

Thermal

The Official Newsletter of Bathurst Soaring Club



Winter 2015



West Wyalong cross country camp February 2015 (Photo: Serge Lauriou)

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President's report

Last Season

A great season of cross country flying was had by all. I was pleased to be involved in both the West Wyalong February camp at West Wyalong I flew the fastest cross country flight I ever flown (139kph over 440km). I was also present when Ed Marel flew his 1,000km flight. It was great to see a number of people achieve their personal best on numerous flights.

These events cannot be held without the work and dedication by a few selfless members who put in the hours to ensure the organisation and administration is done so that many members can benefit with well-run camps and courses. Thank you to the organisers and to those that attend.

Runway

You will have noticed that there has been some re-sealing of the runway. Unfortunately during the work we discovered a soft spot below the end of the bitumen runway as one of the truck sank to its axle. This has been repaired to a usable state and we have also modified the drains to ensure no chance of erosion around this area. We are still waiting for the final sealing to be completed, now likely to occur sometime after winter. Peter Edkins and his team of volunteers have been hard at work.

Tug Hangar

Brian Baily has managed to take some work off Peter Hofman's plate and has done a magnificent job with modification to the Hangar Door and the apron area for the Tug hangar. The access to the hangar is now fool proof so that the propeller of the tug is not able to strike any part of the frame around the door. Also the apron has been covered in concrete and we have a drain at the front of the door, this will stop the mud pond that can accumulate.

Changes in the committee

In the past 6 months we have had some changes on the Committee.

Peter Hofman has stepped down as Vice President to free up his time so that he can fully focus on the TNE refurbishment to ensure that this will return to service for the club before the commencement of next season. Thank you Peter for your work over 3 years on the Committee. Armin Kruger has been accepted by the committee as a temporary Vice President and is providing good assistance and feedback at meetings. Of course, Armin has in the past been on the Committee for many years. The position of Vice President, of course will come up for re-election at this year's Annual General Meeting.



Brian Baily - Tug hangar doors modification



TNE looking really good. Thanks Peter Hofman



Lyle Mclean has recently asked for assistance in some of his work for the club. Leonie Furze has happily volunteered to look after the Secretary role until the Secretary position falls vacant at the Annual General Meeting. Leonie has hit the ground running and by the end of her first meeting had ownership of the Secretary role, thank you for your assistance Leonie. Armin Kruger is taking over the planning of the Ab initio courses going forward. Lyle has worked had on the committee now for many years and also looked after many Ab initio courses. I would like to thank Lyle McLean for his assistance that he has provided the club over the years and note that I am pleased he is still maintaining an active role in the club and continuing to assist as Tug Master.

TNE refurbishment

Any significant expenditure that the club undertakes rarely occurs without much consideration, consultation and a dash of criticism. We certainly have had all 3 C's in regards to the extensive work that is being undertaken under the supervision of Peter Hofman on TNE's refurbishment. Peter has all but put his life, flying and work on hold for the best part of 12 months to ensure that the work is completed to a high standard.

What is interesting to note is that we checked the last 2 re-bagging jobs that were completed by a commercial operator and both of these saw the tug out of the air for at least 6 months. What is being done on TNE is significantly more than a re-bagging and is largely being completed by volunteer club member labour.

The committee is pleased with the work completed to date, albeit that the expense to date is slightly higher than first expected. Having to replace both flaps and significant parts of the frame due to corrosion was not part of our initial budget, however, totally necessary to ensure many years of safe flying ahead.

What we are expecting from this refurbishment is many years of flying with minimal on-going maintenance. I am sure within a short time we will all consider this a good decision and TNE will continue to earn good revenue for the club for decades to come.

Airfield pests

I am talking about Kangaroos and birds. First the mob of roos exceeded 30 and has been trimmed to less than 10, it is hoped we can remove the remainder before too long. The chance of a collision between an aircraft and a roo is not worth considering. We also have established a very efficient aviary with the trailer hangar. The droppings are starting to become a health hazard and also it is very corrosive to the trailers that are covered to protect them from the elements. We are in the process of working through some options, the fake Owl worked for a while, we are also attempting an electronic bird scarer and as a last resort we will look to use nets to be placed so that there are no over trailer places for the birds to perch. We are considering a working bee in the near future to have many members assist with cleaning up the mess in the hangar.

Ab initio course

I had the pleasure to instruct in the last Ab initio course. Hard work combined with plenty of smiles and a real sense of team work. Great fun was had by all. I can't stress enough how important that these are to the future of our club. There are a number of members that came to us first through one of these courses and it is a great opportunity for our pre-solo pilots to complete their training and achieve some goals.

I am pleased that Armin has volunteered to take on the role of course co-ordinator and I encourage all members to talk to their family and friends and see if you can find another person to attend the course.

Winter is upon us.

While Bathurst has quite a cold winter, we also have some interesting flying. It is also the time we traditionally use to complete most of the glider maintenance. If you are not rated to do maintenance and would like to attend the upcoming engineering course, talk to me or Peter Newcombe. If you are happy to assist and learn as you go, talk to one of our form 2 pilots and ask how you can help.

