

Convector



www.m-asa.org

Newsletter of the Mid-Atlantic Soaring Association

Practical Ultimatum

by George Constantin

Eighteen years after beginning my flight lessons in powered aircraft I finally got my private pilot's license – in gliders.

Airplanes can efficiently fly the paths between numerous points of Aays and Bees in direct lines. But like the concentric arcs I (sort of) make thermalling in a sailplane, my own course to licensed flight was circuitous in manner as Lewis and Clark were straight. I am a master at making the easy difficult.

I joined M-ASA in spring 2001 and started lessons in May and by that July I had already bought my vintage sailplane sight-unseen via the Internet but had not yet soloed in gliders. Not until November 2001 did I finally fly well enough that instructors **Glenn Collins** and **Vern Chapin** were willing to let me scare the skies above Frederick, Maryland in unassisted flight.

Here is the current year. Months of no visits to the glider port as the weather has been lousy for all. Then the breaks started to happen in April. And it dawned on me again: I own a sailplane, I have all the hours needed and everything except the practical test completed – *faulty-firing-synapse bone-head, why don't you finish your license?* I aggressively targeted Glenn and Vern and told them I wanted to be

licensed by May. They looked at me with some suspicion – *he's said this before*. I countered the looks with the facts: my student license was up in June. I didn't want to have to get another. May was my deadline. My self-imposed ultimatum to get licensed.

Early May 2003 and I had my required flights in. Using my own initiative, I ran an Internet search on FAA designated examiner **Joseph Notarian** and found his phone number. I called once and left no message. Second time worked and we agreed on meeting at Fairfield, Penn-

sylvania on Monday 19 May. I told Glenn and Vern this while getting their endorsements in my logbook. **Lance Nuckolls** rang me a week before the practical exam and said **Arlie Long** was ready to go for his checkride and could I pair up with him that day? Yes indeedy and I got a call from Arlie that same day to confirm.

I thought about my lack of apprehension. The drive was the key. I wanted to get licensed. I knew I had it, and like the true pilot-in-command I commanded myself to get legal.



Diary Diarrhea

Saturday 17 May 2003:

I was in New Jersey with good friend Boo watching an airshow. Blue and yellow jets screamed overhead as the Navy's aerial demonstration team ducked under rather low cloud cover. There was an ASW-15 on display that owner Mike Fadden said he brought to let kids sit in it, which they did. Trusting guy. I found myself thinking of the weather and the checkride approaching in two days.

In the evening I called Arlie and we agreed to meet in Frederick at 3 p.m. on Sunday and head up to Fairfield to in-

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President's Notes

By Glenn Collins

Yet another month has gone by as I sit down to compile a short note for the *Convector*. Fortunately, the weather seems to have broken and at last we have seen more seasonable temperatures and so far three dry days in a row. The amount of rain we have seen this year is phenomenal. I was getting to the point where I thought it would never end.

Our other never ending saga is the TFR around Camp David. We have been fortunate that the President has spent many weekends out of town in June. I hope he does the same throughout July, August, September... I hate to say it again but we are close to reaching an agreement. Last weekend we hosted a Lt. Col. from the Northeast Air Defense Sector. We spent the full day talking to her about soaring and M-ASA. She had a good tour of Fairfield and **Jim Trygg** got her up in the Super Cub and showed her the landmarks and airspace we operate in. After lunch, we even managed to squeeze in a short

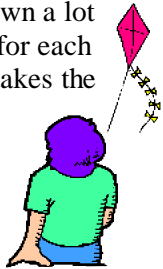
flight in the Grob before the thunderstorms rolled in and dumped on us. The feedback she gave her boss was outstanding. Additionally, I learned a former squadron mate of mine is working at the command center in Herndon. I spoke to Ken and he also relayed a very favorable impression. As it stands today, DoD is satisfied they can perform their tasks with us operating from Fairfield. The Secret Service has stated they would agree to a waiver if DoD was OK with it. So far, so good. I have typed up the waiver request and specifically addressed all the parties in agreement by name. I am waiting for the procedures to be completed by the Air Force airspace manager which I should have tomorrow. I will then submit the request and wait to see if any other bureaucratic pinheads or other similar jackasses [*dedicated civil servants -Editor*] surface to interfere with our request. The Commander at NEADS thinks we can move this fairly quickly - we have become quite well known.

We still need to finish the 2-33 recover

project. I am disappointed we seem to have stalled on this but I feel I hold much of the blame since I have been unable to get out to Dave's this month. I really wanted to see this effort concluded early in the season. Regrettably, with the bad weather we have lost an excellent opportunity to get the job done.

