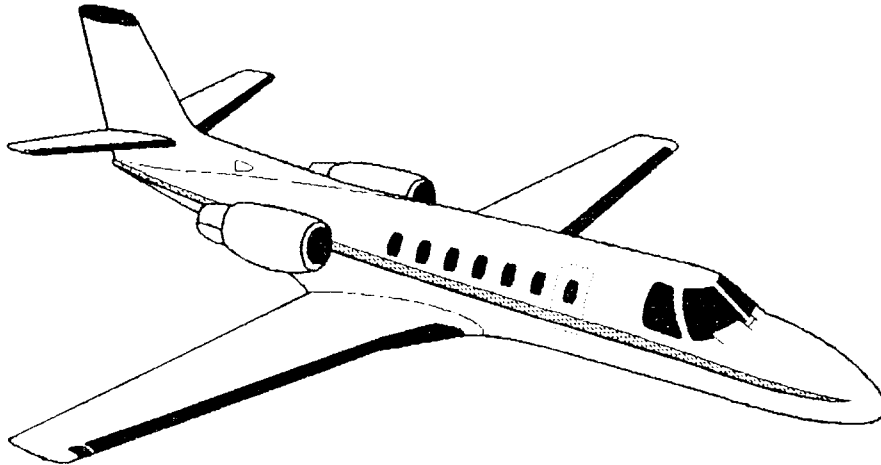


Uni Gliding

Volume 17, No.6

AUGUST, 1992

An official publication of The Adelaide University Gliding Club Inc.



COMING EVENTS:

MOVIE : PATRIOT GAMES

Tuesday 25th August, Greater Union 5, 1st session after 6pm.

LECTURE : CROSS COUNTRY

Jerry Portus Room, Union Building, Adelaide University.
Wednesday September 2nd. Mandatory for issue of Cross Country ratings. Starting at the special time of 7:00pm.

DINNER : "The Buckingham Arms"

6:30pm. The Clubs annual dinner. Also as an added bonus, this dinner will be a going away party for Agata Jarbin, who is off to Europe for three months.

SPITTING : LAMB

Saturday 12th September, on the AIRFIELD. Another Lamb on a Spit night. Cost about \$6. Also a fun run will be held, for "KING OF THE RIDGE", with the winner getting free CPR, oxygen and physiotherapy. Bring your running shoes! (and band-aids)

AIRSHOW : AVALON

AUGC in the guise of our friendly RAAF promotions man, Anthony "The Lawnmower Man" Smith, is organising a trip to the airshow, on the 24th (Friday) to the 26th of October. Call Anthony to register interest. (W) 256 2388, (H) 256 2632

EDITORIAL

There has been a lot going on lately with the club, with the draining of the septic tank on of the highlights for a few people. The 2nd bathroom in the clubhouse now only needs the tiling of the floor and walls in the shower to be completed.

Adelaide Met has closed down. If you wish to get a Met briefing in the morning, these are the numbers to ring :

(08) 366 2217

(08) 366 2273

HOW TO SURVIVE ON-FIELD WITHOUT REALLY TRYING

This will be a new article in the newsletter that will describe the inner workings and philosophy of the Club. Many things are done in a certain way, and lately a few of the new people have questioned these things. This is by no means bad, it is good to get new ideas, but it has shown us the older members in the club that things that we take for granted, may not be filtering down through to the masses.

1. THE CAR POOL

The reasons for the car pool are many. First is that it is pointless for 10 cars to drive up there with 10 people in them. Also we cater for students, and a fair proportion do not have cars, or they do not have cars that will make the distance. This is of course one of the prime reasons to ring the contact person (me!), which of course most people don't.

So we all go to Bolivar and only take the necessary number of cars. Now say you take your car up there. The passengers you take are expected to pay you petrol money, \$4 EACH WAY. Now this is for a 130km trip. If you put 3 people in your car then you get \$12 dollars to go up there, and \$12 on the way back. This will probably pay for the fuel for the trip. But you are also then expected to use your vehicle on field for the business of towing gliders around. This is not to say that you have to use your car all the time, but that you contribute fairly to the operation. Your car should not be used all the time, and if it is then tell people about it and get another car. The only alternative is for the club to buy two cars and run them on field which will cost more in the long run for all concerned, which will result in a significant increase in flying fees. The idea is that if the cost of towing gliders is shared amongst the membership, then every one is treated fairly, and it really is just another cost of gliding. Any club that runs its own vehicle has much larger flying fees.

B.G.

PRESIDENTS REPORT

Before I fall asleep from the drowsy effects of Demazin, here is this months report. Chris Elford went solo, Jeff Brenton is in the Arrow, congratulations...TJ finally flys, well done to all those involved...the shed at West Beach has been erected...we saw Wayne's World...ZZZ...ZZZ...ZZZ

REMEMBER : CROSS COUNTRY

Jerry Portus Room, Union Building, Adelaide University.
Wednesday September 2nd. Compulsory for people wanting Cross Country ratings. Starting at the special time of 7:00pm.

