

# Convectector



www.m-asa.org

## Newsletter of the Mid-Atlantic Soaring Association

### Deux d'un Coup! - part 2

by Bill Whelan (PS) and Paul Rehm (KW)

[Part 1 of this tale ran in the May 2003 issue of Convectector. Apologies to the authors, but accommodating an article this long is not easy. I'm sure you'll agree that it was well worth the wait. - Editor]

Finally we reach the anticipated thermal throw-off points from the expansive orange tile roof of the fire training academy.

"Nothing here! We need to find lift quickly. Can we find it?" We are then indicating about 1.8-2.0K' AGL.

"Check to see if we are clear to the left. *Kilo Whiskey* is still in position and clear." He too has found nothing.

We make a broad sweeping 90 degree

crosswind turn to the left. "Hold this course for several moments. We must find a thermal."

Still nothing. Now we bank widely 180 degrees to the right beating our way upwind and crosswind looking for that "workable lift."

Some bumps. Not well organized, weak.

"Damn! This is nothing that you want to hang a buddy's hat on. Not in 'new terrain,' down low, too far from the several good fields we've just passed over. Most especially *not* with *Kilo Whiskey* staring at his first OFL."

"Plan A," is now worthless; we must go to "Plan B."

We sweep back towards the fields.

Time slows. Near the point where we must set up for our landing pattern initial point (IP) we each see the other airborne for the last time. *Kilo Whiskey* is banking steeply away. *Papa Sierra* continues back to the southeast.

*Kilo Whiskey* reports, "I'm going in *Papa Sierra*."

*Papa Sierra* responds, "click-click; ('Good Luck *Kilo Whiskey*!!)'"

*Kilo Whiskey* has picked another field. "Lord let it be a good one!"

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*Papa Sierra* is now setting up for an IP on the field with the two combines. He will chose the northern side of field as the combines are both now working in the other half. It is obvious that it is soft and somewhat hilly, as was seen previously. It will do nicely; he will make a good upwind final and count on his excellent 1-35 flaps and landing equipment to stand him in good stead. *Papa Sierra* wants to keep the uphill wing high as long as he can before striking the thick lines of newly mowed winter barley.

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But first, ... *Papa Sierra* must clear the power lines on the approaching end of



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## President's Notes

By Glenn Collins

March is upon us and the soaring season is about to begin. The daytime temperatures are working their way up and my thoughts are drifting off to getting back into flying. On Friday March 12 we will hold our annual meeting. As has been customary, it will begin at 7:30 at the Frederick Community College hangar at the Frederick airport. Most of the evening will be dedicated toward conducting club business and operations discussions in preparation of launching a new season. The following weekend we will conduct a short safety session covering topics best suited for the airport then breaking up into teams to perform some overdue maintenance of **our** facilities so they are ready for another season. Last month I put out a list showing a proposed manning for Saturday at Fairfield and Sunday at Frederick. I tried to make the point that this was flexible so please if you would rather work on the other day than was listed let me know. In reality we most likely need more folks at Fairfield since it needs the most work. I plan on bringing up the list at the meeting and we can make final adjustments there. I have already heard from a few folks who will need to miss either the annual meeting or the cleanup sessions. I will

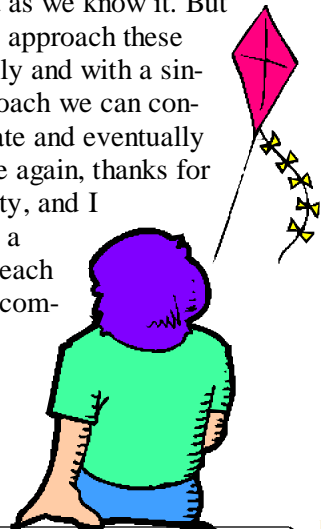
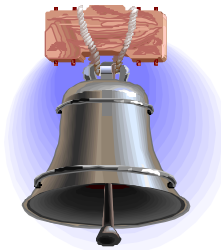
help conduct make-up sessions for the annual meeting on each of the work days. If you miss the work days, you will be assigned a task and expected to complete your work by the fourth of July.

