

FLIGHT LINE

THE PUBLICATION OF THE WINGS OF ROGALLO
NORTHERN CALIFORNIA HANG GLIDER ASSOCIATION
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It's officially OPEN! Tim Sixberry launches at DUNLAP!

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The Editor's Turn

It's open! Yes, Dunlap has finally reopened! What's the big deal about Dunlap, you ask? Well, it's reasonably close, it's a great place to fly, and it's probably the most consistent mountain thermal site on this or any other planet.

Of the 150 days I've spent at Dunlap since 1987, I think I've only been skunked there 3 times. I've been to plenty of places where I got higher and flew farther, but for plain old having fun and checking out the view, Dunlap is hard to beat. I flew there the other week, cruised around the valley and over to the airstrip and back for two hours, at 7000', and finally had to core sink to get down.

Sigh! Life is hard sometimes!

Those of you who've flown there recently know about all the improvements. They may take away some of the challenge we remember from the good old days, but... well... those good old days were not always a terrific amount of fun when the wind was blowing hard from the west. The new launches are great, the new LZ is almost decadent, and I'd like to give Pat Denevan a vote of thanks for buying the site and Steve Kosky a vote of thanks for volunteering to live there, maintain, and manage the place.

This issue of FLIGHT LINE features two more entries in our 1999 Hang Writing Competition: Thermal Ring by Mark Hopper and Saturn over Southern California, by Bernhard B Sterling. Check them out!

Finally, the club could use a new computer. That old 25 MHz 386-based machine has been a good workhorse over the years, but it's slightly less powerful than most modern variometers. (It's probably less powerful than most modern toasters) Also, some of the relays

are sticking, it's getting hard to find new vacuum tubes, and we're running out of ribbons for that daisy wheel printer. We could always spend some of the club's money and buy a new system... but... like... this is Silicon Valley! Surely some member of this club has an old 350 MHz P-II with a 16 GB hard drive and a color laser printer sitting around the attic that they're not using and would like to donate to the club. Heck, we could probably even get by with 166 MHz, 4 GB, and an inkjet...

Paul Gazis

FAA Update

by Steve Rodrigues

As you may recall, the FAA has proposed lowering the floor of Class B airspace around the San Francisco Bay Area, including that over Mission Peak and Mt. Tam (see <http://www.avweb.com/other/faa9910.pdf>). Many of us wrote letters of comment, or spoke at the local FAA meetings requesting that the floor be raised. I called an FAA official in Washington, DC to find out what was happening around this. He told me they were considering all comments, and that they were more interested in doing the right thing than rushing the process. It will probably take many months for them to reach a decision. The best way to find out the latest is to do a monthly search for something containing "14 CFR part 71, Modifications to Class B Airspace, San Francisco" on the Federal Register at

http://www.access.gpo.gov/su_docs/aces/aces140.html

This is the first place anything will appear after the decision process has been completed. I will be keeping an eye on this, but please contact me if you find something first.

Steve Rodrigues

Going To Press Policy
Please submit materials to the editor by the first of the month.

Thermal Ring

by Mark Hopper

It was during a trip to Dunlap that a new talisman was created.

Hang two is a time of learning and breaking through barriers, so too, is it this way with newly minted hang three pilots, that elusive chase for the extended flight, the new height or the thrill of passing ones' hardest goals.

It was on a warm Sunday evening after a full day of flight, when the gaggle of tired pilots gathered to celebrate an auspicious day for one of their own, Pam, Flying Mom, chief of the fly well Indians, was celebrating a birthday. Cake, ice cream and sweet treats were the order of the day. In amongst the festivities was an unassuming game of chance, with an arrow to spin and trinkets to win. EF forts were extolled with much encouragement by Steve, master organizer of the festivities, to play and win. At last, leaving one trinket that seemed it was never going to be taken. A solution was at hand, it was presented to Pam, who upon opening the plastic wrappings, found that it was a buttercup yellow ring with the snarling visage of a skull. She raised it up and pronounced it the "Thermal Ring".

