



The Air Bubble

The Newsletter of The
Chicagoland Glider Council
Est. 1938

- Dec, 2007 -

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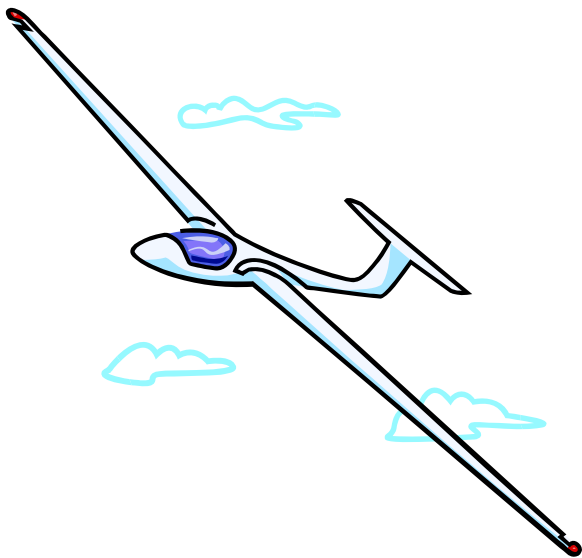
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<http://chicagolandglidercouncil.com>



December CLGC Meeting

“A Guide to Purposeful Soaring Flights”

Don't Miss It!!

December 11, 2007 – 7:30 PM

With the contest season 2007 behind us we will review what the “average” soaring pilot can do to set and achieve goals in x-country flying and to compete with others. Two ways of having local flights scored and evaluated will be explained: The Online Contest sponsored by the German magazine Aerokurier and the Northern Illinois Soaring Contest managed by John Cochrane and Mike Shakman.

There will be a brief discussion of the quite simple rules for each of the contests. Results will be presented as they are posted today. The group may also want to discuss rules changes for the NISC contest, if so desired. It is hoped that discussing this subject will generate interest and increase participation in x-country flying.

Mid-America Bank CommUNITY Program

CLGC does it's banking at Mid-America bank. Mid-America Bank, with 27 suburban and Chicago branches, will help CLGC financially in one of two ways through the CommUNITY program. But we need your help!

First, do you have an existing Mid-America bank account? If so you can request to “link” your account and Mid-America bank with match 10% of earned interest and pay it to CLGC. Call 630-305-8300 or go to a local branch to set this up.

Second, if you open a Mid-America bank (new or additional) account, then Mid-America bank will donate up to \$25 to CLGC.

A Note From the President

Just a very short note to say that I will be traveling on business out of the country to Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia for 6-8 months starting on January 1, 2008. I guess I will be missing the best part of the soaring season here in Illinois but I hope to make it down to Omarama during my travels. During my absence, Herb Kilian will be stepping in to run our meetings. You can write to me with your glorious Illinois soaring stories at john@derosasweb.com. Thanks, John DeRosa

Moved? New Email?

Please let us know to keep our database up to date. Send an email to JOHN@DEROSAWEB.COM or call 847-844-8776 Thanks!!

Aviation Quotes for the Month

*The Politics of flight – "You have your Left-wing.
You have your Right-wing. But remember - you
need them both to fly"*

*"The first time I ever saw a jet, I shot it down."
General Chuck Yeager*

*"Where am I?"
Charles A. Lindbergh*

*There is an art to flying. The knack lies in learning
how to throw yourself at the ground and miss.*

*The strength of the turbulence is directly
proportional to the temperature of your coffee.*

Newsletter Contributions Anyone?

Please let us know what achievements are taking place at your club or with yourself can include them in future newsletters. If you have any information or photos and advertisement that you would like to have included in future newsletters please send them to JOHN@DEROSAWEB.COM or call 847-844-8776. Also if you have any articles you would like to write that are soaring related, please send them as well. Any suggestions at all are very welcome!

ChicagoLand Glider Council Youth Grant

Each year the CLGC presents at least one youth grant to a lucky member of the CLGC. We all know that youth are the future of soaring and we must foster their efforts as often as we can. This scholarship is your CLGC dues in action in a direct and positive way.

Note that this year the CLGC board wanted to open the door to more youth applicants and has chosen to remove the requirement from previous years for the applicant to have a private glider pilot rating or solo log book endorsement.

