

Convector



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Newsletter of the Mid-Atlantic Soaring Association

The Outlandish 1

George Constantin

Saturday morning, already steamy and sultry and sticky – a classic Southern late spring day. Memorial weekend May 2005 and I'm in Manning, South Carolina, as an entrant in the Vintage Sailplane Association Eastern Regatta.

Planes started to launch and, soon after a few gliders were airborne, I saw Jim Furlong flash by in the chequertailed Ventus.

Dang! It's hot and sticky and early afternoon and I haven't launched yet. Gotta get to it.

I staged the Spatz and suited with chute. Into the cockpit and I was able to get strapped in fairly quickly.

The Spatz canopy is surprisingly like the circular plastic hemi-dome seen in a hotel breakfast bar covering cheese Danishes. In fact, my skin took on the sheen of pastry glaze as I started to perspire in the Stella-stern Sun, all magnified through Perspex. As the Los Angeles kid, I try to make my thumb-up launch approval as "slacker" as possible while still direct, attentive, and honest. First takeoff at a new field, and I wanted to be textbook.

The launch was good and easy behind the Super Cub. Chugged along straight ahead. Before we hit two hundred feet altitude on the climb-out, Lake Marion with its holiday speedboats shimmered along, slipping by under the nose and around the sides of the sailplane and me at its controls, as if enveloping us in blue bliss. I had never launched right out over water before, and the sight was impressive. Like all life forms on Earth that seek water, I was lulled into even greater calm than I had from a smooth takeoff. It was

then that the first gust rocked me to the right and back into the Right Mind. Holy Moley! Fifty degrees in less than two seconds.

I edged the stick smoothly and quickly to the left as I saw the rope bend back in that slither. I like the occasional tow-bow on the line, as it is fun to see the red rope reel-back-in from curve to straight line. You know what I'm talking about: there is a fluid-dynamic-look to the rope as it bends, then as it straightens with the sailpilot's corrections it all disappears smoothly back into tightness. With the earthen scenery below and the wideness of the sky, something little like that can take on import and magnitude on a scale never observed on the ground.

But sailplane and pilot were still getting rocked with some sort of wake from up off the water. There is the serenity arrived at in turbulence that speaks in the pilot's ear: *You know, you actually find this fun you crazy coot.* It's a little signal to welcome you into the air. *We're outside now, so we can do this.* No roughhousing in the house like your folks always told you!

I hit the predictable three-thousand-foot delineation on the altimeter, eased stick aft for a quick lift up, left hand lever-release, and the standard right hand bank, immediately popping the control stick into my left hand while right forefinger and

thumb found the trim lever on the right cockpit wall and pulled it back.

The thought of a landout on this flight had existed before the wing was raised for launch. I wanted to strike out away from the field. I couldn't tell if the day was truly "soarable." In

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The 2005 VSA Eastern Regatta. Photos by George Constantin.

President's Corner

Bob Jackson

The only good thing I can say about our situation at the Frederick Airport is that it provides subject matter for my monthly article. We are aggressively pursuing every constructive suggestion. But, our net tangible result is zero. We are still disallowed the use of the turf runway and our present operation from the paved runway is disruptive and less safe.

For the past several months, we have concentrated on the technical and legal aspects of our situation. We have proven conclusively (to ourselves) that we have a right to operate from the airport; that we can demonstrate a perfect safety record over the past 15 years; that the turf runway was authorized, built and approved by various agencies in the City Administration and at the FAA; and that closure of the turf runway was arbitrary, ill-advised and contrary to the best interest of the airport community.

However, during the past few weeks it has become increasingly clear that our battle is not technical or legal but rather political and the only one who can resolve our problem is the City Ad-

ministration—specifically, the Mayor.

We recently met with the Mayor and while sympathetic to our point of view, she has chosen to follow the advice of her legal department where she was told that she might be exposed to personal liability by countermanning the action of her airport manager. It is our opinion that the liability exposure is even greater by allowing a less safe condition to exist.

At any rate, we are using the legal and lobby services to present our point of view.

One noteworthy development was the discovery of a "Preapplication Request" from the City to the FAA outlining a five million dollar expenditure in the late 1980's, for the construction of runway 12/30, of which approximately one million dollars was earmarked for the parallel turf runway. Since both the paved runway and the turf runway were built, there must have been a formal request and approval by the City Administration and the FAA. These documents have not yet been located, but they must exist and support our position that the

turf runway was properly proposed and approved despite the failure of the airport manager to submit one of the required approval forms (7480).

