

# SKYLINE

SKYLINE SOARING CLUB NEWSLETTER

September 2008

## Soaring in Saanen Switzerland

*Story and photos  
by Piet Barber  
SSC Webmaster in Exile*

**A**s you may know I belong to the glider club in Bern, Switzerland ([www.sgbern.ch](http://www.sgbern.ch)).

As you also may know my family was in the US for the whole month of July while I was on business in Stockholm and Lithuania for the end of June and early July.

Every year, the glider club packs up all their gliders and heads to a little town in the valleys of the southern part of Canton Bern, right on the border to Vaud. That town is Saanen.

The club relocated for four weeks. For three of those four weeks I was unable to do any flying, as I was in Stockholm, Lithuania, or being the on-call systems administrator at work. During this hectic on-call week I have no personal life whatsoever, and flying is out of the question. So without any ability to make good on the first three weeks of Saanen flying I tried to cram it all into the last week. I took off a week from work and planned to become the expert Alpine glider pilot. The results?

**Saturday:** Rain. Stayed home and played video games.

**Sunday:** Rain. Stayed home and played video games.

**Monday:** Rain, I made some Johannisbeeren jam.

**Tuesday:** I showed up at the field at 10:20 a.m.

"Sorry, you had to attend the meet-



**Piet Barber, SSC webmaster-in-exile, visited the Swiss town of Saanen to experience the thrill of soaring through the Alps.**

ing at 9:30 a.m. to fly. Today there are not enough instructors anyway"

I did not know about this rule, so I'm both heartbroken and disappointed. I don't argue. I drive through Vaud to Fribourg via Gruyeres and go to work. Too bad, because it was the perfect soaring day. I did my best to not look out the windows and stayed late at work to avoid seeing the nice weather on the way home. I did manage to get some quality work done.

**Wednesday:** Show up at 9:30 a.m., just in time for the briefing. I would have shown up earlier, but I was at the end of a mile long line of frustrated traffic, all driving slower than they wanted due to a slug-

gish tour bus. Once the bus stopped, the cars flew out in front of me and I did not see them again. At the field, I managed to get an instructor and fly. (More on that in a moment.)

I took so many pictures that my camera battery ran out of charge, so, unfortunately, I could take no more pictures. Fortunately, I got some stunning shots.

I brought along my camping gear to spend the night. I pitched my tent, in apparently the wrong place, and got a serious yelling-at by one of the locals. Typical; no signs, no nothing, just tribal knowledge that I, the dirty foreigner, had no way of knowing. Sometimes I think this coun-

try is inhabited by noise-sensitive accountants. I walk with such soft steps around the Swiss, but always seem to anger them by something I do wrong. Whether it's taking out the trash the wrong way, or pitching my tent in the wrong place, it doesn't seem to matter. This is one of the quite frustrating parts of the Swiss experience. When I go back to America, I promise, I will be much nicer to the foreigners. (The yeller, a club member, later apologized).

The town of Saanen hosted a big party with beer, Raclette (see "Raclette" on page 5) and steak, and lots of people enjoying themselves. Unfortunately, every time something cool like this happens, work calls. Even though I was not on call I was asked to explain the otherwise unexplainable. I quickly inhaled my pork chop dinner, being grateful that I did not drink too much beer, and spent the next three hours online finding out why a.root-servers.net was doing a traffic spike. (That's one of the many things I do, figuring out what causes DNS traffic spikes on VeriSign's root name servers).

**Thursday:** It rained, again. I did not sleep particularly well, my make-shift pillow was highly unsatisfactory and I never could get quite comfortable. The rain that fell on Thursday was the sort of long awful depressing rain that turns the most devout tea-totaler to a life of the bottle. Prior to my departure on Wednesday morning I knew it was going to rain all day on Thursday, but I decided camping through the rain was necessary to fly on Friday. On Friday it would be impossible to be late and miss the morning briefing. Besides, what else was I going to do? Watch TV? Play video games? Go to work? My RC helicopter was broken, so that wasn't going to entertain me.

While wasting time that rainy day I ate lunch inside my favorite café in Saanen, looking at the drippy world outside. I later visited The Museum der Landshaft Saanen in the city center. The museum has lots of artifacts from the 18th and 19th centuries, and many artifacts of the pre-modern era. It was clear that either those people had lots of religious icons, or the religious icons were more durable and tended to last a few centuries.

