

# VARIOMETER



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

July 2012

Editor: Tony Condon

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Glider Air Mail from the 1979 Standard Class Nationals at Sunflower.



**Dennis Brown** with a passenger at the Kingman Fly-In. Photo from the Kingman Leader Courier

## 2012 KSA CALENDAR

June 30<sup>th</sup> - July 7<sup>th</sup> - International Vintage Sailplane Meet - Elmira, NY

July 7<sup>th</sup> - 50<sup>th</sup> annual Kansas Kowbell Klassic

July 7<sup>th</sup> - 8<sup>th</sup> - WWC: Free Distance

July 8<sup>th</sup> - Kansas Kowbell Klassic Konsolation

July 9<sup>th</sup> - 18<sup>th</sup> - 1-26 Championships/13.5 Meter Super Regional - Texas Soaring Association, Midlothian, TX

July 13<sup>th</sup> - July 20<sup>th</sup> - Soaring Society of Boulder XC Camp, Dalhart, TX - Contact Joe Brack, Kpolar@aol.com

July 14<sup>th</sup> - KSA Meeting, Cookout at Sunflower

July 28<sup>th</sup> - August 19<sup>th</sup> - World Gliding Championships: Open, 15 Meter, 18 Meter - Uvalde, TX

August 11<sup>th</sup> - KSA Meeting, Cookout at Sunflower

August 11<sup>th</sup> - 12<sup>th</sup> - WWC: Prescribed Area Distance

August 18<sup>th</sup>-19<sup>th</sup> - IAC Chapter 15 Harold Neumann Barnstormer Aerobatic contest - Olathe, KS

September 8<sup>th</sup> - KSA Meeting, Cookout at Sunflower

September 8<sup>th</sup> - 9<sup>th</sup> - WWC: Lap Race

September 23<sup>rd</sup> - 29<sup>th</sup> - US National Aerobatic Contest, Denison, TX

September 27<sup>th</sup> - 30<sup>th</sup> - Vintage Rally - Wichita Gliderport, Wichita, KS

October 27<sup>th</sup> - 28<sup>th</sup> - WWC: Last Man Down

## Notes from the President

The dog days of summer have arrived. Stable airmass and 100+ temperatures really hurt the quality of soaring. We are almost halfway through the season, thank you to everyone that has shown up to work their assigned days. I know that plans change, so please continue to find subs or swap days if you can't make your assignment. And please update the calendar at <http://my.calendars.net/ksa> (or email **Harry Clayton** with the details).

**Harry** posted a reminder about wind limits for WSA ships. Please remember, that those limits are not for KSA operations. There have been a couple of soarable days, with high winds, when some private ship owners couldn't get a tow because people canceled or didn't show up. On the flip side, if you want to fly your glider but plan a later than 1200 arrival at Sunflower, you might contact the tow pilot/LLM and let them know of your intention to fly. Bottom line, please communicate via Soar Kansas group or telephone so that we can maximize everyone's flying opportunities.

Two weekends ago, there was a tragic accident at a soaring club in Texas. The cause is yet to be determined, but the fact is that an experienced glider pilot, his daughter in law, and grandson are dead. A soaring club is grieving. And the rest of us are trying to understand what we can do to prevent a similar event in our operation.

With that last thought in mind, I would like to emphasize a couple of things that will make our operation safer.

Consider your passengers. It may be fun to take a child soaring, but some children are just too young. 14 CFR states that children under two years of age can be held on a parents lap, however, that practice has been outlawed in other motor vehicles. If the child uses a booster seat, how will you secure it in the sailplane?

Consider your sailplane. Can it legally carry more than two people? The gear can only be raised or lowered in the front seat of the KSA Grob. If your passenger becomes ill, will they be able to raise or lower the gear?

Consider the environment. What's your emergency plan? Premature termination of the tow is one of the leading causes of accidents in soaring. Having a valid emergency plan is essential. I verbalize mine throughout the tow. Landing straight ahead, Landing in the field to my left. Landing downwind on the departure runway. Abbreviated pattern landing into the wind. Normal traffic pattern. I also state my first action (Pitch down, Turn Left or Right). It's a mantra or chant I do on every tow. But what does this have to do with the environment? Well, every place I fly from is a little different, and every day has different winds, and there may be 50 gliders on the runway, or even a towplane with a glider taking off behind me. These factors all play a role in the details (decision altitudes, directions of turn, etc.)

Fly safe and have fun,

**Andrew**

### Member Achievements

**Tony Condon** and **Chris Swan** earned three State Records in the Open Multiplace Class for their June 16<sup>th</sup> flight in the KSA Grob from Strother Field to Wellington to Cherokee Strip and back to Strother

**Matt Gonitzke** passed his Private Glider Checkride

**Rafael Soldan** earned his Bronze Badge

**Anthony Geide** soloed at the training camp

**Gavin Smith** soloed at the training camp

# Runway Project

By **Andrew Peters**

We are one of the few soaring sites in the US that can boast of a 6000x200 asphalt runway to operate from, without having to worry about corporate jets, general aviation airplanes, or upset airport managers. The runway at Sunflower is our most important asset and essential for the future of our club. Without a runway, our awesome soaring experiences in the sky would have no beginning or end.

Recognizing the importance of the runway, KSA has focused its efforts on maintaining what we have. It is impossible to restore or resurface the runway, given the limited funding available to us. However, there is stuff we have done, and more that we can do. We have sprayed chemical to kill weeds. We have scraped off the dead vegetation. And the board of directors has unanimously approved a contract to seal a section of the runway.

In September, PCI will apply sealant to the asphalt surface. How much you may be wondering? Well that answer depends on you. The contract is for \$25,000 to cover 25,000 sq yds, with the option to increase coverage for a \$1/sq yd. The goal is to cover an area that's at least 2000 feet long. For \$25,000, the area will be 110 feet wide. An area 150 feet wide will cost \$34,000. The full width of the runway (200 feet) will cost \$45,000.

KSA has saved approximately \$34,000 over the past several years to pay for this kind of work. Farmland rent, special use fees, and hangar rent have been the sources for these savings. You'll notice membership dues are not on the list. Well, here's the pitch.

My goal is to reach the \$45,000 mark. With 80 members on the roster this year, that's \$140 per person. I recognize that that is a significant amount of money. But just like a 500 km cross country, we have to start with the first thermal. With \$25, we can cover one 12x20 block. \$50 will put down sealant 2 feet wide across the entire runway. That's what you and I would spend on tows to get current or for a biannual flight review. If each member contributed \$100, we could seal an area three blocks wide for 2000'.

As president, I will get the ball rolling. I pledge to match, dollar for dollar, five members that contribute \$150 to the runway fund.

Over the next two months, I encourage you to think about the wonderful soaring you have experienced at Sunflower and what the opportunity to fly from there means to you. And please consider writing a check, to help us preserve the runway.



**Kinsey** and I are proud to present a future Junior World Team Pilot, **Henry Alan Peters**. He was born June 5th, 2012.

## Sunflower Seeds

June 2<sup>nd</sup>: **Tony Condon** towed, **Leah Condon** and **Matt Gonitzke** ran the line. **Brian Bird** was duty instructor. **Steve Leonard** took the first 3 tows to finish his flight review. **Luke Marquardt** was next for a few flights in the 2-33. **Andrew Peters** and **Robbie Grabendike** got the 2-22 out and got **Robbie** re-solo'd. He did several solo flights through the afternoon. **Brian** flew with **David Kennedy** and **Bob Hinson**. **Andrew**, **Keith Smith**, and **Dennis Brown** launched in 3T, Tinkerbelle, and LY. **Kevin Ganoung** did 4 flights in the Grob, a couple of them about an hour long. **Brian** flew with **Jesse Aronstein** and finished off the day with **David Kittle** who had been helping run the line all day. **Bob Hall** managed to sneak in some late day Grob flights as well. 29 tows total, a good day! Also seen around was **Bob Park**, Jacob Frye, and **Bob** and **June Blanton**.



Takeoff Line June 2<sup>nd</sup>. **Kevin Ganoung** picture

June 3<sup>rd</sup>: **Neale Eyer** and **Robbie Grabendike** ran the line. **Bob Hall** towed. Forecast wasn't that great and it ended up being true. **Tony Condon** took the first tow in the Cherokee about 2 PM and managed 32 minutes. He ended up doing 2 more sled rides. **Bob Blanton** did 2 flights in his 1-34. **Brian Bird** did a couple flights with his son Greg. **Brian** also did a few tows while **Bob H** took the 2-33 to finish getting glider current. **Brian** also did one flight with **Neale** at the end of the day. **John Wells** spent the day working on KJ, **Steve Leonard** was also around working (on the 175 I think) and dropped off the ASW-12. **Dennis Brown** was there earlier, as was **Lauren Rezac**. **Jerry Martin** stopped out towards the end of the day to visit and helped put things away. **Bob Park** was also seen hanging out.