This matter continues to be our number one priority and will remain so until resolved in favor of restoring our activity on the turf runway.

— Bob "RJ"

Calendar

July 1—10 Ten-Day Weekend at Frederick .

July 8 M-ASA General Meeting at FDK Clubhouse, 8PM.

July 23 Convector deadline. (convector@m-asa.org).

August 11 Bakers Dozen Soaring Safari departure to Hobbs, NM. *See last page of this issue for details.*

National Air and Space Museum Family Day

Kyson Cockrell got his first taste of soaring at the ripe age of seven-and-a-half months courtesy of the Smithsonian Institution and an enthusiastic sailplane pilot and owner. The first-ever *Family Day* was held Saturday 11 June 2005 at the National Air and Space Museum Udvar-Hazy Center annex at Dulles Airport in Virginia.



Kyson and crew. Photos by George Constantin.

Family Day ran from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. and was combined with the aviation promotional *Be A Pilot* program for adults. Many hundreds of visitors to the Smithsonian were badge-passed and briefed and then walked the ramp to look at civil and military aircraft on

display.

While plenty of powered planes proved present, only one whispery-winged sailplane was there, my admittedly rustic L-Spatz III.

Kyson's mouthy approval of the Spatz control stick indicates he'll sink his eventual teeth into flying, I believe. Enough with the bad puns! His chompy fun seems to indicate an inclination for a role as a flight instructor. Thanks to Margy Natalie, aerospace educator and Fairfax County Public Schools teacher-in-residence at NASM Udvar-Hazy for coordinating Family Day and ensuring that soaring was proudly displayed.

— George Constantin



Region 4 North Contest Report

Preston Burch

This year's Region 4 North Soaring Contest had some notable similarities and differences compared to last year's event. The weather was similar, and marked by comfortable temperatures with highs in the upper seventies and sufficient soaring conditions to give four days of contest flying. Although each racing class achieved only three contest days, the weather this year was tame compared to last year's exciting weather. Remember the infamous "black wall of death" that produced lots of wild pilot stories? This year we had 16 contestants compared to last year's 22 (only 4 were from outside M-ASA versus 11 last year), so there were enough pilots for only two classes, 15 Meter (10) and Sports (6). The three folks in Standard class agreed to split up and support the other two classes; Rick Fuller went over to Sports, Mike Smith borrowed Chris O'Callaghan's Ventus 2B, and Baude Litt took on all the 15M guys with his LS-8. (Every contest needs an underdog; I was rooting for you Baude!).

Saturday saw the front come through as predicted by our favorite meteorologist, Ward Hindman, with rain and wind, so the day was devoted to hangar flying, getting organized, the pilot safety meeting, and the traditional lasagna dinner served up by (you guessed it) Cathy Williams. (Even though 2005 is her sabbatical away from soaring, she knows how helpless most of us are at Fairfield when it comes to putting out a good meal — thanks, Cathy!). Sunday started with blue skies and dryer air flowing into the region. Our Competition Director, Bill Savory, called a 3.5-hour TAT to Beavertown Tower and Potomac for 15M, and a 2.5-hour TAT to Thompsonstown and Lockings for Sports class. The sky started to overdevelop due to an unexpected trough by the time the last pilot was launched, and this resulted in 13 landouts. Only three pilots in 15 Meter completed the task, but the 15M class accomplished a contest day and Mike Smith was the winner. The Sports class was unable to send the minimum number of pilots the minimum required distance, so they did not have a contest day. A troop of Boy Scouts from Crofton, MD, spent the day at Fairfield working on their aviation merit badges with a full agenda of activities. They were led by Chris O'Callaghan, which explains why his glider was available for Mike Smith. When the day was over, everyone was treated to a terrific cookout hosted by Cathy and Rolly Williams. Rolly was the chef du jour Sunday,



The early morning peace and beauty of the Fairfield contest site. Photo by John Yorston

and he served up a delicious marinated chicken that got rave reviews (thanks, Rolly!).

