

Uni Gliding

AUGUST 1988

Vol 13 No. 5



Journal
of
Adelaide
University
Gliding
Club

CALENDER

29 Aug - 2nd Sept. FLYING CAMP!

7th Sept. General Meeting. 7.30pm
Jerry Portus Room

EDITORIAL!!

c/o M. TEXLER
AQUINAS COLLEGE
1 Palmer Place
North Adelaide, 5006

HI ALII I s'pose that three page of address list made absorbing reading in the last edition of the newsletter. I didn't realise that we had so many members! (Shock horror!) Where are you all? Why not come flying and tell your friends that you are a real member of the gliding club? Why not look at our new ceiling in the club house (thanks everyone who helped with it.)

Over the past two months has been some memorable flying; with a WAVE FLIGHT (ask P. Cassidy about it.) and many good ridge days. Peter Temple attempted his five hour flight in the Arrow, but had outlanding practice instead. Congratulations to: our first solo pilots, Anthony Smith and Matthew Nicholls (who also converted to the Arrow), to those who went solo again; Jenny Sleigh and Jeremy Webber, to those who have converted to the Phobus; Martin White, Peter Cassidy and Simon Hackett. And any further congratulations to those who are working behind the scenes to keep the club running smoothly.

There is talk that Gliders will not be allowed clearance above five thousand feet unless they are fitted with a VHF radio and seek clearance. I think it stinks. Let me know what your feelings are about this matter and I will try to organize letters to the appropriate people about your feelings.

FLYING CAMP FLYING CAMP FLYING CAMP FLYING CAMP FLYING CAMP
From the 29th August to 2nd September (During the weekdays of the University Holidays) There will be a flying camp. This is a good chance to improve your flying and increase your hours. Or visit us if you haven't been before.
RING DAVID TEAGLE 272 4778 or MARTIN WHITE 337 5108
IF YOU ARE INTERESTED, RING THE ABOVE PEOPLE

Balaklava Regatta 8-10 Oct. Why not go? The Arrow is going!

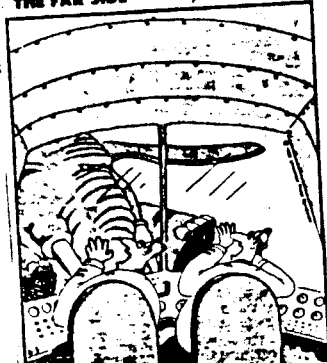
\$ SUPPORT YOUR CLUB! \$
\$ Why not buy a T Shirt \$
\$ or a Windcheater with the \$
\$ Club Logo? \$
\$ Contact David Teagle \$

PHONE NUMBERS

| | | |
|------------------|----------------|---------------|
| PRESIDENT | David Teagle | (08) 272 4778 |
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RING MARTIN ON THURSDAY NIGHTS BETWEEN 7.30pm & 10.00pm.

THE FAR SIDE by GARY LARSON



Becoming a rogue in his later years, Dumbo terrorized the World's Airways

** PRESIDENT'S REPORT **

Well despite valiant efforts on my part, I have somehow been elected Club President for the rest of the year due to Andrew's (supposed) departure. Hopefully my election will lift the tone of this once prestigious position (which has been brought into disrepute by the likes of McGrath, Were and Conway) -but I doubt it. If for some bizarre reason you do want to talk to me, then give me a bell, but please do not call after 9.30pm - some of us have to work, you know!

NOW SOME NEWS.

Remember the Bocian? Well it's back and waiting for a coat of fabric/dope/paint/whatever. Remember your flying is kept cheap if you help. Also those who do more work are looked upon more favourably when it comes to Cross Countries. When you want to help, I'm sure Redmond (Chief in Charge of Dopes) will gladly give you something to do, - if he hasn't already.

Support your neighbouring clubs. Balaklava's Regatta is coming up October 8-10. I already have got a lot of interest in this, so book soon, by seeing me sometime. There are also lots of Regattas coming up..... GO TO ONE!

Our own Regatta: Yes three whole days of bad weather in the middle of the soaring season can be all your fault! We need a contest director to organise this and take the blame when it rains... - Any volunteers?

A flying camp will hopefully be held this coming Uni Holidays (August to September) Hassle me for the details. Had good flying recently? Why not advertise the club and send an article in to AG (Australian Gliding) or even this magazine? Maybe your last wave flight would make a good story (Hey Andrew?) Politics comes to Lochiel. The next SAGA meeting and AGM is at Lochiel on Saturday 3rd September. Be there to see all the fun.

Aerotow ratings; Don't rush out to Gawler to blow all your money flying behind a tug. Hopefully we may be able to arrange a tug at Lochiel soon and it will probably cost a lot less.

LAST BUT NOT LEAST (I must've forgotten something)

FLY-FLY-FLY



See ya up there,

David.

