

U S U A FLYING CLUB 1 NEWSLETTER

May 1989

FROM THE LEFT SEAT by Rob Brooke

Over the last month and a half or so, I have come to feel that I am some sort of flying Jonah. On two separate occasions, fellow pilots with whom I have planned cross-country trips have come to grief on cross-wind takeoffs. In both cases, I took off first and was happily climbing to cruise altitude while, unbeknownst to me, disaster and the grinding of metal was transpiring behind me on the ground. I feel somehow responsible.

Intellectually, I know that I am only a little to blame (too much enthusiasm is my vice), but that doesn't make me feel a whole lot better. I am desolated that guys I have been looking forward to sharing the skyways with for over a year are suddenly grounded.

The upside is that no one has been injured, that ultralights are, after all, easily repaired and that in a month or so, all will be remedied and everyone will be flying again. But, please, let us take good lessons from these hard events, polish our judgement, polish our flying, and not ask too much from either man or machine. Two severe accidents in the space of two months is a tough way to start the season.

Kudos to everyone who is spending the energy to get his busted bird fixed up and flying again. Jim Laurenson has finished his repair work and made the Orange County season opener, Tom Alder and Tom Mangan are to be seen busily refurbishing their MXL at Whitman Strip and Tom Simmons has carted his Sport back to Windstar for the "quick fix". I wish a speedy recovery to one and all.

Then, maybe, I won't feel like such a damn Jonah.

Fly Safely!

* * * * *

ADVISORIES

Please welcome new members Tim Hansen and Randy Tavishati. Many of you already know Tim, who has been flying into Whitman Strip regularly from Hartwood Airport where he keeps his Quicksilver MX. Tim hails from Centerville, VA and Randy from Gainesville, VA. Randy has been up to Windstar, has had his Demo Ride, is "hooked", and is looking for an ultralight in good condition.

Your attention is especially called

to the weekend flight to southeast Virginia on the weekend of May 13th and 14th. USUA Club #6 is a new ultralight club and this is one of their first "events". In their newsletter, the event is being billed as a "joint fly-in with USUA Club No. 1". Committees are being formed to make the affair an enjoyable one to us and there seems to be an atmosphere of anticipation among our southern brethren. The flight is a two leg flight, sixty miles to Tappahannock Airport where we will refuel, then another

(Advisories, cont.)

twenty-five or so miles to Camp Nimcock private airstrip, which will be our final destination.

The club will be providing ground support to schlepp tents, coolers, gas cans and other impedimenta to the destination. The weather should be mild and the flight scenic. Navigation will be easy, since the route pretty much parallels the Rappahannock River all the way from Fredericksburg. The destination field is reasonably close to the mouth of the Rappahannock and the western shore of the Chesapeake Bay, so local flying should provide some interesting sight-seeing.

WHITMAN STRIP

The process of re-establishing Whitman Strip as a full-fledged airport proceeds "with all deliberate speed". On March 30th, a public hearing was convened by Fauquier County's Zoning and Planning Commission with the petition for a zoning exception for Whitman Strip on the agenda.

The meeting was attended by club president Rob Brooke and club secretary and Hangar Czar Paul McClung, both of whom spoke in favor of the petition. No one in attendance spoke against! The general mood of the commission seemed to be favorable, and the chief functionary of the Planning Commission seemed to be very much in favor. Nevertheless, at the request of the representative for the district in which Whitman Strip lies, the petition was tabled for a month of further study.

The meeting at which the Planning Commission's vote will be cast will be held on April 27th. If the vote is favorable to the petition, the recommendation of the Commission to permit the exception will go forward to the Board of Supervisors, to be resolved probably in May or

June.

It is very heartening that no one has taken sufficient umbrage with the flying activities at Whitman Strip that it was worth their trouble to go to the public hearing to speak against its continued operation. Ultralight flying at Whitman Strip has had its vocal opponents in the past, but we have conducted ourselves with sufficient grace that those early fears have been proved groundless.

It is too early to assert that the battle is won. In the county politics game, anything can happen. Nevertheless, the signs are good, and if we stick to our guns, this affair should come out well in the end. Paul McClung will doubtless have a report on the outcome of the April 27th meeting of the Zoning and Planning Commission for the May meeting.

