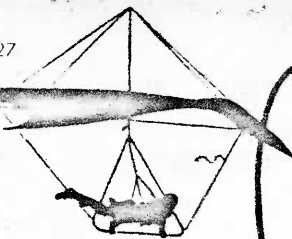


**Mass  
Hang  
Gliding  
Association**



# UPDRAFT

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## Meeting Notice

The December meeting of the MHGA will be at 7:30PM on the third Tuesday - Dec 16 - at the ME Bar and Lounge, Route 47 in Hadley. Last month we were treated to a great slide show on the USHGA Nationals by Mark. We also had an excellent FAA film on wind shear. At this month's meeting we will have another FAA film thanks to Chuck who has taken the effort to obtain each of the FAA films for our viewing and Mark who has obtained the projector each month.

This month's business includes:

- 1) A discussion of a possible increase in the yearly dues.
- 2) Discussion of the possibility of buying a club glider.
- 3) Proposals by various executive board members of ways to increase member interest in meetings.
- 4) Trophies for this year's awards to members (See next article.)

## Yearly Awards

Last winter at the February meeting the membership voted to make yearly awards of recognition to members for outstanding achievements during the year. This year's awards will be given at the January 1981 meeting. The following are the award categories:

### Most Valuable Pilot

This is the person who has helped other pilots the most with their flying. The emphasis is on safety.

### Most Significant Contribution to the Club

This is the person who has contributed the most to the club during the year.

### Most Improved Pilot

This is the person who has shown the most improvement during the year in their flying.

### Rookie of the Year

This is the person who has achieved the most in his first year of flying. He must have started flying during 1980.

### Best Flight

This category is for the best flight during 1980 by a member. It can be for distance, duration, altitude, etc. No award will be made if the flight was considered unsafe.

Members may make nominations to the awards committee. The nominations should be made in writing and mailed to:

James Eurrill  
31 King Philip Ave.

S. Deerfield, Ma. 01373

The nominations should be mailed no later than January 4, 1981. This years awards committee is composed of the members of the executive board. Note that the vote to instate the awards specified that no award need be given in a category if the awards committee decides that no one merits the award.

### First Flight at Skinner

David and I did have a great day at Skinner six weeks ago (Sept - Ed.), even if I did clip the tree tops and break my control bar on landing. It was a great sensation. But, I do want to warn first time flyers about the winds. If it is a windy day, the rotors over the trees are ferocious. Don't get too far from the landing zone before you bleed off your altitude!

We went to Talcott Mtn two weeks after Skinner to find complete chaos. We didn't get to fly after walking to the top because of too many spectators. High winds and just blank, blank. We did catch Mt. Tom at a good time and had a nice sled ride for our first time. I highly recommend it. But, be sure to have an experienced pilot with you for the take-off.

We also went to Cape Cod to fly the White Cliffs. We arrived the same time as the hurricane conditions arrived on the 25th of Oct. What a nice place! But, we found that people had been such slobs there and had left their gaabage and bottles thrown all over the place. I sure hope none of our people do that - it is hard enough to find good places to fly. I would like to suggest the idea of getting as many pilots and their spouses and friends together to have a fly-in beach party at the White Cliffs. We could do some clean up too to show our appreciation for the free use of the cliffs.

Well, we went to Morningside last weekend and had a great day. It was a very soarable day. I got two good flights. David smoked everybody out that day! He got about 2500 over and took a 3 to 5 mile ride cross country. He was very excited about it. I was quite upset because he forgot rule #1 - call back and let everyone know you are alright! He had a good excuse - there were no phones. That is hard to beleive but it is was true. He landed in the boon docks. Rule #2 - always try to land near civilization where you can be found. David had to tie up his glider with his shoe strings and walk back to Morningside getting a blister on his heel.

David and I have our class two rating now and have done a lot of flying at Morningside. We also have enough time logged for our Hang 3.

