



# THE BUZZARD

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA SOARING ASSOCIATION

JANUARY 2002



**JOSEPH FRANCIS ALLENDER**  
5/2/29-11/16/01

We would like to dedicate this issue of the Buzzard to the Memory of Fran Allender. The following article was written by **Monique Weil**

On November 16th, the flying community and the NCSA family lost a flying buddy and dear friend to many of us. A power pilot since 1949, Francis owned a Cessna 150 (N22708); he loved aviation, flew hang gliders but stopped at his wife's urging after he broke his nose. Before purchasing his own aircraft (with partner Marc Bradley), Fran flew club aircraft; he was an active member of Buchanan Flying Club, my old flying club. He was very safety conscious, regularly attended safety meetings we held at BFC as well as FAA and other local seminars.

Fran started glider training at the old Byron airport about ten years ago after retiring from 25 years as a school psychologist. He became very active in the Northern California Soaring Association, participated in various airport committees and FAA and County planning meetings, representing gliding interests as the new airport was being developed and subsequently.

Francis embodied the spirit of volunteerism; he was a man of many useful skills; he was constantly involved in various maintenance projects for the club, before, during and after being the Maintenance Chief for several years.

Some of the early memories I have of Fran in action include seeing him using our tractor to mow the grass periodically at the old Byron airport; he would come out midweek and do that as well as other projects he initiated. In winter we often needed to dig our gliders out of the mud and I remember Fran devising some improvements to prevent this. There was always work to do and Fran dove in cheerfully and grabbed people to help him.

He would assist Bob Hancock in annuals on the ships and tow plane, worked with Bill Bullis on various recurring repairs such as the tail wheel on the Blaniks, the Scout tow rope mechanism, gave a hand in assembly and disassembly wherever needed.

It seems that Fran was almost always at Byron, working on some project or helping at the line. He spent many hours bringing the SGS 126 back into service and arranging for painting the ship.

He had bought Bob McKay's Vasama (later owned by Chris Heim) together with John Randazzo and spent many hours refinishing it. It now

looks beautiful and pristine in its trailer but has not been flown since then. After being called back to work on a part-time basis, Fran had to reduce the time he spent working at Byron but still came out whenever he was free.

Fran loved to fly the Grob 103, both at Byron and at Truckee; he was a social pilot and preferred to fly with someone else; whenever I was around and not flying he would suggest we fly the Grob. When he bought his C-150 he similarly nearly always took someone along. These people included guests, spouses, students and drop-ins; each got introduced to the aircraft by an enthusiastic Fran. It was a joy to fly with Fran and his enjoyment of being up there with those puffy clouds or observing the landscape was contagious. He loved checking out other fields, flying to have lunch with his daughter and granddaughter in Petaluma or to find an excuse to explore some new terrain. He was a conservative, careful pilot, always used check lists, was aware and searching for other aircraft in the vicinity, communicating his whereabouts to traffic; he took responsibility for his own self improvement, made sure he was not just current but proficient and asked for critique and instruction on a regular basis.

Fran was a great promoter of the sport and the Club; he was seen talking up the club and the sport of gliding to anyone dropping by. Then he would talk to Ken Pruchnick and the latter would invariably offer the person a ride; it was hard not to get hooked after that!

Fran attended the Air Sailing Cross Country camp a couple of times as participant; then one year he volunteered to run the line; he did this for the entire 5 days of the camp, this in spite of a painful foot.

Fran was usually the first to volunteer to help someone with their ship. He was available for physical assistance, emotional support and just to hang out and have a beer after the flying was over. He was quiet, gentle

## About NCSA

The Northern California Soaring Association (NCSA) is based at the Byron airport, in Byron California. It is the only club giving instruction in the San Francisco Bay Area. The club encourages neophyte members to progress through obtaining their private licenses and further development of their soaring skills. The club is active on weekends only and run by volunteers. Because it is not a commercial operation, members are expected to participate in the maintenance of club facilities and aircraft when they are not flying. There are mandatory workdays for NCSA, usually twice a year, to do essential maintenance on aircraft and facilities.