FERRY FLIGHT

by Rob Brooke

April 2, 1989. I'd had a lot of grandiose plans about flying back from Windstar with Tom Simmons on April Fools' Day, and then making the EAA 186 Luncheon Flight to Tappahannock Airport on April 2nd. Those plans got twisted around pretty thoroughly by the weather, but I still got some flying in.

Tom's plans to get checked out in his new Quicksilver Sport got weathered out, so he wasn't able to make any kind of cross-country flight that weekend. And, I got a call from "H.O." Malone, president of USUA #6, to tell me that he was planning to pick up the Maxair Drifter that a bunch of guys in his club had purchased as a group plane, and fly it home.

The Drifter was to be flown from a private field twenty or so miles northeast of Gettysburg, Pa. all the way to the USUA #6 field ten miles south of Hummel Airport in

(Ferry Flight, cont.)

Virginia. That's some hump of a cross-country! I had been in touch with "H.O." for some weeks about this flight and had planned to accompany him for some portion of the flight. I also suggested that Whitman Strip was a good fuel stop and that I would be happy to meet him there, provide ground support, food, gas, whatever.

The plan which finally evolved was that I would fly up to Frederick Airport (Maryland) to meet him on his way south and would fly with him to Whitman Strip. The charm of this plan (I thought) was that if Tom Simmons was checked out and ready to go, he could fly over to Frederick from Windstar and we'd make a threesome. Well, that part didn't turn out, but I had committed to meet "H.O.", so I regretfully kissed the EAA 186 Luncheon Flight goodbye and made my plans to go to Frederick.

April 2nd was "Daylight Savings Time" day. I got up at what my body told me was an outrageously early hour and hied me down to Whitman Strip to get the plane unfolded and be on my way. I was off by a little after 9:00 am in pretty chilly air, but dressed in all my cold-weather goodies. A light but favoring wind got me to Frederick Airport in one hour and five minutes with two gallons of gas burned. The distance is fifty-eight miles, one way.

Frederick Airport is great. I was met by a line boy, who waved me to a free tie-down between two good-looking GA aircraft. He then drove a monstrous gas truck over to the Firestar and pumped in two gallons of his best, all the while ruminating upon the great courage it had taken to make the trip from Manassas in such an insubstantial contrivance. I "Aw Shucks'ed" and feigned humility as I lapped it up.

After I was gassed up and tied down, I called Windstar to find out what Tom's final plans were and was

more than mildly disappointed that he wouldn't be ready in time to join us. After that news, I killed a lot of time, showed off the Firestar to interested GA types and ran into John Ballantyne who was there for his biennial flight review. We schmoozed a little, and then he had to get away for his flight.

Finally, about 11:30, "H.O." showed up in the Drifter, a bright yellow affair in absolutely mint condition, sporting a Rotax 447 and Ultraprop, along with significant electronics and a seat-belt strong enough for 9G's with an elephant aboard. "H.O." made a quick pit stop, poured in the two gallons of fuel he was carrying in a small tie-on jerry can, and we were away for Whitman, I with a full tank and "H.O." with four gallons in his tank.

We flew in formation uneventfully past Sugarloaf Mountain, across the Potomac River and on down the Valley. Did I say uneventful? For a good portion of the flight, we were under the outer ring of the Dulles ARSA and unable to climb above 1700'. We puttered along at a steady fifty mph IAS but, God, it seemed every GA plane at Manassas was going the opposite direction at the same altitude - staying out of the ARSA as we were. I never did so much jinking and turning and rubbernecking in my life. It was worse than the starting line for a sailboat race! We kept clear without any difficulty, but it seemed like the Beltway during Rush Hour.

About the time we got to Gainesville, "H.O." started gesturing at his wristwatch and his fuel tank. I flew over to take a look and, sure enough, that Drifter was chugging fuel like next week was Prohibition. We continued to fly along. Every so often, I'd hold up two fingers, held apart to show "H.O." how much fuel remained in his tank, and flashing some number of hand-fuls of five fingers to tell him how many minutes I thought remained

(Ferry Flight, cont.)
until arrival at Whitman Strip.

