastwards and headed for the second turn area. This track crossed Banks Lake. Bordered by basalt cliffs several hundred feet high, it is scenic but you also want to be high enough to safely cross and have height to get to landable and convective fallow fields on the other side. After crossing I was down to 4000 feet and heading southeast towards a highway in case a landing was necessary. I did get a couple of climbs averaging 3-4 knots but was always missing the solid 7 knotters that were around provided you could snag them in the blue.

Shortly after that I got into the Wilbur turn circle, I was half way through the 3 hours minimum time and this leg would be into the headwind, so I decided to turn around towards the last circle centred at Waterville (2640 asl), high up on the sloping plateau. The best hope was getting to the cu that were forming over the last half of this area.

Backtracking across the lake was easier this time as I now had more height to play with. There were a lot more gliders visible that had come from further east on the course than me. Some were too low and landed out. Those lovely cu came into range and after that the soaring was worry-free although the expected strength of the thermals was not always there, but I did get over 7000 several times. I kept following the edges going west until a final glide would get me home just after the minimum 3 hours. Time's up – and it was a straight 30 mile (48 km) run towards Ephrata with a blessed tailwind that allowed a cruising speed getting into the yellow (90+ kts) at times.

It had been a hot, tiring flight with twice the water drunk and half the pee disposed of. Regardless of the easy last third of the flight, I was very slow on the earlier bit, flying at 60 kts, much less than the speed-to-fly ring was demanding of me; my score reflected that with the eleventh place finish.

Several pilots remarked how distinctive the Russia is when it's thermalling.

Day 5 10th, 873pts – final placing 9th overall, 3889 pts
2 hr TAT Chelan (15) / Grand Coulee Dam a/p (20)
/ Waterville (20)

Yippee, finally a racing day! The morning forecast was like yesterday but better. Since the airmass had heated from the previous day, it was going to be hotter at 30C, the lift was therefore delayed until 1 pm, the clouds were only going to

be developing in an arc to the north around the top of the plateau. Ursula kept my hat and shirt shoulders wet while sitting on the black asphalt of the ramp. The task was a bit short to get everyone home in good time for the closing banquet on the clubhouse patio.

Although the cloudbase was predicted to be only 7000 feet, it actually went to 9500 (!), and the odd thermal gave 8-9 kts. This allowed actual pedal to the metal flying rather than the survival mode of the two windy days. It was fun, just what most pilots expect from Ephrata this time of year.

I bumped into the 15 mile Chelan circle and, at the top of a good climb turned east, then did the same thing for the second circle which kept me on the west side of Banks Lake and up on the plateau. As I was now halfway into the flight I decided to turn west into the light headwind towards Waterville about 50 kilometres away. I flew towards the many cu that had formed by now, connected, and it was marvelous from then on. Along this track there were a lot of colourful hang gliders and paragliders from their Chelan launch point decorating the thermals like butterflies.

I was making such good progress I was worried that I might get home early so I had to go as far west as possible in the circle before turning for home. The "possible" bit is that the plateau quits very soon after Waterville, and the surface drops dramatically down to the Columbia River over 1400 feet below. Did I say somewhere that this is a scenic place to fly? I flew out over the edge until the sink started, then at 9300 feet turned for home 60 km away with 20 minutes remaining. That gave me a straight run back for a final glide at an average of 80 knots although I did stop for a top-up half way home to cover any extra sink on the remaining track, and I arrived a nice 4 minutes over the 2 hours.

After the contest when the final scores were posted, I saw that I had been penalized 69 points, dropping me from fifth to tenth for the day. Looking at the analysis of the flight, it was obvious that I had missed getting into the Grand Coulee Dam circle by 0.4 of a nautical mile. That was strictly brain fade on my part in mis-reading the little list I had made converting statute miles to nautical miles to read off the Volkslogger. Ouch!

The evening ceremonies on the deck were complete with a vat of spaghetti and meatballs, pasta and chicken, salads and desert with live music compliments of a towpilot on the big bass and his wife on piano. The evening was topped off at sunset with the Caproni launching and doing a few circuits over the assembly. The Caproni is an Italian glider with an internal jet engine first flown in the 70s – Google it. It was very impressive, and also very noisy when it went full throttle overhead.

And that was that. It was challenging flying this time around and I finished exactly in the middle of the pack. You have to come and fly here too sometime. □

Rewarding goals

Dwayne Doll, ESC

Well I can't say that I had a record flight this year but I can say I accomplished some amazing goals and had the pleasure of fulfilling my childhood desires with soaring. Since I was a little boy, I dreamed about flight, I built aircraft models and hung them up on the ceiling of my bedroom. Walking to school one day, I met a young man wearing an Air Cadet uniform. We struck up a conversation about flying and what Air Cadets did. He encouraged me to join when I was old enough, and I did. I had one goal, to become a pilot. Through my years with the cadets, I ended up with more than just Glider and Private Pilot licences. I came out with discipline, leadership and confidence to take on the challenges of life. I had my licences in hand and the yearning to fly, but I wasn't prepared for the cost of flying and how quickly time flies by.

Last October, here in Grande Prairie, there was a lot of news on the radio and in the newspaper about Walter Mueller taking a flight in a sailplane over the city to celebrate his 90th birthday. At that time I didn't know Walter, but he was well known in flying circles as an accomplished and well-liked glider pilot. From the outside of the fence of the airport I tried to watch his flight with excitement. After he took off from the runway, disappearing from sight, I made a vow that day to get back into flying in the summer. Being 45, I felt now was the time and I didn't want to wait until I was 90 to start.

As fate would have it, on one of the coldest day of the winter my company was asked to provide an excavator to repair a sewer line into a residence. After completing the work, I was tracking down the owner to submit our bill – the contact name was Grace Mueller. I phoned her and introduced myself as a former glider pilot and was wondering if she knew of Walter Mueller, and as well, I had a bill for her. She told me that "Walter is my husband and that he would love to talk to you." I met them later that day and talked about soaring and my desire to fly sailplanes again. Well, if you know Walter, his enthusiasm towards the sport of soaring is contagious. I tell you, I was flying so high I couldn't sleep for many nights. I was hooked!