Happy flying,

Keith Gateley
President



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Planting trees at Pipers

On the last weekend of March, a group of volunteers led by Charles Durham planted new trees around the club house and caravans to replace the recently removed cotoneasters.

Most of them are varieties of gum trees, in accordance with the President's wish. As a botanically well-versed observer pointed out during Sunday morning's briefing, these include the rare species of almond gum trees, mulberry gum trees, and nectarine and dwarf apple gum trees.

Charles returned from the nursery early on Saturday morning to be joined by Leonie, Adam, and Henry (who took time out of his rapid progress towards flying his Discus) for the toughest part of the job. Over the course of the morning and better part of the afternoon, technique and elegance improved rapidly, but despite that, the treasurer refused to negotiate

wages with the quickly formed ATPU (Airfield Tree Planters' Union). However, he did give in to providing a splendid lunch for the team.

With renewed energy, we all returned to work and planted the thirteen little trees during the late hours of the afternoon. Thanks to Keith's donation of water drums, and Charles and Peter Hofman offering to look after the ingeniously devised watering system, they should stand a chance to put down happy roots at Pipers. Take a walk around the caravan sites and club house to have a look at our lovely little new trees, treat them well, and help watering them if needed!

Daniela Helbig



Another paddock for CQN

West Wyalong was my second time to put the club's LS4, CQN, into its trailer and head off to a camp. The first time had been the Women in Gliding week at Lake Keepit in November, where I learned that CQN is a bit of a local star: people would come up to me to make sure that I knew it had been the first LS4 to fly 1,000km, and told me stories about its former owner Eric.



(Photo: Serge Lauriou)

While that was nice, of course I didn't need anyone to convince me that it is a lovely plane to fly, and happily took it on my very first cross-country flights at Lake Keepit, and then at our own club camp at West Wyalong.

During my first week there, CQN and I aimed for 300km, and we did that successfully not just once but twice, the second time with the logger switched on. With all those huge paddocks wherever you look, and a cloud base above 6,000ft pretty much every day, I became less timid about the whole thing and thought that 500km for my cross-country flight no. 5 would be suitable. Unlike Ed's number mystique that week, however, mine didn't work out that well and I turned short on the first attempt at 500, calculating I'd arrive home after dark at my current speed. CQN found that kind of lame, and I eventually agreed — after all, the plane's got experience.

So, new try a couple of days later. David Hofman, my partner in crime for the two 300s, had to leave for that thing they call work, but Charles arrived instead to join the gang, and Leonie was still on a roll after completing her 500 on the day when I had turned short. The weather looked good enough even for Peter Hofman

to fly his Libelle instead of prolonging its life by flying the tug. Off we all went. Well, off we all went after we had been sitting in that really pleasant and air-conditioned terminal building, in nice company, chatting away about this and that until Keith suddenly looked out at the booming sky, and then at the clock which showed something like 1:30pm, and said: "Well, kiddos, we better go flying."

By the time the kiddos had all launched it was well after 2pm, but things were going well. I left a little after Peter Libelle, followed a while later by Charles who had gotten stuck at the very end of the grid. Our task was West Wyalong-Tabbita-Roto-Ootha-West Wyalong; I knew that Leonie's was a little further east, but I only understood why when I actually saw Roto. Which I did after a good first leg to Tabbita as the cloud base was lifting, and a leg up north from Tabbita to Roto that made me think, aha, this is why people love this! Beautifully lined-up clouds, so that even I dared to push the controls forward and pick up some speed between the climbs. I had just settled into a happy routine of using a height band between about 5,500 and 9,000ft when I came out on its lower end close to Roto. I mean, close to where the PNA said the turn

point called Roto would be, because other than a scrubby paddock and a silo there really wasn't very much to be seen there. What was worse, all I could see on the way from Roto on track to the next turn point was what I learned is called tiger country.

I took a deep breath and decided that, no matter how much experience CQN has, I needed to be up at cloud base, above 9,000ft, to fly across that stuff. I lost some time in mediocre lift until I felt OK heading over to the clouds on tiger track. To my great relief, I had a good run across the rough country and no trouble staying high enough to remain relaxed; it helped that Peter sent word of good lift ahead. But I started calculating again. Given that it was late afternoon by now, should I turn to West Wyalong from the edge of the rough country north of Lake Cargelligo? I was caught between wishing not be considered lame by my glider again, but also not wanting to outland if I didn't have to.

However, when we reached the tiger edge, CQN and I agreed there was no point turning back from here: there was a huge blue hole between the lake and West Wyalong, but still some cu's on track to Condobolin and our turnpoint a bit further east. Soon enough, Peter and Leonie ahead, me in the middle, and Charles behind us were all tiptoeing towards Condobolin and expecting to land there as the day seemed to be shutting down. But oh the miracle — the early evening had one more cycle in it, and we all managed to hang on to some two or three knots for long enough to reassess the situation. Leonie continued on towards Parkes, and Peter and I also decided to give our turnpoint a go. Charles got past the ag strip he had found earlier, and as he announced on the radio that he was now heading for Condobolin, I could just hear him thinking what had been on my mind too: let's get off the grid earlier next time...

