



**PUBLISHED TO RECORD
THE UPS AND DOWNS
OF THE
KANSAS SOARING ASSOCIATION**

January 2012

Editor: Tony Condon

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Notes from the President

When I woke up this morning, New Year's Day, the first thing I noticed was how my entire body hurt. What could have caused this feeling? Was New Year's Eve that wild and crazy? No, it was the 10,000 sq ft of runway that was cleared of grass and dirt! Saturday's impromptu work party was a huge success, and the ibuprofen was strong enough to get me moving again. I hope it wasn't as bad for **Ron Blum, Gerry Sibley, Dennis Brown, Steve Seibel, Keith Smith, Bob Hall, Jerry Boone, Steve Leonard, and Lauren Rezac**. They all worked hard in the cool, windy conditions to accomplish the single biggest runway maintenance project since the resurface project 5 years ago. Nice job!

At this point, I am halfway through my two year term as KSA president, a good time to look backwards and forwards. Together, we have accomplished a lot: a season without an accident or injury, eliminating automobile traffic on the runway, adding 17 new members, getting the 175 operational, and developing a facilities plan for Sunflower. Other changes are coming, including paying membership dues in January. The future has lots of work in store as well: LLM schedules, tow plane maintenance, tow rope repair/preparation, glider maintenance, facilities maintenance, programming options, etc. – that's just a short list of things KSA is actively working on.

Please, don't forget about the awards banquet on January 14th. We will be celebrating the accomplishments of 2011 with our soaring buddies and their guests. And hopefully, we will be inspiring each other to attempt something new in 2012. It's not too late to sign up to attend.

Saturday's work day was a great end to a very memorable 2011 season and it gives me hope for 2012. I look forward to having another memorable year.

Happy Landings,

Andrew

Each year WSPA conducts a raffle to raise money for scholarships. This years raffle is a quilt project, which was assembled by Arleen Coleson. We are very excited to present this to the soaring community, and looking forward to it finding a loving and appreciative home. Raffle tickets are \$5/each and can purchased from:

Frauke Elber
213 Anne Burras Lane
Newport News, VA 23606-3637

Make the check payable to WSPA and place 2012 Raffle in the subject line. RAFFLE TICKETS WILL ALSO BE AVAILABLE AT THE SSA CONVENTION IN RENO. The drawing for the quilt will take place at the Women Soaring Seminar in Benton, TN during the last week in June.



KSA CALENDAR

2012

January 14th – 2011 KSA Awards Banquet - Cosmosphere, Hutchinson, KS

February 2nd - 4th - SSA Convention, Reno, NV

February 11th – 7:30 pm KSA Meeting at NIAR

March 10th – 7:30 pm KSA Meeting at NIAR

April 14th – 7:30 pm KSA Meeting at NIAR – Annual Safety Talk

June 9th - 16th - Region 9 Club/Modern Class Super Regional - Moriarty, NM

June 10th - 21st - Open Class Nationals - Minden, NV

June 18th - 29th - Sports Class Nationals - Parowan, UT

June 30th - July 7th - International Vintage Sailplane Meet - Elmira, NY

July 7th - 50th annual Kansas Kowbell Klassic

June 25th - 29th - WSPA Seminar, Chilhowee Gliderport, Benton, TN

July 8th - 18th - 1-26, World Class, and 13.5 meter Nationals - Texas Soaring Association, Midlothian, TX

Member Accomplishments

Summer Gajewski - Passed her Private Pilot Airplane Knowledge Test. Working on her "A" license for skydiving, has made 4 static line jumps so far and should be ready to do her first free fall the next time she goes out to the Drop Zone in Abilene, KS.

Andrew Peters - Gold Distance and Gold Badge approved for Kowbell flight in his LS-3 from Sunflower to Panhandle, Texas.

Matt Colclasure - Graduated from the K-State Aviation Maintenance program. Congrats!

KSA Banquet January 14th at Cosmosphere in Hutchinson



Lauren Rezac, Andrew Peters, Steve Seibel, and Steve Leonard were among those hard at work on December 31 for the work day at Sunflower. Also present but not photographed were **Keith Smith, Jerry Boone, Dennis Brown, Bob Hall, Ron Blum, and Gerry Sibley**.

Register for SSA Convention by January 6th before the price rises!

www.ssa.org

Grounded

Grounded. That was the subject of the email from student David Kennedy. Oh no I thought. Something terrible has happened. He won't be able to pick back up with lessons in the Spring. Hope that he'll be alright though. Well, suppose I should open up the email...