After the previous night of camping, with a sack of socks and underwear as a pillow, part of my day's agenda was to shop for a pillow in Gstaad. I found a flowery pillow for the very reasonable price of 10 CHF in a store selling lots of stuff with potpourri. My tent no longer smelled like stinky wet clothes but now smelled of stinky wet clothes and potpourri. Not too bad I guess.

On Thursday evening was the Saanenlagerfest. The morning started out with a call for volunteers to snap the ends off of the 18 kilograms of green beans. I volunteered and sat with seven or so Swiss ladies in their 60s and 70s snapping or cutting away. They spoke Bärndütsch with each other until one said, "Oh you probably don't understand anything we are saying" (in High German). I responded "Nit nüüt" ("Not nothing," in Bärndütsch; which, in case you're curious, is "Nicht nichts" in High German).

As is typically the habit people will be speaking Bärndütsch, and as they scan the room for feedback, once they notice I'm there, they quickly switch to High German. Invariably, three sentences later, they revert back to Bärndütsch without realizing it. Or it becomes a mix between High German, but uses many oops words that they don't realize are not



**The Bern Switzerland Soaring Club moves to the Swiss town of Saanen for a week each year to fly the Alps.**



High German. I don't mind. I have to learn it anyway, and would be rude of me to expect that the whole region conform to my needs, than for me to conform to their customs.

When the dinner was ready, the tables were set for us. Each place had a name tag in the form of a Post-It note. Mine was "Pit," which in Bärndütsch you would pronounce how you would normally pronounce Pete. If it was "Piet" Bärndütsch rules would dictate that it be pronounced like "PEE-yet." The Swiss always think it is strange when I introduce myself as "PEET," a name they are not familiar with. They expect the German pronunciation of "PAY-ter." The Bernese, and presumably other Swiss Germans, like to mess up somebody's proper name to Swissify it. Peter is "Pesha," Kurt is "Kurtli" and so on.

All the placemats were handmade for this event. Each placemat was a spread from the Swiss equivalent of Tiger Beat magazine. Why waste perfectly good paper for a disposable place mat? The corners were carefully cut round, and before dinner, they were good conversation pieces. My page was obviously from a teeny-girl magazine and described different ways you could accessorize for events like going on a safari or to the beach.

Some of the people to my left had crossword puzzles. My flight instructor, Pol (Paul), had a biography of a very beautiful young woman, fully nude. Her particulars were protected with a half of a Post-It note and the word Zensur inscribed. I guess the Swiss equivalent of the Tiger Beat magazine has nudity, too. Europeans don't get so freaked out about these things. Everybody had a good laugh about it. The Post-It note was flipped up many times. "So! Sy isch Brazilian!" one commented.

The food was excellent. I went back for seconds of green-beans, but also enjoyed the other dishes. There was a big hunk of Wurst of some sort, dried pears, and the dessert was a donated pair of cakes suitable to feed 40. This was a meal to remember.

Of course, the whole event was in Bärndütsch, and I'm really glad I decided to start taking lessons to learn this dialect in November of last year. I have finally cut the corner of comprehension and can understand, for the most part, what the heck these people are talking about.

I'm getting better with this, and if I paid close attention, I could make out 70 percent of what they were saying.

We went out for drinks afterwards. Ivan told a tale about living in Thun (another Swiss town). He spoke, in Bärndütsch, of people coming from all over Switzerland to a huge conference. The conference featured these people showing off their strange devices. I did not understand what the device was and I did not interrupt.

"There were green ones and big ones and awful ones and ugly ones"

He went on for a while, "They were so proud of these awful machines."

I smiled and nodded in that "I have no idea what you are talking about" way; I simply lacked the cultural reference to know what he was talking about. The others at the table roared with laughter. OK, I was pretty left out.

Ivan (who speaks English quite well) stopped when he saw I wasn't following and told me the story in English. He was talking about a Drehorgel (barrel organ) conference. Now I



**Piet Barber, and instructor Pol Keller, fly a DG-300 over the Swiss mountains near Saanen.**

can only imagine how entertaining it must have been at this conference, with all the goofy different Drehorgeln. After Ivan filled me in, I laughed the same volume and tone, only delayed by the required description of what a Drehorgel was.

**Friday:** The clouds were too low. The only instructor at the field wanted to pack up his camper and head home. I packed up my junk and headed home too. Finally, some replacement parts came for my broken helicopter, so I put them all together and did some flying for the first time in a month. In case you were curious, the replacement parts were for a broken the rotor hub and a lost fly-bar -- it separated in-flight and was lost in the rose garden somewhere, just before I headed off to Stockholm.