Through the winter, I put in a lot of preparation to soar again. I studied aircraft manuals, read various soaring literature including SAC's "Learn to Soar". One thing that I thought helped me a lot was purchasing the Condor soaring simulator and using it as a training aid. With it, I practised my checklists, tried the emergency procedures for rope breaks, etc. Although Condor can't simulate all the real world situations, it is a useful tool and should be used in the off season to keep us current mentally.

The internet has a lot of wonderful resources on soaring, including articles on the SAC website. A word of caution, there are



sites out there that you should not view with your wife looking over your shoulder! One is the "Wings and Wheels" want ads. One of my favourite sailplanes is the ASW-20. Though not in a position to purchase one then, I saw in the want ads an ASW-20C for sale in Arizona and was curious to know more about that type of glider. I found a phone number for a gentleman who had an ASW-20C in Invermere and called him to ask some general questions. I told him that I would like to get a -20 sometime in the future. He then indicated that he could be interested in selling his plane in the future and would let me know when it came available.

It was a long winter with record snow on our Alberta fields. I kept on looking at the ESC web cam hoping the snow would melt for their scheduled first flying week in May. It finally came later in the week at ESC and I jumped right in, meeting members and helped set up for the week's flying. Excitement filled the air as other pilots were getting their checkflights. I managed to get in a couple of flights each day and enjoyed every minute of my flights with the instructors Gary Hill, Henry Watts, and John Broomhall. By the second flying week, CFI Guy Blood signed off my log book so I was able to solo again.

Many challenges came with the many flights I did this year. Like most, I spent a lot of time dodging the constant poor weather that affected both work and soaring time. My best flight of the season, and most rewarding solo flight, was my very last flight of the year in my new sailplane WZ (yes, an ASW-20). The last day of the Labour Day weekend looked good. I thought I would fly for twenty minutes, but I stayed up for around one hour and ten minutes. Although it wasn't a record flight, it was a flight that surprised me and boosted my confidence.

Lastly, I must mention that there is one thing that I wasn't prepared for with all my studying and reading – the hospitality and camaraderie that soaring offers. As well, there are individuals who are as addicted to soaring as I am and have so many talents with their volunteer time and commitment to the club, to other pilots, and to the sport. To this I have to say, thank you. □

Driving to the Nationals

John Mulder, CAGC

WEEEKS OF PLANNING had been completed when the night before, while checking on flooding in North Dakota, we determined that they had closed several roads along our route due to flooding. Several e-mails were sent between Leo, Tim and I to discuss our options. We settled on plan A, meet at Strathmore and decide from there. Tim introduced me to *Google Latitude* for my phone, which would allow us to track each other on our phones. I arrived at Strathmore first so I started up the program and found out that both Tim and Leo were within a few clicks of my location.

A short discussion and we decided on crossing the border south of Medicine Hat at Wild Horse border crossing. We were well on our way to the border when Tim spotted a sign, next service 180 km, which was just outside of our fuel mileage so a U-turn was required to backtrack and fill up. The small resort community with narrow roads and tight turns was a little awkward with three glider trailers in tow. The renovations at the gas station and no public washroom within a reasonable distance were also a little awkward.

We arrived at the border crossing with Tim in the lead. There were some tall concrete posts dividing the lanes into two sections, the right side for cars and the left for trucks, RVs and vehicles with trailers. We waited several minutes for an agent to appear and Tim pulled up past the stop sign to get a better look. I was watching the agent and it appeared from my vantage point that he was using a remote system mounted in the concrete post to talk to someone, so when Tim pulled forward, I started to pull past the stop sign also so I could talk to the post.

Concentrating on the post, I didn't notice the border agent on the right side of my vehicle yelling stop, but eventually her shrill screams penetrated the closed windows and I came to a stop. I then backed up slightly so as not to be over the stop line. Leo was martialled into the right lane and the inspection began. The custom and border patrol officer told Tim that he had crossed over the stop line and set off an alarm at some remote location that could not be reset so we would have to wait several hours for the warning to expire before we could proceed. I think that was his idea of a joke but the sternness of the officers stopped us from laughing! Several more minutes of inspection and we were on our way.

The drive from this point was uneventful until arriving at Bismark at midnight to find rooms for the night. The first stop and a few questions informed us that there was a baseball

tournament and flood relief and evacuees from the area around Minot so there would be no rooms here. The manager suggested a place a little further down the highway, a little mom and pop motel near a truck stop just off the highway. We pulled in there close to 2 am and indeed they had two rooms and a motorhome available. Leo and I took the rooms; Tim skipped the motorhome and instead slept in his van.

The next morning after a hearty breakfast we were on the road again. We hoped to get through Chicago by the end of the day and stop once we were clear of the city to the east. Along the way we saw some wildlife – several deer, two pheasants (only one survived our passing), coyotes, a fox, a snake, and a turtle. The snake was sunning on the shoulder of the highway and to notice him while cruising along at 100 km/h indicates how large he was! The turtle was also sunning – right in the centre of our driving lane! His head and legs were out when Tim and I went by but Leo said they were rapidly retreating into the shell as he passed over.

Chicago at 11:30 pm on a Saturday night is a peaceful and quiet city ... NOT! On the Interstate through Chicago we were being passed by all types of vehicles travelling at speeds in excess of 150 km/h. The little sports cars that would dart off the on-ramps and cross six lanes of traffic while accelerating through spaces between vehicles barely large enough for them to fit reminded me of some video games I have seen.

Good driving habits when pulling a trailer dictate looking in the mirror to check it is clear, selecting your signal light and checking again before changing lanes, but with all these racers cruising along extra caution was needed, which is why I decided changing across four lanes to make our exit in the short warning from the signage was not going to happen with three glider trailers in tow.