I had forgotten about the weekend this Summer that David wasn't at the field because he was digging for meteorites. Looks like they hit pay dirt this time around. David says:

—
We pulled up a couple more meteorites last week 150 & 200 lbs. Something to do when I cant fly. They were 6 ft down about 3 ft apart. Fortunately they had most of the digging done when I got there.
—

The following is re-printed from the September 1939 *Soaring*

280 MILE *Goal Flight*

by Woodbridge Brown

Early on the morning of June 6, during the annual Southwest Soaring Contest, the weather man confronted me with some rather startling information. In all the neighboring cities, for a radius of several hundred miles, there was indicated a wind velocity of 40 to 60 miles, above 2000 ft., with a ground speed of 15 to 20 miles. Convection of some degree was already apparent by the appearance of small cumuli. There was no time to be wasted; especially as the Baby Albatross is one of the lightest loaded ships built today, making high speed a very difficult thing to achieve.

Dashing madly from the stupefied weather man to my ground captain, Allen Delane, all necessary arrangements for the ship were made. Figuring approximate time in the air, average wind velocity, ship speed, circling time, thermal strength, etc., a city due tail wind had to be picked for a goal, even though the possibility of greater distance was present (which actually occurred). Figuring in the neighborhood of 300 miles, Wichita, Kansas lay right in the path. With this as a goal, there were many loud (and quiet) laughs to be heard echoing from various parts of the airport.

With Captain Allen at the wheel of ground operations, all was ready and a take off made at 10 o'clock, with a bag of mail on board. Gaining approximately 700 feet on the tow line and running into a weak thermal, I spiralled away from the boundary of the airport at 800 feet with no chance to return against the head wind. My variometer read $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet per second climb. The usual strange disappearance of a thermal occurred at 1000 feet, and it was with a mixed feeling of despair and determination that I turned and started away tail wind from the rapidly receding airport. But the gods were kind, for there was another thermal waiting just a few hundred yards farther on.

For the next two hours, it was a hard battle between the altitudes of 1500 and 3000 ft., and although there were cumuli on the top of most of the thermals, it seemed impossible to get to the cloud bases which were about 4000 ft. In fact it got so bad that on several occasions continued spiraling at zero sink for fifteen minute stretches was necessary. This zero sink spiraling was sometimes done directly beneath a cumulus cloud, in order to maintain a minimum altitude of 1000 feet, and all the groping around was of no avail, as everything else was going down.

Finally, upon reaching Anadarko, at about noon, things began to pick up, and having barely entered the base of a nice round cumulus cloud, a very hasty exit was made out the side, as a result of neglecting to open the retractable venturi ahead of time. There was for the next few miles a very choice cloud street through which the baby flew a blind compass course at 50 M.P.H. However, this delightful experience soon came to an end and confronting me was 100 miles of cloudless sky. The beginning of this area provided very difficult going. Finally, sighting a single small cloud slightly off the course, and watching it steadily build, I decided to chance a run for it. As I approached, the ever increasing sink on the variometer soon



The author with Thunderbird

obtained the alarming value of 10 ft. per sec. The cloud continued to grow until finally upon my arrival at 1200 ft. altitude, it was a good sized cumulus. This cloud had a smooth 20 ft. per sec. updraft and at 5000 ft. I entered the base. For the next two thousand feet up, it was fairly easy going. Then suddenly, on half the turn there was 15 ft. per sec. down draft, and before the turn could be altered, everything was 15 ft. down. Blindly groping around, I finally found the lift again and continued up for another thousand feet.

Then everything went wrong. The air speed went from 0 to 70 M.P.H., the bank and turn went crazy, and both pellets on the Sanborn variometer disappeared completely. I stole one quick glance at the 24,000 feet altimeter, was visually descending and flew a compass course out. The altimeter at this point said about 7800 feet. Until El Reno, the flight had been navigated solely by compass with an occasional check on the map. But at this town a railroad joined the compass course. So now there were four checks for my course, section lines, wind direction, compass, and a railroad. The rest of the flight was made with a clear sky at an average altitude of 4000 feet.

It certainly was a thrill to sit there and watch the parade of cities pass by. Soon, way off on the horizon, there appeared to be an inversion which I must confess had me quite worried, as the termination of the flight seemed apparent. However, upon approaching, I discovered it to be a large city. At about this point, thermals were beginning to be few and far between, and the altitude was again only 1200 feet. There was a terribly strong impulse to land, for as far as one could see ahead, there were no more towns. But suddenly, a thermal appeared, and with it 3000 feet altitude, and from there what did I see? Was it? Could it be?

