

Uni Gliding

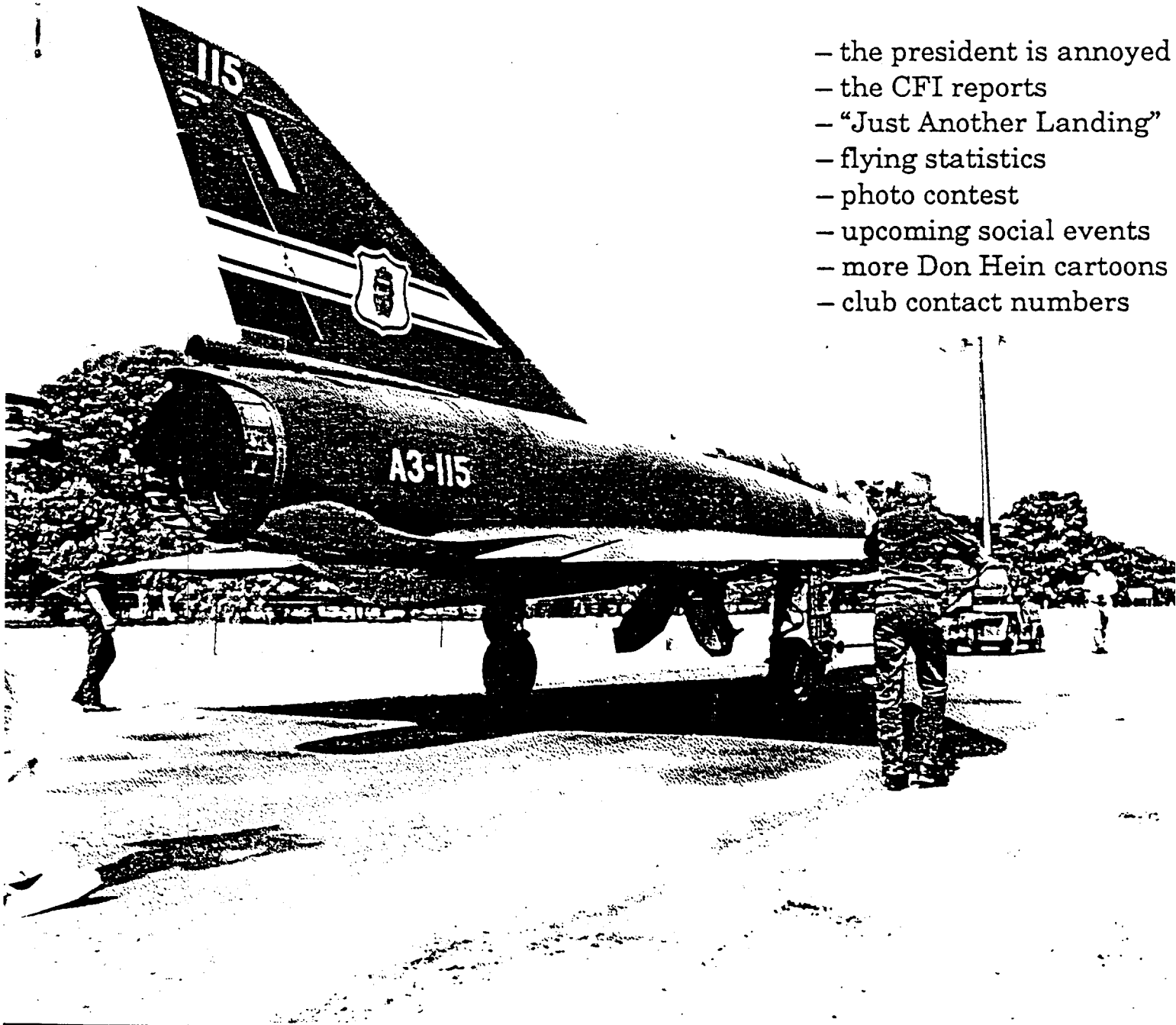
June, 1989

Vol. 14 No. 3

A publication of the Adelaide University Gliding Club Inc.

In this issue:

- the president is annoyed
- the CFI reports
- "Just Another Landing"
- flying statistics
- photo contest
- upcoming social events
- more Don Hein cartoons
- club contact numbers



Editorial

Well, hello again. I hope you all got last month's newsletter. We had a bit of a problem with the university's internal mail and some of them didn't get delivered until quite late. So if you were told about a social event after it happened, sorry about that.