Well, that is enough babbling. We hope we can help up and coming people as much as we have been helped. See you at the next meeting

Glenn

### Weatherwise

Welcome back. First, I'd like to tackle the typos. Last month some partial sentences were omitted in typing, but I won't complain because I didn't have to do the typing! The afflicted sentences are repeated here with the omissions IN CAPITALS so you'll know what you've missed. I hope that these corrections dispel rumors that I've been suffering from "writers hypoxia."

The very first sentence of last months column should read, "This months column features some natural physics leading to an understanding of the conditions favorable to THERMAL FORMATION, AND TO THE PHYSICS OF thermal activity itself."

The next to last paragraph (on page 2) which began with, "The warm 'lows' not only ...." also suffered an omission. The 3rd sentence in that paragraph should read, "Two

air regions of equal mass have DIFFERENT MOISTURE CAPACITIES IF THEY ARE AT different temperatures."

O.K., now that the bugs are beaten out, let's get on with the monthly brain spasm.

So we have, from last month, a rotating globe coated with atmosphere which circulates from poles to equator, and west to east, at the surface level. This surface level is the lowest 7 miles or so of the atmosphere commonly called the "troposphere", and known to us simply as fly space.

Here we are, sitting at the bottom of flyspace, watching huge ameobic blobs of air masses crawl over the landscape. The front of a "High" slipped over us a couple of days back, pushing strong winds at us yesterday and today. The belly on this monster is COLD! Late tomorrow the center will be upon us, so the winds will diminish some and we'll be flyin' tomorrow. The truck stops here at 8AM, I'll be ready to go. The forecast calls for NW winds @ 10-12 mph on the surface, and NW all the way up to nine thousand feet, where it'll be moving at 28 mph or so. Cold clear air all morning will let the sun shine heavily on the fields and rocks, and a low amount of ground moisture means less heat absorbed by evaporation, and more spent heating.

In spite of the cold temperatures outside, enough heat will be conducted to some surface air to cause expansion and convection. Sometime around 10:30 AM or so, after we've had a good breakfast and got ourselves and equipment to the launch and set up, those light gusts will start periodically pulsing past the launch. These occasional short gusts signifying rising thermals alert us to the launch time.

As each thermal rises it carries milkweed seeds, dead leaves, and sometimes a circling hawk.

When these soaring indicators appear, as well as the small cumulus clouds that begin to dot the sky, we'll launch. There'll be light ridge lift to lurk in, until a wind swept thermal can be found. Then, turning on a tip, begins "the dance on the magic donut." Now, you may think this is sillier than the "MEXICAN HAT DANCE", and it may be. But only to those who've never danced, or have (or believe they have) two left wings.

