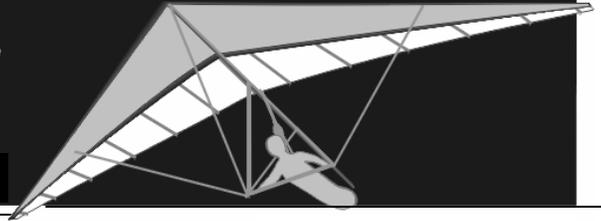


# Skyline

<http://www.go-get.com/skyline>

Capitol Hang Gliding and Paragliding Association



VOLUME 40, ISSUE 3

MARCH 2002

## Repack 2002: The Inside Story

(by Brian Vant-Hull)

I detest paperwork. I hate doing it, I hate waiting for people to approve it, I hate the people you have to wait for to approve it. The original plan was to get the school cafeteria we had in Scaggsville last year, which meant going through the school bureaucracy as well as the USHGA bureaucracy to get insurance. Now don't get me wrong: each required about the top half of a single sheet of paper, but that's all it takes to make it sit on a shelf gathering dust. I somehow made the phone calls and got the paperwork, and there they sat while I waited to make decisions (*I'm one of the people I hate waiting for the most*).

You see, USHGA charges \$75 to add an additional to club insurance. Jayne De-

fanipoulopiloolulis (*or whatever: she's our current USHGA Executive Director*) didn't charge us last year because she likes to encourage repacks. (*What a sweetheart!*) But with a tightening ship she couldn't let it go this time, and coupled with the charge for the room we'd be right on the edge of breaking even.

It gets worse. The last two repacks were done under the auspices of MHGA, and we could use those articles of incorporation to convince the school district that we were bonafide. But there was some funny business going on with site insurance last year, and not wanting to raise any red flags I planned to run things through CHGPA. (*It turns out this was unnecessary as USHGA has recently come around to our way of seeing things.*) But Tom couldn't find the articles of incorporation, and when I asked

Mike if he had them, he considered they would be a nice thing to have, and could I perhaps go to the state and pick up a copy. Yeah, right. Never gonna happen.

So I started thinking about the old Mayberry Mill. A relic dating back to the age of water power, it had been restored to a usable space by Bob and Mary Anne Galandak, upon whose property it presently resides. Bob is your typical grumpy old man: a stogey-chewing curmudgeon with hands like ham hocks. But his big frame must have been built to house an oversize heart. I could tell many irrelevant stories about him, but the main characteristic pertaining to us is his retirement plans: woodworking is his passion, and he hopes to spend his golden years "turning big pieces of wood into little 'uns." He did all of the

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## Pre-Flight

(Ralph Sickinger)



SO, why "R2"? I've been asked a number of times, "*Shouldn't it be 'R3' now?*", but "R2" has nothing to do with my pilot rating. (*That's what my license plate is for.*) I moved out to the Washington area from Michigan 14 years ago, and settled in Reston. When I first started to participate in club activities, no one ever remembered my last name; but if I told them that I was from Reston, suddenly a lightbulb would go on and the response was always "*Oh, yeah! Ralph from Reston!*" I think that Matthew (I have a comment for everything) Graham might have had something to do with it, too. Anyway, somehow that just stuck, and

*(Continued on page 3)*

## The Joy of Silk

(by Lauren Tjaden)

My harness whipped around in circles; the burger and brownies that had nestled comfortably in my stomach just moments before threatened to crawl up my throat and leap out of my mouth, only I had more important issues to deal with. I fumbled for my parachute handle, but when I managed to nab it, I couldn't jerk the chute loose. I wrestled with both hands, and finally, the sound of the ripping velcro broke the silence. I desperately threw the chute, trying to launch it towards a bit of open space. However, my toss couldn't have been any weaker if both of my arms had been broken. The parachute didn't even deploy. Its container plunked onto the floor unopened, proof of my inadequacy. "Jeez." Matthew shook his head. "That was terrible. Here, try it again." He handed me the parachute container.

