



Masthead photo by Dick Otis

My First Cross-Country Soaring Experience

Bob Gould

Sunday, July 22nd started with a forecast almost as good as the day before. It was going to be a great day for soaring, and I wouldn't be disappointed! Shane Neitzey wanted to fly his Capstan from FRR to VA61 (Scott Airpark) in Lovettsville, have lunch, and return to FRR - a round trip of about 80 miles. I was a willing and eager co-pilot and navigator, and the opportunity of experiencing my first XC flight in a ship like the Capstan with an experienced pilot/instructor was far too tempting to pass up.

We departed FRR around noon and released in big lift. Soon after reaching 7000 feet, Shane pointed the nose towards Winchester, and off we went into a headwind the entire first leg. The lift all the way to Berryville was just perfect: big puffy cues with large dark bases. What more could a glider pilot ask for? The only moment of questioning our potential success was as we approached Berryville. We encountered a little too much blue for a little too long, and thus we had descended to 3000 feet over Route 7. We were noting various fields in which we could aller aux vaches; Shane even spotted a friend's house and adjoining property suitable for landing. However, lo and behold, a big cu had moved into gliding distance, and back up into the very cool air we went.

Moving right along, by now Harper's Ferry was in sight. Jan

Scott's place was more or less about ten miles due east from us at that point, but we had two ridges to cross. Shane got us up to 9300 feet, and success was ensured. On descent to land we spotted another glider thermalling beneath us - a Scheibe Bergfalke. We spiraled down to join him in a circling duet. All that was missing to complete the beautiful scene was a little music - the Blue Danube, perhaps? After a few minutes of aerial waltzing with the Bergfalke, we landed at Jan Scott's place 2 hours and fifteen minutes after we had departed. Though we didn't have lunch (it was getting late), we did take the time to chat a while with Jan and some others there, and of course, ahem... drain our ballast tanks.

It was now 1530 hours, and we needed to get airborne to attempt the 2nd-leg of returning home. Jon's tow plane strained to get us to altitude, so we released at only a thousand feet, but at least we released in a thermal, though it was a relatively weak one. Shane was able to scratch us up to 4000 feet when we noticed a glider a little further east (and only about a mile from the ADIZ) at higher altitude in a strong thermal. We joined him, and we were at 8300 feet in no time. We crossed the two ridges passing over Jim Kellett's former workplace at Mt. Weather, and we headed directly towards FRR. Shane set the trim for 60 knots, and



now with the tailwind and over 8000 feet of altitude we were speeding along with probably a 50:1 L/D. The air was as smooth as glass on the way back. For a while, Shane didn't even have to hold the stick it was so smooth. Ah, but boredom was not going to set in; this is when the flight really got, uh... interesting. It so

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Significant Event

New Chief Flight Instructor

The Club's flight instructor cadre and the Board of Directors have overwhelmingly elected **Bob Sallada** as the new Chief CFI. Bob's *very* impressive background in aviation augurs well for the Club's instructional program—his full bio was included in the November, 2006 *Skylines* and repeated here for newer Members' information. We are fortunate indeed to have Bob in the Club, and in this position.

My introduction to gliders was unusual. The day I reported to the Naval Test Pilot School as Chief Flight Instructor following a Vietnam tour on the Kittyhawk, I was shown a couple of Schweizer 2-32's by the School's Exec who told me that: 1) the school had recently acquired them fresh from the assembly line, instrumented to demonstrate their unique flying qualities to students; and 2) he and I were going to perform a two-plane act at the Pax River air show in six weeks. Since I'd never even seen a glider before, my response was 'great, but how about teaching me how to fly it.' It turned out fine. Somewhere in this timeframe, the early 70's, I'm pretty sure that I met Jim Kellett at Warrenton when, for some reason, we felt a need to fly the SGS2-33.

For the next couple of years, I did a fair amount of 'stability&control' teaching in the 2-32's, which became a very small 'fun' portion of the flight syllabus. For our purposes, calm air was important and we had it aplenty at the outlying field we used. I think I felt a thermal once during that period and didn't know what it was (a characteristic I may still possess).

A few years later I returned to the School as the C.O. and again participated to some extent in the short glider syllabus each student receives. During those two tours, I flew LOTS of instructional flights in gliders, each of which was about 15 minutes long. I left the Navy at that point, and flew virtually nothing for fifteen years.

