



MONTHLY NEWSLETTER OF SKYLINE SOARING CLUB, LLC DECEMBER, 2005

President's Prerogative

George Hazelrigg

The end of the 2005 soaring season is nearly upon us, and I'm here to call it a success. We have a good relationship with our powered friends at Front Royal, and we still enjoy the benefits of that great airport. We have contributed to improving the management of the airport, and the new Warren County Airport Commission has made great progress. For one thing, the dreaded Based-Aircraft Fee (BAF) is now history and, better yet, we received a refund of well over \$3,000 for the fees we paid. We lost only one weekend all year with mechanical problems in the Pawnee, and those appear fixed, at least for the moment. Although we are approaching overhaul time for the engine on the Pawnee, our present plan is to see how it fares through its annual inspection. If the oil analysis and compression check out well, we're planning to go for another year before overhaul. This could provide us with a pretty substantial savings, as engine overhaul costs us on the order of \$4,000 per year of flying. So you see the benefit of pushing the engine to its full TBO. Of course safety is always a big concern, and we have done much to evaluate that together with the economics of engine overhaul. Upon engine overhaul, it is likely that we will upgrade the engine to 250 hp and, at some time after that, install a quiet prop. This will cost us about \$24,000 overall, but the necessary money is stashed away in our engine overhaul fund.

We have three flying weekends left. Don't forget our "Event-of-the-Year" on Saturday, December 17, evening. Bill and Lynne Wark are hosting our annual party at their Canary Cottage in downtown Clifton. See the flier on page two for directions, and remember to RSVP Bill and Lynne not later than December 12. This is sure to be a not-to-miss event. All Club members, significant others and friends are welcome. Last year's party, also at the Canary Cottage put all previous annual parties to shame, especially those I hosted. So I'm sure you'll regret it if you miss this one.

Now is also the time to tell you about two important upcoming meetings. The first is our annual meeting, which will take place at 10 AM, Saturday, January 21, 2006, with a snow date of

January 28. This meeting will be held at Shane's shop, same as last year. Shane will provide directions soon. This is the one meeting each year at which you have representation. We will be electing two new directors, and your vote counts. More than that, we need people—volunteers—who are willing to serve on the Board of Directors for a three-year term. The success of your Club depends on your help in its management, and we need your expertise. So if you have been thinking about your contribution to the Club, now just might be the time to come forward and volunteer your services. We have had great slates of Directors in the past, and we need to continue with great slates to keep the Club successful in the future. So don't be bashful.

Finally, we will have our annual safety meeting at the Front Royal Airport on Saturday, February 11, 2006, at 10 AM, snow date February 18. This is a mandatory meeting for all members. Either you show up at this meeting or you view the video of the meeting before you fly after February 11. Our regular 2006 flying season will begin upon completion of the safety meeting. We are still searching for topics and presenters for this meeting. So if you have any great ideas, please come forward.

Shortly after the close of flying on December 18, we will disassemble the gliders and trailer them in the hangars for the winter. We need a crew of volunteers to do this. Please sign up. By trailering the Grob, K and Sprite, we can fit additional gliders in the hangars. Let me and Hangarmeister Rick Harris know if you want to winter your glider in the hangars as well. Shortly thereafter, the Pawnee will go in for its annual inspection. We will begin flying on an ad hoc basis as soon as the Pawnee is done with its annual. It will be up to you members to arrange flying on days that look good in January and early February.

So that's the news from Front Royal, where the sky is always blue, the cu's are always popping, and the lift is always better than average. See you on the field, at the Canary Cottage, and at our annual meeting. Happy Holidays!

Significant Event:



Skyline Holiday Party



Who: Skyline Soaring Club members and guest

When: Saturday, December 17, 2005 - 7:00pm -??

Where: The Canary Cottage, home of Bill Wark & Lynne Garvey Wark
7153 Main St., Clifton, Virginia 20124 (703) 322-1811

Come join us for this festive get-together & opportunity to visit with other Skyline Soaring Club members & their spouse or friend/significant other.

Heavy hors d'oeuvres & soft drinks will be provided.

Feel free to bring a favorite dish & BYOB, if you'd like.

Directions: I-66 to the Fairfax County Parkway (Rt. 7100 - head to Springfield, NOT to Reston...) to 1st exit, Rt. 29, Lee Highway.

