

# WARM AIR 10 Aug 13

## Aviation Sports Club Gliding Newsletter

<b>THIS WEEKEND:</b>	Club Cellphone 021 745 433	<a href="http://www.ascgliding.org">www.ascgliding.org</a>
Saturday.	Instructing: Rex Carswell	Bank Acct 38-9014-0625483-000
	Towing: Peter Thorpe	
	Duty Pilot: Genny Healey	
Sunday.	Instructing: David Todd	
	Towing: Derry Belcher	
	Duty Pilot: Ben Hocking	

### MEMBERS NEWS

**SATURDAY** *Instructor Peter Coveney does the honors:*

As usual I checked the forecast the day before and it looked really bad but Craig Rook texted back that it had changed to show an improvement. TV and radio forecast reckoned we would get a morning without rain but a weather warning was in place for the afternoon. Consequently I didn't think a long day was on the cards but they really got it wrong and in the end we flew til 4pm.

When I arrived with the key and the Base Ops radio I was surprised to see the towplane minus its top cowl and MW minus both canopies. Apparently the plan was that Gary would be bringing the needed parts in later in the morning so after opening up there was very little to do but wait. I had brought some soup so it was great to be able to heat that in the microwave. Would need a long extension cord though once we were set up on 08.

Well we did actually do some flying once Gary had managed to fit the canopies with the new seals. Once they bed in he assures us that they will go one much easier and I can attest the cockpit is very quiet with the seals working.

I had a BFR to do with Dave Foxcroft so after briefing for a 3000 ft tow I pulled the release at 400 ft and let Dave do the rest. No worries there so it was then a tow to 3000 boxing it on the way up. A spin and some steep turns and then stalling with the brakes out. Unfortunately for Dave the brakes would not go back in and stayed fully deployed. Dave carried out a nice return to terra firma. A tick in the box for Dave and he is now legal to fly for another two years.

A young couple turned up for some trial flights and both thoroughly enjoyed the experience. Both got a lot of time on the controls so you never know they may come back for more.

Dave Grey had a solo after a check flight and Tony Prentice got another B Cert part signed off with a rapid descent back to base with jammed open air brakes - might need to get Derry to check MW's air brakes for stickiness.

KP was again being flown by Steve Foreman with the longest flight being one of two flights. Steve and Dave were the only other pilots to fly PIC. Nice to see Steve has invested in a smart new(ish) car to tow KP with (3.8 litre Holden Commodore Wagon).

By 3pm the day had gotten rather cloudy and a few spits of rain put a dampener on things so we packed up and closed the gate at 4pm.

**SUNDAY** *Towie Graham Lake explains all.*

Despite a forecast of rain all day it was soon clear the weather folks had guessed wrong again. A highish cloud, little wind and the fog clearing soon suggested the skies might well clear too. And so they did. An

early start for our youth glide got the towie, and instructors Ivor Woodfield and Ray Burns turning out early



ready for the assembled multitudes. Make that just one, Matthew Pawley and his dad, Lance. A more leisurely start getting MW and MP out of the hangar together with the towplane saw a amble though the Dailies and assembly on 26. The tower came on just as we called Base Ops for clearance to go out to set up, there was a C130 arrival around 1230ish and they had a trainee controller. No problem at all. Roy Whitby, Tony Prentice, Jonathan Pote and Neville Swan came out to help with youth glide. Roy became even more welcome when he produced a box of muffins, very nice thank you.

Matt took a couple of flights in MW to progress along his training. Clearing skies and the appearance of clouds that suggested there might be lift was enough to tempt Roy Whitby up in MP for a slice over an hour before being called back by the club capitaine who was too idle to bother rigging his glider. Ray Burns proceeded to rack up the longest flight but discounts for not bothering with minor details such as a clearance from the duty instructor and a flat battery requiring those on the ground to make his radio calls saw his flight relegated to a sled ride.....and the shortest of the day.