DAY DREAMING

It's mid-week and I'm dreaming again. I keep drifting from my study up into the sky, drifting over the ridge, over the trees, the crops and the sheep. The closest I can come to actually being up in a glider on this gloomy Wednesday is to write about and re-live one of the most special flights of my short, undistinguished gliding career. I speak of my first flight in the Arrow...the beginners single seater.

This passage is dedicated to the wealth of trainees the club has seen this year who are approaching or just reached solo; Chris, Shane, Peter, John, Alex...the list goes on. Take it from me, flying the Arrow is a whole new gliding experience, and definitely one which justifies the long hours leading up to it.

I had a very long wait between going solo and converting to the Arrow. It seemed that somebody didn't want me to fly the thing. It took me many more flights to convert than it did to go solo and I sincerely hope this isn't the case for all of our trainees. I was plain unlucky. If the weather was OK somebody would be outlanding or there wouldn't be enough people up at the airfield to get the Arrow out.

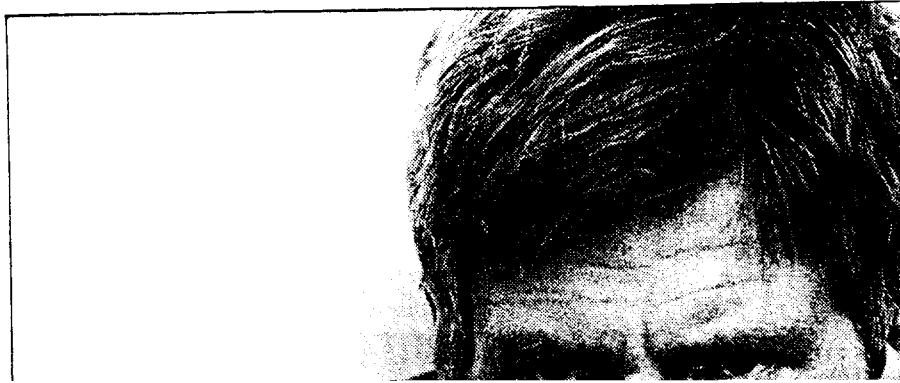
Needless to say, when the opportunity finally came to fly the Arrow, I snatched it voraciously, unfortunately at the expense of another hopeful waiting for a hangar run. The light was fading and the air was rich and smooth, perfect conditions for a first timer. Lochiel was producing a typically beautiful April evening. The air was hazy and the airfield had a mystical feel about it. The sights, sounds and smells were of a quality only the country can offer. This was my 87th flight! Being an ex-cricketer this was a bad omen. (Superstition has it that many batsman choke and get dismissed at 87 runs.) I stepped into the cockpit and immediately I realised that this aircraft was something new. Why did the nose crash against the ground as I stepped in? Why can't I see over the instruments? Why are the wings so high above my head? and why are they bent!!! This glider felt weird. I wondered how I would cope having never flown a new glider without the guidance of an instructor.

The sun was getting low so the ground crew hooked me up and sent me on my way. As the winch pulled me from the hands of my wingman, sparks began to fly where the cable met stones on the airstrip and before I knew it I was airborne. The Arrow didn't need much to get off the ground. The winch driver did a good job and no signals were required.

The first thing that struck me was the silence of the single seater. I constantly checked my airspeed indicator to confirm that no, I wasn't about to stall, and yes, I was actually doing 60 knots! I was so surprised how quiet the glider was and that I was very reluctant to slow to below 50 knot. My ears were telling me I was about to stall at about 50. Unlike the howl and whistle of the Bergfalke, the Arrow was a mellow drone not unlike a passenger jet at cruising speed. This was a beautiful feeling.

I treated my turns with caution as the controls were very light. I would merely think about turning and the Arrow would be banking into a lazy turn. It was like moving from a bus to a sedan. (Apparently the Libelle is the sports car.) No wonder so many experienced pilots speak of this plane with an almost paternalistic affection.

Time to join circuit and land. The airbrakes felt a bit sloppy and I found the instrument panel awkward as it blocked my vision as I flared. I was landing at the gate end which is a bit like landing in a soup bowl and I felt the touchdown difficult. Not impressive. Buy hey, I survived and felt great. Whilst not taking anything away from going solo, this was without doubt the most exhilarating milestone I had reached. Gliding for me had suddenly stepped into a new dimension and I was very excited.



ERIK, THE TRAINEE,
TOLD THE CHIEF FLYING
INSTRUCTOR WHAT HE
DID, BUT REDMOND

together. 25% cannot remember that bit at all.

In 10 seconds on 100% oxygen, most people were back, in full control of themselves.

Before the run, we were told that to note a few symptoms and get the mask back on. This is so we will remember the whole incident, but there were very few pilots who actually did this. Most thought they were still going fine, but were in fact totally incapable of saving themselves if they were alone in an aircraft in these conditions.

We must thank Anthony Smith, and the RAAF for enabling the trip to happen.

