



Florida Adventures

(by Lauren Tjaden)

Our arena is frozen into a chunk of blue steel. This makes it impossible for us to ride our horses and work. My husband Paul and I figure that we might as well use the time to fly, but even this proves difficult. First, we try Smithsburg training hill. We wait for the wind to change to a better direction. It doesn't, and we find ourselves caught in a blizzard. An inch of snow coats us before we break down our gliders and scurry home. We try Jack's mountain. We score four minute sleds to the landing zone after driving three hours one way, setting up, and braving twenty degree temperatures (a sled ride is a lift-free flight that – like it's namesake – lasts only as long as it takes to get to the bottom of the hill).

We try Woodstock next, on a January day forecast to have good wind direction and strength. The main road is closed due to the snow, so we load our gear on our backs and trudge up to launch on foot (with the help of friends). It is like aerobics from hell. After the trek, Paul, Hank, and Kevin launch. The air isn't perfect after all, in fact, it is as gnarly as a hairball. But I can't try it out for myself, even if I want to. I'm a Hang 2, and I need an observer to fly. I wrap my gator closer around my neck and hope Terry will show up soon. He's promised he will come later, as a favor to get me into the sky. While I wait, I decide to gnaw on the turkey sandwich I've packed. I nearly break a tooth. It has frozen into a piece of plastic. That does it. I grab my harness, and start the hike back down the mountain. I've had enough. We are going to Florida.

Jan. 16th, Thursday evening. Snow pelts down. The forecast predicts between four and eight inches. We

quickly change our plans from a morning departure to leaving as soon as possible. An hour later, gear crammed into and onto the truck, we race out of Round Hill and past Warrenton. By the time we reach Richmond, our progress has slowed. Snow swirls like it's in a blender. We skid occasionally, in spite of our 25 mile an hour pace. Blue police car lights flash at the wrecks we pass. We debate whether to stop, but decide to continue to North Carolina in an effort to outrun the storm. In Rocky Mount, we are finally successful. Exhausted, we stumble into our beds and sleep like the dead.

Jan. 17th, Friday. On the leisure tour, we shovel down breakfast at IHOP before heading down the road. We drive some and stop for lunch. We stroll around a neighborhood in Georgia. Cows search for something edible in the front yards and cotton is the crop of choice. The houses are bleached into nondescript colors. All of them seem wounded, with porches that collapse or shutters that are drunk. We are the only white people, but the residents wave and smile. We drive more. It's further than we thought, and we begin to be sorry for all the time we have pissed away. Late that night, we find a hotel in Clermont, Florida.

Jan. 18th, Saturday. Nirvana! We arrive at Quest Soaring Park, in Groveland, Florida. We planned on camping, but the temperature is the coldest of the year, so we opt for a room, instead. Besides, we hear that if you camp, wild hogs sometimes root around your tent, and that if you pass out by the pond, you may wake up with an alligator attached to your leg. We share the bathrooms, the kitchen, and a great room with other pilots, but have a private bedroom. I notice a foosball table and a ping-pong table, which look fun. Some

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Ralph Sickinger

Pre-Flight



WHEW! I finally managed to dig myself out from under 24" of snow, dropped on us courtesy of "the Storm of the Century". Ok, the century is only three years old, but this was still a pretty good blizzard. And of course, it wasn't enough to just drop two feet of ordinary snow on us; Mother Nature decided to coat everything with freezing rain first, followed by 12" of snow, followed by a few inches of sleet, then another foot of snow! DO I LOOK LIKE A LAYER CAKE!? And after I finally got everything cleaned up, She decides to dust everything with another inch of snow, just to rub salt into the wounds! And, adding insult to injury, how's this for irony? Only a month ago I managed to get my entire garage cleaned up, so that I could park my truck inside, and not have to deal with cleaning it off if it ever snowed; and where was my truck when the blizzard hit? Out in the driveway. Why? Because Hugh's glider is currently set up in my garage. (*More on that later.*) I suppose I should be thankful though... it represented 60 square feet of concrete that I **didn't** have to shovel!

Anyway, it's behind me now, as is my first year as editor of Skyline. This issue also represents the end of an era [of sorts]; this will be the last *monthly* issue of the newsletter. The next issue of Skyline will be the Spring-quarter issue, and should come out in early May. In an era of electronic mail and instant communication, there is no longer any need for a newsletter intended to communicate timely information. In the time it takes me to put an issue together and get it out to your mailbox, any real "news" is already obsolete! Instead, my plan is to leave the real-time stuff to a medium much better suited for the task: namely e-mail, the listserver, and the website. Meanwhile, I want the newsletter itself to fo-

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of the pilots are only visiting, like us, but others live there. After we unpack, we decide to fly.

The wind blows from the northwest. The other pilots say that will make it turbulent coming out of the field and that the lift is nonexistent today. Nobody is interested in joining us in the air. I figure I can pin off if I need to and set up Ginny Eagle, my glider. I am nervous enough to trot off to the bathroom a dozen times, every time the wind gusts. When I am ready and hooked into my glider, one of the tug pilots motions to a contraption bolted to the back of a car. He explains that our takeoff point is quite a hike, so he'll pull my aerotow cart there with the car, with Ginny and I both aboard. This seems risky to me, but he assures me it is safe. He instructs me to stand with my feet spread on my basetube, and lean back against my down tubes.

The car jolts into gear. The wind lashes across the runway. I glance down to see one side of my basetube has levitated six inches. I scream for the car to stop, but the gale has my wing in its teeth and it's too late. Ginny lifts and cartwheels off the cart, landing on her leading edge. I am stuck to her, hanging upside down. I have bruised my arm and leg and wrenched my back. I am shaking like it's thirty degrees and worried that I did something wrong and I'm angry, too.

Ginny has a smear of grease on her sail, but we are both okay. The driver touches my arm and runs a hand down Ginny's frame. He explains that if Ginny's basetube lifts again, I may be able to stop it if I throw my weight to one side. Of course, I won't have that problem, because I refuse to try again, in spite of much urging. (I don't realize how rare my accident was until later. Flavia, who has been at

Quest for years, says she has never seen such a thing happen. The strong crosswind and me being slightly light on my glider are probably to blame.)

I am still shaking when I launch. The sky has been churned into a ratty mess by the wind. I have vowed to be smooth and cool on the tow, but it's hard with Ginny heading towards Mars while the plane plummets. At two thousand feet I am pretty sure I'm not having fun, so I pin off. The roar of wind and the airplane instantly cease. Ginny and I glide silently. I see a kaleidoscope of green and blue, more ponds than fleas on a dog. The Earth looks like a totally new planet to me. I gasp and try to soak up the view, but I don't have much time, because Ginny drops quickly. The sink is more effective than concrete. I approach well and nail my landing. The wind thrashes me on final but it helps me to stop quickly, too.

I start breathing again five minutes later and decide I should fly one more time. The turbulence is even more violent, though, and my weak link breaks at seven hundred feet. Paul is enthused, but in spite of the spectacular view aloft, I have had enough punishment and decide to wait for a quieter day to fly again. I mix a stout martini, change into my swimsuit, and climb into the hot tub. Paul joins me. We toast each other, watch the clouds turn pink. Finally, the sun creeps into the horizon.