What I hadn't realized was Leo had used his truck and trailer to block so I could have made the lane changes. It's a brave man who blocks traffic on a Chicago freeway at 11 pm on a Saturday night! In the dark and the traffic I couldn't see the path Leo cleared and instead I slowly started the process of getting across to the right and chose the first right exit so we could turn around.

I wouldn't say the neighbourhood we ended up in was the worst I had seen, but the way the locals looked at us and with the sound of a car backfiring (I'm sure it wasn't a gunshot), time was not something worth wasting. As I explained my plan

by running back to Tim's van for a quick discussion, a car full of teenagers went by and one yelled, "is that a glider in there?" Of all the guesses we had heard on this trip, this group of teenagers packed into a little Toyota driving by were some of the very few that guessed it right!

I had planned to turn to the right down a neighbourhood street when I noticed it was a one way so instead completed the U-turn in the middle of the street. Tim followed close behind but then the traffic increased, Leo had to wait for an opportunity to break in. Three glider trailers completing U-turns on the busy street caused a brief traffic jam but I'm sure everyone is back on their way by now. After getting back on the freeway, completing one more course reversal and getting off at the correct exit we were sailing on again.

Shortly after that we found ourselves at another toll booth so off the side of the road again to gather together our cash. While waiting, one of the two booths closed and traffic started backing up creating many horns and a few shouts from the drivers in line. About this time, Tim realized the keys were locked inside his running van. He started calling AMA while Leo and I found some tools and a coat hanger to break in. The police helicopter circling nearby and more sounds of cars backfiring, or maybe gunshots, had us motivated to break in and get going. Tim thought we were going to break the window but Leo and I managed to pry it back enough to get the coat hanger in and accomplish the mission while Tim looked the other way.

Back in the vehicles and the next challenge is breaking into a line of cars beeping their horns while waiting to get through the toll. Just at that moment, the second booth opened and the folks in line were very courteous and let us in. Through the toll and we were on the road again. The construction that we had to traverse around for the next several miles had us zigging and zagging and our trailers became airborne at times due to the uneven pavement. It was so dark you couldn't see the bumps until you were flying over them! Construction and tolls were a challenge.

We went through eight tolls, paid over \$20, and stopped prior to each toll to pool our money. At one point we pulled off to the side of the freeway to fuel up and on our re-entry to the freeway, had to pay the toll again!

After all of the Chicago adventures it was time to find a place to rest for the night. Once again, finding three available rooms was a challenge but we managed to accomplish the task at the third stop. Tim was ready to give up on sleep and drive on through but Leo and I didn't think we would make it past sunrise so rest was the option we chose.

The next morning after another short five hour sleep, I left my room to throw my overnight bag in the truck before heading for breakfast. As I walked to the trailer I could see Tim and Leo talking with a gent who was curious about what we had in the trailers. Leo and Tim's plan was to make sure all the pieces were still in about the same place as before we flew through the road construction around Chicago. It was worth the effort as some bits had shifted and needed to be resecured.

The gentleman owned the Greek restaurant whose parking lot we had selected to park our convoy. After giving him a quick tour of the trailers we went in and had breakfast. The remainder of the trip was mostly uneventful until within ten kilometres of SOSA. At that point we realized we didn't know exactly where the field was located. A few minutes with maps, a GPS, and cell phones and the final navigation for the trip was complete and we turned into the club in time for dinner.

... We spent the next two weeks retrieving each other from the fields of southern Ontario. Talking afterwards we all agreed the drive was well worth the effort and we enjoyed the opportunity to fly in new territory with different conditions than our 10,000 foot thermals in Alberta and landscape that in no way even remotely looks like central Alberta! The farmers were pleasant though, especially the fellow who politely asked me to request we task north the next few days as he had retrieved enough gliders out of his fields the previous few days. For the record, he farmed in the vicinity of Tillsonburg!

Thanks to SOSA and all the volunteers that made the adventure worthwhile and created a contest environment that was memorable in many ways. □



The highway south of Estevan, SK



Conrad Lamoureux

Hangar flight

Walter Mueller, GPSS & ESC

ON A HALF HOUR FLIGHT over the city of Grande Prairie on 29 October 2010, my 90th birthday, I could not quite convince myself that this was to be my last flight in my sailplane. So this May I was back at Chipman for my spring checkflight with instructor Bob Hagen during the flying week. Since no one was waiting for the aircraft we had an enjoyable one and a half hour soaring flight. The second flying week at Chipman was scheduled from 21 to 29 May, but the weather was not always cooperating with our sport. I started the week with a flight on the 21st of May of just over one hour. As the week went on the soaring conditions improved as my log book shows with flights of 3, 4, and over 5 hours in that order, and finally on 29 May my longest flight ever of 567 km in 7.7 hours.

Then on to the Cowley summer camp where I had the secret hope to get a good wave flight to complete my diamond badge. However this was not to be, but I accomplished two things: first I completed 500 hours in my Cirrus since I bought it at age eighty, and a few days later I completed 900 hours glider flying since I started again in the spring of 1981 at age sixty. On the way back from Cowley we detoured to Chipman to leave the sailplane there, because I could not quite make up my mind to quit flying yet.

Back to Chipman again and this time I told Grace and my friends there that at the end of the week I will do my last flight, to which Grace replied: "This will then be your hangar flight". Well but first one more flight on Sunday the 14th of August which was with marginal soaring condition a flight just under one hour.

Two days later it looked like a good soaring day so I started out on a little cross-country flight. I flew north to Smoky Lake, about 45 km away, and to my surprise the nice looking cu were not working anymore in that area. So my plan for a small triangle to Redwater and back to Chipman was scrapped and

I headed straight for home. Now I had to fight a partial headwind from the southwest and the groundspeed was agonisingly slow while the altimeter developed the bad habit of unwinding. I tried every little scrap of lift but there was not enough to get me home, and it was time to look for a place to land.