The next morning dawned clear, blue and promising a warm and turbulent day, unstable conditions, but with a lower ceiling due to an ever present inversion. The motley rabble collected and after partaking of a sumptuous breakfast, made their pilgrimage to the heights for another day on the mountain and in the air.

Adorning the little finger on her left hand, the "Thermal Ring" sat and lent Pam its newborn karma. After ushering off the flock of fledgling pilots, she launched and was swiftly away and soaring to the heights. It was a challenging

and exhilarating ride that stretched to a time that was both an endurance test of skill and patience but never tiring nor frightening. Finally having achieved this new and satisfying level of skill, she returned to earth with an elegant swoop and graceful landing all the while singing great praise to the god of air and forces of nature.

So then, was the second decree made in the creation of this powerful talisman. It cannot remain with the recipient of its good fortune once a difficult goal or task has been met, to keep the good fortune alive, it must be passed on to another in need of assistance. Failure in this can only bring the owner ill, and thus it was that Pam, creator and mother of this wondrous trinket passed the baton to another.

Trent was flying well, and was attempting that elusive extended flight. He had struggled in the morning and been summarily ejected from the morning thermals and was once more land bound watching others fly. Pam on sensing his dejection passed on the "Thermal Ring" as decreed and once again the band of rag tag aviators went to the mountain. Trent launched and was carried swiftly above, he swooped and turned and was away. The rest of our band launched in turn and were also away but each, in their own time, returned to earth. Finally all heads were turned to the sky, a bird named Trent was still on high. It was two hours and more that he came once more to the ground and was exultant in his success.

And, so it is that I am now the proud bearer of this talisman and yet to take benefit of its power. Be assured I will be passing it on to the next deserving pilot.

May its legend and its power grow with its every passing.

The President's Report for June

by Mark Mulholland

I can't believe it. I thought pilots were a bit more heads up than that! I was at Ed Levin, both days this past weekend, and no one wanted to go up the hill! Saturday, it looked like it was soarable, and no one was even there! Except me. Sunday, at least people were there, though they were all on the ground. It was definitely soarable, and yet no one wanted to go up the hill. Is it me, or are people just conditioned that Ed Levin can't be good in the afternoon. Check the weather and the robots! Don't give up till it's dark!

I'd like to remind everyone that this month's WOR meeting will start at 7:00 with a swap meet. So if you have some old stuff, bring it on out. If you're looking for some extra gear, be sure to stop by. I would like to announce that if you have a glider to sell, bring it with, as we will do a glider auction! I have one that I'm willing to put on the block, and I've heard of a few others. Maybe a couple of paragliders would like to get in on the action? See you at 7:00, Auction at 7:30, minimum starting bids are optional with the seller. Entertainment will be the Glideaho video. Speaking of entertainment, the Exec committee would like to have 2 volunteers (1 HG, 1 PG) to help line up the entertainment. We have lots of good ideas, and will provide those, but we need someone to actually make the phone calls, and schedule out the entertainment. Please talk to Mark (408) 929-1753 if you're interested. Thanks!

I've heard that there has been some good flying for those who have gone on some trips. Way to go! We have a few more entries in the WOR XC contest, with the following results:

Rigid Wing, Bay Area (Top 3 Flights)
Bob Trumbly 257
Tom Seeliger 179
Nathan Whelchel 124.3

Rigid Wing, Region 2
Bob Trumbly 257
Tom Seeliger 179
Ramy Yanetz 136

Rigid Wing Worldwide
Ramy Yanetz 406
Bob Trumbly 257
Mark Mulholland 181.5

Flex Wing Bay Area
Mark Grubbs 62
Dan Maguire 40.5

Flex Wing Region 2
Dietmar Kurpanek 77.7
Mark Grubbs 62
Dan Maguire 40.5

Flex Wing Worldwide
Dietmar Kurpanek 77.7
Martin Henry 63
Mark Grubbs 62

I am still interested in doing a WOR video. If you are also interested in this, please let me know. I have a deal on some professional editing, all we need is a "story-line", and some good footage! Roll those camera's!!!