We continued in this manner, grateful for every thermal that gave us some free altitude, trying to stay off the throttle, but watching the fuel level in the Drifter sink inexorably. Finally, we were in sight of Whitman Strip with good altitude. With another thirty seconds to go to a straight in approach and uneventful landing, "H.O."s "four instead of five" gallons caught up with him. I saw him losing altitude and the strobe was not blinking. Sure enough, his prop was stopped.

He found a small field right next to the power lines and put 'er down like a real pro. He couldn't have picked a better spot. It was right next to Whitman Strip, as smooth as a runway and with a slight uphill grade into the wind to bring the plane to a quick stop. I landed beside him and took the two gallon jerry can to fly over to Whitman for some gas. My attempt at "Good Samaritan" was wasted. Ed Whitman and "H.O."s ground support had seen it all, so by the time I had a gallon of fuel poured into the jug and was preparing to go back to refuel "H.O.", Ed and Eddy pulled up to tell me they had already gone to the rescue. Just for the Hell of it, I flew back over and landed, to make sure everything was O.K.

From then on, everything went as planned. The Drifter made it onto Whitman Strip for a complete refueling, "H.O.", his ground support and I drove over to the Country Store for a sandwich, and finally, "H.O." took off for points south, planning refuelings at Shannon Airport and Tappahannock Airport.

The next day he called to report that he had arrived at his home field at 6:30pm to a riotous welcome of his fellow USUA #6 folks, many of whom are looking forward to sharing the use of the Drifter. That, he said, made the trip really worthwhile. He was over eight

hours, total, en route, with over six hours of that spent in the air. His parting remark was, "I don't think I'll make another cross-country like that again for a while!"

I reckon!

LOW TIMER
by Tom Simmons

For six years, and about three hundred hours of flying, I remained steadfastly loyal to my Weedhopper C ultralight. I was loyal through the slings and arrows of underpower, loyal through one complete wreck and the never fully-successful job of rebuilding, loyal through fabric fatigue and engine failures, and loyal through the hue and cry of my fellow pilots. But as I contemplated the 1989 flying season I finally had to admit, however reluctantly, that remaining true to my Weedhopper was not unlike being married to your high-school sweetheart, who, in the fullness of time, has developed Alzheimer's.

So I traded my first love for a new love and signed the papers on a brand new Quicksilver Sport from Windstar Aviation. My instincts told me that the transition from 2-axis control to 3-axis would be more a reconstruction of intellectual habits than physical habits, and I always trust my instincts. Which is surprising when you consider that my instincts are almost invariably wrong.

Two and a half hours of dual time with Tom Gunnarsen, a patient and thorough teacher, showed me that flying the 3-axis system was not difficult. But landings and take-offs in the Quicksilver airframe were as different from the Weedhopper as it is possible to imagine. The changes from tractor to pusher, from low power to high power, from wonderful ground effect to almost no ground effect were as confusing as they were dramatic.

(Low Timer, cont.)

Nevertheless, when I got to a stage where I did not present a clear and present danger, Tom asked me if I was ready to solo and I quickly declared that I was.

For about an hour, I experienced truly joyful, though not graceful flying. Fully expecting to be nervous in the new airframe, I found that even with the mild turbulence at the time, I was already more confident with the greater response capability of 3-axis control. The active ultralight runway at the time was in direct line to the wind, and I found that taking off was not much of a problem, although landing was still difficult. The Sport just doesn't want to lose altitude; you have to force it down. I never had that problem with the Weedhopper.

At the end of the day, I left for home and Tom left for Sun 'n Fun. The following weekend, I made my first attempt to fly home to Whitman Strip. The weather forced me back, and the two landings that I made during the trip convinced me that I needed more practice with takeoffs and landings. I was forced into the reluctant and sad realization that after three hundred solo hours I was again a "low timer". I didn't like it, but it was true.

The next Friday I spent some time flying the pattern at Windstar. The active runway was across the wind, and the northeasterly take-off direction, through the trees, sent me through some truly impressive turbulence. But I stayed at it for a while, and by the time I had stopped I had done four very controlled, cross-wind take-offs and four, to me, impressive cross-wind landings. It wasn't easy yet, but it was acceptably proficient. The following day I set out for Whitman Strip.

After nearly a year without flying cross-country, everything seems dauntingly new. But I was happy to

see that landmarks on my sectional showed up on the ground with surprising regularity, and when I expected to be near Clearview Airport, I found myself to be directly over it. I checked the wind sock, dropped altitude, entered the pattern and made a nice smooth, somewhat cross-wind landing. And after refueling, I headed out for Frederick.