No decision has been made regarding the ASK-13. Frankly, my position is to disassemble it and store it in one of the hangars until we conclude P-40 and some of the other more pressing issues. We can then decide to fix it or sell it as is.

Keep your fingers crossed on a speedy approval of our latest waiver request. Also refrain from any more of those rain dances. There is still a good amount of season left and it would be nice to maximize our ability to enjoy it. Keep in mind we have not flown a lot for many months. Watch out for each other and fly smart. Nothing takes the fun out of flying more than a serious accident. 🙏



Hobbs

by Carlos Reyes

Good fortune and some fast talking landed me a short trip to Hobbs, New Mexico recently. Hobbs is a town of 30,000 that sits right next to the biggest oil field in New Mexico.

I set out in search of the SSA Headquarters - and almost drove right past it. Inadvertently, I had taken a back road to get there and got an excellent view of the back of their sign. Luckily, they have

a beautiful round stained glass window with the SSA logo that I easily recognized. Not sure what to expect, I parked and walked in.

I quickly received a very warm reception. I brought along a copy of the *Convector*, and they all recognized it! Being a Friday afternoon and contest season, only about half of the dozen or so staff members were present. These are clearly very capable and dedicated individuals.

It is common for folks to wear multiple hats as they chip in to get SSA's mission accomplished. My visit included a tour of their merchandise department, where I must have seen at least a dozen soaring books that I'd never heard of before. I had a great time in Hobbs.

In closing, I'd like to extend a special thanks to **Denise Layton, Rhonda Copeland** and **Jan Lobeck** for making me feel like a real VIP. 🙏



Jan Lobeck

Calendar

June 27 - July 6	Ten Day Weekend
July 11 8PM	General meeting FDK clubhouse
July 20	<i>Convector</i> deadline (convector@m-asa.org)

A Hunter's Tale: The Contest that Never Was

by Sarah Macpherson

This year, Region 4 North was supposedly cancelled because of lack of pilot interest. In its stead, we had the M-ASA Mini Meet. We could not have made a greater error.

Saturday, May 24, the practice day, dawned clear and cool with the cumulus already popping. Everyone was so upset the contest had been cancelled that they all showed up – every single person who had ever competed in the Region 4 North Contest since I started scoring. I don't think Fairfield had ever hosted so many gliders. Figuring out grid every morning was a daunting task that tested the limits of all the meet personnel.

Preston Burch, Region 4 North Contest Manager, now demoted to M-ASA Mini Meet Manager, was just thinking about all the hoops he'd have to jump through to try and get Region 4 North up and running again in one day, when the cu's started forming streets and expectant pilots began launching into the beautiful sky. They were up for 2, 3, 4 hours at a time, and finally came down not because there was no more lift in the sky, but because it was only the practice day, and they wanted to save their energy for the real thing.

Preston spent most of the night on the telephone, calling everyone in the SSA, but all to no avail – the meet had been cancelled, and it would take more than a day to get it back up again. I, meanwhile, spent most of the day trying to figure out **John Dezzuti's** GPS. The screen was not acknowledging the box. Finally, I had to concede defeat, and he called Cambridge. It turned out he didn't have a required part.

The cumulus never went away. The next morning, Sunday, May 25, they were disorganized white puffy things, but still there. All the pilots huddled in a huge, equally disorganized pile at the front of the runway trying to decide on a task. It seemed like cu filled the sky as far as the eye could see. A 2-hr MAT with no mandatory first turnpoint was declared since it seemed like you could go any-

where and find lift. After a long drawn out tirade by a pilot (who shall remain nameless) who had flown for 4 hours the day before, the task was lengthened to a 3-hr MAT with no mandatory first turnpoint.

But first, the sniffers! Who would sniff today? Three people needed their BFRs, so the trusty Ka-13 was pulled from the hangar and hauled to the front of the line. Judging by the experience of most of the pilots from the day before, there was no need to hurry, the lift would last all day. The first two people got their BFRs, then **Cathy Williams** and **Gigi Gere** launched on the first flight of Gigi's BFR.

***Due to its handicap,
the Ka-13 had actually won the day!***

A few minutes later, Gigi came on the radio. "M-ASA ground, Ka-13."

"Ka-13, go."

"Hey, there's great lift up here. Launch the fleet, we want to go on task."