I turned Ootha at just a little under 6,000ft, now with serious hopes to get home: one more climb! Peter was ahead of me under a long drawn-out cu on track, falling apart as it was now past

7:30pm, but still giving me a knot of lift when I arrived under its upwind side. I climbed slowly but steadily, looked at the setting sun, and had a slight tailwind towards home, some 90km away. Home! CQN and I might get there after all!

Then I took a decision which, as I distinctly remember, made perfect sense to me at the time. Learning from Peter that he had about three kts a few kilometres downwind and still under the same cloud, still on track, I headed there. I arrived well below the Libelle. I searched. I tried turning. I shifted my circle. Yes, I had dumped my water earlier already. I reminded myself that I learned to fly in Europe in weak lift under low clouds. No avail. The Libelle was climbing above me, now apparently in weaker lift but still climbing, but I just couldn't connect from below.

Another deep breath, and CQN and I turned towards West Wyalong with some last hope to find lift on the way, but by now the day had well and truly shut down. Charles had reported his landing within the locked gates of Condobolin airfield, and Leonie at the party in Forbes. The Libelle was still flying, to eventually complete the 545km and land at West Wyalong to top the day's OLC. CQN and I glided on into the setting sun until it was time to stop and select a paddock, do the checks and re-do them for my first outlanding, approach and land and stop in the middle of a beautiful huge ploughed field by the side of the road, later to be expertly located by the retrieve team (Sean getting the SPOT coordinates, Peter driving the trailer).

I got out of the plane, the quarry on the other side of the road glowing in the last rays of sun, and had a look at CQN: perfectly calm and unfazed. Next time we might even get around. You know, the plane does have experience.

Daniela Helbig

Rescuing CAGIT

The NSW 'Come And Get It' Trophy resided at Canberra GC's Bunyan base for close to thirty years because Cooma was just too difficult to reach.



Canberra had apparently claimed the trophy during a camp at Temora. About five years ago Mark Bland from Mt Beauty GC flew in and claimed it. Since then it's been bouncing around Victoria, much to the delight of the Mexican gliding crowd.

Enough was enough! Someone had to do something to retrieve the tattered honour of NSW Gliding. So a few days into the WW camp in February, Paul Mander invited me to come along on the 350km flight to Mt Beauty the next day. 'Throw a toothbrush in the back of the ASH. We'll put up overnight and fly back the next day.' Cool! I've never done any mountain soaring for starters, and am always up for a bit of adventure. The weather seemed almost incidental to Paul, we were simply going.

We got away at 1320hrs and spent nearly the next hour between release height and 1,300ft AGL before seeing our first 6 knotter near the Reefton Silo, not yet halfway to Temora.

I was glad Paul was flying. The wind was 10kts roughly on the nose so each weak and broken thermal drove us back as we spent the next two hours in a working band of 2,500–5,000ft QNH struggling to reach the band of Cus always in the far distance. As we approached the foothills of the Great Divide, the climbs finally started to improve. By 1700hrs we were well into the mountains and bouncing along between six and eight thousand feet. Despite this, we abandoned our plan to detour over Kozzy given its summit altitude of 7,310ft. Around six o'clock we spied a glider way off to the East and well below the ridgeline. Our radio inquiry confirmed it was Mark Bland in a K21M out and about as he is wont to do frequently. As we were flying over serious tiger country, we used the stepping stone approach by ensuring we had final glide to the nearest airstrip on each leg. Basically we were valley hopping South from Corryong over the Mitta Mitta to our destination in the Kiewa valley. The lift was improving along with the



convection height. Considering the rising terrain, we needed it. The last obstacle was a saddle at around 3,200ft over which lay the well named town of Mt Beauty. We'd made it! After a quick orbit of the town, Paul suggested we do some mountain soaring on the slopes and buttresses of Mt Bogong. As we closed on the wooded lower slopes, the vario flicked into positive as we started a left orbit with each turn bringing us into what seemed like a few wingspans from the bush. Exciting stuff for someone like me who's never flown in tiger country like this. Gradually we worked our way up past the treeline and eventually over the grassy summit. We decided an outlanding might be possible on the peak; but the retrieve would be difficult if not impossible!

Upon landing we were met by Mark Bland, the CFI of the Mt Beauty Club. Mark has been a strong supporter of the whole CAGIT tradition even when it disappeared into the Badlands of Mexico. The hospitality we received from Mark and his wife was superb. Paul and I were wined, dined on their elevated deck overlooking the airstrip and bedded down in their house for the night. We could have asked for no more.