The flight to Frederick was uneventful. When I first spotted the airport, there was little activity. As I got close to the pattern, it suddenly seemed like every sport flyer in the free world was coming down the runway. No problem. I got in turn, looked carefully to make sure that I was not cutting anybody off, and lined up.

The wind was severely across the active runway, and with so many witnesses, I wanted to look good. So I kept my mind on my checklist, and made a very careful approach. I then proceeded to make the worst landing I have ever made, seen, or heard about in legend or song. I was lined up on the downwind side of the runway, stable, level and ready to touchdown. When it felt right, I changed from a crab to a slip and put down the main wheels. Then all hell broke loose.

I veered sharply, first to one side, and when I corrected, to the other. I went off the runway onto the grass and back again. I didn't really know what had happened.

After lunch with Rob Brooke, Paul McClung, Steve Osten and Andy Schaffer, we took off for the final leg of the trip, Rob in his new Firestar, me in the Sport and the rest in Steve's Cessna. I never made it off the runway.

When my turn came up, I entered the active and spent the seconds before my take-off watching Rob Brooke's climb-out, which was an unfortunate choice of attention. The pattern was full, and I felt the need to

(Low Timer, cont.)

get off quickly and clear the active for incoming planes. I went to full power, and within seconds, I was not in control of the airplane.

The cross-wind was still strong, perhaps gusting. Before I hit the power, I should have checked it one more time, but I didn't. When the wind hit me, I didn't have an immediate sense of its direction and velocity. Whatever corrections I tried made the problem worse rather than better. And when cutting the power might have averted the worst consequences, I tried for lift-off instead, remembering instinctively that that was the way I had done it in the Weedhopper.

The Sport spun like a top, veered off the runway and crashed. A fair amount of tubing is bent, there are minor tears in the fabric, the front wheel sheared clean off and I was left hanging from the seat belt like a Christmas pinata. All things considered, it was not a great take-off.

Although I do not expect that the number of pilots transitioning from Weedhoppers to Sports will ever justify training seminars, there may be some aspects of this experience that will be useful to others. It was more than the transition from 2-axis to 3-axis, everything about the aircraft is different. When many factors must be considered at once, it is easy to become overwhelmed.

The specific factor that nailed me, I believe, was the steerable nose-wheel connected to the rudder pedals. I've never had one before. The Weedhopper's nosewheel castered unless you steered it intentionally, and it was only on the ground during slow taxiing. But an uncorrected cross-wind on the rudder of the Sport puts the steerable nose-wheel in a downwind turn, and with my low timer's reactions, I was just along for the ride. I suspect that that was the problem on my

landing as well.

It would be convenient to blame the accident on adverse conditions, but I know it would be untrue. I believe the conditions were within the envelope of the airframe, and, with better concentration, within my capability as a pilot. But with poorly focused and prioritized concentration, and low time in a new airplane, it became an unmitigated disaster.

Pilot error is a postcard; it has no envelope at all. I wanted flying to be fun again, right away, the way it had been in the old familiar Weedhopper. But for a while, after the reconstruction that is, it's just going to have to be hard work and practice.

I'm looking forward to it.

PRODUCT REPORT WINTER VENTURI ASI

Of all the common ultralight flight instruments, the airspeed indicator (ASI) is the one which comes in the most different flavors. The standard ASI for GA aircraft operates by sensing air pressure in a forward-pointing pitot tube. This works well at speeds above fifty mph, but is insensitive at the low airspeeds common to ultralights.

A variation on the pitot theme is the ubiquitous Hall ASI, which uses pitot pressure to float a plastic disk in a clear plastic tube of widening diameter. The pilot reads the airspeed from numbers on the tube at the height at which the disk is floating. Simple and cheap, but bulky, unstable, affected by vibration and inaccurate at attitudes other than straight and level.

Other instruments capable of reasonable sensitivity at ultralight speeds have featured propeller sensors, anemometer-style spinning-

(Product Report, cont.)

cup sensors and bending vane sensors. They have, in the main, been plagued by inaccuracy, unreliability, tendencies toward self-destruction, or all of the above.