"That's one of the reasons we have these repack clinics." My husband Paul steadied my harness, still rocking under the carabiner. "Are you going to puke?" "I don't think so. Maybe next time." I swallowed hard and stuffed the container back in the harness. I couldn't help wondering what it would be like to really have to throw my chute; when it mattered, when my life hung in the balance and depended on my training and my wits. Hopefully I'll never have to find out. Of course, I guess no one ever expects it to happen to *them*. I mean, Sunny Venesky never thought he'd need his chute, either. But he did. Here's his story:

On the evening of June 29th, 1998, one of Sunny's jobs was to test fly the Aeros Stealth KPL glider that had just arrived for a client. Test flying a glider like the Stealth wasn't a particularly un-

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work on the mill himself; before he turned his attention to it about 10 years ago it was a big, hollow, dusty hulk. The results of his labor were evident to everyone who came to the repack, but we're not the only ones who've enjoyed it; our school christmas party was held there every year (*we'd even make wreathes in the basement*) and more than one wedding as well. Craft shows and the like are an annual tradition.

Bob and I were fellow science teachers at my old school. The first year I met him I came over and spent a couple hours helping to paint the place. He's never forgotten it, and over the years has paid me back a hundredfold. When I called him up to ask about the mill, he refused to charge us for anything except heating costs. I got off the phone feeling pretty happy, and then was hit by a gleeful realization: NO PAPERWORK! That was the clincher.

I drove up to look the place over again. Decent amount of space, about 10 tables already there, big thick beams to suspend pilots from. The last point was important to convince people it was worth driving clear through terra incognita and back just to attend a parachute repack. Bob was willing to put in an eye-hook....hell, it was just more woodwork to him; but the wife needed convincing. It was an anxious week before we got our answer. With Mary Anne's nod I could breathe easier about my choice.

Then things began to unravel. They always do. What follows here is a chronology of panic attacks:

1 week before: I call up Betty Pfeiffer to ask her what the damn-hell happened to those bungee loops I ordered. Turns out that she was moving not just her shop, but her house as well. Bad timing, nothing had been done. It's impossible to be mad at Betty for even an instant, but even if I could I was saved from a suicidal frenzy when, like a white knight, Cragin came riding to the rescue: without even knowing how bad the bungee situation was he had started fiddling around with materials and found he could make them himself very easily. Obvious in retrospect, but it still takes someone to actually think of it and do something. Blast out the hero music and cheer.

4 days before: Bob calls me up and says he can get the 5 tables I requested from the church. FIVE TABLES? Turns out he mistook the number of EXTRA tables I wanted for the TOTAL number, subtracted one from the other and brought the remainder. He didn't know if the church had all the extras I wanted, but he would check. The sweat began to roll.

Day of: I show up early. Nobody's there, not even Bob and Mary Anne. This is not looking good. Lewis was supposed to bring the VCR, and George was supposed to help with the tables, but there was no sign of anyone. I didn't even see an eye-hook in the beams. Nothing and nobody. Worse still, I suddenly noticed ceiling fans with breakable glass bulbs right where we might be throwing the chutes. This couldn't be happening. I stood forlornly in the dark, listening to the world falling to pieces around me.

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## Prez-Sez

(Joe Brauch)



The February meeting went well, with many discussions on flying safety. Many safety points were touched upon, and most noteworthy to me was the addition of paragliding interests. I have not encountered a paraglider while flying and the topics brought forward were very enlightening.

Our year-long (and probably longer) High Rock and NPRM topics were discussed without much progress. Again, I would like to thank Joe Gregor, and reiterate his words to read the NPRM so you know how it is going to affect hang gliding. High Rock is going to be a wait and see, but keep writing those letters to Congress, and hopefully, between them and our internal connections, we will be flying there soon.

