



FLIGHT LINE



The publication of the Wings Of Rogallo Northern California Hang Gliding Association
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Dan Murphy engaging in gratuitous wing-tip dragging at Funston

Index:

1. [All the News that's Fit to Eat](#)
2. [Aug Meeting Minutes & Master's Tips](#)
3. [Lakeview July4 & Obits](#)
4. [Mingus and Owens](#)
5. [Mingus continued & Editor's Psycotic Rambling](#)
6. [Back Page](#)

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO EAT !!

2006 Summer Flying Calendar

Sept 16-17 [NorCal Cross Country League](#) [Jugdeep Aggarwal](#)

Oct 7-8 USH[A-Z]A Board of Directors Meeting:
[Crowne Plaza Hotel, 1177 Airport Blvd Burlingame CA.](#)

Oct 7 [Second Somewhat-Annual BayArea Pilot Summit](#)
Contact: [Ben Rogers](#) 650-269-9036

Oct 14-15 [Octoberfest at McClure - Get-U-Sum](#)

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Unofficial August 2006 WOR Meeting Minutes

(based upon the vague recollections of C. Perry, since the official minutes did not arrive in time for publication)

NEW MEMBERS, GUESTS

There might have been some new members, I can't recall. None of them bought me a beer, so why should I bother to remember their names anyway?

Great Flights

Several folks babbled at length about their flying exploits. Eric, Ben, and Wayne were likely some of those who stood up and related as to how they intentionally (for reasons that arn't exactly obvious to folks like me) landed as far away from their retrieve vehicle as possible, thereby unnecessarily delaying for possibly several hours their enjoyment of the obligitory post-flight bottle of beer. All who vollenterred to share their stories (which is the extent of the current "entertainment" portion of the meeting) were given the clap by the other pilots in attendance.

President's Report: Steve Delayo

Steve was actually not outta town and showed up for the meeting. He neglected to buy me a beer.

VP's Report : Wayne Michelson

Wayne was obviously dissapointed that Steve was in town, as was therefore denied the opportunity to once again pound the "gavel of presidential power" in the enthusiasic manner that has been his style in the past few meetings when Steve was outta town. He had little or nothing to say, and neglected to buy me a beer.

Treasurer's Report: Don Herrick

Don led the crowd in a rowzing rendition of the depression-era song "We're in the Money", with Wayne providing musical accompanment on a kazoo. The waitresses fled the room with their hands over their ears, and did not return for several minutes.

Membership Services: Bill Jablon.

Bill reported that the club did indeed have members. He was making a list and checking it twice, trying to find out who all have yet to buy me a beer.

Flight Director's Report: Pat Denevan

Pat reported that flying is indeed occurring on occasion.

Ed Levin Site Committee Report: Steve Pittman

Steve confirmed Pat's report that flying has indeed occurred. Meanwhile, there was some juicy gossip at my table regards an impact-zone pick-up attempt by a fat HG pilot on an SYT PG pilot that ended less than favorably.

Mission Peak Site Committee Report: Steve Rodrigues

Contrary to rumors, Mission peak is still there somewhere behind the smog. There might have been some issues with the gate, or maybe that was last month?

Mt. Diablo Site Committee Report: Mark Grubbs.

If Mark was there, he neither said much nor bought me a beer. Else I merely forgot or had momentarily left the room or was chatting with someone else at my table or having a senior moment. Take your pick.

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Site Acquisition: Gene Pfffer, Wayne Michelson

Rumors abound regards some new flying site that may be open someday. These rumors were neither confirmed nor denied.

Old Business

None that I recollect. That don't necessarily mean that there wern't none.

New Business

The fall meeting of the USH[A-Z]A Bored of Directors will occur in San Francisco on Oct 6-7-8, with the Somewhat-annual BayArea Pilot Summit to be held at the same place on Oct7. Get your tickets from Ben. Someone (Dave Wills??) announced his intention to run for the esteemed office of USH[A-Z] director.