June 8<sup>th</sup>: **Steve Leonard** and **Keith Smith** took advantage of some Friday soaring. **Jack Seltman** towed. It was a Blue day. **Steve** did a 200km triangle followed by a 100km triangle in the BS-1. **Keith** flew for nearly 3 hours locally working out to Castleton and back a few times.

June 9<sup>th</sup>: Windy, no report

June 10<sup>th</sup>: Windy, no flying

June 15<sup>th</sup>: **Chris Swan** towed **Tony & Leah Condon** to Strother Field in the Grob.

June 16<sup>th</sup>: **KC Alexander** reports: I showed up before noon on Saturday. **Bob**, **Robbie** and **June Blanton** were already there (they had ground crew duty for the day). No one ever showed up to Fly. **Bob Hall** and a friend showed up about 3pm and went down to the end of the runway to kill some cottonwood trees with **Bob's** Mini-14. During the slack time I fixed the pull starter on the power broom and discovered a nail in the left rear Gator tire, which I fixed on Sunday.

June 17<sup>th</sup>: **Chris Swan** arrived around 10 AM with the 175, towing **Tony Condon & Matt Gonitzke** in the Grob from Strother. **KC Alexander** towed for the rest of the day, **Jerry Martin** ran the line. **Lauren Rezac** gave instruction to **David Kennedy**, **Matt Gonitzke**, **Jerry Boone**, and **Tony Hebert**. **Tony C** flew the Cherokee "YYY" and landed out 7 miles south in a wheat field. **Steve Leonard** flew the Zuni "ZS". **Bob Holliday** self launched in the PIK-20E. **Dennis Brown** flew LY, **John Wells** flew KJ, and **Keith Smith** flew Tinkerbelle, the PW-5. Lift was generally weak and torn up by 20 knot winds. Tops around 5000. **Frank O'Donnell** flew the 2-22 and **Kevin Ganoung** did a few flights in the Grob. Hangars were re-arranged for the training camp.

## Sunflower Seeds



June 23<sup>rd</sup>: **Matt Gonitzke**, **Charles Pate**, **Steve Leonard**, **Jeff Beam**, and **Tony Condon** all arrived early to conduct **Matt's** checkride, which he passed! Also observing/helping was **Jerry Boone** and **KC Alexander**. **Mark Schlegel** was the duty towpilot. **Dave Woody** and **Sue McNay** arrived shortly after noon. Jimmy Prouty and **Steve** annualized the FJ-1. **Lauren Rezac** worked on his trailer.

June 24<sup>th</sup>: **Mark Schlegel** towed. **Harry Clayton** and **Sue Erlenwein** ran the line. Skies were Blue. **Bob Park** observed, along with several visitors including a few new students who flew in the training camp. **Luke Marquardt** and his Dad were also there, didn't get names for the others. A large gaggle of single seaters gridded about 1:30. **Jerry Boone** (K7), **Steve Leonard** (ZS), **Tony Condon** (YYY), **Keith Smith** (LW), **Andrew Peters** (3T), **KC Alexander**

DPE **Charles Pate** congratulates **Matt Gonitzke** after they completed his Private-Glider Checkride

(XW), **Dennis Brown** (LY), and **Lauren Rezac** (YA) all took tows and landed. I think **John Wells** (KJ) was the first one to stick and so did YA on his 2<sup>nd</sup> tow. The line re-formed at 3 with YYY, ZS, XW, LW, LY. Success varied from some falling out again to YYY making it 74 miles NW, landing between Hoisington and Russell. XW couldn't get much further south than Castleton but did manage to climb to 5900.

June 30<sup>th</sup>: **Mike Logback** towed, **Bob Hinson** ran the line. Also present was **Summer Gajewski**, **Tony Condon**, **Bob Park**, **Dennis Brown**, **Steve Leonard**, **Jerry Boone**, **Lauren Rezac**, **Jerry Martin**, **Mark Ross**, **KC Alexander**, **John Wells**, and interested future towpilot **Sarah**. Unfortunately the weather didn't support much soaring, **Tony** took one tow in YYY and managed 4200 MSL and 45 minutes with strong winds out of the south. Everyone else debated the world's problems, **Bob** and **Lauren** worked on their gliders, and **Steve** (with help) replaced the wind sock and did some mowing. **Jerry** showed off the new Boone Family Duster.

## Strother Seeds

June 16<sup>th</sup>: After the Fly-In, **Tony Condon** & **Chris Swan** took a tow in the Grob and flew a triangle task from Strother - Wellington - Cherokee Strip (Near Udall) - Strother. **Bruce Latvala** took a tow in **Jeff Beam's** Apis and flew for just under 2 hours.

## June Contest Report

**Ron Leonard** placed 3<sup>rd</sup> in Club Class at the Region 9 contest in Moriarty, NM, flying his HP-18.

Dave Leonard got 2<sup>nd</sup> in the Modern Class at Region 9 in Moriarty, flying his ASW-27

Dave Leonard landed out short on Day 1 but came back to 16<sup>th</sup> at the Sports Class Nationals in Parowan, Utah. Next stop: Uvalde, TX for the Worlds!

Tony Turiano placed 38<sup>th</sup> at Parowan and added some color to the contest in his Orange 1-35



Cherokee II in Wheat field, June 24<sup>th</sup>

## Kingman Fly-in

KSA members **Bob Hall, Mark Schlegel, Jerry & Matt Boone, Matt Gonitzke, Harry Clayton, Sue Er-lenwein,** and **Dennis Brown** supported activity on June 9<sup>th</sup> at the fly-in at Kingman to give glider rides and spread the word about KSA. The wind stayed reasonable for the event. **Jerry** and **Matt B** were towed to Kingman by **Bob** with a 6:30 AM departure. **Harry, Sue, Matt G & Mark** helped run the line and handle the crowd while **Dennis** flew 9 rides. Other activity at the field included Young Eagles rides and the CAF giving rides in their PT-23. After the fly-in was over, **Bob, Jerry & Matt B** took the Grob back to Sunflower.



175 towing the Grob at Kingman. Photo **Matt Gonitzke**

## Strother Fly-in

KSA was well-represented at the fly in at Strother Field on June 16<sup>th</sup>. **Tony & Leah Condon** were towed from Sunflower in the Grob on Friday by **Chris Swan** in the 175. **Jeff Beam** used his Experimental "Express" airplane to shuttle people around. Saturday morning was stormy which led to a late start and reduced our



Grob landing at Strother. **Matt Gonitzke** photo

ability for some static displays. No matter, 7 rides were sold and everyone enjoyed their flights. One notable ride was to Brian Current, who as a kid worked at the 1970 Region 10 Contest held at Strother. It was his first glider ride. Landing in the grass next to the runway was convenient and no issues arose even with multiple helicopter rides, the CAF giving rides in their PT-23, and multiple fly-in planes coming in and out and participating in spot landing and flour bombing contests. Helping out with the operation were **Leah, Matt Gonitzke, Rafael Soldan,** and **Bruce Latvala**. Towing duty was split between **Chris** and **Mark Schlegel**. The hangar party hosted by **Jeff** and **Chris** was well attended and fun!

## Wellington Seeds

June 11<sup>th</sup>: **Rafael Soldan** and **Tony Condon** made their first flights in their Standard Cirrus, "Kate". Both had big smiles on their faces after landing and are looking forward to more flights. They towed each other with **Rafael's** 180HP 172. **Jeff Beam** came over from Winfield and ran wings.

June 13<sup>th</sup>: **Rafael** flew the Cirrus locally after a 5:15 PM launch. 6000 MSL max. He landed about 8 PM.

June 15<sup>th</sup>: **Rafael** flew the Cirrus for about an hour after a late afternoon launch

June 24<sup>th</sup>: **Rafael** had a 30 minute flight in the Cirrus.

June 30<sup>th</sup>: **Rafael** flew 2.1 hrs, up to about 5500 MSL

Folks,

Soaring depends heavily on our volunteers to get things done, particularly in the clubs. That is why SSA sponsors awards to individuals and groups that go "above and beyond" to make things happen in our sport. The available awards are listed on the SSA website at the link below.

<http://www.ssa.org/myhome.asp?mbr=7262842059&show=blog&id=812>

This email is an early call for nominations for SSA awards, particularly for the SSA Regional or local Certificate of Appreciation. As Region 10 Director, I get to nominate ONE individual or group for this award. I need all of you to let me know of individuals or groups who, over a sustained period of time, have performed volunteer work that has promoted the sport of soaring in Region 10. The full description of the award is below.