DAY DREAMING (CONT)

Unfortunately, the supernatural caught up with me. Driving home that night, I was dreaming about all that had happened instead of watching the speedo which was crawling up and up. Some flashing lights and a man with a gun stopped me and told me I was driving too fast. He booked me and guess how much the fine cost...\$87!! Not happy.

This story has two morals. Firstly, patience and persistence is rewarded up at the gliding club. Flying a single seater is a wonderful experience and a worthy goal to strive for. Secondly, don't be an idiot like me and speed on Pt Wakefield Road. Not only can this kill you, but it can ruin your day!

Dreamer Yawns - alias Andrew Ramsay.

PHOTO COMPETITION

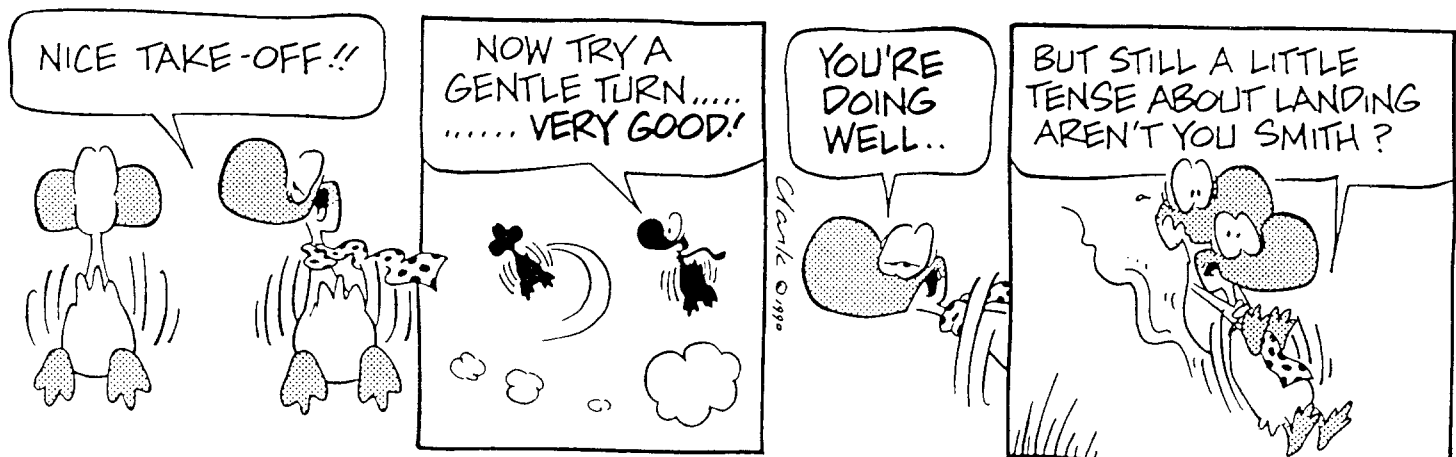
Oh no, not again. But yes this time its for real. At date yet to be determined, entries will close for the 1992 photo competition. The rules are simple, take good photos of any of our gliders (including PN, OK etc) in any form of motion and hand them to the Newsletter Editor(s). The catch? all photos must be taken after Wednesday the 21st of August, 1992.

Hints :

Air-Air shots are great, but don't take a picture from the libelle, leaving your hands off the stick when you are 50 feet from the other gliders wingtip (Formation flying is OK, but there MUST be Duty Instructor authorisation, and it MUST be pre-arranged, and of course you MUST know what you are doing). Nor should you take a picture standing on the aiming point, whilst gliders approach. Take an ICOM handheld radio on to the ridge and use a different channel (122.5 MHz) to tell the pilot what to do for that perfect shot, but remember the pilot has ultimate say in what they can/cannot do.

The Prize?

The winning photo(s) will be framed and blown up, twice. One copy to the winning photographer, the other will find a place of honour on the clubhouse wall. Also the award winning photo will be on the cover of the O'Week edition of this auspicious magazine in colour, should the Newsletter Editors win the fight against the evil money-hoarding treasurer.



CLUB CONTACT NUMBERS

President	Gary Hill	(08) 332 2258
Secretary	Andrew Huggins	(08) 340 2775
Treasurer	Stephen Were	(08) 352 5137
Social Convener	Adrienne Walker	(08) 231 4714
Fifth Member	Shane Spence	(08) 281 8823
Newsletter Editors	Bradley Gould	(08) 381 2072
	Gary Hill	(08) 332 2258
Club Contact	Bradley Gould	(08) 381 2072
Chief Flying Instructor	Redmond Quinn	(08) 344 5331
Lochiel Airfield		(088) 262 203

SO YOU WANT TO FLY THIS WEEKEND?

First you must ring the club contact person on Thursdays between 8:00 and 9:30 pm. You must do this so he can organise instructors, transport etc. Failure to ring may mean that you will arrive at the airfield to find flying for that day cancelled. If you do need transport to Lochiel it can be organised with a lift from the University Footbridge at 7:00am or from the Caltex service station on Port Wakefield Road, Bolivar (Just past the White Horse Inn) at 7:30 am. Remember to ring the contact person or you could find yourself forgotten.