We dine at the Thai restaurant. Drew, who works there as well as at Quest, explains that when we meet Otto, the owner/dictator of the restaurant, that we must beg forgiveness for not having reservations. We must rate how hot we like our food on a scale of one to four, four being the hottest. We must not say we like our food

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Joe Brauch

Prez-Sez



Goodbye All...

Changing of the guard time. Looking back on the previous year, this has not been the best of times to be president of the CHGPA. We lost a pilot and temporarily lost a site. We all pulled together well and are making progress towards not letting either happen again. On the bright side we have an influx of 1's and 2's making it to 2's and 3's. Many new XC pilots and records. I think we all had great time at Pulpit 2K2, High Rock non-Fly-in, and the BVH parachute repack.

Final thoughts...

Keep your mind on airspeed, airspeed and airspeed, especially on launch!

Keep vigilant about site protocols, it would be silly to loose a site because someone parked wrong or drove too fast! (Anyone can enforce this!)

Keep patronizing all our schools and flight parks.

And always remember, this is fun; if you're not having fun, wait for another day.

Thanks to all of the board; they really do all the work!

I have climbed aboard Air Force One for the last time. I think it is customary for them to take me back to my home state. Andrews Air Force base is in Maryland so I guess they just taxi me around then kick me off. :-)

Enjoy!

~ joe

Capital Hang Gliding and Paragliding Association

CHGPA represents hang glider and paraglider pilots from the Washington, DC mid-Atlantic region. We are committed to the safety, growth and solidarity of hang gliding and paragliding.

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fairly hot or mild, but use the appropriate number. Drew promises the food is the best in town, but also promises that if we misbehave in any way, we will be sent home without dinner.

I am starting to wonder if we should eat there at all, but I grovel satisfactorily, and Otto is pleased. My dinner tastes like it has been made in heaven, though Otto chooses another dish for me than the shrimp I request. Later, bellies full, we celebrate our arrival with the other pilots in the commune.

Jan. 19th, Sunday. I stumble through to the great room on the way to the toilet. Connie, Tim, Louis, Flavia, and lots of others perform what looks like yoga to me. Incense clouds swirl, and Indian music plays. I slam some water into the coffeepot and whip up some wake-up juice.

Conditions are too windy to fly, even for the borderline insane. Paul and I decide to explore Epcot. I am excited before we arrive, but even more so when I see its great silver ball silhouetted against the clouds. I bounce around the parking lot and drag Paul to the first attraction. It's supposed to make you feel like you've been shrunk and then you explore inside a body. The ads say it's like a flight simulator. It makes me sick, though. I am covered with sweat and gasping by the time we are finally freed from the ride. I never get queasy even in unusual attitudes in actual planes. The day goes downhill from there. I hate the ads and being packed into rooms with other tourists. I hate the fattening food that has as much taste as a mousepad. I hate Epcot. I would burn down Epcot. We go home to the pilot commune. I am cranky.

The commune is busy partying, in honor of Rick's birthday. The party is much more fun than Epcot. Louis has fixed vegetables with peanuts, which to my surprise, I like. I try Drew's chocolate fondue, too. Flavia washes dishes, somehow managing to look enticing with her hands buried in the sink. Darien, the eight year old daughter of Rick and Riley, sings me "Delta Dawn" in the hallway and my bad mood melts. She teaches me an Irish jig. Louis laughs when he busts me skipping down the hall with her.

Jan. 20th, Monday. Yoga and incense in the AM, but not for me. I sup coffee and devour an ice cream sandwich. I am grateful to climb into the air again, but the northwest wind still batters us. I make it to

altitude without pinning off or breaking anything. Gasp at the landscape again, and then sled straight to the landing field. I do this twice. I look up the Virginia weather on the web. It's nine degrees there. At least I'm getting to fly.

Lisa Kain, our old friend from Ridgely Airport, shows up, as much of a surprise as a diamond in the muck heap. We hug and dance. And then our friend John Chambers arrives, too (we brought his glider with us from Virginia). We hug and dance more. John waits for the conditions to mellow just prior to sunset. Then, he makes a quick flight to re-acustom himself to towing. Later, we inhale plates of BBQ.

Jan. 21st, Tuesday. The wind shifts to Southwest, but is still 10 to 12 mph. Cumulus clouds gather, promising good lift, but the wind means that it will be hard to stay over the airport. I fly for almost an hour, although it takes three tows. I sweat like I've been in a sauna on the tows. When the tug pilots find a thermal, they bank into its core, the logic being that they will arrive at altitude earlier. This means the plane, instead of running like it is on tracks, morphs into a rabid dog, trying to savage its own tail. I need different techniques to cope. I forget keeping the back of the plane in front of me. I aim at its midsection, not its tail, to avoid being flung outside of the turn like a water skier being flung around the back of a boat at high speed. I am learning lots.

We have doubts about the wisdom of John waiting until midday to fly again. Besides the wind and low level turbulence, the thermals are tight bullets that shoot off of the ground like they truly have been fired from a gun. Nonetheless, John is determined to tow when the possibility of finding lift exists.

He finds it indeed. Rick drops John in a boomer, one of the first he's ever encountered. To him, the turbulence is as shocking as a toaster in the bathtub. When he wanders to the edge of the thermal, it throws him into an ugly rendition of a wingover. His glider suddenly has strong opinions. It doesn't want to turn, it wants to wheel like a spooking horse. John has good basics, though, and handles it okay. When he lands, we ask him how it was. Between gasps, John explains that he spent the entire flight searching for his parachute handle, because he was sure he'd have to use it. We giggle until we are sick to our stomachs. Then John flies more.

Arland, who owns a flight park up

North, tells me I flew great. This brings a smile to my face, until he explains he watched me thermal from *above*. But then he says I was climbing while he sank, so this makes me happy again. However, Greg, a top competition pilot, flies for two hours off one tow. He has a much faster glider, but the difference in our skills is obvious. He gives me a lesson. He draws diagrams of clouds and fields, explains why he was on top.

Lisa meets John, Paul, and I for fresh duckling and venison. The meal lightens our wallets considerably, but it's worth it. I may not be light on my glider for long.

Jan. 22nd, Wednesday. Too windy to fly in the day, but the temperature soars to 72 degrees. Paul and John are engrossed in ping-pong, until I drag Paul out for stroll. All of us paddle boat and canoe. I jump on the trampoline in the lake. We dangle over the water on a swing. I swim briefly. We're like ten year olds playing all day, in a place with lots of toys.

As the day fades, we have a landing contest. The still air is perfect to test my new airspeed indicator. Thanks to Brian VH, I have worked out the most efficient speeds to fly in almost all possible conditions. While 19 mph is simple to maintain, and 25 is almost as effortless, to reach 31, perfect for strong sink and strong headwinds, I need to stuff my basetube down by my waist. The sun bleeds rivers of pink and orange into the clouds while the emerald trees and lakes below turn dark. I fly three times. Paul wins the landing contest. I try to convince him I lost just to make him feel good, but he doesn't buy it.

We eat at the Thai-Nazi's. John-the-doctor and I beat the British lads soundly at foosball. We laugh and tell each other we are talented.