### SSA Certificate of Appreciation

This award was established by the SSA Directors in 1964 to recognize individuals and groups whose contribution to the Society, in the opinion of the Directors, is such that the Directors deem special recognition is in order. The SSA Certificate of Appreciation will be awarded to recognize individuals and groups whose contribution to the Society, in the opinion of the Directors, is such that the Directors deem special recognition is in order. Each Regional Director will be allowed one nomination each year, designated as the SSA Certificate of Appreciation, for an individual or organization in that region to be recognized for *local* or *regional* efforts, as this level of work is work that promotes the sport of soaring and therefore is also of value to The Soaring Society of America, Inc. The efforts to be recognized for a local or regional nominee will be over a period of at least 5 years.

Most of the nominations for awards are due by September 1, but it is not too early to be thinking about them, in particular the Regional Certificate of Appreciation. Please let me know if you have anyone in your club or soaring organization that you think is worthy.

Good Soaring!

Phil Umphres,  
SSA Region 10 Director & SSA Foundation Trustee  
Cell: [214-558-1285](tel:214-558-1285)  
Home: [214-221-0429](tel:214-221-0429)  
Office: [214-999-0035](tel:214-999-0035)

## Weekend Warrior Results

The Weekend Warrior contest was a blow out for June. Standings remain the same as last month:

Pilot	Glider	Points
Steve Leonard	Zuni II	1000
Bob Holliday	Duster	818
Jerry Boone	Zuni	736
Tony Condon	Cherokee II	493

## New Members

**Bruce Latvala**  
**Brody Clark,**  
**Steve Stacey**  
**Andrew Kicklighter**  
**Luke Kicklighter**  
**Jim Kicklighter**



# The Women's Air Race Classic

By Summer Gajewski

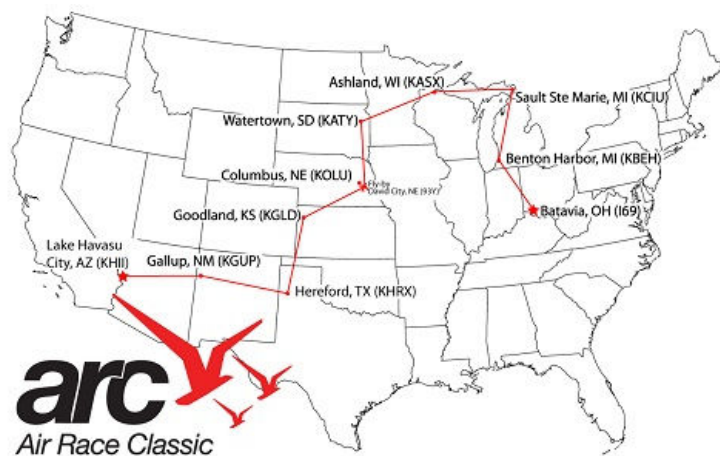
This past June, I flew in the 36th annual Women's Air Race Classic. Some of you older folks might recognize it as the Annual Powder Puff Derby. The race is generally composed of 52 teams of two women each, flying across the country in a total of four days. The way the race works is a bit similar to how some of our local glider competitions work. Each plane is required to do a handicap flight with a race official and is then given a standard speed for that aircraft at full throttle. The plane then competes against its own best time during the race. My team flew a Cessna 172S model (180hp). We handicapped at 125 knots.

We started in Lake Havasu City, AZ...and let me tell you...it was hot! We had been expecting it, but it didn't really hit us till we descended down from 10,500MSL in a cockpit with no air conditioning...it was like walking into a brick oven. What I didn't realize was that this was the easy part...later we would go onto flying through this crud with all of our vents closed to reduce parasite drag...

The Air Race started with lots of frilly stuff. We were to arrive on Saturday and take off on Tuesday...in the mean time, banquets, receptions, safety briefings, and etc. completed the schedule. When we arrived we were greeted with iced towels and margaritas, unfortunately I am not of legal drinking age and couldn't partake.

Fast forward to the beginning of the race. Let me tell you, you ain't seen nothin' till you seen 50 women pilot teams take off in less than 30minutes from the same runway...maybe Sunflower could learn a thing or two... (joking)

Our first destination was to be Gallup, NM right off of the famous Route 66. Gallup was also to be the place of our first (and busiest) "fly by". What is a fly by you ask? It is a little maneuver that involves being 200 feet off the ground at full throttle over a specific point on an airport.



The 2012 Air Race Classic route



Summer and teammate Megan at the Start Banquet

It was suppose to go like this: The pilot flies the airplane while the co-pilot makes the radio calls (10mi out, 5mi out, approaching fly by, etc), does the required checklists, starts and stops the timers, etc. Now let me tell you how it worked out the first time my partner and I flew one....she was flying, I was co-piloting...

10 miles out:

Me: (mic) Classic #38, 10mi out, fly by to land.

Megan: Got the checklists out?

Me: Yup, everything's ready, just be sure you're on course and wings level a mile out.

5 miles out

Me: (mic) Classic #38, 5mi out, fly by to land.

Megan: Got the timers?

Me: Yup, just concentrate on flying, I got this.

Megan: Be sure to note the UTC time.

Me: Yup, sure will.

Megan: Is that another racer in front of us?

Me: Naw, that looks like a bug to me...

Air Race Classic, cont.



#38 En Route, note **Summer's** A, B, and C Badges

2 miles out:  
 Me: (mic) Classic #38, 2mi out, approaching fly by to land.  
 Radio: Classic #49, approaching fly by to land.  
 Megan and Me: .....!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!  
 Megan: \*\*\*\*!!!! CALL OUT A DUAL FLY BY!!!!  
 Me: \*\*\*\*! \*\*\*\*! I got it, I got it! (mic) CLASSIC RACER 38 DUAL FLY BY TO LAND! OVERTAKING AIRCRAFT ON THE RIGHT AND ABOVE BY 200FT!  
 Megan: Don't forget the timers!  
 Me: MOVE OVER TO THE RIGHT OR YOUR GONNA MOW THOSE GUYS DOWN  
 Needless to say, we were both shaking by the time we landed. IT WAS AWESOME!

Our next fly by in Hereford, TX was just as interesting...Megan was now the co-pilot and I was flying.

Let me begin by saying that NO ONE knows the heat of hell till they've been flying through TEXAS in late June at 2500AGL with every SINGLE vent closed. I wrap my hand in a rag to hold on to the controls, because otherwise they were to sweaty to grip. Whoever said girls don't sweat, they glisten....was WRONG! I was fairly nervous to actually be flying my first fly by, but I was confident enough with Megan working the radios.

So there we were, scooting along at a grand 130mph across the ground, sweating like crazy and Megan starts looking...well...not so good. I tell her that if she needs to, to open a vent and cool off, but she refuses saying that it will cause more drag and kill our time. Sooo, we continue until it's time to start the decent and build up speed for the fly by. As we reach about 140mph and are about 5 miles out I chance a glance over to see if Megan is getting ready to make the 5mi radio call. She gives me this funny look and then turns around, slams open the window, and creates a whole lot more drag all over the side of our plane. What smells worse than flying over Texas stock yards in the summertime? Texas stock yards mixed with the smell of throw up...

Well anyway, I could write a small book over all the little quirky things that happened over the course of our trip, but I'd much prefer to tell the stories in person, so if y'all wanna know more you're gonna to have to ask.

My team placed 20th outta 49. We also won a "leg prize" for the second fastest team on the Michigan leg from Sault Ste Marie to Benton Harbor. All in all, the trip gave us 37.9 flight hours and invaluable flight experience.

A big thanks must go out to the Connor Burton Aviation Foundation for COMPLETELY funding the whole trip and allowing us to experience this amazing event. Another thanks must go out to all of my friends at Sunflower. You guys are the original ones who nurtured my love of aviation, without you I would never have come this far.

For more pictures and information on the air race please visit these two websites:

<http://www.facebook.com/KStateSalinaARC>

<http://www.airraceclassic.org/>



Air Race Classic Team 38 in Columbus, NE

# Cutting the Apron Strings

By Chris Swan

Well it finally happened. The day every rookie soaring pilot must face, the day you cut the apron strings and leave the comfort zone of the home airport and take your first cross country. For me this day occurred on June 16<sup>th</sup> when **Tony Condon** and I flew a simple little task in the KSA Grob.

The day started with thunderstorms in the morning and then fairly stable air as we supported the Strother Field Fly-In with 7 passenger rides. However during the last few rides, **Tony** mentioned that there was some lift starting to form. When I asked him if it would be possible to start my Grob check-out after the last passenger flight, he did me one better by suggesting we fly a real cross-country task. Now that was an offer I could not refuse; a chance to fly a real cross country with an experienced pilot and mentor!

**Tony** laid out a simple task, Strother Field to Wellington, to Udall (Cherokee Strip) and then the return to Strother. About a 50 mile triangle. Boy it sure sounds easy when on the ground!

