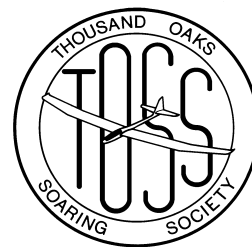


TOSSUP 97



Meeting Report for September

September's meeting was held in Catalan's Restaurant. About 15 people turned up to chew the fat (both literally and metaphorically) and to discuss the business at hand. The meeting was scheduled for between 7:30pm and 9:00pm (when the restaurant closed) but appeared to be continued for some time afterwards on the sidewalk outside the building.

The main item of business was a review by Edgar of the terms and conditions under which we are allowed to use the field at Redwood. Edgar emphasized that it took several years of persuasion to get the School District to agree to our using the field and that it was only granted after he gave the undertaking that there be no powered aircraft.

This review was prompted by pressure from one individual - a non-member - to fly electric sailplanes from Redwood. At the present time it is club policy that we don't fly powered planes from this site during club activities. We have no control over the actions of individuals outside those times, of course.

Competition Report for October

The competition held on 10/12 was a short, informal affair because we had to yield the field by 11:00am to AYSO. The weather was also uncooperative with a significant Santa Ana wind which was gusty on the ground and quite fast from about 40 feet up. Turnout was consequently low.

The competition was set up as three rounds, one of three minutes and two five minutes. Under normal circumstances this would be a very easy set of tasks but the fast, turbulent, air made flying difficult and only one flier (Mike Reagan) completed all three rounds with a full set of times and landing scores. Launches and landings were interesting because the wind direction was about 45° from the direction of the winch and tapes. Gusts could also cause some interesting effects - for example, Bob Swet's Opus was blown on its back towards the top of a launch.

One or two contestants tried getting lift by sloping on the hill to the west of the field but this proved risky. Edgar Weisman tried it and found himself in trouble - we watched as his plane lost height visibly while making no forward progress back to the field, wondering if we were going to have to retrieve it from the hill or on top of one of the houses (or maybe from some power lines?). He was eventually able to nurse it almost all the way back to the field, bringing it to rest gently in the top of a small tree at the edge of the field. Although it was only a small tree he still had to climb it to get the plane back.

The majority of the contestants seemed pleased to have just survived this event.

(Pictures are of Edgar's plane on the tree and Edgar in the tree.)



Monthly Competition Results - October 1997

NAME	Glider	Time	Land	Points	Time	Land	Points	Time	Land	Points	Total	Normal	Yearly
Mike Reagan	Addiction	3:00	80	992.0	5:00	92	996.8	5:00	61	984.4	2973.2	1000.0	1000.0
Edgar Weisman	Saphire	2:57	100	984.0	3:16	0	627.2	2:41	35	529.2	2140.4	719.9	719.9
Gary Filice	Mako	3:04	0	938.7	2:41	15	521.2	2:00	0	384.0	1843.9	620.2	620.2
Bob Swet	Condor	2:37	92	874.1	2:45	69	555.6	1:28	18	288.8	1718.5	578.0	578.0
Art McNamee	Addiction	2:59	90	990.7	2:41	60	539.2	0	0	0.0	1529.9	514.6	514.6

We All Triumphed!!

By Bob Swet

No matter if we finished first or last, we all walked away with a trophy. That is the way it was this year at the Visalia Fall Soaring Festival for the TOSS team. For some, it was finishing first in their class. For one, it was prize money while for others it was winning a social challenge. We all left the field on Sunday as winners with a story or two. Mine is one of triumph.

It was Friday evening when I arrived at the CVRC field. There was much activity taking place. Our blue sky was filled with gliders of all shapes, sizes



and vintage. Some pilots were practicing their landings. Others were demonstrating their newest toys and for a few, it was developing new strategies as their hopes were being collected a piece at a time. For us, Art and Don McNamee, Don Northern and Edgar, setting up camp for the weekend was our beckoning. Afterwards, it was on to the Holiday Inn to check-in for the contest and to figure out where to eat dinner. This would prove to be one of the biggest challenges of the weekend. There was four of us, Edgar had already gone off, all slightly familiar with the turf. Deciding should have been easy. Not so! It took a couple of drinks to enhance our powers of reasoning. I bought the first round, Don N. the second. (The plot thickens) We were soon our way to Sneakers for a bite.

Before ordering dinner, there was another round of sustenance to be ordered and paid for. As a team, we all tried to get Art to buy, but finally Don M. stepped in. To his surprise, it was quite reasonable in price. So another challenge was established for the weekend. Not only did we have to fly our best, we had to get Art to buy a round. After consuming our dinners and exchanging the usual banter of wise cracks, it back to the hotel for some much needed sleep. Wake up call would be 5:30 AM.

We arrived at the field the next morning at 7:00 to walk through the dew covered grass and to assemble our planes. While doing such, the loud speakers beckoned for our transmitters. At 7:45, as promised, the pilots gathered around the compound tent, for briefing. Our illustrious CD explained the rules, including no pop offs. More on that subject to follow. A starting group number was pulled from the hat. Immediately, the first group is called to launch.

One by one, for the rest of the day, gliders reached for the sky in defiance of gravity. Our first round was to simple. A three minute flight with little to no wind. Second round was four minutes with a light tail or cross wind. Getting our times was not the challenge. Scoring on a landing proved to be different. Landings were formulated on a 10% (2 meter dia. circle), 15% (1 meter dia. circle) or 25% (1 foot circle) of the target flight time. Even though we were landing on beautiful green grass, were the plane came to rest seemed unpredictable. At least to me it was. If I landed long, I slid out. If I touched down short, the plane either stopped short or bounced over the landing zone entirely. My approaches looked good at least.

