

Tini Gliding

A Publication¹ of Adelaide University Gliding Club

August 1986

Vol. 11 No. 6



Glider Pilot: Martin Howells flies the F - 20.
The shape of things to come in gliding?

Words of wisdom from your Editor

What has happened worthy of note this month? You may well ask- I haven't been on field due to other commitments, and I haven't got any Exec reports yet. So I will have to think of something else to write about this editorial. Aha! I've just thought of something noteworthy! The Unknown Pilot did NOT contribute this month (for this we will be eternally grateful).

While looking in the Portus Room locker, I discovered an article by Tim Parish. I have no idea how old it is², or if it's been printed before (I doubt it), but I thought it might be of historical interest, so I have decided to print it in the Newsletter.

Although we didn't get a contribution from the Unknown Pilot, we did get one from Martin Howells (a few more articles of this ilk would be much appreciated!)

The caption contest concludes this month. I must say, I though the response was a bit apathetic. All the same, the entries are (meagre as they are) are printed on the back page, along with the winner.

STOP PRESS Woe woe ! It would appear we are not free of the unknown Pilot. I just recieved this through the post: Ours is a tragic age:

"The best lack all conviction,
The worst are filled with a passionate intensity.'
For proof of this, read my new feature; the SCANDAL SHEET
But, to console you, a 'bon mot';

They seek him here They seek him there
The glider pilots seek him everywhere
Is he up there?
Or down here?
Alas. They find him not
That damned elusive Unknown Pilot.

Au Revoir,

The Unknown Pilot.

Dear Paul I can't think of anything else to write. Please finish this editorial! Gill

Freedom at last I am permitted to write some of the editorial Wow! Hmmm. An Editorial from here will prove interesting. Here Goes

As editor I have to produce a coherent overview and biased viewpoint of the clubs immediate and distant future. After all nobody will read an editorial if they only ever find complaints about articles flying etc. So where is the club going ? The club is investing funds in another white flying Elephant oops "glider".

²Upon re-reading I have concluded that it must have been written in 1985

Why do we need another glider when quite often we are unable to provide pilots for those already on field ? Well this glider will fill a vacant space between the two twin seaters and our current single seater the Phoebus. The new glider will be an easy to fly single seater enabling pilots to be converted to a new glider easier and after only a couple of days solo flying. Pilots like

DAVID TEAGLE

who went solo last sunday 20 Aug currently have to wait several months before they are able to slip into the Phoebus. Obviously they become a little upset when they see that single seaters are capable of longer flights. With time limits being decided by the other solo pilots present. Currently there are only a few solo pilots up on some days and so they usually decide amongst themselves who flies when and for how long.

The loan that is financing the new glider will allow us to reduce our interest payments by paying off loans with high interest. This will place the club in a better position financially. Maybe Mark might just outland in Bali this summer.

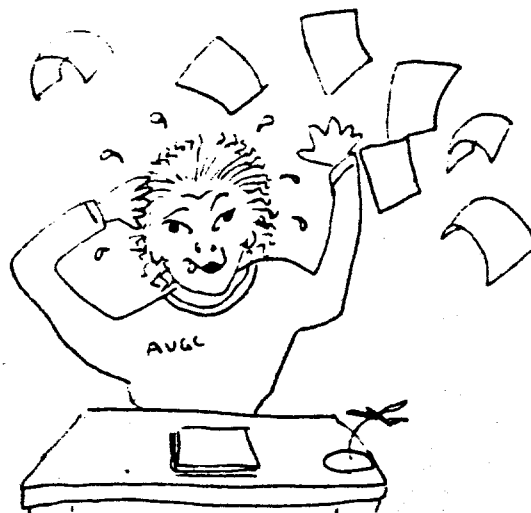
Paul.

COMING MEETINGS

There will be a General Meeting on August 6 at 7-30 in the Fortus Room (if I remember to book it, God knows what the topic will be; nobody tells me anything!

And if you miss the GM, come along to the Exec Meeting to harass the exec. It's on August 20 at 7-30 at Stephen's residence.

For future reference, September's meetings are on the 3rd (GM) and the 17th (EM), and are, I presume, at the same places.



