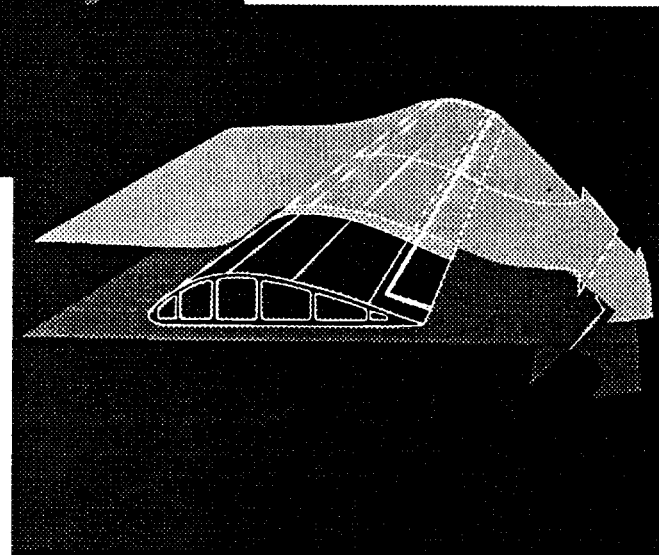
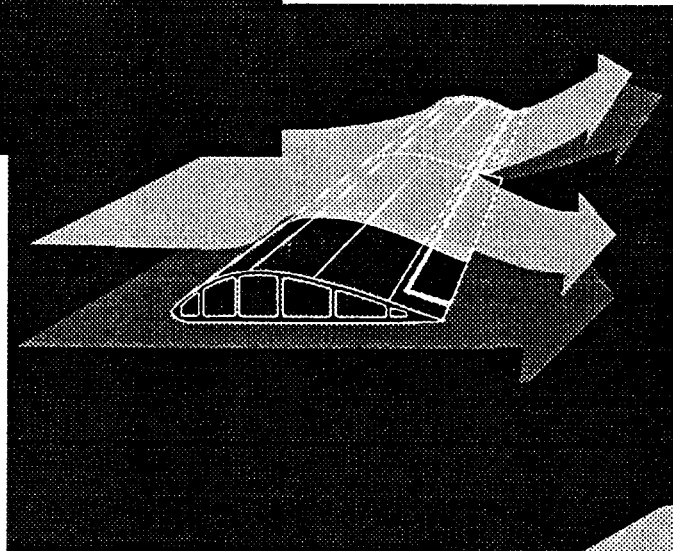
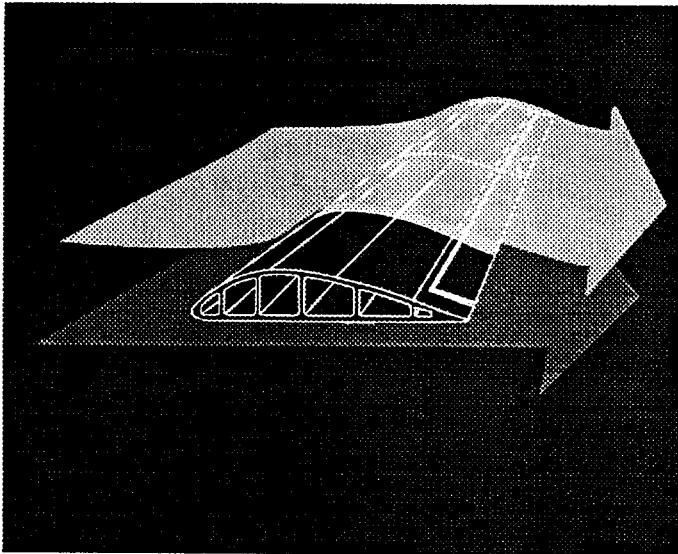


Uni Gliding

August, 1989

Vol 14 No. 5



In this issue:

- mystery object
- winch report
- control column grips
- McGrath chronicles
- more cartoons
- calendar
- and much more...

An official publication of the Adelaide University Gliding Club Inc.

Another Editorial

Another newsletter comes to pass and another editorial must be written.

Thanks to all those who helped to get the Bocian back in the air, especially **Redmond Quinn** and **David and Cathy Conway**, who all seemed to live at West Beach for a while. The Bocian has a G-meter installed now, so you'll know if you're doing those loops smoothly from now on.

Congratulations to **David Hulse** who became the first of this year's trainees to go solo.