Jan. 23rd, Thursday. John C. has to leave for Virginia. We are sad to see him go. It's too windy to fly. So we drive, with a group of other pilots to a sheltered river, to canoe. The water of Ashland Springs is clear enough to peer to the bottom. It maintains a temperature of 72 degrees, no matter how cold or warm the air is. We only see 2 other people the whole time. Birds, colored like the rainbow, adorn the shores and trees. We spot a freshwater stingray, and I catch a turtle that's no bigger than my palm. We don't see any alligators, though – the only disappointment.

Darien mashes avocados for the guacamole I prepare that night. The evenings

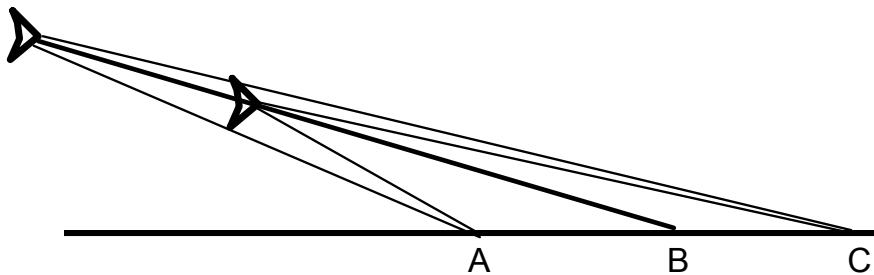
(See FLORIDA on page 10)

Speeds to Fly - Part II

(by Brian Vant-Hull)

Last month, we learned that there is always one best speed to fly for distance (equivalent to altitude) and that this speed will change depending on the wind and sink. As we continue in our discussion of speeds to fly, we'll learn how to find that speed.

Every time you find yourself in consistent conditions: a calm day, or a steady wind away from the ridge; start looking ahead for objects which are not moving in your forward field of view.



We've got a pilot heading towards point B. Looking at points A and C, we see that the angles they make in the field of view are constantly changing. A will seem to drop in the field of view, C will rise, but B is rock solid, assuming conditions do not vary along the route. To find the best glide speed, you should adjust the bar position and see if that stable point moves out or in. Keep adjusting until that point is as far out as possible, then memorize that bar position for the next time you encounter these same conditions.

A Detailed Look

Clearly we don't all fly with airspeed indicators, and even if we all had accurate airspeed indicators (which don't exist), the best flying speed would change with glider, pilot weight, and even altitude. So a good question is: *how close do I have to be to the best glide angle speed to still reap the benefits?*

Speed Sensitivity - If you look at the set of graphs labeled "Glide Ratio Sensitivity"

I've plotted glide ratio as a function of forward airspeed for various values of headwind and sink. You want to pick an airspeed which puts you at the top of each graph. Fortunately the graphs are smoothly rounded, and we can see that a couple mph faster or slower will not make a huge difference in the glide ratio. We can all breathe a sigh of relief. But the graphs fall off more precipitously as you slow down, so if you're gonna make a mistake, err on the side of going too fast!

It also appears that sink has a more drastic effect on your glide ratio. The shape indicates you can afford to go faster than the

ideal speed in sink and not suffer as much for it, but it's hard to tell because the graphs are all different sizes. It's time to rescale.

Normalized Graphs - I've scaled all the graphs so that they have the same height. The first thing to notice is that the shape of the graphs is the same regardless of the amount of headwind, so you have the same margin of error regardless.

But with the sink we see a drastic change. At 6 mph sink (about 600 ft/min) the graph flattens out on the high end. If your instinct in heavy sink is to yank the bar in to your waist, you'll probably be okay even if you overshoot the ideal speed. Very comforting.

Looking at these graphs, we can now state a couple rules of thumb:

- To maintain 90% of your best glide in a headwind, you can afford to overshoot by 4 mph, but can only undershoot by 2 mph.

- The more sink you are in, the more you can afford to overshoot the ideal speed. If heavy sink you're in, pull it in!

Best Speed in Various Conditions - the graphs we've looked at so far force us to read best speed off the tops of the curves. This takes some estimation, so it's nice to see the best speed as a function of headwind and sink.

One nice surprise is that it comes out looking pretty linear for sink. This is pure happenstance, equivalent to the earth looking flat because it's so big. For a Falcon, we even find that the speed you add is equal to the sink rate of the air! So if you know the air is sinking at 200 ft/min, you can add about 2 mph to your speed. But beware, your glider naturally sinks at about 200 fpm, so you can't just read it off the vario.

The speed needed in a headwind increases at a greater rate with more wind. One surprise is that for the fairly common 10 mph headwind, you only have to fly about 2 mph faster for the best glider over the ground. But be forewarned: your glide ratio over the ground drops from about 9.5 to about 5.5 because your forward progress is still being impeded by that left-over 8 mph!