The prediction for Memorial Day was for a "mixed bag" of weather, with another passing disturbance expected causing broken to mid-level clouds most of the afternoon. Bill called an 11-point MAT, but soon after launch the sky shifted from cu filled to overcast so the task was changed in the air to a 2-hour MAT with Biglerville and Kampel as the turnpoints. The 15M class launched late and no one went over the required 50 mile minimum distance, so they did not record a contest day. However, Sports class got the job done and John Hearn came home the winner. A total of 12 pilots landed out due to the challenging conditions.

The best soaring day of the contest, Tuesday, started out with fog that burned off around mid morning. Cumulus was predicted to start forming by late morning with 5-knot lift to 7,200 ft MSL or more and weak winds; a classic soaring day. This year's favorite met term was CBL (convective boundary layer) which was predicted to decouple from the surface after 5:00 pm, thereby providing a long day of lift. This gave Bill his golden opportunity to try again for an 11-point MAT (the turnpoints are too lengthy to list). Both classes scored a contest day, and no one landed out, which was a good thing because our caterer had the cookout ready to serve at 6:00 pm. (It was terrific!). Mike Smith finished first in 15M, and Rich Horigan won the day in Sports class.

Wednesday was almost a repeat of Tuesday, but with 5 knot lift to 6,300 ft MSL, winds in the CBL (doesn't that sound neat?) at 15 knots from the south/southeast, and thin cirrus moving in from a disturbance forming in the southwest. Bill called a MAT to Carlisle and York for both classes (3 hours for 15 M and 2.5 hours for Sports). Mike Smith won the day in 15M while Val Brain took the day in Sports. There was only one landout. Baude Litt had a lot of folks biting their

fingernails; everyone but him was on the ground and accounted for by 4:30 pm; he landed back at Fairfield at 6:15 pm after working some ridges. (We couldn't contact him from the ground, so a tow plane was launched to reach him by air and confirm that he was okay.) Wednesday ended with the traditional banquet at the Hickory Bridge Farm (the food, as usual, was superb). Our featured speaker at this year's banquet was Ward Hindman, who gave a fascinating talk on soaring Mt. Everest — which has yet to be accomplished in a sailplane.

The weather didn't cooperate for the rest of the week, so Wednesday's standings were the final results for the contest. Many folks used Wednesday and Thursday to visit the Smithsonian's new National Air and Space Museum/Udvar-Hazy Center at Dulles Airport. The final contest winners in 15 M were Mike Smith (2580), John Yorston (2047), John Dezzutti (1951). In Sports, the winners were John Hearn (2360), Christophe Blanchi (2300), Rich Horigan (2121).

This contest report would not be complete without thanking the loyal and enthusiastic support of the competition pilots, crew, and contest staff. In particular I want to thank Bill Savory (Competition Director), Sarah Macpherson (Chief Scorekeeper), Ward Hindman (Meteorologist and Sniffer), Jim Chick (Chief Tow Pilot), Jim Trygg (Tow Pilot), Joan Jackson (Gate Record Keeper), Cathy Williams (Cookout Coordinator), Sharon Pixton (Banquet Coordinator), Anne Green (Gate Record Keeper and Retrieve Desk), Daniel Pixton, Steve Otto, Jerry White, Michael Hearn, and Rick Latoff (Ground Operations), John Duryea (Tow Ropes), and Martha Burch (Registration and Retrieve Desk). Thanks for your time and hard work toward making the 2005 Region 4 North a safe and enjoyable contest!

— Preston

(The Outlandish I, continued from page 1)

the first twenty minutes of the flight, I busied myself with the beauty of Lake Marion and neighboring Lake Moultrie and shooting all sorts of digital pix and clips and looking at pretty vintage sailplanes flying along with me. There was some good lift, but surprisingly deceptive sink lurking like moats around the thermal castles. I found that the good stuff was taking me from the field. The haze was peppery enough to limit good visibility. To be only seven miles from the airport was to not be in sight of it.

Through all the jostling, there was that “awful sinking feeling.” Eyes dashed to the bezel of the altimeter. Crud. Two-grand in altitude. I looked around at the fields below. Manning airport host Jim Stoia was right: most anything was landable around here. Then those thoughts popped in: *Dunderhead, you’ll have a landout on this flight. You stink-heel. Fooling around with photos and enjoying the view!*



Manning Cooper Airport.

Well, start looking. A field here and a field there. A really tight bank with a little G gave me a quick look around with limited altitude loss. White specks on the ground arced around the nose. A Cessna AgWagon. Then another. Then a third. Three C-188 AgWagon cropdusters on the ground, below me. Straight down.

