

**THE ORIGINAL & THE BEST FAKE NEWS SOURCE!**

# HE'S BACK!!!

**SOME GLIDING NEWS!**

**SOME WILD LIFE PIX!**

**A LITTLE FESTIVE CHEER!**

**OTHERWISE GLOOM ALL AROUND!!**

**SPECIAL COVID-SAFE KEEP SOARING ISSUE!**



**GO  
BROWN!!**

IN THE FACE OF DUNNY PAPER SHORTAGES DUE TO PANIC BUYING, WE'RE MAKING A FEW BLANK PAGES IN THIS NEWSLETTER!

JUST PRINT THEM OUT! MORE THAN ONCE IF NEEDED ON YOUR CHOICE OF SHINY OR ABSORBENT PAPER!!

\* DOES NOT APPLY TO CHRIS BOWMAN

NO EXCLAMATION MARKS WERE HURT IN MAKING THIS NEWSLETTER!!



## HERE WE GO AGAIN!

I'm writing this from Sydney's northern beaches which on balance, is one of the least awful places to live. Until it becomes the epicentre of NSW's most recent Covid outbreak. Yes, there's less culture here than Paris but also less dog poo. The sandy beaches are less white than Perth but... well, at least it's not Perth!

I spent most of the winter in Perth and Western Australia and you'd have to say that 4 months in Perth is like a decade in any other place and while it's Covid 19 free, on balance, that's not enough to make it a great place to live. In any case, just like NSW, their border is riddled with holes from truckies coming across the border without any form of testing to ships in Freo, Bunbury, Geraldton and Port Headland

docking with half the crews testing positive while local crew members disembark without testing. Of course, we're all in this together though the exceptions which apply to the rich and the famous, airline crews and the rest, appear to be likely the source of the northern beaches outbreak. Anyway, it's not her or me!

## HE'S BACK!

Please accept my sincere apologies for the excessive use of exclamation marks. It's nice to have the old firm back in business even though that means a lot of stressful work for me. A friend's daughter was working in compliance at Facefriend and said that child porn images have a devastating effect on those who have to view them. Rubberwear isn't quite so bad but it ain't great either! I'm not sure if I believe his excuse that it's the cheapest way to get PPE.

## GO CAROL!

While trying to find a reason to cross the WA border which didn't include the imminent birth of a grandchild (which seemed very important to one of us) I heard about Carol Shorter's epic trip across the Nullarbor and back. While Ger and I made the crossings almost four months apart, Carol did the return trip in 10 days straight! Enough to make any truckie proud.

You need to apply for an exemption before crossing to WA. There's only two roads in so it's easy to police. Dave had put down transport or freight as the purpose of their visit but when they arrived at the border in just a small FWD instead of a B double, there were questions asked and picking up a DG-400 in a trailer didn't look like essential freight. The border police in WA were superb with the Shorters and us as well.

After 30 minutes of toktok, Dave and Carol were allowed into WA, provided they did a U turn as soon as the glider trailer was hooked up and came straight back. Now I have not heard Carol's side of the story but the trip sounds above and beyond to me and a possible winner of the Kitty Wills award for services to gliding. They don't make many like that any more.

## **TICKNOWLEDGY FAILURE**

If there's one thing which has been noticeable in this pandemic year, it's that technology hasn't saved us. Hopefully science will when the vaccines get to work (excluding the anti-vaxxers who neither want or deserve to be saved). Having a reasonable internet service has allowed people to work from home but there's little or nothing that the so-called 'tech giants' appear to have done to improve things other than their own finances.

The phone apps which were going to save the day are useless. While Q code contact tracing could work very well, few if any places take it seriously and of course, in NSW, nothing is mandatory, not even face masks on public transport.

The WA government border permit app is worse than useless, refusing you entry every day. As Geraldine and I got closer to the border, the tension got higher and higher since we had no permit to cross. Fortunately we did have a letter from the Pope - or the next best thing. Emails and letters from a business making essential Covid testing tents who had a machine breakdown requiring immediate help which fortunately, only I could provide.

The police at the border were brilliant. They were thorough and conscientious but having finished, Geraldine said we would like to stay in WA for a while. This was not permitted and our entry permit required us to return as soon as the essential work and quarantine period was complete.