THIS IS AN EXAMPLE OF WHAT HAPPENS
TO NEWSLETTER EDITORS WHEN THE
EXEC WON'T GIVE THEM ANY REPORTS TO

The Waikerie Regatta in October was made memorable by

- Emilis filling up his airbrake boxes with Plasticene (?)
- Merv in his Spruce Goose managed to break the Cable Release on tow, this causing some rather interesting flying by Merv trying to break the tow rope (finally the back release solved the problem).

In December a trailer was specially constructed for the Bocian - Yes Folks none other than the infamous *Blu Haus*.

Know Your Newsletter Editor.

Editorialis giligensis

Formerly *Editorialis diligensis*

This species of newsletter editor works 26 hours a day for over one week, to bring "Uni Gliding" to your door in the first week of every month. The principle contribution of this Editor is to provide RAW material for refining by E.horidus although several brilliant illustrations have been squeezed into spaces too big to fit the Presidential Reports (all of them!). E.giligensis is recognised by its haggard, sleep starved appearance and hoarse cries of "Report or Else!" and "!! its due out tomorrow!"

Editorialis horridus

This Editor is recognised by his ability to squeeze blood from stone but is unable to squeeze a single page article out of 99.9% of club members. The principle contribution of E.horridus is to rewrite introductions to one-off articles promising "more in this series next month". To which E.giligensis has been known to scream "Well write it yourself then!".

PS Dear Paul

Please rewrite this on your laserprinter word-for-word or I will use you as a subject for strange and horrifying psychological experiments!

PPS Dear Gill

Sorry But I couldn't resist the temptation.

PPPS Engineers Arn't afrayed of horrifying cylceological expurimants!!



REVISED JULY 1ST 1986. (SEE ASTERISKS)

*SOUTH AUSTRALIAN GLIDING ASSOCIATION INCORPORATED
AND THE S.A./N.T. REGIONAL COMMITTEE OF THE G.F.A.*

A N N U A L P R O G R A M M E 1 9 8 6 - 8 7 .

<u>1986</u>	June	7/8/9	Gawler	National Gliding School
	June	11to15	Gawler	Assistant Instructor Course
	August	2 (am)	Waikerie	SAGA Annual General Meeting
		(pm)	"	" General Meeting
	September	---	Waikerie	C of A Course
	September	---	Darwin	C of A Refresher Course
	September	19		GFA Sports Committee
	September	20/21		GFA AGM & ACM
*****	September	27/Oct 5	Waikerie	Orange Week Regatta
	October	11/13	Whitwarta	Balaklava G.C. Regatta
	October	27/31	Waikerie	Initial Cross-Country Course
	November	22/23)	Bordertown	Bordertown-Keith G.C.Regatta
		& 29/30)		
	November	10/14	Waikerie	Advanced Cross-Country Course
	December	6/12	Mildura	Sunraysia G.C. Mini-Comps
	December	14/21	Waikerie	S.A.State Comps 1986/87
<u>1987</u>	Jan 10/Feb 1		Benalla, Vic.	20th WORLD GLIDING CHAMPIONS
				Jan 10 Reception/Registration
				Jan 11/16 Official Practice
				Jan 17 Opening Ceremony
				Feb 1 Closing Ceremony
	January	24/26	Lochiel	Adelaide Uni.G.C. Sp.Cl.Reg.
	January	24/26	Millicent	Millicent G.C.Regatta
*****	Feb 28/Mar 1.		Pallamana	Murray Bridge G.C.Regatta
	April	11/16	Waikerie	Cross Country Course
	April	17/20	Gawler	Adelaide S.C.Easter Regatta
	April	25/27	Stonefield	Barossa Valley G.C.Regatta
	April	---	Waikerie	FRP Minor Repair Course
	July	---	Waikerie	C of A Course
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SAGA MEETINGS: These are normally held in August (as above), Early September, to brief Councillors for GFA October or November, if necessary, for ACM fee March, May.

AIRWORTHINESS COURSES: The RTO/Airworthiness will advise clubs as to precise dates & seeking applicants.

INSTRUCTOR COURSES: The RTO/Operations' will discuss with clubs their needs & candidates.