For More information visit our Web site:  
<http://www.bethany.edu/psych/ncsa>

The **Buzzard** is published quarterly, give or take or whenever we can get a volunteer. Any other publication is welcome to use any material herein with proper credit given to the source. We'd like to say that everything we print has been checked at least 3 times but lets face it, we save all that caution for flying and let it hang out a bit when it comes to the newsletter, so apologies in advance for any errors or omissions. **Read this newsletter at your own risk.**

## NCSA OFFICERS

President- **Mike Schneider**  
Vice President- **Monique Weil**  
Treasurer- **John Randazzo**  
Maintenance Chief- **Charlie Ferguson**  
Buzzard Editor- **John Phillips**  
Board Members- **Yuliy Gerchikov**  
**Peter Keleman**  
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Monique Weil	510 547-0687
Richard Pearl	916 359-7561
Paul Kinzelman	408 279-2268
Dave Cunningham	925 933-4558
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## Calendar of Events

February 7-9	SSA Convention, Ontario, CA
February 23	NCSA Board Meeting, Byron
March 9	PASCO Cross Country Seminar, oriented toward neophyte X-C pilots UC Berkeley Contact Carl Herold at <a href="mailto:cdherold@gbis.com">cdherold@gbis.com</a>

**DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT USING THIS PAGE FOR NAVIGATION**

Fran Allender (continued from page 1)

and self effacing, to the extent that most club members were mostly unaware of his work. He always hoped his example of pitching in would be taken up by others.

Fran was very sensitive to people's emotional needs and used his psychological skills on a number of occasions. He was there to provide emotional support at such times as the unfortunate accident of 37]; he sensed when someone felt like a fool after a less than perfect landing or other incident and was able to quietly say just the right words of support and caring to the person involved.

A month before Fran died he phoned me on my return from Europe and told me calmly that he was grounded, could not drive or fly as he had just been diagnosed with a brain tumor and was scheduled for surgery. I picked him up at home the next Saturday and took him flying at the end of the day. Then a few days later he went in for surgery and unexpectedly never recovered, mercifully for him but shocking for those close to him. It is hard to grasp that Fran was at the field talking to people and flying at our Octoberfest get together, and then essentially he was gone. During the two weeks Fran was hospitalized, emails arrived from present and former club members, with notes about Fran's impact on people's lives.

The essence of verbal and written messages I received about Fran is this: Above all, he was a genuine friend, kind, with caring warmth and a gentle sense of humor, modest and hard working, standing up for the weak and vulnerable. He was generous of his time and energy, tirelessly working for the club, fixing things or arranging for things to be fixed.

Fran was brave and did not fear death; amazingly, while hoping for a successful surgery he prepared those near to him for a bad outcome and possible death, relieving his wife from having to make a difficult decision on her own. His cancer was of the worst kind and he was lucky that the end was swift, without having to suffer. At Fran's bedside at the hospital I was touched by the bravery and warmth of his wife Betty Ann. The shock of losing her dear husband of nearly 25 years so suddenly has been very painful; yet Betty Ann was open in greeting Fran's visiting buddies with appreciation for their caring. This was also true for Fran's daughter Jo Anne and granddaughter Allison, both regularly at his bedside.

For his friends as well as his family, losing Fran so suddenly has been a hard blow. He was my flying buddy and a true good friend and I miss him and his engaging smile at the airport.

#### **A Tree for Fran:**

I have been in touch with Air Sailing to request that a tree be planted in their Memorial Grove in Fran's honor. His name will be engraved on the granite monument when the weather warms up. NCSA members and Fran's family need to decide whether they would like to have a memorial service there.

After the tree is funded (around \$750), the club will decide what appropriate donation to make, whether to NCSA for student scholarships, Air Sailing, Inc. for their construction funding, PASCO, or another fitting tribute to Fran. I have already received several sizable verbal donations. Any one may send donation checks, made out to Air Sailing Inc., to my address (see below). All donations will be tax deductible and donors will receive a statement to that effect.

Monique Weil, 6022  
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Oakland, CA 94611  
510 547-0687  
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#### **Reflections:**

There is much sadness in losing Fran but I find also much joy triggered by his life.

At the risk of being corny or trite, here are some reflections: What is important is the quality of one's life, not the length. Some 50 years ago, when I worked for the Salvation Army, their motto was "live each day as if it is your last". I choose to interpret this to mean "do it now!"; i.e. live fully now, to have no regrets in the way we live our life, in career choices, in our leisure activities, our personal relationships, how we show our love and friendship to those close to us, kindness toward strangers and in general to feel we are making a contribution to society.