In this issue, the president tells us what we can do to be better pilots and avoid accidents. Redmond offers some rules to improve operations on the field, and our USA correspondent, Andrew McGrath, gives us an insight into the sheer joy that a good cross country flight can bring and why we do all that training to get there. We also have some more cartoons from the pen of Don Hein.

Ho hum, we had wave again last month, reaching to 6000 feet. It's getting to be a regular occurrence. The club gliders stayed by the roll cloud near the field, while Martyn took the Pik to Red Hill and back along the primary wave.

Solos: Congratulations to Matthew Smith for going solo 3 weeks ago..

Flying fees: A clarification has been made to the flying fees as published in last month's newsletter. All air experience flights will now be charged at members' rates, irrespective of whether the passenger is a club member or not. This will encourage members to invite their friends to experience the joy of flight and not have them pay the extra. I have a standing invitation with a lot of friends to come up on field when they've got the time, and I will pay for their flights. It is nice to know it won't cost me so much.

Club windcheaters: The club is planning another print run of club windcheaters and T-shirts (as modelled by almost any active member). The windcheaters will cost \$20 and the T-shirts \$10. If you are interested in one (or more), please contact David Teagle. (His phone number is 272 4778)

Photo contest: The clubhouse continues to have more done to it every week. Gyprock panels and new cupboards have gone in. So what we need to really set the place off are some nice photos of our aircraft up on the wall. Consequently, there will be a photo contest. Whoever submits the best photograph of each of the club's gliders will see that photo blown up and on the wall of the clubhouse (with the appropriate acknowledgement). The contest is open for 3 months; judging will probably occur at the October general meeting. So let's see you all up on top of the ridge with cameras ready.

See you in the air,

Peter Cassidy

Front cover: Walking the wing of a plane as it is being towed along: a familiar sight gets a new twist as the RAAF move a Mirage.

The President's Report

Unfortunately the last few words of my last report were to no avail. Yet again, the Bocian is down at West Beach, being repaired. As a consequence we lose flying time and revenue. We have to cover the expense of the repairs; a dedicated few have to spend most of their evenings in a cold shed getting her back in the air; club morale, and our reputation among other clubs suffers.

Our club has never had an injury, and to ensure that it remains that way we must ask ourselves why these things happen. The most frustrating aspect of the incidents that have occurred over the last few years is that they all could have been avoided by a little thought and respect for the aircraft. Some have occurred due to poor ground handling practices. The more concerning have been due to the pilot getting himself into a situation which was beyond his ability to cope with, or just plain stupidity. The following quotes say it all:

A SUPERIOR PILOT USES HIS SUPERIOR JUDGEMENT TO AVOID THOSE SITUATIONS WHEREBY HE MAY HAVE TO CALL UPON SUPERIOR FLYING SKILLS.

That is, if you suddenly find yourself doing a trick piece of flying to get out of a spot, you are only making the best of a bad thing. What if those 'Superior Flying Skills' aren't quite up to scratch? An accident is just waiting to happen to those who think they are better pilots than they really are, or who become complacent. Know any?

AVIATION IN ITSELF IS NOT INHERENTLY DANGEROUS. BUT TO AN EVEN GREATER DEGREE THAN THE SEA, IT IS TERRIBLY UNFORGIVING OF ANY CARELESSNESS, INCAPACITY OR NEGLECT.

