

# WARM AIR 5 Jul 14

## Aviation Sports Club Gliding Newsletter

**THIS WEEKEND:** Club Cellphone 021 745 433 [www.ascgliding.org](http://www.ascgliding.org)

Saturday Instructing: Lionel Page Bank Acct 38-9014-0625483-000

Towing: Rex Carswell

Duty Pilot: Karl Bridges

Sunday. Instructing: Andy McKay

Towing: Peter Thorpe

Duty Pilot: Steve Foreman

### MEMBERS NEWS

**SATURDAY** *POV (Paragon of Virtue) Peter Coveney starts us off*

I will let Gary Patten do the write up for his Coast Run flight as I am sure he will have lots to say complete with pictures. *(He has but we will keep it and the photos for next week's WA)*

He had done a good job of watching the weather and had enlisted Roy Whitby to act as retrieve crew. Probably would have been a good idea to speak with Jamie Wagner rather than rely on the air force email system though as having someone to drive RDW would be a high priority item if you want to get away early. As it turned out the day was ideal with steady breeze all day and the usual showers consistent with most other successful coast days.

Gary had drawn the key and picked up the radio so we opened up the hangar at 9am and waited for Roy and Jamie before dragging out the towplane and MW which we picketed down. Tony Prentice and Neville Swan were also present to help

out. MP was prepped. I put in a fresh battery which showed 13.1 volts. (sadly this battery did not live up to expectations and dropped down to about 8 volts halfway through the flight). I have identified it so please don't use it again. Base Ops were contacted and Gary was ready to set off about 11.30ish. Roy accompanied Jamie in RDW as they flew in remarkably smooth conditions to the drop off point.



*Towie Jamie Wagner adds:*

Woke up Saturday morning expecting to get a call not

to come in due to the high winds and frequent showers about the place. A call did come, but not in the guise I was expecting. Rather it which was Gary advising he was going to have a crack at a coast run. Having not towed out to the coast before, I was now brimming full of excitement and anticipation as to what the morning would have in store. Arriving at the club, Gary pulled me aside for a thorough brief regarding how the tow would be carried out. In anticipation of a fairly bumpy flight out, Roy happily offered to act as ballast in the right hand seat of RDW, also carrying out navigation/photography duties. Once everyone was happy, the tow commenced.

As expected, conditions up to about 1500 feet were somewhat bumpy, but climbing beyond that, remarkably smooth conditions prevailed and an uneventful tow up to 2500 feet out to the Muriwai ensued. With plenty of warning of his intended release, Gary disconnected and was on his way. In order to get a couple of quick air-to-air shots, I executed a quick 360 degree turn and formatted back on Gary while Roy rattled off a few shots of his camera of GMP over the boisterous West Coast surf. Mission accomplished. It was then back to WP where Roy and I whiled away the hours shooting the breeze whilst plotting Gary's impressive progress down and up the West Coast via regular txt message updates. Not a great day for the logbook but a thoroughly interesting and enjoyable one at that.

**SUNDAY** *Another POV, Ivor Woodfield, gets first hack. Being an enlightened one, a Libelle owner, he really is a POV*



Following a Saturday suitable for coast flying, Sunday dawned calm and blue. Base Ops informed me that the wind was forecast to be very light and there were to be no military movements, so I collected the keys and radio and headed off to the field expecting some keen pilots. Not long after I had the hanger opened up Dave Foxcroft was at the gate looking to fly, and I had a text from Steve to say he was on the way. Before long others were arriving, including Tony Prentice, Neville Swan and towie Craig Rook. Gliders were hauled out and DI'd and following a quick call to base ops we were off to set up on 26.

By now a covering of fairly low looking cloud was building up, and while it was quite warm, very little sun was able to break through. Dave had a passenger flight booked for around midday, and while we waited for that, with no other takers, I took MW up for circuit. This allowed me to confirm that the air was very smooth and reasonably buoyant, and with zero headwind speed control on approach was going to have to be extra good. Soon Dave's passenger was ready to go, and while they were airborne we

had a local arrive looking for a trial flight. He had once been a regular power pilot, and was keen to check out gliding as a way to get back in the air. Despite being clear that there was very little chance of any thermals and hence the flight could be short, he was keen to fly, and once in the air seemed very impressed with the sport. We managed to stay aloft for 18 minutes with Bruce at the controls for much of the flight, and apart from noting the amount of rudder required to balance turns he seemed very comfortable throughout. On landing he took details of the club together with a membership form, and was sure he would be back soon to fill the temporary logbook he got at the end of the flight.