The fact that we have chosen to fly already shows we know the thrills and joys of flight, one of the greatest pleasures known to man and woman. Each of us must decide how to live fully as a glider pilot - to have realistic goals and work toward them; to continually work toward self-improvement in how we fly; use good judgment in calculating the risks involved in our decisions; to be conservative and in our choices but not overly so; to try new tasks or different approaches to enrich our experiences; to fly often especially on weak lift days; to be our own severest critic; to slow down enough to fully appreciate the beauty of nature, the earth and the sky. As a club member, to be ready to volunteer and assist others whenever possible, as Fran did; we have chosen a group sport and mutual dependence is one of the responsibilities as well as satisfactions.

In my thoughts Fran will continue to dance with clouds and I wish him Cus for ever!

Some of the words sent by email by Fran's friends in the club follow:

**Marty Michael:** *Fran was self-effacing, hard-working, smart and a fun person to be with. He worked tirelessly for the benefit of the club over 5 or 6 years as maintenance coordinator. I'm sure everyone in the club is also stunned by his death. Hopefully there is some token of appreciation that we can give to Betty Ann from the club. Maybe there is something we could do as a club to remember his amazing efforts for the benefit of all of us.*

**Roy Hanks:** *A true gentleman and a friend.*

**Bob Semans:** *We often think of the importance of leadership in the success in our soaring clubs. But without the tireless efforts of people like Fran our clubs would fail quickly. It was amazing to see how he just got things done! But with Fran, all that was just a bonus. It was such a blessing in our lives to know such a gentle man. He was an easy man to know and love.*

Finally, **Julie Benson**, a former long time NCSA pilot wrote movingly: *I have been watching the posts about Fran Allender's illness with concern and caring. I deeply feel the loss of such a good person, even though I have not been active in the club for several years, since my move to Denver. My cardinal rule still remains: cancer sucks. As painful as it is to all who loved him, and to whom the illness caught unawares, Fran's experience with cancer was mercifully short. Small mercies are still mercies, nonetheless. My heart goes out to Betty Ann. Whatever comfort you can give her, give freely.*



Fran and Betty Ann

## JOSEPH FRANCIS ALLENDER – DEAR FRIEND AND CREW PERSON EXTRAORDINAIRE

By Mike Green

Fran typically lived in my motor home with me from three to six weeks each summer since the early 1990's when I stole him from Bob McKay. We were like second spouses to each other; able to anticipate the other's needs, relax with each other, and talk about our lives, but also not feeling that we had to talk. I am going to miss him.

### THE CARE AND FEEDING OF FRAN

I am afraid I wasn't a good influence upon Fran much of the time. Fran stayed in great physical shape and typically watched his diet very carefully. There was very little fat on this gentleman. Fran's normal breakfast was bite-size shredded wheat (he would count the number of biscuits) with bananas and fresh strawberries. However, he really loved my ham and cheese omelets, French toast with bacon, and fried matzos. It was absolutely imperative that he have his morning coffee with half and half in it. We made fresh ground drip coffee each morning. I was the chef and Fran did the cleaning up. Typically while I was showering and cooking, Fran would be out on the line cleaning and prepping the ship for the days flying. He usually had half a sandwich for lunch. Although Fran didn't eat an awful lot for supper, he liked to eat well. Although most evenings we barbecued, we not infrequently indulged in a repast at one of the better restaurants in town. He was fastidious about his evening gin martini. The gin was kept in the freezer and the lime and other mix were kept in the refrigerator. Wine was a necessity with his evening meal. We both had a love for classical music, which we played almost constantly in the motor home. Just before hitting the sack we would discuss the days events, and perhaps solve the world's major problems, while having a dish of ice cream. Fran always read in bed before falling asleep, and occasionally fell asleep with the reading light on.

### 1996 SEASON

This was one of my most active seasons with the ASW-20. I was at Orland for the Pasco League (which I think Fran flew in his Vasama), flew the Avenal, Air Sailing and Minden contests and the big one, the Sports Class Nationals at Hobbs New Mexico. Fran crewed for me at all of the latter contests; he also spent time with me in the motor home at Truckee. I would guess that we spent about 7 weeks together in the motor home. One really gets to know a guy when sharing close quarters that long. He could be real stubborn about some things, but in a nice way. He was a little guy physically but a big guy in every other way. You just couldn't push this little guy around. I remember the two-day drive down to Hobbs, we would alternate driving and Fran would be taking pictures of the magnificent scenery when he wasn't driving. He was an excellent driver and there aren't a lot of people who could back up a 32 foot long motor home with a 30 foot trailer behind it. What was so great is that I felt at ease with him, even after three plus weeks of close living.

