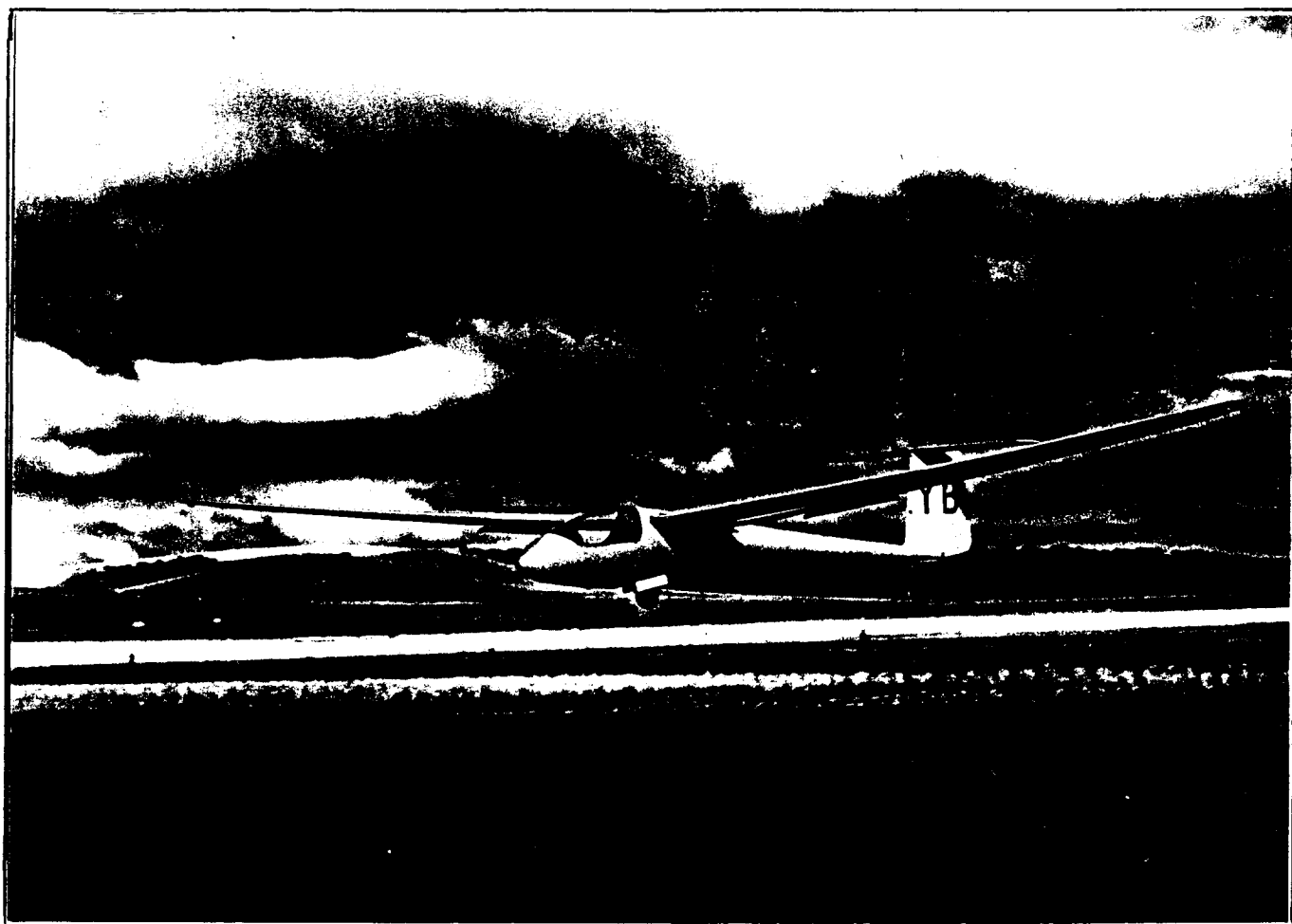


Uni Gliding

very late September, 1989
Vol. 14 No. 6



An official publication of the Adelaide University Gliding Club Inc.

Yet Another Editorial

Sorry, sorry, sorry. I know it's late, but I've been busy, OK? So here is the (very late) September issue so that I can achieve my goal of putting out twelve newsletters in my year of office. I haven't had a good look at the archives but I suspect that this may not have been achieved in recent times, if at all. Time will tell.