Reprint of a reprint from "Halfway to Heaven" by Fred Hoinville:

It is very difficult to describe cloud-flying to a groundling; there is nothing on earth with which it can be compared. Within the cloud strange forces and compound motions exist. There is a light which is more baffling than darkness, for it comes from everywhere and points nowhere. There is the pull of gravity; the nothingness of free fall; the push of centrifugal force. The spinning compass jeers at north and south; the feet fall up as the spirit falls down; Death grins over the shoulder of chaos.

Inside a cloud, nothing is firm. There is no horizon, no glimpse of the sun, no feeling except weight. At first gravity tells you which way is up or down, but there is a catch. You can create artificial gravity, or you can suspend gravity. The aircraft may fall over on its side and drop, yet the pilot feels nothing except a slight lightness, and sometimes not even that, for he falls at the same rate as the plane and doesn't tend to lean against the side; being strapped to the seat he remains sitting quite naturally, upright in relation to the seat but no to the earth. That is suspension of gravity, as far as the pilot's feelings are concerned. The glider may not go over sideways; it may tend to climb or dive. Again the pilot cannot see this; all he knows is that the speed increases or decreases, so he tries to correct the assumed dive or climb.

Clouds are full of air movements - bumps or drops. These make level flying very difficult, and the pilot who tries to rely on feel is soon in trouble. The nose is humped up; the speed falls. The pilot shoves the stick forward, usually too far, for he can't see when the correction is complete. The next thing he knows is that the sailplane is in a screaming dive. He hauls back on the stick; the speed falls off until there is dead silence. He hastily puts the stick forward again, but he may be too late. The sailplane stalls and falls out of control.

So the sailplane pitches violently, too far up, then too far down, then too far up again; too slow, then too fast, and more so all the time. The stage comes when it is quite hard to pull the stick back against the increased resistance of the howling winds of overspeeding. That is when artificial gravity takes over, and all trace of true gravity is lost. As the pilot pulls back on the stick, he is squashed into the seat by centrifugal force as the sailplane zooms up and over onto its back. He keeps pulling back, trying to reduce his speed to the proper figure. Just as the speed slows and sounds normal again, strange things happen, astonishing and unnatural.

It should now be necessary to put the stick forward again, to dive the sailplane to keep the speed from falling too low, but instead the aircraft starts to speed up despite the fact that the pilot is still pulling back. Bewildered, he still pulls harder. The stick comes back with very little effort now, but the speed still increases, which seems crazy. The pilot nows he is right side up, because he can feel gravity...That's what he thinks. Actually it is centrifugal force that he feels; he has just completed a very nice loop that he will never know about.

Completely baffled, his senses reeling with utter disbelief, no horizon to tell him he is upside down, nothing to see outside but an even, blinding whiteness, or the clammy greyness of the far interior of a big stormcloud, he hangs grimly on, pulling back on the stick while the glider friskily tries to do another loop. This time it doesn't quite make it. Near the top, without enough speed to coast over, it comes to a momentary stop.

There is a deathly hush. The pilot frantically pushes the stick right forward. Nothing happens, nothing at all, for an interminable second or two, seeming like hours. Then suddenly, frighteningly, everything happens. The pilot doesn't know it, but the sailplane falls backwards from its vertical stop, then it flicks over, either backward or forward, rolling as it flicks. The pilot's head is flung abruptly forward and back with whiplash action; his feet get tangled up behind the instrument panel, far from the rudder pedals where they belong. The stick springs from his hands and whips about violently in various directions. The silence changes to an ominous hiss and whine and roar. Desperately he seizes the stick and strains back, trying to reduce speed, while his feet grope blindly for the pedals.

Once more he loops; once more he stalls at the peak of another climb, and this time he shuts his eyes and clenches his teeth and keeps a death grip on the stick and holds it back. He is too far gone to remember his feet; they fall up to the instrument panel again. As the sailplane drops he braces himself and gets one foot back on a pedal and pushes firmly. This time the speed doesn't increase much; it steadies down till there is only a quiet whisper of movement and stays there. At least, it feels steady, but something isn't quite right. He can't figure out what it is, and turns his head to try to look outside in the vain hope of seeing something.

All he sees is a sudden blurring of his sight and all he feels is a quick giddiness. The sailplane is in a spin, whirling smoothly down in a tight spiral, the nose falling almost vertically but the tail describing rapid circles round it, the fuselage pointing down at about forty-five degrees. He looks frantically back at his instrument board, and the movement make him giddy again. As his sight clears he sees with horror that the speed shows zero or close to it, and that the altimeter shows a headlong descent. He may put the stick forward again and start the same mad cycle over again, but more likely he will sit dazed and numbed, not game to dive, just waiting for - he knows not what. Not even being aware of waiting; just frozen with horror.