Right on Lee Highway South to

Left onto Clifton Rd. for 5 miles into the heart of the Historic Town of Clifton, Virginia.

(please note cell phones do not work as you approach Clifton)

Please park on the street or at the Post Office parking lot (on Chapel Rd.—1 block away).

For additional information, feel free to visit our Bed & Breakfast web site, www.canarycottage.com

Please RSVP by December 12, 2005 via email, lgassoc@erols.com

Or call (703) 322-1811.

We look forward to seeing everyone!

Lynne & Bill



Please Fly Carefully

Jim Skydell

Dear soaring friends: Most of you know that I am an extremely conservative pilot. Being conservative did not prevent me from getting into a situation that by all rights should have killed me last Saturday. It did destroy my DG-300, and scare the hell out of many (including me).

I report this to all of you with the hope that everyone can learn something from my errors.

Briefly, after a short flight in weak thermals at Cal City, I set up to land on RW 6, and decided to practice a high parasite drag approach. I pulled full spoilers, dove to about 80kts, rounded out appropriately, and made my first error by deciding that I was going to stop very far short of the ramp that divides glider RW 6 into two halves (we never roll through the ramp, so essentially, the glider runway is about 2,500 ft. long to the west of the ramp). So I closed the spoilers.

I still had way too much energy to do that, and the glider immediately ballooned to 40-50 ft, at about 75 kts. I had not left the spoilers open long enough for the parasite drag to bleed off energy. Within seconds I knew I would not be able to get down and stopped before the rapidly approaching ramp, and decided to overfly it, staying clean until right over it. When directly over the ramp, I pulled full spoilers, planning to land to the east of the ramp, on the other (eastern) half of glider runway 6.

The glider did not sink or decelerate at all, despite my pulling hard back on the spoilers. Within about 5 seconds, while slipping hard, I realized I would not get down and stopped before the fence, and sidestepped left to the main paved runway, which has an overrun. Still showing no signs of sinking or decelerating, I forced the glider onto the ground, and when it was clear I would strike the berm at the end of the runway head on doing about 70 kts, I stuck the left tip into the ground, rotating the glider to the left. The right wing and fuselage became airborne again, and the right tip embedded itself in the berm as I was facing 90 degrees to its left.

I watched the canopy blow off and part of the cockpit disintegrate around me during the side impact, which the logger trace indicates occurred from roughly 65 kts.

When the dust settled, I could move everything, but my lower back hurt, so I stayed put. Marty Eiler was the first to reach me, and when he knew I was awake and moving everything, asked me what happened. All I could say was that I had full spoilers out, and that the glider never decelerated or sank. He asked exactly when I pulled full spoilers. I told him it was right when I flew over him on the ramp.

Marty said "That's exactly when the landing gear retracted up."

My DG only has gear and spoiler handles on the left side of the cockpit. I have no recollection of taking my hand off the spoiler handle after cleaning up and before overflying the ramp. There was no reason to do so, since the gear was already down. So the second mistake was taking my hand off the spoiler handle. The third was grabbing the wrong handle, without looking before I grabbed, as I overflew the ramp. The fourth was not looking either at the handle in my hand, or out at the wings to see the spoilers closed when the glider was not flying the way it should have with

full spoilers. The fifth mistake was not changing plans and landing in the emergency field to the north of the east end of the runway. That's the field I look at every time I launch to the east, as it's the place to go with a rope break.

After impact, I became the object of every emergency vehicle (including fire trucks and police cars) for a very large radius. It took 8 police and firemen to get me out of the glider without moving my back, and no amount of my professing extensive medical knowledge in the treatment of trauma victims prevented them from putting me in a neck collar, and strapping me to a board. At least they let me keep my knees up, which took some pressure off of my aching back.

I don't know if one particular fireman purposely positioned himself so I could not look back at 8B when they put me in the wagon, but from what I have been told, I'm glad I did not see the wreckage. The glider is totaled, with boom broken, fuselage split up the seam about 6 feet, right wing with compression fractures, fuselage below the cockpit mostly splinters.