I was tempted to change the title of the last newsletter to "Airflow" because it just seemed to suit the cover page design that I had used. Other clubs have their own newsletters with different names: ASC has "Cloudbase"; Murray Bridge has "Cu-talk"; and the Adelaide Hills Soaring Group newsletter is called, in imaginative style, "Adelaide Hills Soaring Group Newsletter". This newsletter itself has, at various times, been called "Turnpoint" or the less optimistic "Plummet". But "Uni Gliding" has a cosy familiarity to it by now; you all know where it's from and what to expect; and, besides, changing titles can be dangerous depending upon what you change it to.

This last month has seen more media attention focused on the club. The ABC was up on field just recently to film a segment on Matthew Nicholls who flies

without benefit of arms. The segment was shown on the 7:30 report earlier this week. Details on the vintage regatta, along with a short history of the club and early gliding in SA was published in the latest issue of "Australian Gliding". All GFA members will have received that.

The club evening to see "Batman", preceded by a meal at the Manhattan Bistro was a great success and enjoyed by all who attended.

On 27th October, the SA Gliding 60th anniversary dinner will be held. All past and present pilots are invited. Ring Cathy Conway (294 4828) or Bev Matthews (263 9960) if you want to attend (or else!).

This will be a short issue: the McGrath chronicles continue with the rest of the Jackson trip being described; we have a short article from a mystery columnist; and some more Don Hein cartoons. There are no answers to the mystery object contest as there have been very few funny responses. Pull your fingers out, guys!

Don't Panic,

Peter Cassidy.

CALENDAR

Next General Meeting:	Jerry Portus Rooms, Wednesday Nov 1st Regatta Organisation
Vintage Dinner:	see back page!
End Of Year BBQ:	Shortly after exams, yet to be organised
Vintage Regatta:	At Lochiel 26th Dec- 1st Jan (Be at the next General Meeting if you would like to be involved- Please!!!)

The McGrath Chronicles — Chapter 3

This is the third in the series "The McGrath Chronicles", written by our California-resident correspondent, Andrew McGrath. These stories of interesting times in the history of AUGC were extracted (with permission) from a letter written by Andrew to Russell Norman early in 1988.

This third extract tells the second half of the epic story of the Chookoo Regatta. Interested readers will remember that our heroes had arrived in Tibooburra and had stayed overnight in the Mt. Wood Station homestead.

The story resumes the next morning...

Jackson Part 2

The next morning we headed east on a badly corrugated road several hundred kms towards Wanaaring. At 11:50 local time, some bolts decided they'd had enough of this bouncing up and down business, and sheared through, causing Redmond's tow bar to fall off. The Blue House, at this stage, was a few minutes ahead of us, and so didn't know. While jerry-rigging some incorrectly-sized bolts to make the tow bar at least usable, we saw another vehicle! — two motorbikes from the local station; we were invited back to the homestead where there was the material to fix the tow bar properly. The trailer was left on the road with an explanatory note, and the repair began at the homestead. After an hour or so, the Falcon appeared; it seemed that at 11:55, the Blue House axle had become sufficiently tired to bend in a significantly impressive fashion. Also, a rock had been thrown up by the Falcon, bounced off the Blue House and taken out Mark's back window.

Back on the road, the Phœbus trailer was collected, and the Blue House axle was jacked and pushed back nearly straightish. Luckily, Wanaaring was only another 30 km of corrugations on. At Wanaaring, after flaking out in the pub for a while, we found a workshop willing to do some work on the Blue House axle; it was straightened and substantially reinforced with a very large lump of 8 mm by 2 inch steel bar.

From Wanaaring we pushed north, crossing the border at the Hungerford gate at Hungerford; just as it was getting dark. The recommendation was obtained that the best way up to the bitumen (the road to Naccowlah from the east is all bitumen) was to head for Eulo. If so, we were lucky we didn't try the shorter route! (and aim a little west of there). A mile or so out of Hungerford is a river crossing; 3 – 400 metres of road under 18 inches of flowing water: quite exciting while it's getting dark. After the river, our fears of a kangaroo problem

proved groundless because we were limited to such a low speed (~30 km/h) by the corrugations, ditches, creeks, fallen trees, dead 'roos, etc, etc. Nevertheless, we saw hundred 'roos, and many signs of the winds of the previous week's storm (we had heard that winds at Jackson had reached 75 knots, and as well as blowing over several buildings had blown over a drilling rig — the second time in the history of the world that a rig had been blown over.) — certainly many large trees were lying straight across the road, blown from the southwest. In places, this terrain was very heavily wooded. On eventually striking the main road near Eulo, we got out and walked on it; it was eight feet wide, and rough, with no white lines and no posts, but it was bitumen!

