

VARIOMETER



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

September 2011

Editor: Andrew Peters

PRESIDENT – ANDREW PETERS (2011-2012)
SECRETARY/TREASURER – NEALE EYLER (2011-2012)
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VICE PRESIDENT WEST – BOB HALL (2011-2012)
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RAY GIRARDO (PAST PRESIDENT)
DAVE STANKO (2011-2012)
FRANK O'DONNELL (2010-2011)

SUMMER GAJEWSKI (2011-2012)
DAVE WOODY (2010-2011)

KSA CALENDAR

2011

September 10th – Evening KSA Cookout Meeting at Sunflower (5:30 pm) – **WWC Lap Race**
September 22nd-25th – Women Soaring Pilots Association Seminar – Tucson, AZ
September 29th – October 2nd – Vintage Sailplane Regatta at the Wichita Glider Port
October 8th – 7:30 pm KSA Meeting at NIAR (Elections)
October 29-30th – **WWC Last Man Down**
October 30th – Scheduled Operations End
November 5th - Fall Work Day
November 12th – 7:30 pm KSA Meeting at NIAR
December 10th – 7:30 pm KSA Meeting at NIAR

The duty roster has been posted to the KSA calendar.

<http://my.calendars.net/ksa/d01/05/2011?display=M&style=B&positioning=A>

Please check your days. If there are any errors or you wish to make changes (trade days etc), you can enter the information yourself. (The calendar is not password protected for basic editing).

To edit an entry click on the date, you will get a screen with the options to create a new entry or edit an existing entry. Select edit, you can type over any entry. If you have problems you can contact Harry Clayton.

Please try to keep the calendar up to date.

NOTES FROM THE PRESIDENT

The sport of soaring brings together lots of different people and organizes them in a variety of groups, all in the pursuit of powerless flight. The task of launching a glider is the primary reasons clubs and commercial operations exist. Clubs rely on the membership to perform many of the behind the scenes task (taking out the trash, cleaning bathrooms, performing maintenance, etc.) to keep costs lower than commercial operations.

But sometimes we forget. We grow accustomed to having things provided for us (toilet paper in the restrooms, tow tickets in the gliders, etc.) that we don't take the initiative to solve a problem that comes up.

Now, I am not talking about every member of the club, and I am not singling any one out either. I just want to take a minute to address some specific instances where things could have been handled differently.

Gator runs out of gas. The primary purpose of the John Deere Gator is to sweep the concrete for rocks. A secondary purpose is to use it to tow gliders to the launch line. It runs on automotive gasoline (the nearest gas station in in Yoder.) There's a plastic gas can in the back bed (or sometimes it's in the hangar.) Use the gas can to fill up the Gator. When the can is empty, please go fill it up at a gas station. If the Gator is out of gas and the can is empty, please go fill it up, refill the gator, etc. If \$15 will break the bank, ask for some help from others that use the gator.

Trash in the hangar, Gator bed, by the sun shade, or near the trailers. Trash goes in the rusty 55 gallon barrels located around the airport. There are also plastic trash cans in the restrooms. The other buckets, bins, boxes, etc in or around the hangar are not trash cans. The back of the Gator is not a trash can. So, empty water bottles, used paper towels, pop cans, etc belong in the trash cans. When the trash cans are nearly full, we typically burn them. A couple of paper towels, some gasoline, and a lighter or matches work wonders to reduce the volume of trash. Please pick up after yourself or your friends. If you see some trash that isn't yours, please pick it up as well. It's everyone's responsibility to keep Sunflower clean.

Launch Line Managers going flying. I am all for going flying. However, your first responsibility when you have LLM duty is to facilitate getting gliders safely and efficiently launched into the air. In order to do that, first you have to show up. Second you have to be prepared to spend the day at Sunflower (food, water, sunscreen, etc.) Finally, you have to be available to hook up gliders, run wings, signal the tow plane, and handle tow tickets. That's hard to do in the Ka-6 at 6,000 feet or from the back seat of the Grob. Use your good judgment. Taking the last flight of the day, just before the tow plane is put to bed and no one else is interested in taking a tow is a little different than launching at 3:00 with a line of gliders wanting to get in the air. Asking some to cover for you is important, but they have their own LLM duty day to work.

There have been other, more positive examples to share as well. Jerry Boone installed more tie down bolts to help secure parked gliders. June Baldessari couldn't fly, so she mowed the lawn. Mr. Grabendike found a dumpster and deposited some trash from two very full barrels. The bathrooms are clean. Someone provided some lawn furniture for the sun shade. I am unable to list everything, but Thank You to everyone that has done something for KSA or Sunflower this summer.

In other news, elections are coming up in October. There are two Board of Director positions available. Directors serve a two year term. If you are interested in defining the direction of KSA, please give me your name to be included on the ballot.

The final cookout of 2011 will be Saturday, September 10th. If you haven't made it out for grilled steak and pot luck sides, you don't want to miss this last one of the season.