I would like to announce the Official CHGPA Logo Contest. We need a new logo and are willing to pay. The prize is still to be determined but will likely include Cash and other Prizes. Please start designing our new logo and submit entries to me. We will have a winner by the April meeting!

I plan on flying much more this season and will have my camcorder with me. So watch out and make sure you have an aggressive run when you launch, and a pretty technique when you land. We will be critiquing the style and execution of these maneuvers.

If you can't fly on Saturday March 23 you can come watch kites fly at the Smithsonian's Kite Festival. Stop by if you can; a good time will be had by all.

Finally, if the wind ever stops blowing over 40+, be careful when you do fly. The spring conditions are here. You may be rusty from last fall or anxious since January but always remember to ask yourself "Will I be having fun?" ... and then run hard!



### Capitol Hang Gliding and Paragliding Association

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CHGPA represents hang glider pilots from the Washington, DC mid-Atlantic region. We are committed to the safety, growth and solidarity of hang gliding.  
USHGA Chapter #33

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## Thinkin' About...

(Chris McKee)

### CROSS COUNTRY SAFETY

A good cross-country flight will highlight a year's flying, but a certain amount of caution is necessary. As our skills increase, the urge to make a cross-country flight becomes stronger. As you prepare to "leave the nest" of that comfortable old LZ, a few things need to be given thought and mental preparation...

- 1) Always keep a safe landing field within easy reach. A strong thermal can be surrounded by strong sink.
- 2) When flying along a ridge in strong winds, be especially cautious around gaps. The wind here will be horizontal & stronger due to venturi. Stay well out in front when crossing these obstacles.
- 3) When penetrating out of a canyon, stay to the downwind side to avoid rotors and to utilize possible ridge lift. Don't fly in the middle of a canyon in a cross wind as that is where the down air from the rotor will be.
- 4) Never go behind a mountain in straight ridge lift. In thermals, you'll need at least 1000' clearance.
- 5) Watch the clouds and surface wind direction for signs of a sheer line or other unusual situations. Turbulence in a

wind sheer can be extreme.

- 6) It is a good idea to drive along your intended flight path, observing landing fields, obstructions and power lines.
- 7) Stay away from airports, controlled zones and airways. Be aware of their locations and reserved altitudes.
- 8) Picking a landing field from the air is the most difficult and potentially dangerous part of flying cross-country. Always arrive over your chosen field with at least 500'. A few large, unfluctuating 360's over an object will quickly show you the wind direction as you drift downwind. At the same time check the field for power lines (hidden poles) fences, ditches and crops. Look for contour lines indicating a sloping field. It is a good idea to fly a circuit around the field to look for slope, power lines etc. Observe your drift so you can land into the wind. Wind directions may change close to the ground, so look for ripples on water, blowing grass or dust, trees, flags, or clotheslines. A body of water will be calm at the upwind end and rippled downwind. Land well away from trees, hills or other obstructions that could cause turbulence. By all means, land in a convenient field, but don't choose an unsafe field because it is near the road or a house. Note the road and trail situation before you land, so you can walk out without getting lost. Landing on the wrong side of creeks and rivers can cause long walks.

9) If you are considering going cross-country, arrange a rendezvous point before launching where you can phone or meet when you land. Be sure someone will be home. Restaurants, hotels and gas stations can be used for this purpose. It is also a good idea to beg, borrow or buy a two-way radio, ham radio (if qualified), or carry a cell phone.

10) If you are crossing rough terrain, carry a survival kit containing at least a signal mirror and matches. In some areas carrying water is a matter of survival. Your harness and parachute make a good sleeping bag and tent. If you land way out, ALWAYS stay with your glider. It is like a big neon sign out there for searchers. We continually hear of hunters trying to hike out from their vehicles, which are found (and now one glider) while the people are lost forever.

11) If you are landing in light and variable conditions, always land uphill if possible without regard to insignificant (only) downwind conditions. Come in hot and flare sharply.