A CT scan of my back at Antelope Valley Hospital was read as a non displaced, non dangerous fracture of the third lumbar vertebrae in my spine. Pain meds, and Cindy drove me home (Marty had brought my car down to the hospital, since I had luckily pulled the keys out of my pocket before getting into the ambulance).

I called my wife when 2 blocks from my house, to say I would need some help in getting out of the car. Bad mistake not to have called her earlier, but how could she now punch a guy with a broken back? A good friend who is a spine surgeon took a look at me and my films the next day, and after reviewing the scan with a hospital buddy radiologist, pronounced the scan as "overread," with nothing broken at all. I told him to please explain that to my severely aching back, and took more narcotics. I am now moving around pretty well with a back brace.

At this point, I have no fear of soaring. But I am extremely troubled by my mistakes, particularly after the superb training I have had. I have flown less and less over the last few years, probably now averaging one visit to the gliderport every 2 to 4 weeks. This was clearly a factor. Was I just "rusty?" Tunnel vision? As I recall, it literally seemed like I was looking through a tunnel as things began to go bad.

What's next? My wife has always had a nearly pathological fear of all types of flying, and almost needs to be sedated before getting on an airliner. She has never seen me fly 8B or any other glider (too scared to watch). She tolerated my flying because I told her how important it was to me, and that I flew the way I operated on people—as safely and carefully as I could. But all surgeons including me have had things go very wrong during operations, sometimes things that cannot be fixed, just like pilots. But in general, in an operating room, life saving decisions are not made in the time scale of the 20 or so seconds I had available to correct what I had messed up. In this case, I think the only thing I did correctly was to not hit the berm head on. Doing so would have killed me.

I will say that my wife has stopped giving me dirty looks when she brings me something to eat in bed. We'll have to see how things go, but it will take a while. I am not sure I can continue to completely ignore her feelings, given this very close call. One thing I will say is that it has been very gratifying working with the SSA and representing Region 12 glider pilots, and that will not change, even if I never set foot in another glider.

It's still very painful for me to turn over to get to the phone when I am in bed (still much of the days), so if anyone has com-

ments or would like to get in touch, please email, don't call. I'll try to put something together for SOARING when I am feeling better. But I felt my glider pilot friends ought to know about this as soon as possible.

Take it from me, it's simply unbelievable just how badly things can go, faster than you can imagine, even from what begins as a completely benign situation (which I consider a high parasite drag approach to be, when done correctly).

Those of you who are leaders of clubs, please feel free to forward this note to your membership.

Be careful up there. 

SSA News

Jim Kellett, Region IV Director, Soaring Society of America

ADIZ Training Will be Required for Many Region IV Pilots and Others

November 17, 2005: FAA Administrator Marion Blakey announced at Oshkosh earlier this year that, in response to congressional pressure, that the FAA would soon issue special regulations requiring pilots who fly within 100 miles of Washington, D.C., to successfully complete a training course on navigating the D.C. Air Defense Identification Zone (ADIZ). Since many Region IV pilots fly within this area—much larger than the ADIZ, obviously—it appears that to remain legal, all pilots within this area will have to comply, as might any pilot who may, in the future, ever consider flying within 100 miles of Washington, DC. Please pass this along to your Club members.

In response, the FAA posted a free online course to the FAA Safety Program website this week titled “Navigating the DC ADIZ, TFRs, and Special Use Airspace.” The eight-chapter course aims to help pilots understand different kinds of flight restrictions and special use airspaces, with a special emphasis on requirements and procedures for the ADIZ, the Flight Restricted Zone (FRZ), and security-based temporary flight restrictions (TFRs).

A 25-question, multiple-choice quiz concludes the course. When completed, pilots receive a certificate of completion as well as a wallet-sized card they can print to carry with them as required by recent legislation. FAA Public Affairs expects to issue a news release next week to officially announce that the online course is available, but you can visit the site now at www.faasafety.gov. You will be required to register before taking the course.

FWIW, I just did—takes about 20 minutes—and I have my certificate (suitable for framing!) and a card to put in my wallet.

The Soaring Safety Foundation has enhanced its Flight Instructor Refresher Clinic (FIRC) program to help the CFGI wantabe begin the task of obtaining the F.I. Certificate.