**Saturday:** No formal flying operations at Bern. Everyone was packing up at Saanen. I spent the day chatting with people in Bern, and had dinner with everybody at the party after the relocation from Saanen. While bored in the hangar I sat in the cockpit of the DG-300 to get comfortable, and read through the glider's manual (in German). That evening we enjoyed a large dinner for a very reasonable price of 5 CHF (somebody donated lots of money to the cause). The food was excellent.

**Sunday:** I was the Barakenchef and kept the clubhouse clean while nobody flew. The weather was marginal and the clouds were gathering for a great storm. At the nearby Gurten Mountain there was a big concert planned. The chief of the day's operations warned us sternly to avoid flying over the concert. Although the flight activity was minimal, I managed to convince the chief officer to let me do some flying. I got three flights in the DG-300. To solo any aircraft in this club you need to have four familiarization flights. I managed to get out of three of them.

The DG-300 is a very nice glider: no surprises, easy to fly, quiet at high speeds, good balance between rudder and ailerons, although I had a tendency to skid. The seating was also quite comfortable but I had a hard time seeing part of the grass field, which didn't help me prove my skill at spot landings. The chalk and gravel has been overgrown by grass and is impossible to see clearly on final approach. The third flight was a release at 250 meters on the downwind leg and



**Piet and his instructor, Pol, made use of a "Swiss house thermal," in this case a restaurant at the top of an Alpine ski lift.**

**During the summer months the Swiss make use of the ski slopes for mountain biking, hiking, and sometimes as paragliding launch sites.**

the rain was coming down hard as I landed. Operations were canceled for the day as a thunderstorm rolled in. We used old windshield wipers to clean off the rain from the wings.

**Monday:** On a plane to the USA, starting at 5:45 a.m. My Swiss neighbor was so nice that he volunteered to drive me to the airport that early.

### **Flying Report:**

**In total:** Five days leave from work, one flight in Saanen lasting three hours. Three more flights in cloudy rainy weather in Bern, totaling 41 minutes.

Was it worth it? Heck yeah, wait till you see the pictures.

I told my instructor, Pol, to give me a demonstration flight for flying in the Alps. We towed up to 1000 meters above the airport, about 2000 meters msl. We held on a bit longer, towing up to about 2200 meters before we let the tow plane go. The turbulence was moderate right next to the mountain peaks on tow but once we were off things smoothed out.

We sniffed around for lift but finally settled on a thermal that he was very familiar with; that house-thermal that every local instructor knows. In this case it was not a house but rather a restaurant at the top of a ski lift. During the winter this ski lift would be filled with warmly-dressed skiers enjoying a Latté on top of the mountain. On that Wednesday the ski lift was empty. Too bad because the Latté drinkers would have gotten quite a show. We circled just upwind of the restaurant and climbed well above the ridgeline within a few minutes.

We headed south to see the other mountains near Gsteig more closely. With no lift there we headed back to our faith-

ful thermal over the restaurant. We headed back there a few times and I even asked Pol to do some of the flying so I could get pictures.

Of course, these photos don't do any justice to the actual views.

After about two and a half hours I could tell Pol was craving a cigarette. I warned him if I had it my way we would be flying until sundown. We did a steep approach with a very strangely shaped pattern; a very long downwind leg, almost a 180 degree turn for a base leg, and a very long final approach, with deadly consequences if we landed short of the runway's edge.



**Skyline Soaring Club, Inc.** is a private, 501(c7) non-profit organization, dedicated to the enjoyment and promotion of the sport of soaring. SSC is based at the Front Royal-Warren County, Va. airport and is an affiliate club of the Soaring Society of America. For information about the club go to [www.skylinesoaring.org](http://www.skylinesoaring.org) or e-mail [welcome@skylinesoaring.org](mailto:welcome@skylinesoaring.org).

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# Raclette

is a dish indigenous to parts of Switzerland, Wallonia and France. The Raclette cheese round is heated, either in front of a fire or by a special machine, then scraped onto diners' plates. The term Raclette derives from the French Racler, meaning "to scrape." Traditionally it is accompanied by small firm potatoes (Bintje, Charlotte or Raclette varieties), gherkins, pickled onions, dried meat such as Prosciutto and Viande des Grisons, sliced peppers, tomatoes, onions, mushrooms, pears, and dusted with paprika and fresh-ground black pepper.