A good cross-country flight gives the pilot a great sense of accomplishment. So, by all means, go for it. But be very conservative, especially on your first few times. A lot of these things are common sense, but in the excitement of the upcoming good weather we need to make sure we are both physically and mentally prepared. Just some things to think about... FLY SAFE!



*(Continued from page 1)*

I've been known as "Ralph from Reston" ever since. *(Never mind that I've lived in Bowie, Maryland for 3 years now...)* I got tired of typing all that out in my online posts, so I shortened it to "R2". *(Actually, it's "R-squared", but "R-two" is easier to say, and anyway, there's no "squared" symbol on the keyboard.)*

The point of this, is that I used to live in Reston. I had a nice little townhouse

where I lived with my two cats, "Ice" and "Tiger". I'm really more of a dog person by nature, but cats are a whole lot easier to take care of. *(Especially when you want to take off for a whole weekend to do something silly, like going hang gliding for instance.)* Still, the cats are good company when I get back home, and they've been responsible for their share of entertaining moments.

As an example: before I got the townhouse, I had a one-bedroom apartment

*(yes, in Reston)* with a balcony out the back. I was up on the third floor, and with no trees anywhere close to the balcony, it seemed like a safe enough place to let the cats out for some fresh air and sun. One beautiful Spring day, I'm getting ready for work, and I've left the sliding glass door open so the cats can enjoy the weather. I came out of the shower and saw Tiger at the end of the hallway; he was focused on **something**, but I couldn't tell what. I went to inves-

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## CHGPA Photo Album



Mike Chevalier taking off from the Pulpit  
(Photo by Holly Korzilius)

*The Skyline can use your pictures!*

You can either email them to [ralph@sickinger.net](mailto:ralph@sickinger.net)

Or you can send photos to:  
Ralph Sickinger  
15735 Erwin Ct, Bowie, MD 20716

Send a self-addressed stamped envelope, if you want the picture back.



*(Continued from page 1)*

appealing task. The KPL was among the first of the topless gliders; a fast, sleek machine, created for the serious pilot. Red and blue, it looked as if it wanted to jump into the sky and lean against a thermal; perhaps to challenge it to a race. The conditions were ideal for the assessment. The activity at Maple Airport, in Currituck, North Carolina, had already faded, along with any wind. So, as the sun waned, Chad Elchin (the tow pilot, Sunny's close friend, and a skilled hang glider pilot in his own right) climbed into the tug, and pulled Sunny up over the cotton fields. On tow, Sunny began appraising the Stealth. It was his job to ensure that the glider didn't veer or wobble. He verified that it tracked straight, and that the bar pressure wasn't overwhelming. When Sunny released at two thousand feet, the tests continued. Sunny allowed the glider to fly at trim, to see if it wanted to bolt like a race horse or if it had any tendency to stall. He flew fast and slow, with the VG [variable geometry] half on, full on, and off. He stalled it, banked it hard, and worked it through its full flight range, noting a few slight imperfections, but otherwise the Stealth performed like a new Mercedes. After Sunny landed, he asked Chad to tow him up one more time. The test flight had been quite satisfactory, but the sun still peeked over the horizon, and the air was

smoother than glass. Picture a dog being offered a steak. It would be more likely for the dog to resist the meat than for Sunny to resist another flight in the Stealth. On this second trip, Sunny began to play with the glider; to fly the way he loved. He dove at the ground until the Stealth reached terminal velocity. Then he

perfect air? As he felt the glider attempt to slow, signaling that it had again reached terminal velocity, he allowed the bar to creep forward, perhaps four inches, no more. Allowing the bar to let out this much would have been correct in the old Stealth, but the new glider was flying far faster than the old one ever had, ripping