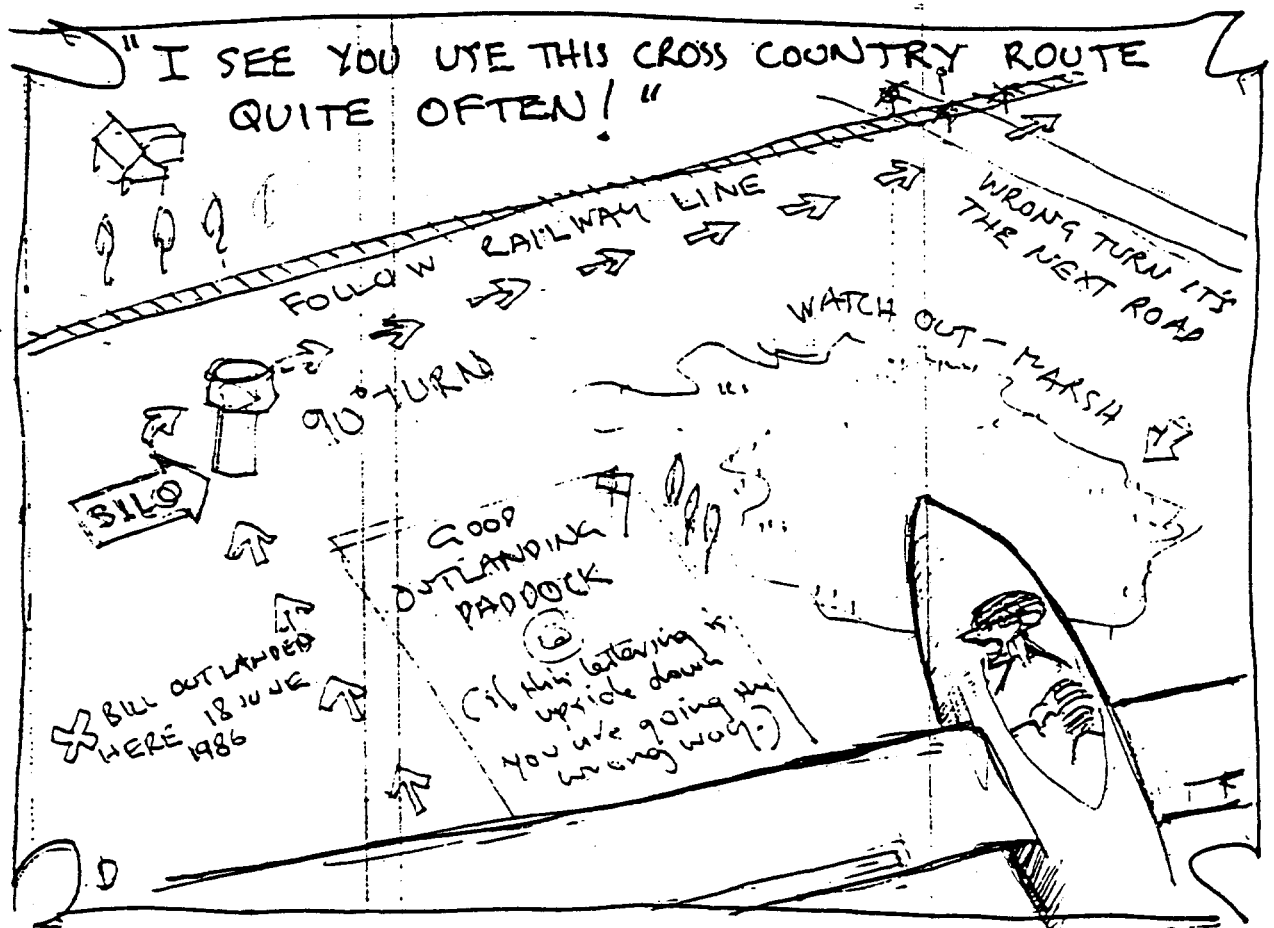
Most accidents can never be traced back to a single cause. Most people can cope with one problem at a time. It is when problems occur in quick succession, compounding, combined with other influences, that accidents occur. Why else would one of our senior instructors, with over 450 hours of flying time, taxi into parked trailers? Nobody would suggest that a hangar run with an end-of-roll 20 metres from the hangar was beyond his ability. He had done hangar runs many times before, and as is human nature, pushed it closer and closer as experience increased. I myself have completed a hangar run just in front of the T-hangar after flying in ground effect the full length of the strip. A pretty neat piece of flying, I remember thinking. What most people, (including myself at the time), don't realise, is that 100% of one's ability and concentration is being used to judge such a 'close tolerance' manoeuvre — aerobatics and ridge running are other examples. It only takes one unexpected event — say a car driving out from the clubhouse, unusual turbulence, personal problems such as work related stress or fatigue, to distract you for a second, and that's it. You find yourself in a situation that is irrecoverable without damage or possible

injury. The time between thinking all is well and realising things are going very wrong is usually milliseconds. The sudden realisation that the situation is getting out of control usually overloads the brain — there are many decisions, information is coming in from all directions, potential consequences start flashing through the mind — and panic occurs. Irrational decisions are made; the accident has happened.