Enter the Winter venturi ASI. This instrument is driven by the vacuum generated by a venturi tube presented to the air stream. Since a venturi tube magnifies the velocity of the air stream, it can be thought of as an amplifier; the instrument which measures the resulting vacuum can be driven by air streams of lower velocity. In the Winter ASI, this is in fact the case, as demonstrated by the linearity of the scale from the maximum reading of 75 mph all the way down to 20 mph.

Another beneficial attribute of the venturi tube sensor is that it is able to generate pretty much the same indication, even when the sensor is not facing the air stream directly. Thus, the indication of forward airspeed is largely unaffected by slips, skids, slow-flight, mushing or other unusual regimes.

As to the instrument itself, the Winter venturi ASI is a 2 1/4" or 3 1/8" panel mount instrument (also available in a 2 1/4" clamp-on tube-mounted version) which registers 0 - 75 mph. The case is plastic and the unit is very lightweight, 3 - 4 oz. It comes with a venturi tube sensor which can be mounted "up to nine feet" from the instrument. Connection is via neoprene tubing which is friction fit at the venturi and at the instrument - clamps are unnecessary.

Needless to say, the venturi should be mounted in a location where it is as close as possible to the instrument and in an air stream undisturbed by obstruction or the influence of the propeller.

The instrument itself is very accurate. Repeated measurements over

a measured mile at cruise speeds typical for ultralights (40 - 45 mph) showed no error worthy of mention. In steady use over four years in the same airframe, it has yielded good dead-reckoning results on cross-country flights. In those same four years it has proven its sturdiness and reliability. It is still serviceable and has never required repair. It is unaffected by vibration and requires only moderate care (don't drown it; keep insects from nesting in the venturi tube). The 2 1/4" instrument is easy to read at any distance likely to be encountered in an ultralight.

In sum, here is an instrument with a great deal good to be said of it and not much bad.

Of good:

1. It is lightweight.
2. It is accurate in all flight attitudes
3. It is reliable and long-lived.
4. It is unaffected by vibration.
5. It is sensitive at low speeds.
6. The scale is easy to read.
7. The 2 2/4" size is good for small panels.

Of bad:

1. The venturi is an "odd knob" whose installation will take some thought, especially if the plane is one where aesthetics is a factor.
2. The maximum speed indication of 75 mph may be limiting in some ultralights with a higher VNE.
3. It costs \$135. That's in line with other panel-mount ASI's,

(Product Report, cont.)

but it's a lot more expensive than a Hall.

ASI's are pretty much a personal preference item. Many ultralights are flown without them and no ultralight pilot should have to depend on having one. But they do come in handy for knowing some facts about your plane's performance and for cross-country pilotage. They start to become really important if you are "pushing the envelope" and flirting with VNE.

If an ASI is in your future, consider the Winter venturi models. If you can live with a 75 mph maximum indication, it is the opinion of this reviewer that you can't buy a better ASI for an ultralight at any price.

Rob Brooke

ORANGE COUNTY FLIGHT

On Saturday, April 22nd, the club's 1989 schedule got off to a bang-up start with a one-day cross-country flight to Orange County Airport and back. Seven sturdy souls showed up to make the flight from Whitman Strip in ultralights.

Given the disparity in cruising speeds among this veritable aerial armada, it was decided to stagger the takeoff times to achieve "coagulation" of the squadron in the vicinity of Orange County Airport. This permitted fairly relaxed cruising for each pilot.

Taking off first were Tim Hansen and Jim Laurenson in Quicksilver MX's and David Hiers in his Zenair Zipper. Following three minutes after were Jim Birnbaum in his Phantom and George McClung and Ted Wachtmeister in their Quicksilver MXL's (this, Ted's first club flight since suffering his devastating Achilles tendon injury last fall). Bringing up the rear

was Rob Brooke in his Kolb Firestar, taking off three minutes after the Phantom/MXL bunch.

The flight slowly drew together as the miles ticked by. Jim Gildea, flying a Piper Arrow from Manassas, didn't exactly join the flight, but gave it a quick fly-by on his way to Orange County to join the lunch festivities. A moderate tail wind made a relatively short flight of it and some thermals were on hand to deal out some bumpity-bumps and some free altitude. Average flight time for the whole gaggle was fifty minutes.