The third round of seven minutes was to be the biggest challenge. The winds were picking up. Thermals / sink were routinely crossing our cruising zone. Edgar was unfortunate called during a time of little activity and was forced to yield to "The Walk of Shame". The timer, who shall remain nameless under the laws against self incrimination, for Don N. screws up and forgets to start the stop watch. My feelings sink as Don is only able to keep the ole Paragon in the air for 6 minutes. His chances of winning nostalgic class are re-classified as miraculous.

The third round for me was a flashback to the previous year. At seventy feet up the tow, my Condor pops off. Remember the rule? My dream of winning, at least placing in the top fifty, is replaced by a reality wake up call. Regaining control ate away from what little precious altitude that I had. Lucky for me, there was a small thermal nearby and from less than thirty feet, I managed to claw my way upwards. Seven minutes is a long time when you are struggling.

Fourth round was easier for some. Edgar and Art makes their times whereas Don M. and I come up a minute short. The real story involves Don N., who works his glider in a light thermal until it is nothing but a speck in the sky. Too bad it was horizontally not vertically. I still find it hard to believe that the fire department is investigating an alarm at the building next door. Speak about luck, but that is Don's story.

After recovering Don's plane, watching the hand launch contest, delivering some ice cream, fixing a Paragon, it was off to dinner. That night we were privileged with the presence of Larry Jimenez and Edgar. While waiting at the bar at the local Red Lobster, Edgar volunteers to buy a round of refreshments. The sub plot thickens. At last we get to order dinner. While waiting, it was noticed that some drinks were offered in "Whale Bones" size. Individual checks are made so as to not permit confusion on what anyone owes and Art is embarrassed into submission of buying the next round. Getting Art to buy had proved to be as much as landing in the 25% circle. His efforts to convince the waiter to deliver the drinks in small glasses proved to be fruitless. Our "Whale Bones" informing all of our victory. Art had bought not only the most expensive drinks, but also for the largest crowd. There probably is some old proverb to cover this story, but I can't think of it. Thanks again Art, that drink sure was good.



The next morning we gathered for a team picture. My justification, was I needed a picture of all the winners for the newsletter. We had little idea of that was to come to happen. Thomas Akers eventually places first overall. Art places first in the "gray" class. Don N. continues to be lucky and wins the "middle of the pack" flyoff money. For the rest of us in the picture, we all went home with a smile and a whale bone.

For me, my victory had been meeting my goals. Having fun, placing in the top 100, scoring at least one landing, and going home with a plane requiring no repairs. Will I go again next year? You bet I am.

Congratulations to all the winners especially Thomas, Art and Don N. You make us proud to say we are from TOSS. Your efforts are much appreciated.

(Editor's Note - Bob added a footnote to this article telling me that he failed to mention Gary Filice even though he was flying for TOSS and that "maybe we could just blame the editor". Comments, Gary?)



“Just Call Me Lucky”

By Don Northern

Listen to how I did at the Visalia Soaring Contents and you determine if should be called ‘lucky’. I entered the Nostalgia Class with my Paragon - a plane that I never go downwind to chase a thermal with.

After the first round I’m in Second place (OK). On the second round I miss my landing (Bad). The third round was a 7 minute and my timer - Bob Swet - accidentally didn’t start the clock until about a minute into the flight. After the clock was started I could only find about six minutes’ worth of air, so I ended up a minute short of full time (Terrible). But - Thank You, Bob (I’ll explain that later).

For the fourth round on Saturday I needed a real good score. The only lift I could before launching was downwind so there I went, ending up past some buildings at the limits of my vision. I started for home upwind after about four and a half minutes of the six minute round but came up short, landing on top of a 150 foot square 25 foot tall building. A County building that was closed and wouldn’t be open till Monday. (The “Lucky” part starts here.....) I walk over to the building and talk to some guys in the building next to it. They tell me to go to the top of their building and verify where the plane was. Which it was, with no way to get it back. I walk to the front of the building and discover a Fire Department truck answering an alarm. They initially accused me of seeing a false alarm so I could get their help in retrieving the plane. I pleaded my innocence and persuaded them to look for the plane. They climbed one side of the building and couldn’t see it. I persuaded them (*How? Ed.*) to try the corner. They had to use one ladder to get over a chain link fence topped with barbed wire and a second to climb the building. They found the plane and lowered it to the ground. It had only about one hour’s worth of repair to make it flyable again. A giant Thank You to the Visalia Fire Department. They wouldn’t accept any money for their help but they did say that they’d like some ice-cream. So I took care of that. Lucky again!

Sunday’s flying tasks were no problem but no landings, they all just missed. Oh well. But - they did have a fly off of 10 contestants who were in the middle of the standings for \$150 cash. Thanks to Bob for starting the clock late and my great flying I managed to fall into the fly-off (still lucky).

For the fly-off there were 9 high tech planes and my polyhedral Paragon. The task was a 3 minute with standard 100 point landing tape. I did a 3:04 for time which is normally a disaster - four seconds over is normally a large penalty on a 3 minute flight. But - they only charged one point per second. Lucky again. I got a respectable 93 landing and watching the other pilots land all I was 70 and low 80s landing. My score should have never beat them - but it did.

I won the \$150.

I had one great time but I think that a little luck was involved!



Scenes from Visalia....

The pictures in these articles and on the next page were taken by Bob Swet.



