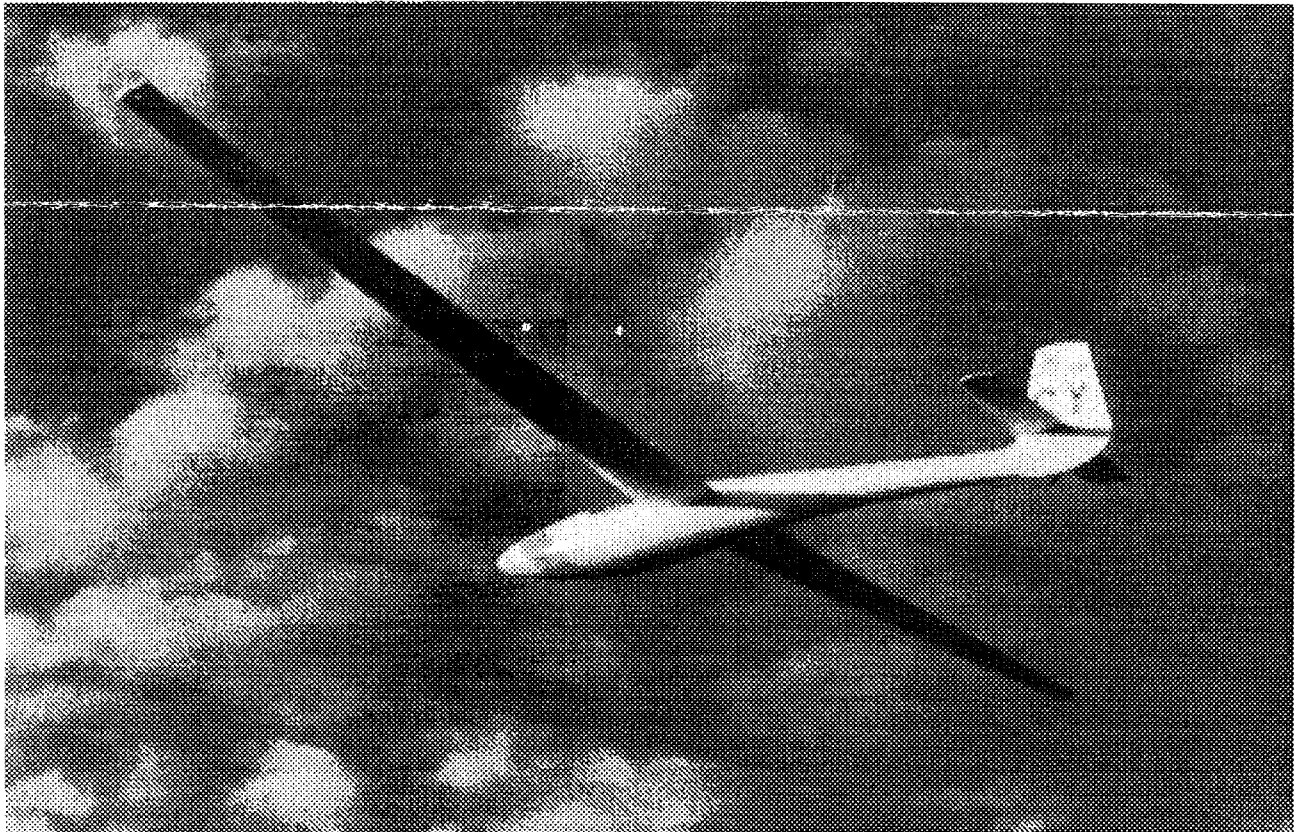


Uni Gliding

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Lost

The above glider (VH-GCY), once believed to have been resident at the club's airfield .
Substantial reward offered: (Contact Mr. R. Quinn)

Actually it's not lost but, it has indeed been absent from the airfield for quite some time now. This Libelle is currently down at West Beach requiring some further work to complete it's 3000hr'ly inspection. It has also been joined by the Super Arrow. This means that there are lots of interesting aircraft bits to look at and to play with. *Please please* we need help with them to get them back up into the skies. To let us know when you can help, please call:

REDMOND QUINN Tel:# 218 5530 (wk.) or 344 5331(hm.)

Editorial

If you were wondering what happened to your August issue, don't worry there wasn't one. I claim that I was too busy (that's my story and I'm sticking to it).

The delay means that your account details as shown on the front mailing address should be taken with a pinch of salt, as they probably date back to early July sometime. Now with that caveat lets get on to some more important details.

Marytn Roberts, Editor.