### 1997 SEASON

On the second day of the Sports Class National Contest at Minden, while out on the grid ready to take off, the ASW-20 tail ballast tank broke. I declined flying as the CG is too far forward for me without tail ballast. Fran spent the next two and a half days helping me take the tail of my ship apart, taking the tail ballast tank out, making molds, casting lead weights, fitting the lead weights into the bottom of the tail, putting the rudder back on and then going through several weight and balance checks. Then on the sixth day the variometer system also malfunctioned.

During all of this, Fran was there supporting me. I guess one of the

things that Fran really excelled at was making people comfortable. I don't mean just physically comfortable, but mentally comfortable, which is much more valuable. (Maybe he was psyching me out.)

The last day of the contest, as most everybody knows, I cracked up my (actually, John Apps and my) ship and myself a bit. Fran took care of everything after that. He contacted my wife, got a crew together and put the broken bird in the box, and drove to the hospital in Reno late that night to make sure I was still kicking. He took care of all kinds of things such as packing up the motor home with stuff, visiting me again at the hospital in Reno, always supportive and helpful.

### 1998 SEASON

On July 25, 1998, Fran and I flew the NCSA Grob from Truckee towards Verdi Mountain. The lift was poor and we had to turn back, landing out safely at the Old Truckee Airport. Fran never reproached me for landing out; instead, he complimented me for my off field landing. What a guy!

Richard Pearl, Fran and I planned to fly the first Gerlach Dash. The plan was for Richard to be my co-pilot and Fran crew, from Truckee to Gerlach, and Fran to be co-pilot and Richard crew on the way back. Richard and I made it to Gerlach while Fran drove the motor home with my wife Sue. However, the weather didn't look like it would support the flight back, so we put the Grob in the box and drove it back to Truckee. Fran did most of the work and didn't get to fly that weekend. There was no complaint from him.

### 1999, 2000, 2001 SEASONS

The crewperson and the pilot are part of a team, one no less important than the other. This became even more true when we started flying dual together, first in the NCSA Grob and since 1999, in the Schempp-Hirth Dual Discus, a 20 meter wing span, high performance 45 to 1 glide ratio, two-place sailplane. We were really a team flying dual. Fran flew front seat and I was in the rear pilot seat. Note that the total team consisted of several NCSA members, my two partners and several of our soaring friends. All of us alternated between co-piloting and crewing. Having a second pilot in the ship was great. Fran shared in the flying, navigation and keeping eyes out of the cockpit during gaggle flying. Out on course, Fran would have his personal GPS out always keeping track of the nearest landing field and whether we could make it or would have to choose a dry lake or farmer's field instead. At the opposite extreme was sometimes in the Sierra when we were at 17,000 feet, sharing the glorious view and camaraderie, we would spontaneously start laughing/giggling our heads off. We flew many contests, events and just plain fun flights during the past three years. Fran loved flying cross-country. How many other sports are there in which the older generation can compete against competitors in their 20's, 30's, etc.

I can't thank Fran too much for all the support, help, and friendship he has given me since the early 1990's. He and Betty Ann came to most of the shows I have acted in during the past three years. I miss Fran greatly.

**Bruce and Polly Patton:** *Polly and I were both saddened by the news about Fran. He was part of the great pleasure we always had when bumping into you. Soaring always seems to collect the most interesting people, and Fran was one of them. We always enjoyed our conversations and time spent with him. Hope the gathering of soaring types is reasonably well announced. We will try and fly in.*

**Doug Lent:** *I'm so sorry. He was a kind and gentle man who will be missed by all who had the good fortune to know him.*

## BADGES? WHAT BADGES...

Dave Cunningham, our club's newest CFI is spearheading a badges training effort for NCSA. The following is a description of the SSA badges program.

The SSA ABC Training Program was developed at the prompting of Society members to have a standard of training available. It is designed to provide a basic approach to flying for the student glider pilot as well as to give the accomplished power pilots the necessary points unique to soaring so that the transition may be made safely. Designated SSA Instructors (read your local club instructors) administer this program.