Simply twist their arm and get them to enroll in the SSF CFGI wantabe training class. The first opportunity this season will be on: Date: Monday 1/30/06 Time: 3:00 pm to 6:30 pm (1500-1830) CST Fee: \$200 (includes regular FIRC fee)* Location: Arlington TX, in conjunction with the SSA convention Schedule: CFGI Wannabe! Course Outline

Introduction—Why Become A CFGI? What is the benefit to me personally? What is the benefit to my gliding organization?
1) FAR's—your PIC time and your instructor's PIC/Instructor time;
2) FOI test—What's on the fundamentals of instruction written test;
3) CFGI knowledge test—What's on the CFGI written test;
4)

This personal accident report—

involves one of “SSA's Finest”, the Region XII Director, Jim Skydell, one of the more active volunteers who labors mightily in service to YOU. In my opinion, it's a powerful cautionary tale for all of us, and serves as a reminder that while our primary purpose is having fun, we are engaged in a dangerous sport and that eternal vigilance is the price of pursuing this adventure. There's a lot in this report for all of us, at many levels of our existence. By sharing his experience, perhaps we can all learn something, and I believe it's something that all our members can use to their mutual advantage.

—Jim Kellett, Region IV Director, Soaring Society of America,

CFGI practical test—what the DPE or FAA examiner is looking for;
5) Lesson plans—How to prepare a usable lesson plan;
6) Common problems—what are the common problems facing the new CFGI;
and 7) CFGI support services
8) Liability issues.

Pilots are encouraged to attend the regular FIRC on Tue (1/31) & Wed (2/1) as many of the details talked about during these sessions are fundamental to being a good glider flight instructor. Alternate funding arrangements will be made for pilots who can not attend the entire 2.5 day of classroom instruction.

Safe Soaring; Rich Carlson SSF Chairman
e-mail: RCarlson@internet2.edu Network Engineer

There will be a second Region IV FIRC on March 25-26, 2006 in Blacksburg, VA, sponsored by the Blue Ridge Soaring Society and put on by the Soaring Safety Foundation. This Flight Instructor's Revalidation Clinic is also open to “CFI wannabes”, and is a great exposure of the real world of flight instruction for those preparing for the rating. Contact is Jay Pokorski, jpokorsk@exchange.vt.edu

Finally, please note that registration for the 2006 Soaring Society of America convention, in Arlington, TX, is significantly less expensive if registration is completed before December 31! See the SSA website for the program as it is being filled in, and the current issue of SOARING for the registration form.

And this related excerpt from Soaring Society of America e-Newsletter by Dennis Wright, SSA Executive Director

... last week, we were able to confirm our Keynote Speaker for the Awards Banquet at the convention in Arlington. Our speaker will be Mr. William Anders. Bill is a Naval Academy graduate who entered the Air Force and was then selected, in 1963, to join the astronaut corps. He served as backup copilot for the Gemini 11 mission and then was the Lunar Module Pilot on the December, 1968 Apollo 8 lunar orbit mission, the first manned flight on the giant Saturn V rocket and mankind's first flight away from the earth to another body in the solar system. During that Christmastime mission, Bill captured the famous “Earthrise” photograph which was selected for the December 1968 covers of Time, Life, and American Photography editions honoring the most significant images of the twentieth century. Bill later left the astronaut corps and held a number of important positions in both government and the private sector, including Ambassador to Norway and Chairman and Chief Executive Officer of the General Dynamics Corporation. Bill is a glider pilot, when not flying his P51 Mustang (“Val Halla”) and his F8F Bearcat (“Wampus Cat”). I look forward to Bill's perspective and insight into America's manned exploration of space 



CDR Gordon R. Otis, USN (Retired) Dec. 1919 – Nov. 2005

Reflections on a Naval Aviator, My Flight Instructor, and Super Dad

CAPT. Richard Otis, USNR

My father, role model and flight instructor passed away quietly last week. I would be remiss not to remember him and the impact he had on my life to my friends in the aviation community. There is a huge history, much covered in his autobiography which he wrote several years ago in response to my request, ensure his career and accomplishments are not forgotten. I hope to publish this eventually but for now, I'm just going reflect for a few moments on dad's influence on my flying career.