Also **Bradley Gould** has converted to the Phœbus and **Steven Gould** achieved his 5 hour flight, both on the same day. Congratulations both.

Last Friday, the club held a cocktail party and games night. (Yes, I know it wasn't widely advertised, but if you come up on field you'll find out these things.) All manner of exotic concoctions were imbibed and strange games were played; games like The Stupid Game, Charades, Twister and Sexual Trivia.

At last month's general meeting, Dawn Flight was shown and enjoyed by all. (I'd forgotten about those trees just past the lake.) As each stunt unfolded there was a

chorus of, "We don't do that!" from the stalls.

Last weekend, one of our gliding pioneers, **Harold Hallett**, flew again for the first time in 60 years. Harold had 20 minutes on the ridge with **Cathy Conway** and got a close look at some sheep. See the article elsewhere in this issue.

Also in this issue is the **Mystery Object Competition**. As usual there is no prize except recognition (because we're poor). A clue is that the object was designed by **Redmond Quinn** and implemented by **Martyn Roberts**, so my guess is that it performs no function at all!

The definitive version of the Pilot's Naming Scheme, compiled by **Martin White** and **Matthew Nicholls** is included on page 6. Perhaps next month we could have the correct form of address for each category.

More stuff from **Andrew McGrath**. This time our hero is found, in the company of a bunch of other mad pilots, trekking through the desert in search of Jackson, Qld. What will happen? Read on...

Live long and prosper,

Peter Cassidy.
(Mega-Star)

The McGrath Chronicles — Chapter 2

This is the second 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 second extract tells the epic story of the Chookoo Regatta (or half of it anyway: it's that much of an epic that it will take two issues to tell).

The action begins in December, 1987.

Jackson Part 1

We heard from Gordon Reddeck again; still at Jackson, but retiring from there since Santos has taken over Delhi's lease. His last act was to organise "The First Grand Jackson Bergfalke Reunion", the idea being for every Bergfalke in Australia to come to a regatta at Jackson (there are only four). So, on Saturday, the 6th of December, we duly set off with Bergfalke and Phœbus in tow. Redmond, Simon Hackett and I were towing the Phœbus with Redmond's 4WD van, and Mark Raftery, Martyn Roberts and Stephen Were were towing the Blue House with Mark's Falcon. You may like to get a map to trace our progress. The original plan was to go north, to Lyndhurst, then up the Strzelecki Track to Innamincka, then across to Naccowlah and Jackson via Nappa Merrie. However, a major spanner was thrown in the works with heavy rain and wind the week before we were due to go. This made the stretch from Innamincka to Naccowlah impassable, so we decided to try to go up the Silver City Highway, from Broken Hill, even

though this road had a bad reputation, and was certainly worse than the Strzelecki Track. We made good progress with no mishaps the first day, and got to within a hundred kilometres or so of Tibooburra (I hope I'm spelling all these names right, I'm doing it from memory), which is about 3 – 4 hundred km north of Broken Hill. We just pulled off the road when it got dark, and slept under the stars alongside the trailers. The next morning at Tibooburra, we were told that the road got rough after the Qld. border.

However, before we got that far, we did a tyre on the Phœbus trailer; our first, surprisingly, since we were on gibber plain, and hadn't seen bitumen since Broken Hill. This fixed (it had ripped wide open quite spectacularly), we were soon going through the gate into Queensland: the 'Warri warri Gate', pronounced 'Worry worry'; we were soon to find out that this is because of the worry the road induces. A few km on, we saw another vehicle!! (Traffic was not heavy.) It was actually two big

cement trucks, one of them was very bogged; up to its axles on one side, and leaning over at a very sick angle. Two drivers were sitting on the ground in the shade; shovels, cables, posts and boards were strewn about. A large (100 metre) stretch of road was under water. The drivers explained that they'd been there since Friday morning. (This was Sunday.) We wished them luck, found a way round, and pushed on. Pretty soon after that, the road deteriorated. Every mile or so along the road, there would be a pool covering the road for half a mile or so. Some four wheel drive with a good bull bar had made a detour around through the scrub (which was actually quite dense). When the detour became impassable, a detour would be made from the detour. When the detour off of the detour becomes impassable, we would have to make a new one; it's quite awe-inspiring to watch the Blue House pushing over trees! There were dozens of these detours off the "road"; on most of them, the trailers would nearly get stuck, scraping both ends on the ground, demolishing bushes and the odd tree, nearly getting bogged... It would also be very easy to get thoroughly lost. Several times we unhitched the trailers to go searching.