As the sun was by now starting to break through Tony took GVF up to hunt possible thermals, and Rochelle had arrived looking to get back into the air for the first time in a long while. Sadly her job manages to occupy

lots of her weekend time. We went up for a general refresher with Rochelle generally flying well. Sadly we found no lift so the flight was not long.

Steve's partner Aida was next up, keen to learn to fly and looking to become a glider pilot. Having had a previous glider flight in which she had been a passenger she was now enthusiastic to learn all she could. Following a thorough briefing we took to the air and shortly after release she was at the controls, trying to master the art of straight and level flight. She made some real progress, and asked lots of good questions. We even managed to catch some patches of lift. After over 20 mins of progress we were back on the ground, with Aida keen to do more.

Next up was Jonathan Pote who was wanting to test the conditions. Patches of blue were starting to appear, although the air was still very smooth, with very little evidence of any lift. None the less, with an impressive display of skill Jonathan not only remained around his release height but managed occasionally to climb. Looking around I was sure I could see better spots, and when after a while Jonathan kindly offered me a chance at the controls I accepted and set off to where I was sure I would be able to climb yet further. 5 minutes later, and 1000' feet lower I passed control back Jonathan who looked about briefly in a sky that was once again still, and then flew a good circuit and landing. Despite my efforts it turned out we had achieved the longest flight of the day, as well as having had a thoroughly enjoyable time.

Waiting on the ground was Aida, who was keen to get another flight in before the day ended. This time there were questions about managing the tow on the way up, and then following a quick demonstration after release Aida flew several smooth turns in both directions, and showed steady improvement in her control of all aspects of flying the glider. While we found no actual lift, the air proved quite buoyant still, and we were able to explore turning as well as straight and level flight quite thoroughly before returning to the hanger. Some great flying skill demonstrated and another keen glider pilot in the making.

By now we were out of people wanting to fly, and with the promise of a good feed at the Brown's Bay RSA not far away, we were quickly packed up. No one seemed keen to stop for a beer, and we were off the field not long after 1700, having had a total of 8 flights for the day, with the potential of two new keen club pilots to add to our ranks.

*Towie Craig Rook adds a couple of words: The Met-Service promised NW light winds with flying pigs all over the country (true story, all weekend there were flying pigs on their website) We got no pigs (except Police One chopper did fly in and land) and very little wind, not a single ripple on the water.*

Not much lift about for most of the day but it did improve slightly towards the end of the day - 8 flights in total. Steve Foreman didn't fly, but you think he would have with a big grin on his face. He allowed Ivor to take up his friend Aida for two x 2500ft flights. When asked "did you like that", her reply was "I loved it".

It was nice to see Rochelle back for her first flight in 8 months.

**STEVE WALLACE - ASC Mid-Winter Dinner Speech** *Last Sunday we had our mid winter dinner and used the opportunity to raise some funds to assist our Steve Wallace on his trip to Poland representing New Zealand at the Worlds. He felt: (OK, OK... we gave him a hint how he should feel); that he should "sing" for his supper. His speech for those who missed it....*

First of all I would like to say thank you to all those here tonight and also those not here, that have made a contribution towards my costs with respect to representing New Zealand at the World Gliding Championship's in Poland later next month. I am both humbled and most certainly grateful for your generous support. In return I feel it is only right that I spend a bit of time talking about the how and why. that is, how did I get this point in my gliding journey and why on earth am I heading to the Worlds to compete? So, starting with the how, I opened up my log book this week and started to look back.