I would also like to thank everyone who turned out for last night's banquet. I think those who attended enjoyed themselves. **Carl Herold's** talk about the people he has crossed paths with during his soaring years seemed to catch most folk's attention. I would also like to thank everyone for the presentation of the plaque. Over the course of the last three years we have had our share of issues to deal with. But thanks to many of you, we were able to rise above them and get by. I am grateful for the thanks expressed to me by many of you. I must remind you that M-ASA is a club and all of you are what makes it work. True, five people make up the elected Board of Directors, and there are four appointed officers, but it is the general membership which must accept the challenge to make it work. M-ASA is extremely lucky. The vast majority of our members are positive contributors. We all need to take our turn in the barrel at some point and give a little back. I have been

very proud to attempt to give a little of my time back by serving as M-ASA's president these past three years. Thanks everyone for your help, your advice and your encouragement.

This is my last *Convector* article as club president. The slate of three members running for the two open slots on the Board of Directors is strong. Likewise, there are a number of strong candidates for next year's club president. My hope is that next year's board and club president receives the same support I have. There are formidable challenges ahead for M-ASA. TFRs, airport access rights and safety will continue to dominate board discussions as well as the numerous backchannel venues. Any of these issues have the ability to eliminate the sport as we know it. But as long as we approach these issues logically and with a single firm approach we can continue to operate and eventually prosper. Once again, thanks for the opportunity, and I hope to share a thermal with each of you in the coming season.

Glenn 🇺🇸



## Save Our Liberty - Update

by Chris O'Callaghan

Club member contributions to Save Our Liberty have continued to roll in during the months of January and February. I want to express my sincere thanks to everyone who chose to contribute. For those of you who have yet to act on your best intents, SOL continues to need our support. Forward your check to me and I'll see that it gets to SOL through one of our resident club members.

To raise additional funds, SOL will sponsor a community-wide yard sale during the Memorial Day weekend. Joan Chick has asked me to extend an invitation to all club members to participate by donating items for sale or taking

a few hours to come bargain hunting. The Region 4 North contests starts that Sunday, with a cookout scheduled for Sunday evening. Come up. Help out with the flight line. Do a little shopping. Then join your fellow club members and visiting competitors for beer, burgers, nocks, and many other anti-Atkins treats. Not a bad way to spend a Sunday afternoon.

Please contact me if you would like to contribute items to the cause. We'll make arrangements for pickup to suit your schedule and convenience. Again, thank you for support. It is making a real difference. 🇺🇸

### Calendar

<b>March 12 7:30PM</b>	Annual Meeting (FCC Hangar)
<b>March 20</b>	<i>Convector</i> deadline (convector@m-asa.org)
<b>March 20 9:00AM</b>	Mentor Program (FDK)
<b>March 20 9AM</b>	Working weekend (FFLD)
<b>March 21 9AM</b>	Working weekend (FDK)
<b>May 29-June 5</b>	Region 4 N Contest

## Deux d'un Coup!

(Continued from page 1)

the field.

"Get... over... these!" ... And then..., "Dump on full flaps. Watch that speed. Keep the yaw string straight!" There is a little bit more headwind than anticipated, but fortunately no crosswind. And then..., "Touchdown!"

The ground is very soft. We slow, finally the right, downhill wing strikes the thickly clumped mowed barley and we do a very soft, gentle ground loop to the right. Total rolling distance is less than 75 feet.

"We are safely down!"

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*Papa Sierra's* concern is for *Kilo Whiskey*. "How has he made out?!" He hears *Kilo Whiskey* announce that he "is down, Great! *Kilo Whiskey* has just made his first OFL! He sounds good!!" *Papa Sierra* tries repeatedly to contact *Kilo Whiskey* by radio with no luck. Finally a call to Frederick on the cell phone. The land-outs are reported by phone. *Mike Papa* can be heard from his perch a mile above and a number of miles distant punching through the unremitting radio chatter to collect some additional information from *Kilo Whiskey*. Still no information on *Kilo Whiskey's* condition.