My first recollection of dad was at the age of about 3 or 4. We were living in Key West, Florida where he was stationed as a Navy PBM Mariner pilot conducting Antisubmarine patrols during WWII. I remember him taking me to the base to tour the PBMs and to see the damage to the airplanes caused by a hurricane. About the same time, I had my first ride in an aircraft at a base airshow. The Navy was giving rides to dependents in a Sikorsky Helicopter – it's even recorded on film. Interestingly, my first ride was with my mother, me sitting on her lap, as I was too small to go by myself. My other memory of dad in Key West is standing between his legs on a Vesper motor scooter!

My first "real" airplane ride with dad was on my birthday, when I was in second grade. Dad was attending Combat Information School in Glenview in preparation for his upcoming assignment to the aircraft carrier USS Wasp, where he coordinated

VP215 Dad's love was seaplanes. This is a PB4Y in Key West FL in the late 1940s

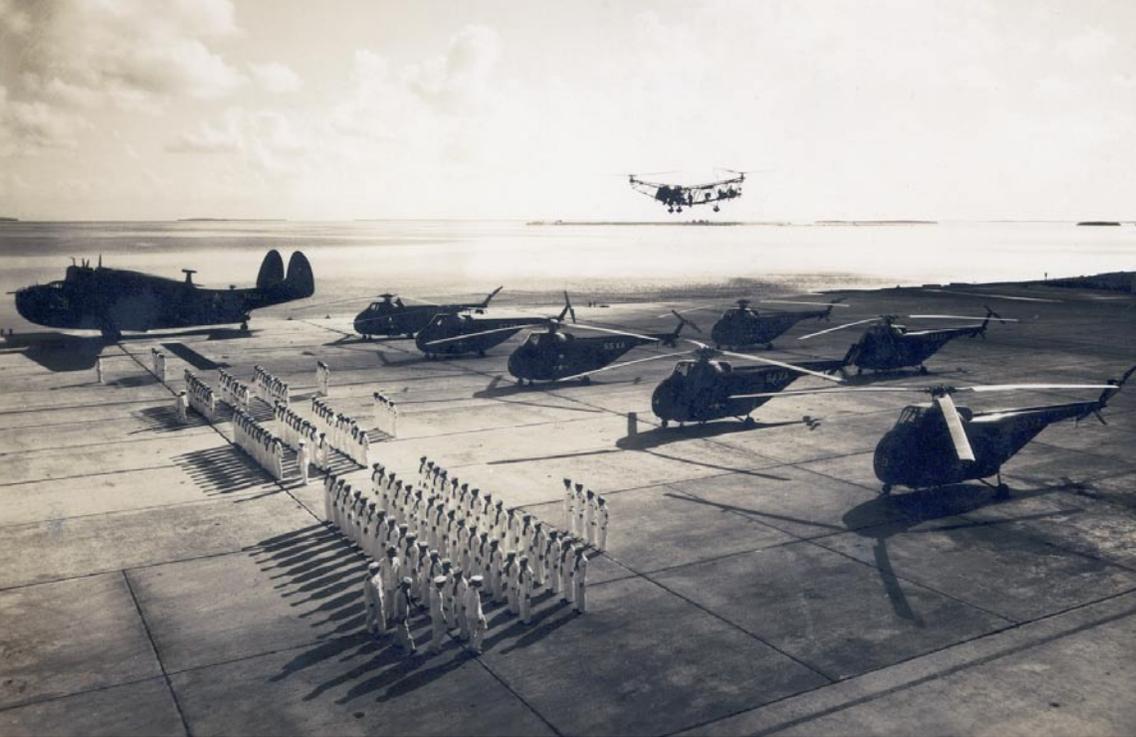
Dad prior to retirement in 1969 at 28 years Active Duty

B-18 Dad in front of a B-18

the Gemini-Titan space capsule recoveries. The brand new 1957 Cessna 172 was in an automobile style showroom. I "helped" dad and the FBO push the plane out the doors onto the ramp and waited while he got a check ride. The CFI returned and commented "wow, your dad is a great pilot, better than me!" In the future, this was to become a frequently heard comment whenever dad took me flying. I have vivid memories of those little model cars and houses as we flew over the Illinois countryside.