So what do we do about it? Obviously, realistically assessing one's own ability, physical and mental condition, overall experience, experience in the particular aircraft and in the weather conditions prevailing, is a good start. However, it is very easy to over- or underestimate the above conditions. The simplest solution is to ALLOW ROOM FOR ERROR, in every facet of your flying. To plan ahead, contemplating possible eventualities and contingencies; to establish a flight plan in your mind — so that whatever you are doing, be it a circuit, soaring flight, cross country, aerobatics, ridge flying, beat-ups or a hangar run, you are always a few minutes ahead of your aircraft, ready for that unexpected eventuality — with a margin for error just in case.

This attitude shows true 'Airmanship', and separates the good pilots from the average. Anybody can be taught to fly, but a good pilot must teach himself to respect his aircraft and its environment. What sort of pilot do you want to be?

David Conway
President, AUGC.



CFI 's Message

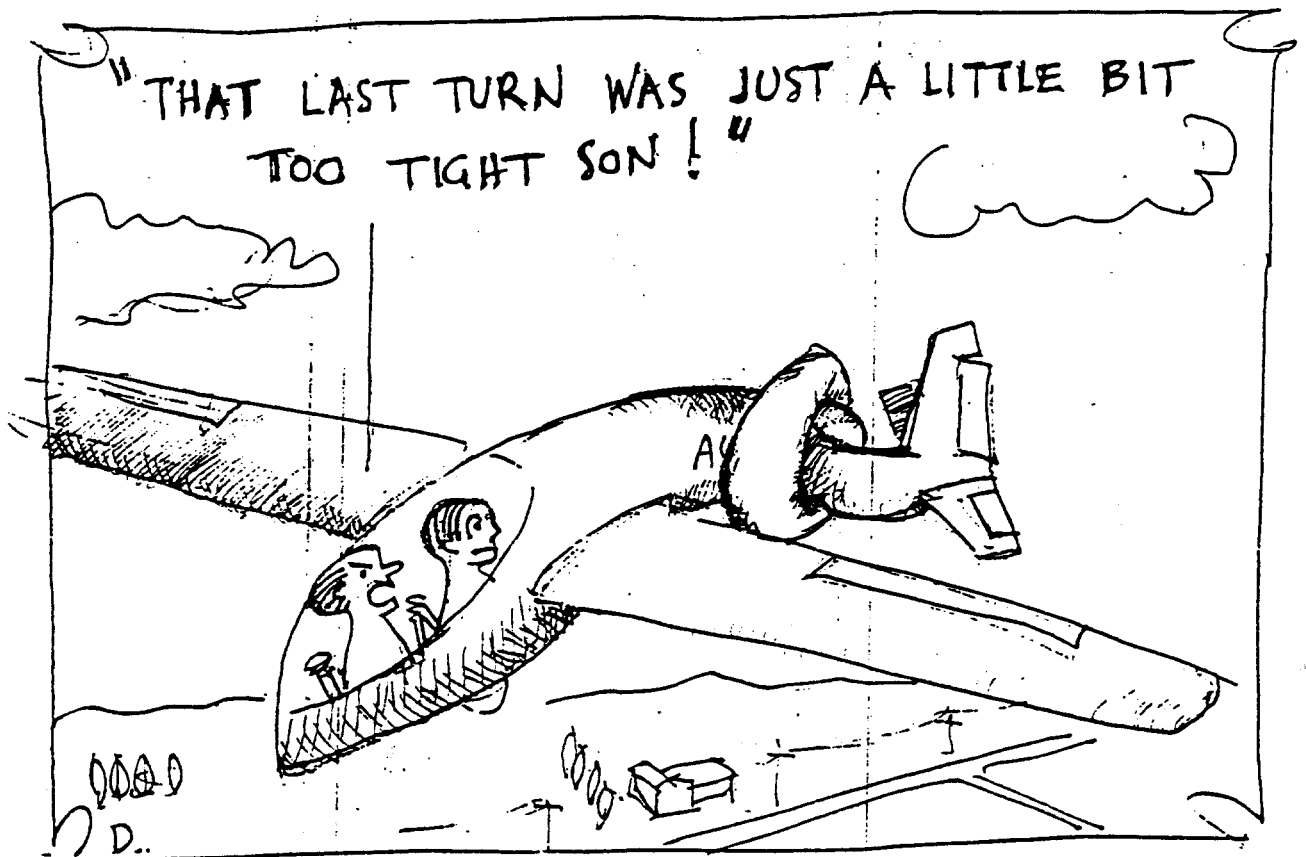
A number of issues have surfaced since the last time a message was published in the newsletter. Please read and take note of the following.