A pickup approaches. It's the property owner. Finally, after letting the property owners -Joel the dad, Owen and Tyler the youngsters- "try out the glider" and some chatting about soaring, *Papa Sierra* gets the property owner and his two sons to take them to *Kilo Whiskey*, whom he has heard report... that he is "...in/at a 'waste treatment' area?" *Papa Sierra* finalizes the retrieve arrangements with several more brief calls to Judy, his trusty crewchief, and off they go looking for *Kilo Whiskey*. After chugging several miles in four wheel drive in Joel's pickup along unpaved farm lanes, they see *Kilo Whiskey*! He looks fine from a distance. It looks like he's in a huge, fenced area for tertiary water treatment. They know how *Kilo Whiskey* got

in. How do they get in? Then they see that the main gate is open!

Shortly thereafter *Papa Sierra* and *Kilo Whiskey* are reunited.

*Kilo Whiskey* has done a superb job! He and his ship are unscathed! He could not have done better on his first OFL. *Kilo Whiskey* has just very successfully passed a major milestone on the long, exciting road of cross country soaring. The area he has landed in is long, flat and large enough to land five 1-35s. They are both happy and exultant. What a great ending to a weird, wacky and wonderful flight!!

(And that is the story of how *Papa Sierra* "shoots down two on one flight!")

*Papa Sierra*

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Bill,

"What a wonderful description of our adventure you have written!"

And for you folks out there wondering how I managed to stay with my wingman for so long, it was only his patient waiting for me which allowed for it. My day started with a launch at 12:45 P.M., half an hour behind *Papa Sierra* who had given a preliminary report of the day's conditions by radio. They looked promising and *Papa Sierra's* report all but confirms that today may be a day to venture away from home. Shortly after release, *Catarina* [thus have I dubbed my ship, who has become my partner in "the ballet of flight"] and I locate our first thermal of the day, a most respectable 5 kts all the way round to 6300 ft. "Not too shabby for the first one out of the box." Unable to locate *Papa Sierra* by eye, and with all the radio chatter, I decide to announce my intent to, "begin to head to the north," and try to hook up with him near the gravel pits, which I've learned to be the emanation point for good, regular lift. Thermals were in good supply, a little broken, but better than the previous day which took three attempts before *Catarina* and I were finally able to escape the ground for more

than the briefest of times.

He was nearly out of sight when I located the thermal street which allowed a 100 mph upwind dash, while not losing altitude from the northern most of these pits. I estimated the wind speeds at altitude to be a bit stronger than *Papa Sierra* had, nearer to 16 - 20 mph. Each climb would push me quite a bit to the ESE. Turning about to close the gap between us at what must have been a closing speed of nearly 180 mph, we met at a thermal and did "the climb thing" for what seemed to be too short a time to reach the altitude we were at. *Papa Sierra*, for any of you who have not yet had the humbling experience of sharing a thermal, did what he usually does, which is to say that he resoundingly out-climbed me, "like a cat playing with a mouse," I recall thinking at the time. He really did have me talking to myself! "C'mon *Catarina* girl, let's see those long, slender, beautiful white wings find the lift." So as the lift began to taper off, it was now our turn to lead. Two clicks of the mike to announce my impending action preceded a lowering of the nose and loosing the flaps to cruise position.

We would put *Papa Sierra* behind us to, "see just how well 'our older brother' fared in a straight run with his 'kid sister!'" After a number of miles of this I gently turned to locate *Papa Sierra* and silently hoped that he too had felt that thermal and stopped for "some up." There he was, half the way through his pull-up turning to the right, same as me but already in the lift! After the climb we were as near as I can recall at 6000 ft. MSL, and now, "it was our turn to play caboose."

So to recap, for the first hour and fifteen minutes, lift had been fabulous. Easy to stumble into, even though it was turning into a "blue day." I think both our thoughts were the same- "we were at a stone in the river; do we jump to the next one? Or do we stay here safe in the knowledge that a return trip to land

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## Deux d'un Coup!