Everyone on the ground looked at each other. Cathy is notorious for landing out, but Gigi's husband, Jonathan, was one of the best pilots around. If she thought the day was flyable in the Ka-13, could it be any worse for the task day pilots? The pilots were clamoring to go.

No sooner had we opened the gate for the sports class that we heard a call we'll probably never hear again in the history of soaring. "Ka-13 started, 1330." The calls came in one after another after that. Apparently, all you had to do was get into the sky, and you were out the top of the start gate. More people had trouble staying in the start gate and starting when they wanted to than those who had trouble staying up.

Then the radio chatter picked up with some unexpected calls that could probably qualify for America's Funniest Radio Calls if the general public knew enough about soaring to think it funny.

"Has anyone seen the Ka-13?"

"I caught sight of it about 15 minutes ago."

"Me, too. I was thermalling with it."

"I was too. It was about 2,000 feet above me."

In the start gate, the ground crew chuckled to ourselves as one by one the pilots flew out of radio range. Slowly, the ground crew dropped off to sleep in the warm sun. Three and a half hours later, we were awakened by a call on the radio.

"Ka-13, four miles from the south."

The gate crew, stumbling from disbelief and sleepiness, fumbled for the microphone. From the south, we heard this terrible noise like a stirred up hornet's nest, getting louder as the originator of the sound drew closer. It was the Ka-13, never taped and sealed correctly for this type of flying, doing a high speed finish through the gate.

"Mark, Ka-13, good finish," one of the gate crew managed to get out – the rest of us were dumbfounded as Cathy or Gigi, we weren't sure who was flying the glider at this time, brought the clumsy machine into a sort-of graceful pull up and set up for the landing.

Needless to say, they were the subject of every conversation that night. Cathy had brought along her GPS just to see if it was working, so they had a flight trace. I had to score it twice, because I just couldn't believe it when I scored it the first time. Due to its handicap, the Ka-13 had actually won the day! Obviously, Gigi passed her BFR.

Monday, May 25 dawned clear and cool, with a strong northwest wind. The cumulus from the day before were being stretched into long clouds indicating

A Hunter's Tale: The Contest that Never Was

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where the lift was – lennies!

The pilots again gathered at the front of the line to decide a task after Cathy and Gigi were awarded their goody bags. They decided to do a ridge run. As soon as we launched the last glider, we opened the first class. There were no relights.

Later, everyone's complaint was about climbing out the top of the gate in the wave. Cathy and Gigi eyed the sky, obviously considering another run for first place, but the wind was too strong for club ships, so the Ka-13 stayed in the hangar.

The ground crew gathered in the start gate, wondering who would be first on this day. Last Oktoberfest, **David Pixton**

had gone over 100 mph to bag his first win of the season during a ridge run. Would he win this task?

"7 Kilo, four miles out."

Maybe not. The first pilot through the finish gate is not always the winner, but it's a good indicator. Especially when you don't hear from anyone else for several minutes. Still, I knew John [Dezzuti] didn't have a GPS as of the practice day. I wondered if he'd borrowed one.

Later that night, I found out he hadn't, but was flying anyway. He'd just gotten his ASW-27, and wanted to get some flying under his belt before he went on to fly a real contest. I then got this idea of using his announced start and finish times which were recorded now just for

fun – back before all the contests went to GPS, they'd needed this information. To our surprise, he turned out to be the winner. Even if we took his start and landing times, his speed still came out to over 100 miles an hour! At the end of the day, he was tied for first, and if it weren't for his GPS, I probably could have submitted his score as official.

Coming up: What happens the rest of the week during this wacky contest? Find out when the Vintage Sailplane Association hears the Ka-13 won the first day – and what happens when Region 4, now the M-ASA Mini Meet, has to take the first rest day in years! Next time in *Convector*. 🏆

Practical Ultimatum

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spect N1186S, the recently damaged and repaired 2-33 we'll be using for the practical.

Sunday 18 May 2003:

Back in FDK at 3:15 pm. Weather was stinky and no flying at all. But Arlie was waiting at the field. Boo came along in Arlie's car and we headed up to Fairfield. A third of the way there I realized I'd left the FFD key in my truck. I called **Gene Wilburn** in the FDK clubroom and get the number for FFD. I called it and a mysterious "John" answered "M-ASA gazebo" and promised that someone would be there to make sure the hangar was open. We drove up and a M-ASA member and his wife had a glider attached to their car but no FFD key. And there was no John at the M-ASA gazebo. What evil befell said John to answer phone and not appear? Perhaps he was whisked away by an errant chair from the ski-lift and into Oz itself, or Camp David?

