



# FLIGHT LINE



The publication of the Wings Of Rogallo Northern California Hang Gliding Association  
Volume-124,Number 7 Sept 2006



BubbleHeads getting a couple seconds of air on the road to King..... Photo by Eric Froelich

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## ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO EAT !!

### 2006 Summer Flying Calendar

Aug 12-13 [WOR Fly-in/Site Intro at Slide](#) Reno,NV.. H3/P3 and up

Contact [Ben Rogers](#) 650-269-9036

Aug 12-13 [NorCal Cross Country League Jugdeep Aggarwal](#)

Aug 25-27 [CerroGordo & WaltsPoint](#) Owens Valley, CA

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Sept 16-17 [NorCal Cross Country League Jugdeep Aggarwal](#)

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**July 2006 WOR Meeting Minutes**

**NEW MEMBERS, GUESTS**

Stephen Watson - Marina pilot

**Great Flights**

Eric Froelich took 3rd place in the recreational class at King Mt. and did a 65 mile flight.

Ben Dunn flew 68 miles after the OD opened up for him and took 3rd in the open class at King Mt.

Bruce Bousfield flew 56 miles from Sugar Hill to Paisley in the Lakeview area.

Wayne Michelson flew from Sugar Hill to Hunters in Lakeview in 1:03.

Alex Morgan thermalled at Sugar Hill and got a 3 hr flight to 13750 at King Mt.

Vince Endtner flew 116 miles from Mt. St. John to Burney; also flew from Elk Mt. to Hull Mt. to Redding, a distance of 82 miles.

Mark Mulholland flew the Worlds; did out and return tasks with 20 mph headwind on some legs.

**President's Report: Steve Delayo**

Nothing to report.

**Vice President's Report : Wayne**

**Michelson**  
There was an unpaid tab from the last meeting.

**Treasurer's Report: Don Herrick**

Club balances were stable over the last month.

**Membership Services: Bill Jablon.**

WOR now has over 400 members. The website has been updated with a new member database.

**Flight Director's Report: Pat Denevan**

The LZ at Ed Levin has been rolled, but the area by the 50' training hill is still not in good condition. The 40' hill is OK for flying.

**Ed Levin Site Committee Report: Steve Pittman**

The windtalker was stuck, but has been repaired. The club has a spare anemometer, believed to be in Phyl Hamby's garage.

The phone in the LZ is still an issue. Removal of the phone will require a change in the site procedures.

**Mission Peak Site Committee Report: Steve Rodrigues**

Steve e-mailed to say that a key is available.

**Mt. Diablo Site Committee Report: Mark Grubbs.**

Diablo has been flyable in spite of the stable weather. The special event fee for the site has not been paid.

**Site Acquisition: Gene Pfifer, Wayne Michelson**

Goat Mt. is closed, but Wildass is open and has been soarable.

Coyote Lake will be available for 6 test days. An advanced rating is required.

Gene Pfifer has waiver forms for those who want to fly.

**Old Business**

None

**New Business**

Urs Kellenberger reported that the USHPA board of directors will meet in Burlingame from Oct 6-8. A pilot summit is planned to coincide with the BOD meeting.

Eric Froelich wants to step down as webmaster.

**END OF MEETING MINUTES**

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**Rendeavous in Hull** << >>

By Paul G. & Vince?

**July 8-9: Paul G**

All things considered, it was a pretty good weekend. Saturday looked unpromising, with winds from the NW, crossing from the right at Timberline. The first pilots launched before 2, got drilled if they tried to go right, and ended up struggling over the knob. Around 2-2:15, it started blowing straight in and the rest of us punched off. The drift was still from the NW, and the peak was defended by a nasty rotor, but there was lift up to 8000' over the bowl to the left of launch, and the day just screamed, "Wait for the convergence, you fools!"

Sure enough, as 3 PM approached, the drift ceased, lift began to build, and the thermals started to go straight up. Sridhar and I headed over to the peak, then looked down to see Vince and Rich arrive on their rigid wings, en route from Elk to... I dunno... Alaska or some place like that. And hey, they'd brought the convergence with them! Thanks guys!

To make a long story short, I got up to 10,400' quite literally before I knew it (as in... "Gee, that can't be right, it isn't THAT good a day... is this altimeter working correctly?") did a leisurely circuit of the valley, fiddled around over the dam at 7000', decided not to try for Potter Valley, and had to core sink to get down -- indeed, I was so darn tired after I landed that I decided to drive home on Sunday. Sridhar flew for even longer. All in all, a fine conclusion to what started out looking like a mediocre day.

**Vince's Version**

Another weekend, another epic flight. We have been having very good luck this year. Rich and I have been talking about flying from Elk to the north into the central valley for the last year. A friend of ours was going to fly at Hull and we figured if we just made it to Hull it would be a fun flight.

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If we could continue on from there so much the better. Saturday, the forecast did not look that good, but we figured if the opportunity presented itself, we would take advantage of it. A hang gliding friend of ours, Bill Vogel said he would drive for us. I don't think he fully realized what he was getting into.