After lining up the seven ultralights on the grass in front of the line of hangars, the happy fliers provided photo opportunities for the gathered throng of admirers and then trooped into the airport restaurant for lunch. Tables were dragged together, a la Chi-Chi's, and lunches were ordered when, lo and behold, the flight of eight (counting Jim Gildea) were joined by Dave Maitland and Marcia, who flew in in a pickup truck on their way to Lake Anna, and Pat Derry, who flew in in Harry's Hartwood Cessna 152.

After lunch the happy pilots strolled back out to the tarmac to refuel and discuss the trip back to Whitman, to discover that the wind had obligingly shifted during lunch and would provide some tailwind for the flight back north. Marvelous! God was certainly in His Heaven and most, if not all, was right with the world.

The return flight was conducted in the same fashion, slowest-cruise birds off first, to be followed at three minute intervals by faster planes. Sure enough, after forty-five or fifty minutes or so of relaxed cruising, every one arrived back at Whitman Strip in a line and landed, one after another.

Scorecard: nine happy pilots, seven in ultralights and two in heavier iron; no accidents, incidents or

(Orange County, cont.)

other smirches on a perfect day (well, David Hiers was not given enough time to totally polish the aluminum parts of his Zipper, so he felt a little dowdy) and a full day of flying with a tailwind in every direction. It was even remarked that the "pulchritude quotient" of the waitresses at the Orange County Airport Restaurant had taken a distinct turn for the better.

Well, how can you top that?

S-9 UPDATE

by Jim Gildea

The least fun part of the project is behind me now, I hope. Making the compression tubes for the ribs is a bit of an ordeal ... 40 little half-inch diameter tubes with a hand-filed fishmouth on each end. Took about 16 hours and 6 band-aids to complete. All ribs are in both wings now, and the right wing is nearly ready to cover. Things to do in the coming month are: finish the left wing, build the canopy, then take it all outside for test assembly. I will probably order paint in late May or early June ... get your entry in soon for the coloring contest.

There will be a RANS fly-in at Stroudsburg Pocono Airpark in East Stroudsburg, PA on May 13 /14 (May 20 /21 rain date). The complete product line, including ultralights, should be there. I plan to fly up for the day and hope to at least get some dual time in an S-10.

(Please find your "Coloring Contest" entry diagram at the back of the newsletter. Mail to:

Jim Gildea
6862 Maplewood Drive
Bealeton, VA 22712

Ed.)

FLIGHT PLAN

Apr 30 - EAA 186 Luncheon Flight, Orange County Airport, 12:30pm.

May 4 - Club Meeting, Washington Gas Light Springfield Center, 7:30pm.

May 7 - USUA #1 Spring Clean-up Day, Whitman Strip. From 9:00am.

May 6/7 - EAA 186 Spring Fly-in, Winchester Municipal Airport.

May 13/14 - Cross-country flight and campout, USUA #6. Camp Nimcock Airport, Urbana, Va. Info: call Rob Brooke at (301)279-2816.

May 28 - USUA #1 Mystery Cross-country. Takeoff 10:30 am, Whitman Strip.

May 28 - EAA 186 Luncheon Flight, Sky Bryce Airport. Lunch at Sky Bryce Lodge, 12:30pm.