Appropriately enough it all started right here, when as a young Sergeant of No. 6 (North Shore) Squadron of the Air Training Corps I was awarded the East Coast Bays RSA Aviation Scholarship. The money from this enabled me to attend the ATC, Northern Area Gliding Camp at RNZAF Base Hobsonville. My instructor was



Flt Lt Bernie Rushton and I was flying in a yellow Bocian, Echo Delta. I flew three flights a day for five days and with the syllabus being somewhat briefer than it is today, with 14 training flights and a grand total of 2hrs 45minutes air time under my belt, my instructor said "your good to go lad" and flight number 15 in my log book was a 9 minute solo. This was the 15<sup>th</sup> of December 1988 at 11.05am.

Since then I have added another 2,000+ flights to my log book and clocked up over 1,800 hours gliding. Yet heading to the worlds I feel like a newbie all over again.

Following my first solo it was another 9 months before I joined the Aviation Sports club and restarted my training under the watchful eyes of esteemed instructors such as Lou Cadman, Neville Swan, Peter Thorpe, Ross MacIntyre, Rex Carswell, Dave McIssac, Neville Wiltshire and Danny Flynn. It was another 25 flights before I was allowed to go solo again. I must have been keen however, because to get to Hobsonville I had to ride my bike from Hauraki corner in Takapuna at the beginning of the day and back again at the end, unless I was lucky enough to score a ride part way home with John Restall in his classic Citroen DS.

Another 64 flights later I was allowed to convert into the holy grail, Mike Papa, the Standard Astir. With a parachute on my back, Ray Ban's on my face and strapped into a single seat, retractable undercarriage, racing machine I was feeling about

as Top Gun as it gets. 1991 was going to be a good year for flying.

The weather must have been good back then because notes in my log book record flights like 4,400' over the Harbour bridge, 4,950' over Takapuna and 3,500' over the Waiatarua TV mast.

Following this my flying slowed down a bit with two years away in Australia but I still managed to stay current as I travelled, as gliding clubs are generally also great places to camp up for a while. Grafton, Caboolture, Bond Springs, Narrogin, Port Augusta, Waikerie, Renmark and Benella are all listed as places I stayed at and flew from.

Back in NZ again and it was straight into one of the ASC's fantastic Xmas camps at Kaikohe where in 8 days I squeezed in 20 flights that included a passenger rating and my first passenger flight, a cross-country rating and my first cross-country flight, a 50km attempt to Whangarei that due to my non-existent navigational skills found me on the coast in sea-breeze air well north of Whangarei. This resulted in my first out-landing with the bonus being I had actually covered 50kms so scored my Silver C distance badge. On this camp I also pulled off my first unauthorized low level beat up which resulted in John O'Hara the duty instructor of the

day awarding me my first grounding which fortunately only lasted for the rest of the day as the next day I was aero-towing the Blanik back to Hobby.

The 6<sup>th</sup> of Feb 1993 shows a flight from Hobby of 5hrs and 8 minutes that ticked off another leg of my Silver C and then 8 months later, at a flight from Matamata I did the classic gain of height from 900' to 5,500' on the ridge and completed my Silver C.

With a number of reasonable cross-country flights of 100km+ in the Astir and another three out-landings in my log book and with an eye on more badges it was time to look at my own glider. So on the 7<sup>th</sup> July 1996 I purchased my much loved Mosquito KT from Dave McIssac and set about learning to land her short. Many toi-toi paddocks later and log book entries that read, bad landing, bad landing, bad landing, I finally had her sussed, so hitched her to the car and headed for Omarama to go badge chasing. This was to be a successful trip with a 300km gold distance badge and 24,000' in wave good enough for both gold and diamond height gains. This trip was also successful in more ways than one as it was also the trip I introduced KT to the other love in my life, Lisa. The girls were a bit weary of each other at first but after a few long retrieves from the far side of the Lindis Pass they finally bonded and KT learned her place as the weekend and holiday mistress.

Another nice little anecdote from this trip is a radio call I overheard from Terry Delore shortly after he had landed out on a strip way up in the mountains, he was requesting an aerotow retrieve. The instructions were "Bring the most powerful towplane, the shortest tow rope and a chainsaw". One can only imagine the take-off roll he was contemplating!