After tow we ended up Southeast of Strother field and quickly figured out the working band was going to be between 4 and 5K MSL. "Working Band" was now something real and not just a book term. Funny how it takes actual experience to bring theory into real life...and the flight was just beginning!

Now with a few quick lessons on reading the lift markers off of developing clouds, it was time to hit the start gate for our task and head NW for Wellington. During this first leg of the task we were finding good lift, and making solid progress towards the goal. What a great learning experience as we discussed and worked through cloud markers, speed to fly and when to leave one thermal for the next. It also helped that Oxford airport was just off the task route, so I felt like we had a good security blanket as we left Strother Field in the rear view mirror. And that's when it hit me. If the lift stops now, we are not making it back to Strother! I (with **Tony's** guidance of course) have finally cut the apron strings! And what a rush...we are actually going someplace in a glider!

With a good sense of what the working band really means, and a good string of thermals, we made it to Wellington with no problems, and made the turn back to the northeast and Udall. Then the real fun began, as all the "easy to find" lift started disappearing. Now the REAL cross country lessons began. Speed to fly, and when to leave good lift, become the lesson focus and it was not an academic question any more. It was going to be the difference between making home or landing out. This is also when **Tony** said, your not really trying if you do not have a couple of "come to Jesus " moments. Well we had the first one about 5 miles from Udall. We were working some occasional weak lift and an out landing at Cherokee Strip was looking very real. Then we gambled on a couple of marginal looking Cu, and the next then I knew we were turning over Udall and heading for Strother. Now Tony taught me the next big lesson of cross country flying, all the matters on any given moment is your last waypoint ( and safe landing area) and the next one. Work each segment of the flight, and stay in the moment. So as we left Udall behind, and headed south the "math" of cross country flying started to make sense. With Oxford again just off our track and looking like a good safe alternate - what total altitude do we need to get to either Strother or Oxford. And then it hit me that I was always focused on the total height required for the leg, not the fact that you can get that total height in pieces.

All the lessons of the day came together when we hit a dead space a few miles south of Udall. We got below our working band, and as I was calculating the distance to Oxford and the altitude required to get there in my head, we found some weak lift. Working this weak stuff up to the top of the band, the pucker factor started to leave. We had enough to make Oxford safely, and only needed a little more to make Strother. Yep working one waypoint at a time was just the ticket!

Of course **Tony** had a few more lessons for me. We were working a nice little weak thermal for all it was worth, and I was content to stay with it to the top, when **Tony** said: "Time to go", and I am like "but we are in lift" and he is like " no its time to go" and I say again, "but we are in lift" . Well needless to say, we left my sweet little thermal, and of course **Tony** was right , in just a few minutes we found a good thermal that took us high enough to make Strother Field with pattern altitude plus 1K of margin. Lesson learned.

Apron Strings cont.

So this is what final glide looks like, and the race back to the finish gate!

Boy what a feeling to cross over the finish gate on altitude and a nice pattern entry! All said and done we flew just over 50 miles, logged 1.8 hours, and set 3 Multi-place Kansas state records.

What was the biggest thing I learned that day? That soaring is a community of pilots, and the heart of club activities is the mentoring and sharing of experience. This flight (and in fact the whole day) hit the center of the KSA mission statement for the Grob. Introduce soaring to potential new pilots and members, and get existing pilots exposed to the joys of cross country flying. Cutting the apron strings with a strong instructor and mentor on board makes all the difference. Thanks again to **Tony** for the great mentoring and instruction. And now I can't wait for the next chance to leave the home airport!

You can see the flight here: [www.onlinecontest.org/olc-2.0/gliding/flightinfo.html?dsld=2486521](http://www.onlinecontest.org/olc-2.0/gliding/flightinfo.html?dsld=2486521)

## Weekend Warrior Contest

By **Andrew Peters**

Complete rules for the Weekend Warrior Contest are in the April *Variometer*. Here are the rules for July.

### **July 7-8<sup>th</sup> – Free Distance**

The Free Distance task goes back to the old glory days of soaring, where the goal was to fly as far as possible, in any direction you chose, and not come back to the original point of departure. This task coincides with the Kowbell, whose rules appear earlier in this issue. For the WWC, there are some additional scoring opportunities. If Sunday qualifies for the Konsolation, your Konsolation task distance will be added to your free distance flight.

#### **Scoring:**

The person flying the longest handicapped distance will receive 1000 pts. Scores for the other competitors will be a percentage of the winners, based on the ration of the handicapped distances. Landing at an airport will result in a 25 point bonus. The other bonus point opportunities also apply (see general rules.) Konsolation distance will be added to any additional free distance miles.

Landing location needs to be submitted to the Scorer by midnight Monday, July 5<sup>th</sup>. Latitude and Longitude, airport identifier, etc. A logger is not required, but there must be some means to verify your landing location.



**Let's Go Gliding!**

[www.LetsGoGliding.com](http://www.LetsGoGliding.com)

SSA Learn how today with SSA.

ASH25P

The advertisement features a red background on the left with the text 'Let's Go Gliding!' in large, stylized yellow and blue letters. Below this is a QR code and the website URL 'www.LetsGoGliding.com'. To the right, a white glider is shown in flight against a blue sky, with the text 'ASH25P' visible on its side. At the bottom, the SSA logo and the text 'Learn how today with SSA.' are displayed.

# Training Camp

By **Brian Bird**

WSA/KSA hosted a training camp this year the week of June 18th thru 22<sup>nd</sup>. In spite of the late start in getting the word out (I decided to do it just a couple of weeks prior to the event), we had a very good turn out with a total of 9 students participating. Unfortunately, Mother Nature was not very cooperative with very high winds the first three days of the camp. On Monday, the winds at 0600 were already gusting to over 20 kts, so I called off the flying, but did conduct some extensive ground training pertaining to launch procedures and pre-flight inspections. This helped immensely on Thursday when we were finally able to fly, the tows went off very smoothly in spite of there being a number of young students who had never been around sailplane operations before.

The forecast for Tuesday was for winds gusting to over 40 kts, so we did not even attempt to fly that day. Instead, we met at **Steve Stacey's** classroom at Hutchinson High School. (**Steve** teaches an aerospace studies class there and has a well equipped classroom). We had about 2 hours of ground training on physiological factors of flight and we discussed aerodynamics and flight controls. We ended the session with a few minutes of "simulator" time on the computers. Wednesday was another windy day, with gusts to over 30 kts. Thursday was an absolutely gorgeous day with light winds from the north and pleasant temperatures. We started flying about 0900 and flew until about 1700. By the end of the day, both **Gavin Smith** and **Anthony Geide** had made their first solo in a sailplane. Friday was pretty much a repeat of Thursday's weather only the winds were a little stronger and out of the southeast. This gave some good crosswind practice and by afternoon, there were some soarable conditions with at least a few flights of over 30 minutes and climbs to 3500' AGL.



**Gavin Smith - Solo!**

In spite of only having two days of flying we made 65 tows and got two first solos done and a few others are now close to solo. We also gained 5 new members and a newly checked out tow pilot. Participants of the camp were: **Jerry Martin**, **Gavin Smith**, **Anthony Geide**, **Mike Logback**, **Matthew Boone**, and four new members **Brody Clark**, **Steve Stacey**, and brothers **Andrew** and **Luke Kicklighter**. The Kicklighter's father **Jim Kicklighter** was unable to attend the camp, but did join the club and should be seen around the gliderport in the coming weeks. Also participating in support roles were **Frank O'Donnell** and **Charles Pate** as instructors on Thursday and Friday, and **Jack Seltman** and **Bob Hall** as tow pilots. Additionally, **Mike Logback** got checked out to fly the towplane and made quite a few tows on Friday. Other willing participants were **Bernie Mohr**, **Chris Swan**, and **Lauren Rezac** who had agreed to come out and tow for us on the days which we were unable to fly.



2-22, 2-33, and 175, hard at work



**Anthony Geide** after his first Solo

## Club News

Club reporters should submit items for this column directly to *Soaring*, Box 66071, Los Angeles 66, Calif. Please try to limit news to one page of double-spaced typing on a separate sheet as it might appear in print (capitals, indentations, etc.). Subject matter should cover that which is thought to be of general interest.

A column editor is still being sought. Volunteers will be considered.

### Kansas Soaring Assn. 8034 Levitt, Wichita 7 A Chapter of SSA

Last May Mickey and Mike Jensen and Hank Claybourn served as crew for Marshall Claybourn when he made a mighty 20- (just one zero, editor, not two) mile cross-country. This foursome is not the type to let their fertile brains set idle, so while returning from this flight they came up with a program to challenge the courage and skill of every glider pilot. This meeting of minds produced the Annual Kansas Kowbell Klassic. The purpose of this annual event is to get birds out of the nest and on the wing. The following information should cover all aspects of the annual contest.