Eventually, we did get bogged. Redmond tried to charge a smaller-looking puddle, and the 60 km/h coasted us into the middle. All four wheels of the 4WD van, and both wheels of the trailer were thoroughly stuck in knee-deep clay. Even unhooking the trailer did no good. Mark (just) managed to get around, and the

Falcon acted as an anchor as we winched out first the van, then the trailer. Then the Falcon got bogged, but the 'Whoopee wagon' was able to pull it free. On the road again for an hour (with a 'high mud mark' along the Phœbus trailer, and clay congealing on our feet and legs — that mud really stank, and had 'things' wriggling in it), when we had a major mishap; a cattle grid got the Phœbus trailer (the gaps in all the cattle grids were over a foot, and the grids were very uneven). The draw bar on the trailer broke nearly off — nearly enough for the front of the trailer to reach the ground. Out with the oxy set, some scrap steel, a star dropper from the side of the road, and some fence wire (also from the side of the road) for welding rod and our hero Martyn fixed it. (Although it wasn't quite as pretty as before...) Saw lots of camel tracks, mostly fresh, but they were obviously fairly timid of our engine sounds and stayed hidden. Lots of emus and 'roos, a few dingoes, some lizards (but none more than a metre or so) and lots of cattle. The cattle were the most worrying: particularly when the bulls would stand their ground in the middle of the road, 'Crocodile Dundee' style, and glare in the front window of the van. With those horns, no-one was game to get out and stare them down like Crocodile Dundee; fortunately, they usually ran off to the hooter of the van. Also saw lots of wild horses. After some time, approaching a place called Naryilco, we came to a creek we couldn't cross, though we spent an hour searching for a crossing. Obviously, no-one had crossed

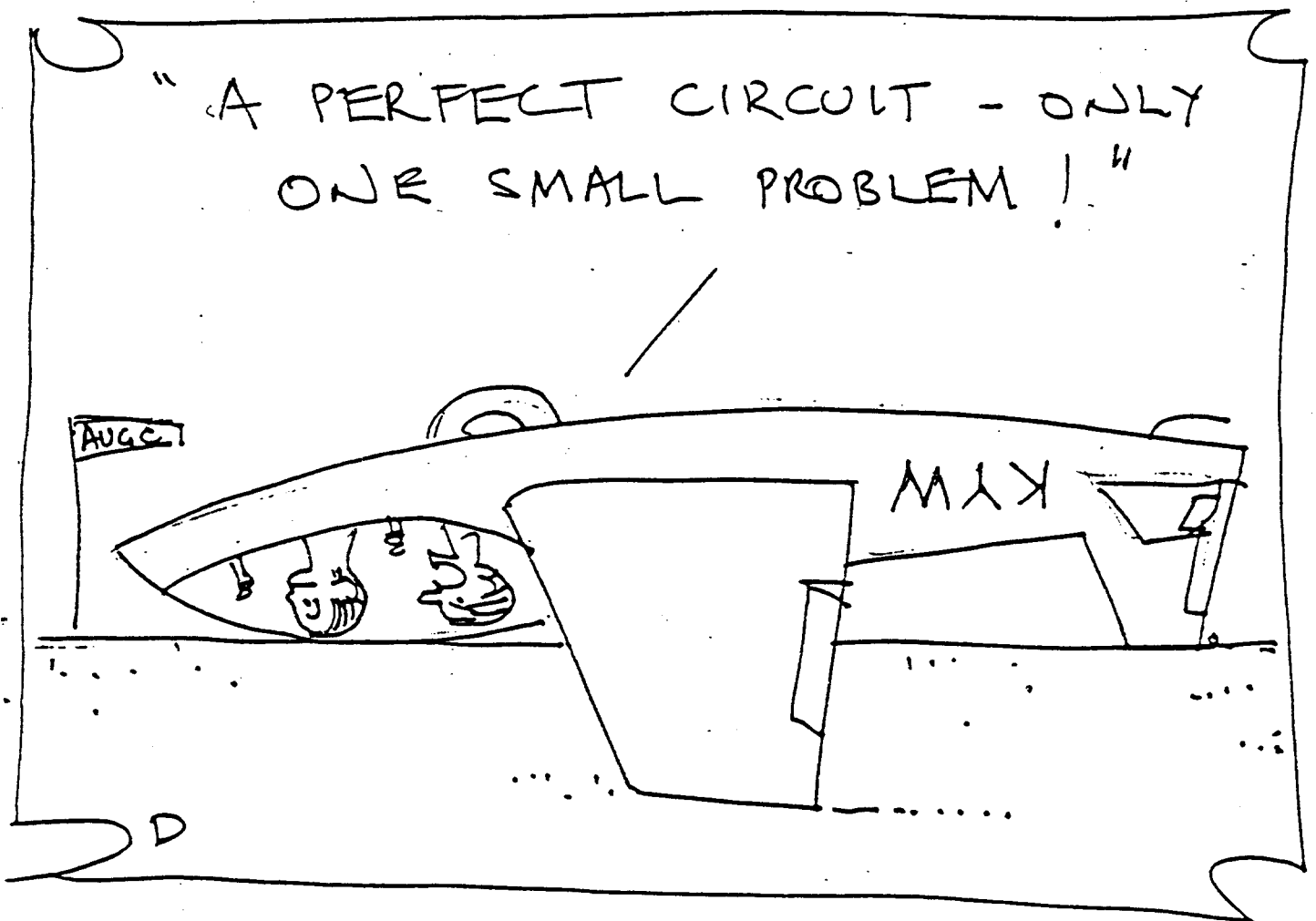
since last week's rain (no tracks). So back we went.