### The KPL pitched up, not gracefully, as Sunny had intended, but violently, instead.

carefully allowed it to pitch up. The glider immediately responded by rocketing towards Jupiter. At the top of the arc, he through the glider into a wingover. Sunny had done some aerobatics in his old Stealth (even made it loop once or twice) but performing the wingover in the KPL was a different experience. The glider had the balance of an Olympic gymnast, and executing the maneuver was as easy as sitting in an easy chair. The Stealth streaked towards the ground for a second time, swallowing the wind in gulps. It flew even faster than the first time, since its dive hadn't begun in level flight. (The KPL's nose was already angled down after exiting the wing over.) Racing downward, exhilarated as a teenage boy at a sock hop, Sunny made a spontaneous decision. What better time to try a loop, partnered with a perfect machine, flying in

along at an estimated one hundred miles an hour. The extra inch or two made all the difference. As it slammed into the air under its nose, the KPL pitched up, not gracefully, as Sunny had intended, but violently, instead. Picture a snowball that suddenly blossoms into an avalanche; a raindrop that turns into a tidal wave. The sudden change in the glider's attitude produced a mush-rooming effect every bit as dramatic. The KPL tried to pitch even higher. When it was successful, it rammed against even more air and tried harder still. Though Sunny has arms that would make "Arnold" jealous, the bar ripped out of his control as if he had no more strength than a toddler. In less time than it takes to open your refrigerator door, the speed bar had shot from around Sunny's ankles to over his head. The Stealth no

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Then Bob drove up. Turns out he and George kept missing each other by phone (*Damn, why didn't I give out email addresses?*), but Bob had picked up the tables by himself and had them waiting for me in the truck the whole time. He apologized for not having gotten around to making the signs yet (**HE HADN'T MADE THE SIGNS?!**) but if I would help him dig around in the scrap pile to find some worthy materials he'd appreciate my help. So we moved into the wood shop and he starts leisurely painting signs while I hooked my feet under heavy equipment to keep from climbing the walls. I kept trying to dash out to tear down the ceiling fans but he'd stop me and have me hold the edge of a piece of board or something so he could keep an eye on me.

The signs were done (*Bob carefully spreading the paint so it wouldn't run, while I tried not to scream*) and still no Lewis. We went out to plant the signs, and when we came back a familiar car was in the drive. Lewis. Relief washed over me like a cool drink in the desert. I had notified the list-server a couple of times of my intentions to be at the place by 3:00, but didn't really expect anyone there except Lewis. Lewis isn't on the list-server. I knew that. So all the time he spent leisurely wending his way northward, stopping in on friends and rela-

tions, watching random cows give birth and such, he could have been up at the mill if I had just put one and one together and called him.

Things finally began to happen: Bob drilled the eye-hook while Lewis and I arranged tables; we took down the ceiling

### **I've had it stretched out and flaked a couple times, but had never seen it in it's full glory...**

fans most at risk. A paraglider pilot showed up. (*I'm sorry to admit I forget his name*) Dang, looked like this thing was actually gonna happen.

I tested out the chute deployment setup, then went outside to inflate it for the first time. I've had it stretched out and flaked a couple times, but had never seen it in it's full glory: spread out like a many-tentacled diatom, gently rotating in the breeze. I finally feel like we're bosom buddies.

We took the chute inside to stretch it out, and at the stroke of 5 my chin hit the floor as Bruce and Sunny walked in and informed me that Sunny had come all the way from the Eastern Shore just to help out. Another couple of white knights! I scurried around slapping materials and instructions into place. More people

showed up, and the repack started rolling. Things are a bit of a blur from there on out. I remember chutes going every which way, piles of harnesses with folks scurrying over them like ants, people clustered around the construction table eating (*Why didn't we set up the other tables and chairs?*) and many helping hands. There was a lot of expertise floating around, a few attempts at organization, but a general amorphous flow towards finality. Yet there was more than that: maybe it was the warm cozy feeling of being surrounded by so much worked wood on a chilly day, but the whole evening had a rosy, Capraesque glow about it, warm and close. If someone tries to do good, if he keeps plugging away, eventually everyone will jump in at the last minute and make for a happy ending. At some point I remember that Bob came in, took a look at all the flurry and the fabric stretched about his place, stuck a cigar stump in his mouth and smiled.