Flying Camp:

Yes it's that time again, a break from University lectures. If there is enough demand (i.e. do you want one) a flying camp will be held. Unfortunately we can really only hold one weeks worth of flying so you takes your choice and call Stephen, best on Thursday evenings after 8:00 pm(Tel:# 352 5137) and tell him of your preference. The break is over the period September 18th to October 4th.

Jurassic Park on September 14th.

This one is going to be crowded, so the idea is to call Stephen on the evening of Thursday 9th and let him know if you can come along, so that he can get a booking in.

Meetings

Executive meeting:

September 15th:

To be held at Stephen Were's residence at 148 Sherriff Court, Underdale at 7:30 pm.

General meetings:

October 6th:

To be held in the Jerry Portus room at 7:30 pm. This talk will be given by Mike Hancy on how to get hold of that meteorological information and what does it mean. Mike Hancy is a meteorologist with a history of forecasting at gliding regattas. (He's been the Met man at a couple of regattas that I've been to, and I found him to be very knowledgab! ... Ed.). This is very much a must go meeting.

November:

There will be no meeting due to the exam commitments of most members.

December 1st:

Yes there will be a December meeting, on the 1st at 7:30 pm. It will not be held at Adelaide University. It will be held at the Gliding Club's inspection shed at West Beach (you don't know where that is:- shame on you). The club has a shed at the Universities playing grounds at 1 Foreman St. West Beach. This meeting will be a little different from a sit down and listen type, as there will be all sorts of glider goodies to nose around into. The emphasis will be on aircraft structures and you will be able to see how the manufacturers did it in real life.

Presidential spiel

Spring is here! (Where did the winter go?) and we now approach the time of year when we not only get the occasional ridge flight, but we get the occasional thermal flight as well. So now is a good time to go gliding and to relax before the tensions of end of year exams.

Over the last couple of months Cathy Lill has gone solo, Doug Shields is now Arrow-worthy (ie Arrow converted) and Gavin, Scott and Jeff have all achieved passenger ratings. Congratulations to everybody (and appologies to anyone I've missed, but this is all that could be remembered at short notice).



However, despite the warnings in previous newsletters etc, the dirt road has claimed yet another vehicle recently. The car was returning from the pub when it was rolled on one of the corners. The main cause appears to have been the lack of driving margin, and with 4 other people with him, there was the potential for a major tragedy within the club. When you are driving on the dirt road take it easy, speed will increase the chances of an accident and increase the amount of damage when one occurs. Untangling the remains of people from the wreckage of their cars is an extremely unpleasant and messy job, and it is one I do not wish to have to do. **SLOW DOWN!**



Further bad news is that I have been posted to Melbourne, with effect from 11 January 94. Although I am trying to change this, it is more than likely that I will be departing during the first week of the new year. Although I eventually hope to return to Adelaide it will not be within the next 2-3 years, and even then there are no guarantees.

However, the club will be organising a flying camp during the next block of holidays. Ring Stephen to register your interest and get the details. Also there is plenty of work to be done at West Beach: the Libelle needs to be finished and work on the Super Arrow and it's trailer have only just begun. Gliding is not just flying, but includes looking after the aircraft as well. Ring Stephen for details on when we are working and come on down to help. Even if you don't know what to do... we can show you how!

May all your thermals be 10 knots
Anthony Smith

THE GRAMPIANS REPORT

(otherwise known as the 'Tail of two tires')

Much fun was had by all who attended the Grampians trip, from the 12 to 14th June. Twenty two people from the AUGC braved the roads and the weather to fly at the Grampians Soaring Clubs annual ridge and wave camp.

It all started when Gawler (ASC) decided that it would be nice to have a change of company for their annual Flinders Ranges trip. Gary Hollands (the new state champion!) liased with the Grampians Soaring Club about the possibility of us attending their camp instead after reading an article in Aust Gliding (Yes someone does read the articles and not just look at the pictures!) describing the wonderful conditions last year. They said yes. Little were they to know....

The weeks before were ones of frantic activity: readying the 'Blue House' and other trailers, readying various aircraft, and attempting to work out who was definately going and (most importantly) in whose car. I, der Fuerher (Seig Heil!), had negotiated the loan of a K-7 two seater from the Wimmera Soaring Club (Horsham) and was due to pick it up at 9:30 pm Friday night. However on Thursday night I discovered I was towing TJ (the Super Arrow) with two bimbos as passengers (Sonya and Justine...(I'm only joking about the bimbo bit)...(OUCH! Look I'm sorry I'll delete it)...(Let go of me! I promise to never to do it again)), which lead to some last minute arrangements.