Two of Graham's friends came out and both took flights, first up Lynn Bingham enjoyed the fruits of the lift while husband Ali caught the short straw and a dying sky to get a somewhat shorter flight. Both enjoyed the experience. Tony Prentice and Gary Patten both gave our PeeWee, VF, a flight each.

Eight flights for a long day and we got in a refreshing sherbet before heading home. Where were the rest of our youth glide folks?

*Instructor Ivor Woodfield takes over the crayon.*

Sunday was forecast to be wet, and I had something to attend to first thing, so Ray kindly offered to open up and let me know how things looked. It was indeed raining at 7 when I first checked, and Ray later let me know that only one person had arrived, so it looked like being a quiet day. By the time I arrived sometime after 9 things were looking quite active. The tow plane and twin were out and the tractors were also being DId. Towie Graham Lake, Tony Prentice, Jonathan Pote and Neville Swan had arrived to join Matt Pawley, the one Youth Glide member, and his Dad, Lance, and Matt was keen to go flying.



The weather was still not looking particularly good, so Jonathan took advantage of the time to really sort out the best way to sort Matt out so he met the weight limit and could reach all the controls, while still being

comfortable and secure. Between them they did a good job, and by the time we had opened up the air spaces and moved everything out into position he was well sorted.

We managed our first launch by 10.45, with Matt demonstrating some good balanced flying despite it being the first time he had used the rudders. The weather was starting to look more promising and Matt and I went back up for another go, this time releasing higher up and managing to work through a few more exercises, including some thermalling. Seeing this Roy came up to join us and managed to get the first flight of the day lasting over an hour.

By the time I landed two colleagues of Graham had turned up, both keen to try out some gliding. First up was Lynn, and we were able to hook into a good looking street and head up north towards Albany so she could



check out her home district from the air. We then flew around the area and ended up out towards Kumeu, with Lynn taking the opportunity to feel what it was like to control a glider. She understood the principles well and asked some good questions before we came back down after over half an hour in the air and waited for the one military movement of the day, as a result of which the tower had been on all morning. Once that was done, Tony, Ray and Gary took the opportunity to air

one or other of the singles, while I took up the other of Graham's colleagues, Alistair. As we were preparing for take off I learned that he could potentially be air sick as he was not generally a good traveller. However, while the weather had by now cycled round and the lift was extremely hard to come by, we ended up having an enjoyable 30 min flight scratching around, with Alistair seemingly having a good time throughout.

Altogether 8 good flights, with Ray getting the longest flight of the day at 80 mins, albeit with quite a flat battery for the last part of it. We were all back on the ground by 3pm, and after packing things away we all joined in with a good chat session over a beer, after which everything was locked up and returned and everyone gone before 4.

### **QGP GROUND COURSES** *Jonathan Pote has this year's QGP ground courses organised*

The next QGP lecture will be on Tuesday 13th August when Steve Wallace will be talking about meteorology. Try to be Whenuapai main gate by 6:45. There were eighteen at this week's lecture, a pretty full room, for Andy and Peter's presentation on 'Tech', aerodynamics and structures.

#### **Program**

13th August	Meteorology	Steve
20th August	Air Law	Peter
27th August	Exams	Peter
3rd September	RTF	Ray

Do not trust this schedule after this week; check in the then current 'Warm Air'!

## BIG THANKS TO OUR ENGINEERS

You will all know that Derry Belcher and Gary Patten have been working hard to restore MW to flight after the rear canopy failed. You may think that replacing the canopy Plexiglas is not such a big job but in fact it is very man hour intensive and our two engineers have put in a lot of time, including night work to get us flying again. The rear canopy took 68 man hours and while the fuselage was in the workshop they took the opportunity to realign the front canopy to remove the lip at the front edge. That took another 24 man hours. Restoring the paint finish takes time for preparation and drying so there have been trips back to the workshop during the week for the canopies so that flying could continue during the weekends. Word on the street suggests Gary got it finished at 2200 on Friday night. If the glider was not quite ready to fly first thing on a Saturday morning, that is the reason why. Many thanks to Derry and Gary for giving their time, skills and efforts on our behalf. Very well done guys and thanks.