Eulo was dead. Pub shut, no life. We did, however, find an answer to all our prayers: a caravan park!! Nobody there, of course: no tenants, no proprietor; but there was power, showers, hot water (well, warm) and real grass. We slept alongside the trailers again, and left early in the morning. The bitumen led uneventfully through Thargomindah, past Nocundra, to Jackson at about 10 am.

The only other club that made it in the end, Lake Keepit, had arrived the previous day (Monday), and were already down at the airstrip, (the Chookoo strip) near Naccowlah, with Gordon. We drove on to meet them, presuming correctly that they were eagerly awaiting our arrival (we had the launching cable).

Gordon was amazing. He had organised an air-conditioned caravan and generator; he had had the strip (2.4 km long!) graded; he had 'hired' an old XA-Falcon to do the towing, and actually mounted a glider belly hook on its tow bar.

Ian McPhee and his crowd had already rigged their Bergfalke III, and we unloaded the cable, rigged ZM, and were launching by early afternoon. The temperature was barely 40°, and thermals were good to about 6000', ideal for familiarisation flights.

Spectacular country for sight-seeing; we were quite close to the Cooper, which actually shows up as a wide (very wide: 30 – 40 km) grey strip. Horrible for navigation; horrible for outlanding. We were very content to stay close.

Back at Jackson that night, we were stunned by the food; as good as any pub, and as much as you could eat. Gordon had arranged air-conditioned rooms for accommodation, and we used the main ablution blocks, and found the bar. Stunning bar prices: 95¢ for a tin of beer, 60¢ for soft drink; about 70% of what we pay in Adelaide!

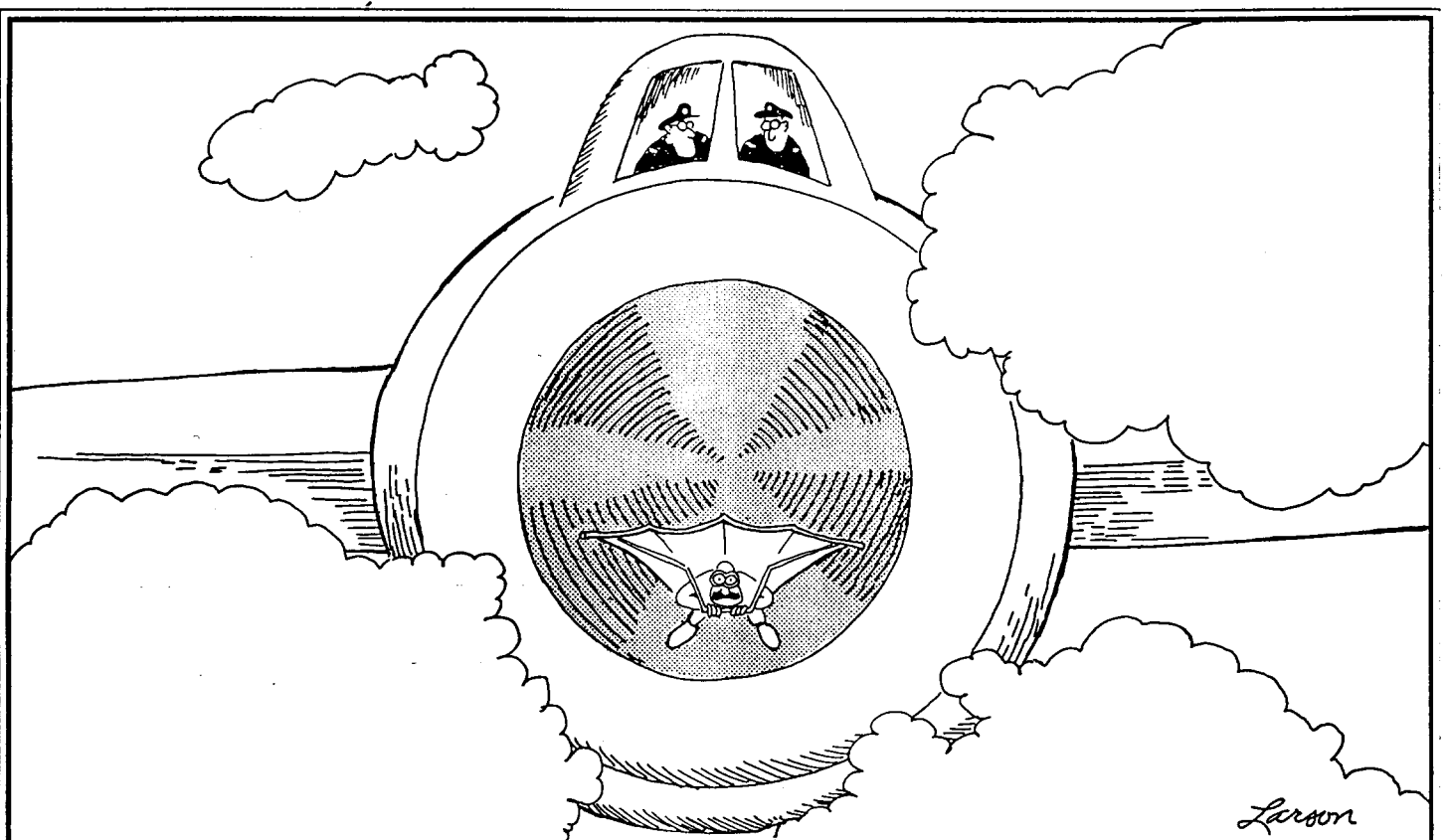
The next day was better: 42°, giving well over 11,000'. The tow car was working like a charm, giving nearly 2000' sometimes. That night (Wednesday), we all visited the Nocundra Pub, about 60 or so km down the road (i.e. close). Quite a pub. Obviously obeys no rules; it was crowded when we arrived at 11:30 pm, and when we left at 12:30. We left our names and a blurb about the Chookoo Gliding Regatta on the wall. For