Friday involved picking up Sonya, TJ, and Justine (in that order)(I don't think that he picked up Justine in that order at all... Ed) and we departed Flinders Uni at 3:30 pm in wet conditions made worse with a strong, gusty south westerly. Early going was slow, the strong, gusty cross winds pushing the trailer around restricted our speed to eighty kph which looked like making a long night. However, after sunset the winds eased and we gradually increased speed up to one hundred kph which promised to get us to Pomonal before 11:00 pm. Then the first of many of Murphy's Laws regarding trailers appeared: the tread on the left wheel on TJ's trailer decided now would be a good time to depart from the rest of the tyre (the Tuesday after returning to Adelaide I took the stripped wheel to a garage to get it changed, where it promptly blew while I was waiting). Having pulled over and discovered this we also discovered TJ didn't have a spare. The car spare looked like it would just fit however we couldn't find anything to undo the wheel nuts with! The night suddenly looked like being extremely long with the only consolation being that Peter Temple, Steve Were and Andrew McGrath with OK were somewhere behind us. A friendly local helped us with a socket, driver and hammer and we forced the car spare to fit.

Unbeknownst to us at the time, Redmond and crew with ZM in the 'Blue House' had been pulled over by the police! Twice! by the same copper! and had been given the third degree, including a weigh of the trailer, and a stern lecture on what exactly was wrong with the 'Blue House'!

After getting underway again Justine, Sonya, TJ and myself found that driving without the stripped tyre was infinitely better and set about making up for lost time. Imagine our surprise when from out of the dark loomed the 'Blue House' with Redmond and crew gathered around beside the road. After pulling over and an unsuccessful reversing attempt, we discovered the two seater trailer had blown the left hand tyre and pushed the axle across so that one side had 3 mm clearance and the other 80mm. They too, had found that their trailer didn't have a spare (We did so to have a spare... Ed) and they couldn't find much to undo the wheel nuts with either!

This is where myself and the girls met Karsten, our pet German exchange student, for the first time. He had arrived at Flinders Uni that morning direct from Germany (it is his first time in Australia) as a post-grad student. He had been conned into coming along for the ride by Andrew McGrath. There he was, had not even been in Australia 24 hours, standing beside a road, in the middle of the night, in the middle of nowhere, looking at a burst tyre with a group of now suspiciously loony strangers.

After putting on Redmond's spare and removing an offending mudguard we again got underway. The 'Blue House' team leading with their trailer fishtailing alarmingly across the road and team TJ in hot pursuit to pick up any pieces. Averaging eighty five kph, the night again had that very long look about it. Cars weren't having too much problem getting past both trailers, but trucks were. After a while we had a decent sized collection of assorted trucks, buses and cars strung out behind us, until we pulled over to let them past. Concerns rose again when a police car pulled in behind team TJ, passed us and pulled up behind the 'Blue House' mob. Redmond by this time was hoping for third time lucky, and actually got away without being pulled over.

We arrived without further incident at Bastin Park scout camp at about 12:30 am without further mishap (except a wrong turn at Horsham). OK and crew were not far behind us and arrived soon after.

The next morning was cold (it was snowing in the hills), wet and windy. After a late start we drove down the road to the airfield. Team TJ and Karsten, deposited the Super-Arrow and took off back to Horsham to pick-up the K-7 promising to be back soon. We arrived at the Wimmera Soaring Club and found the aircraft already in its trailer. Everything appeared good, except Murphy reappeared when the brake lights on the trailer worked, but not the indicators. Having decided that this wasn't a major problem we hooked up the car and carefully drove off and promptly dropped one wheel of the trailer into a drainage ditch. After carefully dragging the trailer across on its bum (with some help from the Horsham guys) we staggered into Horsham for fuel and supplies of food and, more importantly, port. Meanwhile Sonya (the explain-a-holic) had been explaining everything and anything in sight to Karsten all day and she kept up a running commentary for him non-stop. On the way back to Pomonal we came across another glider trailer beside the road. It was the Horsham guys (the same ones who had helped us) and they had done something even more spectacular than the 'Blue House'. It was a tandem wheel trailer and the front wheel on the right hand side had departed company with the rest of the trailer and taken half the front axle with it. It had become temporarily lodged under the rear wheel set, causing the car to slow from eighty to forty kph very quickly. (Murphy was a real bastard to these guys) Having a look at the other side they discovered that the rear left wheel was secured on by rope! They eventually limped back to Horsham after tying up the dangling spring with fencing wire.

