

# WARM AIR 2 Mar 19

## Aviation Sports Club Gliding Newsletter

<b>THIS WEEKEND:</b>	Club Cellphone 022 357 6731	<a href="http://www.ascgliding.org">www.ascgliding.org</a>
Saturday	Instructing: Ivor Woodfield Towing: Ruan Heynike Duty Pilot: Toni Thompson	Bank Acct 38-9014-0625483-000
Sunday	Instructing: Lionel Page Towing: Rex Carswell Duty Pilot: Kishan Bhashyam	

### MEMBERS NEWS

#### SATURDAY *Instructor Lionel Page reports*

A late start as the weather looked decidedly unflyable - rain and low cloud. I called Derry and found out that he had swapped and was no longer the duty tow pilot. Another call to Graham, the actual towie (*as published in the last few Warm Airs*) ensued. He was far more positive - "Should clear by lunch" and he thought there was a student wanting a BFR. I dragged myself out at 10.30am and found a small crowd assembled and waiting. Lots of gas bagging and eventually RDW and GMW were extracted and DI'd.



The tower was on duty for a few military movements and a few power section planes were doing circuits. The wind was a good solid 12kts across and varied from a slight headwind component on 26 to a slight tailwind component. We set up on 26.

First up was Izzy to progress her backseat rating. Two circuits flown - all good and well. Then young Raphael took a 2000ft tow to get secondary effects of controls and adverse yaw signed off.

Last flight as it turned out was Clare to practise a circuit. As we took off there were distinct signs of dampness in the air. By the time we go airborne the wings were well and truly wet and the take off run took quite a bit longer than normal. During the flight we could see the rain front moving in which prompted my decision to call it quits as the visibility was deteriorating.

All packed up and dried off by about 3.30pm. A cool one and yarn before heading home for some brownie points.

*Towie Graham Lake adds to the tale.* The lowish cloud and rain was forecast to clear about mid day and this was how it panned out. The forecast return of the rain mid afternoon also panned out. With a crosswind more or less straight across the strip and fluctuating between head and tail components it did not matter which end we chose. We went to 26 and set up there. Two Flights for Izzy Burr to work on her back seat rating, some further work for student Raphael and a flight for Clare to work on crosswinds. Light drizzle had come in for Raphael's flight that became light rain for Clare. The effect of wet wings was very noticeable with both Rapheal and Clare having a good go at beating the towplane down. Reasonably stable

conditions but little lift to be had. On the last tow we did note the towplane got off the ground before the glider and Lionel also noted the onset of buffet at a higher speed than usual and compensated accordingly. This looked like a good time to give it away so we did. Four flights for the day. The rain stopped us refuelling the towplane but.... the three fuel cans were all full.

### **SUNDAY** *Towie Andrew Williams found a crayon*

When I woke up it was raining outside, but by 0930 the weather was looking promising, though windy. Getting out to the field it initially seemed like it might be a quiet day, with only about four flights. By the end of the day we had done ten, all in GMW.

There was a stiff breeze all day, swinging between a strong lefthand crosswind and almost head on down the runway. The sky was blue on takeoff but there was very strong, though patchy lift over the golf course and temple near Riverhead. It held there for most of the day as cloud developed, but there were some equally strong patches of sink. During one tow we flew out of the temple thermal and I saw us losing height in the tow for the first time - a descent of about 200 ft/pm. It only lasted a few seconds before we got out of the sinking air and circled around back into the thermal but it was interesting to see such strong sink, and it gave the glider pilots something extra to deal with.

During the day we heard some of our club members flying with the power section too. Rahul was out in the Tomahawk TWR first thing in the morning and Wenbo was in the Cessna 172 doing circuits during a couple of the early tows. Wenbo was at the club later on for some more flying and finished up the day with a flight landing as it started raining on the field. There were a couple of showers during the day that slowed operations, but it wasn't until right at the end that the rain really hit, just as we were putting everything back in the hangar. Overall a good day for practising handling in strong winds.

*Instructor Peter Thorpe's version:* After a doom and gloom weather forecast the actual weather on Sunday morning was not too bad although a brisk SW wind promised some interesting aero tows. The 2000 ft wind was 30 knots so staying up-wind was the mantra for the day although some good Cu promised strong lift.

