

# Airworthy

October 1999

The official journal of the Black Forest Soaring Society, a not for profit chapter of the Soaring Society of America.

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## Calendar of Events:

### Oct. 23rd

**Membership Meeting, Kelly Airpark** – We will start at 5:30pm with Ice cream and pop. I'll bring the burgers and everyone else should try to bring a dish to share. We will have entertainment – we shall be screening that flying classic: "Those magnificent men in their flying machines." At intermission we shall have a short membership meeting. Hope to see everyone there!

## Notice

My tenant sold his plane so I have a private bay available in my hangar on lot 41 at the center of Kelly Air Park – Contact Jim Walker Office (719) 596-7882 Home (719) 634-4560

## Plea for help

I'm in desperate need of finding a replacement to put out the Airworthy newsletter. I can't seem to get this thing out on a regular basis and be Secretary for the club. I had a generous offer at the membership meeting this summer from someone who offered to take it over; I hope that person is still interested! Someone please call and leave me that much hoped for message – "Bill, I would love to take over the Airworthy newsletter."

## From the Treasurer

No, I am not going to bore you with financial figures or statistics. It is the fun I recently had when soaring that I want to share with you.

There were two events I remember:

The first one was my out-landing at the Soderberg Ranch near Franktown. It was my first out-landing not on an airstrip. What happened was pretty simple: I was a little ticked that always on

Saturdays, the only day when I was able to go soaring, the weather is not really suitable, while during the week I am getting teased with the most fantastic soaring conditions. I realized quickly on tow that the air was dead and that I would be unable to stay up. And since there was a south wind, I just thought I would fly away to the north into the blue sky. Before I reached Elizabeth, I turned west and flew along the southern boundary of the DIA class B airspace until I had descended to 9000' msl, where I turned north again. I crossed Rt. 86 halfway between Elizabeth and Franktown. And it happened, that approximately in that area where I live, I had descended to 1000' agl. Since I knew the grass field at the Soderberg Ranch, I just landed there and hoped that the owners would not be too terribly upset. They turned out to be very friendly and supportive.

The second event was the soaring camp in Creede. There the weather did not tick me off. I found plenty of ridge lift and thermals. There were some local showers with strong convective lift and wind in their vicinity. The dominant topographic feature near Creede is the Bristol Head, a mountain with the last remains of a dirty snowfield on it and very turbulent winds around the peak. I crossed over it and flew on along the upper Rio Grande valley, where eventually a massive rain shower blocked further progress upriver. So I was forced to turn around and to finally land. I was hungry anyway and also cold.

It was not the first time I had flown at Creede. The scenery at this old silver mining town at the edge of the San Juan Mountains is spectacular. And the people in Creede are friendly. It seems they like to see us there.

To sum it up – I like to soar. The fun is mine.

Hans

## Creede Reports

While driving down to Creede I remarked to my wife, "Why don't we just have this camp at Salida?" Creede seems like a long way to drive. Now I know the answer. I'm not going to go on and on about how great the soaring was because I'm sure that several folks wanted to be there but for some reason were unable to make it. But, I must say that I really enjoy ridge soaring and cruising next to a 2,000 foot cliff at 100 knots is a heck of a lot of fun. Dan Marotta and Bill Gerblich did a terrific job of getting the tow plane and Blanik to Creede. In fact they were pressed into duty above and beyond the call as poor weather on the Front Range forced them to delay their departure until sometime Monday morning. We managed to sell some rides and make some new friends. One enthusiastic passenger informed me that he may have his Dad talked into getting a motorglider.

-Clay Thomas

Thanks for the kind words, Clay. After landing following the last ride on Sunday, Kim Eggert invited me to stay another night at her wonderful bed and breakfast. I declined and she went home. I then called Elaine and she informed me that the weather was something akin to "birds walking"... Doom and gloom on the Front Range. Flight Service confirmed the outlook. I gave Kim a quick call and she returned to

the airport and offered Bill a place to stay the night as well. She even provided us with dinner fixin's and the use of a car to go to town if we liked since she was dining out with friends.

Bill and I took a loooooong walk in the mountains; traveling in one direction until dark and then stumbling all the way back. Kim says we walked a bit over 4 miles, but I think it was more like 40!

For all you guys and gals looking for lodging in Creede, I urge you to give the Little Gold Dust B&B a try. Kim is a gracious hostess and the view from up on the mountain is nothing short of stunning. Give her a call at 1-888-Way-Hi-Up. Elaine and I will be staying there again the 17th through 19th of this month (next week) when we attend the High Flights Creede Camp.

The return flight from Creede was also noteworthy in that we were above the cloud tops for the first half of the trip. The clouds were scattered and there was no danger of being cut off. On reaching Poncha Pass, I decided a rest stop was in order (lotsa coffee and a foggy gas gauge) so I waved Bill off. He told me later he wasn't sure I was really waving him off, but he released anyway and, from 13,500 we descended on Salida for fuel and facilities.

Departure from Salida took great skill and cunning... Since we had no help, we used the Pawnee to tow the Blanik to the west end then together Bill and I spotted the glider on the runway. By the time I returned with the tug, the glider was facing 90 deg to the runway due to the crosswind. After hooking up the rope, I repositioned the glider and then used a rock under the tail wheel to keep the glider straight. By the time I returned to the tug, the Blanik was again weather vanned into the wind.

I took up slack while Bill held the brake and slowly pulled his nose around. When he was about 15 deg off runway heading, I gunned it while Bill worked the rudder and ailerons to keep it on the runway. After the initial problems with the crosswind, the remainder of the flight was uneventful.

We again cruised at 13,500 (yes, I know the proper altitudes but sometimes you have to make allowances for clouds and terrain) and after crossing the ramparts, began an enroute descent into KAP.

Dan Marotta

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**STATEMENT OF PURPOSE**

The purpose of the BLACK FOREST SOARING SOCIETY, a not-for-profit corporation, is to provide the location, equipment and membership support to guarantee the safest, most enjoyable soaring experience possible; to provide the opportunity for the education and training of sailplane pilots; and the advancement and development of their piloting skills and judgement. The Society requires members to dedicate part of their effort to the furtherance of some facet of its purpose.

**KELLY AIR PARK**

Kelly Air Park is a subdivision of individually owned residential lots with a common area dedicated for use as a private airport. Lot owners comprise the Homeowners Association, which governs the use of the common area. BFSS owns one lot and maintains its property, buildings and equipment for use by members, lot owners, and invited guests.