I was so thrilled with flying that getting an airplane ride for my birthday became the anticipated (and expected) "big" present. We moved to NAS Patuxent River, Maryland where dad attended Navy Test Pilot School (TPS) class thirteen. Dad was a seaplane pilot, but on arrival at TPS he was handed a NATOPS (flight manual) for the F9F-2 jet fighter. Having never flown a jet, the school gave him a once around the pattern in a T-2, and then sent him solo for his first jet flight in the F9F.

"I went with my heart pounding and adrenaline surging. I was going faster on the ground during take-off than I had ever been in the air before. Also, the air-conditioning and pressurization system was turned on full blast and it started to snow in the cockpit! There was no propeller and engine torque, as found in a reciprocating-engine powered aircraft, and, being well in front of the Pratt and Whitney centrifugal-flow jet engine, there was little noise in



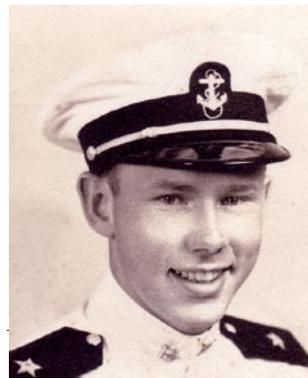
*VX-1 Test and Evaluation Squadron One, Key West 1940's
Dad's squadron was PBMs, Helos, and dig that one doing a flyby!*

*Dad as an Eagle Scout (as I was, my son Bryan, and brother Terry),
as a Sea Cadet in college and as an Ensign in maybe 1940.*

the cockpit except for a steady hum and the whoosh of the air on the canopy and fuselage. I found myself at 20,000 feet within a few minutes (higher than I had ever flown to date) and really enjoying the ease of control. Flying a jet is a great thrill, particularly the first time".

About this time dad took me for my first ride in a J-3 Cub. We drove up to Annapolis, MD to Essex Airpark. The grass field was wet, and the FBO was reluctant to get his pretty new cub dirty, but finally agreed to give dad a check ride. Dad rolled down the field, but without sufficient airspeed to get airborne, a meeting with the first of several large mud holes seemed inevitable. Just prior to the puddle, dad jumped the mess in ground effect, re-landed and continued his takeoff in this manner down the field until finally airborne. Around the field one, they landed, stopped, and the FBO jumped out to remark, words to the effect "this pilot doesn't need any more of a flight check, he can fly my aircraft anytime".

The big occasion happened on my 16th birthday. I was just starting my Senior High School year, again in Patuxent River after starting my 18th school in 12 states. Dad was the base Operations Officer and he announced he would get his CFI and teach me to fly, if I would agree not to drink (alcohol) until I was 21. Hey, not a problem dad. My first student flight in the Patuxent Naval Flying Club (of which I'm still a member) was a beautiful summer day in a Cessna 150 flying off the three-mile long, 600-foot wide runway. Then at 0800 on the morning of July 26, 1967 with a grand 6.1 hours of flight time logged (what WERE you thinking dad?) came the first coveted endorsement "Safe for Solo". Dad went to the control tower to observe, and I launched off of the "short" runway 20 with only 5200 feet in front of me. Wow. At a PIC weight of 117 lbs, I was airborne in no time. About then I realized there was a F-4 fighter from TPS, a P-3 Orion ASW aircraft undergoing acceptance testing, and several helos in the air with me. Round the pat-



tern to final, I heard for the first of hundreds of time, "Cessna 2558J, caution wake turbulence, cleared land" What? Wake turbulence? What's that? "Hey, Pax Tower there is a FIRE TRUCK on the end of my runway!" "Cessna 58J disregard, he'll be clear before you get there". And then dad on the radio "Just fly the airplane son" How many more times in my life have I heard that, or passed it on to my students.

Soon I left for Earlham College and my older brother Terry (a senior) and I began our college flying adventures in a \$1400 J-3 cub in East Richmond, Indiana. There I amassed the required 200 hours flight time for a commercial license in the little 65 hp J-3, and returned home for more training from dad who had retired from the Navy to open the new St. Mary's County (2W6) airport. I happily worked summers at the airport, pumping gas, and never missing an opportunity to ferry any aircraft on the field to the FBO's sister field at Potomac, Maryland. Then in Indiana for my college graduation on June 12, 1971 dad endorsed my logbook "Check ride recommended for Commercial Pilot Flight Test".