When we found the cement trucks again, they had extricated themselves from their bog, and were now stopped, contemplating another large puddle before driving through it. We had still seen no other vehicles.

We pulled into Tibooburra ten minutes before the pub shut. In the pub, we met the local Parks and Wildlife officer, who offered to put us up for the night, and seemed quite enthusiastic about a flying expedition in the future to

the Sturt National Park. Believe it or not, Gordon R. rang us at the Tibooburra pub; we hadn't even told him where we were!!! That still hasn't been properly explained. The P & W bloke took us back to the Mt. Wood Station Homestead for the night, where there was accommodation, and a workshop to clean up the trailer repair. There were also lizards chasing moths around the lights, no hot water, no bath or shower of course, and frogs in the toilet. Big ones, two inches long. And they'd cling to the sides for dear life when you'd flush.

Will our heroes ever make it to Jackson? Will the frogs withstand Andrew's attempt to flush them into oblivion? Find out next month in the next exciting episode of the McGrath chronicles.



Winch — Operations Note

- Ensure that both engines are properly checked for correct oil and water quantities prior to each day's ops.
- The truck gearbox has been "reconditioned" — please do not force the gears, particularly 1st and reverse as they have no synchro. Double de-clutch if necessary.
- The drum selector works easily (i.e. no force required),
PROVIDED:
 - the V8 is NOT running
 - The drums are rotated backwards and forwards by hand while gentle pressure is applied on the lever to disengage and engage drums.
- Forcing the lever only causes the internal works to become dislodged and delays operations. Should this occur, the two bolts securing the cover plate need only be loosened enough to lift the selector and drop it back into its slot, about 45 seconds or so! There is no need to completely remove the cover, which only allows the shim washers and dirt to fall into the diff.
- The winch is not to be driven near aircraft except in low gear, and maximum separation should be maintained especially in wet and slippery weather. The winch should be driven with particular caution in wet conditions.

Martin White/Matthew Nicholls Official Naming Schema

Pre-Solo	Scum
Solo	Crud
Arrow	Prole
Off daily checks	Ace
Phœbus	Hero
X-Country	Star
Passenger rating	Super star
Silver C	Mega star
AFI	Absolute Flying Idiot
QFI	Bastard
CFI	Scoundrel
Gold C	Lord
Diamond C	Demi God
RTO-Ops	Minor Deity
CTO-Ops	Major Deity

Note: 'Crud' and 'proles' remain 'scum' until they have passed their daily check flight.

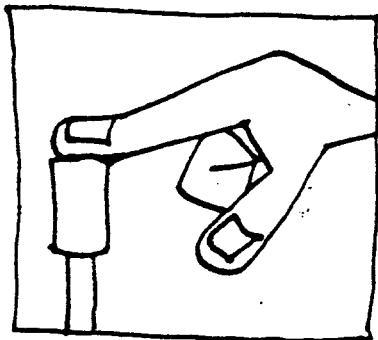
I rather suspect that this list was compiled when Martin was off daily checks but not yet in the Phœbus. How about an airworthiness list now guys?