Congratulations to Brian Porter on being ranked #1 in the World for Class 2! Ramy Yanetz is ranked 4th!

Have you checked the website lately, look at the calendar, the-classifieds, and the message board.

Mark Mulholland

The Crumpled Nosecone

by Mike Vorhis

Hang Gliding Allergies

There's a flight-related medical condition most of us were never warned about in our training, an allergy we largely discount but nonetheless all share, at least those of us who fly wings with airframes. Consider the following case studies:

A competent if less experienced pilot was attempting a spot landing at Ed Levin last month. He rounded out and levelled, and all appeared as textbook. His control bar was high enough to be above the tall grass. However, his feet were below the tops of the ground vegetation. The rapid deceleration of his feet touching higher grass stems was enough to rotate him rapidly into the ground, where he impacted hard and broke his arm.

We've heard of the anecdotal "fighter's fracture"-the common breaking of a little finger by boxers who cock their fists incorrectly on impact. Well, this past month, one of our long-time officers and a very thorough and competent pilot suffered the hang glider pilot's equivalent-the painful and dreaded Spiral Fracture of the Humerus. His summary comment to authorities was that the "high grass got him." Later, he related that tall grasses and other vegetation like sage brush is "Treachorous with a capital T." He had read an earlier accident report regarding grass, and had it in mind at the time of his own accident. "I understood the danger in the abstract," he said, "and was trying to stay above the grass...I had no appreciation for how fast it can snatch you out of the air"

A pilot launched Mount Diablo several years ago in late afternoon and encountered typically robust westerlies. Around the side of the mountain and in the wrong place for those conditions, he was rotated badly, flopping about in trash air that was beyond extreme. Behind a low ridge he

was up-ended near vertical at one point, entered a long falling dive and pulled out with just enough altitude to pick one of the several dubious landing areas left to him. He selected a steep hillside, lined up fast, and peeled up the face. Semi-sparse, tall wisps of dry grass were going to seed on this hillside, and they conspired to repay him for his visit by tickling his control bar. The delicate force almost immediately whipped him into the ground at a speed of 35 to 40mph, and as he cratered, a foot behind the nose-plate he broke the keel of f completely with his head. Amazingly, he walked away with nothing more than blood trickling across his face, dazed and determined to spread the word.

The author flew a rural site in Brasil this past spring. On the last day, in a remote field somewhere below a thermal that should have existed but did not, I peeled into a very lightly vegetated slope, began to slow, and then was holding my head moaning on the ground. It happened that fast. The subsequent memory was one of landing violently on the top of the head and being snapped over onto the ground by the neck. The keel-mounted video later showed it took something less than an instant, and that feet touching amazingly sparse wisps of medium-high grass had perpetrated the crash. My neck felt like a bullet was lodged in it for 3 months following. Lying out in a steamy field, with no witnesses, in a Third World area where there would be no vehicles or radio rescues and where I couldn't have spoken to a soul, I knew that a broken neck and a life-altering injury had been averted by the thinnest slice of luck.

You may remember the epic literary film masterpiece "Invasion Of The Body Snatchers." Well, realize that ALL plants are out to get us. Perhaps they are jealous of our rootless existence; perhaps

we represent walking, talking & fronts to their fanatical photo-synthetic cult. Perhaps they simply hate us for callously wearing the juice of their dead on our knees. Whatever their sentiments, beware medium or tall vegetation, even insignificantly sparse coverage! Treat all stems, leaves, blossoms, briars, and seed pods as terra firma, and perform ground effect flight well above them. Watch out for drogue chutes, harness boots, even VG cords in sagebrush and cactus areas. Pick bare spots in which to land, and hit them accurately.

We are all allergic to this stuff. Don't let the allergy get you. It's nothing to sneeze at.

- Mike

June Meeting

Minutes

by Paul Clayton

The May minutes were accepted as printed in the newsletter.

NEW MEMBERS, GUESTS

Steve Pazzolla - flies a Ram Air - from SoCal.

Brian Mayers - H1 from NY .