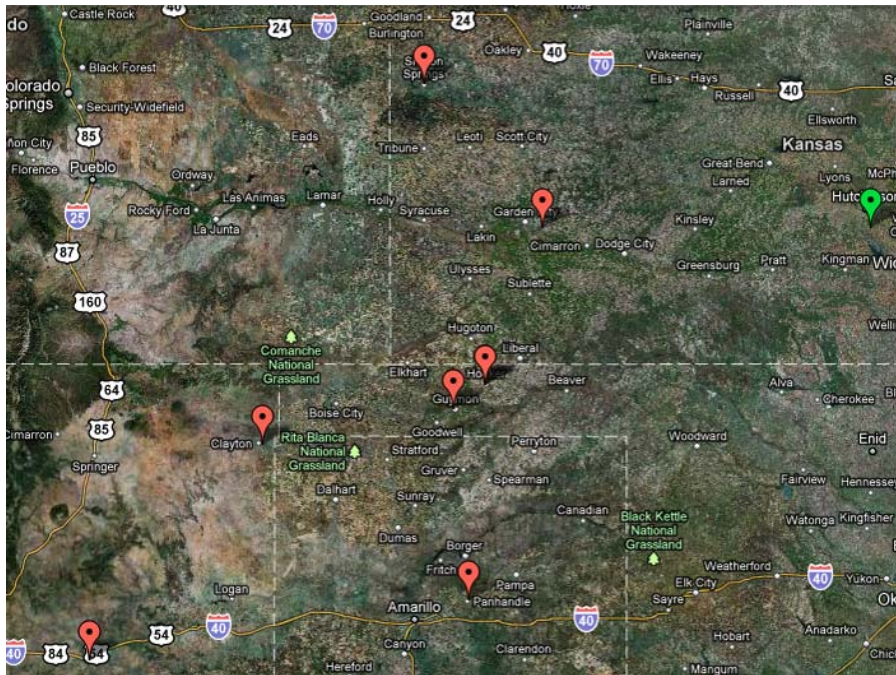
Happy Landings,
AP

Sunflower Seeds

July 16th – KKK - KKK Towpilot observations: 19 tows, 10+ for the KKK, with 3 relights. Two pilots broke left off tow (!!), an obvious mid-air hazard. 3+ pilots did "sneak-offs"; i.e., slacked the rope before release, denying the towpilot a sure release signal, leading to continued unnecessary straight climb until release is somehow assured, leading also to a mid-air hazard, since the towplane is now well above the glider (500+), and visual contact is uncertain. No one wins a mid-air contest between a towplane and a glider.

July 30th - The 2-22 (and duty instructor Tony Condon) got a major workout on Sat with 17 dual flights including the 8 CAP rides in the morning. Charles and Nathaniel Pate flew, then Tony instructed Matt Boone, John Bird, Jesse Aronstein, David Kennedy, and Doug Wilson for his BFR. Bryan Pate made 2 long flights in his Mosquito. Jerry Boone took his son Matt for a ride in the G103. John Wells took off in his ASW-20, and John Bird flew the WSA Ka-6. Steve Leonard filled his Nimbus 3 with water and experienced an actual rope break after the 3 simulated ones for John Bird. Bob Holliday self-launched in his Pik-20E. Scott Dimick and David Aronstein were line managers and Ben Sorenson was towpilot. Spectators included Linda Pate and Matt Colclasure. Matt and Scott bemoaned the state of US debt and broader implications on the long term US economy. Conditions were very favorable for soaring but hot as you know where on the ground.

KANSAS KOWBELL KLASSIC RESULTS



Steve Leonard - Santa Rosa, NM (427 miles)- Nimbus 3
Bob Holliday - Clayton, NM (306) - Ventus 2
Andrew Peters - Panhandle, TX (267) - LS3
Tony Turiano - Sharon Springs, KS (231) - Schweizer 1-35
Tony Condon - Guymon, OK (215) - NG-1
John Bird - Hooker, OK (197) - Ka6CR
Neal Pfeiffer - Hooker, OK (197) - Ka6E
Jerry Boone - Garden City, KS (153) - Zuni

KANSAS KOWBELL KLASSIC KONSOLATION RESULTS

Jerry Boone – (Sunflower, Harper, Pratt, Sunflower, Kingman, Arlington, Sunflower) 195 miles

Forty Years and Counting

by Bernie Mohr

"Tomorrow's the day." The voice on the phone was recognizable, but expecting identification before message, I was taken aback by the abruptness of it all. Not, "Hello, this is _____, how you doin?" or any such common informality, just, "Tomorrow's the day."

At that moment I was engaged in making up a towrope, knowing that at the field from which I hoped to fly the next day they would likely not be so equipped. Also, I knew they would not have a tow hitch for their Cessna, which would be necessary for the towrope to do its thing. The towrope was a comparatively simple undertaking; the hitch, was another.

It was Thursday, April 1, and since I had Thursday and Friday off, thought I had time to craft the needed tow release, and with the necessary metal raw materials, headed for Dave Blanton's shop where I hoped to shape the required parts, assemble them into a usable release, and be on my way. Of course Dave wondered what I was up to, after all it was his shop, and so I explained my plan. He didn't think much of my plan, said it would probably take me too long and that I would likely not have a device to be proud of when I was through. He then unlocked the cage in which he kept valuables such as instruments, dug around in it for a while, came out and presented me with a professionally made, complete with cad plating and inspector's stamp, genuine tow release. Price, \$8.00. That was many years ago. Now you can get one for about twenty or so times that.