Tow pilot Andrew Williams, duty pilot Simon Hay, Tony Prentice, Clare Dickson and Joseph Dickson all helped to get set up and by 1148 the tower had gone off watch and I launched with Allely Wilton to progress her upper air exercises. Plenty of lift around Riverhead enabled us to stay up for 28 minutes so she could practise turning and rudder coordination. Next was Tony up for a BFR and we were able to climb to 3500ft before completing a couple of spins and a maximum rate descent. The turbulence below 1000 ft was quite violent so a no airbrake approach was quite tricky but the strong head wind component helped and we landed in the first third of the airfield. A launch failure from 400 ft completed the test and Tony was duly declared safe to operate for a further two years. I then conducted trial flights for two delightful Chinese ladies, Pearl and Linda, one of whom had very little English so a very detailed briefing in Chinese was necessary before we launched. No problems and both ladies enjoyed their experience with lots of cell phone photography being taken. The wind had abated so Joseph made a short solo in MW and then Clare completed the slow acceleration take off exercise for her A Cert. Wenbo Gong did two flights focussing on upper air exercises for turning and coordination and trimming and then Simon Hay did a quick dual circuit just to keep his currency up.

All done by 5 pm so there was time for a chat and a drink around the caravan before heading home. Ten flights for the day.

**DERRY BELCHER WRITES:** *He really wrote this for last week's edition but, unfortunately Warm Air overlooked his contribution. I am very sorry this happened as the success or otherwise of this newsletter depends on contributions. To have missed this (and some others) is not good and I apologise unreservedly to everyone.*

Saturday was one of those days that would have been a cracker for gliding if it weren't for the windsock well and truly puffed up with the breeze blowing straight across the runway... great! Looked like fun! In fact,

the cross-wind conditions were right on the limit for the towplane, but to put this in perspective, if we had a Cub, Pawnee, or Cessna, we would not have flown at all, so the lightweight LSA towplane does pretty well.

Peter Thorpe was to fly the Grob G109 motorglider with the cadets but a munted tailwheel inner tube put an end to that, plus the cross-wind was too much for the 109.

The consensus initially was that that the wind might be favoring runway 26, which was wishful thinking, so we set up ops and got underway just after 10:00 with the first of the ATC cadet flights. As you can imagine, the towplane resembled a driftcart going sideways trying to stay in line with the runway, and once airborne it was a battle with the turbulence for a bit, but the upside was that there was very good lift about to help us climb and Steve Wallace instructing in the Grob MW had no trouble climbing to give each cadet a good flight, in fact, most later tows were releasing around 1200 feet and still able to climb away.

After launching Tony Prentice in his PW-5 we switched ends to 08 so the towplane could land diagonally across the runway allowing a greater margin of safety, which helped as the plane was reluctant to come down with the faster than normal idle and all the lift about. Tony proved that even with 30 knots of wind at 2000 feet, the PW-5 can still operate quite satisfactorily, and he had a good flight.

Even though the tower was off watch there were two P3 Orion test flights, the first returning for a precautionary 3 engine landing due to a fault which meant good radio procedures to ensure our gliding ops were well clear for the P3 to join.

I am pleased so far with how pilots are keeping an eye out for the tug in the air and advising proximity. As a point to note, 60 kts is about 100 feet per second, so head on, the tug and a glider have a closing rate approaching 200 feet per second if the tug is climbing. In the descent the tug is much faster. Pace out 200 feet on the ground and get some idea of how far away 1 second looks like. The tug climbs at about 8 fps in calm conditions, but on days like yesterday may go up at 16 fps and descends around 16 fps to give you a better idea of three dimensional relationships of the aircraft.

Well done and thanks to all the helpers for ensuring the day was a success.

## FOREMAN AT THE CLUB CLASS NATIONALS



you have control, I have control, it was whoops I am not doing that right, I was stalling in the thermal couple of times. I was flying through thermals when I should climb and stopping in thermals when I should keep going. More than one day would be better just understanding the dynamics.

All the pilots that flew with Sebastian had similar stories.