KNOW

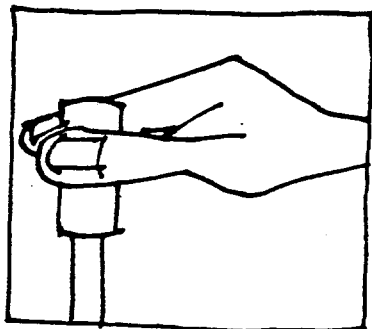
YOURSELF

FROM THE

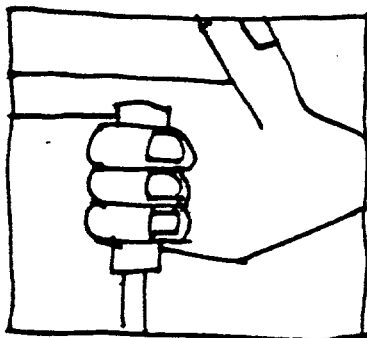
WAY YOU HOLD THE CONTROL STICK



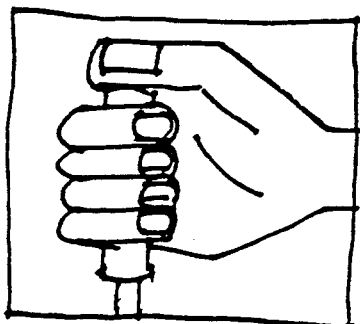
- YOU ARE A "DAWN FLIGHT" APE.
- YOU ARE ACCIDENT PRONE.
- YOU ARE BEING WATCHED THROUGH THE CANOPY.



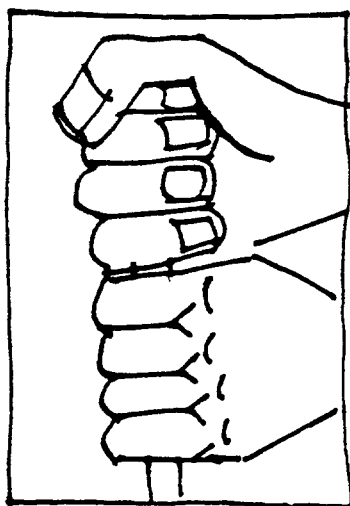
- YOU ARE A SHOW OFF
OR YOU ARE A CARPENTER WHO LOST THE OTHER THREE FINGERS ON THE BAND SAW.



- YOU ARE SOME SORT OF NUT.
- WHAT PERSUADES YOU TO FLY LIKE THIS?
- YOU MUST HAVE JUST GONE SOLO.



- YOU ARE NORMAL.
- YOU HAVE BEEN FLYING ABOUT 80 HOURS, YOU HAVE HAD ABOUT 20 INSTRUCTORS AND ARE ON THE VERGE OF GOING SOLO.
- YOU ARE MAKING GREAT PROGRESS.



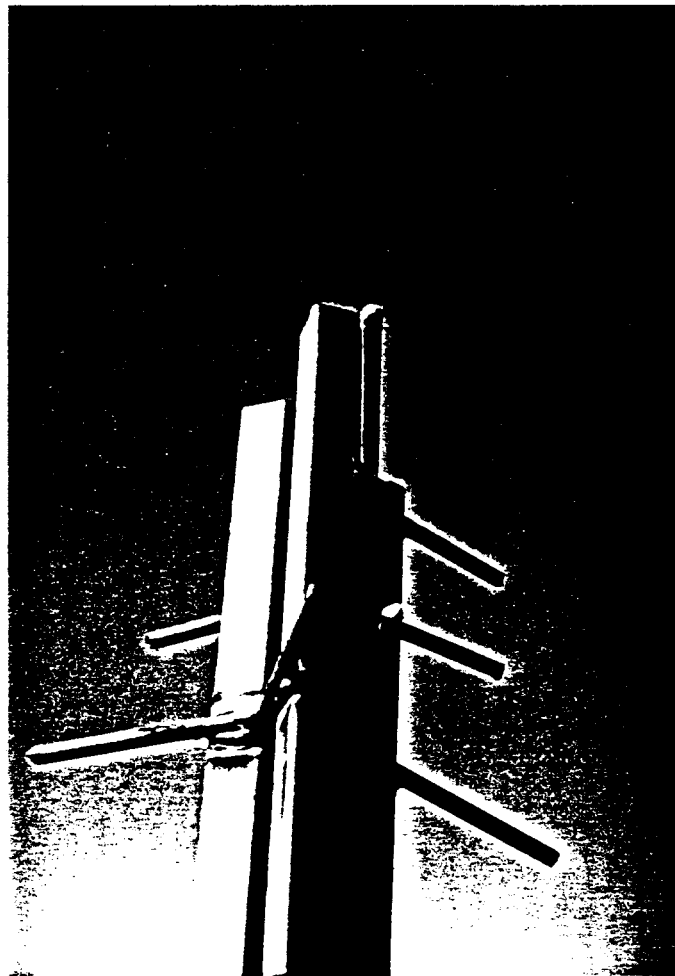
- YOU ARE AN INSTRUCTOR.
- THE STUDENT HAS JUST FLARED - OUT AT APPROX. 50 FT.
- RELAX.