#### Rules for the Annual Kansas Kowbell Klassic

1. Any soaring pilot and sailplane may enter.
2. Only one flight per pilot will be eligible for consideration, and that flight must be made on the date selected for the Kowbell Klassic.
3. The winner each year will be the pilot who makes the longest flight, as measured on U.S. Coast and Geodetic sectional charts, from the release point to his first point of landing, as verified on a standard SSA landing form. In case of any dispute on the measurement of distance, said dispute will be settled by Indian "rasslin," (Texas rules).
4. The release altitude will be no higher than 2000 feet above the kontest site.
5. The release point will be vertically above the kontest site.
6. The Annual Kowbell Klassic will

be held each year on the first Saturday after the first full moon that falls on or after the summer solstice (i.e., the first point of the sign of Kancer).

7. Normal adverse soaring weather, i.e., rain, overcast sky, lack of thermals, etc., shall not constitute a valid reason for postponement of the Kowbell Klassic. If the weather is unsafe for glider flight on the appointed day, then the next following Saturday during which unsafe flying weather is not present shall be the date of the Kowbell Klassic.

8. A suitable trophy has been fabricated by Mickey Jensen and Marshall Claybourn, and the aforementioned trophy shall be placed in the possession of the Officers of the Kansas Soaring Association who will be charged with its annual presentation, in accordance with these rules.

9. Any person who wins the Kowbell Klassic Trophy thrice in succession shall become the permanent owner of the trophy and a replacement trophy will be provided from the original source.

In accordance with these rules, the date of the first Kowbell Klassic was 21 July 1962. (Mickey Jensen came home from Switzerland to enter). While the weather was poor the three contestants, Mickey, Bernie Mohr, and Marshall, bravely set sail. The final distances were so close that the provisions of rule #3 almost had to be exercised, but Marshall was finally declared winner.

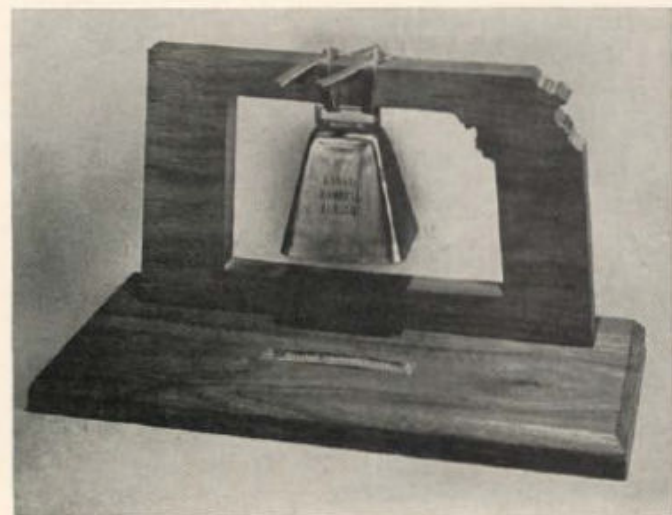
Jim LeSueur considered entering in a F-100 by passing the kontest site at Mach 1 and 2000 feet, shutting off the power and "gliding" to a landing, but decided against it because of that particular aircraft's poor short field characteristics. Still, on a poor soaring day that would be one way to win.

The gauntlet has been thrown down—the kontest is on! This year's event will be on July 13th and the event is open to every glider rider who shows up at the kontest site with a glider and a tow fee.

Kontest site is to be announced by KSA officials at a later date.

### Lilienthal Soaring Club of Calif., 12209 Allard St., Norwalk, Calif.

A good year seems ahead for this



The Kansas Kowbell Klassic trophy, a double outline of the state of Kansas, suitably decorated.

## RULES FOR THE KANSAS KOWBELL KLASSIC KONSOLA- TION

The rules for the Kansas Kowbell Klassic Konsolation are the same as for the Kansas Kowbell Klassic, except as amended below.

- 1) Any soaring pilot and sailplane may enter, except for the winner of the previous days Kowbell Klassic.
- 2) The winner each year will be the pilot who completes the longest pre-declared task, as measured on US Coast and Geodetic sectional charts, from the release point, through any pre-declared turnpoints, to his point of landing, as verified on a Standard SSA Landing Form.
- 6) The Annual Kowbell Klassic Konsolation will be held each year on the Sunday following the Annual Kowbell Klassic, unless the second place competitor in the Kowbell Klassic flew farther than 200 miles. In this case, the Kowbell Klassic Konsolation will be held on the Saturday following the Kowbell Klassic.

## Where in the World is Jeff Beam???

After seeing the Condon's at Chilhowee over Memorial Day, **Jeff** went onto Maryland to see his Mom. On the way back he stopped at Ridge Soaring for a couple days and some more flights in the Apis. While there he met **John Bird**, who was there flying the Penn State Russia. I wonder where he will go next, and which KSA member he will see!

# Kowbell 1997

By Ron Leonard

Kowbell!!! Finally got my radio on Thursday and the Microphone on Friday, packed up my stuff and Kit and I headed for Wichita on Friday night. Saturday morning forecast was for very hot and muggy, strong south wind and no clouds. AM satellite showed a narrow north south band of clouds from central Oklahoma to Nebraska centered on Sunflower. Great. Weak front curved from southern Colorado to northeastern Nebraska. Mike Eppler agreed to crew for me. We put the glider together early even though the weather didn't look great. When we went to push the dolly out from under the glider it seemed harder than usual. I guess the strut is completely flat. Thump. Nope, the gear is up not down! @#\$\$@#%\$! Mike and I pick up the glider and Dave Colling slides the dolly back under the fuselage. I laugh sheepishly and Mike remarks, "I don't know **Ron**, this seems like a bad omen."

The weather outlook seems bleak. No Cu's visible and heating starting out late. I wonder if anyone will even make 50 miles. **Harry Clayton** and I talk about the weather and neither of us is very excited about flying. About noon we all pull onto the launch line. **John Wells** in KJ (ASW-20), **Dennis Brown** in LY (Mosquito), **Steve Leonard** in ZS (604), **Neal Pfeiffer** in 14 (Ka-16), **Harry Clayton** in 8A (Cirrus), **Mark Wiebe** in the Lark, **Dave Woody** in the 1-26, Ray Sharp in the HP 14 and Dave Colling in F1 (HP-18). Quite a good crowd. Cirrus finally slide off the field to the east at 12:00. **Neal** takes the first launch and lands right back. About 30 minutes later **John** launches and just barely stays up. I wait and watch the others launch early and struggle around the field down low for about an hour. Finally they start to struggle away from the field and Cu's become visible to the west and Northwest. I finally launch at 2:45. Just off tow I call Mike Eppler and ask him to head for Crupper's Corners. A few minutes later I am in a good thermal and realize that I have launched quite a bit too late. The first thermal takes me about 3000 agl.



Ron's HP-16

I head off west and get a good second climb. This one gets me to about 4000 agl and I head for Sterling telling Mike Eppler to do the same. I get to Sterling and the edge of the Cu's at about 2000 agl. After a few tense minutes I get a good climb to about 4500 agl again and then I am to the clouds. I watch 8A climbing about a mile SE of me. Now the race is on, I head north to Lyons, the clouds get stronger and I get to 6400 agl!!!! At Lyons I again watch 8A climbing about a mile behind me. A little of extra incentive to press on.

From here I raced north in textbook soaring conditions cruising at 80-90 mph and only stopping for climbs that looked to be 500 fpm or better. The

miles ticked by like clock work and I rapidly left Mike behind. North of Lyons I heard **Steve** call his position at St. Johns. I gave serious thought to turning more west and radioed Mike that I was going to go north west. A few minutes later though the clouds to the north seemed MUCH better and considering the time of day I figured I would probably run out of day before clouds no matter which direction. I decided to keep the wind at my back and raced on north. The terrain around Ellsworth was a bit forbidding by I blasted by it with hardly a downward glance. South of Beloit I spotted Green Base, **John Wells'** crew. I called them on the radio "4J to Green Base, Beware Falling Bondo..." They answered back, "There is a great field just ahead if you need to land!" I replied, "I don't think so." and dove off to the next good Cu. As I climbed back to cloud base I called back to Mike "4J Climbing east of Beloit, setting up for a pee-bag attack on Green Base."

I raced North to the Nebraska border under the beautiful cloud street reaching the state line at about 5:00. **John Wells** had called out "I'm a Cornhusker" at least an hour ago. It would take a huge piece of luck to catch him. As I crossed into Cornhusker territory myself I started to seriously consider the terrain for landing. The clouds ahead were very much weaker looking. I set the speed ring to zero and slowed way down. I followed the best looking clouds for the next ten miles or so hoping to get at least once more to cloud base.

