

President's Prerogative

George Hazelrigg

As the song goes, "Sometimes you're the bug, and sometimes you're the windshield..." For the past six or eight months (it's been too long to remember), I think I've been the bug. Now it's time to be the windshield for a while—at least this month. I really want to play the proud and doting father, actually in three roles, first as President of SSC, second as an instructor and finally as an actual father

. First, let's all congratulate Jim Kellett for his election to the SSA Board of Directors as the Region 4 (that's DE, DC, MD, VA and WV) Director. I am told that Jim won by a landslide (I think he was unopposed), and he has already begun curmudgeoning his way around the SSA, meeting with all the glider clubs in his region. I'm sure we can expect big changes under Jim's reign, although I'm not sure what they'll be. But I'll bet they'll have something to do with safety.

And speaking of safety, under Jim's guidance, our club recently underwent a safety audit. The audit was performed by Burt Compton of the Soaring Safety Foundation. We began on the evening of Friday, September 10, at Shane's barn with a discussion about safety, covering lots of issues, and with a focus on standardization and attitude. Then, on Saturday, Burt joined us on the field, where he watched and critiqued our operation. In the end, he found no glaring deficiencies, many thanks here to all our meisters and leaders: our Chief of Safety, Fred Mueller, Chief DO, Fred Winter, Chief Instructor, Jim Kellett, and Chief Tow Pilot, Dick Otis, all of whom work hard to guard our safety and watch over every aspect of our operation. If you are not in the forefront in this area, you might not know that these people devote considerable attention to every detail of our operation. We actually do review our procedures periodically, and often make changes to improve them, document them in our operations manuals, and train

them. Thanks to all who were involved in this audit.

Second, you should know that our Club has been represented by Fred Mueller, Fred Winter and Dave Weaver in recent contests. I think they will provide separate reports on their experience. But the fact is that, not only are we represented, but our representatives place not-too-poorly in these contests, signifying to me that we have some pretty good pilots flying with us.

I can say, as President of our Club, that it gives me a very good feeling to see that our members are so active in the soaring community, and doing so well at it. As an instructor, I feel really good about the progress all our students are making, and I include as students also those who are working on advanced ratings and achievements. Congratulations to Curtis Wheeler for successful completion of his CPL-G, which he adds to a pile of power ratings. Congratulations to Raul Fumagali on the completion of his C Badge and, less recently, to George Ross, also for his CPL-G.

Something that is especially rewarding is to see lots of young faces on the field. Matt Brewer soloed in the Grob (although he had soloed earlier with the CAP, but this is his first Club ship solo). And I'm keeping a jealous eye on Danny Noonan, watching his landings just get better and better. Loring Ross will be soloing

before long as well. Now keep in mind that these guys are all still too young to get their ratings, but we can be sure they will up for their Practical Tests on their 16th birthdays. Getting slightly older, we were joined recently on the field by Joe Clark, who is a student at GWU and a new temp member. Joe did about seven flights in two days, and I expect that he will be soloing before long. The really fun thing about instructing young people is that they learn so fast.

Finally, as a father, I want to reserve bragging rights on Geoffrey. After his magic third try, he made his 50 km cross country flight to complete his Silver Badge, flying our LS-1f. It has long been said that the family that flies together goes broke together. But the family that soars together..., you take it from here.

Burt Compton by Chris Groshel



The Way West: 2004 18M National Soaring Championship

Dave Weaver



They say that you have not been to a glider contest until you have been to Uvalde. So, in mid August six of us from the Mid-Atlantic Region packed up the SUVs and headed west for the 18M National Soaring Championship, four from M-ASA and two of us with dual citizenship at SSC and M-ASA. Team Mid-Atlantic consisted of Chris O'Callaghan, George Green, Baud Litt and Dave Pixton from M-ASA in addition to Fred Mueller and me. For those unfamiliar with the geography of the Southwest, Uvalde is located about 80 miles west of San Antonio, TX, just to the south of the Texas hill country. This is about 1,700 road miles from Northern Virginia. I had the good fortune of enlisting volunteer Fred Winter to drive my rig out to Texas a few days prior to the contest.