Smokes! A field!

And what’s this? Lift!

Okay! This was working out fine. I had a truly landable field below

me, and I was in lift. Not flat-busted sunk. I called out to Jim on the radio. Like me, he had encountered a mixed-nuts day of lift and sink. There was the fluffy popcorn of lift to nibble on; then the burnt stinky-oooh kernels at the bottom of the very large dreg bag of this sky: our sink.

I couldn’t get much out of my lift after all. But this is the kicker: I secretly wished for this moment – a real-fake landout. I would not be making it to the airport where I started, but it looked like I would land in a real airfield.

Time for a little fun, burning off altitude in tight turns over the field to look for powerlines, people, tractors, or hogs. None seen.

I hauled out the camera and shot some pix of the field over my right shoulder



Landout at Coker Field.

der as I established a downwind leg. Banking from base leg to final, I realized how deceptive the surrounding grass next to the runway was. Had I not found this airfield (*dumbly ended up right over it is more accurate*) I would have chosen this particular hue of field grass seen around the area to land in, which I now saw becoming sixteen inches high.

Fooooooooooooo-ooooo. The gap between canopy frame front and fuselage whistled my approach as the field started to spread out before, feet turning into inches.

Grease it; get it in ground effect and let the plane do what it wants to do. All I needed was to keep the assuring hand on the scene like the parent holding the kid’s bike by the saddle when the training wheels are removed. There only as psychological empowerment, but not really needed.

I love the sound of the grass whipping against the Naugahyde surrounding the skid of the Spatz. *Thwipp-thipp-shipp-thlipp.* *Shoo-schuu-shoe-sheeww.* The steel-shod wood bit into the turf, and I held the thing just like that, shaving sod and maintaining my energy to get me close to the cropdusters. Rolling out, the left wingtip dropped onto a circular piece of concrete, seemingly waiting for a wing. Where are all a pilot’s flying buddies when these perfect moments happen?!

I broke out into a smile with my first landout, self-enamored with the Captain Cool rollout and the cinematic stop. My first off-field landing: My Outlandish I.

Woofwoowooooooffff!

Awoowooooowoooo. Woo. Wuf. Huh?

Big Black Dog Number One and Big(ger) Black Dog Number Two barked my arrival. I didn’t want to find out what these fellers expected as a landing fee. Leave it to George to try and talk to them.

“Hey puppies! Hiya doggies!” My voice strange bouncing off Plexiglas.

You could tell the dogs felt less macho, as if collectively thinking: “Why waste another *woof* on this nerd?”

I took a photo of the two-big-black-dog welcoming committee that barked my arrival from the safety of the cockpit – lens through the vent window. Turns out the dogs were softies at heart or didn’t like Mediterranean food and left me alone, sulking with the shifting eyebrow head-on-paws look that dogs do well.

I decided to call Jim on the radio. As we tend to be quite expansive in our use of the radio and also talking on the ground, and just in general, those who know the two of us realize that Jim’s answer to me in the quotes that follow is the clear sign of Jim trying not to have a landout himself.

“The way I rolled up to the power planes here looks really cool I must say.”

“Okay. I can’t talk. I’m really busy.”

That was the truth, and a few

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Task Day News

Chris O'Callaghan

The volunteer CD list appears to be working. Since getting people to volunteer can be logistically challenging, I've borrowed from the club approach to assigning operations and tow duty and taken on the task of giving voice to everyone's best intentions. Which is to say, check the web site to see when you've volunteered to be CD. If you can't make your assigned day, let me know, and I'll find a replacement.

When serving as CD, keep these guideposts in mind when selecting the task:

1. Have a quick read through the rules (located on the web-site).
2. Thoroughly assess the weather the night before and, if possible, in the morning.
3. Seek out and listen to input from competing pilots: you needn't defer to them, but you should, at the very least, hear them out.
4. When choosing your turnpoints, consider the lowest performing glider likely to attempt the task.

National Contest News!

One of M-ASA's own, and one recent member, have done well at national contests this summer. M-ASA's Mike Smith, flying his LS-8 "X-Ray Mike", took third place in the Standard Class Nationals at Caesar Creek, OH. And Jonathan Gere, flying his brand new V2bx "Three-Four", took second place at the Sports Class Nationals in Parowan, Utah.