So that's about it. After covering my own expenses I left Bob about \$150. I knew the guy too well to give it to him directly (he'd never accept an over-payment) so I hid it under some utensils on his dining room table. A week later when I went back to retrieve the windsock I had forgotten (left tied to a stop sign) he grouched at me for giving him too much money. He'd taken what he needed to cover heating and gave the rest to the church. I wasn't surprised at all.



*(Continued from page 3)*

tigate, and found him looking at Ice, with this "What have you got there?" expression on his face. Meanwhile, Ice is staring back at him with a big old starling in his mouth, with an expression on **his** face that said "It's mine, and you can't have it!" So I'm looking at this scene, trying to figure out what to do. (*Just to recap: I'm still damp, I'm wearing a towel, there is a live bird in my living room clamped in the jaws of a well-armed cat, who is obviously prepared to defend his "prize".*) I'm also kind of wondering "How in the world...??" I mean, how would he catch a bird on a 10'x4' concrete balcony? Did the bird land on it? And if so, why? And how in the world does a bird miss a 16-pound

cat in the middle of wide-open concrete? It's not like there was any place for him to hide! In the end, I decided that (a) any bird that is that stupid, probably deserves his fate, and (2) I never liked starlings anyway. (*They're noisy, and they smell bad.*) So, as I looked at my cat, zealously holding on to his catch, I finally decided "Fine; you caught him... he's all yours!"

Anyway, there's a lesson to be learned here. Obviously, this bird suffered from really poor "situational awareness". It also failed to adequately assess it's intended landing area for potential hazards. Just something to keep in mind when you fly, especially if you're considering X-C flights and landings in unfamiliar fields.

After all, you never know WHAT might be waiting for you when you come down! (*Beware of large, white cats, among other things.*) So, be careful out there!



*A few additional thoughts: this has been a slow month; the biggest event being the parachute repack. I'd like to thank Brian for not only putting on a fantastic event, but taking time to write an informative and entertaining account of the process. I'd like to welcome Lauren Tjaden as a [hopefully] regular contributor to the newsletter; her article is just as entertaining. Last but not least, our Flight Director now has space for a regular column, tentatively titled "Thinkin' About...". I hope you all like what we've done! ~ R2*

*(Continued from page 4)*

longer had the power to push back against the wind, and it crumpled. The cross bar folded like a piece of limp spaghetti. Chad, who had missed seeing the dive, gazed upward at that moment, and thought to himself, "I didn't think Sunny knew how to spin a glider..." Sunny didn't, but the Stealth whirled as if it had been caught in a blender. It revolved so fast it continued to climb for a moment, like it was a new, sick version of a helicopter. The sky and the ground and the blue and red kite circled in a blur, but some-how, Sunny's training kicked into gear. He looked for his parachute handle, then ripped at it with one hand. However, while the pins came out, the velcro refused to budge. Sunny yanked again, but even though he had enough adrenaline pumping to power Manhattan, the velcro refused to give, as if it had been stuck with glue instead of nylon. The ground twirled closer, and the wind screamed as though Sunny was caught in a hurricane. Abandoning the speed bar, he began to tug at the parachute with both hands. Now, he and the glider spun independ-

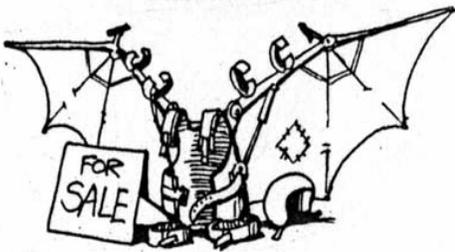
ently, both carving different spirals in the sky. Strangely "drowning in this nightmare, struggling with the chute" Sunny had time to ponder mundane things. He stifled a grin, reflecting about how the life-passing-before-your-eyes-business

