

DEAKIN'S NEWSLETTER



MY DAD HAS TO GET HIS GLIDER READY FOR FLYING AND THEN TAKE IT OUT TO THE GRID BEFORE TAKING OFF.

A NO GO DAY

It was the **second day of competition** and we eat a lovely breakfast with eggs and bacon and toast. Then we get ready for dad to fly his ASW-20 KYF. We take the tie downs off and wash its wings while dad loads up water and checks things.

Then we go to the morning briefing meeting in the fancy auditorium.

The weather looks good so we tow the glider out to the line of gliders on the grid. Then we have to wait till the contest starts and the tugs come to pull the gliders up into the air.

The Open and Standard class fly off first. Next to go would have been dad's class but on the speaker the organiser announces "no more flights". The weather is

not good enough for gliding. DANG IT!!!!

We take the glider back and tie it down for the night and then spend the rest of the day in the club house. After dinner I watch more episodes of The Famous Five videos before I go to bed.

Dad is disappointed that he could not fly today.



NAN THE PHOTOGRAPHER



WHAT'S COOK'EN POP?



PILOT WITH GROUND CREW



SLEEPY HEAD



GARBAGE GUTS

COMPETITION DAYS

It was **Day 3** of the competition and the weather was hot again. We saw many gliders circling around above us after they took off. It was too hot to stay in camp so I spent the rest of the day in the club house in the cool air conditioning with Nan and Pop. Dad came fifth.

Day 4 of the competition was a hot day and dad was a little scared about the tow because of the cross winds. I knew it would be fine because he is a good pilot. It was a three hour task.

After he took off successfully we decided to move our camp to a shady area under a tree. It was so hot but we got it all done and then I went to the pool with Nan.

We got dad's call and raced to the field and watched dad come in with his water spraying out and land safely.

We pulled him to his tie down spot, had dinner and then bed. Dad got third and was happy with that

Day 5 of the championships was cancelled and **Day 6** was a declared a Rest Day because the weather did not look good for gliding. Two days off.

Dad and I went to the movies to see James Bond. It was a very good movie and dad and I talked about it as we were walking home. I raced him home and won.

Tomorrow the aim is for us all to drive to Bendigo. It will take us about 2 hours to get there so we will have to leave early.



DAD'S ASW20 GLIDER



ME AND MY DAD



WORLD FAMOUS CAMERA MAN

CHAD'S DAY



GLIDING CAN BE HARD WORK

Day 2 (Wednesday)

Strong southerlies today meant an earlier and shorter task to get us home before the day died because of the wind. Open/18m were first on the grid and struggled to get above launch height. The tuggies called off the launch for standard/15m due to high traffic in the tow out area. About this time Robert and Griffio landed for a relight.

Whilst the comp director pondered when to launch the rest of us we lost our task window to get back at a reasonable hour and Standard/15m were cancelled.

It did seem like reasonable day (just with a soft start) so it was a pity not to fly.

Day 3 (Thursday)

Blue days, Start lines, Leeching and team flying. That seems to be becoming the norm here at the nationals. Since reintroducing the start line the

flood gates have opened for the possibility for leeching and team flying once again. Since they are doing the same tasks for 15m/standard and open/18m it only makes it worse. The basic tactic is to climb up pre-start behind the line and wait with 30 other gliders until a good gaggle leaves. Then stay with the gaggle or you get rolled. The organizers remind pilots at the briefing that team flying is banned yet they've handed it to pilots on a platter. Anyway on to today's task.

Blue to about 5000ft with light winds today was what we got. I did the start line tactic thing and left about 15 minutes earlier than I wanted but with a gaggle of mostly standard class gliders. About 20 km down the track the gaggle somehow disbanded and I found myself all alone. I decided to go west of track and regretted it soon afterwards as it was slow going.

Meanwhile behind me the next gaggle which had the eventual top four in 15m left direct on track and caught me up at the first turn point. Realizing this I made three attempts to loose them but to no avail.

By Finley and 120km out, things got soft so I decided to settle for the lost ground and use the gaggle to get home. This gaggle was one of the larger ones I've flown with and for most of the 100plus km home. It comprised of nearly all standard class and some of 15m class (about 20plus gliders). Although everyone behaved it was hard work to keep a safe distance and I was bugged upon landing.

The day was still good for me with 5th and 905 points but has shown me the importance of start line tactics as I had the chance to start with fast gaggle instead I got suckered into a quick decision. Jenny was not far behind me at Finley but got stuck low in the weak area around irrigation and put down at Tocumwal. Fortunately she got an aero tow retrieve so will get a good nights rest tonight.

Apparently tomorrow is looking good so it's bed time for me. Attached above is a small snippet of the gaggle at Finley (there were plenty more out of shot).

Day 4 (Friday)

Today I have George Lee to thank for my score as those who have been on his course know there is a large portion dedicated to psychology. In the past I had a problem with throwing in the towel when all went pear shaped and come home on idle. Thanks to you George I managed to overcome this today and soldier on.

Today was an AAT and since they had different start gates for 15m/Standard it would mean far less leeching and gaggles. Blue to 7000ft and some mid level cloud was the weather we got. The problems started early for me as we had gridded on runway 08 but had a strong 10-12kt quartering tail wind. Anyone who knows what an ASW20 with half filled water bags and a CG hook is like will know how I was feeling. After seeing how nervous Peter Trotter was with his ASW20, it only confirmed my fears. I watched Peter launch which was not pretty and then it was my turn. My launch was reasonably similar and I don't wish to repeat it anytime soon. Once off tow I was still consumed by the takeoff and all my tactical thoughts went out the window. Simply put I managed to be all on my

own and the last to leave. Normally this would not bother me but negative thoughts and self doubt crept into the cockpit. I decided to just touch the first turn point and hopefully by cutting the corner would find some thermal markers heading north.

Hopefully up north in the large top sector the weather would be good so I could push further than the others without a problem.

Just as I turned the mid level cloud started covering my path all the way to NSW. This meant leaving climbs much earlier and working a lower height band. I started thinking of how well the top runners would be doing further ahead. By the NSW border I started catching two gaggles ahead and not much further along I had climbed higher and passed both which made me feel I was back in the game.

I got to Lake Urana and the rest started to head for home but I still had more time to soak up. I flew over the moonscape around Urana but got a little low on the north side of it and had to tiptoe back to the lake before climbing back up. Then it got soft and things looked a little grim. The others ahead were calling weak climbs and they were almost home. Now I really thought I'd stuffed things up but tried to keep things positive since I still had 100 plus km to go. After a long glide I found a 5kt climb that I took to the top and a Nimbus 3 joined underneath. He eventually passed me on glide and found another 5kt climb near the Murray River which we topped out on also. That left left one small mountain range to fly over to get glide and turn the control point for home.

After landing I just sat in the cockpit hoping I had salvaged at least some points for the day as I was sure the others were at least 10kph faster. I had given it my all at least.

After uploading my trace I realized that the others hadn't done so well after all and I ended up third for the day with 931 points and 3rd overall still.

Never give up and never doubt your self, thanks George. Bed time as I'm stuffed. Tomorrow is another day.

Day 5 and 6 (Saturday and Sunday)

Officially declared as rest days thanks to the influence of the cyclone off WA. Flying will recommence on Monday. Time for some R+R.