\$2, you get a section of wall and a black texta; the walls are absolutely covered in graffiti.

In the morning, Gordon gave us a tour of the plant at Jackson; very impressive; lots of big beam pumps that everyone associates with oilwells. Another 42° day, but no so good for soaring; Martyn and I installed the new ballast system in the Phœbus at last: lead weights that fit under your knees. Isn't it amazing where such work gets done? We also discovered a major disadvantage to such a long strip: when the wind changes, it's a very long walk in the heat. We found a swimming hole in the creek alongside the airfield; it stank, but it was deep and cool (the swimming pool at Jackson was out of action due to a leak). Friday was another good day: I got a barograph trace for my gold height, getting away from 600', to 11,000' under a massive Cu. The cloud was actually brown when I entered the base momentarily. The dust gets everywhere! I was on oxygen

from 8,500' up; we'd hired some for the trip, though I was the only one to use it. I flew right over the Cooper; there was a lot of water in it, and I could actually see it flowing from 10,500'. Jackson was out of sight, lost in the distance, some 60 or 70 km away, but I flew there anyway, in a single glide, then back to Naccowlah and the strip, arriving at about 5,000', to join the biggest circuit I've ever flown, extending some 12 km from the field. I popped the tail chute on final at 4,500'!!!! and dropped it as I touched down in front of the caravan (better than the day before, when I narrowly missed dropping it in the creek!).

Anyway, too soon the week was at an end, and we were looking forward to a long drive home. More reports about road conditions had filtered in, and we decided to travel on bitumen nearly all the way, and came home via Cunnamulla and Bourke (a mere 1,800 km).



A Victory In Itself

It's amazing how much better you fly when you're chasing someone. I'm not intentionally following them, it's just that they always seem to leave the thermals before me. I won't win that way, they can certainly out-glide me, but I don't lose much, if any, as I try to keep up. They go fast between thermals and lose a lot. I go slower and lose less. We keep even.

Later on they creep ahead, catching up to another twin, then going again. I thermal with the other glider for a while. Things aren't so good out here, and there are some hills to cross. My first companion glides over but I am not so confident. A bit more height is needed for my ship and the other twin now overtakes me. I pick my way over, cautious as ever, probably too cautious, but I don't want to push it. Both the twins are now ahead and won't be caught, one is already at the second turn.