In the Swiss canton of Valais, raclette is typically eaten with tea or other warm beverages, or with a white wine, called Fendant, made from the Chasselas grape.

Raclette was mentioned in medieval writings as a particularly nutritious meal consumed by peasants in mountainous Switzerland. It was then known in the German-speaking part of Switzerland as Bratchäs, or "roasted cheese." Traditionally, the Swiss cow herders used to take the cheese with them when they were moving cows in the mountain pastures. In the evenings they would place the cheese next to the campfire and, when it reached the perfect softness, scrape it on top of bread.

A modern way of serving Raclette involves an electric table-top grill with small pans known as Coupelles to heat slices of the Raclette cheese. The cheese is brought to the table sliced, accompanied by platters of potatoes, other vegetables, charcuterie and perhaps seafood. Diners create their own small packages of food by cooking small amounts of meat, vegetables and seafood on the griddle. These are then mixed with potatoes and topped with cheese in the small, wedge-shaped Coupelles that are placed under the grill to melt and brown the cheese. Alternatively, slices of cheese may be

melted and simply poured over food on the plate.

Raclette meals are relaxed and sociable affairs with the meal often running several hours. French and other European supermarkets generally stock both the grill apparatus and ready-sliced cheese and charcuterie selections for use with it. Restaurants also provide Raclette evenings for parties of diners.

—Wikipedia



## Copy That!

### Membership Notes

Over the last little while we have become a bit lax about completing the required information with respect to new members or members upgrading to probationary. This is a friendly reminder of what is expected to keep the membership up-to-date and legal.

Anyone coming to the club with FAST voucher receives a free 30-day introductory membership in addition to the instruction materials and introductory flight the voucher provides. But did you know all FAST voucher users are required to complete a paper membership form and sign the form accepting the terms and conditions of flying with the club?

In addition the new introductory member's information on the paper membership form should be included on the log sheet so the membership officer can input it into the membership database. The membership data is coupled with the instruction reports generated by the instructors so it's important to get the new member information in quickly. Just writing the information on the log sheet does not cover the club in the event of an issue that may arise from that member. We need a signed form acknowledging acceptance of the waivers. The signed paper membership form is kept on file by the membership officer to legally cover the club.

A person using a FAST voucher is not required to pay the \$50 introductory membership fee; however a person without a voucher who wants to join as

an introductory member is required to pay that \$50 fee. Please indicate on the top of the paper membership form if the introductory membership is a result of a FAST voucher so we can track the types of memberships we receive.

The FAST voucher needs to be collected by the duty officer prior to the flight and then sent to the treasurer so we can recoup the costs.

Members upgrading from introductory to probationary membership are required to complete another membership form and check the appropriate box at the top indicating the type of membership they are requesting.

If a member has joined the club with an introductory membership, has paid the \$50 fee, and then decides to upgrade to a probationary membership, the \$50 fee is applicable to the first-half initiation fee. So, this member would pay \$250 minus \$50 (\$200) for the first-half initiation plus SSA and monthly dues.

If a member has received a 30-day introductory membership with a FAST voucher and wants to upgrade to a probationary membership, that person is required to pay the full \$250 first-half initiation fee. Since the person had not previously paid the introductory fee there is no discount to the initiation fee.

The white copy of all completed and signed membership forms must be placed in the folder with the blank forms so the membership officer can pick them up and keep them on file. The yellow copy must be sent to the treasurer in the envelope with the day's checks, and the pink copy goes to the member for his records.

It's always nice to include the names of new members and a heads up for the membership officer, treasurer, and instructors.

I hope this helps to clarify recent changes to our club operations. If you have any questions or comment, feel free to express them.

Thanks for your support,  
—Steven Rockwood, SSC Membership Officer

### From SSA News Plastic Pilot Certificates

Two years after this rule becomes effective, paper pilot certificates may no longer be used to exercise piloting priv-

ileges. Five years after this rule becomes effective certain other paper airmen certificates, such as those of flight engineers and mechanics, may no longer be used to exercise the privileges authorized by those certificates. To exercise the privileges after those respective dates the airmen must hold upgraded, counterfeit-resistant, plastic certificates. Student pilot certificates, temporary certificates, and authorizations are not affected.

To make the replacement process as quick and easy as possible, the registry has recently set up a system that allows a certificate holder to request a replacement certificate on the Internet. Paper certificates need not be surrendered in this process.

Certificate holders may access this system by going to: <https://amsrvs.registry.faa.gov/amsrvs>.