CLUB SAFARIS: Clubs wishing to invite others to join in their own Safaris will notify directly.

* * * * *

Note that this Programme was confirmed at the May SAGA Meeting Any Clubs wishing to make changes should notify other clubs directly, and advise SAGA Secretary.

*Issued by SAGA Secretary
1st July 1986*

Fred J. Foord

A Visitors eye View of Lochiel.

By Greg Jones

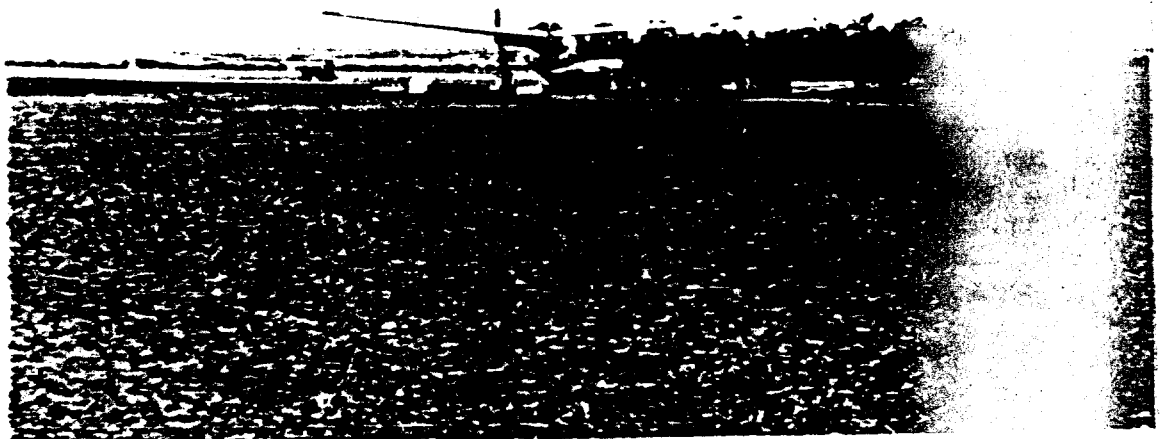
We arrived at the Golden Fleece Petrol Station at Bolivar at 7:30am. From there we drove in several cars. It took 90 minutes to get there (seems longer) and once we were there it was a good

The first thing we did was to get the gliders out and inspect them. The gliders were bigger and more flimsier than I had imagined them to be, but they were more flexible. Everybody was really nice but I didn't know what was going on. After a while I started talking to people and felt better when they explained what they were doing.

Then came my first flying experience. It just felt a little uncomfortable sitting in mid air with no means of support.

During the day I had a further two flights, both were short, but quite exciting. In the afternoon I went with Gillian to staff the winch. During the launch the truck started rolling backwards. Gill yelled out "put it in gear, put it in gear", but I didn't know what she was talking about. Needless to say that the launch was aborted, the winch having rolled 30 metres down the strip. However traumatic that was the day wasn't yet over. Not being able to drive, I was told to get in the first car and scare the sheep away from the strip. Well it wasn't only the sheep that were scared. The first car was a manual, I can't drive manuals but soon found out.

Dusk fell and so the gliders were put to sleep in a large shed. Then came a long session on the days highlights so that details of the days flights etc could be recorded. When this was over we went to the Lochiel Pub for tea. After tea, we went our separate ways and I spent the trip home thinking about my exciting day at Lochiel.



• Another photo by Alois Vlack

THE ULTIMATE HIGH

Flying the F - 20 Tigershark. By Martin Howells.

Time: 0540 Hrs

Location: Edwards Air Force Base, The Mojave Desert. Southern California.

ARRIVAL:

As I arrived the sun was beginning to cook up just below the rim of the horizon. There wasn't a cloud in the sky, which was swiftly changing from inky blackness to dark blue. As the howling of the coyotes began to die down, I swiftly moved towards the gleaming F - 20 parked on the tarmac by hangar 11.