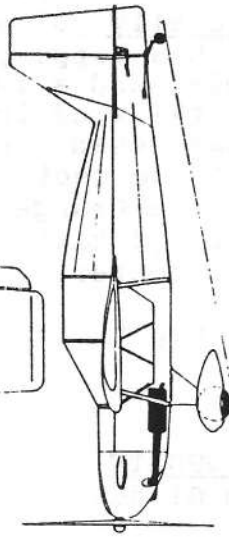
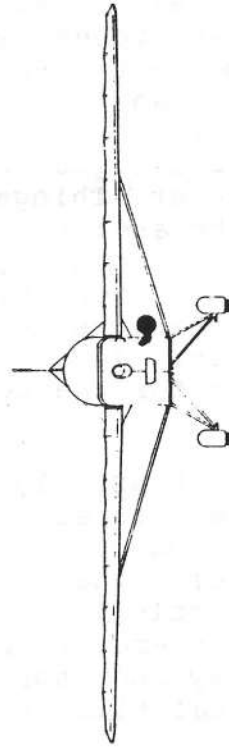
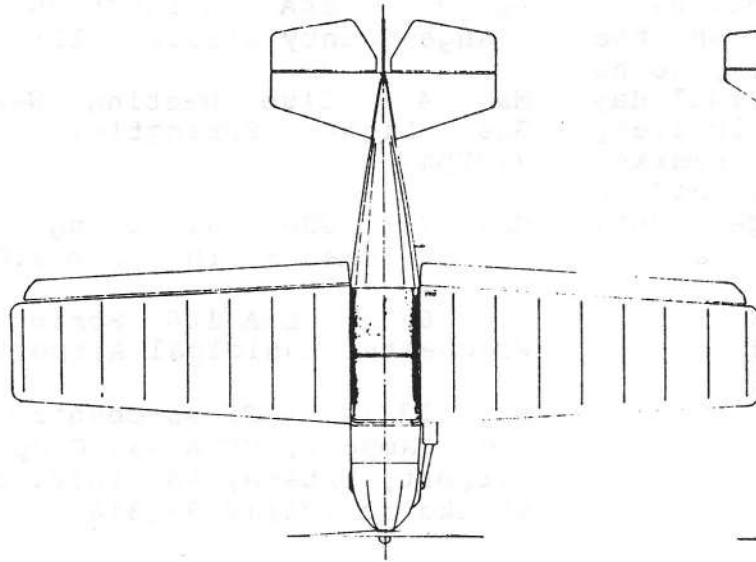
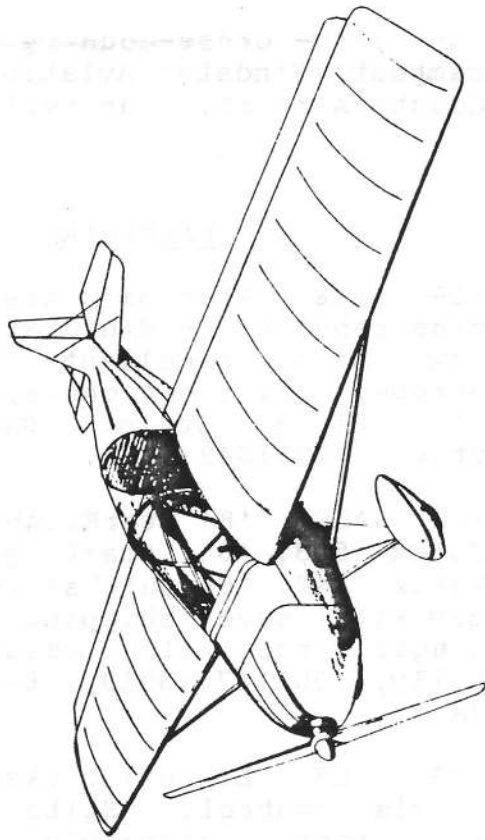
Jun 3/4 - Cross-country flight and campout, Windstar Aviation, Harford County Airport, Churchville, Md.

CLASSIFIED

FOR SALE - Phantom ultralight, engine rebuilt by Windstar Aviation, new sails, excellent condition, strobe, ballistic chute, hangared at Whitman Strip. \$4500. Call Steve, (703)349-9089.

FOR SALE - '84 StarFlight 2-place, Rotax 503. '85 StarFlight XC-280, Rotax 447. '88 Quicksilver MXL II, new kit, save shipping. Loss of hangar forces fleet reduction! Jim Kelly, (301)475-5519, 6-9 PM weekdays.

FOR SALE - Eipper Quicksilver MXL, 3-axis control, Stits Aerothane protectant, steerable nosewheel, BRS-4 chute, intake and exhaust silencers, flex-shaft, Rotax 377, \$4500/offer. Scott Chapman, days 703/761-1167, eve 703/368-7157.



DESIGNED AND DRAWN BY: RANDY SCHULTZ, P.E.
 ADDED TO: 10/1/12, 10/1/12, 10/1/12, 10/1/12

Announcing the S-9 coloring contest! Rules are simple: if I use your design you win \$20.00. Make sure that your name, address and phone number appear on the entry along with the date. Coloring the windows will be considered disqualifying. In case of a tie, the prize will be divided among the identical entries... in case I don't use any entries, the club will get the cash as a donation. Submit to Jim Gildea 6862 Maplewood Dr. Bealeton, VA 22712

* * * GENERAL INFORMATION * * *

The United States Ultralight Association's Flying Club #1 is a non-profit, educational club dedicated to the sport of recreational ultralight flying.