- **Landing Clearances:** We have seen a number of instances recently of pilots landing too close to obstacles on the ground. One of these led to the Bocian being damaged. It is unfortunate that stupid flying acts seem to come in cycles. I thought that cowboy attempts to roll onto the hangar apron area had been quashed years ago. I can only assume we have come full circle. When setting up your landing arrange to roll to a stop 100m short of any obstacle in front, and 50m to the side of an obstacle whenever possible. If you breach these limits I trust you will be able to give me a good story. While you are at it don't forget your 50ft (15m?) clearance over obstacles on final.
- **Checks:** Some people have been short changing themselves with their pretakeoff, prelanding and preaerobatic checks. Each check must be carried out accurately and don't forget that the check is more than a word — make sure you check it rather than just talk about it!
- **Airbrake:** We have seen a couple of instances of people unlocking and relocking the airbrakes during the CARD check immediately before takeoff. This check is an additional check and should not override the standard GFA pretakeoff CHAOTIC check. Once the brakes are locked during the CHAOTIC check they should not be unlocked before takeoff.
- **Towing Gliders:** An instance occurred recently where the person hooking a glider on to a rope to tow it back to the launch point was standing in the middle of a loop of the rope on the ground. In this instance it was noticed by a bystander before the car took up slack fully. Unless you have a desire to be dragged along the paddock by the ankle watch out for this.
- **Reversing the Winch:** The winch is a monster to drive forwards. It is even worse in reverse. Whenever possible arrange the operation to avoid reversing, especially around the launch point. When returning to lay cables take the winch well clear to the rear of the launch area and approach the tie down pegs in the direction of launch. Don't ever take the winch anywhere near a glider!
- **Weather:** The winter weather is with us now. We have already lost some flying time to the Wind God. Rather than sit on your butt on the ground bemoaning the situation, I suggest you shift the said butt and get some of the never ending outstanding jobs around the aircraft and field completed.

- **Driving:** With winter upon us, remember to drive carefully on and around the strips which will be wet and slippery at this time of year. If you must drive anywhere near a glider, be doubly careful.

As an afterthought it is a pleasure to see the good lookout, especially entering turns, that the new students seem to have developed this year. This good habit developed early will always keep you out of trouble.

Redmond Quinn



Thought for the Month

When a fly lands on the ceiling, does it do a half-roll or a half-loop?

JUST ANOTHER LANDING

SEVEN thousand feet above the hot brown wheat country, cruising at 90 knots (170 kilometres per hour) with only 50 kilometres to go to my home airfield, I laugh for the sheer joy of it. It hadn't been a difficult cross country, or a particularly long one: 190 kilometres under a cumulus-studded sky, with cloudbase at just over ten thousand. There had been no long, drawn out, exhausting struggles searching for lift down at a thousand feet, cursing the sky, fighting the air for every foot of height. There have been no difficulties at all. But I am on the glide home with height to spare, the sky is blue, the sun sparkles on my long white wings, the air feels buoyant under my fingertips, and I laugh again, rejoicing in life itself, and the power I wield so easily. And as I spear across the face of the Earth towards the familiar runway still hidden by distance, I recall one early summer day, so long ago and yet so recently...

"Well", said the instructor, sounding rather disinterested, "not a very good landing, was it?" It was a statement I had heard quite a lot in the preceding months. And this landing had not been one of my better ones: bouncing twice, careering down the strip.

"I didn't round out enough, did I?"

"That's right. You've got to keep that stick coming all the way back. Hold her just off the ground till she completely gives up flying. You're going to go up again, and this time you'll show me an immaculate circuit and landing."

My heart leapt into my mouth, for the instructor's voice was now outside the aircraft.

"Go through your checks", he ordered, "and do the same again; but with a better landing."

He was leaning over the rear cockpit, securing the harness of the now empty seat to prevent it from interfering with the controls; standard practice when the aircraft is to be flown solo. Solo. He was sending me solo. I had had many flights before, I knew I could fly, but there had always been somebody else — just in case. But here I was, about to be launched into the wide blue yonder — by myself. The horror must have shown on my face.

"You happy to go?" Now there was genuine concern in his voice.