Mystery Object Contest

What is this?

If you think you know, then write in or speculate at the next general meeting.

The answer will be given next month.



Funny answers will be published!

The Editor, "Uni Gliding"
Adelaide University Gliding Club,
c/- Sports Association pigeonhole
University of Adelaide

High Flyer

On Sunday, 27th August, one of the founding members of the Adelaide University Engineers' Glider Club (a forerunner to our own AUGC), Mr Harold Hallett, flew again for the first time in 60 years.

Mr Hallett was 'discovered' by Bev Matthews and Cathy as part of their research into the history of gliding in SA and was invited to fly.

The reporter and photographer from *The Advertiser* all had short flights, as did some of Mr Hallett's grandchildren.

We hope that the publicity received will bring other diamond jubilee events to the attention of other gliding pioneers; in particular the 60th anniversary dinner and the vintage regatta.

Gliding memories recalled as Harold, 78, soars again

By FONTELLA KOLEFF

Soaring like a bird above the Hummock Ranges yesterday brought back memories of the early days of gliding in South Australia for Harold Hallett.

Mr Hallett, 78, of Glenunga, was one of the founding members of the Adelaide University Engineers' Gliding Club, the forerunner of the current Adelaide University Gliding Club.

The club, along with the Gliding Club of South Australia, was one of the first gliding organisations to be formed in South Australia.

Yesterday's 20-minute flight at the AUGC's airfield near Lochiel, north of Adelaide, was the first time Mr Hallett had been up in a glider since 1930.

He decided to step back into the cockpit after an invitation by the AUGC as part of its 60th anniversary celebrations.

"I don't think I am about to make a gliding comeback," he said.

"However, it was great fun up there today and it was interesting to see how far the sport has progressed."

Mr Hallett said he had become interested in gliding through fellow engineering student John Watkins.

"John was so involved in gliding that I eventually ... decided to give it a try," he said.

Club members decided to build their glider and used the university's workshops for its construction during the summer vacation of 1929-30.

"The gliders were very element-

ary back then, not like the aerodynamic ones you see today," he said. The club used the paddock behind the Victoria Hotel at O'Halloran Hill.

"It was very rare for a flight to last more than a minute," Mr Hallett said.

"As there were no instructors about, no one knew what to do once they got off the ground except only to land."

However, one of the early glider pilots did fly for more than a minute.

An Aero Club of South Australia instructor, Mr George Rice Oxley, successfully stayed aloft for 1 hr 24 min in August, 1930, at Sellicks Beach, to set a new British Commonwealth Record. Mr Hallett was a member of the ground crew.

"Mr Rice Oxley was teaching at the Aero Club (at Parafield) that day when it was decided that the conditions were perfect for the attempt," he said.

"So he flew with his pupil to Sellicks, got in the glider, broke the record and then flew back to Parafield."

A dinner and a vintage regatta have been planned to mark the 60th anniversary of gliding in South Australia.

The dinner will be held at the Victoria Hotel, overlooking the original gliding field, on October 27. People interested in attending should contact Mrs Catherine Conway on 294 4828 or Mrs Bev Matthews on 263 9960.

The South Australian Gliding Association 60th Anniversary Vintage Regatta will be held at the AUGC's air field at Lochiel from December 26 to January 1.



Harold Hallett was up in the clouds yesterday, recalling his early gliding days on a flight with Cathy Conway.

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
Wed. 6th Sept.	Jerry Portus room, 7:30 pm	General meeting
Mon. ²⁵ 11th Sept.	Academy cinemas \$6.00 with 107 card	"Batman"
Wed 20th Sept.	Not decided yet, 7:30 pm	Executive meeting
late in holidays	Around the city	Observation drive
Wed. 4th October	Parafield tower, 6:30 pm	Tour of Parafield control tower. General meeting afterwards.