### Dr. Jack SSC Members,

If you did not already know, our club has a contract with Dr. Jack to provide limited weather information for the Front Royal region over and above the free stuff anyone can access. The club pays a small fee for this service and it can be accessed by all Skyline Soaring Club members. This site provides a very good overview of the forecast weather conditions with lots of information important to pilots. We were discussing this club benefit yesterday at the airport but it turned out nobody knew how to access the site. Shown below is the link to the Dr. Jack website. You will need your SSC username and password to complete your registration when you log in for the first time.

<https://members.skylinesoaring.org/twiki/bin/view/ALL/SSC-sDrJackAccount>

—Steven Rockwood, SSC Membership Officer

### Unmanned Gliders to Seek Their Own Lift

“Automated on-board energy aware planning” is being developed by the U.K.’s Roke Manor Research to allow autonomous gliders to find naturally occurring lift and sustain unpowered or prolong powered flight, according to a report in *ElectronicsWeekly.com*. Ultimately, aircraft equipped with software and hardware that actively processes video feeds of cloud conditions and surface type (cool grass, or hot pavement) data would be processed along with other elements (models assessing weather and predicting vertical air movement due to thermal and orographic lift) to identify thermals and share that information with similar aircraft nearby. With that information, a virtual and real-time lift map could help produce waypoint sequences for use by integrated flight management systems aboard the aircraft as they hopscotch from lift-point to lift-point along a route.

The aircraft would literally be led to their required destination via a route that applies all acquired information to avoid areas of sink and exploit the best areas of lift between the departure point and destination point. Current proposed applications for the developing technology include extending the flight range of unmanned aerial vehicles.

<http://www.avweb.com/eletter/archives/avflash/1190-full.html#198599>

—Contributed by Phil Jordan, former Skylines Editor



The new back-up towplane, an Aviat Husky, arrives at Front Royal Airport August 17.

### New Tow Plane

Saturday afternoon, August 16, Spencer Annear, Bill Vickland and I left for Cary, N. Carolina to look at a possible SSC second tow plane. The next day we got up at 6:30 a.m. to meet the seller. We reviewed the books, inspected the aircraft and made two test flights. After all that we decided there was no reason to say no and we purchased the plane.

Spencer took off in my truck for a six-hour drive back to Front Royal. Bill and I waited for better than VFR minimums with improving conditions before

we took off. The aircraft is very strong and nice to fly, but more challenging than the Pawnee, at least to me. Whoever is checked out in the Husky will find the Pawnee a breeze. The board is finalizing operating limitations and I’m sure David Dawood will add to it.

The radio and/or intercom needs some work. The ELT is placarded out and is legal to fly for 90 days. It should be reactivated in a week or two; the seller is mailing new battery.

We ordered a tow hook assembly and anticipate it to be tow-ready in a week.

The plane is in hangar B6, right next to the Pawnee. The only key is hanging on the panel for the Pawnee door controller. Please keep it there for now. Special thanks to Spencer Annear, Chris Groshel and Bill Vickland on the pre-purchase work, and thanks to Craig Bendorf and Dan Noonan for double checking the financials. Good times ahead.

Regards,

—Shane Neitzey, SSC President

### Flying Magazine eNewsletter

#### Online Training to be Required for DC Airspace Users

By FAA count there have been more than 3,000 incursions into the Washington, D.C., Area Defense Identification Zone since the restricted area’s inception in 2003. As a result, the agency last week issued a final rule mandating completion of a one-hour online course for pilots who wish to fly under VFR within 60 nautical miles of the Washington, D.C., VOR/DME. Once a pilot completes the course at [www.faasafety](http://www.faasafety).

## Florida Spin Training

When I went to visit my mother in Florida, at the beginning of August, I thought I would see if I could get in some glider flying while there. I found an operation called Unusual Attitudes in Homestead, just south of Miami, and decided to fly with them. When I noticed that their fleet included a pair of Blaniks, I realized that I could fill a gap in my training by doing some spins; this was before we arranged to do spin training with Shenandoah Valley Soaring in Waynesboro.

The day after I got to Florida my mother and I made the drive to Homestead Airport, a sprawling field with 3000- and 4000-foot runways, lots of ramp space, various businesses, a skydiver landing zone and a truly incredible number of mosquitoes.

My instructor was a friendly young fellow named Angel who's been flying gliders since the age of 14. He was a knowledgeable and pleasant person to fly with. After we briefed we took the L-23 up to 2500 ft. (airport elevation is 7 ft., so MSL and AGL need not apply) and got started spinning.