The farm country north of Chipman and south of the North Saskatchewan River looked more like the everglades as a result of excess rainfall, with hundreds of small lakes of one or two acre size and because of lots of moisture the crops were very high. Once more luck was on my side and I found the only summer fallow field as far as I could see. I landed there and it was rough, I came to a halt in about three fuselage length; it was only about five hundred feet south of highway 45 west of Andrew by the Limestone Lake.

It did not take much more than an hour and I could see my retrieve crew, Grace, Conrad Lamoureux, and Vern Kallal with our motorhome and trailer driving east on the highway. They spotted me right away and as Vern later said, "and there was Walter outstanding in his field". On the east side of this field was a farmstead where the crew thought an easy access to the field could be found. Unfortunately the farmstead was unoccupied and cluttered with old machinery and old vehicles where a passage was impossible and then to make for more excitement, they got the motorhome stuck. A phone call back to the airfield brought Dave Scott with his 4W drive truck to the rescue. A new access road was found at the west side; a lot of muscle power was required to de-rig since my rigging equipment was useless in the rough and loose dirt conditions of the field. It was at dusk when we finally pulled out of the field and went to the St. Michael Hotel/Restaurant (one of ESC's favoured watering holes) where Shirley produced a good meal for five hungry people and the necessary barley brew to flush it down; thanks Dave, Conrad, Vern, and Grace for rescuing

this old kid whose enthusiasm for soaring has once again overestimated the actual soaring conditions.

The next day I rigged the sailplane again with the help of Conrad and then Grace washed and taped it, much to the envy of other sailplane owners. I did not fly that day or the next one, but I did a lot of thinking about my decision to quit flying by the end of the week.

Friday turned out to be a nice soaring day and I went once more for a flight, but this time I played it safe and stayed mostly within gliding distance of the field, although I went as far upwind northwest that I could see the town of Redwater on the north side of the river but did not cross the river. I was content with just soaring in the neighbourhood of the Chipman airfield, about thirty to forty kilometres at the most, taking in the sights of the prairie landscape from my lofty height, mostly around 6–9000 feet asl. I must admit that I had

a few moments of sadness when the realization hit me that I probably will never see our beautiful world again from the cockpit of a sailplane. The day ended with the thermals disappearing earlier than usual and after a flight of 3:45 hours I came in for my final landing. Unknown to me, Conrad took a picture as I was just coming in to land on runway 28.

It is interesting to note that most of the people on the field were not even born yet when I started glider flying in spring of 1937 on a hill in the Black Forest of Germany and now on the Canadian prairies I made my last flight as pilot-in-command of an aircraft in August of 2011.

In Free Flight 2/2003 there is an article titled, “Hanging up one’s Wings”, which was initiated by Phil Stade, where three octogenarians contributed their opinion as when it is time to quit flying; I was one of them. The guidelines I had set for myself were: → 18

Thanks from a senior, senior glider pilot’s wife

IN MY 25 YEARS of being around this wonderful sport of sailplanes, thermals, and outlandings, I don’t believe I’ve ever met anyone who is, and has been, so enthusiastic about soaring all his life as my Walter is ... or should I say ‘our’ Walter. Oh, yes, there are many others who love the sport equally (like Phil, Dwayne, Conrad, Ken, Bob). The reason for this note is to say “Thank You” from my heart, to all who have helped Walter (us) these past few years: for helping us with rigging and de-rigging of Walter’s baby Cirrus, for walking the plane to the other end of the field when the wind changes direction, for supplying retrieve vehicle and manpower ... Without your help, and obvious love, I’m sure it would have been a shorter flying time to his retirement.

The Cowley camps, for us, were always exciting to join. Walter’s winter flights were adventures to listen to as he ‘flew’ following the pencil lines on the map. Thank you to all of our Cowley soaring families ... you are great!

Now closer to home. How do I thank all of you ESC guys? Other than, a simple and heartfelt “Thank You”. We’ve been through a few of Walter’s crop-testing-agricultural-research and deep summer fallows, haven’t we? I could name each one of you, but I don’t need to, as each one of you are special to this ol’ gal! It was always another adventure at the end of the flying day when Bob or someone would say “well Gracie, we’re going to the pub (or St-Michaels) for supper”. Thanks so much for including me, not as a guy, but as one of the guys, or as a den mom.



Like Guy said to you, Walter, we’re proud of you for making your own retirement decision. The doctor didn’t make it for you, or your family, or any other reason. You made it on your own. Yes, Walter, we, our families, are proud of you too! God bless all of you, with a heart full of love and hugs ... **Grace**

Ancient flying heroes

by **Costas Pikros**

Students don't learn Greek mythology in school these days – that's a real shame.

THE MOST FAMOUS ANCIENT FLYING HERO is, without doubt, Icarus. What did he do to deserve such fame? He was trained as a pilot by Daedalus and on his first flight he violated the flight safety regulations and is considered as the first casualty of an aircraft accident. The second known ancient pilot is Phaethon. His flying achievements are similar to Icarus. He was trained by Apollo as a pilot of an aircraft (the four-horses powered shining chariot). His first flight was a planned mission to replace Apollo in the daily patrol of the Sun.

Thinking about ancient flying heroes, Icarus and Phaethon are the first we recall. Icarus was honoured by the name of an island (Icaria) and the name of a sea (Icaric Sea, part of the Aegean Sea). Both were provocative violators of flight rules. Mythology clearly states they both were systematically instructed on the flying regulations. In contrast to these two youngsters, mythology tells us about other heroes, who were able and wise pilots.

They are not praised for their flight abilities as they should. We do not refer to the gods of Olympus who regularly flew around the sky, but to heroes well known for other deeds who should have been considered ideal pilots.