We were screwed for our inspection of the 2-33 and drove off dejectedly surmising that "John" was the manifesta-

tion of an evil, solar-flared hologram emanating from the radial of the 10-nautical mile TFR of P40 itself. And then like Henry Fielding's like-named person, our own Tom Jones rounded a road in blue minivan heading for FFD. Arlie did his best Skip Barber Race School imitation, braking and car spinning and back to the hangar. We found Tom at his DG-202 and got a key and inspected the 2-33.

Back to FDK where I would spend the night. I worked on getting my logbook super-clean. I made demarcations and lines in different colors – the thing looked like someone was applying to fly an X-15 mission. The alarm was set for 7 a.m. Sleep was needed but not easily arrived at. No matter. Tomorrow would be there waiting.

Monday 19 May 2003:

I woke up before the alarm, probably around 6 and saw the brightness in the clubhouse. A good indicator – hopefully not a lot of scud to become an overcast day. True enough: the sky was there and fresh for a practical exam flight. Hopefully by the time I got up to Fairfield it

would be even better.

I had asked **Scott Petrsek** to be my tow pilot. He was instrumental in pushing me to take my written exam in August 2002 and had always maintained an attitude that I was ready to go for whatever the next goal was. Scott showed up at 7:30 and we drove in Scott's car and got breakfast. I used the articulated hands of pilot vernacular to describe the tow plane and the sailplane and their respective movements. I fretted over my seeming lack of flights at Fairfield. Scott shrugged and told me I already knew what to do.

What if I don't pass?

Scott said confidently, "In about three or four hours from now you'll be a licensed pilot."

We drove Route 15 and I took in the great day, freaking on the good weather and grousing on why the recent weekends weren't like this.

The hangar was open at W73 and the 2-33 was already ready to go. Lance and Arlie had arrived at 8 and opened everything up, and Lance was getting the tow-

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Duty Schedule

Date	Frederick			Fairfield		
	Operations Dir	Assistant OD	Tow Pilot	Operations Dir	Assistant OD	Tow Pilot
Jul-4	Jay Dickhoff	John Lovell	Ray Scarpulla	Christophe Blanchi		Jim Trygg
Jul-4	Pete Zawadzki			Gyorgy Fekete		
Jul-5	Mario Piccagli		Gene Wilburn	Mehrdad Bayat		Pete Welles
Jul-5	Phil Scheel		Scott Petrasek			
Jul-6	Michael Hearn		William Judge	Chris Scarlett		Mike Grinder
Jul-6	Peter English		Tom Judkins			
Jul-12	Gary Goldberg		Bob Ball	Harry Bates		Don Robb
Jul-13	Michael Higgins	Fred Bane	Jane Robens	Dave Leizer		David Pixton
Jul-19	Gerald McFadden	Robert Compton	Hans Jorgensen	Chris Burns	Ali Abrishami	Rich Horigan
Jul-20	Steven Shelton		Robert Robins	Sarah Macpherson		Bill Savory
Jul-26	Baude Litt		Sam Harry	Gigi Gere	Ramon DeJesus	David Schober
Jul-27	Urs Thierstein		Jan Steenblik	Peter Blacklin		Bob Ball
Aug-2	Jim Furlong	Aurel Trandafir	Bob Jackson	Harry LaBrie		Mike Smith
Aug-3	Ralph Wentzel		Bob Andrew	Laura Hession		Jim Chick
Aug-9	Maurice Deland		Craig Moen	Jonathan Gere	Jeffrey Fink	John Hearn
Aug-10	David A Churchill		Lance Nuckolls	John Mitchell		Chuck Forrester
Aug-16				Kai Rasmussen		Phil Burgess
Aug-16	<Wings of Freedom Airshow>			Jim Lewis		Buddy Denham
Aug-17	(www.wingsoffreedomairshow.org)			Richard Latoff		Mike Smith
Aug-17				Bob Schott		Bob Jackson
Aug-23	Mark Carlisle		Dee Torgerson	Darrel Shiles	John Lovell	Jim Chick
Aug-24	John Allingham		Ray Scarpulla	Jack Beavers		Poul Hansen
Aug-30	Jim Furlong		Craig Moen	Harry LaBrie		John Hearn
Aug-31	Dick Mott		William Judge	Mike Vore		Jim Trygg
Sep-1	Mansoor Ahmed	Tom Davidson	Gene Wilburn	Jay Dickhoff		Mike Smith
Sep-1	Steven Silverman		Tom Judkins			
Sep-6	Mike Vance		Bob Jackson	Rick Fuller		Max Ullmann
Sep-7	Rob Myhre		Dee Torgerson	Frank Benson		Jim Chick
Sep-13	Bob Whitehead		Scott Petrasek	Christophe Blanchi		Pete Welles
Sep-14	Dan Meyer		Jane Robens	Bob Kryzstan		Mike Grinder
Sep-20	Dave Weber		Hans Jorgensen	Mark Segall	Aurel Trandafir	Don Robb
Sep-21	Nathan Butler		Robert Robins	Tom Jones		David Pixton
Sep-27	Jim Karcher		Sam Harry	Claude Blanchi		Rich Horigan
Sep-28	Bill Donahoe		Jan Steenblik	Gary Miller		Bill Savory