I spent a couple of humbling years getting my MBA at Wharton and then immersed in paying all sorts of professional 'dues' in a bunch of aviation-related corporate jobs.

In the mid-nineties, I said 'enough!' regarding the corporate rat-race and bought a small office furniture/systems company in Charlottesville (in hindsight, not one of my best ideas) Once settled in there, I decided that it was time to develop a hobby or two and decided flying sailplanes on the mission they were designed for would be one of them. So, off to Bermuda High to get my PPL. Thereafter I flew intermittently at Eagles Nest in Waynesboro, where I met Jim Garrison. I distinctly remember testing his patience in the Lark where I just couldn't stop my never-ending directional oscillations.

From Charlottesville, being the free spirit that I'd now become, I conducted a little survey of commercial glider operations with the objective of perhaps helping with the management somewhere in return for 'fun' with their sailplanes. Another less-than-optimum decision on my part found me doing that at the Kutztown, PA Airport, where they had a couple of Polish Krosno's and a 2-32, all in various states of deterioration and the latter configured to stuff two bodies in the rear seat for rides. I was getting smarter however, and it took me only about eight months to realize the error of my ways. I too often had dramatically experienced fulfillment of a strong sense of a situation being 'an accident waiting to happen.'

Once again in my 'free spirit' mode, I responded to a Harris



Hill ad in *Soaring* magazine to spend the summer of 2005 there being the weekday "Manager"/CFIG for their junior membership, which consisted of about 40 teenagers. That was a very positive and educational experience. Some of you have heard me describe working with the kids and the professionalism of the Club's 'big-time' operation.

That's the situation as the 2006 season draws down at Skyline. I couldn't be more pleased than to be a part of this operation and its professional and friendly membership.

I guess this "Bio" wouldn't be complete without summarizing some of my non-glider background. I've been very lucky to have had a lot of interesting, challenging, and sometimes exciting professional times.

Naval Officer:

Purdue - BS (Aero) NROTC

Squadron tour in the F-8 Crusader (my favorite of all time), when it was still new to the fleet - stood fighter alert in Key West for photo reconnaissance missions during the Cuban Missile Crisis.

As already mentioned - Vietnam cruise in one of the early A-7 squadrons. 100 combat missions.

Three tours at the Test Center - from TPS student to School C.O.

Participated in some very interesting T&E programs, including T-2 & F-4 spin evals (the latter was VERY short-lived), F-4 low-alt-high-speed stability eval, First eval of swing-wing TFX (McNamara's one-size-fits-all disaster)

Elected Member of Society of Experimental Test Pilots; piloted over 100 types of airplanes, most of which I'm a 1-3 flight 'expert' in)

Dubious distinction of not making the cut among the 20 finalists in what turned out to be the last Apollo astronaut selection.

Commanded the "E" east coast A7E squadron on the Forrestal. My few non-operational/T&E assignments were with the Mediterranean Fleet Commander staff and aviation officer career management in BuPers.

My 'second career' included:

VP, entrepreneurial business aircraft venture

Manager, Washington Ops for small California-based manufacturer

Program Manager, Lockheed/Boeing/GD Navy Advanced Tactical Fighter

Business Unit Manager, Douglas Flight Test Engineering

General Manager: T-45 Goshawk Flight Test Program (which, of all things, took me back to Pax River for a 4th tour—as a civilian)

happened that ATC now had all the east-bound Dulles approach traffic in a vector perpendicular to our glidepath. The heavies were crossing directly ahead of us, one after the other, from the west, heading east, right at our flight level. I felt like I was in that old video game, Frogger, where the frog has to cross the traffic lanes while dodging passing cars. Although the consequences of losing this game were far more than a spent quarter. I don't mean to make light of a potentially serious



situation; both Shane and I were scanning the sky like we've never scanned before. We also took the teeniest bit of solace that at least the Capstan was large, and its bright orange paint should make it look like a flying traffic cone. We passed through the victor airway, and the closest we came to a heavy was one that passed 1/2 mile

behind and a few hundred feet below. That was an eye-opening experience, let me assure you. I only wish that I had my camera with me.