(Continued from page 3)

amongst our friends should pose no problem?" We were at the point of no return, "when you decide to turn your back on home, put your nose to the wind and go into uncharted territory." A feeling not unfamiliar to me in other venues, but experienced only a very small number of times as a pilot.

Well, those who know me, understand that I love to explore, and I have read and reread, and discussed, and read once more, about the procedures involved in going cross country, including how to make a "safe, no tears, off field landing". And although from my perch more than a mile above the ground, the thought of an "out landing" was not in my mind at the time, it was a question I had asked and silently answered in the past. I was prepared, and come hell or high water, when the time came for me to land in some field or another, I felt I was as ready as I would ever be! Deep down, there is something inside you which yearns to explore, to go and find out! And if an out landing is in the cards for you and you are prepared for it mentally, then on a day like this, you too will do the "double click" when your wingman asks, "do you want to proceed on to Fairfield then?"

We were rising at tremendous rates, and spending that altitude as "riotously as a child in a candy store with his parents money." For all of you seasoned cross country veterans, this stuff is old hat, but to a new pilot getting weaned from the "get high as you can, float around, go no place in particular, stay aloft for as long as you can," it's a whole new world.

We pressed on passing through some pretty solid sink, for what to me was a very long time we rushed headlong dead upwind, on straight line tacks for the town of Emmitsburg, Maryland. We should have been able to cover the distance to that town with a loss of only 1500 to 2000 ft. Instead that number was doubled. We were crossing over bright green crops so I made a mental note to ask *Papa Sierra* if that was a "regular area of sink?" And it became apparent

before reaching the town, I would need to look the fields over in the event neither *Papa Sierra* nor I would be able to find "workable lift" over town. *Papa Sierra* informs me that he has indeed already picked his field out, "it's the one garble, garble, garble, mowing them." I think my field looks OK, and it too has mowed stripes on it, but no one actively working it. "Could we be looking at the same site? Will there be room for the both of us to land?" I decide that there is room for two in this field, not in the same spot but separated by about 75 yards. Only half the length of home, I make a note of the crosswind final that will be necessary should we be forced to return.

Now at 1500 to 1800 AGL, I wonder, "how much higher is the ground here than home?" take a look, decide I will give only a few turns and keep a close eye on *Papa Sierra* to see if he locates anything. Nothing much doing here. *Papa Sierra* has turned towards the land out fields, and I decide that "test day has arrived!"

Half a minute or so behind my friend, I cross the field I chose on the way in and give it a good hard look. It is like one of those test planted fields with alternating crops. Painted with alternating colors of bright green, and yellow-green. I recall Tom Knauff's ditty, "... brown to green," and focus on the recently mowed yellowish stripes from the dead crop litter. Both areas look good and level, but, "what's this?" There are irrigation pipes or something similar on poles dividing the fields, making the place look from the air like "lawn bowling lanes for giants." Definitely a little bead of sweat appears on my forehead. I had better get this dead crosswind under control, and keep it that way. I vow to, "keep the upwind wing low, until we stop rolling," for a ground loop here with only two wing spans to land on might turn out disastrous!

Bill and I do a kind of "turning salute" to each other, and I announce "I am going in," but with all the "goings on" I do not recall if there was a response. As I

turn into downwind there is no fear, only a fierce determination to make all my flying friends proud of how I handle the next few moments. Going through my checklist, I chuckle to myself about the need to "check the runway that I have just overflown 'to check,'" but I do it just the same, for it has by now become rote to me. The wind is stronger than I had estimated, and I need to correct the drift, I do not want to let myself get pushed away making a base leg long into the wind at this height. I remember how worried I was the first time Charley [i.e. Charley Thurber my mentor and CFIG] covered the altimeter, and asked me to, "land the Janus."

Now in a strange place, I have not even taken a look at my altimeter, instead looking at the angles, and listening to the vario with the occasional glance at the airspeed indicator to be sure of the speed.

"Now make this turn to base crisp, keep the yaw string centered..., good."

"Wow! The wind is strong. Take off some flap. Adjust the pitch attitude."