The requirements to apply for the 2008 grant are;

- Be a member in good standing of the ChicagoLand Glider Council as of January 1st, 2008
- Be between the ages of 14 and 21 (inclusive) as of January 1st, 2007
- Reside within 150 miles of Chicago
- Did not receive the previous year's primary \$500 grant
- Obtain a written recommendation from a Certified Flight Instructor Glider (CFIG) who is familiar with the applicant's qualifications and
- Write an original typed essay of 500-1000 words on "What Soaring Means to Me...."

Please see the attached CLGC Grant application form. The application deadline is March 11th, 2008.

UPCOMING EVENTS

- ❖ 12/11/07 CLGC Meeting – Kilian – "OLC and NISC"
- ❖ 01/08/08 CLGC Meeting - Lewis – "Sports class nationals, thunderstorms and the safety finish rule"
- ❖ 02/14/08 – SSA Convention
- ❖ 02/16/08 CLGC Meeting
- ❖ 03/11/08 CLGC Meeting - Mike Greenwald – "Kites and Paper Airplanes"
- ❖ 04/15/08 Short/Schuur - "Joys and Intricacies of Vintage Gliders"

The Glider Pilot's Ground School

ELMIRA-Saturday, January 19, 2008
National Soaring Museum,
51 Soaring Hill Dr. Elmira, NY 14903

For Private, Commercial, and CFI Glider FAA exam preparation. Register with Dave Seymour- , Z3plt@yahoo.com, 303-670-2362, 1-877-FLY-GPGS. Private pilot Glider- \$180, Commercial or CFI - \$200. All books and study material is included in the price. Private class 8AM-4:30 PM, COM/CFI class 8AM-6PM

AVIATION CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Anything to sell? Send an email to john@derosaweb.com

LIFT IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

By Ron Martelet (alias ronimoni)

It is impossible to remember every flight I have ever made and it is impossible to forget some of them.

The irritating sound of the alarm clock woke me from a sound sleep and I let it run its' course rather than make the effort to turn it off. Fumbling around on the nightstand I found my weather radio and snapped it on to the preset N.O.A.A. station. A voice that was strangely reminiscent of Count Dracula gives the weather forecast. I can not place this guys' accent but I would guess Transylvania. The current conditions were: clear skies, temperature 44 degrees, humidity 75 percent and winds calm. Perfect! I pulled the bedroom drapes to confirm what I had heard and was greeted with a clear black sky and brightly shinning stars. Not a leaf was stirring.

After throwing on my clothes on, I headed for the bathroom and splashed some cold water on my face to bring myself fully awake. In the kitchen I heated two cups of yesterday's coffee in the microwave, poured in into my insulated mug and got into my Jeep.

It was dark, forget predawn, it was still nighttime. "Jacks' Amoco" station was open even at that early hour so I pulled in to get something to go with my coffee. A cream filled Long John with Maple icing beckoned to me from the smudged glass case. I grabbed it, paid for it, jumped back into the Jeep and headed west. A long line of headlights was heading east into the city, guys going to work, poor devils.

My "Moni" motor-glider is based at "Wade" airport eight miles west and that is where I was headed. A rusty "T" hanger and 3000 feet of rolling sod runway is all there is but it is heaven to me. In the spring a small stream runs

across the south end of the runway about 600 feet in from the threshold making that end unusable. Occasionally I have seen deer or fox on the runway. This summer the owner shot a raccoon in the office. I guess you could say it is quaint.

The 100-watt bulb high up in the rafters didn't provide much light but it was just enough to see. I undid the down locks on the hanger door and took a strain on the chain hoist. The door creaked and groaned and began to rise, thirty-four pulls and it was fully open. Even with the door open there was little light out there to help. The preflight was done with the aid of a flashlight. Before I pulled the chock, I ran the engine up, no use untying the thing if it wasn't going to start. The engine started right away so I let it warm up and then shut it down. The ship was pulled outside. You don't get into a "Moni", you put it on. Three hundred and fourteen pounds of aluminum doesn't buy you a lot of interior space.

My leather jacket and my chute made even me at 150 pounds feel wall to wall. The seating position is rather supine with your knees about level with your shoulders. It has a single main wheel, a tail wheel and wing-tip wheels and this further exaggerates the laid back feeling. Visibility forward while taxiing is nonexistent.