I applied for Officer Candidate School at the Naval Flight School in Pensacola, but quickly learned that without 20/20 vision I wasn't a candidate (how come dad sees 20/15 I'm wondering). No back seat Naval Flight Officer (NFO) for me, time to go back home and work at the airport.

I returned to Patuxent River and quickly found a job teaching Biology at the high school I graduated from (looking more like a student at 20, than a teacher), and started work towards my Flight Instructor certificate, again with dad as an instructor. The war in Vietnam loomed, and with my draft number of 256 – a present of the county's first draft lottery – and the Army already on 249, I

Dad loved to sail almost as much as flying. 2004

decided to take another look at this NFO thing. With dad's "Recommended for CFI check-ride" endorsement on February 18, 1973 in my pocket, I was off to Pensacola to get my head shaved and find the local FAA examiner, fortunately not in that order.

One day my dad called me and told me he decided he'd reached 70, and an age where he had determined it was not prudent for him to continue act as pilot in command. He still had his medical and license, he just choose not to. There was nothing wrong with his stick skills (with 10,000+ hours under his belt, duh) but he was concerned about his situational awareness, endurance, and ability to focus on the multiple facets of flying. This is probably the most difficult decision any pilot can make, and unfortunately too few are able to make a self-diagnosis and decision. But this was typical of dad, and we continued to fly together for many years, now with me as PIC, but certainly not as gifted or experienced an aviator as my father.

I'd return on leave to and it was my turn to take dad for an airplane ride. They were always eye-opening experiences. Typically, we'd go fly some Precision Radar Approaches at the base, or ILS approaches over on the Eastern Shore at Cambridge or Easton. Dad would start the approach and I'd wonder if he had really lost his edge, as we'd wander all over the ILS approach. Around the pattern for a second approach and he'd make an acceptable demonstration to commercial standards "Gee, I'm getting the feel back". One more time, please? As we'd slide down the approach with the needles centered, and stuck light they were glued there, I'd tape the glass and comment "I wonder if this thing is broken?"

I finally bought my own Cessna 152 Sparrow Hawk in 1984 and in 1997, when the Naval Air Systems Command moved from Crystal City back to NAS Patuxent River, I began occasional airplane commutes from Leesburg, Virginia to the base. Commuting to work in an airplane, routinely landing on the runway you first soloed on, how cool is that? (Very cool :)

About 11 years ago when he was 76, Dad was diagnosed with multiple myeloma (a bone marrow cancer). The doctors announced it was in an advanced state (IV) and that he had a few weeks to months to live. I think it is the only time I ever heard my dad swear, "^^%(&)", I'm going to live until I'm at least 80". A year ago, we had a repeat performance when he was diagnosed with congestive heart failure, "I'm good to at least 85". They had trouble bringing him out of sedation at the Washington Heart Center after drawing 700 ml of fluid from around his heart, so when they decided to put in a pacemaker, dad decided to use a local anesthesia and watch the operation. "It was really fascinating". Dad had a will to live unlike anything I've ever seen. A few hours before he passed away, he was still asking, "when can I get out of here and get home" and "doctor, what's the long term diagnosis". The doctor's response to the family, I've been wrong twice before, I'm not going to make that mistake again.

I found the following autobiography in dad's computer files. Written 13 years ago (well before his 63rd wedding anniversary), this will probably never see the light of day outside of Skylines. Typical of dad, it is short, almost quiet, factual, and to the point.

What an Aviator, what a Flight Instructor, what a Dad.



BIOGRAPHY

Name: **Gordon Raynesford Otis**

Address: I07 Pine Rd, Lexington Park, MD 20653

Date/Place of Birth: Dec 6, 1919 in Greencastle Indiana

Branch of military, classification, division:

Enlisted in US Navy as a candidate for V-5 USNR Naval Aviator on July 19, 1941. Commissioned ENSIGN USNR 7/18/42.

Military locations, stations:

NARB Squantum MA; NATB Jacksonville FL, NAS Banana Rv. FL; VP-202; VPB-215; NATC Corpus Christi TX; PGS CALTECH; NAS Banana Rv. FL; FASRON 112,-113,114,-115 Whidby Is. WA & Alaska; NSGL Monterey CA; BAGR-ED; VX-1; NATC Pax Rv MD; CICO Glenview IL; USS Tarawa (VS-40); VW-13; BUWEPS; CCD-14 Staff on USS Wasp (CVS-18); NAS Pax Rv MD. Graduate of Navy Test Pilot School Class 13.