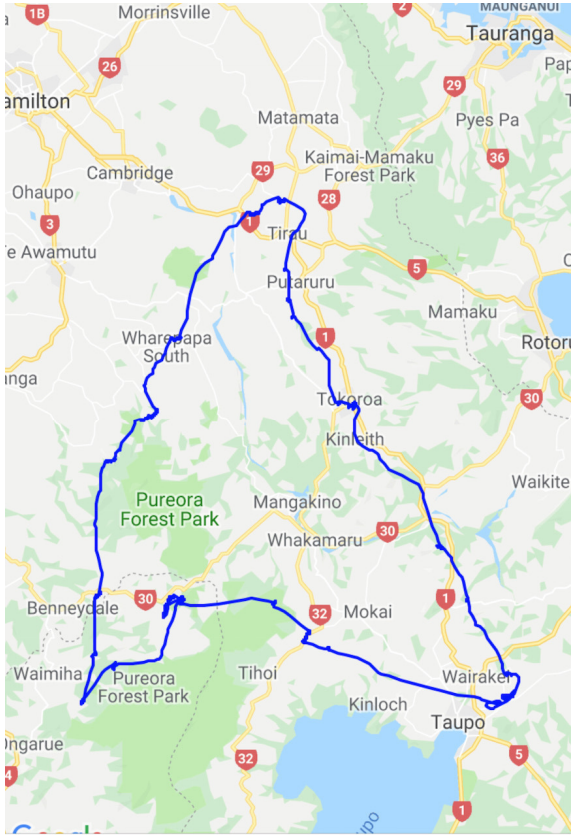
What a great experience, two weeks of gliding, with great weather and a couple of rest days in between. Most of you will know I had a competition day with Sebastian Kawa in a Duo Discus. I managed to get Day 3 with him, where I hoped a few pointers would help with my comp, I can tell you it was full on every second with precise flying at all times, It gave a great insight as to why he is world champion many many times.

I flew 85% of the time and took instructions 120% of the time. I learnt that I fly unbalanced and felt the stick being knocked when I was yawing, there was no time for



We had approx 4 hours, came second for the day in the low 919 points that Sebastian earned while I lost the 81 points. Luckily I didn't lose any placing in the club class with the day with Sebastian.

At one point we got low which I then gave him control thinking, how you going to get out of this 700 ft above the ground. Patience and a herd of cows coming from a milking shed was how.



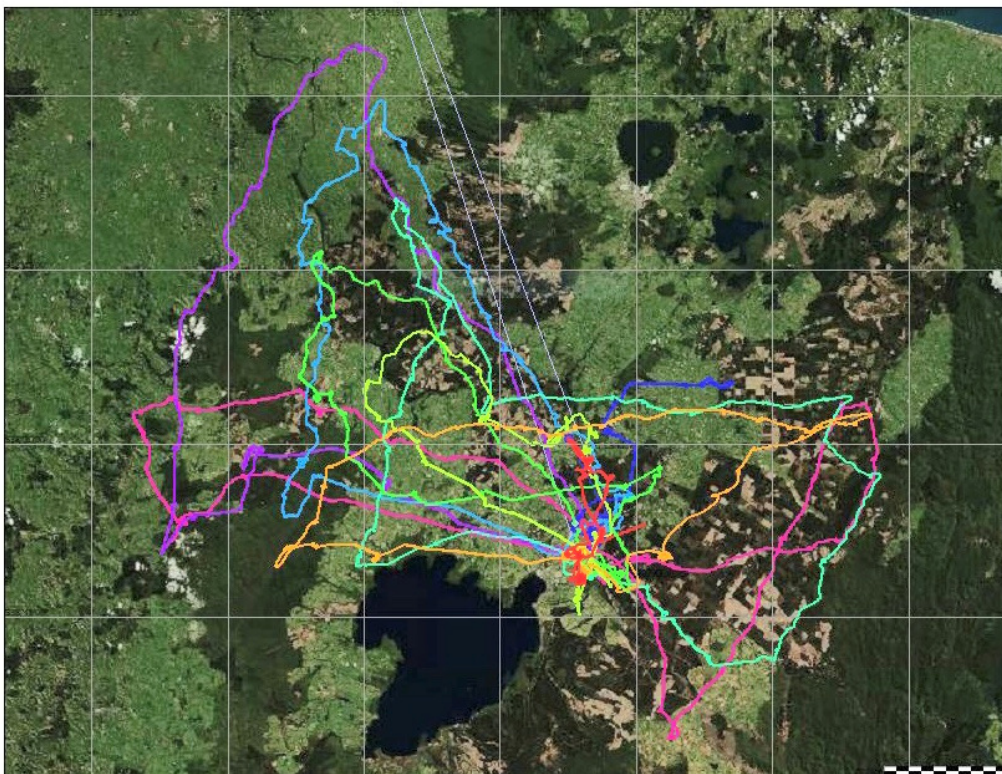
It certainly made me fly more confidently after the flight and making sure i did everything precisely, Thinking about where to enter the cloud and where to exit depending, also flying through the weaker thermals, He said it also about not flying in sink (yeah we all know that) as we watched a glider only a few 100 meters away slowly lose height as we weaved about, even if the needle goes from -3 to 0 gently pulling up even if it only gains a few meters it all adds up.