As the Nationals were on at Omarama during this trip I got my first look at competition flying and decided, that looked like a whole lot of fun and that I certainly wanted to have a go. So in January of the next year KT and I entered our first comp. We flew 8 days at the 98' Matamata Nationals and clocked up just over 2,000km of cross-country flying. I didn't record where I came in the comp but it didn't really matter, I'd enjoyed the comp so much I was well and truly hooked. I got to fly to places I would never have otherwise flown. I was pushed and challenged on every flight and although I didn't realise it at the time because all I felt was slow, I probably learnt more about cross-country flying in those 8 days than I had in the previous 8 years. The competition had everything, intensity and drama, from the concentration required to successfully navigate through my first start gate to my first knee shaking glide across the Mamaku forest. From the highs of completing my first task to the lows of sitting in a paddock looking up at a sky full of fluffy cumulus and watching the rest of the competition fleet sail silently by.

Since this first comp I have clocked up over 260 competition flights and just over 65,000 cross-country kilometers. I have had many amazing flights, to many amazing places, in all kinds of weather, from thermal, to ridge to wave, sometimes all in the same flight. From thunderstorms, to perfect blue, to flying the 4/8ths under the 8/8ths, going distances you would not think possible on days you would not think flyable. Some of the greatest flights that give the greatest sense of achievement are not the ones where you fly long distances on beautiful gliding days but the ones where you struggle and persist and somehow get around when all seems hopeless.

And when it doesn't all work out, there is always the retrieve. These are always an adventure in themselves. When the trailer roles in the home gate in the wee hours of the morning you know there is a grand story to be told. From lost pilots, to lost crews, to both. From dis-used farm strips, to paddocks and beaches. From getting lifts back to the airfield in the hopper bin of a top-dressing plane to using my 1 year olds pram to hold up one wing of my glider while my 6 months pregnant wife holds up the other; to watching angry sea waves lap around the wheels of my new car and the fuselage of my glider, thinking - this doesn't look good. Some memories are not easily forgotten.

So to the why, I think it is obvious. To let the adventures continue and to compete in gliding as a sport. And to understand the sport side of things I would like to finish with a paraphrased quote from Sebastian Coe in a speech he gave at the opening of the London Olympics in 2012.

"There is a truth to sport, a purity, a drama, an intensity, a spirit that makes it irresistible to take part in and irresistible to watch.

In every sport there is all that matters in life. Humans stretched to the limit of their abilities, inspired by what they can achieve, driven by their talent, living for the moment but making an indelible mark upon their history. And one day, the competitors will be able to tell their children and their grandchildren, that when their time came, they did it right".

*Good Luck, Steve and Lisa, (The crew) enjoy.*

### MOUSE TRAP

The pesky rodents had been carrying out random sampling of our potato chip supply. Apparently none of the bags tested were to their liking but they persisted in biting into each one in an effort to find the most flavoursome crisp. As you can see in the photo the device resembles a mouse version of the TV show "Wipeout". Attracted by the peanut butter smeared around the circumference of the bottle they gleefully run up the ramp and onto the bottle which then rotates to dump the victims into the water below. The tongs shown in the photo are there for fishing out the exhausted swimmers who are given artificial respiration and set free. (touchy feely version of story). If you want a more accurate version please talk to Neville or Roy. By the way please don't borrow the tongs to take your buns out of the microwave.