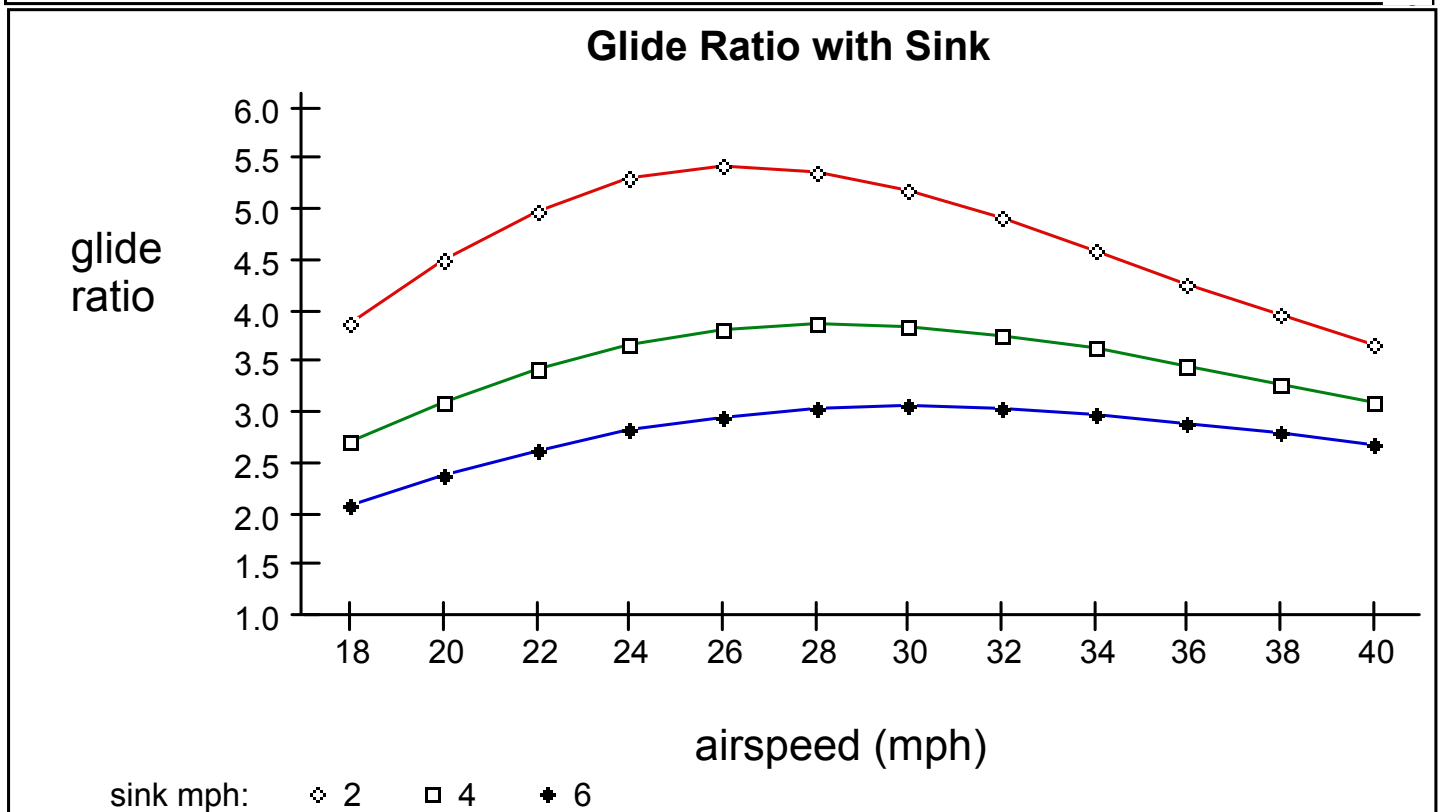
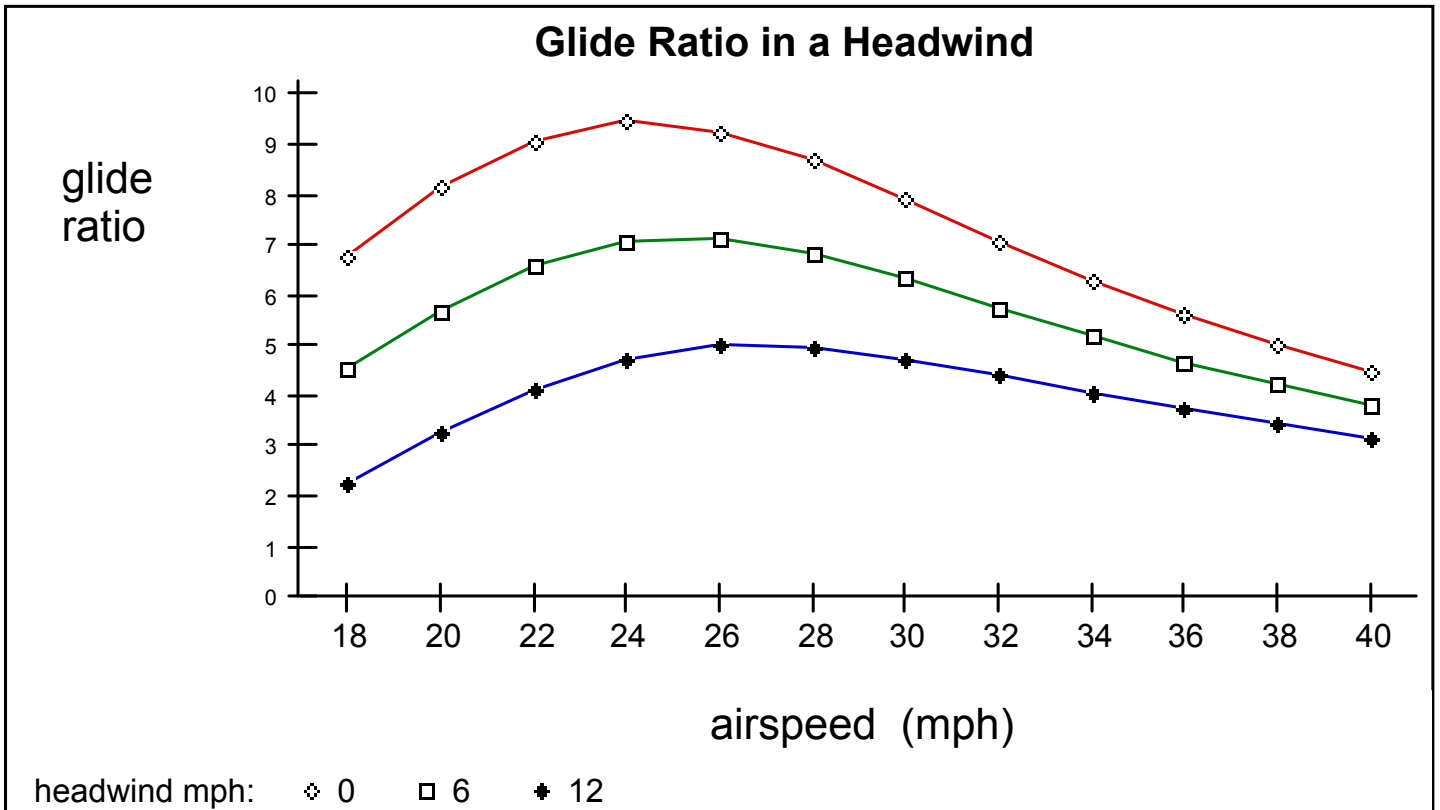
So a couple more rules of thumb:

- For best glide in sink, add the sinkrate of the air to your ordinary best glide speed. You'll need to correct for your glider's natural sink rate. And remember, 100 fpm = 1 mph approximately.
- For a head wind below 10 mph, add about 1/5 the headwind. Between 10 and 15 mph, add about 1/4 the headwind. Above 15 mph, add about 1/3 the headwind.

Most of this is academic because no one has time to look at all their indicators and do these calculations even if they had them. But it's nice to have some idea what the numbers are to guide your intuition. And don't forget to methodically explore which bar positions work for your glider under different conditions!