Ten years earlier I had purchased a set of BG-12 plans from the venerable Gus Briegleb, who had designed several gliders and finally one with some performance, and set about building. Bob Nichols, a Boeing engineer, was keen to draw up a high performance wing in wood, and so the ship became the BGN, with a fifty six foot span and an aspect ratio of nearly twenty-five. Two children, a college degree, two changes of address, and six years later, the ship took to the air. It had given me several good flights in the previous few years, and, by the time Mr. Blanton supplied the tow release, cause to believe greater things were possible.

I then went to David's, which was one of the earlier discount stores, on the far east side, and purchased 150 feet of ¼ inch polyethylene rope. I had earlier acquired the rings and thimbles for the rope ends. Also, I had that afternoon checked the weather and was convinced that the next day would be calm, with good lift, and that it would very likely be a great day for a triangular flight, maybe even for a record.

Then came the phone call. Ring, ring. "Hello." "Tomorrow's the day." "Tomorrow's the day for what?"

"Tomorrow's the day for a flight to the gulf." "But my information is that it'll be calm tomorrow and I was thinking of a triangle." "Oh no, the winds aloft tomorrow will be from the north at up to fifty knots aloft and you'll be able to overfly Dallas." It was the voice of Jim LeSueur, Cessna test pilot and Air Force jet jockey. To say that he knew weather better than I would be to understate things, though, as it turned out, we were both wrong. Anyway, before the call ended, Jim said he'd come get me after work the next day if that was necessary, and so I explained that I would try to get a tow from the Newton airport and my car and trailer would be parked there. I considered it all to be high powered encouragement and so quickly finished the rope, smoked and wound the barograph, and laid out some cold weather clothing, The high for the day was projected to be 60, and Jim said I would probably be able to get pretty high, so cold weather stuff was called for. Among other things, I set out combat boots and socks, fur collared coat, and a Russian style fur cap complete with fur ear flaps and under chin string. The boots were a big mistake as there is nothing colder than a cold boot and I suffered numb toes from about the second hour on. However, I had nothing better available. It would have been no joy to have made a great flight and suffered the loss of toes.

Excitement. Exciting enough to delay the onset of sleep, but I did wake up in time to get to Newton early and begin assembly. The north wind Jim had predicted was northwest and strong at the surface and the FBO was nice enough to let me assemble partially in their hangar and partially out, but out of the wind. They even held the tips while I ran the pins home. I taped up, got out the release and rope, and went to explain what was needed of them for a tow.

To equip the average Cessna for towing is simple. The tail tie down ring is backed out, the release positioned over the screw hole, the tie down screwed back in, and an exterior line run from the release to the cockpit and secured to the door post. I had done it many times on various Cessnas. The FBO was new, and run by a pair of partners. They weren't taking any risks, particularly not for the benefit of some glider pilot they'd never seen before. One of them got on the phone and called the Cessna plant. Was I hearing correctly? Was he asking whether the simple installation of this device required the expertise of a licensed mechanic? That's exactly what he was asking, and the response was that was exactly what was required. "Well, aren't you an A&P?" "No." An FBO without an A&P? Well, they didn't stay in business very long, either.

What to do now? Would they turn their backs while their Cessna suddenly grew a tow release on its tail? No. Things looked bleak. I was unaware of such a requirement or I wouldn't have chosen Newton airport as a start point. Frustration at the max. The day wasn't getting any earlier and every minute lost, it turned out, was a mile shorter flight, if I could get into the air at all.

Were you ever involved in one of those occurrences that approach the miraculous, an inexplicable solution to a worrisome situation, the timing of which cannot be explained by mere coincidence? It happened. A small plane approached the area. I watched it enter the pattern and land. Maybe the pilot could pass on some information regarding turbulence or other indications of possible thermal activity. It was a Cessna 140 and it rolled up toward us. Maybe he had seen the glider from the air and was curious. Well, if I couldn't fly, maybe I could spread the good word about soaring to another power pilot. He rolled closer. Did I see what I thought I saw? Yes! The little Cessna had a tow release mounted above its tail wheel!

I reached the pilot's side door and saw that it was John Meredith, a member of our glider club, and yes, he would provide a tow. The 140 is not considered to be one of the world's greatest towplanes, but you can bet I thought at that moment that it was, and of course, it was the best available.

Park the car and trailer out of peoples' way, fill the water bottle, turn on the barograph, push out to the runway, lay out the rope, discuss the tow with John, stow the lunch and the maps, secure the barograph behind the seat where it can't be reached during flight, hook up the rope, check the release, rehook the rope, get in, belt in, close and secure the canopy, signal the tow pilot, and start the takeoff roll.

Good climb during the tow, indicating good thermal activity. I noticed, way off to the northwest, a fairly large cloud of dark smoke. No idea what it was from, but while it looked to be rising fast, it topped out flatly at a level that didn't look all that high. Well, maybe this will be a first tow and we'll have to wait for conditions to improve. Off at 2000 feet a mile and a half northwest of the runway, ten thirty on the nose. Blundered almost immediately into a four knot thermal, which wasn't bad for mid morning. That would be the best lift I'd see until Missouri. The lift topped out about 8,000, and when I looked to the northwest at the aforementioned smoke cloud, its flattened top was still above me. This could turn into a good day.

The polar Canadian air mass is generally sparkingly clear and objects all the way to the horizon look sharp and closer than expected. While still in that first climb I noticed what I thought were a couple of hawks off to the northeast. It would be unusual for hawks to be that far above ground, as there's not much for them to eat there, but I have seen them that high. As I climbed above them and they got closer, I saw that they were not birds, but high-winged military cargo planes, probably from the base at Topeka. At first I thought they saw me and banked away to avoid sharing the air space too cozily, but later felt that probably they didn't but were using the Newton airport as a turn point. The air was clear enough that while still far away they appeared as cruising birds.