— Chris "OC"

Racing Report

This year, the weather decided to skip over spring and head right to summer. Last month I was reporting pilots' flights in, out and around rain storms. This month, I'm documenting pilots' struggles with the heat and humidity.

Though it didn't deter pilots from trying, the heat and humidity caused extra concern for the pilots as far as making sure to have enough water on board. June 5th's task was a 2 3/4 hour MAT to Five Lakes, Mason Dixon, Hanover and Carlisle. Pilots reported back that the day was very difficult and one pilot, when asked for his turnpoints, responded, "I just did the task . . . and I'm happy to have gotten that far!" Chris O'Callaghan, the true MASA-chist wrote that it was a "tough day and I've come to relish them." Baude Litt took the day, adding Waggoner's Gap and Mount Holly Tower to a 46 mph, 141.1 mile win.

The next weekend, the heat was back, although not so much humidity. June 12th, a 2 1/2 Hr MAT was called to Freder-

5. Communicate with early launching pilots to confirm your appraisal of the weather. Be prepared to alter your task if their reports indicate potential difficulties.
6. Remember, it's your show, so run it accordingly.

I am selecting CDs from the list of scored competitors. If you would like to be added to the list, please drop me a note, and I'll see you get the opportunity to call a task during the next 6 weeks. Remember to check the website weekly for assignments.

Speaking of the website, after some problems with Adelphia customer service, I decided to move the Task Day pages to a new ISP. We now have significantly more storage space and access to a variety of server capabilities. If you have any ideas how the Task Day website might better serve the club, please share them. If time and resources allow, we'll implement them.

ick, Mason Dixon and Carroll County. Baude took the day again, this time adding Frederick to a 118.8 mile, 40.10 mph win.

June 18th, Baude Litt gave us three separate forecast updates. Friday night, he was saying the weekend looks good, but the chance of rain "might turn things bad." Saturday, he reported that the "rain threat has almost disappeared," and Sunday was a "general weakening" from Saturday. The pilots didn't have enough competitors go over minimum distance on Sunday, but on Saturday, a 3 Hr TAT to Roxbury, Mifflin County and Airville. Once again, Baude led the pack and claimed 1000 points with 183.9 miles at 58.67 miles per hour.

Overall, Baude (LBL) maintains his lead, winning all the tasks this month to claim 6000 points. David Pixton (9X) unseats Val Brain (13) from his second place position, coming in at 5472. Val drops to third place, although not out of the top three, with 4862 points.

— Sarah "80" Macpherson

	LBL	9X	13	OC	KO	XM	5	P6	A2	CL	DW	RJ	UU	9	T1	T8	2GB
2005Jun05	1000	500	500	910	0	776	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
2005Jun12	1000	0	796	0	961	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	880	0	500	0	0
2005Jun18	1000	0	195	0	0	0	0	0	72	79	837	0	0	0	0	92	0
Best 6	6000	5472	4862	4825	4683	3554	2479	2280	1897	1862	1802	1686	1682	1204	695	92	21