When the three of us arrived at the south launch of Elk, we found the wind coming from the West, splitting the ridge. There are two launches, the south and the north. The wind would cycle up the south launch every 5 minutes so we decided to set up on that launch. After setting up the cycles were less frequent. We watched some birds getting tumbled in the lift and wondered if maybe it was not the best day to fly. After a half hour of pondering this, we decided to fly, but now the wind was coming up the north launch and we had to make the miserable hike down to the north launch with our gliders. I launched in a nice cycle and climbed above launch without much trouble. Rich got stuck on launch for the next ten minutes waiting for another cycle. I climbed 500 above launch and hit 500 fpm up. About half way around I went over the falls and was weightless for about 2 seconds. I thought it may have been a fluke and went around again and went over the falls again. Ok, you don't have to tell me 3 times. I headed elsewhere to look for lift. It was one of the rowdiest days I have had in a long time!

Rich was in the air now and quickly climbed to 6,000'. I was back down below launch. After a lot of struggling I managed to get to 6,000' Rich was about 500 higher than me as we headed for Horse on the way to Hull. I come over the top of Horse with about 200 (Horse is 4,600), enough for about one 360. If I did not find lift I would have to bail. Luckily I found enough lift for another 360, then another until I was climbing safely above the top. There was some drift from the West that had me worried, but after the thermal turned on the drift stopped. Rich was above me the entire time. We topped out at 7,000. We decided we needed 7,500 to make it across Lake Pillsbury to Hull. Just for

the hell of it we flew a couple of miles in that direction. The sink was not very bad so we went for Hull.

Just before the lake we hit a thermal and climbed for 1,000. This gave us enough height to make it across the lake and above the house on the ridge that is also a house thermal. We were a little above 4,000'. I spotted two flexies above hull about 4,000' above me (guess who that might be). I would not be happy until I was above them. It took almost a half an hour, but I managed to climb up through them on my way to 10,300 and over the top of hull. Rich joined me 5 minutes later. I'll be d\*\*ned if one of those flexies almost climbed up through us. They got within 300'. We looked across the Mendocino National Forest toward the Central valley. A couple of weeks ago, Kurt had made the jump from 12,500. It looked iffy from 10,300. Again we decided to fly a few miles toward the north east and see what developed. The sink was not a problem. After a couple of miles Rich said "you realize you might not get home tonight?". For a once in a lifetime flight it was worth it so we continued on our way. I tried not to look down. There was nothing but trees and no LZs anywhere. I could see the terrain on the other side of mountains rising in my view which was a good sign. About halfway across I hit 700 up and climbed to 11,000. Rich was too far to the side to risk coming over and continued on. He then hit his own 700 up about 3 miles further. We joined up at 11,400. Now it was a piece of cake to finish the crossing and start what was going to be my longest glide ever. We went on glide from 11,400' to 2,400', 24 miles and 35 minutes without lift. At about 1,000 agl we hit some weak lift. We were now on the same route that we took from St. John last week. The lift felt like the same crappy lift as before, but much to our delight, took us back above 5,000.

About this time Bill had radioed that he had a blowout on the rear tire and would be a while. I thought we might be waiting a long time for a retrieve. He already had to cross the Mendocino National Forest on old logging roads. Rich told him where the spare was and we continued on.

At this point I was getting really tired << >> and sleepy. I felt like I could just close my eyes and sleep. Each time we went on glide I thought (maybe secretly hoped) that it would be our last and I could get on the ground and rest. But each time we hit lift, that competitive drive in me took over and I worked it for all I could. We were getting closer to the site record with each thermal. At the 74 mile mark we were down to 700' agl and looking at landing in a creek bed that had been quarried. I had some long straight flat sections where gravel had been removed. As we came over we found zero sink. The wind was out of the south and blowing us in the direction we wanted to go. We slowly climbed and drifted north. Occasionally we could hear Bill on the radio. We told him how to find us if we lost contact. After drifting for 7 miles we had to either land in a nice big (1 mile long, 3/8 mile wide) field free of live stock, or risk landing on a field full of livestock. We were down to 500' and chose the nice big field.

We both had great landings into a 3 mph hot breeze. It was close to 100 degrees on the ground. I took off my harness and laid out a drop cloth I keep in it. I laid down for 5 minutes. I could not remember being this tired after a flight before. The flight was only 4 hours and 30 minutes long. I could have been the lack of sleep the night before, or the amount of scratching I did at the start of the flight. As I started breaking down Bill drove up. I did not expect him for another couple of hours. He was our hero of the day. We were a good ways into the field and looking at a long walk to get our gear out. We could see Bill talking to someone, and then he jumped in the truck and drove off. He came back, unlocked the gate and drove right to us. He had driven over to the owner's house and got permission to drive in and pick up us. He is our hero of the month.

Total distance was 81.8 miles about 9 miles short of the record, unless you start creating records for every different direction you could fly. We did not launch until almost 1:30 which is kind of late for me. By the time we landed it was past 6:00 and the lift had shut down. I got back home at 12:15AM and was in bed by 1:00. A very long but rewarding day.