The next day the trophy was formally handed over before Golf Oscar was hooked onto the winch at 1345hrs. Releasing at 1,200ft AGL, we immediately found ourselves in a 3 knotter for a 2,000ft gain. Another climb on the side of Mt Bogong took us to 6,500ft QNH, plenty of height to escape into the next valley on our track North. The next hour was a struggle, once only 600ft above terrain but always with the ability to fly down the valley to the nearest airstrip. Cockpit discussions about deploying the jets became our touchstone because we hit lift every time the question arose. The day started to percolate around 1,550hrs with a series of thermals which topped us out at 8,700ft over the foothills East of Henty. Three more thermals gave us final glide to West Wyalong from 8,500ft.

Now that the honour of the NSWGA has been restored, It's hoped that the trophy will once again become a focus for healthy interclub rivalry once again. This will only happen is gliding leaders, in all positions, get behind it.

Mike Timbrell

WWow! What a camp!

After hearing all the hype from the previous WW camps about how great the conditions were, I made a conscious decision not to miss this one.

Arriving at WW on Friday 30th Jan at around 6pm I quickly rigged my Hornet. After pegging Echo Yankee down in its spot for the next week, I made my way to the Ace Caravan Park to set up camp for the week. What a great place the Ace turned out to be with comfortable air-conditioned cabins, a very welcoming pool after a hot day and not to forget the great BBQ area complete with fridge to keep the beer cold, which is most important. Each night it was just a short stroll usually to Tattersalls Hotel for a great feed and a few beers.

Day 1. I really had no task planned so I was just happy to be airborne and concentrating on becoming familiar with the surroundings and taking note of certain reference points which I could use later in the week. I ventured up to Lake Cowal and back and landed after a couple of hours.

Day 2. I woke up and felt unwell so I decided early not to fly. I knew that feeling ill would affect me more so in the air.

Day 3. My 1st 300km. That morning Daniela Helbig and myself were busy studying the weather and plotting our 1st 300km flights so we could get our Gold C badges and also Diamond goal. After attending briefing and listening intently to the weather and discussions on the best directions to go, we decided on Lake Cargelligo A/D- Forbes A/D and back to WW. Daniela and I were happy with that as we both would get to see the much talked about turn point being Lake Carjellybean. We entered our declarations into our loggers although initially Daniela's logger didn't want to connect to my laptop. After a few swear words which I think helped, I finally realised that the auto function on See You was not picking up which port the logger was in and when set manually it worked. Task declarations done we arrived onto the launch grid a little later than we would have liked. I launched first and had a pretty good run to Lake Carjellybean before turning for Forbes.



Lake Car-jelly-bean

Things got a little soft abeam Condobolin and there was a blue hole on track to Forbes. I finally turned Forbes and had trouble making progress as the climbs weren't that good and some clouds weren't working. About 10km out of WW the climbs improved and I decided to stay aloft for the 5hr part of the Gold C. After 5hrs and 16mins I landed very happy to have completed my 1st 300km flight. I was also pleased to hear that Daniela had got around as well. That happiness later turned to disappointment when looking at our traces. Daniela's logger didn't record a trace even though it appeared to be on and I had missed the Forbes sector just marginally. Lesson learnt, fly well into the sector.



EY after first 300km flight

Day 4. Another rest day so I did the tourist thing and went to the Temora Aviation Museum. I was very lucky to have been taken over and back in style in Nick Wills' beautiful black F1 Rocket. What a lovely little aeroplane! Thanks again Nick. As it turned out, most people took a day off as the forecast wasn't that good.

Day 5. 300km take 2. After the disappointment of the last flight Daniela decided on WW— Parkes A/D- Condobolin A/D – WW for another 300km attempt. This time we had no problems with our loggers and off we went full of confidence knowing that we had done it once, so surely we could do it again. I had a fantastic run to Parkes and left poor Daniela well behind. She later told me that she could see the clouds I was thermalling in but as she got there they had disappeared. After turning Parkes, the run to Condo was a bit slower with some climbs to 11,000ft but the sky was starting to blue out. I turned Condo and Daniela was about 50km behind me. I topped up in a good climb to just over 11,000ft near Condo and headed off at 80kts towards one of the last Cu's on track. As I got there it had all but disappeared and I climbed in 2kts back to 10,000ft. From this height I had final glide, well at least I thought I did. I flew through quite a lot of bad sink and radioed Daniela to take what climbs she could as it looked like the day was shutting down.

Eventually around 20km out I took a climb in 3kts to 6,800ft and then pushed the nose down and flew home at 100kts. Daniela had a better run home as she managed to line up a bit of a street and it was great that we both got around. Now for the nervous wait to see if Daniela's logger tracked her flight and if I had rounded all the sectors properly. We both did it and were very relieved.