GREAT FLIGHTS

Dietmar Kurpanek - flew 77 miles from McClellan Peak

Mike Vorhis - flew 25 miles from McClellan.

Mark Grubbs - received his aerotow signoff from Hungary Joe at Crazy Creek.

PRESIDENT'S REPORT - Mark Mullholland

There are several sites that the club might possibly acquire. There may be a vote taken at the August meeting about whether the club should form a non-profit corporation to purchase sites.

Volunteers are needed to investigate possible sites. LZs or launches may be available for purchase at several sites. An entertainment coordinator is needed for the club. Mark has a list of entertainment ideas. The club's laptop computer has been repaired at considerable cost to the club. Anyone who is skilled at repairing PC's please contact Mark. A swap meet is planned for the July meeting. A PR chairman is needed to produce a video showing flying at WOR sites. See Mark if you are interested.

VICE PRESIDENT'S REPORT - NONE

TREASURER'S REPORT - Don Jones

Don spent 8 hrs. processing applications this past month. The club now has 460 members, but 198 members from 1998 have not yet renewed.

FLIGHT DIRECTOR'S REPORT - NONE

ED LEVIN SITE COMMITTEE REPORT - Steve Pittman

There were no incidents this month. The windsock has been repaired. Thanks to Randy Trike. A permit has been acquired for the speed gliding contest to be held in September. An advisory vote was taken regarding whether the club should publicize the speed gliding contest and attract the public as spectators. Not many people were in favor.

MISSION RIDGE SITE COMMITTEE REPORT - Steve Rodrigues

The special use agreement is still pending. The proposal to drive up the front of the mountain and down the back has been communicated to Dan Reasor. There was a close encounter between an RC and a hang glider. This led to a discussion in the LZ, which

attracted the attention of one of the park rangers. Steve was asked to write a letter explaining the situation to the park rangers. The RC pilots may have to form a club and apply for a special use agreement to continue flying in the Preserve. The lower gate (about 1/3 of the way up) is now chained open. Steve has purchased windsocks for the launch and LZ.

DIABLO SITE COMMITTEE REPORT - Mark Grubbs

The weather robot is currently now working, thank to Dan McGuire.

NEWSLETTER REPORT - Paul Gazis

Send in your newsletter articles. There is a contest now running for best article. According to Don Jones, the newsletter is now available on the club website.

COMPETITION COMMITTEE - Mark Mullholland

The speed gliding contest needs volunteers to act as officials. Conditions at Indian Valley were not good for the club rally in May. The next event is the Regionals in Carson City on the 18-20th of June. There is an ongoing X-C contest for 1999, so submit your flights. A calendar of club events was distributed.

OLD BUSINESS

The issue of installing a cattle guard on the 1750 ft road at Ed Levin was raised, but no action was taken.

NEW BUSINESS

Pat Denevan reported that the Memories Inn at Dunlap has burned and passed the hat for donations to rebuild it. Over \$150 was collected. He also reported that the water pump is now working at the campground.

Thanks to Steve Kosky, who repaired it.

Mark Grubbs reported that several area clubs are considering pooling their resources to buy a Dragonfly tug and start an aerotow operation. Details are not known at this time.

Rick Dunlao reported that Yosemite was open for flying on Memorial Day Weekend, thanks to Eves Tall Chief.

Entertainment was videos by Eves Tall Chief, showing flying at Yosemite.

END OF MEETING MINUTES

Mission Ridge Report -- June 1999

by Steve Rodrigues

Trouble for RCs: After becoming aware of another near-miss between a hang glider and a large RC sailplane, the East Bay Regional Park District has decided to enforce their bylaws which prohibit the flying of RC airplanes in the Mission Ridge Preserve. The RC pilots will need to apply for a special use permit in the same way that was required of WOR.

(LATE NOTE: The South Bay Soaring Society will meet on July 6th to determine if they will take on this job. I have offered to help them craft an agreement that will be good for both RC and HG/PG pilots. Any pilot with RC experience is encouraged to participate in this process, and should contact me ASAP. All feedback regarding this issue will be appreciated.)