"Will we clear that line of 50 foot trees at the end of the field? OK, looks good, hold it, hold it, hold it, don't make this turn to final too soon or you will need to 'ooze a curving turn' all the way in with this wind."

"OK NOW! Yaw string centered, nice steep turn, pitch attitude good, looks great."

Eyes on the trees, "keep your speed up stupid, put on a little more flap, and when you get over em, 'flaps to full!'"

Some turbulence upon crossing, but, "not too bad, no 'clutching hand' like an east wind at Fairfield. It looks like this may turn out OK. Wing low, slip to stay centered, speed right, time to flare. 'Hold it, hold it, hold it,' keep bleeding the speed off, we want as low an energy touchdown as is possible"

"Touchdown!"

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## Region 4 North - Contest Update

by Preston Burch

The hot news this month is that approvals for non M-ASA pilots who applied for the Secret Service Approved Pilots List (SS/APL) are finally starting to come in. This is welcome news for pilots outside of M-ASA who wish to fly the Region 4 North Contest under the waiver granted to M-ASA when a Temporary Flight Restriction is in effect over the P-40/Camp David area. The bureaucratic log-jam appears now to be broken, and we have been told by the Secret Service that future approvals should be granted more



quickly. However, quickly is a relative term; the folks just approved waited many months, so if you want to get on the list in time for the contest and haven't sent your info to me, my prior advice still holds: do it NOW. I'll need your full name (including middle initial), date of birth, and social security number. You can contact me by phone (410-489-7063), e-mail (pburch@hst.nasa.gov), or snail-mail (1250 Heritage Farms Ct., Sykesville, MD 21784). When I receive word that you have been approved, I will contact you directly so that you are not left in doubt. There is no cost or obligation to you in applying for or receiving approval, and no one has been turned down.

The M-ASA waiver for the Camp David TFR works very well and has enabled our club to routinely fly a wide variety of interesting and challenging tasks on weekends for the M-ASA Task Day club

championship. Obtaining this waiver took an enormous amount of dedication and hard work on the part of our club president, **Glenn Collins**, so I encourage everyone to take advantage of what has been achieved in the interest of preserving the freedom of our sport.

The 2004 Region 4 North contest will start with Practice Day on Saturday, May 29; competition flying will run from Sunday, May 30 through Saturday, June 5, 2004. Next month, I'll fill you in on the social events scheduled for the contest and other details. Meanwhile, the preferential entry deadline is approaching toward the end of this month (March), so please get your contest application to me ASAP (you can register via the SSA contest web site or by mail) and your SS/APL info if you have not already applied. See you in three months! 🏆

Deux d'un Coup!

(Continued from page 4)

"But it is not over yet... flaps to negative, don't want to become airborne again, now stop, Now!" I pull the brakes harder than I ever have before not knowing just exactly what to expect. I should have guessed, "nothing but 'good things.'" We come to a complete stop, and I let the upwind wing come gently down to rest on the mowed grass field.

"It's over! I passed!"

"Now where is *Papa Sierra*?"

The irrigation pipes completely block my view of the other mowed strip, and I cannot tell if he has landed or not. It occurs to me that, "he might be on final for the field I am sitting smack in the center of," and I make a note to try to land a little longer next time when it comes. Funny how you do just what you practice at home. Only now do I notice how fast my heart is beating, how light-headed I feel. I get out and turn *Catarina* so that the prevailing wind is parallel to her wings, put the chute on the down-

wind tip, all the while looking for *Papa Sierra*. Not to be found is he. "Did he land on another field? Is it possible he found some lift and got away?" I try a few times to raise him by radio to no avail, And then try for M-ASA ground. Dead silence on the air, the first all day, so I wonder, if "a lead has come loose on my radio set?" I decide to try announcing that, "I am on the ground east of Emmitsburg."

*Mike Papa* comes over the air with a big booming voice to lend a hand as "high cover", relaying messages to home and says that "*Papa Sierra* is 'down'" a mile to my east and indeed "OK."