Angel demonstrated first and it really surprised me. I was not expecting such a sharp nose down angle (pointed right at the ground) or the noticeable G's when pulling out. Then Angel handed over the controls and let me do a few. It was a strange experience at first. The glider really felt strange, as if it was ignoring my

control inputs and doing something totally different, really not so far from the truth.

But after a couple of tries I got used to the whole idea and started really having fun with them. By this time we were down to 1500 ft. and couldn't do any more so we headed for the nearest cloud. We were greeted by a big, fat thermal and in a few minutes we were up at cloud base, around 3500 ft., ready for some more.

We repeated this process a couple of times, spinning down and thermalling up. Four-knot thermals were all over the place, and a few sixers and eights with a little looking. In between spinning we followed a cloud street out over the Everglades for a few miles and took in the sights.

The sights were certainly interesting. South Florida is utterly flat but we had a great view of the ocean, the strip of megalopolis on the coast, and the great wilderness farther inland. Angel told me there is essentially no place to land a glider anywhere in all of this except at airports. The Everglades is mostly rocks, sharp enough that the natives used to make spears out of them, and the rest is urban. No cross country flying here.

Aside from the terrain the weather was also interesting to watch. Cloud bases were around 3500 ft. and the clouds were huge and tightly packed. Occasional rain showers could be seen here and there, nothing unusual in a Florida summer. We kept

a lookout in case any of them started sprouting lightning. The local technique is to check the higher atmosphere visible between the clouds. If it's clear and blue you're generally safe. If it's dark and gray up there you're likely to encounter a thunderstorm, so keep well away from the clouds.

After a few times alternating between thermalling, sightseeing, and spinning, Angel had to get to his real job so we came in and landed. What a blast. The L-23 was great to fly. I had been thinking of taking the L-23 up again, solo, but rain showers moved in and I decided to call it a day.

The spins were very educational. The nature of the spin exceeded my expectations based solely on reading about them. I'm sure that if I had encountered an inadvertent spin on my own before this I would have been shocked and slow to react, not what you want in that situation. I'm very happy that I got this additional training and, now that I've done it, I have a hard time understanding why it's not required for the private rating.

South Florida is flat as a pancake and almost always hot and humid on the ground, but the soaring conditions are pretty good for pleasure flying when things don't overdevelop. If you're in the area and want to check them out, you can find Unusual Attitudes on the Web at [www.unusual-attitudes.biz](http://www.unusual-attitudes.biz).

—Mike Ash, SSC Rostermeister

gov he can print out a certificate. Officials from FAA, NTSB or TSA and federal, state or local law enforcement agents can request to see the certificate. The final rule is scheduled to go into effect February 9, 2009.

## BFR Instructor Available

I will be available to give biannual flight reviews starting September. I'd like to do the hour of ground instruction before arriving at the field, if possible.

Also, I would like to schedule several BFR flights a day. This will give you the options of scheduling ahead, or going to the field and sharing the duty instructor with his students,

or snagging a spare instructor at the field.

If this is something you'd like to schedule, e-mail me at [sannear@verizon.net](mailto:sannear@verizon.net) or call (703) 751-9130.

—Spencer Annear

## XC Skies

The website *XC Skies* offers a service called *XC Maps*, a soaring forecast tool for most of the "flyable locations on Earth."

Their stated goal is "to provide timely and useful soaring parameters to allow pilots to make better decisions on when and where to fly." [www.xcskies.com](http://www.xcskies.com)



# BADGE FLYING



**Frank Banas, one of SSC's latest two Silver Distance holders, with his LS-4 at Front Royal Airport.**

## Two Silvers

Congratulations to Frank Banas and Craig Bendorf, well done! That makes two silver distances by club members in just the last few days.  
We're starting to look more and more like a soaring club, rather than a gliding club.

—Jim Kellett, SSC Resident Curmudgeon



## Off to College

Sunday, August 31 Ryan Hatfield took his mom, Pat, up for a flight. Ryan leaves for college Sept. 3 and plans to fly with a club in Northwestern Ohio.

**Photo by Dan Noonan**



## OK, Digital Photo Experts

This is a photo that a friend of mine, Larry Omps, took of the left engine of his Seneca, cruising at approximately 10,000 ft.

The simple, bottom line question is "What the %^\*#?"

Can anyone offer a good explanation for this curious phenomenon? At least one other photo came out the same way.

—Jim Kellett, SSC Resident Curmudgeon