Having cleared the traffic-way and breathing once again, we continued to FRR on air of glass arriving at 1615 hours at about 5000 feet. It took over two hours to get to VA61 in a headwind, but only 45 minutes to get back to FRR in a tailwind. It was damn fine flight. So, there you have it. A

recount of my first cross-country experience. Let me tell you, that was a day of soaring, no... rather, that was a day of living that I will always remember vividly. To all you newbie pilots like me in the club, the next time Shane asks if anyone would like to fly somewhere for lunch, be sure to take him up on his offer if you can. You won't regret it!

Civil Air Patrol National Flight Academy

Piet Barber

June 23 through June 29, I attended the Civil Air Patrol National Flight Academy Encampment, in Mattoon, Illinois. I took a week off work to go give flight instruction for the week. I got to fly one of the USAF's Air Force Academy's old 2-33 trainers. It was in pretty good condition, but was pretty clear that it had a long lifespan of injuries and repairs. All of the repairs were nicely done, but I've never seen a 2-33 with so much empty weight (and so tail-heavy too!)

Even though I paid my own air-fare to the event (A flight with Jet Blue to Chicago O'Hare, plus a one-way rental car trip from Chicago to Champaign, IL), I enjoyed the event. They paid my room and food expenses, and I got to concentrate on teaching 8 students to fly gliders.

The amazing thing is that within 7 days of instruction, I turned several students from having never seen a glider before to being able to do all aspects of the flight without any intervention, hints or help from me.

There were 24 students at the encampment, six flight instruc-

tors, three towplanes, and 9 tow pilots. We got to borrow a nice big hangar from the CIA. Not the US Government agency, but Central Illinois Air. It was quite easy to cram all the aircraft into the hangar when a big storm came through.

The weather?! Terrible! It rained or was cloudy every day of the encampment. It was quite amazing that we actually had any flights at all. Every day was ruined by weather, and most of the students did not get a flight higher than 1200 feet until the last few days of the encampment. This was by far the worst weather that the encampment had ever suffered. All the farmers were happy for all the rain, but the pilots were miserable.

When I was in New York City earlier this year, United Airlines lost my luggage for three days. During that time, I was forced to get some short term laundry at the local tourist trap. I bought some I heart NY tee shirts, some I heart NY boxers (several pairs), and a nice Borat Tee shirt saying "Sexy Time!" I wore this tee shirt one evening, (while we were all out of uniform) and the cadets, who apparently all had watched the movie many times over, all loved the tee shirt. Of course, the kids all said "Sexy Time!" (just like in the movie), every time they saw me. One of the cadets loved it so much, I gave it to him at the end of the encampment. It was like the old Coca Cola commercial when Mean Joe Green gave the little kid his work-out towel. (yuck).

Photo by Piet Barber



So Long, Farewell, Aufwiedersein, Good Bye. ..

Jim Kellett

Well, not so much farewell, but Bon Voyage . . .to our luminary Chief Flight Instructor/Webweenie. Yes, Piet Barber and his family left for the Confederation of Switzerland on July 24 for a two year stint working his computer magic in a new office, located in the village of Fribourg <http://tinyurl.com/324sab> .

Piet and Stacy (who used to be the Club's treasurer!) leave a HUGE hole in the Skyline family. Hurry back, guys!

A small group of Skyliners sent them off with a cookout in Winchester, plying them with steaks pie, ice cream, and a generous supply of authentic Mint Juleps. The group also resolved most local, regional, national, international, cultural, political, religious, and economic issues facing the world before the evening was over.

Swiss Family Barber Reports:

Sunday, July 29, 2007

Endlich sind wir in hier! (That's German for finally, we're here!)

Stacy started the day early, visiting the apartment at 0800 to greet the movers. The movers actually weren't moving in our stuff, per say, but rather, the stuff that we'll be renting for the next few weeks/months, until our air shipment, then the sea shipments arrive.

The furniture that we're leasing is actually very impressive, and we haven't been disappointed with the furniture at all. In fact, if our sea and air shipments never arrived, I think the only things we'd miss are my computer and associated stuff, the books, and more clothes. We're getting along fine so far.

As Stacy directed the furniture rental people to move in all the equipment into the apartment, I stayed back at the hotel with the kids. My mission was to... *continued on Piet's blog:*

<http://pietbarber.blogspot.com/>



Piet, former Chief CFI, and wife Stacy, SCC's former Treasurer (Better looking than the current one, eh?). Josh at the right and Joey below make up part of the Swiss Family Barber. Missing are Cecilia, Jake and the two Lapin.