My heart gave a leap. There about 20 miles ahead in the haze was the biggest thrill of all. A huge city with its great white buildings reaching to the heavens, with the setting sun casting deep shades of red and purple—my goal—Wichita. But could we make it? With feverish hands, I caressed the Thunder Bird—Indian good luck sign. One more thermal, just one more, there has to be one somewhere! Finally, there was one; weak, yes, but it served the purpose.

With the city beneath me at 2000 feet, there was a moment of hesitation. It was 5:30 and there was a possibility of flying till 7:00, and on top of that a 2000 feet start; possibly 40 miles more. But the goal would be lost, and perhaps only five miles more could be made. While trying to decide one way or the other, I was going tail wind, with a ground speed of about 70 M.P.H. and the city was slipping away. So, I suddenly turned back to a ball field I had picked out in the middle of the city. But to my dismay, there was no forward speed at all, and the sinking speed was very high. Whereupon, the speed of the ship was increased to 80, just enabling me to squeak in over a row of trees to the ball park, which turned out to be the old Cessna Airport at Wichita, Kansas.

Our Projects

Tony and Leah Condon continue to make headway on **Leah's** Cherokee II. **Matt Gonitske** has been a regular helper which is most appreciated. The insulation has been completed in the garage to facilitate winter working and the work on the right wing is progressing. **Tony** and **Matt** installed the 6 new false ribs in the leading edge. Then it was decided to remove a section of trailing edge to attempt to straighten some ribs that had decided to take a curve. Work has just begun on replacing the trailing edge which will lead to straightening the ribs. Here is what it looks like so far:



John Wells is still working away on his motor-glider project. He sends along this picture from earlier in the fall as proof of progress made.

Kevin Ganoung and his friend Tom have bought a BG-12A project that used to belong to Joe Brewer. Looks like they have some cleaning and woodwork in their future. No word on if they have started lower back exercises for lifting the center section.



Sublette

By **Keith Smith** (LW)

The cumulus were starting to pop to the south and southwest. If we could have drawn a pie shaped wedge of lift in the southwestern sky, our gliderport would be the point and a ragged edge of clouds would be the western edge of the pie. I had planned to go west; Jetmore, Syracuse, Garden City, and hopefully to Lamar, Colorado. That line would put me in a perpendicular crosswind where I might find some groundspeed. The PW-5 and I are still trying to figure out this “penetrate concept”. I could have done an out-and-back flight, but my heart was set on heading west. This was my Kowbell, I was to have surgery and shut down the rest of the summer flying after this flight. Plus, to sweeten the deal my daughter Tori was driving chase and it would be another good adventure together.

It had been really hot getting ready, and it seemed hotter because of the blue skies. We had gotten to Sunflower early, leaving home at about 9am. After two hours of “getting ready”, we spent another half an hour “getting ready” for some lift. The 2-33 launched multiple times but it wasn’t too promising. Suddenly everybody seemed ready to go at once.

Dennis Brown, John Wells, Jerry Boone and Steve Leonard were all coming to the line at once as the CU seemed to slide that extra 15 miles closer.

I told a couple of the guys that I was going west. Tori knew the plan was to go west. **John** gave me a great last minute tip about avoiding the cirrus (which ultimately ended the flight out west). There was still a huge egg shaped blue patch with some cirrus W/ NW that butted up against the now more substantial CU to the S/SW. So my visualized mental map now started vectoring SW towards Pratt.



The view ahead after landing at Sublette

I launched behind a really nice tow from **Bob Hall**.

Expecting lift, there didn’t seem to be much and I took what I could, dropping off about 3,100 feet msl. I got in about one and a half turns in lift and fell out. Since I was now in sink I turned for the gliderport immediately because I just didn’t feel good about my position. I had that frustrating feeling that I was going to have to launch again, so my attitude quickly spiked to equal the temperature in the cockpit. In my head, I heard **Steve** telling me that you’re better off just flying the glider instead of thinking about goals or tasks. When I got a bump over the abandoned west ramp of Sunflower it was enough to let me really think about flying and before I knew it I was around 8,900 ft and decided to head out SW to the next cloud.