Daedalus is not most famous for being a pilot. He is known as the civil engineer who built the Labyrinth of King Minos to hold the great bull, Minotaur, but he is also known for some aeronautical engineering – designing and building the wings for his famous son, Icarus. Nobody seems to recall that Daedalus was the one who successfully escaped from Crete and King Minos. He flew as far as Sicily! This feat is almost totally forgotten. We consider Daedalus more the engineer and Icarus as the pilot.

The MIT team who made the successful man-powered flight from Crete to Santorini Island, named their ultralight flying machine “*Daedalus*”. It was the correct choice. The “*Daedalus*” reached Santorini (although a little wet) following the example of the wise Daedalus and not the superficial Icarus.

Another well known hero, Perseus, was a very able pilot but nobody praises him for that. He is famous for killing the Medusa and saving Andromeda. Studying the myth, we note that Perseus started his flying career with a very high wing loading device, the flying sandals of Hermes, the messenger of the gods. With those he made the successful raid against Medusa. There he obtained another flying machine, the flying stallion, Pegasus. After the end of the mission, Perseus returned the flying sandals to their owner intact.

In contrast, the infamous Phaethon wrecked the chariot that was entrusted to him. In this first flight, Phaethon was carried out by youthful enthusiasm and overconfidence. He made low barely controlled passes over the earth, threatening to burn the crops. At the end he overrode all safety regulations and flew in a cumulonimbus cloud, where he was killed by Zeus with a lightning strike to prevent further disaster.

Perseus, flying the transport Pegasus (though another version of the myth has him wearing flying sandals), completed the first air rescue operation by saving the beautiful Andromeda who was chained to a rock on the seashore. Perseus was a wise and successful pilot but is not famous as a flying hero, and his flying career is overlooked in the aviation literature.

After Perseus there is another able pilot of Pegasus. His name was Bellerophon from the town of Corinth. Flying Pegasus, he completed the first successful bombing run against the Chimera, a fire-breathing monster with a lion's head, a goat's body and a dragon's tail. According to mythology, a king tasked him with what was supposed to be an impossible mission, but he strafed and killed the Chimera with a lead weighted spear, which lodged and melted in its throat. Completing his mission, Bellerophon returned safely to his base.

A British warship by the name of Bellerophon was famous during the Napoleonic wars. Unfortunately this Homeric hero is forgotten in the history of flight.

Leave aside military history, the history of flight is totally unfair to the long-distance pilot Phrixus. Phrixus takes off with the transport “Golden Ram”, a golden-haired flying ram. The sole passenger aboard is his sister, Helle. The flight reaches the limits of the then known world, Colchis, in the Caucasus.

During the flight, passenger Helle gets dizzy. Flying through turbulence Helle falls off her seat, as she probably did not fasten her seat belt. Once again history is unjust. Helle is killed and becomes famous. Her name is given to a sea (Hellespont), a glorious battle of the Greek navy, and a contemporary Greek warship. But what about Phrixus, the wise and able pilot who completed the long distance flight to Colchis? The golden fleece of his ram is very well known, but who knows Phrixus? He is totally forgotten.

Greek mythology has many flying heroes other than Icarus who deserve to be glorified and become idols for our younger generation of pilots. □



1st annual Junior Soaring Camp Scott Holmes

Eric Kaert

ONE OF THE MAIN THINGS I HAVE OBSERVED in the five years I have been flying gliders is the lack of young pilots. I spent last winter thinking about ways to revitalize our club and make it more attractive to youth and realized that Adam Oke and the folks at SOSA had already been at it. Every August SOSA hosts a Junior Camp as a way to appeal to the population of cadets returning home from cadet camp still filled with flying enthusiasm. By lowering SOSA's flying rates and sharply reducing their membership fee, SOSA attracts a healthy number of young people to their 10-day Junior Camp – mostly fresh from cadet summer training. Selena Boyle, Jason Acker, and I thought that a similar camp would be a great way for the Edmonton Soaring Club to start spreading the flying spirit among the youth pilots out west and decided it would be worth a proposal to the club. With its okay, we organized a similar camp.

We began by advertising via Facebook, the ESC website, the <juniorpilots.silentflight.ca> website, and word-of-mouth through contacts at the cadet flight training centre. We advertised reduced rates consisting of a \$50 application fee, \$0.55/min glider rental, and our standard \$12/1000 feet tow fees, and we had eight applicants when the camp began. Almost by fluke, eight applicants worked out great; there were enough juniors to keep all five airplanes in the air but not so many that they started complaining about lack of air time. We guessed that the cadet applicants would take four days to transition from the 2-33 into the Blaniks and Puchacz, so we budgeted more instructors at the beginning of the camp, then down to two once everyone was solo. As it turns out, most of them soloed after two days and eight flights. Some were soloing in as little as five flights! For

overnighting, we recommended everyone stay in tents, which worked out well. By the end of the camp, our attendees averaged 3.5 hours dual and 7 hours solo over 25 flights. Their expenses averaged around \$1100 for the ten days.

One of the factors I was curious about was how the attendees would interact with the normal club members and instructors. Since most were current cadets, I didn't anticipate any problems and I was exactly right. Each one exhibited a level of character far beyond the expectations of the club members and I received several notes confirming this. I didn't hear about a single issue, even on the weekend when normal flying activities mixed with the Junior Camp activities. So, well done to all the juniors who attended our camp this year.

Partly due to the impression the juniors left on the club instructors and members, our club decided to grant all attendees free membership for the rest of the season as well as a \$200 flying credit into their accounts.

I hope that writing about our successes with the Junior Camp inspires other gliding clubs to organize their own event. If anyone interested in organizing a camp would like advice or help, please feel free to send me an e-mail <srholmes@ualberta.ca>. I have been in Air Cadets for five years, gaining more and more interest in flying as the years went by. In 2010 I attended the Gliding Scholarship Course and from there my enthusiasm for gliding was tremendous. I attended a junior soaring camp at the SOSA Gliding Club and saw the civilian side of flying gliders. From that I knew I wanted to pursue this more. Then I heard

that the Edmonton Soaring Club was planning to put on their first Junior Soaring Camp this year. When I attended this camp, the club talked about competition soaring and the different aspects that go on in this sport.

