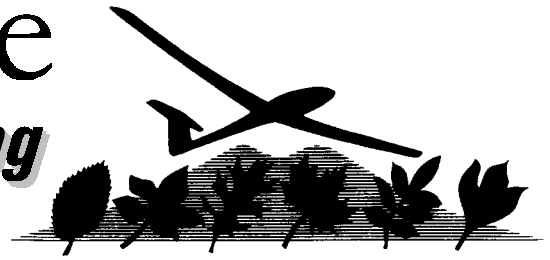


The Flight Line

News about Sugarbush Soaring



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Volume 18 Number 3

September 1998

Club Dinners

October 17, Octoberfest
October 31, Closing Dinner

The Social Corner

Tac, Tac, Toc, Toc ... Surprise, surprise! This was the sound of the raindrops over the windshield of the car. These quasi-musical notes ended my nap. This happened on the afternoon of the 4th of July.

The day started on the bright side. A group of us went to Warren Village to watch the parade. The prevailing theme of the parade was the recent floods and the combative spirit demonstrated by the affected population. Old (rusty on the outside but still running) farm trucks and shining fire trucks were included. Bob Messner was presiding. Joe Koch was seen on the float of a local ski resort and displaying skiing gear adjusted for this warm summer day. We could see the gliders on tows passing overhead. We got word later that thermal activity was encountered over Warren Village. It is rumored that we, Sugarbush Soaring, will participate next year. We left to return to the airport as a band was playing from the balcony of the Warren Store.

That evening, our guest list climbed above 40 for dinner. We gathered inside and filled both floors. Our lucky streak had ended; it rained all evening, making the deck unusable. Heidi provided us with hearty fare from the grill that made up for

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From the President's Cockpit ...

The runway has had a facelift and more: new turning circles at both ends, complete resurfacing, an extended taxiway to the Parker hangar. The one thing that has not changed is the length. This has come about entirely independent of us. It seems a regular field user needs adequate turning circles to maneuver his Piper Malibu on the airport, and was willing to help Granite financially.

Bob Buck's 486 computer is now installed on the third floor. Bob gave us a modem and we've now obtained a monitor and mouse, so the machine should be operational shortly. The machine is intended for use by members. One application is loading software and flight logs for badge flights in and out of the Cambridge Aero GPS data logger that Dave Ellis has made available to the club. Another possible application is DUATS.

Remember each of us private owners has a responsibility to mow our trailer spaces and keep the area around them tidy. I find a lot of pieces of discarded white tape and even pieces of paper and rag around trailers. Please police the area around your trailer as the last thing you do before breaking out a beer at the end of the day. The mowing machine can distribute pieces of paper cup over a remarkably large area.

The gas grills have been in use on the deck, but so close to the building that some of the siding has melted. Fire considerations are paramount here, apart from damage. Most towns have regulations that require grills to be more than a certain minimum distance away from buildings. We don't want to have to make a rule about this, but safety dictates

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Flight Ops

There will always be a group ("they") we can reference for depressing statistics and the history of events we'd all rather forget. "They" are sure to let us know when the Dow bombs, when "El Nino" is worse than it was in its last appearance, when it looks like a meteor might obliterate us all, because "they" have rendered history and all human existence down to statistics, and the future to probability formulas. "They" will tell us we had the wettest July in history and the second wettest June.

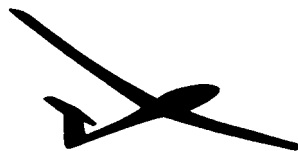
In the big scheme of things, weather patterns fluctuate and sometimes the Dow goes up. This was all sluggishly sloshing through my mind earlier this summer (before it rained), when I took a ride passenger up and stumbled into a smooth three knot wave. As we, apparently motionlessly, ascended to five thousand feet, the expressions of wonder from the front seat brought me back to why we all love this sport so much. This was a passenger who initially sat in the gazebo for over an hour debating purchasing a ride, gruffly suggested that he was probably not going to enjoy this much, and promptly started his stop watch as we took off to make sure he would get his money's worth. After fifteen minutes, he was flying and exclaiming that this was "unbelievable" and "incredible." It is, and when he said it, I remembered that it is and the rest of the nonsense and the bad weather went away – at least for a while. Don't forget why we do what we do. Soaring is "unbelievable" and "incredible" and "they" will probably never understand that, who ever they are.