## CHRISTMAS CAMP

The Matamata Soaring Centre is proposing a big multiclub camp at Matamata over the post Christmas period, 26 December to Friday 10 January. This period also coincides with the Multiclass Nationals so offers exposure to competition flying as well as the chance to fly in someone else's playground. The club intends to go for a fair bit of this period as seeks expressions of interest on who will attend some or all. For those who have not been before Matamata airfield has a largish camping ground together with a number of cabins and good communal facilities. Please email Ray Burns with your indication of attendance.

**HOW THE O-2'S REALLY GOT TO VIET NAM:** *Got sent this little article written by Richard Wood from Bellingham, WA, USA*

*Ah, the good ol' mixmaster. After they got to Viet Nam, they loaded them up with so many radios, rockets, etc., they couldn't maintain altitude if they lost the rear engine. Lose a rear engine to ground fire?...the front engine will take you to the crash site!*

*Now here is a tale I did not know. With idiots like this running things, it's a wonder anything went right in SE Asia! If you have not seen this before, it is interesting reading.*

It's 1967 or maybe early 1968, I forget, and the Air Force has bought a mess of Cessna Super Skymasters



and called them O-2s. The Cessna factory at Wichita, Kansas is pumping them out at a pretty good clip and your problem is to figure out how to get them to Vietnam where they are needed. Your choices are: 1. Fly them to the West coast and turn them over to the Army for transport by cargo ship. 2. Take the wings off

them and stuff them three at a time into the belly of C-124s and fly them over. 3. Fly them over under their own power with no C-124 attached. Question: Which method was used? Right!

Every single one of those puppies was hand-flown across the Big Pond to Vietnam. That sounds like it might have been a Mickey Mouse operation. Believe me, it wasn't that good.

Air Force Systems Command (AFSC) was running that show and their knowledge stopped somewhat short of knowing anything about ferrying airplanes. The Air Force had a perfectly good organization called the 44th Aircraft Delivery Group which operated worldwide and managed the ferrying of all aircraft; except the O-2s. AFSC contracted with some outfit in San Francisco to deliver the planes to Saigon. The contractor hired a bunch of civilian pilots who couldn't find honest work elsewhere. Since the O-2s were technically "public" aircraft (as opposed to civil or military aircraft) no pilot's license was necessary to fly one, and I'm not sure that all of the pilots had licenses. Some of them were pretty good, but the rest of them were the most god-awful collection of unqualified scruffy-looking alcoholics you ever saw. The dregs of the flying profession.

The deal worked like this. The pilots were given a plane ticket to Wichita, where they got a quickie checkout in the O-2 if they needed one. Then they launched in bunches of four and headed for Hamilton AFB on the west coast of California. Enroute, they were instructed to carefully monitor and record their oil consumption, which, of course, they did not do. That type of pilot does not monitor and record oil consumption.

At Hamilton, the Air Force removed all the seats except the left front one. The seats were shipped to Vietnam by air, which is what should have happened to the rest of the plane, too. Extra fuel tanks were installed in the vacant floor space followed by the pilot himself. He had to crawl over the co-pilot tank to get to the left seat. Next, they installed an oil tank on top of the co-pilot tank followed by a small emergency HF radio on top of that. Now, the pilot was truly locked in. To get out, he could either wait for someone to remove the radio and oil tank or crawl out the emergency escape window on the left side. Takeoff must have been something to watch. With all that fuel, the planes were way over max gross weight. They had no single engine capability at all for about the first five hours of flight. If either engine hiccupped, the pilot went swimming. The route was Hawaii (Hickam), Midway, Wake Island, Guam (Anderson), Philippines (Clark) and Saigon (Tan Son Nhut.) The Hamilton-Hickam leg was by far the longest; nominally about thirteen hours. The O-2s were carrying fuel for about fourteen and a half hours of flight. Navigation was strictly dead reckoning. The pilots took up a heading based on wind calculations and flew out their ETA hoping to be lost within range of a Hawaiian radio station.