There are two likely endings: he may accidentally convert the spin into a dive or wide spiral so fast that the wings are broken off, or he may keep spinning until he hits clear air - or the ground. Often the cloudbase is so low that he crashes before he realizes that he is out of the cloud. He may have ice on his windows and mistake it for cloud long after he has fallen into clear air. He may come out in a rain so heavy that it looks like cloud and he may get so violently sick that he doesn't know or care where he is or what happens. All this because he tried to fly without blind-flight instruments, or with insufficient training in the use of them. All this because he relied on his sense of balance, and it betrayed him - as it must. In cloud, the sense of balance that is life to the acrobat is death to the pilot, for it lies, and its lies are urgent and persuasive.

THE SPINNING SONG

Flick around your spinning wings
You crazy woman; who is mine.
Let's spin till the day is done
We who are delirious under a burning sun

Amidst the towering cumulus
Innocent girl, frenzied lover
Let's go on spinning
Until our spinning days are no more

Whirl your shining wings
Mad girl, my admirer
In these glorious noisy skies
You of the dancing, laughing eyes

Ignite the smouldering blue
Follow in it's dazed hue
The living orange fire
Symbolising our only desire

And we?
We shall go on spinning
Until our flying days :-
Are no more

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Dear Sir,

Here I am flipping nostalgically through old copies of "Uni Gliding", dreaming of halcyon days at Lochiel at ten thousand feet, and the fine fellowship in the club, when it hits me- they are all old copies! There are no new copies! What has happened to our beloved magazine?

For a moment I suffer the ugly thought that it is simply that I have been left off the membership list (and therefore the mailing list), but I know my threats, following earlier omissions of the kind, of terrible reprisal upon the club have had a long standing effect, so the only logical explanation is a breakdown in the literary chain of command.

Obviously it is that the magazine committee feel unloved. Having, like all older members, done a turn or two at helping produce "UG" (pronounced "U-G" not "ugg"), I know how much a touch on the shoulder and a quiet "you're doing a great job there son" would have been appreciated. But of course, our being such a macho club means it is rather difficult for most members to descend to that kind of banal sensibility. Therefore I am recommending "love our literaries" week, in which we all nod politely to the magazine people and even say hello if it is obvious we have to pass close to one of them.

Only in this positive way will we be guaranteed continued access to Andrews editorial witticisms, Dennis' fictions on height gains and Redmond's appealing little notes about tow ropes.

As a contribution I enclose a couple of cartoons, drawn (pun intended) from memory of my experiences, which are now getting awfully out of date (the experiences and therefore the cartoons). It is a condition I hope to remedy later this year.

Yours sincerely,



Don Hein,
Ben Ko Noi,
30 June 1988.

C.F.I.'s FLAVOUR
OF THE MONTH

We are coming to that time of the year when we look forward firstly to the spring ridge season followed by the onset of summer thermals. This period has two operational problems: high winds and long grass.

-HIGH WINDS: It is just twelve months since we allowed our faithful Bocian to be blown over by high winds on the ground. It should be obvious to everyone the effect this has had on the club. With this painful memory I trust no-one will want to operate in excessive wind conditions. Also remember that if you leave a glider facing into even a moderate wind, "Thy will be done!"

-LONG GRASS: We have a crop in the paddock this year. Over the coming three months it is going to grow rapidly. Stick to the centre of the strip so that wing tips keep away from it. Keep all other obstacles off the strip so that launching and landing aircraft can safely use the strip centreline. Each year we seem to get a few small patches of tall grass grow on the strip itself. If these are seen developing, eliminate them before they become a problem.

SAFE FLYING

Redmond

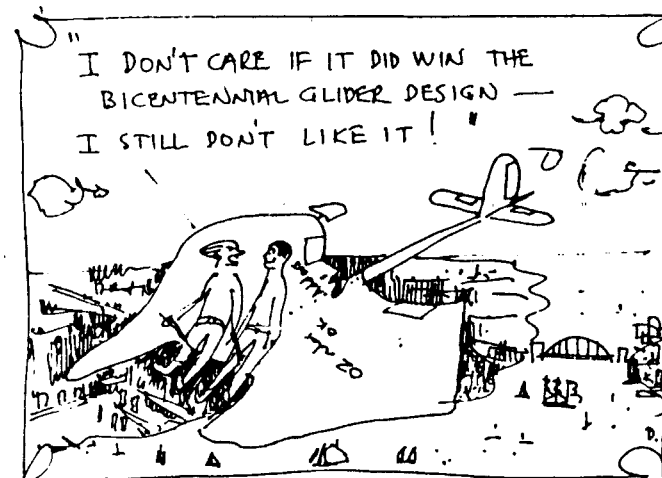
*** Airworthiness scene ***

Currently both the Phœbus & Bocian are being worked on at West Beach, (at the shed) The Phœbus is undergoing annual inspection and a couple of minor glass repairs where defects have been found. The Bocian is in for annual inspection and fabric replacement on the rebuilt wing and fuselage.