What was learned in that first thermal was that the wind was fairly strong, though probably not in the 50 knot range as Jim had predicted, and was definitely not from straight north. In fact it was almost westerly. I tried at first to maintain a ground track to the south as my maps covered such a course. The second thermal was weak and the drift was strongly to the east. When I topped out over the Augusta refinery I said to heck with this, I'll go with the wind, not fight it. That's fine, but I had no maps going east, and over the town of Moline, ran off what charts I had. Goodbye navigation aids, hello pure adventure.

The wind seemed to pick up and I began to notice a lot of blowing dust on the surface, and it was blowing straight down the east-west country roads. The thermals remained weak, in the two and a half to three knot

range, and rough. Although I had two quarts of water with me, the flight was too bumpy to drink it. It was in a mason jar that was coated with three quarter inch Styrofoam insulation. Its cap had to be unscrewed to drink from it, and with the rough air the glass rim was hitting my teeth hard enough when I tried to drink that I was afraid of cracking a tooth. I ended the flight with the bottle mostly full.

No clouds to cap the thermals and show the way to the lift, which remained weak. I'm not too familiar with the geography of eastern Kansas, so didn't know which of the towns below was which, but if you drew a straight line east from Moline to the Missouri border, it probably would be close to the ground track. Somewhere in eastern Kansas I began to see cumulus up ahead and gradually overtook them. Finally some markers! Flying efficiency should increase at least some. They didn't help much as by the time I'd reach one, its lift would die, and out in the blue space between clouds I'd find lift. Still weak lift. No maps to check how far I'd gone in a certain time, so didn't know what my ground speed was. Pretty soon I saw a fairly large urban area ahead and concluded it had to be Joplin. Why Joplin? I didn't think there was any other town that size in the area.

I'd heard that the Feds had made a large marijuana bust recently in Joplin. Way up to the northeast I saw a large column of whitish smoke and the thought occurred that maybe they were getting rid of the stuff. Well, it wasn't very far out of the way, and I didn't know where the flight would take me, so I diverted to the smoke column. I can't say that I've ever smelled marijuana, so couldn't identify it anyway, but when I got to the smoke, it smelled like burning wood. Good thing I went to it as it resulted in the strongest and highest climb of the flight, six knots to nearly 10,000 feet. That was the kind of high I was after.

Now the flight began to approach serious adventure. From here on--Ozarks. Ozarks are fine, but don't appear too inviting to gliders. Hills and forest almost everywhere. The cross-country glider pilot must constantly check the surface for landing spots, and I wasn't seeing any. Even what cultivated fields there were looked small and hilly. Then the big "duh" began to settle on me. Here I am, averaging a mile to a mile and a half above the surface with a glide ratio over thirty and a strong wind boosting that ratio to over fifty--I can't even see the point at which I'd contact the ground even if there was no more lift, so I put the worry out of mind.

The lift continued in the two and a half to three knot range and rough both in and between thermals, which meant a lot higher percent of time circling. I'd crank around and around, and one of the things I'd see was a large lake to the south. I'd crank around some more, top out, glide some, circle some more, and still, couldn't seem to leave that lake behind. Wait a minute--there's a strong west wind, I'm gliding some to the east, why can't I get away from it? Well, a cursory look at a map of the area to the south shows a series of lakes sort of paralleling my flight path. Concentration on finding and keeping lift (and possibly effects of altitude?) kept me from realizing that it couldn't have been the same one all the while.

More Ozarks and more forest. My flight path gradually turned more southeasterly and over what I later learned was Lake Norfolk, I crossed into Arkansas.

About this time there began to appear up ahead a large area of smoke. There's not that much marijuana in the world. Forest fire? Yes, indeed. Would it provide better lift? A little, and I passed the area quickly. My friend, Frank Lily, piloting a twin nearby, saw the fire, but we didn't see each other..

Another event without logical basis. Always looking way ahead, trying to discern possibilities, the eyes strain for any usable intelligence. The Canadian polar air, while sparkingly clear, does have its modicum of murk, and the canopy glass is never completely clear of pollution and fine scratches. The funny thing is that the subconscious somehow saw through those and the distance. Goose bumps! The hackles raised! The pulse quickened! What was going on? It couldn't have been effects of altitude as I never topped 10,000. Was the cold getting to me? The feet were numb, but I'd never known cold feet to raise goose flesh. The skies weren't opening, Gabriel's trumpet wasn't sounding, nothing supernatural to account for it, what was it? I leaned forward as much as the canopy would allow as if getting a wee bit closer would bring an answer.

Somehow, with all the drama, "duh" doesn't fit. "Eureka" better fills the bill. Here it was, the middle of the afternoon, and it began to dawn on me. Up ahead was a break in the topography--the Ozarks were ending and the flatlands of cultivated fields, square sections, straight roads and landable areas were beginning.

How that message was received by the subconscious before conscious realization is beyond me, but it happened, and it brought new waves of excitement.