They had no long range navigation equipment. The fuel tanks were disposable and were dropped off as they were no longer needed. The fuel pumps were not disposable and the pilots were instructed to bring them back along with their dirty underwear and the HF radio. The trip was supposed to take about a week and each pilot carried an airline ticket from Saigon to Wichita to go back and pick up another plane. For this, the pilots were paid \$800 per trip with the flight leader getting \$1,000. They planned on averaging three trips a month and getting rich doing it. How come I know so much about this? Well, I was the Director of Safety at Hickam AFB and every single one of over 300 O-2s passed through my domain and created almost constant headaches. Before this all started, I had no idea what an O-2 even looked like much less any knowledge of the overall ferrying scheme. The trouble started with the very first flight and began with the extra oil tank. The reason for determining oil consumption on the Wichita-Hamilton leg was to know how much oil to add during the really long legs. There were no oil quantity gages. Shortly after takeoff from Hamilton, boredom set in and the pilots would give the oil tank wobble pump a jab or two and squirt some more oil into the engines. The O-2 didn't need that much oil. All this did was overservice the engines which resulted in fluctuating oil pressure. The pilots didn't like that at all, so they added more oil which led to more pressure fluctuation. Meanwhile, they were totally lost and not getting much closer to Hawaii.

Time for the old MAYDAY call on the HF radio. When that call came in, the Coast Guard in Hawaii was running a very interesting seminar on sea rescue in downtown Honolulu. I was attending which is how I found out that we had an O-2 problem. The Coast Guard shut down the seminar and launched their C-130 and a pair of cutters to find the O-2s; which they did. They herded them to the nearest runway which happened to be the Marine Corps Air Station at Kaneohe on the Northeast side of Oahu. I drove over the mountains to Kaneohe

to find out what the hell this was all about. That's when I saw my first O-2; actually my first four O-2s. Aside from being ugly, they were all soaked with oil overflowing from both engines and they didn't have ten gallons of gas among them. One had flamed out taxiing in from landing. They had been airborne for 14 hours and 45 minutes.

The Coast Guard was really pissed when they learned the full story and was making noises about sending someone a bill for the rescue effort. I must say, I agreed with them. That silliness continued for three or four weeks with every single flight of O-2s getting into some sort of trouble. At Hickam, the O-2 pilots were fairly easy to find. Most of the time they were draped over the bar at the O-Club; a situation which was attracting the attention of the Officers Wives Club; always a dangerous thing to do. I went to PACAF Headquarters and told them what was going on and they were absolutely appalled. Civilian misfits ferrying Air Force airplanes across the Pacific to a combat zone? No way! Between us, we began firing off messages to get this idiocy stopped.

AFSC couldn't understand what the problem was and probably still doesn't. Hamilton AFB was taking a lot of heat for participating and allowing them to launch at all. I was agitating about the stupidity of this through all the safety channels. I think I may have mentioned that when the inevitable accident occurred, they better hope it was out of my area. If I had to investigate it, they were definitely not going to like the report. I was prepared to write most of the report right then before the accident even happened. AFSC backed down and agreed to let the 44th Aircraft Delivery Group run the operation. The 44th wasn't too happy about that because the civilian pilots didn't seem to take instructions very well. Nevertheless, that brought some organization to the festivities which included things like mission planning, briefings, weather analysis, flight following and escort. The O-2s weren't allowed to fly unless accompanied by a C-47 or C-7 Caribou who could fly at their speed and handle the navigation. That wasn't much of a problem as there were two or three of those planes being ferried each week to Vietnam. That procedure eliminated most of my problems and things settled down to a routine. The delivery rate to Vietnam was slowed somewhat, but I think more total planes actually got there because of it.