Meetings are held at 7:30 P.M. on the first Thursday of each month in the auditorium of the Springfield Operations Center of the Washington Gas Light Company, unless stated otherwise in the newsletter. To reach the WGL Center, take the Edsall Road West exit from I-395; turn left at the second light (Industrial Road); continue until the "Y" in the road; bear right and continue until you reach the WGL Center at 6801 Industrial Road on the left.

1989 CHAPTER OFFICERS

PRESIDENT	Rob Brooke	301/279-2816
VICE PRESIDENT	Tom Simmons	703/548-7420
SECRETARY	Paul McClung	703/787-0631
TREASURER	Charles Maples	703/941-8167
NEWSLETTER EDITOR	Rob Brooke	301/279-2816

* * * * *

*** Members are encouraged to submit items for inclusion in this newsletter. Articles and non-commercial classified ads will be run, space available, free of charge for current members. Commercial ad rates are: full page - \$20.00; 1/2 page - \$10.00; 1/4 page - \$5.50; business card - \$3.00.

* * * * *

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION Mail to: Rob Brooke USUA Flying Club 1
Dues: \$15.00 1809 McAuliffe Drive, Rockville, Md 20851

NAME: _____ DUES INCLUDED: _____

ADDRESS: _____

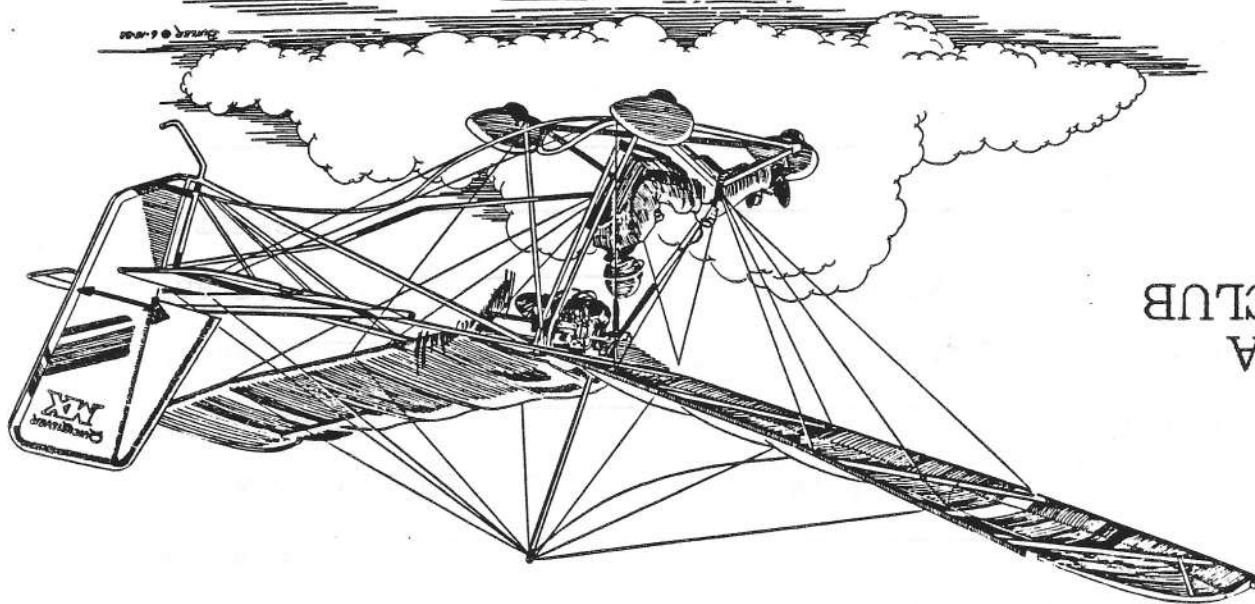
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UL'S OWNED: _____ USUF#: _____

USUA#: _____ EXAMINER? ____ 2-PL? ____ EAA#: _____ AOPA#: _____

FAA RATING: _____ DEALER: _____

INTERESTS: _____



U S U A
FLYING CLUB
1

THE NEWSLETTER

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