So... I know that Tori and I provided some entertainment on 123.5 during the 2010 Kowbell. She had never even driven a vehicle with a trailer behind it until she volunteered for chase on the Kowbell last year. **Gary Hurst** had loaned us his handheld and Tori and I as a team both had some grand adventure ending up at Russell. On that flight I got two messages. One was that I was going downwind back towards Lake Wilson in each thermal, just as fast as I was trying to penetrate upwind towards Russell. Message two was that I was spending too much time thermalling. I should have just turned downwind near Wilson and gone for more distance to the north. On the Minden (near) flight last summer I had lost about 4,000 ft transiting over Lake Wilson and almost had to take the wheat stubble between Lucas and the lake. I guess I was just avoiding that memory. In the end, the sky turned blue as it got late and the landing at Russell was the best option. My friend Larry Purdy (ex-hang glider pilot) and a good RC slope-soarer friend came out to the airport and helped Tori and I struggle through the trailering of LW. We learned some important techniques that evening and Tori wrote up a checklist that has been very helpful since.

Back to the radio thing. We again had a handheld and it is good for about 10-15 miles of glider/ chase separation. At one time I made a speed-dial connection on the cell phone when I couldn't get Tori early on in the flight. Later, the cell phone showed a No Service message and didn't work until I was on the ground. As I headed out for one of those dark gray bases I told Tori to head for Stafford. Now I know to just make a call of location, and hope I'll get found if I land out rather than at an airport.

I was eyeballing a duster strip and made a call in the blind in case I needed to use it. **Tony Condon** was driving back from Dalhart and we had a short couple of sentences. **Bob Holliday** was also coming back from somewhere SW and heard me. His comment was, "quit looking at the damn duster strip and go on!" That actually broke some of the tension and I just flew.

The lift got better, then terrific. Soon I was over 13,000 and starting to turn less, and forged across some circular irrigation/ scrub and cut across the highway where it angled north. Most of the time there is a "lift you up Lorax, by the seat of the pants" feeling that sends a rush of adrenaline/ endorphin mix that is one of the sweetest feelings in flying. I'm not sure how to explain to people, even those who listen attentively (NGP's, Non-Glider People who care about you anyway, even though you seem to have some affliction), what it is truly like?

It is even more profound when you are doing a cross country. When evening is getting long, cirrus/ stratus blankets the western sky, and your brain is doing a game of cumulus chess with the last two small clouds on your track to the next landing spot... that is when catching that next thermal may well be your out-of-body experience that is tough to share. (Also makes for long sentences)

On the other hand, sometimes it is more of an extreme physiological awakening because you have to pee so badly. Landing on one of these flights can be so good. I mean almost drop you to your knees good, because no matter what the status of your prostate is, you are going to pee with a rush unknown to most porcelain bowls. Funny how a person so dehydrated can manage to produce so much water upon landing out? Funny how the water after you land doesn't really matter, because you are trying to figure out why you had to land?

I use a 100 oz Camelback, so on this flight I had plenty of water. Speaking of water, I flew into a batch under one of the CU headed towards Dodge. Rain sounds terrible, and different than on the aluminum of a Cessna or Piper. I nosed over to get out from under that cloud but I held it to around 65-70 kts (I know – I don't need comments about how that feels like you're being pushed back into the seat on afterburner – this is the pretty little PW remember?). I honestly was too spooked to go to my "really fast" airspeed of 85.

I was out south of Dodge and recovered some altitude in a good thermal. I remember thinking about how bad the feedlot smelled out there, guess where that hot air was coming from? It was about that point where I started to point more SW and off of the track to Lamar, and now not even Ulysses. I had only a couple of cumulus left to work and they were not giving me anything. The sky ahead was a thin sheet of stratus and high cirrus to the west. Evening was coming on and even though I crossed Sublette by a couple of miles and the next runway, Satanta, was in sight about 4 SM west, I still turned back to Sublette. The wind was 20+ from the SW. The decision was to land on a runway rather than hit sink and have to load from in the dirt. Sublette has a nice little runway with a big hump in it. I know because I pushed about a mile to the south end where some hangars were. Oops. Nice short landing in that strong wind – just past the approach end numbers.