Watch the Gate: Please pay attention to the lower livestock gate. It should not need to be closed until

sometime around January. If you find it chained open, leave it open. If you find it chained closed, please close it after you pass through, and call me to let me know it's status. I will check with the rancher to see if he has changed his schedule.

Special Use Permit: I have made one last proposal to the EBRED regarding access to launch. After this final detail is worked out I will post a complete update in this column. Because of the changing requirements for keyholders, and the long delays in coming to agreement, the 1999 key reallocation will be delayed until further notice.

Mission Windsok: I have purchased two windsoks for the Mission launch and LZ. As soon as the Agreement is signed that will permit the installation, I will schedule a work party to do the dirty work.

Watch this spot for important updates!

Steve Rodrigues
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Saturn over Southern California

by Bernhard B Sterling

There are many celestial objects over the mountains of southern California, but only one with rings and just a few with wings. A business trip to San Diego came up, but instead of packing myself into a commercial airliner at the prospect of being about as comfortable as an oil sardine in a can, I took the van and drove, so that I would have a hang glider with me, in case I needed one: A brand new Saturn and a freshly

baked H3 pilot that had got hooked together at Hollister just once before; fresh indeed, in that I had taken the written test by stopping at Pat Denevan's shop on my way down. It wasn't by choice, that I rolled down the road right out of the oven to new flying sites with a new glider, but at first, Altair must have made sure many times over that all ends were covered during the seven weeks to delivery, and then my wife locked me up in the children's room until it was painted with the kind of moral pressure that only a mother of young children is capable of.

I successfully replaced any feelings of doom with the confidence of invincibility and immortality that only an eighteen year old or an intermediate level HG pilot is capable of. The thought of not carrying any spare parts just wasn't given any time to mushroom. When I told the story to Tammy Burcar in Santa Barbara, she made me land twice on their bunny hill, before I would even get to see any mountain. I blamed overshooting the target on the fog there; that worked. On the way up I got a good look at the LZ; a big gently down-sloping field, no problem. The Saturn took it's virgin flight with his right-full owner from the Alternator. It was a nice, uneventful flight. The glider really showed off it's capabilities in the ground effect on the sloping LZ. After hundreds of feet, the foot brake, i.e. dragging the boots, put a gentle end to it. There is another flying site, Santa Barbara has to offer: They call it the Eliminator. I didn't think its name had any special meaning until I saw the LZ at Parma. Imagine a hill side about the size of many backyards, separated from a house by a sturdy fence, right after a sucking little canyon, with a guaranteed rotor coming over the house, and a big rock in the middle. Get the idea? I was told, many H4 pilots had looked

at it and turned away with comments of the "You've got to be kidding" type. The challenge had grabbed hold of me and I just had to do it. Launch at the Eliminator is a simple cliff launch, you fly over an antenna farm and may get some lift right behind it. The views were magnificent in the late afternoon glow, with Santa Barbara below, nicely planted between the ocean and the mountains and the thick fog lurking out there over the ocean, ready to blanket it all again as soon as the sun gives up for the day. Waking up, I started to look for the LZ. It was pretty obvious where it was, because the weeds had been abated. I had listened intently to the best approach description, and came in with good speed, but the ground came up so quickly, that there was no flare window at all. What a difference to the other LZ! I looked around, the glider stood perfectly about 10 feet from the rock off the right tip, 20 feet to the fence from the left and about 30 feet from the end of the runway, guarded by one of those fat cacti with fangs at their leaf tips. I let the glider sit there for a while to make sure, my guide, who came in later, had something to aim for. In retrospect, I might admit, that there may have been a guardian angel, but at that moment, the success certainly gave new impetus to moving on..