Thanks to all the members who have helped on their weekend workdays – it is great to have an extra set of hands and eyes on the flight line on weekends and helping out with commercial rides on the rare occasions when we have gotten backed up on rides on the weekends. If you are on to help on a given day, just check in with the chief of the line at 9 AM or so for the morning or at 1 PM or so for the afternoon. If you are flying your own

ship on a busy weekend, please check with the line before bringing your glider down. We have very limited space if we are using Runway 04, and you should not plan on bringing your glider past the gazebo unless you are ready for an immediate takeoff and there is not already a line of gliders waiting for tows.

We need a plan and a work crew to move the north gazebo back from the runway about forty feet – rollers, skids, levitation and anti-gravity have all been suggested, and a frightening collection of engineers was seen huddled in animated discussion in the immediate area not long ago, mumbling about trajectories, force vectors, and discussing whether Darth Vader's helmet gave him that weird voice. Anyway, if you have any foolproof (?) plans – pass them on to John Daniell or me. See you soaring!

Rick Hanson



The Social Corner

(Continued from page 1)

the soggy surroundings. The company was lively as usual.

Barbecues were swiftly organized on Saturday the 18th and the 25th. Dave Ellis took his turn at the grill. We took note of some excellent smoked bluefish for appetizer. The fish was caught by Bill Martin and prepared by Heidi. We recommend that combination to anyone.

Wedding bells for Sean Carney! The family invited us to join in the celebration and several members attended a party at their home for the young couple. Best wishes to bride and groom!

Kasey has returned from her trip to Australia and New Zealand. She has resumed her duties as a line crew.

Speaking of her on-going experience in basic training at the Air Force Academy, Kenda wrote, "It's almost fun, in a weird way."

Thank you for helping to organize our social events.

See you at the flight line.

Margarett Roy

Reminder...

Canine members, although displaying human traits, are not able to help in the kitchen. They are best left to play on the deck or the grass at dinnertime.

We would appreciate it if their families would help them observe this practice.

On Being a Tow Pilot.

We take our tows for granted, and it all is so smooth these days. It was not always so.

In England many years ago, there were so many DH Tiger Moths surplus from RAF war training bases that an enterprising Norman Jones of Rollason Ltd., based at Croydon, bought hundreds of them for £50 each (about \$350 at the then rate of exchange). By the fifties, he began to rebuild them and the Bristol Gliding Club bought one for towing. The DH 82A Tiger Moth as used in Britain had no starter or wheel brakes.

The procedure for starting that I used if no-one qualified to help was handy was as follows:

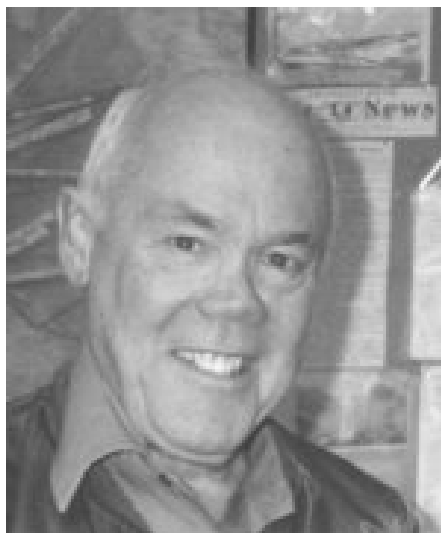
1. Wheel the aircraft out of the hangar to a suitable grass area. (Preflight omitted. I know you are busy and will scan *The Flight Line* while checking the office email on your lap top during breakfast and saying, "Yes dear," as appropriate, trying to get the timing right, while at the same time eating your Wheaties and reading *USA Today*.)