These types of camps are so appealing because they open up so many doors for people who are new to the sport or have been in it for a short time. I have been working my way towards attaining my Bronze and Silver badges, from there I will be able to go into national competitions and possibly even the Worlds after flying for a few more years. All these doors have been opened by the other great members from the club who put on these types of camps for people who are enthusiastic about flying.

ESC's Junior Camp by the numbers:

Average dual time to solo per person	2:41	
Average number of flights to solo per person		8
Average number of days to solo	3	
Average dual time per person	3:29	
Average solo time per person	6:54	
Average time per person	10:23	

Blanik 1 flight time	21:12
Blanik 2 flight time	23:43
Puchacz flight time	12:06
PV-5 flight time	16:21
L-33 flight time	11:00

Group photo, left to right: Daegan Banga, Ajay Sahai, Jordan Stefaniuk, Scott Holmes, Jacob McKinley, Selena Boyle, Justin Harrison, Danielle Fish, Shane Underwood, and Rhodielyn Padilla.

Hangar flight

from p15

- Have I lost my enthusiasm (no I haven't, I still love to fly)?
- I don't feel sure of myself anymore (I have no problems there).
- I don't feel comfortable in the cockpit anymore (I feel still comfy in it).
- The doctor tells me to quit, based on physical facts (I just passed my aviation medical class 3 in July).
- My checkflight instructor tells me to quit, based on deteriorating flying skills (I had an enjoyable soaring flight with my instructor, no problems there).
- And last, but not least, when I have enough common sense simply to know that the time has come to quit flying and go fishing instead.

There was no dramatic event which prompted me to quit, just a general feeling that it was time to step down and leave the thermals for the next generation and when I saw how the next owner of the Cirrus with enthusiasm went flying and made a better take-off and landing than I did in the last little while, I knew that I had made the right decision.

And now, just two months before my 91st birthday, I'm calling it quits. I made the decision completely on my own; no one influenced me to do so. My flight on 19 August 2011 was my "Hangar Flight". My flying days are over now, and as I wrote once before I shall not be sad that it is over but be happy that it happened and I can live on the memories of a retirement activity that few seniors can match.



Cu Nim's K-21 on a winch launch at Cowley with the usual spectators.



CLUBS

Cu Nim

THE SEASON began with lots of snow on the field. Everyone was getting a little anxious so we ploughed the snow for our towplane to take off so it could go to High River for maintenance. The runway looked great, but the snow ridges – oh man – they looked very hard to melt off. After a couple of weeks though the weather brought some sunny days. In the meantime, the towpilot checkflights were done in High River and soon enough the season started in high gear.

At our spring AGM, I was surprised to be nominated and elected as president, taking over from John Gruber. I was still an enthusiastic student, so at first the club's decision felt odd, but now I think the combination of older member experience and (my) new blood is a good one.

Spring, though a little late, brought some cross-country flying but you had to pick the day as the good weekends were sparse this year. Early in the year Phil Stade and Wilf Plester took the IS32 Lark to Three Hills and back, while Tony Burton turned at Drumheller. [See Wilf's account on page 7.] Well done! Steve Hogg had a 630 km flight in Invermere and added a total of 5540 km according to the OLC declared flights during 2011. Wow! It is inspiring for new pilots to see the enthusiasm for cross-country flying gaining momentum at the club. Let's keep it up.

Although we had to go through the season with only one trainer, the K-21 performed beautifully and has been a great glider to have. We need two trainers though, and at the last club meeting, the fleet planning committee recommendation to buy a DG-1001 was approved.

During the summer the winch purchased by ASC arrived. What a nice machine! If you have not winch launched before I highly recommend it. Although, as everything in flying, safety during winching must be taken very seriously, it allows the further development of all your piloting skills. Decision-making, low rope breaks and being efficient in centering that first thermal are daily challenges when winching. An aerotow seems so leisurely for decision-making compared to a 45 second winch launch.

We now have four very active female members. Girls, keep up the enthusiasm! Your keen interest, added to the enthusiasm of other clubs in Alberta like CAGC, started the idea of having a provincial female pilot get-together in 2012. The event is being planned and will include female pilots from all different branches of aviation. You name it, we will try to have it.

In August the club hosted a fly-in breakfast in conjunction with the Calgary Flying Club and the Recreational Aircraft Associa-

tion (RAA). After serving around 40 breakfasts, food started to diminish and smiles grew. People enjoyed the company of good friends, tried gliding and had a great day on a sunny August day. The rest of the summer brought more good flying and the Cowley camps, although wet in the fall, were as always, fun to participate in. The fall wave camp brought lots of rain, but the days that were flyable... had pretty good conditions. Flights to 18,000 feet were common.

It's 1 November as I write and the season has not ended yet! Flights of over 3 hours along the mountains have highlighted this October. Who might have thought it? Gerald Ince and Guy Peasley in their Duo Discus set the tone this past month.

The gliding community lost our dear friend and towpilot Barry Bradley to cancer and our friends from Invermere suffered the loss of two of their pilots in an accident. I could not finish this news without saying that they all will be terribly missed. Our sincere condolences to their families and friends.

Have fun and fly safely.

Pablo Wainstein

Central Alberta

Two words describe the gliding season at Innisfail this year: Cold, Wet. Planning for the season in the months preceding the usually terrific spring conditions included a cross-country fun match, Provincial contest at ESC, Nationals and a winching weekend, none of which worked out well for us due to conditions on the days planned. For the first time in our club's history we logged fewer cross-country kilometres on the OLC than the previous year, and had only twelve flying days to the end of June.