Duty Schedule

Ray Watson

Date	Field	Operations Director (OD)	Tow Pilot	Record Keeper
07/02/2005	FDK	Mike Vance	P. Hansen + D. Torgerson	Leannah Amos
07/02/2005	FRF	Christophe Blanchi	Pete Welles	Steven Otto
07/03/2005	FDK	Garv Garvin	W. Judge + G. Collins	Z. Hutchings
07/03/2005	FRF	Roger Andes	Rich Horigan	Milan Petkovic
07/04/2005	FDK	Mehrdad Bayat	H. Jorgensen + B. Andrew	Wayne Elseth
07/04/2005	FRF	Richard Latoff	G. Green + R. Jackson	Steven Shelton
07/09/2005	FDK	Holland Ford	S. Harry + D. Schober	Teresa Day
07/09/2005	FRF	Guy Pfeffermann	Don Robb	Ralph Thrash
07/10/2005	FDK	Rob Myhre	B. Ball + K. Bernstein	Robert Fleming
07/10/2005	FRF	Jim Homer	Mike Grinder	Gerald White
07/16/2005	FDK	Mitch Lambros	Dee Torgerson	Olin Kinney
07/16/2005	FRF	Michael Hearn	Mike Smith	Kolie Lombard
07/17/2005	FDK	Jan Steenblik	William Judge	C. Williams
07/17/2005	FRF	Dan Meyer	David Pixton	David Weaver
07/23/2005	FDK	Gary Miller	Glenn Collins	James Campbell
07/23/2005	FRF	Wilmar Sick	Jim Chick	James May
07/24/2005	FDK	Luis Fernandez	Hans Jorgensen	Leannah Amos
07/24/2005	FRF	Peter Zawadzki	Jim Trygg	Ali Abrishami
07/30/2005	FDK	Peter Kern	Poul Hansen	Z. Hutchings
07/30/2005	FRF	David MacVeigh	Buddy Denham	Richard Caylor
07/31/2005	FDK	Gary Baker	William Judge	John Thornhill
07/31/2005	FRF	John Mitchell	Bill Savory	Frederick Mueller
08/06/2005	FDK	Bob Whitehead	Bob Andrew	Gerry Tighe
08/06/2005	FRF	Jack Beavers	Phil Burgess	Chuck Tellechea
08/07/2005	FDK	Dave Weber	Dee Torgerson	Steven Otto
08/07/2005	FRF	Rick Fuller	Pete Welles	William Bates
08/13/2005	FDK	Mario Piccagli	Sam Harry	Robert Huffman
08/13/2005	FRF	Mike Vore	John Hearn	Milan Petkovic
08/14/2005	FDK	Maurice Deland	Glenn Collins	Brendan Butler
08/14/2005	FRF	Sarah Macpherson	Rich Horigan	Ralph Thrash
08/20/2005	FDK	Peter English	David Schober	John Wallin
08/20/2005	FRF	Laura Hession	George Green	Ricardo Cibotti
08/21/2005	FDK	Mark Carlisle	Karl Bernstein	Stanley Faust
08/21/2005	FRF	Peter Blacklin	Robert Jackson	Steven Shelton
08/27/2005	FDK	Steven Silverman	Poul Hansen	Teresa Day
08/27/2005	FRF	Jim Lewis	Don Robb	Olin Kinney
08/28/2005	FDK	Mike Vance	William Judge	Gerry Tighe
08/28/2005	FRF	Chris Scarlett	Phil Burgess	Gerald White
09/03/2005	FDK	Jim Furlong	D. Torgerson + B. Ball	Tim Gossfeld
09/03/2005	FRF	Richard Latoff	Mike Smith	Melvin Donahoo
09/04/2005	FDK	Dick Mott	G. Collins + H. Jorgensen	Neal Drobenare
09/04/2005	FRF	Chris O'Callaghan	Mike Grinder	Nicolo Costanzo
09/05/2005	FDK	Garv Garvin	B. Andrew + K. Bernstein	Mark Mercer
09/05/2005	FRF	Jack Beavers	Jim Chick	John Duryea
09/10/2005	FDK	Mehrdad Bayat	Sam Harry	Robert Fleming
09/10/2005	FRF	Roger Thompson	David Pixton	Kolie Lombard
09/11/2005	FDK	Holland Ford	Jane Robens	Christian Williams
09/11/2005	FRF	Bob Kryzstan	Jim Trygg	James May
09/17/2005	FDK	Rob Myhre	David Schober	David Weaver
09/17/2005	FRF	Tom Jones	Buddy Denham	Steven Otto
09/18/2005	FDK	Mitch Lambros	William Judge	Leannah Amos
09/18/2005	FRF	Mark Segall	Bill Savory	Z. Hutchings
09/24/2005	FDK	Jan Steenblik	Dee Torgerson	Gerry Tighe
09/24/2005	FRF	Christophe Blanchi	John Hearn	Ali Abrishami
09/25/2005	FDK	Gyorgy Fekete	Bob Ball	Melvin Donahoo
09/25/2005	FRF	Guy Pfeffermann	Pete Welles	Richard Caylor

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minutes later, Jim in Ventus rolled out five miles away in Lloyd Bentley's soybean field. Soon a Cessna 172 headed on its way to tow me out of what I found out later is Coker Field, home of *Lee's Flying Service*, operator of the AgWagons.