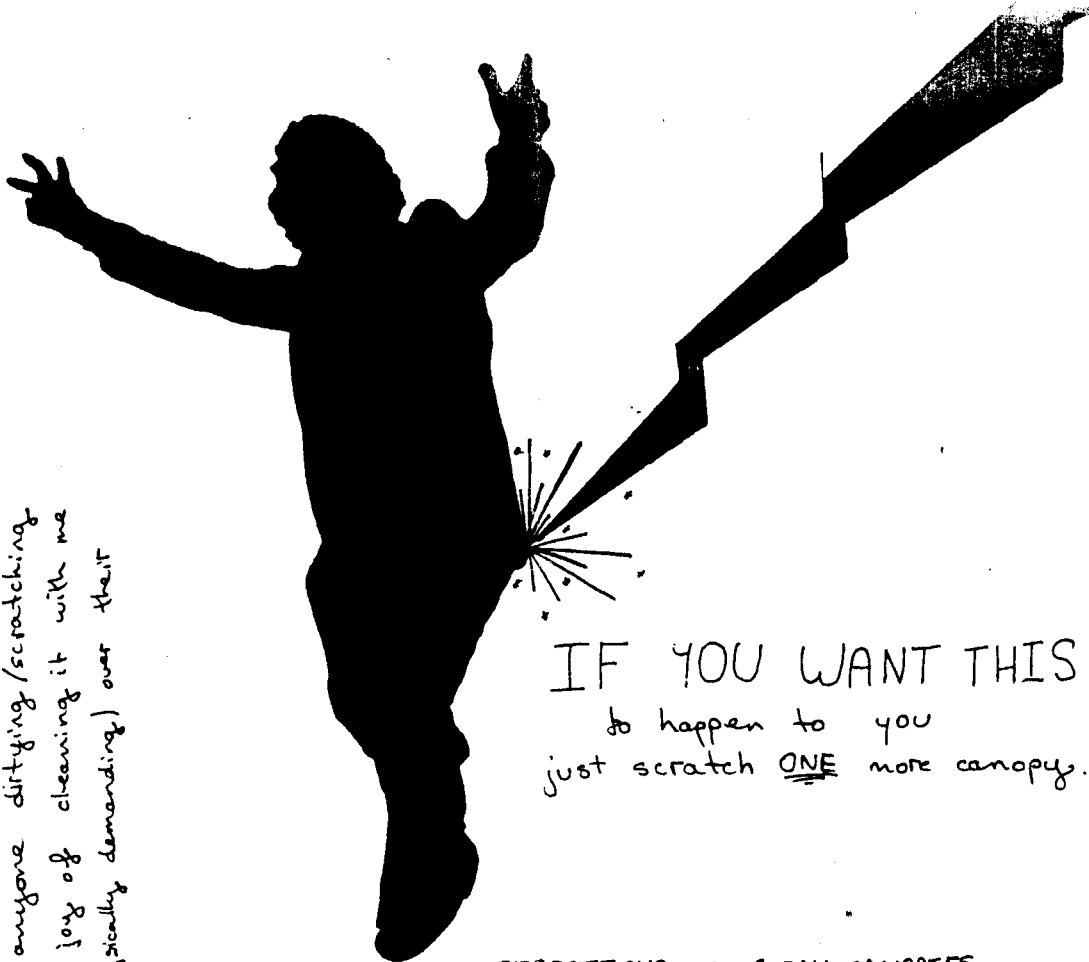
The Phœbus should be back in the air in the next couple of weeks with the Bocian following in mid September (Just about one year since it was blown over!)

The Bocian was rebuilt by Althol Holtham in Melbourne. We are now finishing off fabric and minor work. Your help will be appreciated. The quality of the rebuild is top class. Too bad we will cover it up with fabric.

Once these two aircraft are back in the air, we have a Bergfalke and Arrow to take through annual inspection before Christmas. I guess there is never a dull moment!



As an aside if I catch anyone dirtying/scratching a canopy they shall have the joy of cleaning it with me giving encouragement (possibly physically demanding) over their shoulder (joy of joys).



IF YOU WANT THIS
to happen to you
just scratch ONE more canopy.

DIRECTIONS TO CLEAN CANOPIES.

- 1) take off dirt using water and your bare hands to gently dislodge dirt.
(if the water's too bloody cold get some warm water from the clubhouse!).
- 2) wipe down with clean water & clean chamois
- 3) Polish with clean, soft rag & Mr Sheen.
No rag: No polish.
No Mr Sheen: No polish. got it!

Martyn A. Roberts