The next day with my new found knowledge I was keen to Race only to discover 170 km into a task that I had downloaded the previous days task. (Was a bit strange no one else was with me) Roy will understand this feeling!

So I headed back to the start went through it did 7 km and gave it away for 24 points, once again I didn't lose any places

We flew 10 tasks over the 2 weeks which I landed out once which was great, landing back so many times. I also managed a second on the first day but it ended up being a no scoring day,

One day I got low in the Pureora range. I learnt what patience is, circling in 0 sink for 20 minutes at about 1000 ft of the deck looking at not great paddocks but they would have done the job, Finally getting away after 35mins, it was a herd of cows in a paddock along with a herd in the milking shed that saved the day as with Sebastian.



With the comp for me, no matter how fast or how far I flew and thinking I got this, there are always many ahead of me who flew faster and further.

There was a great battle with the top 3 Micheal Strathern, Tim Bromhead and Steve Wallace with only 95 points from 1st to 3rd. Tim had it in the bag but busted airspace on the last day letting Micheal Strathern through to take the overall 1st by 4 points. I ended up 6th overall

The LAST DAY WAS BOOMING with fast times by all, This was my flight of the comp flying further and over territory not flown before, It left me wanting more and realising as long as you stay high have a way out it all great times

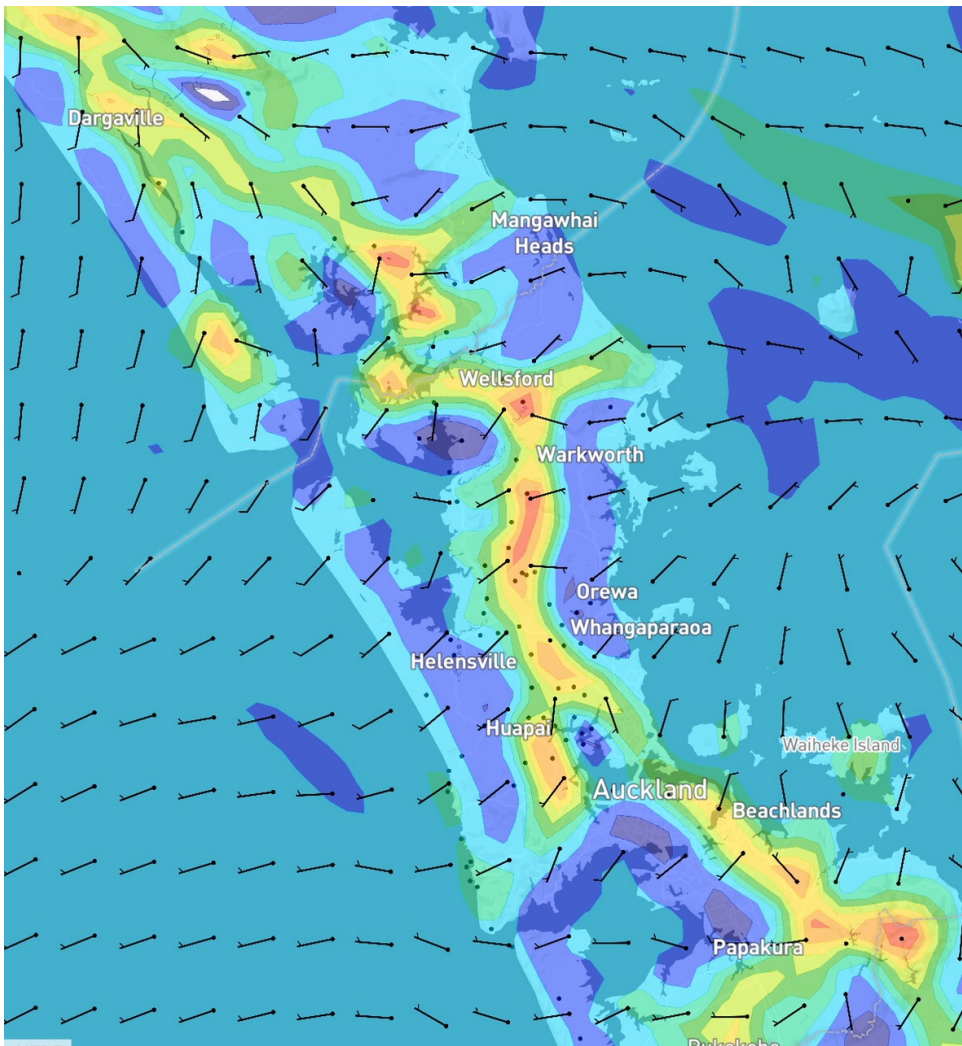
All the tasks were AAT so the key was speed, I was 20kph off the pace of the leaders

## CLUB STUFF

Our airfield is pretty hard and dry at the moment. One consequence is gliders move easily, especially when being brought down the ramp towards the hangar. Make sure the wing walker always on the inside of the turn and is ready to vary direction to keep the rope taut and not run into the tractor or the ditch. Think and plan ahead and make sure everyone knows what to do....E for eventualities.