Photos by Jim Kellett



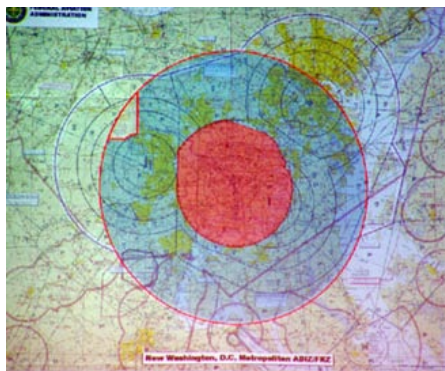
Regional Ramblings

Jim Kellett, Director, Soaring Society of America, Region IV

Good News, I think! The following from AvFlash: The FAA will reduce the size and simplify the geography of the Washington Air Defense Identification Zone, cutting 1,800 square miles from the zone and removing 33 airports. The new zone gets rid of the so-called "Mickey Mouse ears" that described the complex shape of the old ADIZ and creates an almost perfect circle with a 30-nm radius, centered on Washington. FAA Administrator Marion Blakey made the announcement at EAA AirVenture in Oshkosh today. The new ADIZ takes effect on Aug. 30. Blakey said the new ADIZ was shaped based on consultation with aviation groups and the 20,000 comments received from the public when the Notice of Proposed Rulemaking was issued two years ago. "Score one for GA," she told a happy crowd that loudly applauded the decision.

Blakey acknowledged the existing ADIZ was put together in haste in the post-9/11 era and its complicated geography resulted in a lot of unnecessary violations. To help prevent unintentional

violations of the airspace, Blakey announced four air traffic control positions will be created at Potomac terminal radar control center that will be dedicated to handling ADIZ traffic. She said the extra attention and the simplified geography will enhance security by allowing staff to concentrate on those who appear to be intentionally violating the space. The airspace has a triangular transition area in the northwest section for Leesburg Airport, but special procedures must be used for ingress and egress to the field. —<http://www.avweb.com/eletter/archives/avflash/920-full.html#195743>



The FAA is also adding four new positions at the Potomac TRACON, the facility that supports safety and security procedures in the ADIZ. When the changes go into effect, they can be found at www.faa.gov.



HAWAII RIDGE SOARING


Mike Hatfield

I drew the short straw and had to go to Hawaii a few weeks ago. Somebody had to go. Anyway I managed to get in a few flights at Dillingham field. The first two flights were in a Fox (see top photo). On the first flight I took a tow to 5k behind an L19 followed by about 15 minutes of acrobatic instruction. I took the flight mostly to get some instruction in recovery from unusual attitudes. Spent about half the flight just rolling upside down and back again along with what I would define as extended inverted flight. The last half was demo, all the usual stuff. At 1500 ft it was time to head over to the ridge. Ran the ridge a couple of times at about 1200 feet. Then at the south end of the field we found a thermal and made it up to about 1500. As we were headed into the pattern the instructor (Steve) said "let me show you what ridge soaring is really about". So off we went at about 90 knots and 800 feet (800 feet up that is, the cliff was a lot closer). Made a few passes up and down cliffs at which point we had been up about 50 minutes. As much as I do not want to admit it, my stomach had about enough. I must be getting too old for acrobatics! So one 50 minute flight, acrobatics, ridge running, thermalling. A guy could get spoiled quick! The price was not bad. The tow cost \$90 and the rental plus instructor was \$102.

I went back about a week later and took another flight in the Fox. A quick 2 minute tow to 1000 feet (\$25) and then spent the better part of an hour running up and down the ridge at about 800 feet and 90 knots. Having all that rock go by that close takes some getting use to. But what fun!