The SSA Instructor is responsible for ascertaining that the training requirements have been met. The appropriate pins and blue cards are awarded to the students who achieve the level indicated by A, B, C, and Bronze, each designated to develop skills and experience necessary for future safe flight and FAI Badge attempts.

### Requirements:

A: glide solo per FAA training requirements

B: soar 1/2 hour after release

C: soar one hour after release and train for cross-country issues

Bronze: soar two flights of two hours and pass written and flight tests oriented toward cross-country soaring.

Detailed information about the specific requirements for each level, as well as the requirements for Instructors can be obtained directly from the Soaring Society of America, Inc. Your local club instructors can do this with you!

## FAI BADGES

Established in the 1930's, Federation Aeronautique Internationale ("FAI") Badges acknowledge internationally-recognized levels of soaring achievement. The hundreds of Badge applications reviewed by SSA's Badge and Record office each year reflect the popularity of this challenging and rewarding program, administered in compliance with the FAI Sporting Code. Detailed information about the program and requirements can be obtained directly from The Soaring Society of America.

### FAI Silver Badge

The FAI Silver Badge involves 3 required elements. Silver Altitude is a 1,000-meter (3,281-foot) altitude gain above an in-flight low point; Silver Duration is a 5-hour flight time after tow release and Silver Distance is a 50-km (31.07-mile) cross-country flight. As of January 1, 1996, a total of 5,826 Silver badges have been awarded in the US.

### FAI Gold Badge

The FAI Gold Badge involves 2 required elements. Gold Altitude is a 3,000-meter (9,843-foot) altitude gain above an in-flight low point; Gold Distance is a 300-km (186.42-mile) cross country flight. As of January 1, 1996, a total of 2,140 Gold Badges have been awarded in the US.

### FAI Diamond Badge

The FAI Diamond Badge involves 3 required elements. Diamond Altitude is a 5,000-meter (16,404-foot) altitude gain above an in-flight low point; Diamond Goal is a 300-km (186.42-mile) cross country flight using a pre-declared Out and Return or Triangle course; Diamond Distance is a 500-km (310.7-mile) cross country flight. As of January 1, 1996, a total of 818 Diamond Badges have been awarded in the US among a total of 5,846 worldwide.

## STAYING CURRENT AND IMPROVING YOUR PILOTING SKILLS

By **Jim Conger**

Keeping your skills up during the winter is always a challenge. Sure, you can take some tows and glide down to meet the legal requirements, but are you really keeping your edge? Probably not. This winter I've tried a couple of new things to try to keep the barnacles off.

The first was to do the FAA Wings program with Dave Cunningham. I did not need the BFR credits, but did it anyway to stretch myself. We did a number of different things, including more challenging flight maneuvers, reading up on some articles that Dave provided, and doing an online course and exam provided by the FAA. It is a more varied curriculum than the usual BFR, and more fun. I recommend this program.

The second thing I've done is to take power lessons from Rolf Peterson. I learned to fly in gliders and never had any interest in noisy little power planes. However, I also realized that I was avoiding using runways with control towers in my XC planning because I had no idea how to communicate with the tower. Flying out of Livermore cured me of that problem right away (although I still have no desire to put a glider down in a class D area!) There is also a tremendous amount of piloting knowledge that you just don't pick up if you only fly gliders. Finally, days that power pilots consider to be "great" are just awful soaring days, so you get to fly a lot more. Recommended highly for those of you who started flying in gliders.

## AN OPPORTUNITY FOR CONTRIBUTIONS TO OUR SCHOLARSHIP FUND

There exists a fantastic and very successful program at Air Sailing glider port to encourage young people to join in the sport. The ASI scholarship fund is the brainchild of an Air Sailing member, a real estate professional, who contributes a portion of his earned commissions from referrals of other pilots to the scholarship fund. Already, it is a huge success. Three young people, as well as eight Boy Scout Aviation merit badge recipients, are learning gliding, sponsored by those contributions. I am very impressed with this program and hope to duplicate its success with similar opportunities at NCSA.