That evening, I drove out of town using back roads with interesting views. It was tempting to stroll along the State Street again, but I wanted to fly at Sylmar the next day. I met Joe Geblo at the flight park of the Sylmar HGA. He is an excellent instructor and very conservative. He advances students to the H3 level only after 25 hours of air time. He was also wondering, who had recommended that I buy a higher performance glider yet. Did Pat really do that? Once you understand, why hang gliding still co-exists there with housing developments, you will appreciate their attitude

and safety consciousness. The worst clash occurred fourteen years ago; a poor hang gliding soul was set free, when the pilot burned in the power lines to the houses. Wires fell into a pool, the neighborhood watched and then turned against the group with politicians on their side, with the demand that their children shall never have to see such a spectacle again. After the struggle of justifying their existence, the pilots created a park-like environment with so many rules, that you won't remember the first ones, when you are through reading them. But I have to admit, they enjoy a kind of camaraderie on an ordinary Saturday afternoon, that we don't even muster at our annual picnic. I had two flights down from Kagel mountain with enough lift at the beginning to stay about even with launch. The landings were by the book between the two housing developments and Joe had nice compliments, which I think, all go to Pat Denevan and his troops. Of course, it was little bit hazy, but Bay Area residents can't brag about air quality anymore either. It was good to experience the massive regulation that can come down on all of us for the unacceptable behavior of a few.

That evening, I continued on south to San Diego, where I metamorphosed into a different black and white creature for three days. Thereafter, contacts in the San Diego area didn't come easily. I hung out at Torrey Pines and met some of the locals and two instructors. There were, of course, the guys who had long ago, given up a nine-to-five routine for a two-season per year routine. It was good to hang out there after an intense business intermezzo, to talk to some of the life's artists. Who is to say, that we always have to be effective? So, I didn't feel all bad for having "wasted" a couple of hours. The Saturn stood there for a whole day in light wind, proudly dis-

playing its name, which Altair writes on a wing in big, bold letters, apparently for the visually impaired. The next day, a local guide took me out to a mountain range, they call Horse Canyon. It is really a funnel that lets air get pushed up a ridge. A launch, there was a border patrol of ficer with his telescopic views out for legal citizens of another country. Flying there is easy because lift is abundant along the ridge with a few places for thermals. After two hours of hearing the "horse whispering", I had done what there was to do for that day and landed on a clearing in the brush, that was twice as long as needed, provided one lands into the wind and brushes the bushes with the feet when coming in. I figured, a H3 pilot just doesn't know about the 27 ways to mess up a landing; he listens to the locals telling him the best approach and then does just that, no problem.

Well, the next day would tell differently. The Saturn was set up again at the "Torrey Pines Glider Port" in the hope that the wind would turn on any minute now. The minimum number of hours there is 25, before they let people fly by themselves. But I tried to sound good with the 14 hours of airtime, I had racked up by then. There are very good reasons for that precaution. It is a very busy place, even on week days, because there are always some RC pilots flying things in the lift band with up to 4 or 5 feet wing span. Even the smaller ones would be quite a mouthful for a hang glider pilot. One sounds a whistle when entering "their" part of the shared zone. It seems to work most of the time, because the RC pilots are shown some respect that way. Then, there always seem to be a few paraglider student who are practicing to kite their wing. It isn't their fault because they are told to do so, but it is -or was, as the case may be - the LZ for the hang gliders. Of course, the students are totally

oblivious to the need of an approaching hang glider for speed and space. They may look at you like deer in a head light. The idea of grabbing their fabric and ropes and move, just doesn't cross their minds. I came in for my first landing too low behind them to hook around and got decked. My spirit was broken also. It started to be awakened slowly, when I learned that a smart designer at Altair actually had the foresight to use downtubes that are identical to those of a Falcon 225, except for the slippery high gloss. Now at least, I can tell left from right. Just a short while later, a commercial jetliner came screaming overhead heading inland, way too low for not having the landing gear out. We all looked for smoke coming up from behind the hill, where he went out of sight. Pretty soon someone saw on his little television that the plane had strewn its engine parts over the Lindbergh airfield after having come in on one engine. I figured, that it's much better to land a hang glider at 25 mph inelegantly than to land on one engine at a speed that appeared to be 200 mph. At Torrey Pines, flying out in the lift band is easy. I can readily imagine that it would be great to travel in higher winds up and down the coast for a mile or two. Even after the short flight, that I had, I started to wonder, what else there would be to do. Maybe that's what aerobatics got invented for. The beach some 300 feet below, is considered a nude beach by some mostly male clowns. I was just as happy being way up there.