Where would the flight end? How close was I to the Mississippi? It's gotta be out there somewhere. Have I already, or would I soon exceed diamond distance? Although I had crossed into Arkansas, I had no maps to tell me that. I had an uncle living in Poplar Bluff, Missouri, and wouldn't it be neat to drop in on him? Was that even a possibility? Hang on, Bernie! If I get to the Mississippi, would I have enough to cross it? Across the Mississippi is some state such as Tennessee, or Kentucky, or whatever, and although the river is but a mile across, to land in one of those states sounds miles and miles farther than landing short of it. I'll keep my eye out for a large, blue, snaking surface feature.

Meanwhile I see an airport and on top of a hangar it says Walnut Ridge. How can I read that from up here? Ooh, I'm getting lower. I don't know exactly when the last climb was made, or how high it went, but in this area somewhere began the coda to the last movement of the symphony of adventure. Two more towns, it doesn't seem possible to have identified them both, were Paragould and Jonesboro. I had no idea how close either was to anything, but I kept looking for that big blue snake.

A large snaking feature began to emerge from the distance, but it was anything but blue. In fact it was gray.

Was I expecting blue because that's that way large rivers are depicted on maps? This was gray and large, and had to be the Mighty Mississippi! And I had enough altitude to cross it. Oh, glory, what a story! As I approached it, it looked less and less like anything I knew to be a river. Puzzlement! I reasoned that the sun was behind me now and wouldn't reflect off the water toward me, so it wouldn't look blue. It turned out to be what is called the St. Francis River, and crossing it on the surface during the return the next day, it was a river-like swamp filled with very tall cypress trees, which hadn't yet leafed out, thus the gray. Much disappointment.

By now I was becoming obsessed with Mississippi, and as the flight was in its final glide, doubt as to seeing its waters was building. Not very far past the swamp, though, a large, snaking, and very blue river began to fill the horizon, and I was high enough to get there. Hackles again. If the barograph had done its thing, diamond distance had to have been overflown and the diamond badge was complete.

Now, how to finish the flight. A fair-sized town appeared ahead, and should have an airport. I didn't see one. I could see across the river and saw nothing to suggest a safe landing spot--extensive forest, and no cultivated fields. I'm now down to 1,200 and can barely make it across town and then the river. I pick a cultivated field, which looked to be within city limits, turned into the wind, and put her down. The field was planted, I think cotton, with the seedlings in furrows about a foot or more deep. The BGN fuselage is a rounded v-shape. I touched down on the crest of one of the furrow sides, slid quickly to the bottom of the furrow, the sides of which grasped the fuselage and decelerated it rapidly enough that I thought I heard it groan.

A wing went down, I removed the canopy and looked about, and the first thing upon which my eyes came to rest was a wind sock not 100 yards distant. I could have landed on a duster strip. However, it was north-south, and the wind was still westerly. I sat for a while. After all, my feet had been numb for hours and I doubted they'd hold me. Finally, out of the ship, I saw why the lift had ended. There was a crust of dried dirt over wet ground. It had rained the night before and the day's sunshine had gone for evaporation instead of making thermals.

No idea what town I was in, or what state for that matter, so, when my feet would hold me, I began the walk out of the field. It was here than when I had left Newton, and I must have been a sight, looking like some wannabe arctic traveler who went south instead of north and didn't quite make it to the landing strip. It was a short walk to the road and as I approached the edge of the field a siren began to wail. It came closer. Of course! With one wing down the ship looked like some unfortunate had crashed, someone had reported it, and the law was dealing with it. The deputy approached, sprayed gravel as he turned the corner and again as he slid to a stop, never gave me a second look, and hurried out to the "wreck." Finding no victims there, he returned to his vehicle, saw me, got the word from my viewpoint, and gave me a ride to headquarters. On the way, I noticed that the auto license plates said Arkansas, so I knew the town wasn't Poplar Bluff, which isn't on the Mississippi anyway. On a wall map at the station, one of those with a string leading to a

tack in the center, I saw that the town I was in was Osceola, Arkansas. I asked to use the phone, gave the necessary info to my good wife who would then relay it to Jim LeSueur. The landing time was 5:30 for a flight of exactly 7 hours, a little over 62 mph. With a wind of around 30, you can see that I only contributed a bit over 30 mph. Jim was still at work when the good wife called. All he had to do was drive to Newton, make sure my rig was roadworthy, drive all night to Osceola, help trailer the ship, and put up with my jubilation on the ride back. He inveigled our mutual friend, Paul Wilson, to accompany him.

The deputy took me to the nearest motel, I had a catfish supper, watched a pro basketball game on TV, had a good night's rest, up early as Jim and Paul arrived, loaded the ship, breakfasted, and began the return. Jim and Paul dozed a lot on the way back.

Jim later used what at that time served as a computer (IBM mainframe complete with punch cards) to figure the distance. Given the latitude and longitude of the start and end points, it worked out to 436.0585 miles, figuring to within less than half a foot. Which part of the ship qualifies as the data point? We now say 436 miles and call it good. Good for the state of Kansas distance record, which has stood now for forty years. *[Steve's Kowbell flight was just 9 miles short of tying Bernie's flight! – 3T]*

Arrived home well after dark, and there waiting was Dave Blanton with a magnum of champagne. Never a more enjoyed tribute. He said it was a great flight. I drank to that.

Weekend Warrior Contest

by Andrew Peters

The Weekend Warrior Contest is back for 2011! Let's see Tony defend his 2010 Championship. Personally, I am hoping to score more points than last year, maybe even win a day.