Thursday 7 July topped the charts with a tornado touching down near Innisfail bringing with it savage winds and hail. Luckily we did not suffer any damage to club equipment. One member was not so lucky – even though his K7 was safely stowed in a hangar, large hailstones penetrated through the skylight and damaged the wing and aileron of the glider. Glider trailers situated on the field fared well, with only a few extra hail dents. This served as a great reminder to ensure that all equipment is properly secured at the end of each day's flying and be vigilant to changing weather conditions. Shane Cockriell was at a camp site eight miles away with his family and witnessed the touchdown of a funnel very close by.

The new ASC winch made its way to our club in late June, we did some mid-week and evening flying performing checkflights and tested out the new equipment. A great time was had by all attending and everyone agreed the new winch is a great asset. CAGC members, having done much winching in past years, were especially interested in the quality construction and creature comforts afforded by this new equipment. Phil did a fantastic job in communicating and assembling people from the other

clubs to converge on Innisfail to have some fun and learn the ropes of winching. These events do so much to unite the clubs / members in a common goal.

The club winch was sparsely used this year as daily attendance did not provide the numbers to staff its operation. We did run it a few days and it performed well with the new synthetic line, providing launches consistently over 1000 feet using just the grass runway area. Arrangements have been made to extend the useful length of line deployed to over 3500 feet with launches of 1500+ the norm.

Training flights dominated the season. Students capitalized on extra time available from instructors not flying cross-country. They made great strides developing and improving their skills this year. Student membership is up, with nine on the books now. They really anchored the club this year and provided ample energy to keep operations active. We are looking forward and hoping for a stronger season in 2012 so these students can capitalize on the skills they acquired this year to solo and soar.

The year passed without any major incidents. Given that the activity level at the Innisfail airport increases each year, this is no small feat. Communications with other users of the space remain as the best tool to safely coordinate local light traffic, skydiving operations and itinerant traffic. If the weekend is good the airport is abuzz with flights departing and landing, and people diving out of perfectly good aircraft. At first it all seems an unmanageable level of activity but after observation, a pattern of coordination emerges. All this adds a level of complexity for CAGC students not typically found at other Alberta clubs; however, it serves to strengthen their knowledge and awareness. Student airmanship benefits greatly while instruction has the added burden of a congested airfield.

Sharing the airfield with so many other users really makes it a fun and active place to spend the weekend. Overnight camping is popular with both skydivers and gliding club members.

As with all clubs, the season does not end with the blanket of white snow. CAGC has active projects that will take us through the winter as preparation for the sure-to-be boomer flying next year. Ongoing work on the Twin Lark is progressing nicely; the spar repair and belly skin repairs were expertly completed by Jerry Mulder and Don Bais. Paint on the fuselage is complete. That makes the ship 90% ready with sanding / painting on the wing, instrumentation, and final rigging left to complete. John Mulder is working on the re-certification and will oversee the final assembly and rigging to ensure that everything is done to the exacting standard required. Our club is so lucky to have such talented people.

As with all equipment that tends to sit for long periods of time, we experienced some maintenance problems with the power train on our winch this year. The lesson here is, don't wash it, it will leak. Given the simplicity of this equipment, all of this can be overcome with a little winter work to resolve

dried out seals. The Bergfalke is in need of a new canopy and plans are underway to replace the aging plastic.

Getting together in the winter months is a lot of fun for our members and serves well to keep the interest alive and facilitate a forum for soaring discussion.

Drew Hammond

Edmonton

The Edmonton Soaring Club had an interesting year. We started with some executive shuffling. Our club president, Gary Hill, decided to move into the Treasurer role, which vacated the president role that I, Brian Murray, now occupy. Henry Wyatt took on the long-empty position of Events Director, which allowed us to get a handle on events planning this year.

Near the end of last year, we were made aware of the high voltage DC power lines that were planned for our area. One such option was right on the path for final, and would have shut down operations. Fortunately, after some communication, they chose a route that would not interfere with our airport.

Early in the year, headed by Gary Hill, the club members made a resolution to purchase a Perkoz two-seat glider. We are now excitedly awaiting its arrival in the spring of 2012. We are ordering the glider with hand controls in order to participate in the *Soldier On* and *Freedom's Wings* programs, and we are also working towards making our clubhouse handicapped accessible.

On 21 May we held 'Davey Day', a fly-in event to celebrate the life of Dave Puckrin. I have never seen the club more full than I did that day; the entire flightline was packed with planes and the parking lot was filled with cars. Quite a few good memories were shared of Dave and he will be missed.

One of our club members, Scott Holmes, created a Facebook and Twitter account for the club. It was quickly picked up by some of the younger members and has become a good way for them to keep in contact.

The soaring season started strong, but was dampened by excessive rain. Even on days where it wasn't raining, the field was simply too wet to fly from, leaving us stuck to the ground. We rescheduled two flying weeks, but kept being thwarted by the weather. Undeterred, 29 May turned out to be our best soaring day in years. Bruce Friesen set four different records while Walter Mueller accomplished his Gold Distance at the age of 90. On that day, I also accomplished all three legs of my Silver Badge requirements in a single flight.

Some of our members, who are also former Air Cadets, put in a mammoth amount of effort and organized a Junior Soaring Camp in late August. Our camp would not have been such a success without the efforts of Scott Holmes and Jason Acker, as well as the time given by our towpilots and instructors. [Scott's write-up is on page 17.] We are planning to hold the camp again

Alberta pilot achievements in 2011

Solo

Gordon Chators (CAGC)
Shulamit Kuttner (Cu Nim)
Brendan Mogan (Cu Nim)
Graham St. Thomas (CAGC)
Pablo Wainstein (Cu Nim)

Badges & Badge legs

Gordon Chators (CAGC) – C, B badges
Leo Deschamps (CAGC) – Gold distance & Gold badge
Rick Miller (ESC) – A, B, C badges
Brian Murray (ESC) – Silver (all in one flight)
Walter Mueller (GPSS) – Diamond distance

Licence

Rick Miller (ESC)
Dave Scott (ESC)
Arel Welgan (ESC)

Canadian records

Bruce Friesen (ESC) – Open & Club class, Free Triangle Distance – 512.2 & 609.5 km
Club class, Triangle Distance – 599.2 km
Club class, 500 km Triangle Speed – 85.1 km/h

OLC club results

Cu Nim, 12,489 km, 66 flights, 9 pilots	12,701 points
Edmonton, 7,296 km, 40 flights, 9 pilots	9,230 points
CAGC, 2,699 km, 24 flights, 6 pilots	2,628 points

OLC results for top-5 pilots

Steve Hogg, Cu Nim	5382 points
Bruce Friesen, ESC	4909 points
Struan Vaughan, Cu Nim	2470 points
Tony Burton, Cu Nim	2207 points
Guy Blood, ESC	1403 points

Congratulations to all on these steps along the way.