On Saturdays the folks at Acroflight do auto tows for Explorer Post 2013. So for a \$10 donation to the Scouts I took an auto-tow to 1200 feet. What glider pilot could pass up such a deal. It was my first ground launch and was a very interesting ride. The glider was a 2-32 and at about 500 feet the tow rope started to sing like a guitar string. Being inside the aluminum can on one end of that string was a little hard on the ears. The rate of climb was in excess of 1000 fpm and we were at 1200 feet in no time. When we landed the two car driver offered to let me ride along during a launch. Of course I accepted. They were using a pulley mounted to the trailer hitch to provide them with a 2 to 1 advantage. On the first attempt to launch the glider aborted. Since we were 4000+ feet down the runway we could not see what had happened. We went about resetting the rope and found out that a tow plane landed and thought the plane we were about launch needed a tow and pulled in front of the glider. That would be one for the books. (Glider runs over tow plane!). Disaster averted it took about 5 minutes to reset and get this going again. The tow car accelerated to about 26 mph fairly quickly and stayed there. You can really get a feel for just how much power it takes to pull the aircraft to altitude. LOTS!!

If you ever get the chance I recommend stopping by Dillingham field and getting a ride. The Fox is very responsive and a lot of fun to fly. 

Naval Air Station Oceana,

the East Coast's only Master Jet Base, is busily preparing for the 2007 NAS Oceana Air Show. Mark your calendars for September 7th, 8th and 9th and make sure you don't miss a single minute of what promises to be our best show yet!

<http://www.oceanaairshow.com/index.php>

One of the featured performers will be **Manfred Radius** who began his career in flying sailplanes in 1961 at age 17 in Hamburg, Germany. He has logged in excess of 4,000 flights and accumulated over 1,900 hours in at least 60 types of sailplanes. Manfred is a top professional air show performer who ushered in a new era in sailplane demonstrations. He has the distinction of having introduced world championship-level performances to air shows in North America. His award-winning main act 'The Ultimate' contains samples of all aerobatic maneuver families, including unique maneuvers performed only by Manfred with a glider at air shows. The

Photo courtesy of NAS Oceana



grand finale of 'The Ultimate' is the spectacular inverted ribbon cut. Performed by a sailplane without the benefit of engine power,

this difficult stunt leaves the audience in awe and amazement. In addition to his daytime demonstrations, Manfred also performs at night with his sailplane. His spectacular night act has been enjoyed by millions in North America and in Australia. Manfred's extensive background in glider aerobatics and competing in world-class aerobatic championships enables him to demonstrate the capabilities of his fully aerobatic glider to the fullest

New Members

Steve Rockwood SSC Membership Officer

Welcome recently joined probationary members to the Skyline Soaring Club

Geoffrey Anthony - Alexandria, Virginia

Ron Anthony - Alexandria, Virginia

Sergey Baklanov - Ashburn, Virginia

David Collier - Summit Point, West Virginia

(Son of famed SSC flier and 1-26 pilot Bob Collier)

Dennis Johnson - Alexandria, Virginia

Mark McGovern - Washington, DC

Ricardo Pradella - Madrid, Spain

The club has also seen many temporary membership including

Marshall Golliday

Brian Pugh

Elaine Chou

Greg Nielsen

Mark Scott

Charles Webb

Raju Krishnan

Subbu Subramaniam

Richard Swan

Charles Keil

Norma Hughes

Please welcome these new members to the Skyline Soaring family.

Requesting Information About Soaring

Dear Mr. Noonan,

I would like to tell you a bit about my program and the unique students I come across. I work with Foreign Exchange students that come to the US to live with an American host family while they go to the local high school. Students come with their own spending money for their activities and are medically insured.

Jannik is from Germany and has been soaring in his homeland. I would like to find a family that has the same interest and he can continue this very unique interest. I would very much

appreciate it if you could share his information with anyone that may be interested. Please feel free to pass my contact info along to anyone wanting to know more about this special young man.

Sincerely,

Dale Ann Nicholson

NWSE Regional Manager

<http://www.nwse.com/>

11 Parade Road

Warwick, RI 02886-9625

401-736-0376 508-597-2717 E Fax

Glider School

Mike Ash

When I arrived at the airport at about 10AM, the sky was wonderfully blue and almost perfectly clear. There was a low deck on the other side of the Massanutten just barely visible over the mountains. As Bob Collier and I put 289 together this soon changed, and the sky quickly filled with beautiful cumulus. This was not a day to wait, because it was already cooking fast. I had a quick lunch and the duty officer kindly slotted me in between instructional flights, and I was off the ground at 11:15.

I'd been having bad luck with early releases lately, but the day looked so great that I decided to punch off in the first thermal I found above 1500 AGL. The vario was regularly hitting 10kt on tow and soon I pulled the release in what seemed to be a nice thermal at 1800 AGL.