One weekend a month will be designated as a Warrior Contest Weekend. For 2011, those weekends are:

September 10-11 – Lap Race

October 29-30 – Last Man Down.

May14-15 – Climb is King (Height Gained in 1 hour)

Results: First Place: Steve Leonard, 8290 feet, 1000 pts

Second Place: Bob Holliday, 8173 feet, 986 pts.

June 11-12th – Modified Assigned Task (MAT)

No flights were submitted.

July 16-17th – Free Distance

Task 3: Free Distance
Saturday, July 17 2011
Distance (sm)

Contestant	Glider	Handicap	Actual	Handicap	Score	Bonus
1 Leonard, Steve	Nimbus 3	0.815	427	348.0	1025	25 Airport
2 Bird, John	K-6CR	1.28	197	252.2	850	125 Silver, Airport
3 Holliday, Bob	Ventus 2b	0.884	306	270.5	802	25 Airport
4 Condon, Tony	NG-1	1.24	215	266.6	791	25 Airport
5 Peters, Andrew	LS-3	0.937	267	250.2	744	25 Airport
6 Tony Turiano	SGS 1-35	1.013	231	234.0	697	25 Airport
7 Pffieffer, Neal	K-6E	1.18	197	232.5	693	25 Airport
8 Boone, Jerry	Zuni II	0.95	153	145.4	443	25 Airport

August 13-14th – Prescribed Area Distance Task (PAD)

Not enough participants – Kudos to Jerry for attempting a 34 mile task in the Zuni.

September 10-11th – WSA Triangle Lap Race

The lap race is a speed task around the WSA triangle is defined by the Castleton, Haven, and HUT VOR turnpoints. The WSA triangle was intended to help club members develop XC skills while staying within gliding distance of Sunflower. This task is similar to the Assigned Speed Task used in competition.

For the WWC, here is the Lap Race task:

- Start Point: Overhead Sunflower, from the east.
- Maximum Start Height: 3500' AGL x your Handicap (e.g. 1582' + 3500' x 0.915 = 4785' MSL)
- Must fly to the turn points defining the WSA Triangle, in the order given below for the traffic flow at Sunflower.
 - North Flow (TO/L Rwy 35): Sunflower – Castleton – Haven – HUT VOR – Sunflower
 - Note: this sets you up for Right Hand Traffic to land on Runway 35.
 - South Flow (TO/L Rwy 17): Sunflower – HUT VOR – Haven – Castleton – Sunflower
- Competitors may fly multiple laps around the course. However, to have a valid speed lap, you must start below the maximum start height.
- No points will be scored for partial laps.
- Photos are not required, if you don't have a GPS logger. You will need to verify start times with an observer on the ground.
- Treat the turnpoints like pylons, you must go around the outside of the turnpoints (around the pylon.)

Scoring:

- 1st lap = 500 pts
- Fastest Handicapped speed = 500 pts
- Fastest Raw Speed = 100 pts
- Additional Laps = 100 pts each (up to maximum of 200 pts.)
- Turn point files can be found at <http://soaringweb.org/TP/NA.html#US> for Hutchinson, KS.

Task Explanation

The start will be over Sunflower from the east side of the field (plan to cross the runway over the sunshade on your way to the first turn.) Note your time crossing the start line. Also, remember that the maximum start height is 1582 + 3500 x your handicap. You need to cross the line below this altitude. Call in your start time on 123.5, "3T 1540." If you don't have a GPS, ask an observer on the ground to watch your start. Ask to borrow a hand held radio.

Fly around the first turn point (either Castleton or HUT VOR), then proceed to the next turn point (Haven), then to the last turn point (either HUT VOR or Castleton) and return to Sunflower. Cross the runway from the west at least 500' AGL (2082' MSL), at the sunshade and announce your finish time. You can land, or run the course again. If landing to the north (runway 35), plan on right traffic patterns.

Remember to fly around the turnpoints, as if they were pylons. The HUT VOR is the white traffic cone just west of Mills field (grass North/South runway.) The Haven turnpoint is the center of town, at the intersection of Main street and Kansas Avenue. Castleton's turnpoint is south of Castleton Road, at Main Street and Front Street. Check them out on Google Maps .

Plan on making a radio call after passing the last turn point, "3T HUT VOR inbound for a speed finish."

If anyone observes unsafe or low finishes, disqualification or penalties may result.

October 29-30th – Last Man (or Woman) Down

Last Man Down contest - object it so be the last glider to land back at Sunflower at the conclusion of the day.

Rules:

1. Must takeoff and land at Sunflower. All tows shall not exceed 2000' AGL.
2. Official Observer (he/she that has possession of the Official Clipboard) shall record takeoff and landing time. Pilot should also record start and stop time.
3. Discrepancies between time keeping devices will be settled by ground observation of landings.
5. Flight Time must be longer than 30 minutes.
6. Launch line closes at 1630, according to the OO, LLM or TP's time keeping device. All contestants must on the runway, ready to launch by 1630. Launch will continue until all contestants have received a tow.
7. Normal radio calls shall be made in the traffic pattern.