I catch a single-seater though and there is another ahead but below us. I am surprised to see these two here — they must be going slowly. I pass the first, get to the turn and go again. I never get final glides right so I still keep high. The twins are gone but the other single is still ahead. I won't catch him though as he can easily out-glide me.

Pushing on towards the finish and the sink seems bad. Spotting the airfield is also a problem, but I have to make it there first. Eventually I realise I've done my normal trick, staying too high on final glide. Down goes the nose for an inefficient (but fun) run in to the airfield. Over the finish line (I hope) and into a circuit. Back again — a victory in itself.

INFORMATION PAGE

President	David Conway	294 4828
Secretary	Peter Temple	344 8156
Treasurer	Terry Gould	381 2072
Social Convenor	Agata Jarbin	336 8131
Club contact	Matthew Nicholls	297 0078
Newsletter editor	Peter Cassidy	356 3382
Chief Flying Instructor	Redmond Quinn	344 5331
Lochiel airfield	(088) 26 2203	

So you want to fly this weekend?

Then ring the club contact person between 8.00 pm and 10.00 pm on Thursday nights, so that he can organise car pools, instructors etc.
Meet at the Caltex service station on Port Wakefield Road, Bolivar (just past the WhiteHorse Inn and the caravan park, on the left) at 7:30 am. Or, if you can't get transport that far, get to the Uni footbridge at 7:00 am. Someone should arrive to pick you up before 7:15, if you have rung the contact person to tell him that you will be there.

Towards the end of a pleasant Saturday's flying at Lochiel, a car accident occurred on the Lochiel road only a kilometer or so from the airfield. The car slid off the road and sideways into a tree. Of the four occupants, the driver was unharmed, two had a broken arm and leg between them, and the fourth (on the side that hit the tree) had the door and dashboard wrapped around his lower body. It took the accident rescue teams over an hour to remove the twisted metal that was pinning him into the car. When they finally got him out, he had both legs broken and probable hip and internal injuries. For those of us who saw the wreckage and heard the screams, the lesson was obvious. For those of you who didn't, the dirt road to the airfield can be treacherous, particularly for those not used to dirt roads. We have had a number of club members damage their cars (and our trailers & aircraft), fortunately with no injuries - yet. There is no need to prove that driving to the airfield is more dangerous than flying.

P L E A S E D R I V E C A R E F U L L Y

On a happier note, this month has been blessed with good flying, an ABC report on our new media personality Mathew Nicholls (alias Nona Vent), a trip to Emilis' regatta and the Balaklava regatta, a film night (Batman), progress on the Phoebus Form 2/20 Yearly, major earthworks around the hangar and track at Lochiel (thanks to the Snowtown Council), progress on the new winch and the Vintage Regatta.

Happy Flying!
David Conway



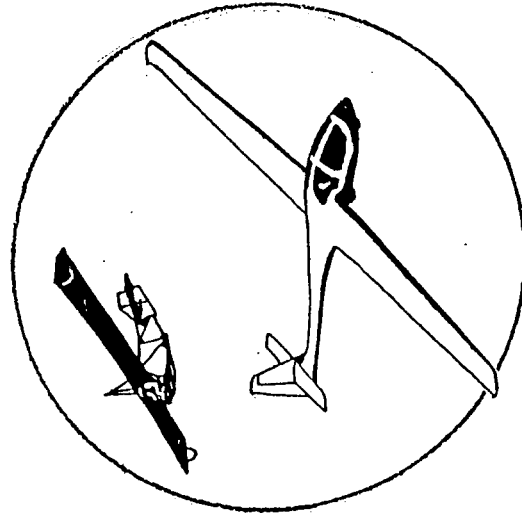
THE DINNER
60TH ANNIVERSARY OF
SOUTH AUSTRALIA'S
GLIDING MOVEMENT

AND ORGANISED CLUB FLYING ACTIVITIES

WILL BE HELD NEAR THE ORIGINAL TAPLEY'S HILL SITE
VICTORIA HOTEL
ON 27TH OCTOBER '89

PAST AND CURRENT GLIDING
ENTHUSIASTS AND FAMILIES
ARE INVITED TO ATTEND

R. S. V. P. A. S. A. P.
BEV. MATTHEWS
PH. (08) 263 9960



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