I took it all in, sleepy dogs with shifting eyebrows, the whisper of the breeze through tall grass, the cooler day now of the Saturday afternoon, and my Spatz sailplane poised as if posed on the mowed grass. I had indeed planned this landout, getting it into my head that I wanted it after all. So I guess it doesn't count at some level since it is not that "unwanted" landout, far away from a real airfield like I know about with the pilot out of altitude and out of atmospheric gas to stay aloft. Sure, with more cross-country flying, this is part of the challenge and the journey ahead. But that's another time.

The Cessna 172 towplane cruised in. I pushed the Spatz backward to the end of the field. What a workout... The left wingtip reminded me of a wheat farmer, with tall grass clumpily collected between the tip and aileron. We hooked up the rope and the tow-pilot waited. I sat in the Spatz and clicked a photo of the rope leading to the Cessna tail. I had a look around at this field I had known for half an hour. *Thanks for your stretches of cool grass that was a place to land, oh field. Look at your expanses of dusky sky above. Your hounds laze in regal splendor. You've been swell.*

I flipped the canopy off from the grass and pulled it onto the cockpit coaming. Strapped in, sunny summer sweat glaze again forming on arms although this time partly from pushing a plane. Again, control stick into various flight positions. Fanned the rudder with my feet.

The rope pulled taut with the Cessna's throttled-advance and the Spatz wingtip grazed along and there was a definitive and genuine "pop" feeling as it alighted from the field. Man, those trees at the end of the field seem pretty tall...

I kept the glider as "light" as possible and aligned properly to give the tow pilot everything he needed. Again, I looked at surroundings, seeing the highway pass below, then the trees. *Trees, you look so portly when I'm above you like this so low.*

I felt sheepish as this aerotow

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Saleplanes and Buyplanes

WANTED: **Wing wheel** for 15m glider. Looking for one that will work with my LS-6. If you're not using yours, I'll pay a fair price for it. Contact Mike Higgins at 301-865-7239, or email higgins@carltech.com.

FOR SALE: **Ka8B** - This is the Red (Schleicher Orange) Ka8 at Fairfield. Instrumentation consists of two variors - Soaring Aid dual range electric with audio, and PZL mechanical. Altimeter, Airspeed, Clock Compass, Also the ship is equipped with Oxygen (which I've never used) TE Probe for the variors and a new battery. The trailer needs work. Asking \$6000 (OBO). Contact Mike Vore, 410-992-4953, or michael.vore@gmail.com.

FOR SALE: **Centrair 101A**, NDA, all ADs current, water bags in wings, 720 ch. radio w boom mike, O₂, completely refurbished Knauff trailer, \$19K OBO, H. Ford 410 592-9697, ford@pha.jhu.edu

FOR SALE: **2.25-inch Winter vario**; 1-year-old, never used. Mounting hardware, .45 liter flask, reducer plate (3.125 - 2.25), certification paperwork. \$400 firm. Delivery to FFD/FDK. Chris O'Callaghan, cocallag@adelphia.net.

FOR SALE: **Schleicher ASW-15A**, SN15135, 1700 TT. Excellent condition. All AD's. Great glass retractable gear x-country ship. Terra TPX 720 radio, Cambridge electric vario w/audio and integrator, Winter mechanical vario, oxygen, gear warning. Enclosed trailer with easy rig attach. Current annual. Hangared at M-ASA, Fairfield, PA. \$16,000. Call Roger (301)972-1657, randes@erols.com.

FOR SALE: Aerotechnik **Vivat motorglider** L-13SE 1991. 377 hrs TT engine, 465 hrs TT airframe. Hoffman 3 position featherable prop. KY 97 A com, KT 76A transponder /mode C. Price: \$41,995 or best offer. Based at FDK. Holliday Obrecht 301-831-7401

FOR SALE: **S2a motorglider**. Rotax 447, 2-1 gearbox, electric starter, 50 " Precision Prop. Licensed 8/94. Not flown for several years. Total time 3 hours. Always hangared. Located Hanover PA. Priced to sell. For photos, details contact Ray S Watson 410-484-0333 rayswatson@aol.com or Sam Harry 717-545-4901 sharry@PA.net

M-ASA Duty Notes: Members assigned to operations duty must be on site in enough time to start operations by 10:00 a.m. and stay at the field until operations are concluded. Each person listed on the duty roster is responsible for that day's assignment. In the case of "no-shows," the person acting as OD should indicate this fact on the flight sheet. "No-shows" will be fined \$100. Every effort will be made to accommodate the new member's stated duty preference whenever possible. M-ASA Scheduler: Ray Watson 410-484-0333.