"So what is this place, these alternating fields with the municipal-type buildings to the East?" I walk closer. No wonder I landed here- "it's a sewage treatment plant!" [One reaches M-ASA's hangar at Frederick airport via *Treatment Road*. I leave the rest to the readers' imagination!]

"Looked like an airport; smelled like an

airport; must be '*Emmitsburg International*!'" But I seem to be all fenced in, 6 foot chain link fence with three strands of barbed wire leaning away from me. "Well, no one here, I might need to take tomorrow off to do my retrieve." Some nice folks who just happened to be fixing their barn roof, and watched us both do our last circles are walking towards me to offer their kind assistance. I need to climb the fence and leap over the wires down to the ground. But I'm so pumped up and exhilarated from the recent events, I land as light as a feather. Make the land phone calls, only then realizing I've left my truck low on gas. My new friends make a call and have a key to the plant gate on the way.

Second to show up was *Papa Sierra*, but, "who is that with him?" Another man for sure, and two young boys. He is "one big grin with a white soaring cap on," glad to see I have fared well where I came to rest." We put the boys in the

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## Duty Schedule

Date	Frederick			Fairfield		
	Safety Officer (OD)	Record Keeper	Tow Pilot	Safety Officer (OD)	Record Keeper	Tow Pilot
Mar-13	Jack Goehring III	Ricardo Cibotti	Karl Bernstein	Harry LaBrie	Nicolo Costanzo	John Hearn
Mar-14	Robert Compton	Ali Abrishami	Poul Hansen	Dave Leizer	Gary Cassell	Chuck Forrester
Mar-20	< working weekend - Fairfield >			< working weekend - Fairfield >		
Mar-21	< working weekend - Frederick >			< working weekend - Frederick >		
Mar-27	Jean Compton	Ralph Thrash	Hans Jorgensen	Rick Fuller	Garry Calvalho	Max Ullmann
Mar-28	Bob Whitehead	Frank Benson	Dee Torgerson	John Mitchell	Mansoor Ahmed	Jane Robens
Apr-3	Peter Kern	Dan Meyer	Ray Scarpulla	Elliott Blitz	Laura Hession	Robert Jackson
Apr-4	Maurice Deland	Holland Ford	Tom Judkins	Sarah Macpherson	Bob Kryzstan	David Pixton
Apr-10	Jack Goehring III	Rob Myhre	Sam Harry	Mark Segall	Guy Pfeffermann	David Schober
Apr-11	Gyorgy Fekete	David A Churchill	Bob Andrew	Roger Thompson	Robert Critchlow	Chuck Forrester
Apr-17	George Constantin	Jim Homer	Dee Torgerson	Harry LaBrie	Ricardo Cibotti	Max Ullmann
Apr-18	Dick Mott	Zachary Thornhill	Ray Scarpulla	Robert Compton	Nicolo Costanzo	Jane Robens
Apr-24	Jean Compton	Ali Abrishami	Poul Hansen	Rick Fuller	Garry Calvalho	David Pixton
Apr-25	Karl Bernstein	Gary Cassell	Hans Jorgensen	John Mitchell	Ralph Thrash	David Schober

**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.

## Trivial Teasers

by Jim Furlong and Carlos Reyes

### Answer to February 2004 teaser

There are a couple of obvious answers to this one. First, you can move your glider to one side and steer the tow pilot back towards the airport. Secondly, you can call up the tow pilot and ask him to bring you back closer to the airport. But what if these tried and true options don't work?

You could release and hope to find a thermal to save your bacon. That would be chancy, specially in a club ship (remember, no unauthorized cross coun-

try flights). In a private high-performance ship, releasing directly into a boomer might work.

So what else can you do? Sometimes the best action to take is to do nothing at all. In practice, doing nothing is extremely hard.

Here's something you may not know: tow pilots are taught to eventually work their way back to the departure airport. Unfortunately, 'eventually' might mean paying for a 5000 foot tow. Ouch. Could we do better?

Yes, we could! When you are a mile

high and over the airport, don't release, yet. The tow pilot might conclude that you cannot release and release his end of the rope. Otherwise, eventually, he should start descending. Wait until you are at your original intended release altitude, and pull the knob. You see, you get charged for your release altitude. (thanks to **Jim "Mr. Sneaky" Furlong** for this gem.)