The end of the cloud street was a particularly nice looking cloud and I remained confident that I would get back up. I finally reached the last cloud at under 2000 feet. All around were cornfields and just one plowed strip that looked fit to land in. One mile east was the town of Oak. A crop duster was spraying a mile northeast of my emergency field. I searched with increasing desperation for lift finding only zero sink. I was tempted to push on a bit farther north but there were NO landing choices ahead. I sank slowly lower. At a thousand feet I was over town and getting nervous about the crop duster. At about 700 I finally gave up on the cloud and headed for my field. I radioed to my crew "Four Juliet is going down." **Harry Clayton** in 8A offered to stand by and relay. A little bump and I circled a couple of turns down to about 500 feet, but the crop duster was really starting to make me nervous. Finally with a heavy sigh I put the gear down and entered downwind. The field was probably 1500 feet long with a ditch running east/west through the middle. The field was mostly surrounded by trees but had corn off a narrow strip of the approach end. I came in over the corn and floated across the ditch coming down full stall just on the other side. I rolled about 50 feet and was stopped. **Harry** relayed my position to my crew, and then it was time to go meet the owner of the farm.

With some trepidation I walked to the farm house. Two cars and a dog were out front, the cars were a good sign but the dog didn't seem to friendly. I tried the doorbell and knocked with no response, and then went inside the front porch to knock with my hat in hand. The door opens and I explain that I just landed in the field and was wondering if I could use the phone? I was greeted with the usual brief puzzled look and then a warm invitation to come in. I was treated to air conditioning, ice cold drinks and a phone, truly wonderful hospitality. I sat and visited with Mrs. Bondegard and her daughter for an hour or so. We went out to see the glider and about then Mike arrived with the trailer at about the same time as Mike Bondegard and his sons. I let them each take a turn in the glider and got a picture of it in the pasture, then loaded the glider in the trailer. The Bondegard's treated us to another drink and we headed home. Little did I know the fun had just begun.

We went south on Highway fourteen to I-70, went west on I-70 about 3 miles and then back south. As we got off of I-70 we both heard a scraping noise. Mike stopped the van and I got out to investigate. Oh shit. The trailer door had come opened. I looked in the trailer and see THE FUSELAGE IS NOT IN THE TRAILER!!!!!!! I felt sick. The chances that the fuselage was intact had to be about nill. I pictured it in my mind hit by a car or wrapped around a tree after exiting the trailer at 70 mph. We closed the trailer and raced back down the Interstate. Where was the fuselage? In the pitch dark night how would we even find it if it went off the road? Mike suggested that as little damage as there was to the trailer door it could not have been opened for long. We got back off the interstate and decided the most likely place for the glider to be and to be in one piece was near the on ramp. If it was on the Interstate it would already be destroyed so we would start looking there. Mike yelled out "I saw a flash of white in the headlights in the ditch next to the on ramp!" I ran up the ramp and Mike got in the van. As he drove up the ramp the headlights lit up the fuselage. There it sat in the middle of the on ramp halfway up the slope, upright, pointing straight up the ramp, not a scratch. Just as if we had gently unloaded it there. I was so relieved I stood in the road and laughed out loud at my incredible luck. We stowed the fuselage again and found some wire to safety the trailer latches which I had trusted so well for the last 13 years. All I lost was about a year of life to fright.

The rest of the trip home was uneventful. It turned out that **John Wells** won landing at Central City with a distance of 220 miles. **Dennis Brown** was second at McCook. **Steve** was third at Hooker Oklahoma and **Harry Clayton** fourth at Harvard airport. I was fifth at Oak Nebraska with a distance of about 160 miles. The flight had lasted 2 hours and forty five minutes.

## New Glider

**Jerry Boone** found a smoking deal on a Duster on the West coast and apparently got nostalgic for his days of flying wooden wings, so he sent **Lyn** and **Matt** on a Summer vacation road trip to pick it up. Looking forward to seeing the new bird at Sunflower and having a little more competition for that coveted Wooden Wings trophy!



# Caesar Creek XC Camp

By John Bird

**Day 1:** Today we got the true Frank Paynter (TA) contest experience - rain, rain, and rain. As a consolation prize we put all 26ish of us on a Condor server and flew a ~180 mile task. TA won, and I didn't get the order after that. Lectures were about CCSC/Ohio soaring areas, start/finish safety, and out landings.

Tomorrow looks like it might support local soaring in the late afternoon, a late grid time may/may not be called at the lunch/weather briefing.

**Day 2:** Today was thermal school...

The day started with Frank Paynter reviewing the condor traces from the previous day, contrasting the top two student finishers, Frank also discussed how to analyze flight traces to improve one's XC abilities. After the task review Jim Garrison gave a lecture on gagging etiquette and safety, with a short video illustrating good (and sometimes poor) gagging technique. Next we heard from John Lubon on efficient use of thermals, he lent his hang-gliding experience to illustrate how thermals form, where they're likely to be found, and how to locate energy paths when leaving thermals.

The best news by far of the day was discovered right before lunch - Frank started into his weather/task briefing and we were all being buoyed by the news that the day was developing better than the previous evening's forecast had predicted and that we might get some soaring in. Midway through Frank was interrupted when someone looked out the window and discovered cu - in the course of the lectures we hadn't looked outside in hours and had completely missed this happy development!

A two-o'clock grid time was called and we scarfed down sandwiches (set out by the wonderful volunteers that keep us fed) and set out to rig. In the rush to rig I had an oops - pulled the plane off the dolly before getting the gear down, but luckily it resulted in far more embarrassment than damage; with a bit of help, a short break to reset, and some encouraging words I got the Russia rigged and was out on the line in time.



My view as caboose...Day 2

My group - number 5 (the slow ones), was last on the grid so we had a good bit of time to enjoy watching the launch and plan our task. We decided to push upwind with an airport about 30 miles away as a stretch goal, and turn around when the lift started getting soft. I launched as the caboose, just as the cu evaporated and the day turned blue, but quickly formed up with an ASK-21 (with Dustin and group mentor Jim Price) and a Libelle (Richard Cedar) and we set out on course. Flying in Ohio is much like Kansas - nice flat and large fields - but this time interspersed with the unlandable voids of subdivisions. Luckily where there aren't fields, there are airports and we were able to push up through the corridor between the Cincinnati class B airspace and the Dayton class C. Between the slow (well relative to everyone else) ships, slow (at least for

me) pilots, and the 12 knot headwind we were fairly slow going upwind, but it was very instructive to see the thermal selection that Jim was making, and the lift band he was using. We bounced between 4 and 5000 msl, which kept us plenty of outlanding options. 35 km in, the lift started getting a bit soft so we declared and about face and headed back to CCSC. The big beautiful green field at Caesar Creek beckoned us home, and after one more stop to tank up, we were happily home. I flew locally for another 45 min or so, so that I could be the last up **and** down.

Back on the ground, everyone was thrilled by the great flights, flights ranged from 75 to upwards of 150 km - not bad for a day I expected to be a write off. Delicious BBQ and another great talk about inter-thermal cruising by John Lubon only served to cap off the day.



Weather was less than stellar...Day 1

Caesar Creek Continued...

**Day 3:** Rob Cluxton started the day with an informal discussion of pee systems, we were all 'relieved' that it didn't include a demonstration. Puns aside, it was informative and several good systems were discussed for preventing any 'accidents' on course. Jim Garrison then started with a related lecture on aeromedical factors related to contest/XC flying, especially dehydration. He brought a scale in to enable us to monitor our dehydration levels by weighing ourselves before and after flying, recommending no more than 1-2% weight loss over the flight. TA then delivered a weather briefing, concluding that the weather would support good soaring, but the cu probability was -6000, a level he had "Never seen before." With assurances of a blue day we set out to grid, only to discover little white puffy things up in the sky. With so much certainty there would be no cu, I spent some time head-scratching trying to determine what else they could be. After launching I stopped wondering since the lift still lined up nicely underneath them...

We started off in the same general direction as the day before (though today it was downwind), making an easy cruise on the first leg with plenty of white, puffy, non-cu's marking our way. After rounding Hook (about 25km), we headed north for a bit to follow more of the puffy things, then as the day weakened started back toward Caesar Creek. Rounding the course with our flotilla of the Russia, Libelle, and two ASK-21's was awesome. With fairly similar performance levels in all of the ships we were able to climb and cruise largely together, seeing our formation fan out when leaving a thermal was an incredible sight. The ship it seems though, isn't everything and I fell behind a bit on the last leg, but still managed to round our last turnpoint at private field about 10km south of CCSC before heading back.