Mid-Atlantic Soaring Association

Board of Directors: Preston Burch
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WHO TO CALL

Godfathers:

Grob 103 (FDK)	James "Garv" Garvin
Grob 103 (FFD)	Frank Larson
Ka-7	Paul Rehm
Ka-8	Rick Latoff
Pilatus B-4	Mehrdad Bayat
Pilatus trailer	Ed Breau
SGS-2-33 (FDK/Orange)	Jean Posbic
SGS-2-33 (FFD/Yellow)	Rich Adkins
SGS-2-33 (FDK/R&W)	George Constantin
SGS 1-36	Mark Carlisle
SGS 1-36 trailer	
Tug N7799Z (FFD)	
Tugs N82096 and N8658L	Bob Andrew (FDK)
Tug N9809 (FDK)	John Vaughan

Chief CFI:	Glenn Collins
Chief Tow Pilot:	Lance Nuckolls
Fairfield Glider Maintenance:	Rich Horgan
Frederick Glider Maintenance:	Dave Schober
Tug Maintenance Officer:	Jim Chick
Field Safety Officer:	Rick Fuller (FFD)
	Dick Bernstein (FDK)
Fairfield Facility Manager:	George Burns
Frederick Facility Manager:	Bill Judge
Mentor Program Lead:	Wayne Elseth
Membership Chairman:	Hope Howard
Convector Editor:	Michael Higgins
Flight Sheet Manager:	David Pixton (FFD)
	Bob Dutilly (FDK)
Hangar Waiting List Officer:	Danny Brotto (FFD)
	Bill Whelan (FDK)
Roster / Mailing List:	Manfred Beutgen
Scheduler:	Ray Watson
Task Day Chairman:	Chris O'Callaghan
Webmaster:	Alan Meyer
SSA Regional Director:	Jim Kellett (jim@kellett.com)

(Volunteers are requested to fill empty slots above. Contact the Board if you are interested.)

CONVECTOR is the newsletter of the Mid-Atlantic Soaring Association

(The Outlandish I, continued from page 6)

brought me back in about four minutes to Manning airport, appearing lazily in the haze. Yet I had fun, and the plane was usable, and the pilot calm of mind.

Second release of the day, and right over the runway. We shed the rope and I enjoyed burning off most of two-thousand feet in tight banks and enjoyable views of the countryside and lakes. I didn't want to soar, as I knew I would have to help retrieve Jim.

My landing at Manning (*at last*) saw me touch down with more speed as there were plenty of gliders hanging around waiting to land. I clipped along the grass again, but this time a little hot, and rolled right up to the tarmac for powered planes. I had used the exact amount of energy to roll nose-up to the demarcation between grass and asphalt. Man, there still is no one around to see this!

Always the outlandish one.

— George

Bakers Dozen Safari Update

The planning continues as the group loosely known by SSA as the "Bakers Dozen" marches deliberately toward an Aug 11 departure for Hobbs NM. You may have seen the Soaring Magazine ads for the "Tumbleweed Classic" to be held in Hobbs from 19-21 August, 2005. SSA organized this event to coincide with the M-ASA trip. This should result in a super three days of meeting, greeting, and flying with folks from around the country. Before and after the Tumbleweed Classic, the M-ASA group will be doing its own flying for fun and badges.

The SSA has really embraced this trip and is helping to coordinate the logistics of the event for M-ASA flyers. Thus far, they have arranged a special hotel price with the nearby Hampton Inn (including a reception), hangar space, oxygen, tow planes and pilots. The Bakers Dozen has been holding planning meetings each month to discuss a variety of topics related to the trip. These include auto and trailer maintenance items, survival kits, route planning, etc. Future classes will include task planning, crewing, navigation, and landout procedures. The group is still looking for any M-ASA member who wishes to take this trip with us. We, of course, would like more pilots, but also welcome others who may wish to come along and help with the driving, crew, or just share in the adventure.

If the prospect of flying with M-ASA friends from a HUGE WWII bomber base with thermals to 15K' appeals to you, give one of these members a call: Gary Baker, Jean Posbick, Dick Mott, or Jim Furlong.

— Gary Baker "Quebec"



c/o Michael Higgins
6778 Accipiter Drive
New Market, MD 21774