On the Friday before the start of the contest, in the best spirit of Planes, Trains and Automobiles, my son dropped me off at the VRE train station, at the Manassas Airport, for the ride to Union Station. At Union Station I transferred to the MARC train which would take me to BWI station where I shared a taxi to the terminal. I departed BWI on a non-stop Southwest flight to San Antonio where I rendezvoused with Fred Winter and my crew chief for the contest, Byron Lowry. Byron was my student and former SSC member, now living in San Diego, CA.

After collecting our bags, Byron and I dropped Fred at his hotel near the airport to await his morning departure for parts east. Byron and I headed west on Highway 90 toward Uvalde, arriving at about 2300 local. The next couple of days were scheduled practice days. This is an opportunity for you and your crew to acclimate to local conditions and get into the contest routine. It is also an opportunity for the contest personnel to practice the flow of launch operations and scoring.

Unfortunately, only one of the practice days provided suitable soaring conditions. This was not typical of Uvalde in August. All of



Dave Weaver and Byron Lowery

the local experts said that the problem was that Uvalde was green. Uvalde is not supposed to be green in August.

On the single practice day that we flew, Byron was compelled to make his only retrieve of the contest. As I approached the first turn point for the practice day task, I encountered light rain. The



The group picture above was taken on a day when we all grided up in the rain. We eventually flew believe it or not. The notable people in the picture include: World champion, Doug Jacobs standing next to Dave with the blue and white umbrella. His wife has her back to the camera. In the foreground, in the wheel chair, is Charlie Miner who runs the gate and the scales. The far right (green and white umbrella) is Sam Zimmerman. The two most prominent people in the left foreground are Kevin Wayt (top 5 finisher) and Dave Pixton from M-ASA in the green shirt.

At the right Dave and Fred Mueller share an umbrella and below, Dave talking to Dave Pixton from M-ASA. Mid-Atlantic folks provided a lot of help to each other on a daily basis. All photos provided by Dave Weaver



turn point was the airport at Anacacho Ranch. It is typical of the ranch strips in Southwest Texas in that it is about 7,000' long in order to accommodate business jets. When I over flew the airport I noted that there were already three gliders on the ground. My fate was sealed and I landed there around 1500. Byron arrived with the trailer just about the time that I finished wiping the rain off of the glider. Of course, it starts raining again while we are taking the glider apart.

This part of Texas is known for exotic game ranches and Anacacho ranks as one of the more notable. As we departed the ranch Byron got out to close the 20' high steel gate behind us. The gate was attached to a 12' high fence made from cast concrete posts that curled back over toward the inner compound. When Byron got back into the car he said, "I'll bet now that we're leaving they let the dinosaurs back out."

The first scheduled contest day was a no-fly day due to weather. Given a rare day off in Uvalde, Byron, Dave Pixton and I



drove north on Highway 83 into the northern sector of the contest area to conduct some reconnaissance. This part of the contest area is an entirely different Texas. It is rugged terrain with steep cliffs and deep river gorges. There are airports up there but not many other places to land. We gave the road some close scrutiny as a potential landing site and decided that it would do if we could not make it to an airport. The Texas hill country is actually quite beautiful, if not somewhat disconcerting, from the glider cockpit.

After the first day's false start we really got into the groove and flew every other contest day for a total of eight. Byron and I settled into a routine where we had breakfast at the hotel at 0645 and arrived at the airfield by 0730 to assemble my glider. It takes a bit more time to get the glider ready to go for a contest flight than it does for a flight around the home airport. In addition to normal assembly, taping and checks, the Texas dust needs to be wiped off at least twice and water ballast needs to be loaded on the plane. In Uvalde, there is never any question about ballast. You always load it up to maximum gross weight. In the ASW-27 with me in the cockpit, it is pretty easy. You just fill the tanks all the way to the top and that puts the ship at max gross weight. With my newly devised water loading system, it only takes about 10 minutes to fill the tanks. We did all of this early in the morning because it gets so hot in Texas. We finished up by 0900, which gave us an hour before the 1000 pilots meeting to relax and take a shower.