Sublette Chase

By Tori Smith (LW Crew)

I made a call to Ulysses CTAF and Ed answered. He acknowledged I was landing Sublette. I managed to get Tori by cell phone after I landed. We had had a long dry period of no radio contact since somewhere between Stafford and Lewis. Sometime around Lewis was when I cut across the rougher patch, knowing I would be really hard to find if I hit sink. Everybody showed up and we put the PW in the trailer. Ed and Darla took a couple of hot LW team members to the only restaurant in Sublette. They truly love the flying and chase stories. It was fun to share and hear about their latest flying adventures. We watched an awesome lightening show on the way back, which we later learned had cut short some flights out of Sunflower. I remember seeing a wall of low, very dark clouds behind me during the flight. That was one of the reasons an out-and-back flight wasn't really considered once I was out west. I would never have made it back through all that anyway. It was late so we drove through Great Bend, back up to Bavaria and left the trailer hooked up overnight, hoping it wouldn't flood the driveway. The next morning I left early and tied down the trailer at Sunflower where she sat waiting until September 25th.



Looking back towards Sunflower after landing

After the summer of 2010 in which I drove my first cross country chase to Russell, rebuilt the inside of the glider trailer and made the glider set-up/tear-down list with Dad, I felt like I had a decent handle on being the "chase crew." I felt like I knew how to operate the radio enough to have someone hear me and I certainly was capable of driving the car with the trailer behind it. Little did I know.

We hooked up the trailer to the vehicle before Dad left. I felt ok about it. So I left Sunflower heading west. It's a little bumpy getting to the highway from the runway no matter which way you go so I wasn't concerned when the trailer was bumping around more than what I thought was normal. I got out on the highway, turned on my music and started driving. I was just driving west until I got a radio or call that I should do differently. I called Mom to say hi and let her know we were on the road. During the phone call, as I accelerated to close to highway speed, I thought something was terribly wrong with the trailer. I thought for sure it had come unhitched or that a tire was flat, so I hung up the phone, pulled over and got out to check. Nope, sure enough, everything looked fine. So I started driving again and accelerated and it sounded terrible again but I kept driving because I worry about things like that. Somewhere around Stafford, it sounded like the hitch chains were dragging on the ground making metallic sounds and the trailer was minifish tailing down the road, so I pulled over on the side of the highway and called Dad. He said to check the hitch again and if everything looked ok, keep going because he was heading west! Everything looked ok so I kept going. I drove all the way to Sublette, Kansas like that. Somewhere around Dodge City, it got so bad I was close to tears, terrified the trailer was going to fly off the back of the car. To make matters worse, it sprinkled several times and the clouds ahead were starting to look unpleasant and severe weather is not my best friend. Right before Dodge City, Dad and I lost radio and cell phone contact so I kept driving towards Sublette. We all made it safe and sound but we learned a big lesson that day: Load the extra stuff in the car, or in the front of the trailer, not the back!

Germany Report

Neal Pfeiffer and family spent the holidays in Germany visiting his daughter Megan. In their spare time they managed to sneak away for a couple of glider factory tours. Picture on the right is from his visit to the Schempp-Hirth factory paint shop. He also reports getting to see the new Quintus being finished. Below is a picture from the Scheibe factory of a Super Falke in its welding jig. He also reports that they are planning to put the SF-34 two seater back into production, only 68,000 Euros!



The new Schempp-Hirth Quintus and the Lange Antares 23E have had their first flights, both on December 23, 2011. These new Open Class gliders both have the same 23 meter wing built by Lange. As many as 10 of them will be at the World Championships in Uvalde next summer. Performance for the Antares is reported as 60:1 at 78 knots. Zoom Zoom!



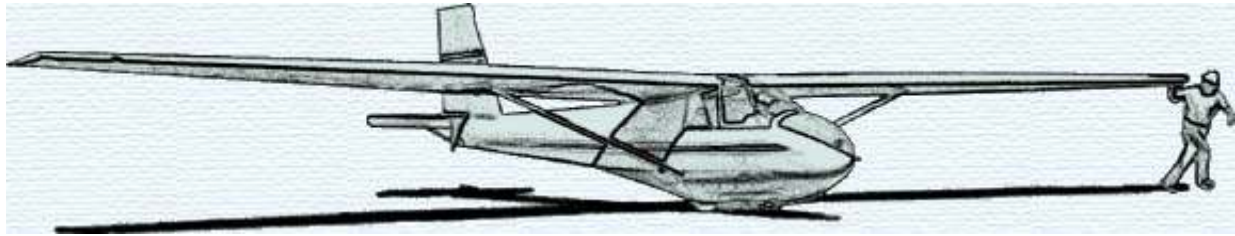
Antares 23E taking off on its first flight

KSA VARIOMETER

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2011 KSA Awards Banquet
Saturday January 14th, 2012
5:30 PM

Kansas Cosmosphere and Space Center
Hutchinson, KS