The flying spirit came back on the next and last day of the trip, at Lake Elsinore. The site and the local pilots were exactly the way it was written up in the Hang Gliding magazine of a couple of months ago. I was greeted by the first arriver at the LZ with the "claw", which took me by surprise, because it's so unique.

These are "naturally cool" guys, some drank beer even before they drove up to launch. Nobody made me feel that I was just a visiting pilot. Also nobody cared to ask about any credentials or flying experience. Some were introduced as looping aces and record breakers. I didn't see why I should brake out in un-cool behavior over that. Eventually a group of about 20 pilots was set in motion to move up to launch. I got a ride, had to ask for the tricks of their trade, but they were readily shared. The convergence started to happen, as if it was on a timer. I didn't even bother to walk the glider up to the bigger launch site and just took from where I had set it up, stayed very close to the ridge, heard a couple of beeps on the way, and felt lucky. The Saturn behaved beautifully. There was a little lift as soon as I got to the spine that leads down to the E-cone, I started turning and had already 50 feet under the wing after the first turn. I was totally proud of my Saturn because all of the locals before me had to scratch for lift below me along the spine. That thermal took me right away up to 2600 feet over launch. The view of Lake Elsinore with its turquoise colored water added an understandable lure to get to the mountain on the other side. Of course I was told, how to get there and which fields are good to land in; but I was quite content with being only a few miles from the LZ. At no point did I feel crowded. Up to there, I had held tightly onto the base tube all times, not even daring to zip up. Later on, after I had sunk out badly I came back to their house thermal. At some point there was so much wind in the core, that I couldn't hear the usually annoying vario beeps anymore. I fought hard at times, to stay inside and learned a bit more about themaling. The meaning of the "claw" becomes obvious. There was one more special treat: A glider port is close by and so I

saw a sailplane circling overhead. I realized that they can't see what's below them and we can't see very well through our wings, but somehow the sailplane pilot and I managed to share a thermal. We can stay at the core much more easily with tighter spirals, and so I could readily out-climb him. The guy was actually running circles around me. I could see the pilot and the plane looked very elegant. Then of course, once outside the thermal, I sank much faster and when I saw him again, he was still up there. It seemed that the decision when to land is induced there, by a thought of cold beer, which in turn must induce a down-draft. At first, I was disappointed, that I didn't get any higher above launch, but after all, the Saturn and I had done as well as most of the locals and we were higher than the surrounding mountains, and so, I was happy with the flight. When everybody was at the beer drinking party under the oak tree, it appeared that the locals had to prove that they are still the original freedom fighters, they got into an argument over ways to preserve their landing site privileges against some powerful housing development efforts. That escalated from shouting, using a bullhorn, pushing and positioning, to beer flying and pepper spray being used. I stayed out of it and wished them well.

The Saturn may very well be an ideal intermediate glider. There is nothing, that I would like to have improved. I congratulate the designers. Of course, I think it should come with a spare down tube.

The next time your bread earning activities call you on a trip, just think about taking your glider along. Maybe, it will create long-lasting memories for you also.

WINGS FOR SALE



St John's Fly-in

Leo Jones

Mark this on your calendar. Sonoma Wings is hosting our annual St John Fly In, "the best little fly in in the West," on August 21-22.

All those who have attended our previous St John's Fly Ins know what a great weekend this is. For those of you who haven't been to one, then you should plan on being there.

There will be the usual competitions - normally an open XC on the Saturday, a defined task on Sunday, and a spot landing competition too. There will be the usual awesome prizes, and prizes in past years have been both abundant and excellent. There will be a dinner, raf files, and T shirts, and GREAT FLYING.

We plan on having two launches open, and these are hugely improved from a couple of years ago. Pilots need to be hang 4 rated, or hang 3 with mountain flying experience.