Day 6. Today I had nothing planned, so I just decided to tag along with most of the group who were heading to Caragabal. I had a very ordinary run and once I rounded Caragabal I decided to stay under the nice Cu's and headed for Cootamundra. Over Quandialla I was rewarded with a 10kt climb to 11,000ft and pushed on towards Coota with confidence. About 10km out from Coota it was as if someone had flicked a switch and the climbs became broken. The Cu's should have been done for false advertising because when you got under them, there was no lift. It was starting to look like I may be landing at Cootamundra A/D. I managed to round the turn point and headed for Temora. Once again, 10km out on track, it was like someone flicked the switch again and the climbs were consistent and back to 6-8kts average. The rest of the flight was uneventful and I turned Temora and headed for home having done 267km.

Day 7. Rest day spent driving to Temora and watching the Sabre practising his routine for the Saturday fly day and catching up with some friends.

Day 8. This was my last day at WW and Daniela, my brother Peter and I had our sights set on completing our Diamond distances. Once again after studying the weather, we decided on WW – Jerilderie – Merriwagga -WW. Pete launched first and called to say that he couldn't get above 6,000ft. I launched and took a climb over the quarry. Pete decided to head off on task radioing back after about 10km that it was no good. I decided to head off and after a low save about 15km out, headed back towards WW. About 5km out, I got a climb of 3kts to 7,000ft. Time had ticked on and I realised that there would be no way of completing the task in the time left. Pete had already decided to land as did Daniela a short time later. As it was my last day I decided to head for the Cu's and go to Goolgowi where pretty much most people were heading. Along the way I met up with Serge and Sean Young. What a difference it was when I finally reached the clouds. The climbs were much better and going higher which meant I could up my cruise speed. I rounded Goolgowi and headed for Hillston but found it in a blue hole. Since it was my last day and not wanting to outland, I turned 20km short and headed for home. The run to WW was good cruising at 80 to 90kts, which isn't too bad for a dry Hornet. I landed after covering 340km and happy that I made it back. Sadly I de-rigged the next morning and headed for home.

Overall I was very happy with my first WW experience with 3 flights over 300km. Lessons learned included ensuring you go well into your selected turn point sectors and that 5,000ft



Lake Cowal Mine

isn't necessarily low for WW. I would like to thank Armin Kruger for organising a great camp, Stuart Ferguson from Canberra Gliding club for being my official observer and of course Daniela for being my flying companion on our badge flights. I achieved 2 parts to my Gold C being the distance and duration but unfortunately not the height gain. I also achieved my Diamond goal. I will definitely be back.

David Hofman

West Wyalong—The Heart of God's Country

In February I attended club's summer camp at West Wyalong. About 20 gliders spent two weeks flying long cross country flights most days. The most notable flight was over 1,000km, flown by Ed Marel in his ASH31m.



10 knots up (Photo: Serge Lauriou)

West Wyalong is only 68km northwest of Temora, but it is remarkable what a difference that short distance makes. The town and airfield seem to stick right out in the middle of the best soaring area. You can fly 100km directly east to Cowra before getting into hilly range country, or hundreds of kilometres in any other direction.

The main turn points in the area, starting from the northeast, are Forbes/Parkes, Cowra, then south west to Temora, Leeton/Griffith, then north to Hillston and northeast to Lake Cargelligo, also known as Lake Car-jellybean. Car-jellybean seemed to be a main turn point, from which the inland trough waved east, then west on most days. It is easy to plan a 500km flight using a combination of these turn points with large flat paddocks all around, which have all recently been cropped in February.

As a word of caution, lying to the west of the airfield is about 15km of scrub and not very landable terrain. So if you are coming home at the end of the day it might be best to plan to approach from either the northwest or southwest instead to avoid the bad terrain.

Armin Kruger did a great job of organising the camp and chaired the morning briefings for the first week. Bill Tugnett took over for the second week. West Wyalong gave us all a great welcome and the locals obviously appreciate our now twice yearly visit to the town. I even heard a rumour that Tattersalls Hotel, where we congregated for very enjoyable evening meals, doled out free bottles of wine on occasion. Geoff Stien, the Bland Shire council development officer, was very helpful. The shire gave us free access to the terminal building,



(Photos: Serge Lauriou)



which was very comfortable and a great place to cool down in the aircon before driving out to the launch point.

Finding a Paddock

The second day of the camp the weather looked picture book perfect. There were large CUs forming all across the sky with light northerly winds. When we launched I was confident I would fly an easy 500km. Half an hour later, I changed my mind. Instead I decided to get current in paddock landings. I chose a large cut paddock on the edge of Ungarie town less than 40km north of West Wyalong. Actually, I did everything I could to climb away but found myself on the ground soon afterwards.

Undaunted, less than an hour later, Paul Westman the tug pilot pulled me out of the paddock and I was once more on my way. I flew about 300km, so the day worked out for me in the end.

Bryan Hayhow clocked up 643km. He surprised a few pilots who are perhaps more used to sticking to named turnpoints by shooting past them when the conditions were strong before turning, thus clocking up more kilometres. This is one of the differences in style that makes a good OLC score, and is like flying an AAT rather than a racing task.