The centre doors at the Western end of the hangar have a tendency to come open in windy conditions. This can be prevented by roping together the two handles. By happy coincidence there is a rope attached to one of the doors that is intended to tie the two doors together. Folks locking up.. please make sure the two handles are tied together.

One idea for Easter is we could go somewhere else, like Drury. Can I please have expressions of interest for a visit to Drury for Easter.



## FOREMAN WRITES

Looks like some good convergence flying to be had on Sunday if the forecast stays as it is

It happened sometime in 1965, in Germany. I was a copilot, so I knew, everything there was to know about flying, and I was frustrated by pilots like my aircraft commander. He was one of those by-the-numbers types, no class, no imagination, no “feel” for flying.

You have to be able to feel an airplane. So what if your altitude is a little off, or if the glideslope indicator is off a hair? If it feels okay then it is okay. That’s what I believed. Every time he let me make an approach, even in VFR conditions, he demanded perfection. Not the slightest deviation was permitted. “If you can’t do it when there is no pressure, you surely can’t do it when the pucker factor increases,” he would say. When he shot an approach, it was as if all the instruments were frozen – perfection, but no class.

Then came that routine flight from the Azores to Germany. The weather was okay; we had 45,000 pounds of fuel and enough cargo to bring the weight of our C-124 Globemaster up to 180,000 pounds, 5,000 pounds below the max allowable. It would be an easy, routine flight all the way. Halfway to the European mainland, the weather started getting bad. I kept getting updates by high frequency radio. Our destination, a fighter base, went zero/zero. Our two alternates followed shortly thereafter. All of France was down. We held for two hours, and the weather got worse. Somewhere I heard a fighter pilot declare an emergency because of minimum fuel. He shot two approaches and saw nothing. On the third try, he flamed out and had to eject. We made a precision radar approach; there was nothing but fuzzy fog at minimums. The sun was setting. Now I started to sweat a little. I turned on the instrument lights. When I looked out to where the wings should be, I couldn’t even see the navigation lights 85 feet from my eyes. I could barely make out a dull glow from the exhaust stacks of the closest engine, and then only on climb power. When we reduced power to maximum endurance, that friendly glow faded. The pilot asked the engineer where we stood on fuel. The reply was, “I don’t know--- we’re so low that the book says the gauges are unreliable below this point. The navigator became a little frantic. We didn’t carry parachutes on regular MAC flights, so we couldn’t follow the fighter pilot’s example. We would land or crash with the airplane.

The pilot then asked me which of the two nearby fighter bases had the widest runway. I looked it up and we declared an emergency as we headed for that field. The pilot then began his briefing. “This will be for real. No missed approach. We’ll make an ILS and get precision radar to keep us honest. Copilot, we’ll use half flaps. That’ll put the approach speed a little higher, but the pitch angle will be almost level, requiring less attitude change in the flare.”

Why hadn’t I thought of that? Where was my “feel” and “class” now? The briefing continued, “I’ll lock on the gauges. You get ready to take over and complete the landing if you see the runway – that way there will be less room for trouble with me trying to transition from instruments to visual with only a second or two before touchdown.” Hey, he’s even going to take advantage of his copilot, I thought. He’s not so stupid, after all.

“Until we get the runway, you call off every 100 feet above touchdown; until we get down to 100 feet, use the pressure altimeter. Then switch to the radar altimeter for the last 100 feet, and call off every 25 feet. Keep me honest on the airspeed, also. Engineer, when we touch down, I’ll cut the mixtures with the master control lever, and you cut all of the mags. Are there any questions? Let’s go!” All of a sudden, this unfeeling, by the numbers robot was making a lot of sense. Maybe he really was a pilot and maybe I had something more to learn about flying.