END OF MEETING MINUTES

Master's Tips

Two monks were contemplating the prayer flags flapping in the breeze. "See how the flags move", one monk remarked. "It is not the flags" said the other monk, "It is the wind that is moving". The master overheard them and laughed. "It is not the wind nor the flags" he said, "It is your mind that moves". The two monks were speechless.

Introduction to XC at Lakeview

By Roy Spencer

Soooooo, thought I would write a few words about the Introduction to flying XC at Lakeview cause I said I would.

This whole thing started when Dave Wills graciously offered to provide information and guidance to a group of willing pilots about how to approach flying cross country in Lakeview Oregon.

Dave sent out an invitation to the WOR, set up an Internet group, and scheduled a presentation.

Well, I thought I remembered saying to someone several years ago "Wouldn't it be great if someone offered to give an XC introduction at Lakeview for a poor slob like me who has never flown much XC." So, I enrolled for the trip.

Dave conducted a very informative presentation in a nice corporate conference room hosted by Wayne Michelsen. Attendees included: Carmela, Rex, Wayne, Eric, Chris, Natalie, Mike, Randy, Paul, Karl, Enoch, Driver Bob, and myself.

Dave made effective use of Google Earth to fly the participants through the two most likely routes from Sugar Hill in Lakeview. He gave us waypoints, LZ locations, desert survival advice, and dangerous landowner warnings. I felt prepared.

Saturday June 24 : My hang driver brother-in-law Bob and I drove to Hat Creek. We arrived at the same time as Carmela and Rex. Chris, Brian, Rex, Doug, Page, Pilot Bob, myself and some other people flew the fat glassoff at Hat for over an hour.

Sunday June 25 : We drove to Lakeview and checked out the way points and bail out LZs. We set up camp at Goose Lake along with Chris (turn right if you can hear me) Valley, Brian (my dad will drive) Foster, Karl (tie down your airplane) Almendinger, Rick (wounded knee) Hawkins, Indian Valley Tim, Indian Valley Ernie, Carmela (I'll launch when I am ready) Moreno, and Rex (last man at the fire) Runyan. Brian's father Driver Bill also joined us.

Dave, Ofer, and attendance monitor Enoch showed up later. (Dave was smart enough to not stay in the bug-infested camp)

Monday June 26 : Dave showed up at 11:00 and indicated we should fly Sugar Hill. There was a fair bit of cumulus around and it was blowing briskly at launch. It seemed that we should get in the air before it got too

strong. Everyone set up. It looked good to me so I launched first at 2:30. After a bit of scratching I hooked a nice fast thermal. I climbed nicely but also drifted east down the ridge to the ranger tower at the end. I came back a little then climbed in another thermal to 9650 while drifting east over the tower again. I needed to get to 10,000 to go over the back.

At this point I needed to make a decision. If I continued in the current thermal I would almost certainly get to 10K but I would also drift east even further. The route to Fandango pass is more northeast. I should have gone! Instead I tried to go back to Sugar and get high enough to take the "milk run" route to the north towards Lakeview. I should have gone! All I found after leaving that thermal was big sink.

After I landed in the bail out, I watched each of the other pilots slowly work their way down to the same LZ. Everyone except Dave. Dave got up and when over the back. He crossed Fandango Pass and landed 16 miles from launch.

Tuesday June 27 : We went up to Sugar. This time it was blowing fairly strong. Most of the pilots elected to go to Black Cap. While we drove to Lakeview, Dave launched Sugar. Not sure how long he flew but he ended up in the bail out.

At Black Cap Tim and Ernie were already set up. The wind was coming from an unfortunate direction for the flat-sloped Black Cap launch. There was a large weather system coming from the Southwest. Ernie launched and started boating around in extremely fat smooth lift. Tim soon followed. Inspired, Chris set up and launched. He climbed in what seemed like endless smooth lift.

Finally Karl, Enoch, and Brian set up. However, just as Karl walked out to launch, the wind switched South and started gusting. We radioed to Chris that it might get nasty. Chris, Tim, and Ernie landed with little more than a few interesting moments on their decent. Chris had topped out at 9600.