Scoring:

1. Last Man Down will receive 1000 points.
2. There will be a 5 pt/min penalty for landing within 30 minutes before the LMD.
3. There will be an additional 1 pt/min penalty for landing greater than 31 minutes before LMD.
4. Since WSA/KSA club ships are limited to 1 hour flights (if more than one member wants to fly), the club ships will be handicapped. They will receive a 5 pt/min bonus for flight time exceeding 30 minutes but not exceeding 60 minutes. If the flight time exceeds 60 minutes and a member has to wait, the bonus will not be awarded.
5. 100 point bonuses are available for pilots or passengers that do not have a Silver badge (at the beginning of the season.)
6. The highest score between the two days shall be used.

Task Explanation:

The name really says it all. The last person to land after flying 30 minutes wins. For the KSA/WSA gliders, there are some bonus points available for flying longer than 30 minutes. This task will require some help from the Official Observer. Someone needs to man the clip board to record takeoff and landing times. If you are under the sun shade, please offer to help out.

General WWC Rules:

1. Any member has two days to complete the task.
2. Tasks can be performed more than once – only the fastest – longest – highest will count.
3. Your contest record must be submitted to the Scorer (Andrew Peters, 3T) by midnight on the Monday following the contest weekend. The contestant with the best task will receive 1000 points. Other contestants will receive points as a percentage of their task compared to the winners.
4. All speed and distance tasks will be handicapped (SSA handicaps will be used – if one doesn't exist for your glider, one will be assigned based on the experience of the glider owner and other experienced competition pilots.)
5. If you don't yet have your Silver badge and you want to compete, you will get a 100 point bonus added to your score.
6. If a multi-place glider is used, and you take another pilot with you who has not completed their Silver badge, a 100 point bonus will be earned.
7. Landing at a charted airport will earn a 25 point airfield bonus.
8. At least two people need to compete for the weekend to be a valid contest weekend.

9. The Weekend Warrior Champion will be the member with the highest cumulative score for any four of the six contest weekends at the end of the season.
10. Expensive GPS recorders are not required, although might make it easier on the scorer. A paper record and digital photo's can be used. Just make sure the photo contains sufficient detail that Google Maps can verify your location and orientation to Sunflower. Any GPS that will record your coordinates can also be used – SPOT, running watches, even some smart phones have tracking capability.

Fly safe, fly far, fly fast! - 3T

Vintage Sailplane Regatta - Wichita Glider Port

September 29th- October 2nd



With help from Kevin, Charles Pate, Ron Blum, the good Doctor McMaster, Harry, & Sue the major pieces of the Ka2b are now flying in formation. There is still a lot of work to do, but this is a big step. Thanks to all – Neal Pfeiffer

The Unfortunate Event of the Summer

by Keith Smith

As the 2-33 reached the top of the cottonwood trees where we park, I was awestruck. She was flying. By herself.

LW and I had just landed and I rolled off the runway onto the ramp. Deb brought out the wing wheel and Harry came out to grab a tip and help walk her in. I reacted to Harry's "dust devil" call by starting to pull the PW-5 backwards towards the runway, and experienced that sudden sadness that overcomes most of us when a flying friend loses to the forces of gravity and in this case, heat. Nothing we could do but watch. Mother Nature sent a dust devil through the line shelter, blinding and choking a dozen club members and directly into the 2-33 which was tied down on the ramp. The wind lifted and the chain tore the tow hook assembly from her belly. She rose, turned into the wind as she leveled, stalled and spun impacting the right wingtip and the tail. It seemed to take a long time, watching as she floated. She was completely above the roof line of the picnic shelter, and our lower perspective put her nose at the top of the trees. Have you seen the Wizard of Oz?



The damage is extensive to the fuselage, horizontal, elevator and the right wing root has a significant wrinkle. Not one of us could have prevented this event. Of those I talked to Debbie Smith, Dennis Brown, John Bird and Sue Erlenwein turned away from the wind and saw a 180 version of what Harry and I saw looking into the wind. I'm not sure how many other people saw the entire thing? But it hurt. And it hurt many people on that ramp who love flying things.

This is the first dust devil I have ever seen at Sunflower. We are Kansas folk. Dust devils are a part of our normal existence. We have flown with corn leaves swirling upwards in thermals that bring us much joy. This devil ripped into the shelter from the south field with no real warning. It wasn't one that everybody watched come towards us, it just struck. No one was injured. We were lucky. It could have been a killer if someone had been close to the 2-33. Watching from the PW with Harry on the wingtip, we were lucky that the devil had quartered to the NE as the 2-33 was between us and the shelter.

Last week one club member said, "I got my longest flight ever in the 2-33". I have watched some of the newer club members like me, with smiles as big as the horizon after good flights in the "Silver Beast". I was blessed with a 1.5 flight and climbs to 7,000 and 7,400 in her after I got turned loose by Frank to solo two summers ago. I'm not sure any part of my body reached the ground as I drove home towards Salina that day. You would have thought I was filled with helium afterwards. Bob Park taught me you could fly her with the stick against the wooden seat – I mean all the way back. I may have cussed her truck like stick forces and full deflection needed on tow sometimes – but solo she can really climb. Her value to the club for training and proficiency checks is extensive. Let us all hope for a speedy recovery.