Peak Hill

Two days later the trough had moved to the east and streets of CUs formed towards the ranges to the east. Everyone set off in the direction of Parkes with some pilots veering toward Narromine 250km to the northwest. The conditions were very strong and I changed track from Parkes to Peak Hill splitting the course between the two. At Peak Hill I turned south for Cowra and had a terrific run along the Herveys. Daniela Helbig and David Hofman both flew 300km Gold Distances.

Mountain Clouds

Passing Forbes to the East I noticed that the Conimbla Range—a large hilly range west of Cowra had overdeveloped CU covering it. I could see that there were less developed CU over Cowra so kept on going. When I reached Cowra the climbs were much weaker than further north. However the sky to the south and west was filled with CUs that looked to be working. I had a slower leg home, but it was a very nice 440km flight for me. I should have paid more attention to the over-development on Conimbla, but I didn't and a week later I regretted it.

Armin and Geoff Sweeney flew 610km and Serge Lauriou flew 590km.

Rankin Springs

For my next flight two days later the weather was blue at West Wyalong, but there was the promise of CU to the west. I set off to Rankin Springs 80km west in the blue.

Rankin Springs is in the Cocoparra Range which lies north south between Hilston and Griffith. There was a line of cloud along the range booming up to 8,000ft. I followed Serge down the range to Leeton and a terrific run home from

there. Geoff Sweeney had his final flight of the camp and completed 552km.

Goolgowi

Conditions this day seemed even better, so several of us set a first turnpoint of Goolgowi, about 40 west of Rankin Springs. I turned there for Griffith which looked very good. However, I discovered that even if there are big CUs over the irrigation in the Griffith area, they don't necessarily work. It wasn't until I tracked back to the Cocoparra Range to the east of the town that I found another climb, and this slowed me down.

Which way?

The following day the forecast was for CU to 12,000ft—but which way first? As usual and as you would expect, north and west seemed like the strongest area. Luckily for me, when I launched I struggled to find a climb. Most everyone else headed off north into the blue. But, by the time I found a climb to above 4,000ft, the north westerly flow had drifted me to near Barmedman along the road to Temora. I looked north into the vast blue sky. I looked south at a sky filling rapidly with lovely CUs that looked like they were already at 10,000ft.



(Photo: George Marbot)

Which way should I go? At briefing we had all agreed to head north first. But I just could not resist the allure of the CU so I changed my plan and tracked to Temora.

As I travelled south the radio calls of our motley crew who had tracked north became more urgent. 'I'm struggling, have you got a climb?' I changed frequency to the Temora CTAF where I heard a much more encouraging 'Turning The Rock at 10,000ft.

I tracked Ilabo, south of Temora, then Leeton, Lake Car-jellybean. As I tracked north abeam Weethalie I could hear—now nice and clearly—the BSC pack on the radio. They were all tracking south in the opposite direction to me. For the first time that day I made a position call as we passed each other unseen. After Cargelligo I went to Caragabal west of West Wyalong and finished the day with 512km completed.

Late in the day I heard Ed Marel call that he was tracking north from Jerilderie 235km south. Ed finished up flying 1,024km for the longest flight of the camp. At briefing the next morning he gave a full account of his flight. It was Ed's 1,000th glider flight and his first 1,000km. Leonie Furze flew 544km for her Diamond Distance. Congratulations to both of them.

Return to Conimbla Range

The trough had moved east once more and the forecast was similar to the day that I had gone to Peak Hill—Cowra, a week earlier. As we launched, CUs were popping to the east so everyone naturally headed towards them. I was about 40km from Forbes when Neville Page declared on the radio, 'I've got a 15 knotter over the hills'. I was only 10km behind him and my heart began to race. I could see a beautiful line of CUs forming over the hills on track to Forbes—but could 15kts be true?

Don't worry, you didn't miss the greatest climb of the season. Nev may have seen a reading of 15kts somewhere, but all I could find was a paltry 10kt to 10,000ft. What a day I thought. This is a 1,000km day for the good pilots. The sky was filled with CUs in every direction.

Conditions were similar to the day I went to Peak Hill—Cowra, but better. Bill Tugnett plus

Ray Humphry, Ian McCallum and Phil Eldridge tracked to Narromine.

Once again I turned Peak Hill for Cowra and had an even better run down the Herveys. Bill and Co. were having a small bit of difficulty coming back from Narromine. I radioed that the Herveys were booming. I found out later that on the strength of my recommendation they headed for the hills, only to find nothing. Don't follow leaders!

As I passed Forbes to the east, once again I saw a big heap of overdeveloped cloud on the Conimbla Range. As I had flown the same route the previous week, I felt sure that I would get to Cowra and find a booming sky on the other side of the range. My last climb before reaching Cowra was to well over 10,000ft.

When I got to the other side of the range I was greeted by an empty sky. There were no clouds at all save for the over-development on Conimbla. The sky was milky white and hazy. The wind direction had changed and was coming from the east. I realised that a sea breeze influence had come in with cold air blowing in low, cutting off the thermals.