In the same spirit, I would like to contribute to the NCSA Scholarship Fund a portion of any commissions earned that I receive from the purchase or sales of stock or mutual fund equities by NCSA members or other individuals referred by NCSA members. If you would like to participate in this opportunity to grow our scholarship fund—and encourage more people, especially young people, to become glider pilots—all you would have to do is open a brokerage account with my firm, Bayside Financial (minimum \$25,000 account) and meet with me individually to discuss your personal financial goals and risk concerns. For any subsequent purchases and sales, I will contribute a portion of the commissions earned to the NCSA scholarship fund, to be administered by the NCSA Board of Directors and their appointees.

Please contact me for additional information about this opportunity, my organization, or the success with the soaring scholarship program with Air Sailing glider port.

**Dave Cunningham** (925) 933-4558 email: ldc@att.net

## GOLD BADGE FLIGHT– CONGRATULATIONS YULIY!



**W**riting up the flight is a harder task than flying it... Or so it feels.

It was a fairly standard course from Air Sailing to Lobdell Lake (just off Mt. Patterson) and back. I had tried it last year, but the "back" part did not quite materialize. The route was kind of familiar.

The entire Air Sailing XC camp was a great experience, as always. Unlike the year before, we had all kinds of weather – and all kinds of flying. We had a high flying day – with wave going strong all over the place and the wave window open to 25K – many people really got to 25K. We had a low flying day – with uncommon north-easterly winds and very stable conditions that allowed only ridge flying off the Dog Skin. This was great practice. We also had a local flying day – when we could barely get as far as I-80 and back, and we had one no flying day as well.

By the end of the week the weather became more favorable for XC. The forecast for Friday was not really great, but it was not bad either. If an attempt was to be made, this was would be my only chance during the camp. So I thought I'd give it a try.

You can get a better feel for that day from Hans Van Weersch's report in Sept./Oct. issue of West Wind, and a great report on the entire XC camp too. The day looked pretty decent, even though conditions did not develop early. When lift finally started, it developed into what people called 8kts to 15K on Red Rocks. I did not have a chance to sample Red Rocks, as I started earlier and slowly moved towards Virginia Ridge. By the time I made it to Pond Peak, it was an honest 15K day, and I began hearing a pack behind me heading from ASI south. I made a few small hops south-west towards Virginia City, and then a big one due south across the gap. It started looking difficult somewhere around Rawe Peak, and more like trouble a while after that. I was also hearing radio talk about people getting stuck just north of Hwy 50. Some made it across and struggled where I saw nothing, others were setting up for landing.

Finally, something worked on Pine Nuts. I still could not get it quite right, however. By the time I made it to the south end it was clear (what a pun) that it was clear ahead – blue all the way to Mt. Patterson.

Serious mistake #1: I spent too much time trying to find the very last lift on the very south end of Pine Nuts, slowly descending through 12K, when there was a nice Cu growing few miles behind me. That's where the main pack caught up to me. They got to 15K under that cloud and moved ahead leaving me in their dust. As an excuse, I'll mention the fact that of the whole pack, only the camp lead pilots made it that far. When I finally gave up and retreated back to the cloud, they were on Mt. Patterson. What they were saying on the radio did not sound promising.

Soon I found it myself. It was not long before I was half way to Mt. Patterson, descending towards its main ridge and facing an interesting choice. At some point, not far ahead I would descend

below the ridge crest – but on which side? Both the Sun and the wind were on the right (the west slope), as were some shaky cloud puffs. But Sweetwater, an easy out, was on the left (the east side) and I was thinking I might need it very soon.

I stayed on the west side, watching my margin above Topaz Int'l diminishing, and some peaks sticking between me and Sweetwater. First only the highest ones, then more and more. Do you know what you see when you look from below that ridge towards the west? Right, you see ten miles of ungodly terrain sl-o-o-wly descending to tiny Coleville valley far, far away – and upwind. I still had Sweetwater and Topaz in glide, but it was getting thin. Actually, to get to Sweetwater I would first have to go along the ridge to find a low spot in it.

Then it worked again. I was looking for the spot that the folks ahead of me mentioned earlier. Oftentimes there is some sort of a shear line forming just west or north-west of Mt. Patterson – I never really figured it out, but it was there that day. In fact there was even a cloud to mark it briefly. Fortunately, the lift stayed even though the cloud disappeared. Not spectacular lift, but honest 5kts to just below 16K. That was it, no time to waste, I had learned my lesson by staying too long in weak lift on the south end of Pine Nuts.

By the way, the barograph shows that it was the highest point for the day – and it still was not enough for the Gold Altitude – I missed it by few feet. I had to try for a few more turns – you know how it never works when there is a barograph on board?...