M-ASA Duty Notes: Members assigned to operations duty must be on site in enough time to start operations by 10:00 AM 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 \$100.00. M-ASA's training process requires all new members to serve as Apprentice OD (AOD) at both M-ASA operating locations. This is to familiarize new members with the operating practices at each field. Any member who joined the previous year and who was not scheduled for AOD duty at each field, will be scheduled for AOD duty at each field in the current year. Note that AOD scheduling is done independently of duty preference information submitted on the member's duty preference form. After the AOD cycles have been completed every effort will be made to accommodate the new member's stated duty preference whenever possible.

M-ASA Scheduler: Ray Watson 410-484-0333.

Practical Ultimatum

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plane ready.

I had a cardboard office file box with all my gear. Like Larry Brown in his Oxford, Mississippi fire department memoir *On Fire* I'll simply use inventory here to tell a story: Practical Test Standards (Boy Scout hangover ... prepared with seven copies: four printed single-sided and with tape binding and three double-sided and stapled). *AIM/FAR 2003*. Written exam test guide. Notary-sealed results of written exam. E6B flight computer. Rotating azimuth plotter. *Soaring Flight Manual*. Logbook with endorsements. Checks with enough money in account to cover their amounts. SGS 2-33A flight and erection manual. M-ASA 2-33 checkout handbook. Sunglasses. Student pilot certificate. Cockpit checklist on lanyard to wear around neck. Completed application for airman rating. Blank paper. Felt-tip and roller ball pens, blue ink. Black ink roller ball pen. Sectional and TCA charts. A checklist to make sure I didn't forget any of this. Not in box: flight training and mental state prior to exam. Aircraft (plural) and crew. Me.

As Arlie and I were at the table and chilling before our starts, a Subaru drove up and soon Joe Notarian walked in and before long was looking at our paperwork. We looked prepared and Joe liked that. Almost two hours of preflight oral examinations and we walked out. Scott and Lance stood by while Joe watched as the examinees inspected N1186S. It was airworthy and we started to tow it to

the line. Scott went to get the Pawnee and I trudged along with a Schweizer wingtip.

Somehow I was going first, which was good in one sense for not having to wait and fret more, but the disadvantage was not being able to watch Arlie first and see what might need to be done.

I'm going to use creative prerogative here and omit much for the sake of brevity and ease of completing this *Convector* piece. The weather was the best of all the days in May, and it was on check-ride day. I'll not mention the first takeoff or tow except in this sentence. I needed to do two flights since I was a "fresh" one for a rating. The second flight found me on an on-purpose pattern release over the ski hill. Some coordinated turns chasing lift pockets and in mere minutes the spoilers deployed and then there was the pattern entry to landing. Not my greatest flights, but competent and safe and of passing merit. Arlie took his single flight and passed as well.

We spent an hour on debrief, quite enjoyable. Joe tucked our paperwork away and hit the road out, and Arlie, Lance, Scott and myself all agreed to meet for lunch in Frederick. I had previously suggested that both Arlie and myself could get a single-seater checkout in the SGS 1-36 *Sprite*. This was agreed upon by all.

On the drive to Frederick I was bubbling on various things and Scott said, "You're obviously happy that you're licensed."

"Not so much that but that I'm happy that I'm no longer not licensed. A difference in that I don't have to start over again."