I quickly regretted the decision. The first thermal turned out to be a dud, and the second, and the third. More than once I found myself hoping my mic wasn't accidentally triggered as I realized I was saying certain unpleasant things in the solitude of my cockpit. 1800ft is not a lot of altitude to find lift, especially not in a 1-26, and I found myself just off the arrival end of runway 27 at about 1000ft.

I knew I could easily make the runway if not a completely



Photo by Dick Otis

normal pattern, pushed it a little more, and finally hit lift at 900ft. Turning in and seeing the vario point up made everything worthwhile. As I turned I looked out at the airport and saw the Grob turning base. I said to myself, "Self, you are about a mile away from the threshold, straight down the centerline, smack at pattern altitude, right where all the powered traffic is going to be coming in. How about getting away from here real quick?"

The thermal cooperated and quickly pulled me out of the pattern. I've had better but I'll take that thermal any day. It was tight and a little squirrely down low, and I spent the first couple of minutes doing 45-degree banked turns at just over stall speed. Once above 2000 AGL it smoothed out and got wider and I was able to make more comfortable turns all the way up to 4000, where it died and I headed out.

I slowly worked my way away from the airport in variable lift, but no more low saves presented themselves. Just past Signal Knob I hit some great lift and attained my best altitude of the day, 5000ft indicated. The air was refreshingly cool at that altitude, almost cold. I spent a bit of time there circling with Craig Bendorf in WV, but I soon lost sight of him and I headed South.

The lift in this area was really great, and I had a couple of long straight glides which ended at altitudes higher than where I started. I started to think I could just porpoise under the clouds and go wherever I wanted.

Over Woodstock, disaster struck. I got suddenly and somewhat violently airsick. I had been feeling a bit sick on and off during the flight but this caught me by surprise. I didn't have time to get my bag and the result was predictable.

The prospect of continuing in that state was unappealing, and not being within gliding range of Front Royal I decided I should find a place to land around Woodstock. Earlier I had been eying a running track and parking lot side by side, so I went over to take a closer look.

I cruised over the pair at about 1000ft above them and took a look. They were both a bit small but they would do. The parking lot had some unfortunate lampposts, but I thought I would be able to make it over them, then land in the remaining space. The track didn't feel right for reasons I couldn't pin down, so I decided on the parking lot.

I turned this investigation into the crosswind leg of a make-

shift pattern. Flying downwind I tilted the wing a couple of times to gauge my distance, then at the right time turned base and final for the parking lot.

On short final it became apparent that the parking lot was smaller than it had looked from 1000ft and going over the poles wasn't going to work. A harder look at the poles revealed adequate spacing between them, and so I pulled the spoilers all the way out, pushed the rudder to the floor, and aimed for the centerline of the parking lot.

Passing safely between the poles, I touched down and immediately pushed the nose down to put the skid on. The brakes started filling the cockpit with smoke. The end of the

parking lot came up fast but the brake and skid did their job. When it became apparent that I had made it, I let up on the brake and drifted to a stop a couple of plane lengths from the pole at the end of the lot.

Getting out, I saw that I had landed in a parking lot for the Woodstock Middle School. (And, it turned out, Elementary School and High School.) Being a summer Saturday, the place was deserted. I called Bob and we decided to try getting the coordinates off the glider's GPS and having my wife put them in to our car GPS. Soon they were on their way, and I was left talking to one curious visitor after another. It seemed like the whole neighborhood had seen the landing and wanted to find out what was going on.

The GPS worked perfectly with one hitch: a data entry error had my crew navigating to the vicinity of 38.51N 78.31N, when it should have been 38°51'N 78°31'N. This would have put them somewhere in the wilderness on the East side of the Blue Ridge, but as the GPS brought them back in to Front Royal they realized something was wrong. Another call cleared up the mistake and got them back on course.

The cavalry came riding over the hill not too long later, with my wife, Bob, and his son David in tow. About a minute later, a police car rolled up. I briefly told him that I had landed there, were no damage or injuries, and no assistance was required. He was naturally curious like my other visitors but it seemed that he had bigger fish to fry and was soon off chasing some suspicious character elsewhere.

I returned to the glider and the four of us made quick work of loading it on the trailer, and soon 289, pilot, and crew were on their way back home.