"Yes." Of course I was. I forced myself to go calmly through my cockpit checks. The clunk as the cable was hooked on sounded like an ominously irreversible step — I was committed. I hardly heard the wingtip runner's final "All clear", and I numbly issued a smiling 'thumbs up'. As the tension came up in the cable the tension seemed

to suddenly ease in my stomach. Then I was moving — there were things to do, things to check — I was flying.

Launch to eleven hundred feet in still air, release. I was in command of glider Bergfalke IV VH-GZM; I was flying at just over a thousand feet above the University airfield at Lochiel in air that felt as smooth as glass, the sun was sinking towards the west, and I was by myself. A few gentle turns and I was on circuit and preparing to land, concentrating so hard that I barely noticed the knot that had reappeared in my belly. Next I was landing, barely four minutes after launch — and the landing was, for once, immaculate.

FOUR thousand feet now and coming up on Snowtown. With about 25 kilometres to go, the airfield is still hidden behind the hill, but I'm over very familiar country now. I increase cruise speed to 108 knots (200 kilometres per hour). I press the small red button atop the control column, and speak into the boom microphone: "University Base, this is Yankee Bravo, final glide passing Snowtown. E.T.A. seven minutes." Now, as I calmly hurtle towards home, my thoughts drift back to a time before I knew freedom of action in this spectacular dimension...

My first ride in a glider had been some seven or eight months before I went solo. I had joined the Adelaide University gliding club as a bewildered fresher confronted by the frantic rush of O-Week. "Join for \$5 and your first flight is free" or some such deal. Anyway, after a month or so I found myself getting up at some unearthly hour of a Saturday morning to go for that flight.

A long drive later I saw the airfield for the first time: and a God-forsaken place I thought it too. At that time there was no clubhouse, no cold drinks, no running water and no toilet. Just a bare paddock with a tin shed in the corner. What followed did little to arouse my enthusiasm: an hour and a half wait while operations were set up. However, at last, everything was deemed ready, and somehow I was scheduled for the the first flight of the day. Now apprehension set in; I was told to climb into the FRONT seat, and shown how to fasten a frighteningly secure looking harness. The instructor went through some sort of checklist and then lowered the canopy. I was just on the point of asking him some question about how high we were going to go when — "What the was that??" 0 to 100 kilometres per hour in about five seconds, and the glider is climbing what feels like straight up. Soon, however, I overcame my surprise and uncurled and began to look around...

It often surprises me that I stuck with gliding. But something must have motivated me to spend all that time 'training'. All those days spent rising with the sun to spend hours travelling, hours sitting around in the middle of a desolate paddock, hours pushing heavy gliders up and down the strips to help others fly, finally to be rewarded with maybe two or three training flights totalling twenty

minutes air time. And then, at the end of the day, to finally arrive home, late, exhausted and filthy. I guess there must have been some satisfaction in gliding for me even then; the sense of achievement at simply being able to have some limited control over the lumbering, wallowing aircraft. And even out of the air, learning to drive the winch used to launch the gliders, and learning that whole new language spoken by pilots: the polar curves, the thermal triggers and indicators, the six hundred foot saves and the glorious twelve knotters. All this I slowly absorbed, but perhaps I'll never really know just why I kept on coming back for more; I am sure that in those days the punishment far outweighed the reward. Perhaps it was just pig-headed determination to finish what I had begun — or maybe I had some premonition of what flying really feels like when one really knows the air and the aircraft.