But of course we know the familiar cliché of a pilot's license being one of learning. And that happened the same day of my getting it. When I started rolling in the 1-36 behind Scott and Lance in the Super Cub at Frederick, something made me decide to keep it rolling on the grass as long as possible. And when I found out for myself of the aero-

towed 1-36's peculiar pitch penchant posited by plenty a pilot, I said *Screw the alliteration boy and just fly this thing!*

Recalling California boyhood days I thought of surf and once off tow racked the 1-36 in the most radical bank I've ever had a glider in, kicking some extra rudder for fun and greasing a little back stick for a fraction of G and while not *shredding waves* or *going tubular*, it was even more gnarly – gnarlier still – than I would have dreamed. I was flying a one-place aircraft for the first time, but I wasn't alone. I was in the company of thoughts. The strange familiarity of having earned this moment. My own near-professional career of flight training. Anticipation, reality, and total excitement as stowaways and no hindrance to best glide. A blue sky above and a green earth turning counter-clockwise below. The intersecting runways of Frederick off in the comfortable new-pilot nearness. My bloody left index finger that I must have cut on the trailing edge of the wing the only thing not clasped on the dive brake lever but still sending a trickle of red onto my cargo pants. The intuitive and collective singular part of all pilots including this pilot to do this instinctively. I want to say I was flying scared but I can't because I wasn't. But I flew with the idea of what could scare, and that kept me safe and honest. I flew it through.

In the evening, as light waned and waved a last cirrusy remarque on the sky above the ridge, I was alone at the glider port. But then there were the people who were there earlier so even as I stood on grass it was as if a club operation was going on. Scott, Lance and Arlie had been a part of it. Then there was Glenn and Vern and Gene Wilburn and **Hope Howard**. And **Gary Baker** and **Bill Whelan** and **Paul Rehm** and **Jim Furlong** and **Ray Scarpulla** who all kept at me to pick up my dragging behind and get it going. Thanks to all for being the human towrope. 🏔️



Saleplanes and Buyplanes

Repeat:

FOR SALE: 1/2 Share in **Rolladen-Schneider LS6-a** 1164TT. Komet trailer at Fairfield. ILEC SB-8 vario/speed to fly, Sage mech. vario, oxygen, Cambridge GPS-NAV. Flight computer. Contact John Mitchell 301-437-4409 or jminmd@yahoo.com

FOR SALE: 1982 Ventus B. Metal Spindleberger Cobra trailer, foam insulated 22 cubic ft. oxygen bottle with Hammon regulator. Wing covers. 598.5 hours. Instrumentation includes: Winter vario, Cambridge CNAV, 2 Cambridge varios, Dittel model ATR 720 comm, boom mike. Excellent condition. \$42,000 OBO. Contact the U.S. Soaring Museum at P. O. Box 3626, Moriarty, NM 87035 or 505-832-9222. Can also contact George Applebay at 505-832-0755 (work) or 505-296-8697 (home).



FOR SALE: Schleicher **ASW-20**. 1056 TT. NDH. Komet trailer, new National parachute, tow out gear, water bags, flight computer, fresh annual. Move forces sale - best offer. For detailed info, creyes123@yahoo.com or 301-564-4340

FOR SALE: PIK-20, Hotel Lima for sale. In great shape with a fresh annual, good trailer and easy assembly. Dittel radio, Cambridge speed director, netto. \$19K. Jim Furlong 703-455-2439 or jfurlong@piglet.toward.com

FOR SALE: Rolladen-Schneider LS3-17. 519 TT, fly as 15m or 17m; Winter instruments; Sage mechanical vario; Blumenauer speed to fly; Terra Tx 760D transceiver; Aerox/Scott oxygen; Komet trailer; annual 08/02; John Allingham, 301-986-0498



Mid-Atlantic Soaring Association

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WHO TO CALL

Godfathers:

ASK-13	Dan Brown/Frank Larson
Grob 103 (FDK)	James "Garv" Garvin
Grob 103 (FFD)	Frank Larson
Ka-7	Paul Rehm
Ka-8	Rick Latoff
Pilatus B-4	Andrew Dessler
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	Scott Myers
Tug N7799Z (FFD)	Jim Trygg
Tugs N82096 and N8658L	Dave Leizer (FFD)
Tug N9809 (FDK)	Bob Andrews (FDK)
	John Vaughan

Chief CFI:

Charley Thurber

Chief Tow Pilot:

Lance Nuckolls

Glider Maintenance Officer:

Tom Judkins

Tow Maintenance Officer:

Jim Chick

Field Safety Officer:

Rick Fuller (FFD)

Dick Bernstein (FDK)

Fairfield Facility Manager:

George Burns

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Alan Meyer

SSA Regional Director:

Bob Ball

CONVECTOR is the newsletter of the Mid-Atlantic Soaring Association



Mike Vance

It could be worse — Fairfield with a foot of snow on the ground this past winter



c/o Carlos Reyes
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