The pilots meeting takes place off the airport in Uvalde at the local RV park and usually concludes by 1100. This gives us an hour to get the glider out to the runway to make the 1200 grid time.

In a national contest, the tasks are typically designed to take about 4 hours. If you are at the front of the grid or you are slow on the task, you can plan on spending about 5 hours in the cockpit everyday. After you do this everyday for more than a week, you are pretty tired at the end of the day.

We never did see the true Uvalde weather this year but we did have a couple of above average days that provided a hint of what Uvalde could really be like. Even so, we flew 8 of the 9 scheduled contest days. I personally logged 38 hours of flying time, flew in excess of gold distance 5 times and logged four 5 hour flights. There is no rest for the weary and no mercy for the weak at a national contest because they are trying to pick pilots for the US Team.

All of the flights were very educational and made even more so by the fact that we were flying with the top pilots in the country. For me, two of the task days stand out as the most enjoyable and exciting. The first was a 265-mile assigned task. This is the simplest sort of task. All you have to do is fly as fast as possible around the designated course. I thought that I was doing pretty well on that task until, world champion Doug Jacobs, who started about the same time that did, called 4 miles. I still had 70 miles left to fly.

The last contest day took us east of Uvalde and then back toward the Mexican border before returning to Uvalde. The day's task was a three turn TAT or turn area task. Large circles are placed around the turn points to create areas for the pilots to fly into and a minimum time on course is prescribed. If you finish early the minimum time is applied to your measured distance, thus reducing your overall speed score. Therefore, it doesn't pay to finish

early. The pilot must decide how far to proceed into each turn area based on the prevailing conditions.

On the first leg of the task thermal strength was modest and tops only to about 5,000'. Most of us went pretty deep into the first turn because of the clouds marking the thermals. Shortly after departing the first turn area, I gazed out over a vast expanse of some 80 miles of empty blue sky before the clouds picked up again down by the Mexican border. There were some tiny wisps in the air marking what I hoped would be active thermals so I struck out toward the nearest one. I think that I glided nearly 20 miles before finding the first thermal out in the blue. A few more long glides and I had crossed the blue to the clouds along the border. The strength and abundance of thermals really picked up down there as I headed for the third turn area to the north along the Rio Grande.

You needed to be careful down there because you would receive zero points for a flight that crossed the border or entered the restricted area around the tethered aerostat. I drove toward the corner of the final turn area defined by the Rio Grande and the arc of the turn area. There, I found the best thermal of the day and was rewarded with a 7 knot climb to 8,300'. This set me up for a McCready 4 final glide from more than 50 miles out.

I started dumping my 350 pounds of water ballast about 10 miles out. By then I was flying at about 110 knots toward the finish line and the end of the contest. This was a good way to end the 2004 18M National Soaring Championship. The awards banquet was held that night and a good time was had by all. If you ever get the opportunity to attend a National Glider contest, I certainly recommend that you go. Where else can you see 60 beautiful gliders in one place and as many as 20 of them in the same thermal?

Silver Distance

Geoff Hazelrigg

Last year, when I submitted my Silver Distance, I learned that I had missed the turn point and the task was not completed successfully. This year, after submitting my August 7th flight to the SSA, I was a little apprehensive to write it up for the September Skylines, since I

had still not heard back from the badge lady as of mid-September. More on that later...