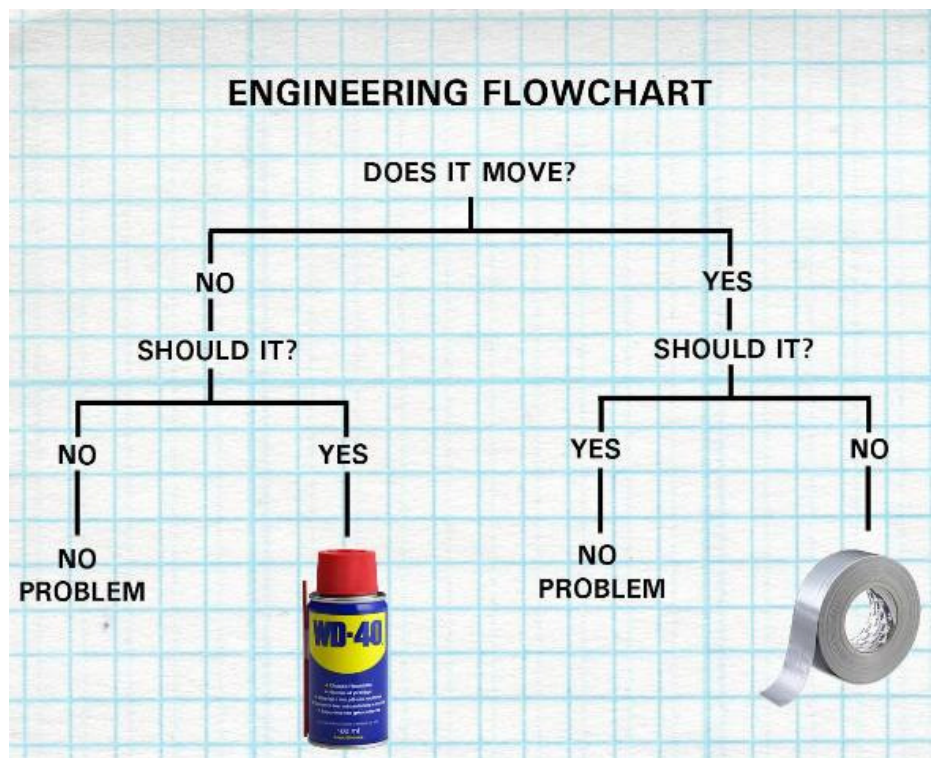


### TAILPIECE

We are very proud to see Steve Wallace represent New Zealand at the World Gliding Champs. All the best and we will look forward to the posts. Blogs and results on the GNZ website

Cheers

Warm Air



**DUTY ROSTER FOR MAY, JUNE, JULY 2014 Final**

Month	Date	Time	Duty Pilot	Instructor	Tow Pilot	
MAY	3	am pm	K Bhashyam -	I Woodfield -	C Rook -	
	4	am pm	K Boyes -	A McKay -	D Belcher -	
	10	am pm	K Bridges -	L Page -	P Thorpe -	
	11	am pm	S Foreman -	R Burns -	R Carswell -	
	17	am pm	R Forster -	S Wallace -	G Lake -	
	18	am pm	D Foxcroft -	R Carswell -	J Wagner -	
	24	am pm	G Healey -	D Todd -	D Belcher -	
	25	am pm	B Hocking -	P Thorpe -	D Belcher -	
	31	am pm	I O'Keefe -	P Coveney -	P Thorpe -	
JUNE	1	am pm	T O'Rourke -	A McKay -	C Rook -	ATC cadets
QUEENS BIRTHDAY	2	am pm	G Patten -	L Page -	G Lake -	
	7	am pm	R Struyck -	R Carswell -	J Wagner -	
	8	am pm	T Prentice -	I Woodfield -	D Belcher -	
	14	am pm	K Pillai -	R Burns -	R Carswell -	
	15	am pm	E McPherson -	D Todd -	P Thorpe -	
	21	am pm	J Pete -	S Wallace -	C Rook -	
	22	am pm	R Whitby -	P Thorpe -	J Wagner -	
	28	am pm	K Bhashyam -	P Coveney -	J Wagner -	
	29	am pm	K Boyes -	I Woodfield -	D Belcher -	Mid winter Dinner
JULY	5	am pm	K Bridges -	L Page -	R Carswell -	
	6	am pm	S Foreman -	A McKay -	P Thorpe -	
	12	am pm	R Forster -	R Carswell -	C Rook -	
	13	am pm	D Foxcroft -	R Burns -	J Wagner -	
	19	am pm	G Healey -	D Todd -	D Belcher -	
	20	am pm	B Hocking -	P Thorpe -	G Lake -	
	26	am pm	I O'Keefe -	P Coveney -	P Thorpe -	
	27	am pm	T O'Rourke -	I Woodfield -	R Carswell -	