I turned for home with about 100km to go at 8,000ft. I tracked back towards the range, but I was now quite a distance from the over-development, which did not look like a great option in any case. I reached Grenfell on track for home and the edge of the clouds, which were now much higher than I was, and I seemed to be cut off from them.

I was now at paddock-picking height. I selected a good paddock to the west of Grenfell but managed to climb back up to 1,600ft AGL. (There is a nav. box in See You that shows AGL—very useful.) But I could not get above 1,600ft and drifted with the now stiff easterly to another paddock. In all, I picked four paddocks, climbed away and drifted down wind to the next paddock. After 45 minutes I was at 800ft AGL over a large cut paddock at downwind point and went in to land.

I landed 7km from Caragabal at the foot of the Wheoga Range in, as the sign on the nearest farmhouse declared, 'The Heart of God's Country.'

At briefing the next day Ian McCallum remarked to me that, 'You should never go somewhere in a glider that your head has not been half an hour earlier.' Never better advice was given. I realised that I had been flying the previous week's task and had not read the weather correctly at all.

Watching online

Chastened, I decided that I would not fly the next day but help with launching and be available for retrieves. Peter Hofman, Charles Durham, Daniela and Leonie set course to fly a 500km.

Several of the gliders at this camp were carrying Spot trackers and most of them are listed on the BSC Spot page. This means that anyone from the club can watch in almost real time—20 minutes between each track point—the progress of gliders during the day. After all the gliders were launched I went to my accommodation at the very nice Ace Caravan Park and kept an eye on their progress. At around 6:30pm, I could see that Leonie, Charles and Daniela still had a fair way to go to get home. Peter did not have a Spot. After 7pm I felt sure that there was going to be a land out or two. I brought this to the attention of Bill Tugnet and the process of finding retrieve crews was begun.

I checked their progress again and I now realised that Leonie was heading for Forbes. Daniela was only 40km north of West Wyalong. I thought she was going to make it and headed out to the airfield with my camera expecting to take a 'hero' shot of her landing and completing her Diamond Distance.

Instead I found John Carr talking to Peter Hofman on the radio as the sun set. Daniela had picked a paddock and was about to land and Peter was on final glide. Soon Peter was landing to complete his first official 500km Diamond Distance. John and I towed him back to the tie



Lake Cowal Gold Mine (Photo: Neville Page)

down area and he dashed off with the trailer to get Daniela. Before he left I was able to find her landing location on Spot, zoom into the paddock where she had landed and give Peter directions and coordinates. This really highlights the value of Spot.

Ray, Ian and Phil piled into a vehicle and set off to retrieve Charles, who had very sensibly landed at Coonamble Airport while Keith dashed off to Forbes to get Leonie.

All of a sudden I was standing on the tarmac alone. I had thought I would be available for retrieves but, I promise not by design, I seemed to be the only one left behind.

Don't miss WWL 2016.

Sean Young

No Guts, No Glory

No Guts, No Glory. This was to become my motto for the West Wyalong camp. I had been looking forward to this holiday for months and if the last few years were anything to go by I could expect 10,000ft cloud bases and flights of at least 350km every day.



It was only after arriving in West Wyalong that the 500km Diamond Distance Badge was being tossed around in conversation. After giving it some thought, I decided to give it go. A few days later, with Flarm freshly calibrated, Official Observer organised and a task set, our group (Peter Hofman, Daniela, Charles and myself) launched. I soon discovered my first challenge, the ASI wasn't working. One minute it was on 0, the next it was on 80kts. The weird thing was that everything seemed to be in reverse, when I was thermalling it was on 80kts and in the cruise it was on 0. If I landed I would have to dump my water ballast and to refill it would cancel out any chance of attempting my 500km, so I elected to ignore it and fly by feel. Perhaps this contributed to my first leg to Hillston being incredibly slow and even though I figured out how to change one of the PNA parameters to airspeed, it started continually reminding me that my arrival time would be after last light. I kept on

going, thankfully to be rewarded on the next leg to Leeton with fabulous streeting. I didn't know how accurate my PNA airspeed was and I kept losing the airspeed as soon as I started thermalling but it was better than nothing.

When I reached Leeton I thought that perhaps I should turn for home as it was getting late in the day; but due to my currency in out-landings (I landed in a ploughed field two days earlier near Ungarie) I had none of my usual trepidation about ending the day in a paddock. So with optimism and the saying 'no guts, no glory' ringing in my head, I tracked for my third turn point, June. At this stage in my flight with the day finally dying, I was conscious that most of the guys would be heading to the pub. If I was with them I'd have a glass of Sav Blanc in my hand by now. I had to focus. Temora was on my track and I knew there would be a bed and a glass of wine handy there if I needed it.



Peter Hofman, Sean Young

I had nothing to lose, but passing Temora I still didn't have final glide. It's now after 6pm and I'm getting low. Suddenly my phone rang, "I was just wondering what paddock you are in?" Charles asked. That's confidence for you! He was later to tell me that he considered following me around the Leeton turn point to Junee but concluded that I was crazy so he headed back to West Wyalong. I ended up scratching home just after 7pm I'm not sure who was more relieved, me that I had just flown 544km or Chuck hearing that he could finally have a beer.