Russia over Ohio

My beautiful 3.2 hour flight was terribly interrupted at the end however - I flew my pattern, carefully picking my landing point, down to a perfect flare when things didn't feel quite right. As I waited what seemed like too long for touchdown I was hit with the awful feeling that something wasn't quite right, confirmed a split second later when the tailwheel touched down and the plane immediately settled down into a too nose-down attitude and the shortest ground roll I've ever experienced. That I had just landed gear-up was immediately obvious - the sinking feeling that I had just really screwed up followed rapidly. No matter how far you land from the clubhouse, in a situation like this it seems like everyone is there far too soon... The group was however, helpful in picking the plane up to put it back on it's feet (though I was sure that I would be slower to follow). After getting back to my trailer an initial examination revealed that my worst fears were **not** to come true, and the first look was soon confirmed by John Murray - save a small scratch, some tiny dings on the gear doors, and a lot of green stains, the ship was absolutely fine.

As near as I can tell what happened was, I pulled the gear up on tow and forgot that I did. After getting off of tow I put it back down and flew the entire day that way (a radio call was made that I didn't hear, and afterward it was figured that I had a fixed-gear ship). When entering the pattern I pulled the gear back up and failed my check of the placard to ensure it was right. The soft grass and slow touchdown speed of the Russia saved me, so the greatest damage was to my pride, which costs a lot less to repair than fiberglass :)

After such a great day I hated to end on such a low note, but a talk with Frank Paynter and others had me getting back up again, and with the perspective that the ship and myself were both OK, I went to bed early to get a good start on the next day.

**Day 4:** The day dawned with my being strung up by the Kangaroo court for abusing the grass on the runway, I pleaded guilty and was sentenced to the maximum - two more days of soaring. Joking aside, there was a lesson to be learned in fiddling with anything on the glider during a stressful time of flight - especially when forgetting has big consequences. Morning lectures on airspace and navigation furthered our soaring matriculation, and gave some insight on how to prepare one's area knowledge for contest flying. Lots of emphasis was put on knowing and having sectionals - sometimes it pays to have a backup when the electronics stop doing their thing. The weather was again forecast to be blue, this time by -11000, personally I was hoping for the weatherman to be wrong again, but as it turned out he was spot-on.

Caesar Creek Continued...

We gridded at 1230 again, and prepared to launch ourselves into the great blue unknown. My feelings about the weather weren't warmed any by the several relights that happened in the first group, and I was suddenly glad to be among the last gliders on the grid... The tail-end position paid off, as I caught a thermal shortly off of tow and was soon at nearly 5000 feet, our motley group formed up and we headed off on and out and back to the northeast, following the wind-line up a highway to try and run a blue street. Today our group picked up some of the relights so we had a veritable air force of sailplanes climbing up each thermal and punching out one-by-one on course at the top. Seeing the whole formation on course was even more awe-inspiring than the previous day, but unfortunately I didn't grab a picture of it.



After a few miles on course our elation was damped somewhat by the very tight thermals that were somewhat sheared apart but we were still managing good climbs. About halfway to our 50km distant turnpoint I fell behind a bit working a climb just a bit higher, then promptly found a bunch of sink as I headed out after the group. Approaching the turnpoint, I came in low to the gaggle working a zero-sink thermal, hanging on waiting for something to pop. After a few agonizing minutes at 1400 feet AGL, surveying my chosen field below and cooking in the heat, we finally started to climb out. The climb seemed like ages as we clawed our way back up to cruising altitude, but we eventually made it. Half relieved by being higher - and half nervous by needing a few more climbs to get home, we started back to CCSC.

Up, Up, and Away (**John** in the Russia)

A little more low scratching halfway back, and I was able to climb out with Chuck Lohre (flying ASW-15 6V) and make final glide home. I arrived with a bit of altitude so I made a run north until the GPS showed a 1500 foot return. Landing with the round thing deployed capped off the shortest, but toughest and most satisfying flight of the week. Upon returning and asking around we found that the slow ships had made just as much distance as many of the other groups, making the day only more satisfying. Today also brought the first landout of the week, David Reilly made an uneventful landing in a cut field in his ASW-19, and was back in time for dinner.

Everyone seemed to have their best day of the week today, the tough weather made for challenging and thrilling flying. Dinner was accompanied by many a story of digging out of holes to make it home. Reviews of flight traces, GoPro videos, and photos occupied everyone through the evening hours. One thing is unmistakable - the only thing that can hold a candle to the great flying experience is the great camaraderie that we've developed here. One last note - all of this flying is tough! The amount of exhaustion that daily flying brings I've never seen before and I've noticed that bedtimes keep getting earlier and earlier. On that note...I'm signing off to tank up on sleep and be ready for the final day of flying tomorrow.

**Day 5:** The Kangaroo Court was in session again this morning - on trial was the case of one camper who came in just a bit low for a relight the day before. Luckily, he got away with the landing scot-free, but it was a bit too close for comfort. The court segued well into the safety talk about safe decisions under competition pressure. We got a break from lectures the rest of the morning, instead discussing the week and our impressions of the camp. The entire group was uniformly ecstatic with the camp, how much they had learned, and the opportunity to pick the brains of so many talented pilots. Then followed the weather briefing, and we were all tantalized by the forecast - cu with cloud bases reaching 8000 feet by evening and the strongest lift of the week.

The night before at dinner, the dreaded announcement came - the grid order was to be reversed today! Someone must have finally noticed with our early-ish grid times, all of the fast ships were going up to struggle in weaker conditions, and the light ships in the back launched with thermal markers just as the conditions got good. (since we weren't racing them, a head start wouldn't help us too much) In response, I had tried to get onto the grid early, to get into the second row. The rest of group 5 was faster however - and upon arrival at the grid I found the only spot left was on the very front, just after our group mentor. Luckily we had the

advantage of a sniffer today, and EZ launched into the fray, soon after radioing down that he had a weak climb near our intended rally point. John Lubon (with another camper in the front seat of the '21) was then slung into the air, and I followed shortly with the immediate goal of avoiding a relight in the still-developing conditions. Luckily by the time I got off tow there was a decent little thermal, and I was able to rack up the nimble little Russia and climb out. The rest of our group joined shortly and as we passed 4500, the vario became less enthusiastic so we put the pointy end to the southeast and went off into the not-quite-so-blue (by this time there were some encouraging looking cu out on course).

Our group fanned out to employ all of our 200 collective feet of wing in detecting the next thermal. I found the next thermal and got to see all of the group funnel in like I was a giant fibreglass magnet. After a short climb we were back on course, trying to find and ride the energy lines down the wind line. Through the week John had emphasized the importance of energy lines, the little stringers of lift in between thermals that are key to his slower-but-steady cross-country technique. Even when not in thermals, our group would pinch in and fan out to ride energy lines and avoid sink, the silent cooperation that emerged from watching everyone else was fascinating.

A few more thermals in, and I began to fall a bit behind the group. An attempt to stick with them soon had me once again digging out of a hole. This time I was lower - only 1200 feet AGL, but balancing that was my great timing - I got low right at a perfect pattern entry point to the beautiful little grass strip at Barnett. Once again the tight turning radius of the Russia came in handy again, as I worked one of the smallest and weakest thermals I've ever found. Almost fifteen minutes of excruciatingly slow climbing (to the tune of 20 fpm), and all of a sudden my thermal popped - I went from hanging on to riding a rocket as I climbed to 5500 feet on a 7 knot thermal. As I topped out, I switched the radio back on (I had turned off the distraction when I was low and scratching) to try and find my group - by this time nowhere in sight. Discovering that they were not too much further down the course line I pressed on, but tanking up a bit more often. I was really moving, bouncing between thermals, and riding energy lines where I could find them, when all of a sudden I came upon a great yawning blue chasm between me and the turnpoint. I felt like one of those cartoon characters who is running at full speed and comes to a skidding stop on the edge of a cliff. The computer showed a 1500 foot arrival at Highland airport, our turnpoint. The complaining on the radio told me that the group was digging out over highland, just as I had done earlier at Barnett.



Front of the Grid, Day 5

As I tried to find a way around what I found out later was a giant sinkhole, I saw TA go zooming past me with his charges in tow. Watching them blast through the sink toward the turnpoint I silently wished for flaps and more span. While the wishing didn't get me anywhere, a nice little thermal they marked for me did - though still not enough to make Highland comfortably. Noting a beautiful cloudstreet running north to the second turn point, I pondered whether to wait for the group or set out on my own. The new-found confidence the week had inspired me with played against some allegiance to the group that helped me attain it. In the end, I did the honorable thing - leaving the group to fend for themselves - and made a run for the beginning of the cloud street. They would have wanted it that way.

The chirping of the vario cleared my conscience as the street turned into one of the better energy lines I had found all week. Happily, that line went straight for the Fayette and Outlet Mall areas - here was a chance to get back at the turnpoints that had burned me yesterday. Sailing by Outlet Mall at 5000 feet, my point made, I considered heading home to meet the group (by now free from the sink) but another street running to the northwest convinced me otherwise. I pressed on, feeling for those magical energy lines, and very pleased by how infrequently I had to stop. All good things come to an end however, and over Jamestown Lake I was down to 3000 where the lift got much harder to work. In due time I was back up near cloudbase, with final glide back to CCSC. I was about to set out for home when the radio crackled with my group saying they were heading to Green County - just a short jaunt to the northwest. The beautifully formed clouds in that direction

Caesar Creek Continued...

made up my mind and I set off to try and meet back up with my long-lost friends.