### **The howl of the wind stopped, as quickly as if someone had flipped a switch.**

was truly real. The seconds that shot by felt as if they'd been covered with maple syrup; somehow transformed into hours. The faces of Sunny's loved ones streamed through his mind. He could picture his father. He could picture his mother smiling, and his brother laughing. He could picture his friends, too. He'd sure been blessed with lots of great ones. He also thought about the guy who'd ordered the KPL. Sunny couldn't picture his face exactly, but oddly, he imagined it looked lots like his boss' face. Sunny's boss was probably going to fire him; that is, if Sunny ever managed to pry the chute

loose. In between tugs on its handle, he glanced at the wing to see if he could figure out why the Stealth had stopped flying. Sunny remembered that the last time he'd repacked his chute had been in Mexico; and that the Margaritas had been tasty that night. He hoped he'd packed his chute correctly, because he wasn't very experienced at the task. He remembered all the times he'd left his harness in the sun, absorbing UV rays. He hoped that Mexican rubber bands weren't prone to rotting. Then, a miracle happened. The velcro gasped, and the chute fell into his arms. Sunny didn't have time to listen to his heart sing or mouth any prayers. He spotted a patch of blue sky tearing past, and flung the chute towards it. It unfolded. The parachute was smaller than Sunny had imagined it would be, a green and orange puff of cloth, but it worked nonetheless. The howl of the wind stopped, as quickly as if someone had flipped a switch. Instantly, his glider's death spin slowed to the dawdling spiral of an autumn leaf. Sunny swung under it, like a human pendulum. In this new, less

*(Continued on page 7)*



#### **Wing Things**

##### **Klassic 144**

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frantic world, he remembered to climb into the control frame. Sunny's butt poked towards the earth, but he could still crank his head around and gaze down. Depending on which way the pendulum was swinging, Sunny was going to land in either a pond, a tree, or on the strip of gravel road separating them. It was like the game you play as a child with daisy petals the "he-loves me, he-loves-me-not-game" but the random answer would determine if he would choke underwater, plummet into the branches, or only skin himself on the road. He felt like it took longer to descend than it takes to read War And Peace, but finally, landing appeared imminent. It appeared as if the tree might be the winner. However, though Sunny almost skimmed its branches, he finally teetered the other way and cleared it. Thankful that he hadn't been impaled, Sunny swung over the pond. His bottom brushed over the top of the water, but somehow, he missed that, too. In an event as unlikely as finding a contact lense in a snow drift, he landed in the road. Sunny settled onto the road, with as little fuss as a cat leaping off of a kitchen counter. His butt absorbed most of the impact. The glider dropped on top of him, but by the time Chad had screeched up in the truck, Sunny had his head poking up over a wing. Sunny strolled away without even a bump or bruise. The KPL fared almost as well. Sunny and Chad broke it down to examine it, but all it needed was a new crossbar. In fact, it was recently featured on the cover of the USHGA magazine, as resplendent as ever. Even Sunny's parachute survived. It is currently stuffed into the pocket of his harness. Hopefully it will decompose there, never to be used again, because it has surely already served a greater purpose than most of its peers. Hopefully your own parachutes will rot, unused, as well. But Sunny asked that I remind you that no one ever really knows what the day might bring. You could have a mid-air collision, or just become careless in your preflight and miss a frayed cable. Make sure that you're prepared.

Your life could depend on it.



Dave Proctor and Mike Balk demonstrate how to pack a chute.  
(Photo by Ralph Sickinger)

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Steve Wendt	540.432.6557	Manquin, VA



Next CHGPA meetings will be held:  
March 27, 2002  
April 24, 2002

Meetings are held downstairs at: Lasick's Beef House

Directions: 0.8 mile inside the beltway on Route 1 South, just past the Super 8 Motel (College Park exit off I-495).

Note: If coming from points north on I-95, at the Capital Beltway stay right at the split and then take the immediate left exit to Route 1 South, College Park.

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