PRE-FLIGHT:

Major Jack Holmes USAF helped me into the ship. "Remember" he warned, "This isn't a glider, it takes time to get up speed. Don't rotate until you've got 180 knots indicated. GOT IT?" I nodded grimly. "Okay, now let's see you start up". As quickly as I could I moved the valves, switches and throttle in the proper order. It wasn't fast enough. My inexperience showed badly. Holmes pitched in, jumping ahead of me. "You've got to be quick Marty." "Get a little fuel in there and then starve it out, or you'll melt down a turbine or the whole damned air base - one of the two, sure as hell."

IGNITION:

There was a noise like a bomb going off and rapidly the revs built up to a shrill crescendo. the ship nudged forward slightly. "Have a good one" said Jack as he jumped down.

JOINING THE PARTY:

Tower: 'Airforce mike hotel (MH - get it?) You are cleared to runway 2 - 4 ... Wind out of the west ..., 13 knots.... Altimeter 29:91.' "Uhh ___ Okay." I reply.

One last check: hydraulic pressure - OK, tail temp. - OK, fuel pressure - OK, etc, etc. Yep all A-Okay.

THE GROUND RUN:

Slowly I inch the throttle forward. The ship is sluggish, is reluctant to move. Speed builds up slowly 10 kts 15..... 20.... I push the throttle all the way thru' the gate..... Speed 80, 90, 100...

Already I have eaten up 5000 ft of runway and we still haven't got flying speed I begin to sweat. The end of the runway is coming up fast.

The boundary fence looks very high and I am not very far away. Nervously my left hand begins to itch for the ejection lever. Instinctively I twitch the stick back a hair and the fence is cleared. "Whew....." Speed..... 180 kts. "Hey that was neat" I laugh.

CLIMB-OUT:

Suddenly, she begins to buffet and oscillate wildly. Yechh — the flaps I pull them up quickly... then the gear which comes up with a solid reassuring 'thumpp' The 'shark settles down again, but the speed continues to rise frightenly fast: 250 kts..... 370 kts..... 520 kts... Screeching across the desert floor at 250 ft up, I ease back on the stick. The g - forces start rising: 2g, 3g, 4g... The g suit clamps down hard. I mutter to myself: "Christ. Sure beats beating up the ridge in a Phoebus. The ground had been whizzing past at four football fields a second.

ctd.

4

Flying the F - 20 Tigershark(ctd.)

GOING INTO AFTERBURNER:

A voice from the control tower: 'Hey, don't keep your little hands to yourself. Do something. LIGHT THAT CANDLE. Then some wise - ATC came on and began chanting: "Scaredy cat, scaredy cat, scaredy cat, SCAREDY CAT I listened in disbelief. Then with a wild grin, I lit the afterburner. Voomph. A 70 ft lick of flame roared out the back. Slammed back into the seat, I hear, as if from far away, the fools in the control tower screaming: "KOOL KATKOOL KAT KOC.."

The F - 20 shoots straight up into the sky. At this point I was no longer a bird nor even an airplane but a Trajectory, riding the engine bareback with control of SIXTEEN tons of thrust at my fingertips.

The altimeter is a whirling blur, the airflow is shrieking and hammering its way past the canopy as I speed thru' the chill air at a fantastic rate of knots. A light buffet began, so I levelled out and went supersonic, with a tremendous, cracking BOOM that was heard at Victorville, some 40 miles away.

POST - SUPERSONIC:

Raising the nose to a 25 degree climb angle, I watch lazily as the machometer creeps around to Mach 2. At Mach 2.2 I level out and from my vantage point, 13 miles up, roll over inverted. Hanging from the harness, I watch the eastern portion of the central United States track by slowly like a slow - speed film.....

Well that's it. Nothing more to say really. Apart from some Immelmans, Cuban Eight's and Full Deflection Supersonic Rolls.

EPILOGUE:

It was sad to leave the F - 20 fighters behind at Edwards, what with their great speed and brilliant glory. But I nodded my head to circumstance and returned home.

Those fortunate enough to have ridden the twisting, thundering heat of a turbine engine as I have will know and understand my feelings.

Oops... I almost forgot to mention:

Towards the end of the flight I ran out of fuel. Had to bring the ship in for a dead - stick landing. First time it had ever been done in an F - 20. During my approach, I dropped below glide path and was forced to bounce my wheels off a passing truck on the airfield perimeter in order to clear the boundary fence. No problem thereafter, just greased her down at 170 knots.....