The biggest challenge to the flight wasn't the planning, the low points, the broken airspeed indicator (we later discovered and removed a wasp nest from my pitot tube) or even the 6 hours and 11 minutes in the air, it was the process involved in claiming my Diamond Badge. At the time of writing my claim is still with 'The Badge Lady'.

Even though I think I did everything right for my badge claim as a backup I decided to do it all again a few days later. Hindsight is a wonderful

thing, as Charles, Daniela and myself were all scratching around near Condobolin late in the day my comment 'no guts, no glory' may have been better kept in my head instead of said in jest on the chat frequency as all of us except Peter ended up out-landing; Charles on a locked airfield requiring bolt cutters to get through the gate; Daniela in a paddock 30km from West Wyalong; and me, well I got lucky and scored a party at Forbes Aero Club. My decision to divert 90 degrees off track even though I almost had final glide wasn't due to prior knowledge of the party. I can however recommend the aero club's shiraz if ever you're in the same position and decide that you really don't want to risk an out-landing in the dark. Having no guts really can lead to glory.

Leonie Furze

The NANO Logger

The Nano logger, produced by Lx, is the greatest thing since sliced bread. It's so good in fact that the Club has bought four of them. Some of you may not have heard about these wonderful devices, so pay attention, especially if you fly cross-country.

The Nano is a matchbox-sized piece of electronic gee-whizzery which is an entirely self-contained, fully-IGC approved, GPS logger for recording glider flights. Up to now, most loggers have been moderately large boxes which need to be connected to a battery or some other fixed power supply and to a GPS antenna by cable. They are the opposite of portable and are usually mounted by nuts and bolts. The file which contains the record of the flight can only be downloaded by taking a computer with a serial port to the glider, or at best, transferring it to a USB stick or SD card at the glider. The Nano is none of this.

The Nano has a battery built in which can last for about a day and an elephantine memory. It has a GPS with a built-in antenna. It has a micro SD card and a USB port. Connect it to any computer by USB and it appears as a drive containing your flight files. It also temporarily installs a small app (ask anybody under 30) which allows the flight data-pilot name, task declaration, etc. to be put into the logger.

It is so easy to use and useful to have that instructors, for example, can simply turn a Nano on in the morning, put it in their pocket and leave it there all day. While they have a G&T that evening, they can plug it into their laptop/tablet's USB port and download their day's work for their logbook or can demonstrate to their vict... er, pupils, what really happened. For a normal cross-country flight, charge it the night before, turn it on and put it in your or the glider's pocket. At the end of the flight take it home, plug it into a computer, put the flight on the OLC, recharge the battery. Easy!

The only club glider with a logger is the Orion, where it is built into the vario. Now all the Club gliders can have a logger when it's needed. Charlie Durham is the Nanoführer. He'll maintain



a register of who has them and will allot them as needed. He also holds the calibration certificates for each logger. Generally, they'll be loaned to people hiring a Club glider for a camp or event. At Charlie's discretion, other members without a logger in their glider or trying for something special and/or needing a backup may get one. Put your case to Charlie. Bring beer.

Each one comes with a charger and cable and the manual on a USB stick. The manual will also be put on the club website. Like anything with a battery, keeping it fully charged saves a lot of chagrin. There is a switch which goes forward, backward and presses in. The last is the only one that has any effect. When on, a red light flashes slowly so ensuring it's off may require several seconds observation. The serial number is on the bottom label in hex and decimal (ask anyone over 50). They cost about \$600 each so please be careful. Good flying!

Graeme Cant

Event Schedule Planner 2015–2016

CAMPS	STARTING	ENDING	FORM 2	REGO	DUE
MNT./FORM 2 COURSE	23.08.2015	29.08.2015	K-21	BW	08.08.2015
AB INITIO	11.10.2015	16.10.2015	JUNIOR	WQP	15.09.2015
COACHING WEEK	25.10.2015	31.10.2015	ORION	BSC	26.09.2015
SPEEDWEEK	01.11.2015	07.11.2015	LS4	CQN	30.10.2015
TEMORA	02.01.2016	16.01.2016	DG300	HDZ	30.10.2015
WEST WYALONG	30.01.2016	13.02.2016	K-13	UQ	15.11.2015

MARCH	APRIL	MAY	JUNE	JULY	AUGUST
S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30	S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30	S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31
SEPTEMBER	OCTOBER	NOVEMBER	DECEMBER	JANUARY	FEBRUARY
S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30	S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30	S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29

The Green Machine

As we de-rigged at West Wyalong 2015, I discovered I had a stowaway in the top of my fin.

He/she had been around New South Wales. Remember we had some rain one night. I think he/she got into the fin through the hole at the bottom of the rudder and crawled up the spar to get a better view!

John Carr