The actual flight was a bit of a no-brainer. Lift was solid on that day. Everyone was out going cross country (Bob Collier's account was in the August newsletter). I decided to head to Winchester as I was going through 5000 msl and the trip up there was easy. Just east of Winchester airport I found a nice thermal that put me up to 6k. I flew up around the airport and heard the logger beep to let



glider even faster to try to escape the sink. Finally, while coming up on the east side of Luray I found a thermal that got me up within gliding distance of the airport. I worked it high enough to fly well past the airport, fool around in sink and make it back to the thermal I started from. After working the thermal up to 7700msl I pushed the nose over to 80 knots and did a 17 mile final glide all the way back home.

During the flight I really concentrated on speed-to-fly, specifically what the speed ring on the vario was telling me. I certainly feel that it made a difference in covering distance and staying out of sink. It just took a little discipline and confidence in the speed ring to stick to it. I wasn't concerned so much about landing out, because I already had experience landing out during my last silver attempt in April.

As for the badge-processing problem: When I finally did hear from the badge lady, I found out I was initially denied my silver badge. I had thought it might be convenient to rename the IGC file so that I could differentiate it from any of the others. When it was processed the file came up as being tampered with. I'm not sure why it took six weeks for them to figure all this out, but I was able to email her the original file and AT LAST I'm satisfied with the results. FYI, according to the badge lady, data recorder files can be processed with free evaluation software available at <http://www.fai.org/gliding/gnss/>.

me know that I made the turn point OK, but after going back to the thermal on the east of the airport I got paranoid. Since I missed my attempt last year because I didn't put the glider in the observation zone, I decided to work the thermal a little more and made one more pass across the airport, before heading back south.

Getting back to the FRR area was easy, so I kept on going, stopping to thermal when the lift was good. I didn't start getting low until I was about 8 miles north of Luray. I hit some strong sink and started looking at the fields. As I sunk below 3k I pushed the

Curmudgeon's Corner

Congratulations to Frauke Elber, for the answer to last month's homework assignment ("what's the difference between transitive and intransitive verbs"). Here's her illuminating report:

"Transitive verb is a verb followed by a direct object (accusative) ... Intransitive verb is followed by indirect object (mostly dative)..."

Transitive verbs take objects—e.g., I fly (the verb) gliders (the object). Intransitive verbs do not—e.g., I walk. Some verbs can be used either way, with an understood object—e.g., "I see", or with an explicit object—e.g., "I see you".

Moving right along, about words that have lost their meaning? No, I'm not talking about "queer" or "gay"—those words still have many synonyms for their original meanings, but have evolved to provide much needed nuanced labels for homosexuals, labels that didn't exist before modern culture generated a need for such words. That's a positive example of language evolution, as valuable as totally new words such as "google".

I'm talking about nauseous, fewer, less,..... words that once had precise meanings but have been used as affectations (e.g., nauseous as a fancy word for nauseated) or carelessly (e.g., less when fewer is appropriate, and vice versa). Just you'll know, "nauseous" was (and in many dictionaries still is), an adjective describing something that inspires nausea, such as a nauseous rolling ship, or a nauseous blob of vomit. And fewer is an adjective describing a smaller NUMBER of things, while less is an adjective describing a smaller AMOUNT of something. For example, fewer bottles of milk contain less milk. These distinctions were important for precision in speech and writing, and we have no replacements for them in common usage today.

Next month, the magic apostrophe... unless the curmudgeon changes his mind. Again. Homework: the difference between their, there, and they're?

Jim Kellett, Resident Curmudgeon "If you ignore something long enough the facts tend to disappear entirely and then you can make up your own."—*David Weaver*



Return of Club Legends

Back in Warrenton days (see the "History" section of the website), Leo Meacher (and his wife Linda) were a big part of our operation. Leo actually managed the weekday operations at WSC.

Later, when the Club was formed, they were founding members and Leo, through his friendship with Ed Raney, was actually responsible for our first move from FRR to 8W2 in 1991! He and Linda were very active until they moved to Placitas, NM with their Citabria.