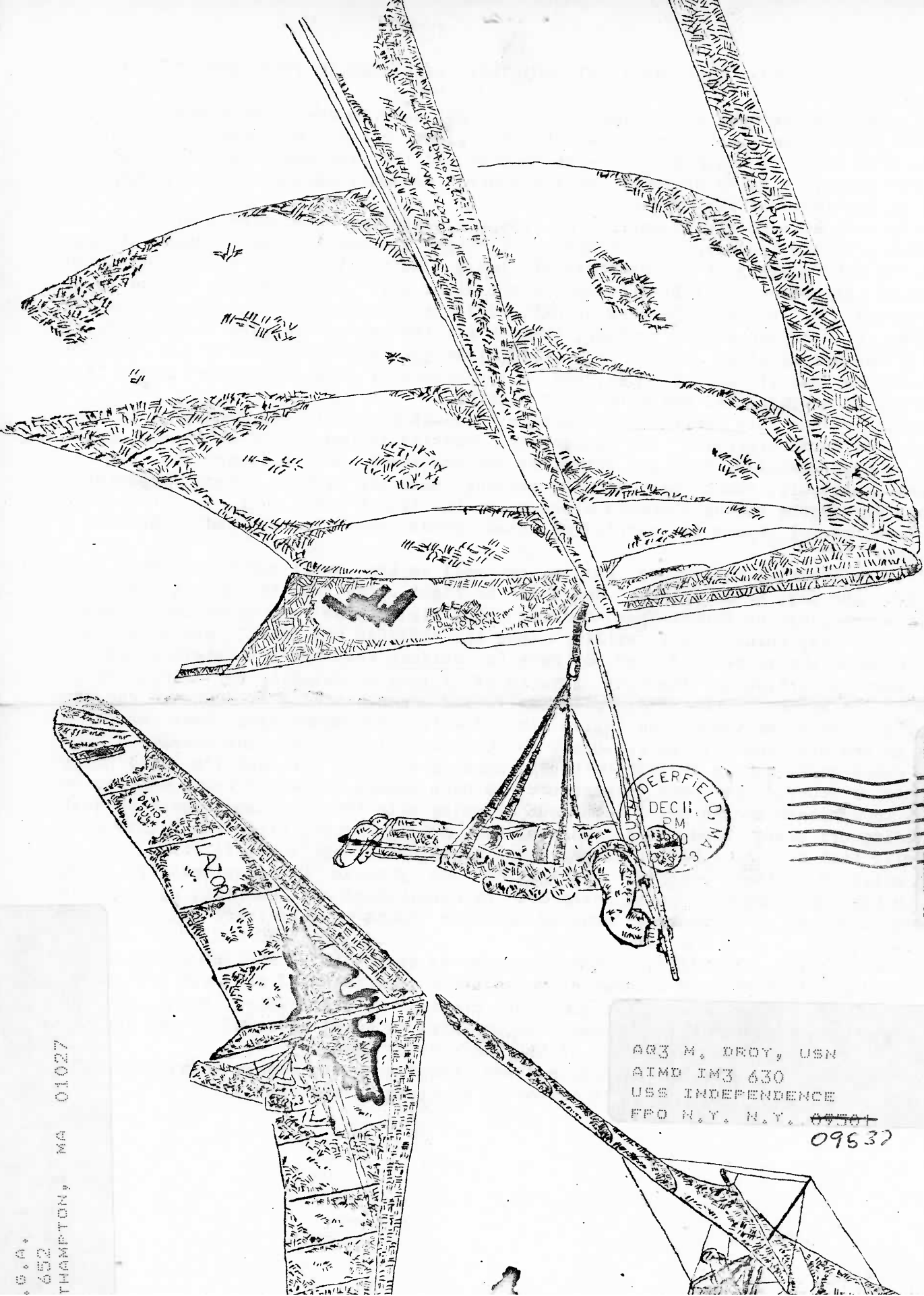
With keen attention to the many details of flying - watching for air traffic, awareness of the weather, the glider/pilot self, and a good string of downwind landing zones, - I'll fly along the rising inside rim of a fat warm smoke ring that the earth has blown at the sky, and I'll sqiggy-crawl up to the belly of the giant ameoba. I know there's a naked goose out in British Columbia cursing me right now, but I'm still happy I bought his wardrobe. The lower temperature up here causes the water vapor carried up from below to condense around me. I continue climbing with the new cloud appearing just above, feeding off wispy tendrils getting thicker, moving faster, like the frenzy of a monster jelly fish craving a bleach-blonde beach beauty in a 1950's sci-fi flick.

And still I gather sensory information and process it passionately, more efficiently than any computer could dream of. My conclusions are correct; my input is precise; my wingbody performs as a hundred and more hours of experience with it have taught it will.

Still wary of low visibility, I turn downwind as easily as I swallow my breakfast coffee. Scanning the oversized bas-relief topographic map below, I set out eastwards. There a midday moonrise pales in the sunlight, marking my destination. Drawn from my memories a winged crew, smiling fellows, accompanies me once again. I'm off chasing magic donuts again, and I could'nt care if the dance never ends.

(Oh yeah, stop by to check out those recipes, they're neatly stored in my logbooks. I may not be home, though, as I'm out often discovering new ones.)

MLV



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Season's Greeting

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