We are hoping to attract 40 pilots this year. We also need drivers and helpers. This has proved to be a great event in previous years, so we hope to see you there. Contact Matt Jagelka (707) 838-3594, e mail mattsflyin@aol.com for details and entry forms. Entry forms will also shortly be posted on our website
www.sonomawings.com

Wings for Sale

Flexwings

Pacific Airwave Genesis 138. Very good condition. Small glider and control frame make an excel-

lent glider for smaller pilots. Good launch, handling and landing characteristics. \$300 doo. Call Chauncey (408) 946-6307.

Pulse 11 M Red/White/Blue w/ comfort bar. \$2000 doo. (408) 527-8110 (W), (408) 929-1494 (H)

Mark IV 17 Excellent condition, 1 test flight since annual inspection, \$1,500. Call Lynda Nelson, (408) 946-6353, Lynda0g@aol.com

Moyes XS 169 Good condition, good for pilot over 200#. great sink rate, good landing characteristics. Good looking colors blue and yellow under surface. \$550 Call Bruno (925) 837-4261. Brunoj@world-net.att.net

Moyes XtraLite 164. Mylar sail. Good condition, good for pilot over 200#. great sink rate and glide, exceptional landing characteristics. Built to last. Good looking colors. Blue and yellow undersurface. \$1,150. Call Bruno, (925) 837-4261, Brunoj@worldnet.att.net

Wills Wing HP AT 145. Good shape. Less than 200 hours. Flies great! Advanced USHGA pilots only. \$950. (650) 324-9155

Wills Wing XC 142 with winglets, HP AT 158 (Custom Sail), Attack Duck 160. All in good to excellent shape. Have purchased a Millenium, so make me an offer, I would like to clean out my garage!! Contact Mark, (408) 929-1753

Paragliders

Edel SupersSpace 2. White & Green. \$1500 doo, (408) 527-8110 (W), (408) 929-1494 (H)

Equipment

Apco Jet Stream pod harness and chute (5 years old), Full Face helmet, almost new flying suit. Best Offer. Call Remy (650) 625-0633, ramyyanetz@aol.com

Uvex full-face helmet, 17 Like brand new, \$150.00, Kenwood FM radio with 1 hour quick charge, cig. lighter charge, and owners manual, \$200.00, PTT headset for Kenwood and FF helmet, free with all of the above. Call Lynda Nelson, (408) 946-6353, Lynda0g@aol.com

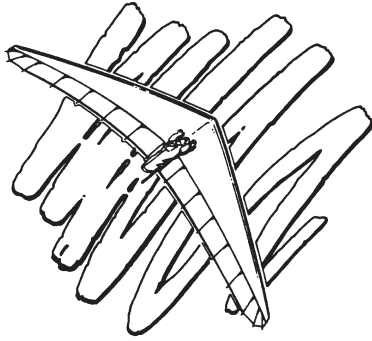
Vehicles

1987 Toyota Van 4x4 "hanglider bus" 4 captain's chairs and 3-pass. rear bench, aggressive tires, racks, 5-speed, 2-speed transfer case, 147k. \$2500. Contact John Glover, 510-272-1244 (W), 510-547-3409 (H), jglover@portocakland.com

Miscellaneous

Land For Sale, 40 acres at the base of Tollhouse Flying Site 30 miles NW of Dunlap. The property is at about 2200 feet, cornering on the National Forest. Contact Mark, (408) 929-1753

Wings of Rogallo
P.O. Box 361885
Milpitas, CA 95036-1885



*Wings of
Rogallo*

FLIGHT LINE

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The next Wings of Rogallo meeting will be held at the Omega Restaurant in Milpitas (corner of South Park Victoria and Calaveras Boulevard) Tuesday, July 20 at 8:00 pm. Social hour begins at 7:00 pm. Come early and have dinner.

This meeting will begin with a swap meet at 7:00 pm followed by an auction at 7:30 pm. If you have any good stuff, bring it to the meeting and give it to me so I can sell it to Moldavian Terrorists and retire to the Swiss Alps!

Entertainment at the meeting will be the Glidahoe Video.
I ~~hear~~ it s pretty good, so come and check it out!