Now, after you land, you'll have some explaining to do. But if you truly felt that your safety was at stake, the OD should understand and not charge you for the maximum tow altitude. 🍷

## Deux d'un Coup!

(Continued from page 5)

glider, feed them animal crackers- with dad's permission of course- and they have a great time while *Papa Sierra* and I go over the events of our adventure. Then they need to go, so we say our good-byes. It isn't very long before the next wave of help arrives. The "crew du jour," consists of three smiling faces, Tom Jones driving my truck and Jim

Furlong along with Mark Runnels a former M-ASA member in town for a brief visit. We send Jim and Mark on ahead to assist *Papa Sierra* as he is most likely to need extra help, and Tom and I do the trailering back to the club.

And as the sun sets, I think how fortunate I have been today. "To be alive and able to fly 'as free as a bird.' To be

among like-minded friends, and to land at a strange new place able to fly again the next day if I wanted to. That the 'best of things that could have happened' on my first land out *did* happen. That is to say..., that... 'nothing happened!' Well, only good things for sure."

*Kilo Whiskey* 🍷

## Saleplanes and Buyplanes

### Repeat:

**FOR SALE:** 1/5 share of a **Schleicher Ka-4** Rhonlerche based at Scott Airpark, Lovettsville, VA. Excellent condition, fully restored in 2000. Open trailer. Glider not used much so almost always available. \$1,600 equity, about \$342/year for annual, insurance and hangar fee. Two shares available. Bill Cloughley, 410-544-2265, [claw2265@comcast.net](mailto:claw2265@comcast.net)

**FOR SALE: LS6B** 1988 1060 Hrs. Total rebuild at the factory plus a new Cobra trailer in 1990. Peschges vario/computer system, Dittel radio, small instruments. Better than LS8 performance at 1/2 the cost. Always trailered, covered and hangared. Chuck Forrester 717-642-8778



**FOR SALE:** Aerotechnik **Vivat motorglider** L-13 SEH 1991. 377 hrs TT engine, 465 hrs TT airframe. Hoffman 3 position featherable prop. KY 97 A com, KT 76A transponder /mode C. Ilex SB-7 vario. with TE probe, tail strobe, electric needle and ball, flaps, retractable gear. \$46,995 with fresh recover. Based at FDK. Holliday Obrecht 310-831-7401

**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](mailto:rayswatson@aol.com) or Sam Harry 717-545-4901 [sharry@PA.net](mailto:sharry@PA.net)

**FOR SALE: Schweizer 1-35c.** Kilo Whiskey for sale. 2200 TT. Current annual, good overall condition, open trailer and easy to assemble light wings. Cambridge audio netto, new Borgelt B-40 w/audio, G-meter. 10 amp hour battery, O2, new tire and brakes. \$15,500. This is an excellent first x-country glider, it has taken me from hanging about the field to a Gold badge in just a few short years and could do the same for you! Paul Rehm 703-430-7625 or [darthbaitr@aol.com](mailto:darthbaitr@aol.com)

### Mid-Atlantic Soaring Association

#### Board of Directors

Gary Baker  
Preston Burch  
Glenn Collins  
Jean Posbic  
James Trygg

#### Officers

President - Glenn Collins  
Vice President - James Trygg  
Secretary - Bill Whelan  
Treasurer - Hans Jorgensen

### 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	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

#### Frederick Facility Manager:

Bill Judge

#### Membership Chairman:

Hope Howard

#### Convector Editor:

Carlos Reyes

#### Flight Sheet Manager:

John Duryea (FFD)

Elizabeth Judkins (FDK)

#### Hangar Waiting List Officer:

Danny Brotto (FFD)

Dan Meyer (FDK)

#### Roster / Mailing List:

Manfred Beutgen

#### Scheduler:

Ray Watson

#### Task Day Chairperson:

Buddy Denham

#### Webmaster:

Alan Meyer

#### SSA Regional Director:

Bob Ball

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