It rained pretty hard after midnight that night.

Wednesday June 28 : Conditions looked light but promising at Launch. There was big CU around. Unfortunately, it kept sprinkling every time I walked out to launch. After a while, I was forbidden from walking to launch. Each pilot made a good launch, a valiant effort to say up, and a respectable landing. Flights varied from 15 to 60 minutes.

That evening we played cross-country Bocce ball. It is way more fun than

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playing on a court. A big gust front came through camp about dinnertime. Made for even more fun.

Thursday June 29 : Again we go up Sugar, launch, flounder, and land in the bail out. It rained in the LZ. Many pilots from distant places stopped to talk as we were breaking down. That was pretty cool.

More XC Bocce back at camp. We were treated to an excellent lightning show.

Friday June 30 : I went back to Hat Creek. There were huge cumulus forming as I left Lakeview around 12:00. Apparently, Karl flew from Black Cap north for 3.5 miles. Page, Heather, Matt, Jim, Roger, and myself flew the fat glassoff at Hat for over an hour.

Saturday July 1 : I flew 5.5 miles from the burn launch at Indian Valley to Round Valley Lake. I probably would not have completed that flight in Indian Valley if I had not learned the errors of my ways the previous Monday in Lakeview. So, even though the weather did not cooperate, I think the introduction to cross-country flying in Lakeview was very valuable. A big thanks to Dave Wills for putting the whole thing together. Thanks also to drivers Bill, Bob, and Tim.

***** **Dan Murphy 1958-2006** *****

There exists at any one time on this small planet an extremely small number of highly unique individuals for whom only a single name need suffice. Ali, Madonna, Magic, etc. For those for us in the hang-gliding community, Murphy was definitely one of those people. The dictionary definition of "natural" should include his picture.

His infrequent and terse words to me regarding the fine arts of thermaling and wing-overs were the finest advanced flying instruction anyone could possibly wish for, those pearls of wisdom shaped my flying style during my formative years and will always be treasured (and hopefully passed along).

Sadly however, random senseless violence has robbed us forever of his presence in our lives. He will be missed, but never forgotten.

This Place ROCKS! by Bruce

Ben D, Ben R, Wayne and I went to the Owens last weekend accompanied by our great drivers Dave Van Der Steen and Jon Orbeton. It would have been nice to have gone to the gathering at Funston in honor of Dan Murphy, but we made a toast to his achievements and trusted his spirit would accompany us.

Saturday morning the winds in the valley were from the North at about 10-15 - not so good and not the forecast. So we went to Mazourka expecting to fly south. The winds at launch were very light and from the West. We all launched, Ben R. decided it was light enough to go North, which seemed a reasonable plan, so we followed. The ceiling wasn't very high, about 12K, so the trick would be getting over West Guard Pass to Black mountain. After a bit of work we all managed this except for Ben D who actually had sights on going over the back. Wayne and I forged on with Ben R a bit behind. I took the high route following the ridge line around 12-13K whereas Wayne took the lower route.

It was a bit slow going as there was very little wind (perhaps a very slight head wind), and things got a bit rowdy in front of White Mountain, but in general it was very pleasant flying. At Montgomery peak I climbed to 13.5K and easily had Janie's on glide. Wayne couldn't find the elevator and had to divert to Benton. Dave was waiting at Janies with the wind report and a beer. About 15 minutes later Ben R also came in to (crash) land. A very nice flight for 68 miles. Sunday morning's forecast was very promising, light winds aloft, south winds in the valley and ceilings about 14K. At Walt's we met 4 pilots from Sonoma wings. We talked about staying on the Sierra passed Bishop with hopes of going to Mammoth, but would decide closer to the usual crossing point to the White's. Ben R could feel big miles in his loins (or was that the effects of getting married last week!) and launched about 20 minutes before the rest of us. Thermals were plentiful, although not particularly high - about 11.5K at launch, then 12.5K further up the Sierra's. But it was smooth flying and certainly felt like it would be a good day. But by the time we arrived at Tinemaha (Whites crossing point) we were struggling a bit. The thermals were quite disorganized and it was difficult to get much over 11K.