SOME STATS ON THE F - 20:

rate of climb: 530 kts
thrust: 16000 pounds(in afterburner)
ceiling: classified(I got up to 104000 ft, but it's goddamned slippery up here)
roll rate: limited to 500 degrees per sec. by computer
top speed: around Mach 2(the exact figure is classified)
rated for 9 g's of cts. maneuvering at low altitude
control system: electronic 'fly by wire' plus HUD display.

P.S. I've been invited back since to fly the SR - 71. You know, that thin black jet that cruises on the edge of space, 20 miles up, at Mach 4 plus speeds.....

STOP PRESS _ _ _ _ _

FAMED AUGC INSTRUCTOR IN COURT

CRIMINAL CHARGES LAID.....FOUND GUILTY.

(WILL NOT APPEAL)

Caught driving without licence

TIMOTHY, 24, was driving a car along Market St. City, about 9.15 am one day.

Nothing strange about that, but police decided to stop him.

The problem was Timothy did not have a driving licence.

The magistrate, Mr Graham Carter, heard the story in Adelaide Magistrates Court.

Timothy told the magistrate he was trying to help out his mate who was in hospital by looking after his car.

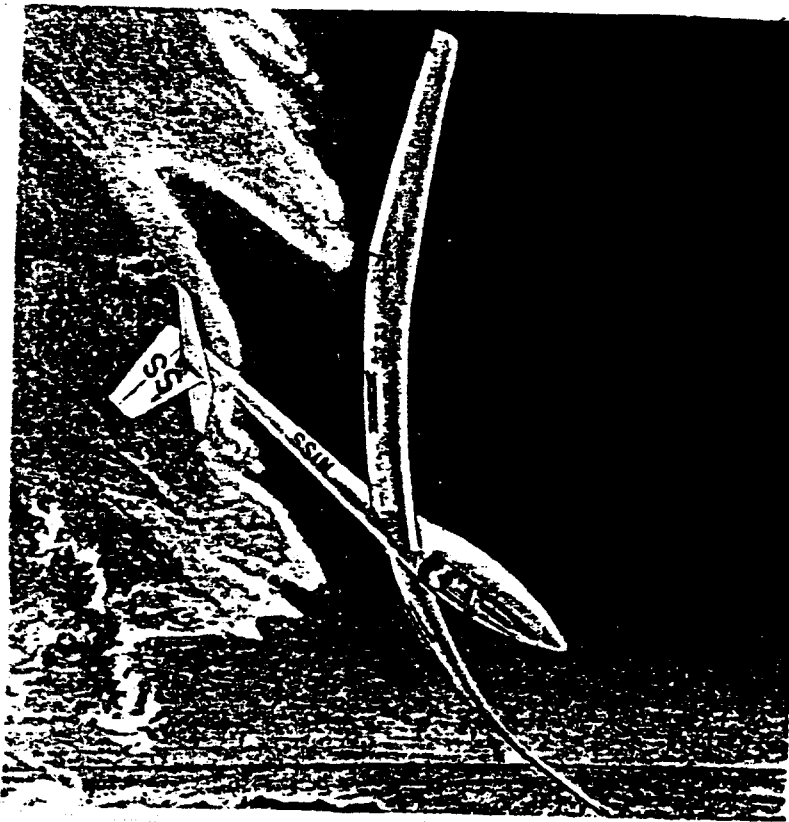
He said he was also looking after some cogs but did not elaborate on that.

His solicitor, Miss Loretta Coroneca, told the magistrate that Timothy had been in SA for about four months after arriving from the Northern Territory.

When Timothy was caught by police he was on his way to return the car to his friend in hospital.

Mr Carter fined Timothy \$40.

—JIM KEENAHAN



The afore-mentioned instructor was later seen attempting to snap the wings off a 100,000 dol super-ship, via an outside loop.

(Intense frustration is believed to be the reason for this.)

(Drawing at left done by commercial artist, after eyewitness acco by the Unknown Pilot.)