Leo has a colorful history as a combat Navy pilot in WWII. He flew off the Jeep carrier USS Cowpens, and was proficient in every single engine prop aircraft in the WWII Navy inventory! He

made over 400 carrier landings, in combat zones, in WWII. He has Parkinson's now, and both he and Linda have retired from flying and sold their airplane.

The Club owes a lot to Leo and his generation, for more than just winning a war...And he had and has a personality that makes the Curmudgeon's resemble the new FBO Cat!

More Birthday photos at his 84th birthday party can be seen at <http://skylinesoaring.org/SNAPSHOTS/index> —*Jim Kellett*,

Editors note: On my birthday in January 1979, Ann gave me a demo glider ride at Warrenton Soaring Center. Having always wanted to fly I could hardly wait until warm weather.

On a spectacular Spring day, I showed up ready to go. My pilot was Linda Meacher. I still vividly remember that day and how Linda matched my grin and because of that flight and Linda's encouragement I determined that I could and would fly.

Leo spent quite a few hours teaching me, conducting currency checks and BFR's. We spent some nice times in the air on sleepy week days in the ensuing summers.

So thanks Leo and Linda— I owe you big time for all the spectacular hours I've spent in the air.—*Phil Jordan*



Copy  That! *Selected flotsam and jetsam from the editor's daily Tsunami of e-mail*

Seeing how I'm not doing much flying these days, thought I would play voyeur of sorts so Marty and I attended Airventure 2004 at Oshkosh for seven days. In the mornings we checked out exhibits, planes and people and in the afternoon staffed one of the trolleys that gave foot sore folks a chance to rest their dogs. Marty was the conductor and told people what to do and me, where to go (hope she has that out of her system now). All the talk I've heard over the years about being at Oshkosh and we never saw a swinging you know what from SSC. Did see an old Air Force boss and friend of many years and NASCAR friends from Daytona. Met a lot of great people and heard talks by Col Paul Tibbets, Chuck Yeager and Dick Rutan. Wow to the third power! Came home via the UP [northern Michigan], Ontario, Niagara Falls (Canadian side) and down through NY, PA, etc. Three weeks, 2,600 miles, glad to be home but ready to go again soon. That's how we retired folks spend our vacations.—*Marty and Kit Carson*

Congratulations to Piet Barber who finished his Silver Badge with a 5:38 flight on September 4.

"VFR CHARTS LITTLE KNOWN FACTS II"

Topic: UNDERSTANDING AND READING VFR CHARTS

On October 12, 2004 at 7:00 PM

Location: Maryland Airport
3900 Livingston Road
Indian Head, MD 20640

Updated edition of NACO's VFR charts program To view further details and to register for this event, <http://www.faasafety.gov/event_details.aspx?eid=3036>

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The night of September 17th was "interesting" here in Winchester. While I was over in Frederick Maryland for an evening meeting with the Soaring Club there, about a dozen tornadoes ripped through the Winchester area, including one that touched down and uprooted trees about a mile and a half from the house!! An 18 wheeler truck got blown off Interstate 81 at marker 304 (we

live at 315), and one house on our side of town was destroyed. The good news is that Pat, here alone, didn't hear the "freight train" sound and, while she knew the storm was bad, didn't actually realize they were hitting so close.

On the other side of the Blue Ridge, lightning struck a couple of hangars at Leesburg Airport, setting them on fire. One building near—but not on—the airport here in Winchester had its roof ripped off. Fortunately, no planes were damaged here at OKV.

It feels good to be shot at and missed—**Jim Kellett, Resident Curmudgeon**



Aptly named Flying Cow Gliderport photo by Jan Scott

September 17th about 6:10 PM a full fledged tornado touched down on our neighbor Kathryn Buck's property and proceeded north lengthwise across our property before it disappeared on the direction of Brunswick. It hit our house square in the middle. It caused an ears splitting whistle from the chimney until May opened an outside door and relieved the pressure. I watched our garbage cans flying south at about 60 MPH, only to come back the other way at the same speed a minute later. It was very scary.