Lessons learned:

- 1) If prone to airsickness, keep a bag handy.
- 2) Pick larger places to land.
- 3) Be more conservative when judging the effect obstacles will have on landing distance.
- 4) A 1-26 will still save your butt even when you violate rules 2 and 3.

My Flight of the Day

Gordon Roesler

The planets lined up and I had a great flight on July 7th. I had a goal of getting a 2-hour flight for the Bronze badge. Also, I'd recently purchased a barograph from Jim Kellett, which was giving me ideas. My longest flight this year had been under an hour. But July 7th was showing a beautiful, clear forecast, and a VERY high temperature/dew point spread. For once, Nature wasn't playing a little joke, but was instead providing bountiful lift and great weather.

I'm a relatively inexperienced pilot, so I made sure to seek some advice (this is NOT typical for me). The previous weekend, I'd blown a good shot at a 2-hour Bronze flight by getting too far from a known thermal. George Hazelrigg said, "Yeah, when you're going for time, you have to be conservative." I would remember that on the 7th. Also, on that morning, I asked Paul Seketa when would be best to launch for an endurance flight. He said, "I'd wait until one o'clock."

It was amazing how on-the-mark Paul was. Because I launched in the Sprite at 12:15. Dick Otis put me right in some great lift north of the ridge, so I popped off at 2500 feet and was soon at 5,000. There were some large, flat-bottomed clouds over the ridge, where I then flew to find—NOTHING. There was nothing west of the ridge either, and a promising bunch of water droplets yielded just a bump.

Could it really be that launching 45 minutes earlier than Paul recommended was going to be fatal? Man, it sure looked that way. Soon, I was forced to head back toward the field at best glide. I started the pre-landing checklist, and tested the spoilers, at just below 2000 feet. There was a strong bump over a plowed field; and I said, "Okay, I can do exactly ONE turn."

The next thing I knew, I was at 2700'—with my hand still on the spoilers. I took that same thermal all the way up to 6000 feet. It was one o'clock. Suddenly there was lift everywhere. I wasn't below 4000 feet for the next three hours.

One of the niftiest things was the way some of the lift was generated. The sun started warming the western face of the eastern ridge. It was a fantastic source of lift—I didn't even have to circle! Flying along the ridge, I was in zero sink at 5000 feet, just going straight, for miles.

At the hour-and-a-half point, I called to see if anyone wanted the Sprite. The Duty Officer thankfully said, "If you can stay up, you should."

Later in the afternoon, some folks came up to join me. At one point there were five gliders in my vicinity. Kevin Fleet in his Libelle was the one I saw the most. We spent a lot of time on the radio, being safety conscious. It was fun to see him go under me a thousand feet below, and be able to say, "Look straight up."

Being up for 3 and a half hours gave me some time to practice a couple of things I don't usually do. For example, flying with my left hand on the stick. I still need some work on that, but it enabled me to take a couple of pictures. There's one of Kevin as we were both circling at about 4500', and one of a glider in tow with another circling in that ridge thermal.

At hour three, my hamstrings suddenly started to feel sore, and I began working on a headache. That told me that I should land, although there was still plenty of lift going. I flew over to



Front Royal from the ridge, and then back to the IP, with the spoilers full open. A normal approach and landing ended a great flight.

Lessons learned:

1. I had a liter of water with me which I drank at hour two. Amazingly, I never had to relieve myself. I hadn't brought any of my relief containers, so that's a good thing.

2. I didn't notch the barograph. Turns out that it didn't matter. The temperature-dew point spread was 31 degrees, which predicted a ceiling amazingly close to the 6200 feet I could never get above. So because I released at 3200', there was not going to be a Silver altitude gain as part of the day. But notching would still have been good, and I also need to work on the sticky stuff—I got a good trace, but one end of the paper was loose.

3. When should we shift to the glider-to-glider frequency of 123.3 MHz? With five gliders up, we were talking to each other a lot, as we should have been, but were stepping on Unicom at the same time.

Thanks to the Club, the tow pilot, and the duty crew for the support that day. Also thanks to the Sprite pilots who DIDN'T come out to fly. That gave me the chance to have a truly memorable flight.

Photos by Gordon Roesler



A Fine Year of Soaring—July 20th marks one year from my first instructional flight in a glider and one year with Skyline Soaring Club. During this truly amazing year I:

- Had my first solo in a glider.
- Soared thermals, ridge, and wave.
- Obtained my PPL-G.
- Flew 94 flights adding up to nearly 37 hours in four different models of glider.
- Flew over 60 nautical miles cross country.