## Swiss Flying

by Daniel

I just got back from vacation/business trip in Switzerland. Three weeks of traveling around, mostly with my harness/helmet/vario in tow. In traditional HG fashion, this translated into only one flight, albeit a scenic one.

After several false starts contacting the predominantly PG crowd, I eventually connected up with an HG instructor/pilot near Lucerne, Switzerland. It was a little over an hour's drive from Zurich with beautiful scenery the entire way. You end up in a green, mountain valley and pass through a little town called Stansstad to the Sankte Jakob restaurant and flying school. Food in front, workshop in back.

We put the HP AT (the sail on this puppy was CRISP. How does that happen with such an old design?) on top of the car and drove to one of the 6 local gondolas. A few paces from the Wirzweli top station is a steep setup area, maybe as big as at Funston but tilted down with grooves dug in to make setup easier. They've built a metal ramp that looks usable all year round. Think of the Slide launch but made of metal grating. The instructor had a tandem student with him, so we both put our gliders together.

I saddled up and took off down the ramp. My camera was dying, so we only got one photo from launch. I got a few light thermals, but the day was really trying to OD so I mostly rode the valley winds ridging up the hills. It was spectacular. To make it all even more memorable, I had the honor of spreading my mother in law's ashes over a particularly green field with exactly this view. When the clouds started turning blue I headed for the LZ for a no-wind, no metal landing. The 120 km/h wind and hail started 40 minutes later. Weather stopped me from flying again this trip.

If you find yourself anywhere near Lucerne I'd recommend this guy to rent a wing. It costs 50 Euros/flight or 100 Euros for the day.

Heinz Zwysig <http://www.luftarena.ch/>  
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There does seem to be a trend in glider rental places to take you to the easier hill first so the guy can check you out. Where I launched wasn't the highest peak in the area, and I think he was testing me out on the slightly easier, more convenient spot. It was still beautiful, but I would have liked to have returned to get to either the higher mountains near Stans or even on Rigi.



Lucerne Launch

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## BubbleHeads at King

### Summary

Compiled by C.C.C.P using input from various assorted Bobbleheads

Road to King was via Lakeview, and included hallucinations of man-eating coyotes and bears attacking sleeping pilots in the dark of night. All escaped without any tooth marks.

Once at the King Comp, our intrepid travelers were greeted their first day by rain, which they escaped by descending down into pumice and ice-filled Moon craters. From there, it was off to get naked in some local hot springs for a relaxing evening with the local girls.

Day 2 started with drizzle, which gave way to virga, rain, gust fronts, lightning, and towering OD cums. Assorted equipment problems, mass confusion, and general trepidation were followed by short scary flights, some hard whacks, and a gratuitous down-wind high-altitude landing. Launch, sink, sink, sink, sink, sink, land. Much swearing. Much beer drinking.

Day3 began looking like a repeat of the previous day, but improved somewhat . More virga and dark evil-looking thunder & lightning storms lurking around the region. Pilots get pelted with rain, sleet, hail, but no snow. Aviation occurs.

Day4 started out with decisions based upon the possibilities of scoring in manners unrelated to the flying competition (WINK), progressed into dancing with dust-devils at the upper launch, then onto bouncing down cloud streets and over mountains with occasional low saves on our way towards exhaustion, back pain, hypoxia, and a gratuitous "whack into high-power lines then bounce onto barbed-wire" landing. Also some major miles traveled, the original objective of all the above.

Day5, last day of the comp. High cirrus gives way to sun and a menacing loud cu-nim was lurking to the north of launch. Some bouncy thermals get the boys high before 40mph headwinds curtail forward progress, ending with

First up the Recreational class. 1st Marcus Venturini, 2nd Pete Anderson, 3rd Eric Froehlich - Go Eric !!

Then Open Class. 1st Kurt Bainum, 2nd Paul Allen, 3rd Ben Dunn - W'hoo

The staff Lisa, Donna, Terri, John and Blaine really did put on an outstanding event at King.

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### Editor's Turn

August is upon us, alas summer is over 1/2 gone... Hope y'all are out there gettin ya some, 'cause I sure ain't. Rumor has it that aviation is occurring often, and smiles as well as miles are being acquired in vast quantizes by various fortunate individuals amongst us. Guess that I'm gonna just have to learn how to load, set-up, and fly my wings using only a left arm, 'cause the right one just don't seem to wanna work right no more. Damn, I had gotten rather attached to it.

NEW FLASH: The latest hot rumor is that global warming is heating up. Implications to thermal soaring activity could be uplifting for all of us (except for those Funston and Marina boyz). Stay tuned for more news on this and other dire apocalyptic predictions regarding the end-of-the-world-as-we-know-it. Meanwhile, I recommend following Nero's example, and intend to keep the A/C cranked to max and not sweat the little stuff.

Speaking of rumors, it seems that your esteemed editor might possibly have been selected as Mr.Feburary in the '07 USHGA calendar. Haven't actually seen it yet, but iffen this be true then y'all better order yours soon before all my hoards of screaming teen-aged blue-eyed groupies make a run on the market.

Anyway, it's press time, gotta wrap this up and get it out. See y'all next month.....

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VOL. 124 NO. 7 Sept 2006



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