Making a decision to stay with the Sierra's or cross was difficult, not withstanding Ben R feigning radio

troubles and double clicking to indicate he'd already crossed, only to come back on line 10 minutes later saying he hadn't even crossed yet Huh. By this time Ben D and I were struggling around the base of Birch mountain in front of Big Pine. We would only just be able to glide to the main road and started considering some meadows in the foothills. Ben D started out for Big Pine and I followed, then immediately bumped into the gentlest of lift. Ben missed this and continued ahead. I milked it and about 15 minutes later found myself at 13.5K over Birch. I couldn't really figure out what Wayne and Ben R were planning (both seemed low anyway) so I decided to cross to Black mountain. 13.5K is a bit low to make the 15 mile jump, but I scooted in to the foothills at 6800' and immediately found lift to take me high over Black. I started to head north. Ben D had managed a save near Big Pine, drifted back to the Sierras to 12.5K and, not really knowing what the other two were doing either headed over to join me. However the 1000' lower start made the difference and after scratching around the base of Black had to land.

The lift remained disorganised along the Whites and I had to work hard to scratch along the foothills making very slow progress. At about Flynns I heard Ben R trying to describe to Dave where he and Wayne were going to land. "Do you see the big green field?", "Urr, which one", "It's by the trees", "Trees?", "There's a car parked there", "What?", "Are you passing a tree now?", "No, I'm parked!", etc, etc. It would have been funny except I was scratching around in some canyons concentrating hard. Well, they landed (10 miles north of Bishop on 395?), I got myself up again, and conditions slowly improved. By the time I got to White mountain I was back up around 12K.

At Montgomery I knew I had Janies on glide (the 100 mile mark). I was 5 1/2 hours into it and figured that was good enough. But just as I rounded Boundry Peak I hit huge lift. It took me straight up to 16K. Ok, well, might as well keep going. I cruised way high over Montgomery pass and started up route 6 towards Mina. Unfortunately there was no lift to be had and there was a slight head wind. The sun was getting low and things were shutting down. So Ben D and Jon parked up next to a nice LZ and I landed for 115 miles. Longest XC to date, and very satisfying in that I had to make a number of low saves. Also my longest time at 6 hours 10 minutes.

Anyone for one last trip to the Owens??

MingusMountain Labor Day << >> by Steve Daleo

Deb and I made the trip to Mingus for the labor Day fly-in. Contrary to what all of our mapping programs said, we made it to Prescott, AZ in 10.5h. Much better than we'd expected. Camping on top of the 8000' mountain is beautiful. It's in the 70s during the day and 50s at night. They have nice restroom facilities but no showers. The locals are helpful and friendly. I was impressed that even with more than 50 pilots packed into the setup area and a competition in progress (although a low-key fun comp) everyone remained cooperative and cool. None of the usual crowded-launch mania that you usually find at these events. The AHGA has worked very hard to make sure the comp remains fun. It worked!

Launch is a nice, concrete ramp with a very steep slope below so it's quite easy. The valley floor is at about 4000ft and it's usually light wind, switchy, and with temps near 100 degrees, the density altitude is up there so landings can be challenging. Cottonwood airport is an easy glide from launch and was designated the primary LZ. The format was both Duration and Open Distance (one or the other) with awards for best launch, spot landing, and best drivers as well. During the comp, the H2s get priority and everyone else seems to want to help them out. It was a very well run event (thanks Marshall).

Dinner on Sat night and breakfast Sun morning were prepared by the world renowned Marshall (thanks again Marshall!) and were delicious! Salmon, whisky barbeque chicken, beer brats, couscous with veggies just to name a few of the dishes.

Oh...the flying...Well, we arrived Wed night and set up camp. Mingus is an East facing morning site similar to Slide so you're usually off before noon although it remained soarable till dark almost every day this year. It's monsoon season so a lot of moisture moves in and you can just about guarantee it will OD and storm every day. Just don't be near one.