When I first strapped in to our ASK-21 last year I had no idea that I would accomplish so much in just a year. If next year is half as wonderful, I will be extremely pleased.

I would like to extend my thanks to the entire membership of SSC for making everything possible, and particularly to the SSC instructors. In particular I would like to give special thanks to Bob Sallada who did so much in teaching me to fly, and to Bob Collier for introducing me to the joys of the 1-26 and cross country flying.—Mike Ash

Skyliners—With all the talk about buying another club ship, I'd be up for sharing a Schweizer 1-26 with a small group. Anyone interested?—Dennis Johnson dj@denniskjohnson.com

Diamond Goal—Unless I did something wrong while flying, or do something wrong while applying, I completed my 300 kilometer Diamond Goal flight recently

All thermal, just under 4 hours. Mifflin County to Orbisonia to Selingsgrove to Turnpike Tunnels and return to Mifflin. Tried to tack on another 200 k to get the Distance also, but the day was dying, and I opted to turn back about 30 miles short. Lots of fun, several good runs under cloud streets, at least 2 turns with over 1100 fpm climb. Whee !!

Yes, I have my Gold badge, and yes, it requires a 300 k, but I missed one little rule and wasn't able to get the Diamond Goal on that flight.—Fred Winter

Yeah, I know this is (a) a topic hotly debated within the soaring community and (b) an area of safety that is currently in great technological flux ... but I just confirmed to my own personal satisfaction the merits of having a Mode C transponder installed in my glider when flying in THIS particular airspace at THIS time

On June 17, 2007 I was thermalling in my ASW-20C through 5,800' MSL over the town of Front Royal, about 3 NM north of the Linden VOR. As I turned east (in a right turn), I observed a small airliner in dark blue livery east of me, in a slight right turn, ca. 0.25 miles away; as I continued turning south, I was able to observe the plane leveling its wings. I later confirmed through Potomac Tracon that their logs showed that Trans States Airlines flight LOF 8001, (operating as United Express 8001), an Embraer ERJ-145 enroute from Roanoke, VA to IAD, reported a TCAS RA at 1932 Z over FRR. That was me.

See and avoid was a useless strategy for preventing this incident. Would other technologies have served the same purpose? I don't know, but I'm certainly glad the technology I had on board worked this time!— Jim Kellett

Then and Now!



Bela and Susan Gogos' 50 th Anniversary—Bela and Susan Gogos of Gainesville, VA were married on April 20, 1957 in Peterborough, Canada. Susan is the former Szigeti Wargha Susanna of Budapest, Hungary. She was a well known Hungarian Olympic athlete and Bela is, of course, the unparalleled sailplane pilot, Hungarian Air Force Colonel and retired IBM engineer.

The couple have a daughter, Lilly, S. Dibble of Warrenton, VA, and a grandson, Kyle Bela Dibble.

Please change my email address to MTIWireless@verizon.net instead of the old one Marktelecominc@verizon.net
—Mark Scott

EAA's "Keep It Flying" B-17 Tour will be coming to a town near you soon! The tour brings the beautifully restored B-17 Flying Fortress "Aluminum Overcast" to a local airport for flight experiences and walk-through tours. This aircraft is one of a handful of airworthy B-17s still flying.


EAA invites you to reserve a seat for a flight aboard this rare WW II bomber and experience "the ride of a lifetime."

Tour Stops at;
Warrenton, VA

Warrenton-Fauquier Airport September 4-5

You can learn more about the flight experience, history and operation of our B-17 at <http://www.b17.org/> Pre-booked flights cost \$359 for EAA Members, and \$399 for non-Members. Walk-up prices are \$385 for EAA Members and \$425 for non-Members. Seats are filling up fast, so pre-book your flight today and save \$26 off the walk-up price! It's a great experience you won't want to miss ... plus you'll be helping to support the preservation of aviation history and supporting aviation in your local community.

Don't delay, call our B-17 hotline at 800-359-6217 or visit our website at <http://www.b17.org/> to reserve your seat today!

Elsewhere, China announced plans to send a new brand of rat poison to the United States under the name "Delicious Cupcakes." 



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