I never did see them, but Green County gave me a climb to 6000 feet, the highest of the week, so I decided to make a jaunt over to the Dayton-Wright airfield, and the task area we'd flown the first few days. By this time the lift on the western side of the task area was looking a bit weaker, so I made sure to stay high, taking every decent climb away from the sea of houses lining the corridor between Cincinnati and Dayton. Arrival at Dayton-Wright brought another great climb - this time to nearly 7000. Wasting that altitude with a return to Caesar Creek at 5000 feet seemed a crime, so I pushed on another 10 miles to the airport at Hook, giving me a questionable final glide (the Lebanon airport halfway home and the knowledge that the plane had to go in the box at the end of the day anyway made me brave). Turning Hook for home, a few turns in a nice little thermal gave me a 2000' AGL return to CCSC and I punched out for home. An energy line along the way ensured a high arrival. I considered making a run for the still-strong conditions in the eastern task area, but a buildup of "water ballast" made me wish I'd paid more attention in the relief systems lecture. I ended up dashing into CCSC at 75-80 knots ending the day with four hours and 187 km for OLC, my longest flight of the week in both time and distance, as well as my fastest - the perfect conclusion to an incredible week of soaring.

Epilogue:

The CCSC camp was incredible - both in terms of how much I learned and the absolute blast I had. The field is perfect for glider operations, and one of the most beautiful fields I've ever flown out of. The Caesar Creek group made an effort to make us feel at home, and succeeded admirably, by the end I wasn't ready to leave. All of the mentors and presenters shared invaluable information about cross-country and competition flying - both in strategy and in preparing for all the non-obvious (and often non-flying) things that often fall through the cracks. Most important of all was having the experienced pilots to take us out on course and push us out of our comfort zones. In my group John didn't just share valuable thermalling and cruising tips with us, he pushed all of us fledgling XC pilots out of those thermal "nests," forcing us to break out of climbs when they slacked off and reject weak thermals. The value of the week went beyond the flying however, I met a lot of pilots who I'd now consider friends, and am looking forward to moving into competition flying in the future just so I'll see them more. Even with all the ups and downs (heh) I had over the course of the week I'm very glad I went, I grew immensely as a cross-country pilot, and now I'm just itching at the chance to find myself again three thermals from home blasting along under a street of clouds.

## Lawrenceville, IL Vintage Meet

**Neal Pfeiffer** and son Kevin went to Lawrenceville over Father's Day weekend for the annual vintage meet there. Kevin managed a 1.3 hr flight in the family Ka-6BR. Here is a report from Jim Croce, the club president there:

Hi Folks,

Well, vintage week is over and it was a success. The soaring was fantastic on all days but Sunday with personal comfort rather than lift being the limiting factor to most flights. There were a lot of VSA coins awarded: Ron Elpers earned one for his 5+ hour flight plus 1000m altitude gain in the club Libelle (his first flight in it!), Art Barbiarz earned one for altitude gain while flying the K-7, Jim Short got one for altitude gain in his 1-21, as did I in the Tern ("What is a Miller Tern" asked Rusty Lowry!). Others that I can remember are Dean Kramer, Dave Schuur, **Neal Pfeiffer** and Rusty Lowry, whom we have to thank for the coins. There were more, and I apologize if I missed you.

We had a decent variety of gliders attend, some local, some not. Jeff Byard had his Bowlus and TG-2, both of which fit in the same trailer and which, unbeknownst to me, had been in a hangar here since coming back from Soaring 100; **Neal** brought his K-6BR; Robert Buck picked up a K-13 that Jeff had driven out for him. Some of the local vintage gliders that flew were the Morelli, Leland Cowies MU-13, Bill Jokerst's K-6, Dennis Barton's Slingsby T-31 (at least it is local for now since it has been in our hangar for a couple of months) and the Miller Tern.

## July/August 2012 Duty Schedule

For complete schedule, see May 2012 *Variometer* and <http://my.calendars.net/ksa>  
 Sub List: Rich Stone (LLM) 612-2008, Frank O'Donnell (CFIG, Tow Pilot) 316-788-3224

Sun July 1	Rafael Soldan 706-255-9909	David Kennedy 841-2912 Summer Gajewski 620-899-1151	
<u>Wed July 4</u>	Bernie Mohr 733-4524	John Peters 620-367-3711 Neal Pfeiffer 686-4306	
Sat July 7 Kowbell	Jack Seltman 636-4218	Richard Boone 351-7133 Jim Taulman 913-837-0062	Mike Westemier 316-729-2551
Sun July 8		Doug Wilson 733-5537 Dave Woody 682-1895	
<b>Sat July 14</b> Cookout	Mark Schlegel 641-5093	Bob Blanton 683-9759 Robbie Grabendike 680-0622	David Stanko 393-6249
Sun July 15	Mark Schlegel 641-5093	Ray Girardo 942-0638 Bob Hinson 841-5561	
Sat July 21		Steve Leonard 249-7248 Ron Blum 295-7812	Tony Condon 515-219-0089
Sun July 22	Chris Swan 513-410-2418	Jeff Beam 620-441-8116	
Sat July 28	Dave Stanko 393-6249	Mike Davis 772-8535 Scott Dimick 733-5678	Mike Westemier 316-729-2551
Sun July 29	Mike Westemier 729-2551	Keith Smith 785-643-6817 Kevin Ganoung 785-536-4540	
Sat Aug 4	Bob Hall 636-4218	Anthony Geide Mike Logback 620-241-8486	
Sun Aug 5	Brian Bird 636-4218	Jerome Martin 620-259-7827	Lauren Rezac 619-3207
<b>Sat Aug 11</b> Cookout	Mark Ross 636-4218	Bob Blanton 683-9759 Keith Smith 785-643-6817	Brian Bird 636-4218
Sun Aug 12		Bob Hinson 841-5561 David Kennedy 841-2912	
Sat Aug 18	Chris Swan 513-410-2418	Ron Blum 295-7812 Jeff Beam 620-441-8116	
Sun Aug 19	Dave Stanko 393-6249	Ray Girardo 942-0638 John Peters 620-367-3711	Andrew Peters 636-4218
Sat Aug 25	Jack Seltman 636-4218	Neal Pfeiffer 686-4306 Jim Taulman 913-837-0062	David Stanko 393-6249
Sun Aug 26	Rafael Soldan 706-255-9909	Harry Clayton 644-9117 Jerry Boone 620-662-5330	

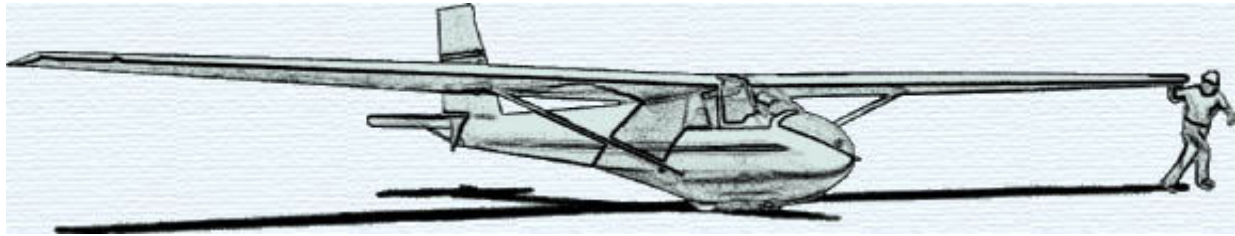
<p style="text-align: center;">KSA TOWCARD</p> <p>TOW NUMBER    START TACH TIME</p> <p>_____</p> <p>TOW PILOT _____</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">KSA TOWCARD</p> <p>TOW NUMBER    START TACH TIME</p> <p>_____</p> <p>TOW PILOT _____</p>
<p>PILOT _____</p> <p>ADDRESS _____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>SAILPLANE _____</p> <p>TOW HEIGHT _____</p> <p>TOW SPEED (MPH) _____</p> <p>DATE _____</p>	<p>PILOT _____</p> <p>ADDRESS _____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>SAILPLANE _____</p> <p>TOW HEIGHT _____</p> <p>TOW SPEED (MPH) _____</p> <p>DATE _____</p>
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KSA VARIOMETER

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Wichita, KS 67203

abcondon@gmail.com



## **MONTHLY KSA MEETING**

**Cookout at Sunflower**

**Saturday July 14<sup>th</sup>, 2012**

**Grill lights by 5:30 PM**

**Meat provided by KSA, bring a side dish to share!**