Battles participated in: ASW Battle of the Atlantic.

Memorable experiences: ASW Patrols in Caribbean and Atlantic; Convoy coverage; PBM Instructor at Banana Rv and Corpus; FASRONS in Alaska; Engineering duty at BUWEPS, Test Flying at Pax Rv; Barrier patrol in WV-2s (EC-121s); CICO on WASP; Staff EWO on CCD-14; Participated in recovery of Gemini 4,-6,-7. Operations Officer NAS Pax Rv.

Awards: American Defense, American Campaign, WW-11, National Defense, and Expert Pistol Shot.

Discharged: Retired as a Commander USN with 28 years service July 1, 1969.

Family data:

Wife: Alice Reid Otis of Fairfield CT; Son Terrell R. Otis-Foreign Service Officer; Son Richard Allan Otis - GM-14 and CDR USNR; Daughter Nancy Ellen Otis (PhD) married to Dr. David Chamness-Pediatrician.

What are you doing today?

After 14 years at various jobs, now retired and enjoying five Grandchildren; 50th Wedding Anniversary was 7/3/93.

I have changed e-mail servers, My new address is.....
kevinfleet@earthlink.net

Kevin Fleet

The following is a request from a French gentleman who is looking for assistance in finding a summer flying/English-speaking opportunity for his son. Anyone interested in helping Luc's son can get in touch with me.

Joe Lingeitch, Membership Officer
J.Lingeitch@skylinesoaring.org

Dear Sirs,

My 18 years hold son Simon, who was member of the French Soaring Society (FFVV) during the last 2 years and who is graduate of BIA (Aeranautical Instruction Certificate) wish to go to the States next summer to improve his English. As he his fond of everything in relation with flying and specially with soaring, I would be very pleased to find club in USA where he could do a one or two monthes instruction period leaving in a club member's family. Would you be kind enough to let me know is a such project could be possible in your club and to which conditions. If not could you advise us another club where we could ask for. Many thanks in advance. Looking forward to hearing from you soon. Best regards

Luc THOUVARD
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3,000 Birds Disrupt Radar— Large flocks of migrating geese are suspected of causing a breakdown in the radar at the St. Louis air traffic control center last Wednesday morning (Nov. 9). About 7 a.m., radar screens showed about 3,000 blips, which the system interpreted as 3,000 aircraft. The Airport Surveillance Radar model 9, or ASR-9, became overloaded and crashed, the St. Louis Post-Dispatch reported last week. Air traffic controllers in Kansas City took over the airspace for about 15 minutes, until St. Louis controllers were able to switch to a backup system. Similar flocks of birds are believed to have caused radar crashes in ASR-9 systems at Kansas City on Nov. 2 and at Boston on Oct. 10. ASR-9 comprises a primary antenna that detects when airplanes have entered the airspace, and a secondary radar that sends signals to the airplane transponder so it can identify the aircraft.—AVflash 11.46a

Plane Flies Two Hours Missing Five Feet Of Wing—Homebuilders rejoice -- your mistakes probably aren't that bad. British officials are wondering how the pilot and passengers (including two aircraft mechanics) on board a Cessna 210 could fly the plane for

two hours without realizing -- or expressing particular care -- that a five-foot section of one wing was missing. The unnamed pilot, from a community called Dozy (we couldn't make that up), apparently hit a tree on takeoff from an airport in Ireland on his way to deliver the mechanics to a broken Boeing 767 in Portugal. The collision took off more than a third of the wing, including a fuel tank. It wasn't until the plane ran low on fuel over the English Channel that the pilot realized something was wrong and made an emergency landing at Jersey International Airport. He recalled the takeoff collision but said he thought the plane had been "struck by a little bird."—AVflash 11.34a

Here's an idea for alternate FRR launches—



Winch launch at North Conway, NH, September 1940. Photo by Margaret Noyes Knowles, courtesy of the family of Eliot Noyes.

Wisdom doesn't always come with age. Sometimes age just shows up all by itself.—Tom Wilson



SKYLINES

December 2005

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