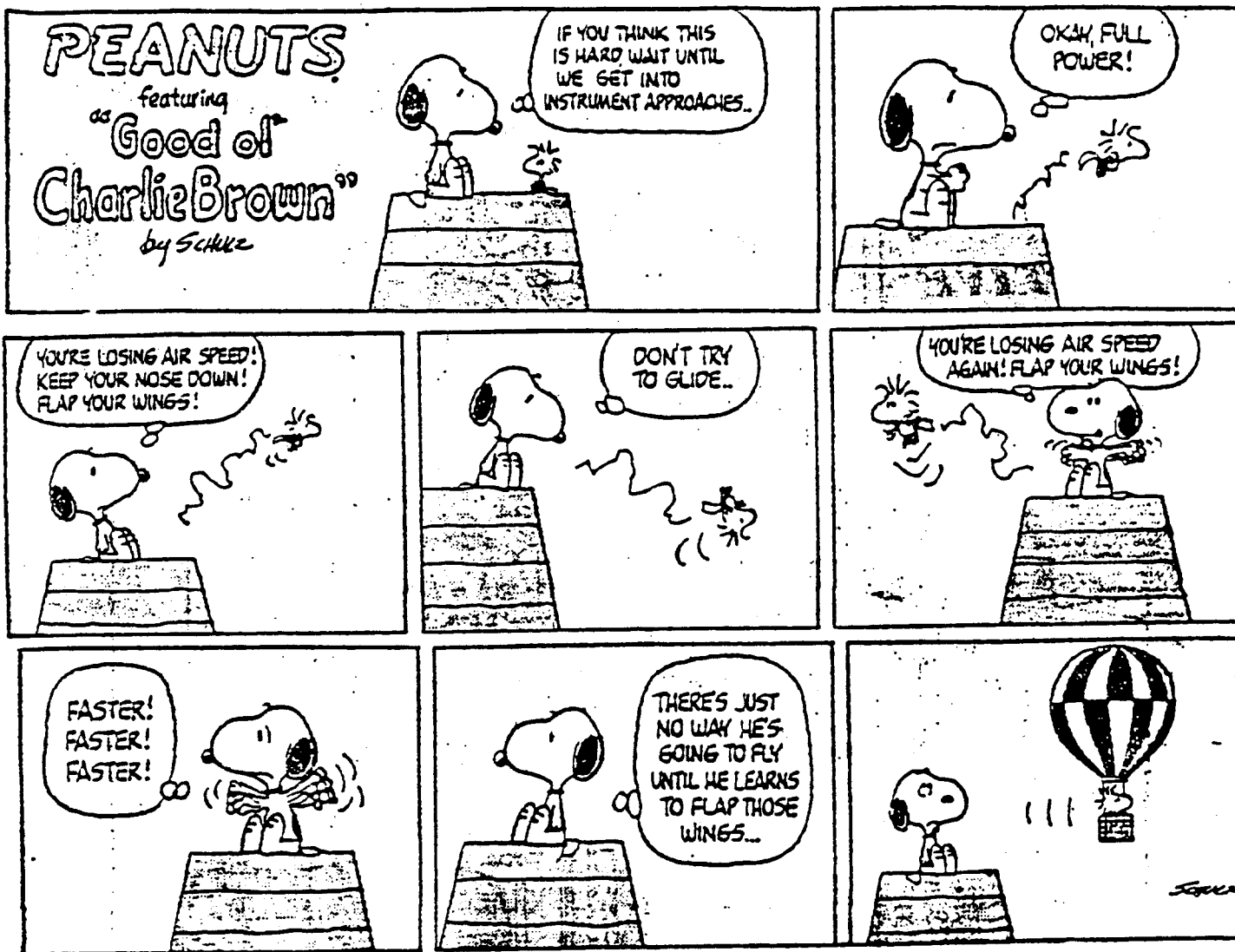
FOURTEEN hundred feet, still sitting on two hundred kilometres an hour, and the airfield, quite close now, creeps into view as I first approach the hill, then flash over it. I feel myself pass through another thermal, a strong one. At this speed, the sensitive instruments barely register its presence, and even that after I've already learned more than mere instruments could tell me. But I'm not looking for height now, I'm running in fast towards the airfield, the thermal already far behind as I analytically plan my landing pattern. All other traffic is far away, so I pull up steeply, trading my speed for height in an exhilarating 300 foot climb, ending in a steep wingover directly over the clubhouse a thousand feet below me. I settle neatly into my circuit, lower my wheel for landing and two minutes later am approaching the ground for just another landing.

About the Author

Andrew McGrath joined AUGC as a fresher in 1982 and has been flying ever since. During his time with the club, Andrew has had many exciting experiences, most of which are best told around the camp-fire on Saturday nights. He has progressed to become a Qualified Flying Instructor (if you call that progression). This, together with his behaviour after half a bottle of port or suchlike, and that maniacal laugh, make Andrew somewhat of a club legend.

In 1988, Andrew's job moved him to California for two years. He often complains that not enough people write to him. Well, we're going to fix that. On Friday, 7th July, I want EVERYBODY who reads this to send a letter or even just a postcard to Andrew. Even something along the lines of, "Hello, you've never met me, I've just joined the club and..." will do fine. Andrew's address is:

3500 Granada Ave, Apt 210
Santa Clara, Ca, 95051
USA



“There is no better confidence builder in the world than learning to solo an aircraft.”