What's your goal for 2012 – you can't improve without one?

next year with the hope of inspiring more young people to take up soaring. One such person who was once inspired by a student camp is a club member, Selena Boyle, who represented Canada at the Junior Worlds competition this year. The conditions were rough, but she did well on her scored days.

In recent years, our hangar doors had become a major issue as they were hard to open and were covered in jagged edges. This year, one of our members, Dave Scott, took on the project and designed and installed new doors for us. They are a magnificent piece of work and are universally considered to be a massive improvement.

In September, Gary Hill, Neil Siemens and I took a Blanik L-23 up to Cold Lake in an attempt to help kick start their club into flying again. It was quite an experience to land and take off in a glider from a military base.

Next year we hope to have our ASW-15 back in the air as well as have the Perkoz flying with people from *Freedom's Wings* and *Soldier On*. I would also like to take this opportunity to thank everyone at the club for all their work in keeping everything running smoothly. Without their efforts, we wouldn't be flying.

Brian Murray

ASC Annual General Meeting

25 February 2011, Red Deer Airport

Present: Ron Cattaruzza, Jean Claude, Val Deschamps, Mitch Drzymala, Bob Hagen, Drew Hammond, Steve Hogg, Mel Walters, Gerald Ince, Ken Latam, Dave McAsey, Carol Mulder, Brendan Mogan, John Mulder, Brian Murray, Tim Radder, Danny Russell, Phil Stade, Pablo Wainstein, Alan Woods, Kay Wright, Henry Wyatt.

The meeting was called to order by president Danny Russell at 1315.

2010 Minutes from the 2010 AGM were presented.

Motion: Gerald Ince, seconded Pablo Wainstein
"to accept the minutes as recorded." *Carried*

Presentation of 2010 ASC trophies

Carling Trophy for best flight	Bruce Friesen
McLaughlin Trophy for best 5 flights	Bruce Friesen
XC-100 best 5 flights novice	Steve Hogg
Bruce Trophy (provincial contest)	Bruce Friesen
Second – Leo Deschamps	
Third – Carol Mulder	

Financial report

The balance sheet and 2010 financial summary were presented by Treasurer Gerald Ince.

Motion: Steve Hogg, seconded Dave McAsey
"to accept the Financial Statements." *Carried*

Finance Board report by Gerald Ince.

Motion: Steve Hogg, seconded Dave McAsey
"to adopt the financial reports as presented" *Carried*

Motion: Ron Cattaruzza, seconded Danny Russell
"to approve the two examiners of the financial statements, Steve Hogg and Danny Russell." *Carried*
(they see that the statements fairly reflect the activities of ASC, they do not audit the statements).

2011 Budget presented by Phil Stade

Motion: Phil Stade, seconded Steve Hogg
"to adopt the 2011 provisional budget as presented." *Carried*

Executive & Committee reports

The reports were circulated.

Motion: Phil Stade, seconded Drew Hammond
"to adopt the reports as presented." *Carried*

Executive Actions in 2010

Motion: Pablo Wainstein, seconded Ron Cattaruzza
"to ratify the actions of the Executive for 2010." *Carried*

Election of Officers

Vice-president: Tim Radder
Moved: Steve Hogg, seconded Phil Stade *Carried*

Treasurer: Gerald Ince.
Moved: John Mulder, seconded Jean Claude *Carried*

Trophies – Ron Cattaruzza
Sporting – Carol Mulder

New business

Motion: Henry Wyatt, seconded Ron Cattaruzza
"That ASC will initiate one or more meetings between club representatives to compare approaches to Safety Management, seeking common ground." *Carried*

Note: The following people volunteered to represent their clubs: John Mulder (CAGC), and Ken Latam (SAGC).

Other information

There will be an AirFest at Red Deer 11 June 2011. They have asked for contributions from the gliding group. Drew Hammond suggested a demonstration of a winch launch. The meet will be more like a fly-in breakfast than an airshow.

Bob Hagen reminded the meeting of Dave Puckrin's Memorial on 21 May at Chipman.

Call for adjournment at 1400:
Pablo Wainstein, seconded Drew Hammond *Carried*

awards luncheon
&

Annual General Meeting

25 February 2012

~ arrive early ~

Harvard Park Business Centre

Springbrook, AB

(Red Deer airport)

*All welcome.
Come and spend
the day with friends
from other clubs
and be a part of
what we do
in Alberta*

Menu

Planning meeting **1030 sharp**

Tying up the loose ends for 2012 activities: sorting out any details for major activities, the Cowley camps, and preliminary discussion on new business for the afternoon AGM, etc.

Awards luncheon **1200**

soup, entrée, dessert (\$10)

Presentation of provincial honours **1315**

Annual General Meeting **1330**

- approval of minutes of 2011 AGM (see copy opposite as req'd by bylaws)
- 2011 executive & committee reports
- 2011 financial report
- 2012 budget presentation
- old & new business, motions
- election/confirmation of executive

2012 elections

- President
- Vice-President
- Treasurer

*Contact Phil Stade to confirm
your presence for the luncheon.
(403) 813-6658 or <asc@stade.ca>
We need to know the numbers
ahead of time. DO IT NOW!*

return address
Box 13, Black Diamond, AB T0L 0H0