I made a Bee line to Lobdell Lake, snapped four pictures in two turns and headed right back to the lift – it was still there. Almost to 16K again in what might well have been the last lift for the day – it was all blue north, not a wisp. But what the heck? I had Yerington made right there, and maybe Silver Springs – maybe.

It was probably my longest glide to date, but that was just it – glide. All the way to the hills just south-west of Silver Springs with nary a bump. The wind was helping a bit, gradually picking up from the south-west and then from due west, so I had Silver Springs made but I had to find something right then or land.

Usually there is lift on those hills. But it was getting late, about 5pm. There should have been something... But then again the wind was picking up – it might have been destroying what lift was left. The wind tunnel of hwy 50 was so close. Then I got just a whiff of something – almost undetectable at first, then zero sink, then small sink followed by climb. Kind of wide chaotic, unreliable, elusive stuff, very difficult to work – especially while still low (less than a thousand feet above the hills). I was happy to see +2 picks on the vario, but it barely averaged to 1-1.5 to 12K – and that was it.

Meanwhile the wind blew me well past Silver Springs, so now I had to fight it going back north-west to Air Sailing. In theory I had it made... But you know, it's a long way from Silver Springs to Air Sailing... I could not see it against the lowering sun. All I could see was Pond Peak and Virginia Ridge sticking right in my way.

Fighting the wind with Tiger Field as an alternative, I was aiming at a low spot half way between Pond Peak and Radar tower. It was starting to look exciting as I was closing on the ridge from behind. At first a little sink on its back side, then a little more...



## AND THE ENVELOPE PLEASE...

At the recent NCSA annual meeting/banquet the following club members received recognition for their flying accomplishments during 2001:

Total Cross Country miles: **Rolf Peterson** (4243 SM)  
**Mike Green** (2442 SM)

Total glider hours: **Rolf Peterson** (124 Hrs)  
**Mike Schneider** (94 Hrs)

Longest flight: **Rolf Peterson** (383 SM)  
**Mike Schneider** (381 SM)

Byron Altitude: **Dave Cunningham** (5800ft)

Total Instructional Flights: **Monique Weil** (261)  
Total Instructional Hours: **Monique Weil** (117)

Wings Phase I Awards: **Jim Conger, John Phillips, John Boyce**

### SPECIAL POSTHUMOUS AWARD

**Fran Allender**

In recognition for all that he gave to our club, an engraved plaque "Cus for ever" will be hung in our club house.

### Where are you?

We badly need to create an up to date membership roster. Please email your current address, phone number and email address to: [john@daylightimage.com](mailto:john@daylightimage.com). Otherwise you could be lost for ever and would miss out on future editions of the *Buzzard*.

## SAFETY QUIZ QUESTION:

What type of accident has consistently had the greatest percentage of fatalities? Discuss the causes in detail. Please respond on the *ncoar* site. A prize (yet to be determined) for the clearest and most thorough answer will be awarded at our next safety meeting and you will become famous when your answer is published in the next issue of the *Buzzard*.

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## NCSA FIRST ANNUAL BUZZARD CROSS FIELD CONTEST

All readers of the *Buzzard* are hereby challenged to construct a paper glider from their copies of the *Buzzard*. A competition will be held on the next scheduled workday. The entry that accomplishes the longest hand propelled flight in any direction.

**Grand Prize: One free tow.**

**Rules:** Simple – make it out of the *Buzzard*. Exotic materials such as carbon fiber, titanium, unobtainium, polyanything, etc. are legal. Gliders are to be hand launched from the step ladder at the gas pump or another site to be selected. Flat (unfolded) copies of the *Buzzard* will be available at the clubhouse. Contest judging will be done by the *Buzzard* editor or a suitable (unethical) appointee. All decisions are final. No purchase necessary to enter.

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*The Buzzard's* purpose is to provide a forum for the communication of experiences and information about our club and the sport of soaring in general. We need the input of our members in order to accomplish this goal. Toward that end, I encourage our members to contribute articles that would be of interest to our membership and the soaring community in general. Please send your articles and photographs to: John Phillips, 200 Valley Drive, Unit #4, Brisbane, CA 94005  
email: [john@daylightimage.com](mailto:john@daylightimage.com)



## THE BUZZARD

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA SOARING ASSOCIATION

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