The house survived intact, as did the two metal buildings north of the house. Both glider hangars have a lot of damage, but I could not see any damage to the gliders. Since a number of roof and door panels are missing, any more rain will affect the aircraft inside, so you may consider coming out on Saturday and see if anything needs to be done to your bird.

Of course, I would not mind some help with the repairs also. Bring a chain saw or a hammer and electric drill if you would like to help. I will try to buy some door panels tomorrow morning. I do have a few panels in stock.

A large number of trees were uprooted or snapped, including the one on the west side of Hangar B and the large Mimosa tree next to our house. Our little forest looks like it was exposed to a bombing raid.

The photo shows the tornado as it is about to disappear towards Brunswick.—**Jan Scott**

Congratulations to Curtis Wheeler, Skyline's newest CPL(G) after his checkride with DPE Marvin Holland! Well done.

Everyone to take a look at page 38 in October Soaring magazine. Peter Bacque was my "solo" launcher at Warrenton. I also learned what "red line" in a 2-33 looked like when we had to land in a thunderstorm! —**Janice Farr**

The Region 4 South Contest, in which Fred Mueller flew and I

crewed took place in a meteorological whimper. The first two days were cancelled before we even got here, for fear of Ivan's pass through the area.

Then a massive high pressure system shut off the lift for Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday.

Friday dawned with cirrus covering most of the sky, but it began to clear off by grid time (12:30). Cu were forming by 9:30 or so, and the day began to show signs of lift.

As it turned out, Ed's task call was pretty good, since there were three land-outs and one or two incomplete attempts.

Saturday was cancelled.

Off to The Home Place for the (non)-victory dinner.

At least the social life and the food were the usual New Castle totally awesome!—**Fred Winter**

Speaking of hats, a pilot at Uvalde offered an excellent piece of advice regarding the use of hats when occupying the same thermal as other gliders—**take your hat off**.

Believe me, you can live without your hat for a few minutes and the increased visibility is well worth it.—**Fred Mueller**

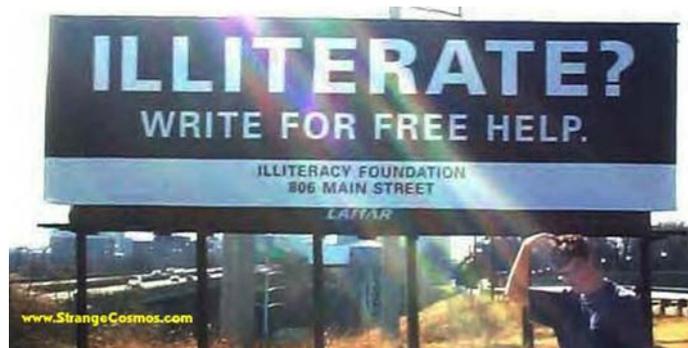
Baltimore County, Md. is holding a Waterfront Festival Saturday, Oct. 2, 2004 (rain date Oct. 3). Open to the public at no charge, the County is anticipating 10,000 to 20,000 visitors from the region, including a significant number of County and State officials. The event will run from 10am through 7pm on the waterfront at Dark Head Cove adjacent to Martin State Airport, and on the airport itself from 10am to 5pm. Airfest, the aviation segment of the event will begin with the arrival of display seaplanes in Dark Head Cove where they will be moored for the day.

The event recognizes the area's heritage, waterfront resources, last year's hurricane victims and heroes, and the 75th anniversary of the airport and the Martin Aircraft Company's move there, which had such a tremendous impact on the entire region.

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A wide cross-section of the aviation community has responded, giving the public a broad exposure to area aviation. Over 30 exhibitors have indicated they will participate, and a similar number of display aircraft are expected.

Warbird, airplane, biplane, and helicopter aerial sightseeing rides over the Bay may be purchased Museum exhibits of Maryland aviation and space history, community impact, and artifacts from the Martin, College Park, and Fairchild Museums.



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