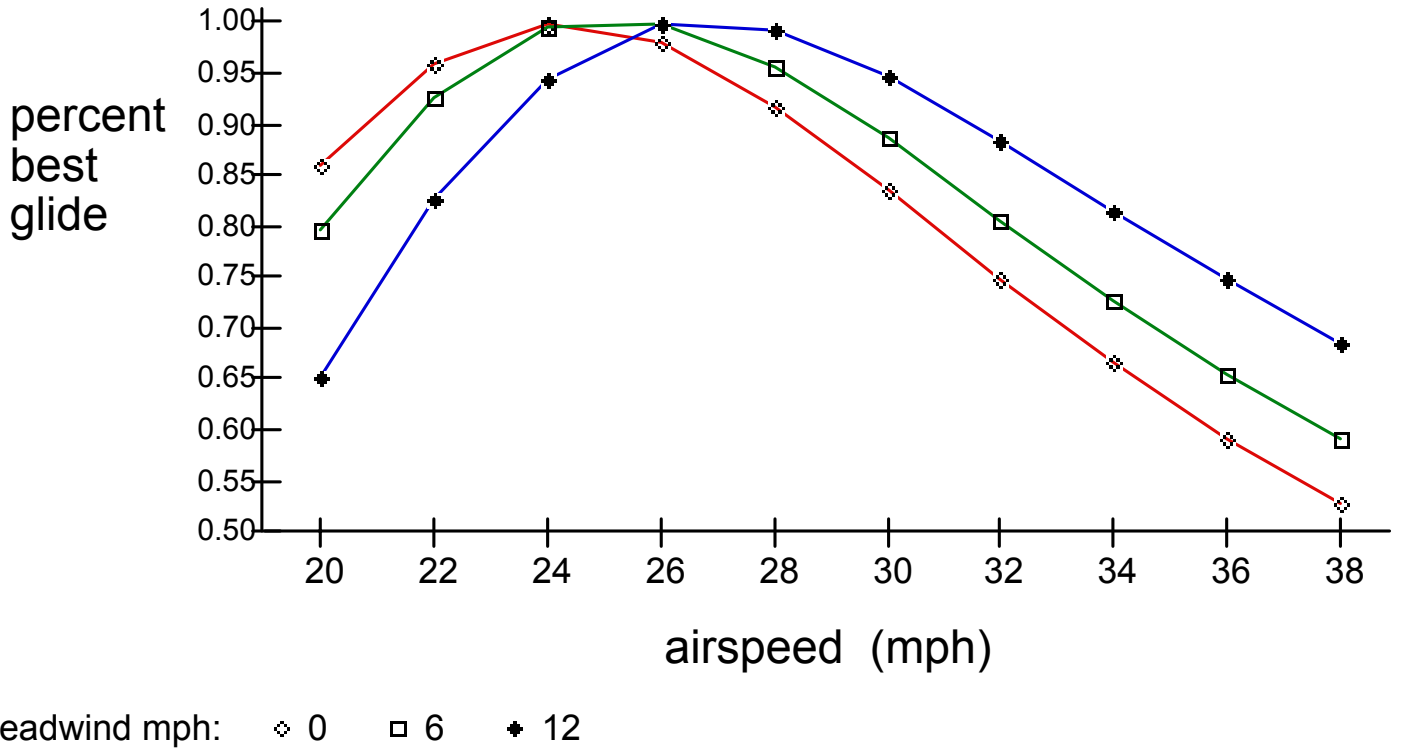


Glide Ratio Sensitivity to Airspeed

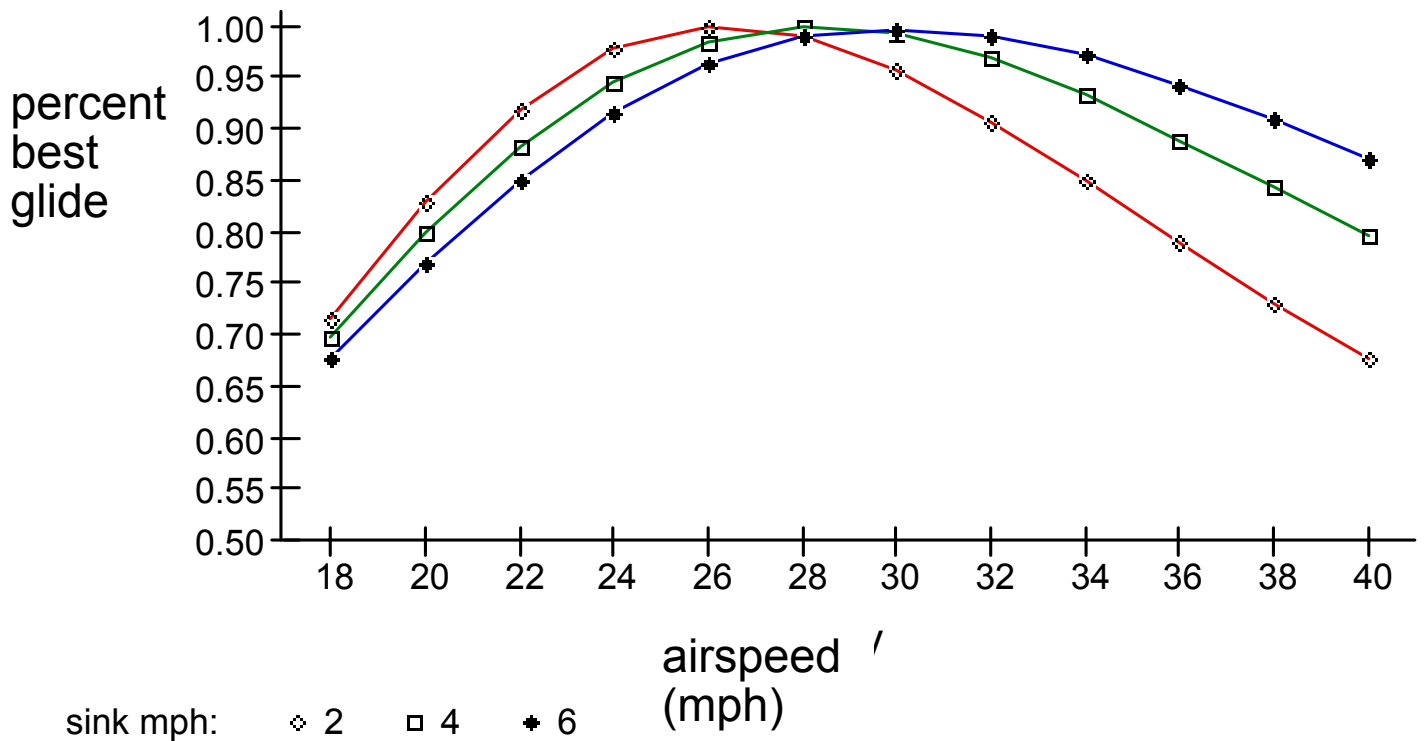


Normalized Graphs

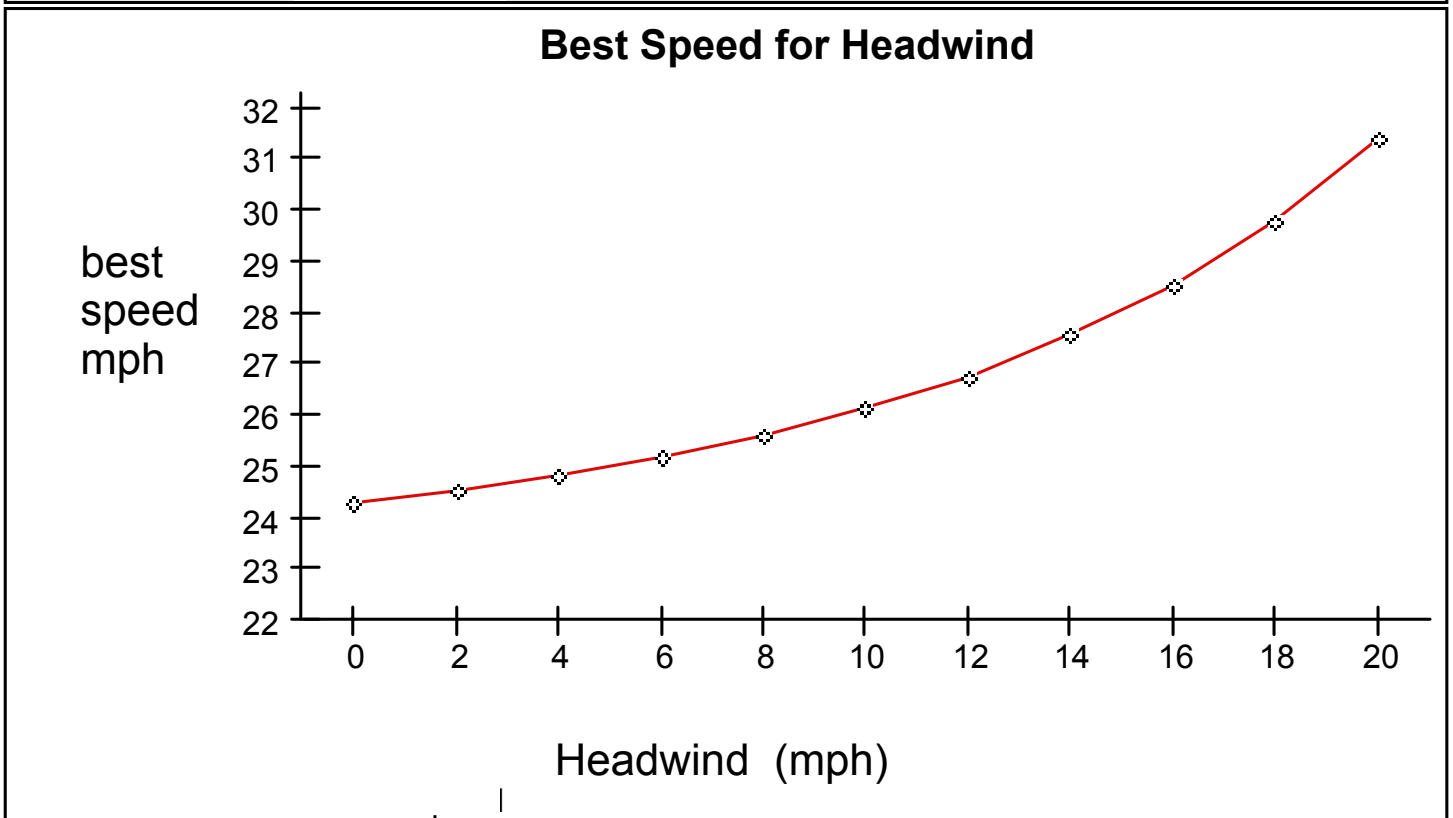
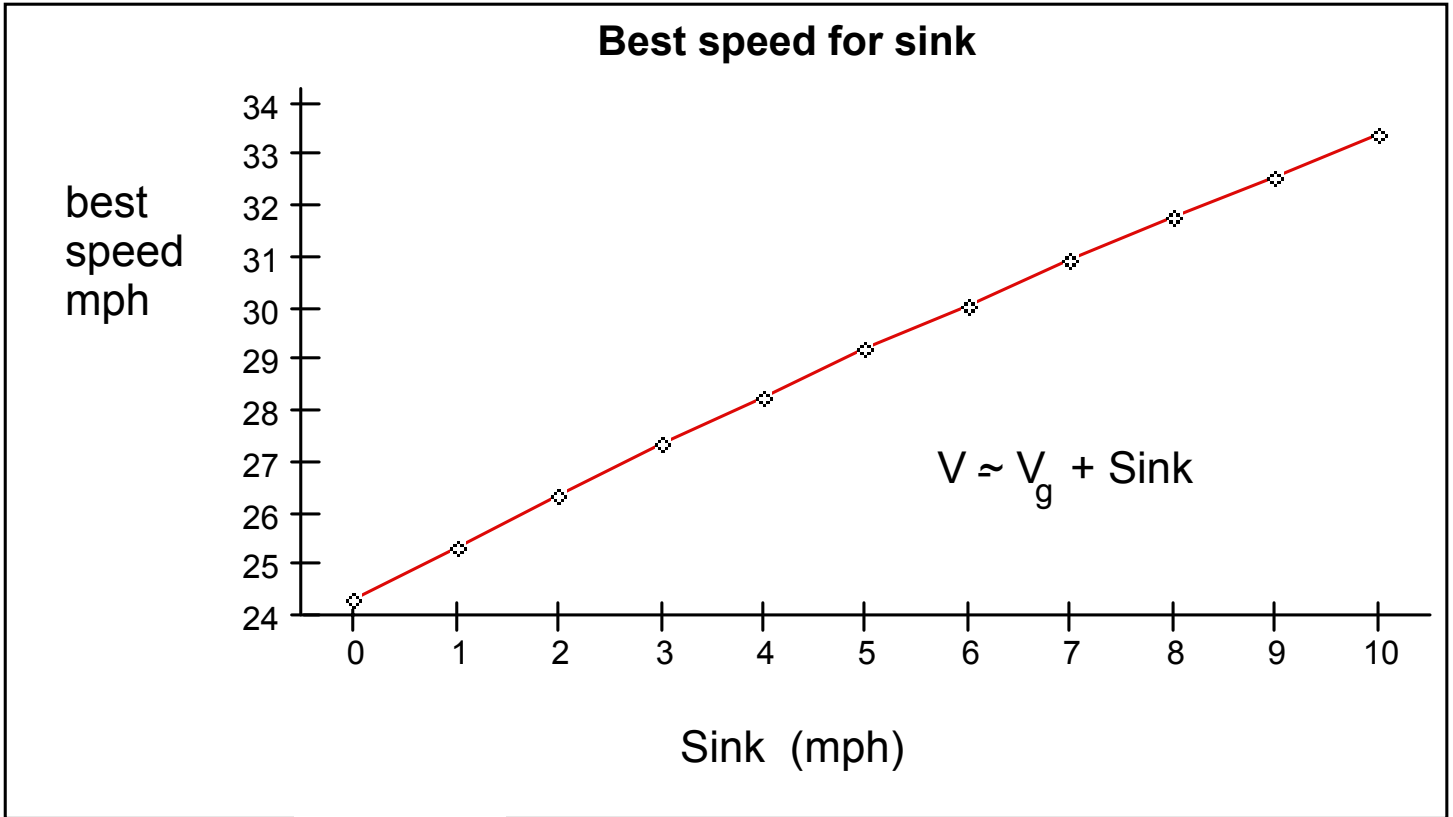
Glide Ratio in a Headwind



Glide Ratio with Sink



Best Speeds to Fly



2003 REGION NINE REGIONAL CONTESTS ENTRY FORM

Designate which contest(s) you would like to enter:

____ 2003 Regional Championship (\$15 entry fee)

____ 2003 (Nearly) Yearlong Cross-Country Contest (No Fee)

PLEASE NOTE IF ANY ADDRESSES, NUMBERS OR GLIDERS ARE NEW

Pilot Name: _____

Address: _____

_____ Zip: _____

Home phone: _____

Work phone: _____

E-Mail: _____ FAX # _____

USHGA#: _____ Rating: _____ Total Hours: _____

Approx. Total Region 9 XC miles?: _____ Longest XC East of Mississippi?: _____

Glider Type: _____

Class (circle one): Open / 60-Mile / Rookie Class / Rigid / Paraglider

If you don't have regular Saturdays and Sundays off, what are your off days?