I snubbed the five-point safety belts down, strapped my hand-held radio to my leg, attached the radio antenna and adjusted the altimeter. After getting all comfy I punched the starter and the stopwatch and was ready to go. The condensation had formed on the inside of my canopy so I took a rag and cleaned off a patch on both sides. At least I would be able to see the sides of the runway. "Wade traffic, Experimental 48 Mike Golf departing runway 18, Wade". I wondered if any other fool was up to hear me? Once upon a time I got fooled however and I will never do that again. It was 6:27 AM. I got a thing about early morning flights.

It was still pretty dark out and the tinted bubble canopy did nothing to help. In the dim light I pushed the throttle forward till it hit the stop and watched the needles of the instruments climb. None of them touched the little red lines on their faces so everything was cool.

The ailerons became effective first and I leveled the wings. The tail came up at about 40. Forward pressure on the stick kept me glued to the runway till I saw 60 on the airspeed and then a little back pressure got me up and away.

At 200 feet I turned right and noticed the tops of the predicted front glowing pink far off to the west, they must have been thirty to fifty thousand feet high. The streetlights were still on in the town of Waterman, and a steady stream of headlights was heading east. I stayed close to the field till I had 1250' on the altimeter and then headed for Lake Shabona to check out the fisherman. They weren't up yet.

The airport in DeKalb has a new runway and I decided to give it a try. I certainly wouldn't have to worry about traffic at this hour but I called my intentions on the radio anyhow and entered a left downwind for runway two zero. That new runway is 5001' X 100' and the center line is wider than my fuselage. I never landed on such a big thing before. I turned right at the first ramp and turned right again to taxi back parallel to the runway.

Much to my surprise a Beechcraft Baron was on the taxi-way ahead of me and was just turning right on a ramp leading to the runway. The Baron stopped and just stood there and stood there. I was just about to mash the mike button and ask what their intentions were when I figured it out. I think they were looking at me. I could just imagine the conversation "What the hell is that?" After regaining the runway, I took off again and just flew around here and there. The fields below were a patchwork of gold and russets, fall was coming, it was beautiful. My fuel was down about half so I decided I had had enough fun and I headed for home.

As I flew towards Wade I noticed the front was getting closer and now there was a long thin cloud in front of the front itself. This cloud stretched for miles in a southwest-northeast direction. My "Moni" normally climbs at 300 FPM but as I approached the long thin cloud my vario began to register 500 to 700. Climbing over the cloud at about 2500' AGL I got strong sink on the backside. Making a 180 I climbed back over the top and began to play in the lift. Shutting the engine off I pulled the nose up to 55 MPH and stopped the windmilling prop.

Back and forth I soared along that cloud. I wasn't going up but I wasn't going down either. I was having a ball. It was 7:25 in the morning and I was soaring! The thought occurred to me that, I might be the first person to ever soar over Hinckley, Illinois at this time of day. After awhile I noticed I was drifting West at a pretty good clip and I began to feel a little uncomfortable. The mag and the master were switched on, the choke pulled out half way and the throttle was cracked. I punched the start button and the engine sprang to life, well, it didn't exactly spring, it more or less staggered, but it did run.

Climbing up over the cloud again I headed for Wade. I didn't head far before the ground started to disappear and I realized I was getting into the front. Making a one-eighty I dove back over the cloud and made another 180 and flew under it. Once below the cloud I could see the base of the front was sloping down towards the ground at a rather steep angle. It looked like it would be a race to see if I made it to Wade before the cloud did. If it really got bad I could always land at Hinckley airport, that was my way out. I pushed the stick forward to get 95MPH and headed straight for the field. I won, but not by much.

The ship was pushed back into the hanger, the tank was topped off and I filled out my logbook. It was still early so I decided to look for mushrooms along the edge of the runway. Getting into the Jeep I drove the full length of the field on both sides, stopping now and then to pick a few. It began to rain but I didn't care. By the time I did both sides I was pretty wet but I had quite a lot of mushrooms.

What a great day! I had a nice "Dawn Patrol", did some soaring and picked a nice mess of mushrooms, and it still wasn't nine o'clock.

Forrest Gump said: "Life is like a box of chocolates, you never know what you will get." I guess lift is a lot like a mushroom, you never know where you will find it, or when for that matter.

Directions to the CLGC Meeting Hall

At Herrick Junior High School located in Downers Grove, IL.

Detailed directions are available at;

<http://skysoaring.com/modules/gallery/directions>