During the entire process, only two planes were lost. One ditched due to engine failure on the Wake-Guam leg. The pilot managed to get out of the plane and bobbed around in his life jacket until picked up by a Japanese cargo ship. The other crashed in the Philippines killing the pilot. I never knew the circumstances. We had, of course, the occasional problem at Hickam. I remember one pilot who landed nose gear first and managed to snap the gear off completely and ding the front propeller. I went out to see what had happened and got a load of bull\*\*\*\* and a strong whiff of gin from the pilot. The plane (he claimed) was nose heavy on landing and the elevator trim was inoperative. He couldn't get the nose up. Furthermore, his transmitter was out and he couldn't tell anyone about his problems. I checked the plane and found the elevator trimmed full nose down, but the trim switch and trim tab worked just fine. Just to the left of the trim switch, I noticed that the microphone toggle switch was actually bent backwards. After several hours of martinis, the pilot was trying to trim using the mic switch. He trimmed the plane full nose down while trying to talk to the control tower on the trim switch. Case closed. None of these accidents consumed any of my time. I had learned another quirk in the AFSC way of doing business. Appearances aside, the aircraft were not Air Force aircraft and wouldn't be until they arrived in Saigon and were formally delivered and accepted. Since they weren't, technically, Air Force aircraft; they couldn't have an Air Force accident. The planes weren't registered as civil aircraft, so they couldn't have a civil accident either. They were in regulatory limbo and any accidents were non-events. Nobody cared. That suited me just fine. I had other things to do and I couldn't see how an investigation of stupidity would contribute anything to the Air Force safety program. Incidentally, how do you suppose they got the O-2s out of Vietnam and back to the United States? They took the wings off, stuffed them three at a time into the belly of C-124s and flew them back. AFSC was not involved which, I later learned, tended to improve almost any operation.

*WARM AIR*

**NEW ROSTER BELOW**

**DUTY ROSTER FOR AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER 2013**

Month	Date	Time	Duty Pilot	Instructor	Tow Pilot	Notes
<b>AUG</b>	3	am	D Grey	P Coveney	C Rook	-
	-	pm	-	-	-	-
	4	am	C Hall	I Woodfield	G Lake	Youth Glide-
	-	pm	-	-	-	-
	10	am	G Healey	R Carswell	P Thorpe	
		pm				
	11	am	B Hocking	D Todd	D Belcher	
		pm				
	17	am	A Mackay	L Page	R Carswell	
		pm				
	18	am	B Mawhinney	P Thorpe	D Belcher	5 Sqn ATC
		pm				
	24	am	E McPherson	S Wallace	G Lake	
		pm				
	25	am	I O'Keefe	R Burns	R Brookes	
		pm				
	31	am	T O'Rourke	P Coveney	C Rook	
		pm				
<b>SEP</b>	1	am	K Pillai	I Woodfield	R Carswell	Youth Glide
		pm				
	7	am	R Pitt	L Page	P Thorpe	
		pm				
	8	am	J Pote	R Carswell	D Belcher	
		pm				
	14	am	T Prentice	S Wallace	C Rook	
		pm				
	15	am	G Rosenfeldt	D Todd	R Brookes	
		pm				
	21	am	J Rosenfeldt	R Burns	G Lake	
		pm				
	22	am	R Struyck	P Thorpe	R Carswell	
		pm				
	28	am	R Thomson	P Coveney	P Thorpe	
		pm				
	29	am	M Belcher	I Woodfield	D Belcher	
		pm				
<b>OCT</b>	5	am	K Bhashyam	R Carswell	C Rook	
		pm				
	6	am	K Boyes	S Wallace	R Brookes	Youth Glide
		pm				
	12	am	S Foreman	R Burns	G Lake	
		pm				
	13	am	D Foxcroft	D Todd	R Carswell	
		pm				
	19	am	N Graves	P Coveney	P Thorpe	
		pm				
	20	am	D Grey	L Page	D Belcher	
		pm				
<b>LABOUR WEEKEND</b>	26	am	C Hall	P Thorpe	C Rook	
		pm				
	27	am	G Patten	R Carswell	R Brookes	
		pm				
	28	am	G Healey	I Woodfield	G Lake	
		pm				