If entering the Regionals, please return the completed form with a \$15 check made out to:

Lawrence Lehmann
5811 Elgin St.
Pittsburgh, PA 15206

Yearlong Contestants can simply email/fax/mail their form:
FAX (412) 661-3436; e-mail: LPLehmann@aol.com

For official contest rules, visit: <http://www.chgpa.org/Waivers/reg9.contest.rules.html>

Why You Should Come to the Parachute Repack

(by Brian Vant-Hull)

First of all, I'm guessing some of you don't even know the color of your parachute. The last thing you need when you throw the thing for real is to find yourself distracted by that canary yellow ("Wait! That ain't right...I thought it was supposed to be army green..." SMACK!), while all the time you should be concentrating on landing in one piece. You could perhaps satisfy your curiosity without actually performing a repack, as the same objective can be accomplished with little more complication and effort than looking up a girl's dress; though the risks are admittedly somewhat different.

We can send our parachutes away to be repacked and inspected professionally for about the same price as it costs to rent a room suitable for repacking. This is truly the best way to do it, but it takes two weeks. Okay, let's have a show of hands from everyone who has sent their chute away to be repacked in the last year. Uh...a little higher, please; that count can't be right. No, I mean it: raise your hands! How embarrassing. Now how many of you would actually come to a repack where you can hang out, maybe practice throwing your chute, and hopefully learn something about packing it?

No, it's not superior to the professional service; but given the psychology of the thing, scheduled on the calendar so one has no choice about putting it off another week, at least it's not subject to procrastination.

But is it safe? With the caveat that everyone still sends their chute back every couple years to be inspected, I'd say it is. The calculus of probabilities balancing the risks of doing a poor repack versus an unfluffed parachute sticking together on deployment is rather subtle. If you're worried about not having a highly experienced person doing it for you, just hear me out.

Last year we had 3 experienced packers. Most pilots who came took advantage of the opportunity to learn how to pack their

own chutes with little hints and nudges from the experts. The fact is, it's not very difficult, and with the experience and written guidelines from last year I feel quite good about it, and believe many others do as well. Wouldn't you feel better knowing how to pack the thing yourself? And in case you're worried about making a crucial mistake, let me quote Bill Gargano, designer of the quantum parachute: "you could wad them up like old clothes in a stuff-bag and they'd still deploy. It's just a matter of how many extra seconds it takes." That's assuming they're not stuck together from years without being repacked.

I'm no expert, but it seems like the major danger would come from routing your bridle line incorrectly. But guess what: if you send it off to be repacked, you have to put it in yourself anyway! So in the final analysis: EITHER send it away to be repacked OR come do it yourself. In the absence of deployment practice, the first option is best, but the second is better than nothing at all. And if you practice deployment, the two might balance in virtue.

Besides, we'll have a grill.

Suggested things to do in the few days before coming:

1. Yank your chute, throw it, and let it air out for a few hours (I'd suggest getting together with friends in a park...maybe even suspend yourself from a jungle jim). Try not to lose the bungee retainer loops.
2. Gather any parachute literature and manuals you can find, and read them.

What to Bring:

1. Parachute, helmet and harness (for deployment practice).
2. Any literature you have concerning parachutes, especially your parachute manual.
3. Weights for the parachute packing process. Tube socks filled with beans are excellent: but old phone books work pretty well too.
4. Any food, drinks, or snacks that you want. We will have a grill with some food for a nominal fee. Yes, alcohol is

welcome!

5. Money for fees and anything else we might do afterwards.
6. Cassette tapes with music to enhance the packing experience.

What to do when you arrive:

1. Hang yourself up and practice deployment, even if you practiced a few days ago.
2. Stretch out the chute on the tables, and inspect it for wear.
3. Get a buddy and repack the chute.
4. Hang out and party!


Directions to Galandak's Converted Mill:

General Directions:

Located due north of D.C., due south of Gettysburg, NW of Baltimore. About 15 minutes from the MD 140/MD 97 junction west of Westminster. From this junction follow 97 north 3.1 miles (3 lights) to Stone Road at the top of the hill. Turn left and follow Stone Road for 6.3 miles. At the Mayberry junction (stop sign) there is a large yellow house on the left, and the large red mill on the right. 3001 E Mayberry Road; 410-848-6213. Park along Stone Road on the right before the mill or turn right and park along Mayberry Road.

>> From Baltimore: from 695 take 795 and follow signs to Westminster.

>> From D.C.: take 270 to 27 north (Damascus). Continue past 70, all the way through downtown Westminster. Get on 140 west for about 1/2 mile, then turn on 97 north.

>> From the Pulpit: Take PA 16 through Waynesboro. Continue past the MD/PA border where PA 16 becomes MD 140. Pass through Emmitsburg and Taneytown. 3 or 4 miles after Taneytown turn left onto Mayberry; follow the twists and turns of Mayberry (stay on paved road) until you come to the mill (large red building) at the right corner of the intersection of Mayberry and Stone Road. 

2003 Parachute Repack

***** March 15th *****

(FLORIDA, continued from page 3)

have all begun to blend together. We share food and play foosball and watch DVDs, nap on the couches.

Jan. 24th, Friday. One more day of cold, windy weather. It is only forecast to get into the 40s, and we want to check out the Kennedy Space Center anyhow. The wind whips the water into white caps, and it actually snows, for the first time in central Florida in 14 years. All day Paul and I congratulate each other on how smart we are. I touch a moon rock and inspect an Orbiter. The Apollo spacecraft is the most amazing thing I've ever seen. It's as long

as a football field, but it's almost all fuel. The living quarters are smaller than your average closet. Talk about having a rocket in your pocket!

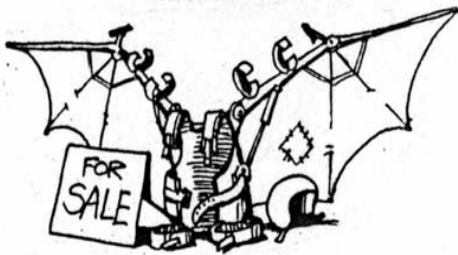
Riley has promised to cook dinner for us, but we get lost on the way home and don't arrive until nearly 8 PM. Arland gives us bad news as soon as we stroll inside. He tells us the wind backed down and everyone flew. They couldn't get down because the lift was so spectacular. He had his VG pulled full-on and was flying at 70 mph just to land.

Bob gives us other bad news. He forgot to tell us that our room has been re-

served by other pilots. As a matter of fact, they are here now. Can we find a hotel? We have crap strewn everywhere in our room. The last thing we feel like doing is packing and searching for a hotel. Connie seems horrified and offers me a drink. Riley scrambles to get us spaghetti. The party is alive and happy, but we are pissed and leave.

Jan. 25th, Saturday. We decide to continue eating at the commune, since our friends and food are there. It's no one's fault but Bob's (and mistakes happen), but everyone acts extra nice. Even the wind

(See FLORIDA on page 11)



Wing Things

La Mouette Topless Glider

12.8 M, Blue & white. Pilot weight range 121-165 lbs. Superior climb rate, high performance, great handling and coordination. Extremely good condition. \$2,000.

Moyes Contour Harness

Dark blue & black. Front mount parachute. Drogue chute pocket (chutes NOT included). Extras. Fits approximately 5' 5" - 5' 9" pilot. Clean, excellent condition \$600.00

Two Flight Designs Cocoon Harnesses

Ballast/storage compartments & zipper storage pockets. Orange fits slender 6' 1" male. Red fits 5' 7" female. New support ropes. Older but fine condition. \$75.00 ea.