We made a short procedure turn to save gas. Radar helped us to get to the outer marker. Half a mile away, we performed the Before Landing Checklist; gear down, flaps 20 degrees. The course deviation indicator was locked in the middle, with the glideslope indicator beginning its trip down from the top of the case. When the GSI centered, the pilot called for a small power reduction, lowered the nose slightly, and all of the instruments, except the altimeter, froze. My Lord, that man had a feel for that airplane! He thought something, and the airplane, all 135,000 pounds of it, did what he thought.

“Five hundred feet,” I called out, “400 feet.....300 feet.....200 feet, MATS minimums.....100 feet, Air Force minimums; I’m switching to the radar altimeter .....75 feet nothing in sight.....50 feet, still nothing....25 feet, airspeed 100 knots,”

The nose of the aircraft rotated just a couple of degrees, and the airspeed started down. The pilot then casually said, "Hang on, we're landing."

"Airspeed 90 knots....10 feet, here we go!" The pilot reached up and cut the mixtures with the master control lever, without taking his eyes off the instruments. He told the engineer to cut all the mags to reduce the chance of fire. *CONTACT!* I could barely feel it. As smooth a landing as I have ever known, and I couldn't even tell if we were on the runway, because we could only see the occasional blur of a light streaking by

"Copilot, verify hydraulic boost is on, I'll need it for brakes and steering." I complied.

"Hydraulic boost pump is on, pressure is up." The brakes came on slowly---we didn't want to skid this big beast now. I looked over at the pilot. He was still on the instruments, steering to keep the course deviation indicator in the center, and that is exactly where it stayed. "Airspeed, 50 knots." We might make it yet. "Airspeed, 25 knots." We'll make it if we don't run off a cliff. Then I heard a strange sound. I could hear the whir of the gyros, the buzz of the inverters, and a low frequency thumping. Nothing else. The thumping was my pulse, and I couldn't hear anyone breathing. We had made it! We were standing still!

The aircraft commander was still all pilot. "After-landing checklist, get all those motors, radar and unnecessary radios off while we still have batteries. Copilot, tell them that we have arrived, to send a follow me truck out to the runway because we can't even see the edges."

I left the VHF on and thanked GCA for the approach. The guys in the tower didn't believe we were there. They had walked outside and couldn't hear or see anything. We assured them that we were there, somewhere on the localizer centerline, with about half a mile showing on the DME.

We waited about 20 minutes for the truck. Not being in our customary hurry, just getting our breath back and letting our pulses diminish to a reasonable rate. Then I felt it. The cockpit shuddered as if the nose gear had run over a bump. I told the loadmaster to go out the crew entrance to see what happened. He dropped the door (which is immediately in front of the nose gear) , and it hit something with a loud , metallic bang. He came on the interphone and said "Sir, you'll never believe this. The follow-me truck couldn't see us and ran smack into our nose tire with his bumper, but he bounced off, and nothing is hurt."

The pilot then told the tower that we were parking the bird right where it was and that we would come in via the truck. It took a few minutes to get our clothing and to button up the airplane. I climbed out and saw the nose tires straddling the runway centerline. A few feet away was the truck with its embarrassed driver.

Total damage---one dent in the hood of the follow me truck where the hatch had opened onto it.

Then I remembered the story from ***Fate Is the Hunter***. When Gann was an airline copilot making a simple night range approach, his captain kept lighting matches in front of his eyes. It scarred and infuriated Gann. When they landed, the captain said that Gann was ready to upgrade to captain. If he could handle a night-range approach with all of that harassment, then he could handle anything.

At last I understood what true professionalism is. Being a pilot isn't all seat-of-the-pants flying and glory. It's self- discipline, practice, study, analysis and preparation. It's precision. If you can't keep the gauges where you want them with everything

## Duty Roster For Jan, Feb, Mar

Month	Date	Duty Pilot	Instructor	Tow Pilot	Notes
Mar	2	T THOMPSON	I WOODFIELD	R HEYNIKE	
	3	K BHASHYAM	L PAGE	R CARSWELL	
	9	G LEYLAND	S WALLACE	G LAKE	
	10	I O'KEEFE	R CARSWELL	P THORPE	
	16	M MORAN	L PAGE	G LAKE	
	17	T O'ROURKE	P THORPE	D BELCHER	

	23	R BAGCHI	I WOODFIELD	A WILLIAMS	ATC Cadets 40 SQN
	24	T PRENTICE	S WALLACE	R CARSWELL	ATC Cadets 40 SQN
	30	R WHITBY	S WALLACE	G LAKE	
	31	I BURR	R CARSWELL	P THORPE	