[Update: WSA purchased a replacement 2-33. "Yellow Bird" may not be the official name, but she has paint. Jerry and Lynn Boone made the long drive to Utah to fetch her. As far as I know, she is operational. - 3T]

Achievements

*John Bird – Commercial Glider Pilot
John Bird – Gold Distance*

*John Bird – Silver Badge
Rafael Soldan – Silver Distance*

2011 Duty Schedule

Scheduled Work Day is 12:00 to 5:00 pm

Date	Tow Pilot	Line Managers	Instructor
Sat Sep 10	Steve Wenke 316.684.7774	David Wilkus 316.788.0932	Andrew Peters 316-393-2261
		Matt Colclasure 785.760.6239	
Sun Sep 11	Mike Westemeier 316.250.1802	Steve Carlson 210.414.3809	
		Ray Girardo 316.942.0638	
Sat Sep 17	KC Alexander 316.943.7641	Bob Blanton 316.683.9759	
		Robbie Grabendike 316.686.8859	
Sun Sep 18	KC Alexander 316.943.7641	Richard Boone 316.351.7133	Andrew Peters 316-393-2261
		Dennis Brown 316.722.8351	
Sat Sep 24	Mike Westemeier 316.250.1802	John Baldessari 316.680.5323	David Stanko 316.393.6249
		Dave Woody 316.682.1895	
Sun Sep 25	Lauren Rezac 316.619.3207	Jerry Boone 620.474.4177	
		Harry Clayton 316.644.9117	
Sat Oct 1	Bob Holliday 316.641.6178	Rafael Soldan 706.255.9909	Andrew Peters 316-393-2261
		David Aronstein 316.733.9658	
Sun Oct 2	Bernie Mohr 316.733.4524	Neale Eyler 316.729.0659	
		Doug Wilson 316.655.6700	
Sat Oct 8	Bob Hall 620.727.1273	Ron Blum 316.295.7812	David Stanko 316.393.6249
		Dakota Harms 316.282.6000	
Sun Oct 9	Steve Wenke 316.684.7774	Steve Carlson 210.414.3809	
		Neal Pfeiffer 316.641.9928	
Sat Oct 15	KC Alexander 316.943.7641	Dennis Brown 316.722.8351	Tony Condon 515.291.0089
		David Wilkus 316.788.0932	
Sun Oct 16	KC Alexander 316.943.7641	Shea Zuckerman 801.554.7337	
		Neal Pfeiffer 316.641.9928	
Sat Oct 22	Mike Westemeier 316.250.1802	John Baldessari 316.680.5323	Brian Bird 620.664.7844
		Leah Condon 316.249.3535	
Sun Oct 23	Andrew Peters 316-393-2261	Keith Smith 785.643.6817	
		Jerry Boone 620.474.4177	
Sat Oct 29	Charles Pate 316.685.5695	Linda Pate 316.524.8829	
		Bryan Pate 316.524.8829	
Sun Oct 30	Bob Holliday 316.641.6178	Steve Leonard 316.249.7248	Lauren Rezac 316.619.3207
		Summer Gajewski 620.899.1151	

Sub List

Rich Stone 316.371.2850 Summer Gajewski 620.899.1151 John Bird 316.209.0561
 Amir Rashkan 316.208.6708 Ashok Chathbai 316.516.9581

Tow Tickets

The last page of the Variometer contains Tow Tickets. Now there's no reason for anyone to show up to Sunflower without some.

Please use the tickets as printed in the Variometer.

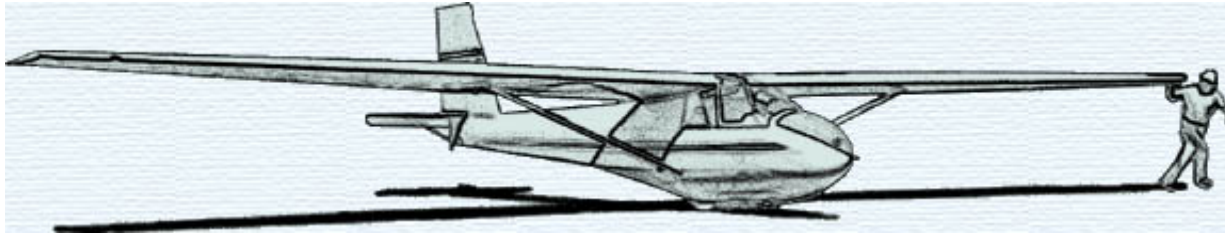
Please cut them out so that they are all the same size.

The Tow Pilot's and Tow Plane Manager's jobs are easier if they can be neatly stacked

<p style="text-align: center;">KSA TOWCARD</p> <p>TOW NUMBER START TACH TIME</p> <p>_____</p> <p>TOW PILOT _____</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">KSA TOWCARD</p> <p>TOW NUMBER START TACH TIME</p> <p>_____</p> <p>TOW PILOT _____</p>
<p>PILOT _____</p> <p>ADDRESS _____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>SAILPLANE _____</p> <p>TOW HEIGHT _____</p> <p>TOW SPEED (MPH) _____</p> <p>DATE _____</p>	<p>PILOT _____</p> <p>ADDRESS _____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>SAILPLANE _____</p> <p>TOW HEIGHT _____</p> <p>TOW SPEED (MPH) _____</p> <p>DATE _____</p>
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KSA VARIOMETER
5101 E27TH STREET N
WICHITA, KS 67220
apsoars@yahoo.com



MONTHLY KSA MEETING

KSA Cookout

Hosted by: KSA Board of Directors

Saturday September 10th, 2011

Fire lights at 5:30 PM

Meat provided by KSA.

Please bring a side dish to share.

BYOD