We've moved to Florida so if you're in the market and planning a flying trip to Wallaby/Quest give us a call; you can test fly and take it home with you. (Serious inquiries only, please.)

Fred & Raean Permenter: 352.344.1273

Moyes 147 xtralite

Orange leading edge, orange and white top, and orange, green and white bottom. This glider is in fair shape it has some small scratches on the leading edge and some delaminating on the tips. This is a high performance glider It's not suitable for inexperienced pilots. \$1200

Charly insider helmet

Blue with some small scratches, size medium. \$120

John Harper: 434.929.7207 jharper@ceva.net

Falcon 195

Excellent condition. Blue, lime green, and yellow. Manufactured 2002. \$1975 firm.

Howard Wagner: 301.870.9235 howwagner@msn.com

10 Meter Pulse

Extra down and base tube, wheels, aerotow release and tailfin. Good condition, \$1500

High Energy Sports knee hanger harness

colors match glider, with parachute. \$350

Brauniger IQ-Classic vario with airspeed indicator - \$100

Lewis Truitt: 443.956.4395

Aeros Stealth III

151 squares, Carbon crossbar, mylar sail, 66 hours, winglets, spring battens

LE: white, Under: Lime Green, spare downtube

Nelson Lewis: 434.977.1068

Falcon 2 195

Brand new-in stock for \$2995. Blue L.E. and Yellow undersurface.

Falcon 170

very low airtime - \$2200. Mint condition.

Rich Hays: 410.527.0975

Talon 150

Almost new, only 5 hours. \$3995.

see it at: <http://www.buffam.com/talon.html>

Bill Buffam: 610.344.0704

(FLORIDA, continued from page 10)

decides to take a nap for the day. I manage over an hour flying, though I find the thermals tight and difficult to stay in.

The British boys comment how I always land perfectly (anyone who knows me knows what a new, rare, event this is for me). They bolt out to greet me, pick up Ginny – by her tail and nose and wings – and run back to the set-up area with her, cheering that I am the Queen. Of course I am so happy that I could have a car wreck and still be grinning, but it only gets better.

I am chosen to be part of a great tradition – a pumpkin drop. Louis has told Rick that I want to ride in the Dragon Fly, so he chooses me to be his partner. I am strapped into the front seat of the plane. Rick instructs me. I clutch Riley's moldy pumpkin. It oozes onto my lap.

A few seconds later, we are airborne. The plane flies with utter disregard for gravity. I am awed by the view and the plane that works like a motorcycle, but I have a job to perform. Rick dives at the private pond on the property, and I fling the pumpkin in it, from about 500 feet high. Water catapults halfway to cloud base, and the impact sounds like a cannon. I am very satisfied with the juvenile trick. We collapse in laughter when we spot a paddle boat – moving faster than you'd think possible – darting towards shore.

Jan. 26th, Sunday. Rick stirs hash browns. Riley fries pancakes. Darien plunks blueberries on each of them. She dips her fingers in the batter and licks them. Paul laughs at a table with Arland and the British lads. He tells them he plans to fly to Wallaby today. He looks healthy. Louis wheels through the room, shirtless, revealing a tanned, perfect physique. He catches me staring and grins. Paul smacks me in the back of the head.

Les is smiling, too. She managed to move her injured hand enough this morning to flip Riley the bird, and says she might try to fly her plane. Ginny waits outside, tied to the earth. Her wings quiver in the breeze. I chew another sausage, and it occurs to me that this might be the finest moment of my life, right here, right now. Paul asks me if I'm going to kick everybody's butt today, but I can't answer because my voice has been swallowed by my throat. My eyes water.

Later, the sun climbs high, and cumulus clouds appear. Ginny and I carve circles in the sky, spiraling upwards. My vario beeps like it's on steroids. I'm tired when I finally land.

And then it is time to pack. Too soon, Ginny is bundled on the truck. I hug Lisa and Connie and the dogs. I slobber on Louis and consider stealing Darien. I didn't know or care about most of these folks a bit over a week ago, but now I do and I don't want to leave them. Nevertheless, Paul starts the truck and I scramble into it. We head back to our farm and my kitty and our friends in Virginia. I love them and miss them, but that night, my dreams are of orange groves and yoga.



(PRE-FLIGHT, continued from page 1)

cus on quality, rather than quantity. I believe that our newsletter should be entertaining and educational; something that you all can look forward to reading every month, but which we can also keep as reference material for future pilots. For instance, earlier I mentioned Hugh's glider: he and I are working on wiring his glider and helmet with a convenient, easy to use comm setup. I'm taking notes (and pictures), and when I'm done I'll be writing a how-to article so others can do the same. I've got a few other things planned as well, but you'll have to wait until May to see them!

One thing to keep in mind though: this is **your** newsletter! I'll do

Schools, Dealers and Flight Parks

Blue Sky Flight Park (Steve Wendt)

540.432.6557 or 804.241.4324

www.blueskyhg.com

email: blueskyhg@yahoo.com

Minutes from Richmond, home of Blue Sky hang gliding school and Manquin AT. Quality instruction, sewing and repairs. Scooter tow, truck tow, aerotow and foot launch lessons. Dealer for Wills Wing, Moyes, US Aeros, Mosquito and Doodlebug powered harnesses. A full line of custom accessories are available. Camp, golf and fly. Paragliding towing also available.

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410.634.2700 www.aerosports.net

Offers tandem instruction, solo aerotows, and equipment sales and service for Aeros, Airwave, Moyes, Wills Wing, High Energy, Flytec, Brauniger and more. For more information, please visit our website.

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Richard Hays	410.527.0975	Baltimore, MD
John Middleton	703.533.1965	Arlington, VA
Steve Wendt	540.432.6557	Manquin, VA

my best to give you what you want, but you have to tell me what that is. I'd like to hear from you! (*I'd call you if you were the editor...*) In the meantime, you can cozy up with this issue, and part 2 of Brian Vant-Hull's "speeds to fly" article. Also, Lauren Tjaden shares her experiences from her "I'm-going-out-of-my-mind-so-I'm-running-away-to-Florida" vacation.

I've got some wiring to finish up, and then some vacation plans of my own, but when I get back I'm looking forward to finally getting back into the air!



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*Capital Hang Gliding and
Paragliding Association*

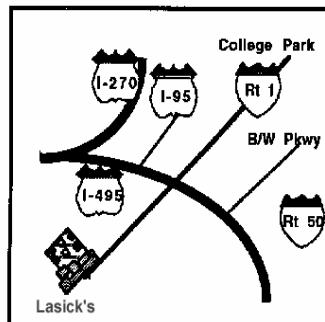


Next CHGPA meetings will be held:
(February Cancelled)
March 26, 2003
April 23, 2003

Meetings are held downstairs at: Lasick's Beef House

Directions: 0.8 mile inside the beltway on Route 1 South, just past the Super 8 Motel (College Park exit off I-495).

Note: If coming from points north on I-95, at the Capital Beltway stay right at the split and then take the immediate left exit to Route 1 South, College Park.



Lasick's Beef House
9128 Baltimore Blvd.
College Park MD 20740
(301) 441-2040

FEBRUARY



Pulpit Ramp at Dusk—Photo by Susanna Clapsaddle