One Fine Day at the Gawler Easter Regatta

Tim Pari

On Monday morning of the Easter weekend, Dick Temple, Andrew McGrath and myself arrived at Gawler to fly in the last day of the Gawler Easter Regatta. Amongst the masses of fibreglass mean machines in the tie-down area was our own, somewhat conspicuous, Bergfalke and the Phoebus. While waiting for briefing time to arrive, Dick and I busied ourselves with some of the usual pre-competition chores such as the OT, washing the aircraft, reading cameras etc., and a couple of more unusual ones, such as jacking up the fuselage to remove and pump up the mainwheel! At 11.00am we walked into the briefing room (in the nearby Trotting Club premises) and heard the details of the expected weather and the tasks. Weather-wise, there was hope of reasonable conditions (moderate lift to 3000-3500ft.) over a fairly short soaring day - this turned out to be true. The task finally selected for Sports and Two-seater Class (that's us) was a 117km. triangle: Gawler - Rhynie - Greenock - Gawler.

After briefing, it was some time before the tugs started launching the competition gliders lined up on the runway. In the meantime, things didn't look too promising, with a 'sniffer' glider or two struggling to stay up. However, the lift suddenly started to improve, and the tugs commenced to make short work of depositing the long line of gliders in several nearby thermals. As our turn to launch drew near, Dick and I made ourselves comfortable with a different-from-usual arrangement of cushions since we were wearing parachutes - these are mandatory in competitions. While waiting for the launch, we decide that (initially, at least) Dick would navigate and take turn-point photographs, and I would concentrate on accurate flying.

The aero-tow launch was uneventful, (although I hadn't flown one since the last assistant instructors course!) and we joined a gaggle of six other gliders. After some confusion over the exact location of the start gate (!), we eventually crossed it at around 2.30pm and heard "Good start, Zulu Mike!" over the CB. Almost immediately, we pulled up into good lift, and climbed a further 1000ft. or so - I had a sneaking suspicion that this was not the done thing, so close to the start gate, and Andrew confirmed this later. From there on, we chased small gaggles of gliders that had left before us, arriving below them, but not lower than 2000ft. However, we lingered too long in our thermals (inexperienced! so eventually it was quite lonely - out of sight of Gawler and Rhynie, and not a glider to be seen anywhere! Meanwhile, Dick was doing a magnificent job of navigation, plotting our progress past every bend in every dirt creek. At one stage, we were down to just over 1000ft. above ground, but we managed to hang on and eventually start climbing well again. As we approached Rhynie, with plenty of height in hand, Dick noticed that it was getting late in the afternoon and conditions must start to fade soon. He was right. Just after rounding Rhynie we took our last respectable thermal of the day. Soon after, we caught up with a Twin Astir which seemed to be working rather poor lift. Not being impressed with gaining a few meagre feet while being drifted back by the light headwind, I decided to press on to find something just a little better. However, it was soon obvious that nothing better was to be found, as we descended lower and lower, and the patchy lift we flew through became weaker and weaker. Eventually, with a few likely looking paddocks picked out, we struggled to gain a little height around 1100ft. After losing 100ft. instead, we chose to creep along on track, stretching our glide through patches of zero sink, and ready to join circuit into one of the many landable paddocks below. Finally, we set up circuit into a medium sized square paddock of stubble and skimmed over the fence to end our valiant attempt.

This was Dick Temple's second competition flight, and my first. The main thing I learnt from this experience was that the only real way to learn about preparing for and flying in competition (or any cross country flying) is to keep your eyes and ears open, and have a go. Book knowledge did not help me as much as I thought it would. So, when you're ready for it, try cross country flying - its good fun and its what gliding is all about.

The Back Page



RESULTS OF THE CAPTION CONTEST

Due to the apathetic response to the Caption Contest, I can print entire list of entries in this tiny space here. They were:

Gill: How was my circuit, Reddy?

Reimond: Dunno, I couldn't see a thing. (The Unknown Pilot)

Hill: Did the earth move for you Reddy?

Gill: Oh. I think I sat on the stick.

CFI: That wasn't the stick.... (Paul Clarke)

I think everyone will agree that the outright winner is Paul with the third caption. He will now have to hassle our treasurer to extract the prize (3 free launches) from him. Happy hassling!