Upon our arrival back at Pomonal (slightly late) we found that every one else (except Terry and Lynn Gould) had written off the day and gone off to find the snow. We decided that it would be a good time to show Karsten some of the native wildlife, and headed off with the Goulds for Zumsteins (a park full of roos etc), and returned that evening

via various lookouts and waterfalls in the hills.

That night we found out that Redmond had been into Stawell to get the 'Blue House' tyre replaced and had neglected to take in the stripped tyre from TJ's trailer (Yes! CFI's can be bastards too!). However after a BBQ tea we got down to the serious business of port drinking and game playing. One particular game involved a credit card being passed from person to person, via the process of holding the card on your lips by sucking air in. See the incriminating photos taken by myself on the night (the negatives are for sale for the right price!) for a better understanding. Classic moments included David Conway dropping the credit card at the last moment and trying to stick his tongue into Agata's mouth.

The next days weather proved flyable. The Bergfalke was rigged first, followed by the K-7 (with the assistance of the Grampian Soaring Club). However we then found that the maintenance release was not with the aircraft but back at Horsham. Very annoyed, I embarked on a warp factor 9.5 return trip to Horsham, narrowly avoiding speeding fines at two police speed traps by accident, and back. By this time people were flying the far side of the ridge and looked like they were enjoying it. The K-7 was DI'd and managed 4 flights before the sun set.

However it was discovered that TJ's trailer leaked and the fuselage was full of water. This is very bad for a Schnider glider as the glue used to stick the wood together is based on an animal protein (milk) which goes mouldy when wet, causing the glue and hence the aircraft to fall apart. This required the excess water to be drained that night, which led to the fuselage adopting several unusual attitudes, including being stood on its nose. See the photos taken by myself and others for a better understanding.



Monday dawned with most people getting up early to maximise the days flying before the return trip to Adelaide. All the aircraft were rigged early, much to the complaints of the assorted people who enjoy sleeping in on cold mornings. TJ, which had had Redmonds warm air blower, stuck down its tail all night to dry out any remaining water, was rigged for the first time that weekend. This is when the 'Fluffy, white mice theory' was born. The mice living in TJ had been washed by the water in the fuselage and were now clean ie 'white mice'. They had been blow dried all night so they were now 'fluffy, white mice'. Because the mice had gnawed on the polystyrene foam there were foam balls everywhere, and everyone knows that fluffy, furry things generate static. Therefore if a fluffy, white, mouse covered with polystyrene fell from the sky, TJ was

overhead. Murphy struck back when Agata borrowed the Redmond-mobile to go bush walking and she disappeared along with the parachute and battery for TJ. Believe it or not TJ did actually fly later on in the day.

The Bergfalke was the first aircraft to be de-rigged sometime mid afternoon. This was so that the 'Blue House' mob could get going in daylight. Close on its heels was the K-7 which was towed back to Horsham by Terry and Lynne Gould. Sonya decided to have a go at some solo flying in TJ and practiced cable breaks. Jackie, Scot and Justine went to Halls Gap to go horse riding and I raced off to the other end of the strip for some last minute welding to TJ's trailer.

After derigging the Super Arrow, team TJ raced off, making good time (with the exception of a pit stop or two for the girls). We arrived at West Beach at 11:30pm and were surprised to see the 'Blue House' mob (who had left a couple of hours before us) pull in after us. Yes! You guessed it! They had blown the other tyre on the trailer on the return journey! Meanwhile Scot and Jackie had broken down at Coonalpyn (the ever observant team TJ had driven straight past the servo without seeing them) and OK and crew had stopped to rescue them. Scot was later heard mumbling something about putting batteries in backwards and lights not working afterwards but the details aren't clear. The OK crew pushed on (after offering Jackie a lift(nice try guys!) but she refused, preferring to stay with Bat Scottersby) leaving Jackie and Scott to return at 11:30 the next day.

Lessons to be learn't from this trip include:

1. Always inspect a trailer before taking it anywhere (especially for a spare tyre and wheel nut removing tool), and
2. Don't play 'Pass the credit card' with David Conway.

Anthony Smith, El Presidente.

Parties:

Sonya's going away party.

(Oh no! we're losing her.)

September the 10th, 7:30 pm.

323 Henley Beach Rd.

RSVP 295 7169

B.Y.O. the lot.

A Housewarming party.

(do we bring port to sip around the coals after)

September the 17th, 8:00 pm.

99 Marian Rd. Firlie.

A make Gavin & Gary feel at home party.

Also a B.Y.O.