2. Drive a stout 18" long tie down into the ground behind the tail skid. (That's right, no tail wheel either.)

3. If it is a cold day, don flying suit, gloves, helmet and goggles. (It always seemed to be cold.)

4. Attach one end of a short piece of tow rope firmly to the tie down, and the ring end to the tow hitch. Push the aircraft forward to tighten the rope.

5. Tie the stick back with the straps.
6. Place chocks in front of the wheels.
7. Switch the petrol (Brit. for gas) ON.
8. Check that the mag. switches are both OFF, and the throttle CLOSED.
9. Pull the prop through four or five times to prime. (You got it — no prime



gas, switch off mags and turn prop backwards four or five times with the throttle fully open.

14. Repeat steps 10, 11 and 12.

15. Assuming the engine eventually starts, walk round and adjust throttle as required, and switch on other mag.

16. Remove chocks.

17. Untie straps, climb in and do up straps (around your person this time).

18. Do run-up. (I told you it was a stout tie-down.)

19. After a satisfactory run-up, pull tow release and taxi out ready to go.

The idea of telling all you tow pilots this is to make you just a little less smug as you climb into the L-19, strap in, close the door and window, shout "Clear!", start up, then taxi out with the cockpit heat already selected ON. You never had it so good!

John Daniell

pump either.)

10. Walk round to the cockpit and set the throttle.

11. Switch the impulse mag ON. (Both ON could break your wrist or worse if it backfires.)

12. Walk round to the front and swing the prop.

13. If it won't start and you can smell

Late breaking News...

Heidi Darr will continue to run the DinerSoar and Bill McGinty will continue as office manager next season.

Send your stories, photos and comments to:

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From the President's Cockpit ...

(Continued from page 1)

that the grills be moved out onto the grass clear of the gas pump before being lit. Please do not use the grills on the deck.

I sound like a broken record by now, but please pay your dues and bills promptly and help us keep our accounts receivable down.

See you at the launch point.

John Daniell.

Heidi K. Darr
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Call ahead dinners, picnics and full catering
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Tango's Lowdown

We continue to lose emergency landing spots. Phillips Airport, the beautiful grass strip eight miles north on Route 100, is no more. The property was sold and is now a pasture. Buddy Duncan discovered this while planning an off-field landing. Fortunately, he saw cows and selected a nearby polo field, otherwise he might have come to grief on barbed wire, which divides the strip into three pieces. The big field east of the Ben and Jerry's factory at Waterbury is now a golf course. It cost millions of dollars to make this smooth field hilly and unlandable. Finally, I read in the Valley Reporter that the field north of the Waitsfield telephone company may become a museum. Let's hope we don't lose too many more fields or the club may have to discontinue its policy of allowing selected pilots to fly our single seaters cross country.

Steve Fried's former air strip at the base of Mount Hungar remains available as an emergency glider landing field, thanks to members of the Great White Fleet who pay a local farmer to occasionally cut the

grass and thanks also to Steve and Ann Fried who allow us to do this. Bob Messner, Dave Nagley, Ron Webster and I have each contributed \$25 this season. I am looking for additional donations as the fund is now depleted. Like Public Radio, contributions are voluntary, but if you are thinking you might land there some day, please contribute. (Don't count on a retrieve if you land there and haven't paid!)

Beware the lips on the ends of our new runway! Don't land short and attempt to roll up onto the pavement, particularly in a glider with a tiny tail wheel. The result may be minor damage to the glider and unhappy club members who can't fly until repairs are completed. Incidentally, this isn't a new hazard. I peeled half the tail skid off of my Ventus earlier in the season when the tail wheel caught on the lip. Fortunately the repair was inexpensive (\$1.95 for a bottle of glue) but it was annoying and embarrassing. It could have been much worse.

Tony Lauck