Of course I knew nothing about the XC routes. I had waypoints from the AHGA site and some descriptions from the locals but there is a lot of unfriendly terrain around so I was nervous. Thursday I was off about 11:30 and climbed quickly to 10,200 at the point. I called Dave on launch and asked what to do.

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Mingus Labor Day (continued)

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The 2-word response was "go North!", so I did (actually more West than North). Now I'm looking at several miles of mountain, foothills and then a valley with a long dirt road ahead. The GPS says it's 25 miles to Paulden but it's over a bunch of unlandable terrain. Lift over the back was reasonable with climbs to about 11,500 and I'm staying a little left of course closer to the valley and pointed just North of the town of Chino Valley. There tends to be a big blue hole out near Chino Valley and this day was no exception. I landed North of Chino Valley with about 22 miles. But, I was the only one that got away. Not bad for the first flight at Mingus!

Friday the comp actually started. The MO was about the same. I was off at about 11:30 again but this time the initial climb got me to about 11,000 and over the back I go again. This time I take a much deeper line right through the foothills directly toward Paulden. Climbs are keeping me at 10,000 to 11,500 and I'm pointing toward a cloud street North of Paulden along the hills at Big Chino Wash. But the blue hole gets me again and I'm down North of Paulden for 24.7 miles. I think I was the lone pilot away again.

Saturday, we launched later at about 12:30. This time I was joined by Matt Dettman from Las Vegas in his Exxtacy. I led and Matt followed maybe 15 minutes later. I left the Mountain wit 10,200 and Matt followed about 10 minutes later at around 10,500. We were late this day. The OD was well under way and we were watching at least 3 nasty looking cells as we tracked toward Paulden. The blue hole remained true to form but as I made my last climb North of Chino Valley it was obvious the day was done and everything was starting to heavily shadow. I landed in a nice field near the highway and Matt made it in about 30 minutes later for 20.7 miles. A few other people did get away that day with the best flight being the other direction at 31.8miles.

Sunday looked overcast in the morning but cleared out by 10. The wind was more SE which takes the drift right over Prescott and the airport. I launched about 11:45 and thought I'd blown it. 350ft below launch at the point and no lift. I found a tiny bit of 0 sink out front that was drifting ever so slowly back toward launch. I managed to hang onto it and slowly get back to just

about launch altitude right in front of launch. I was having to stay right against the cliff face to stay in it much to the delight of the spectators. But, yours truly was working way harder than I wanted to for nearly an hour to get some breathing room. I finally made it to 11,000 after about an hour and a half and this time I'm off toward Prescott and so are a bunch of other folks. Climbs were to 12,000 and there were lots of puffy, white dots to connect. Problem is that NW of Prescott is another range of mountains with Skull Valley beyond. There are supposed to be places to land in Skull valley but I couldn't see anything so I chickened out and headed due North into a quartering headwind jumping between cloud streets. 20 miles later I'm in Chino Valley again but I'm around the blue hole. I let the drift push me North and headed out along Big Chino Wash with Deb trying to keep up on a dirt road below. Eventually she got stopped dead by a big locked gate and having nowhere else to go, I came back half a mile and landed for 32.5mi. No one else made much more than 20 Sunday.

The awards were Sun evening and much to my shock I ended up with 1st and 3rd in the open distance. Deb got best XC driver. The awards were hand made, bronze feathers made by, you guessed it, ... Marshall (thanks a third time Marshall). They are pretty special.

We packed up Monday morning and headed back. It was one of the most enjoyable fly-ins I've ever attended. I highly recommend it. We'll be there next year again.

Editor's Turn

Time once again for yet another exciting issue of everybody's favorite fish-wrapper. I hope that y'all have been save and having ya sum fun this summer, as Fall will soon be upon us with its occasional long-awaited storm fronts. At which time all you wage-slaves will tune your work-desk web-browsers to the weather reports whilst us semi-retired bums will be transmorphing those upper-level Lows into lower-level UPs! Be sure to come to the next club meeting so we can tell y'all what ya missed out on.

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