Glider trained pilots have been found to be safer pilots, as well as “better” jet jocks.

Captain Craig Kitchens,
94th Airmanship Training Squadron

Aircraft Statistics

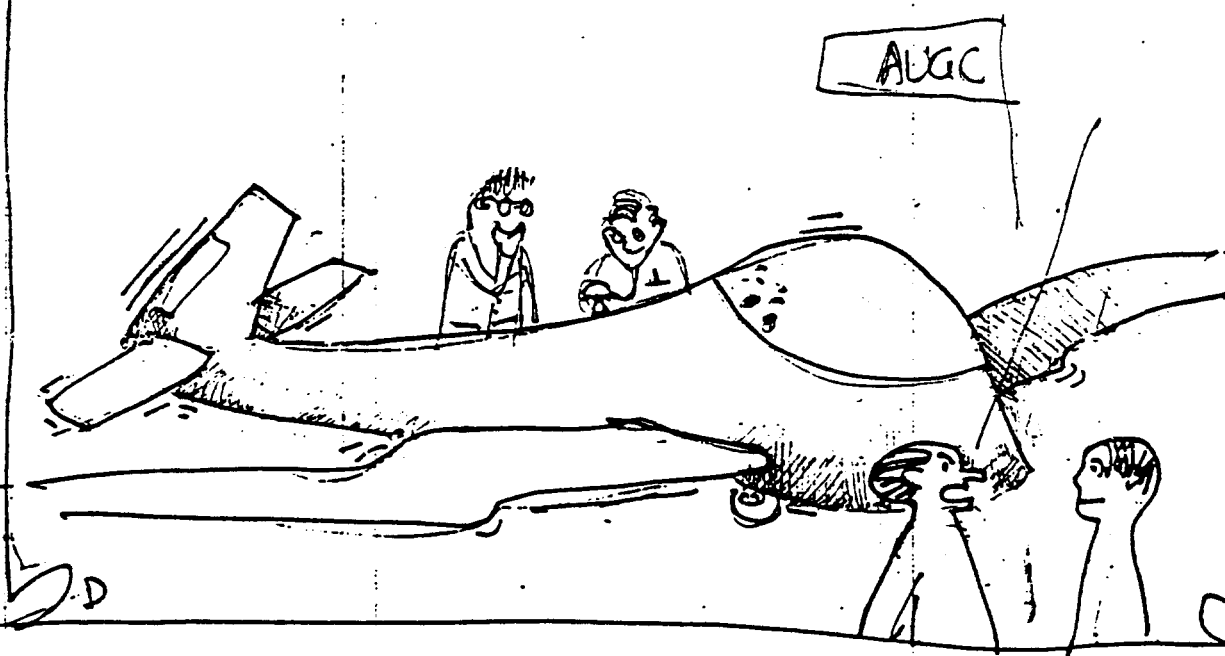
from 1st May, 1988 to 31st December, 1988

Aircraft	Flights	Time (minutes)
GYB	128	3404
GNF	336	11092
GZM	658	14067
KYW	120	1152
GQZ	90	6126
GOK	54	564
Foreign	29	4328
Totals	1415	41168
Training	505	9341

from 1st January, 1989 to 30th April, 1989

Aircraft	Flights	Time (minutes)
GYB	135	5090
GNF	63	1119
GZM	282	3115
KYW	462	6030
GQZ	22	1725
GOK	8	564
Foreign	78	1679
Totals	1050	19322
Training	543	6620

" THAT'S RIDICULOUS, I'VE NEVER EVEN HEARD OF 'NERVOUS GLIDER SYNDROME!' "



Information

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.

Calendar

When	Where	What
Tues. 4th July	Glenelg cinema 6:30 pm	"Indiana Jones"
Wed. 5th July	Jerry Portus rm 7:30 pm	General meeting – talk by David Conway on "Circuits"
10th – 14th July	Lochiel airfield	Flying camp — details later
Wed 19th July	Terry Gould's, 7:30 pm 27 Callander Ave., Reynella	Executive meeting
Fri. 21st July	Some bowling lanes	Tenpin bowling
Wed. 2nd August	Jerry Portus rm 7:30 pm	General meeting – "Dawn flight"

For any details not given, ring our social convenor (but not before the exams finish or death will surely follow).