At that point, the senior sergeant turned away and said "bloody bureaucracy!" and suggested that we ignore the internet and just ring or write to someone. So for better or worse, we ended up stuck there.

One thing which does appear to have worked well is the LKSC committee. They have kept members informed throughout with regular updates. They have taken a sensible approach to things like social distancing and hygiene around the club while making sure that members could fly as much and as easily as possible. Well done all!

## **GOOD NEWS AT LAST**

World champion George Moffat said "any gliding club with a good bar won't fail." LKSC has always tried hard to follow this suggestion and now there's news that any gliding club with a good consumption of red woobla and cheese will retain its members longer.

US researchers, using data from the UK's big Biobank biomedical database discovered that "cheese consumption had neuro-protective effects against cognitive decline. Daily moderate consumption of red wine was associated with improvements in cognitive function."

Cheese, by far, was shown to be the most protective food against age-related cognitive problems, even late into life. The daily consumption of alcohol, particularly

red woobla, was also related to improvements in cognitive function.

While this may be good news in the UK, it's bad news in France, the USA and of course NZ (where most news is bad.) The reason for this, which obviously didn't occur to the researchers is which cheese and which woobla?

The US doesn't have cheese at all in the accepted sense of the word (i.e., something made with milk from sheep, cows and goats as opposed to rubber or stuff between your toes,) and what they call cheese does not appear to have improved the mental abilities of the people. It's well known that NZ has only two cheeses and according to Charles de Gaulle, that's why as a nation, they cannot be trusted. Bizarrely, the UK has lots of cheese - over 350 more types than France, mainly from cows. Is it only UK cheese that works?

But the bad news for France is that the UK cannot afford most French wine so these mental improvements are most likely to come from the good Aussie fighting woobla or something similar from Chile, Argentina or South Africa which they drink in the UK.

Based on the above, Australia should be well ahead already. Keep Soaring's recommendation for a long and active gliding life is that pilots should maintain a regular intake of red woobla and cheese après vol followed at some stage by lots of prunes and psyllium.

Best wishes, safe flights and happy landings.

*The Editor (acting) 2020*

# PRESIDENT'S RETORT

(I got side-tracked over Xmas and didn't send my words through to you but then I realised coming from the disease centre of NSW, that you'd probably nothing better to do than finish Keep Soaring. Cheers, Kel.)

It's been an interesting few months since the AGM and the new committee has been busy on a number of fronts. The primary objectives for this year are:

1. Increase the flying membership and therefore revenue to...
2. Reduce debt and...
3. Keep gliders in the air cost-effectively
4. Ensure flying at Lake Keepit is affordable for all members

In addition to this, we are also working to update the admin and operations manual for the club that will be available on the club website members section that will clearly detail how the club works and its policies and procedures, not the least of which will be policies around capital works at the club. This is a big task and will be worked on over time so your patience will be appreciated. Suggestions on inclusions are welcome along with the offer to pull that section together.

## VOLUNTEERING

A key element common to all four primary objectives above is the need for greater engagement of members in the running of the club. Volunteering is important for two reasons; it obviously saves the

club money, but importantly it engenders a sense of ownership of the club, its assets and operations. All are critical to the club's success and dare I say it survival. In the past, volunteer work has been consistently done by the same small number of members. The committee will be looking for your support to take on specific tasks over the next year and we look forward to your support when approached.

## RAAUS

RAAus will commence operation shortly and we look forward to that adding value to the club. We are fortunate to have Ian Downes as manager who is able to train both gliding and RAAus.

## THE TUG FLEET

We are also refurbishing the existing glider and tug fleet. Activities include cutting and polishing the external surfaces, fixing scratches and marks, replacing upholstery, fixing microphone booms, replacing placards, etc. We aim to undertake the refurbishments of the gliders as usage permits.

Brad Edwards and Todd Clark have been putting in countless hours on FOO not only on the engine upgrade but also the airframe, cowl and other items needing work. Their individual time commitment is measured in weeks not days or hours and for that and their deep experience and skills being brought to bear we are very grateful. Bob Dircks and John Wakefield have also contributed to the project.

As always we are grateful for Grant Nelson's support both as Keepit Glidertech and also when he helps out on weekends with comps and the like. Grant will be applying his skills to bring the glider fleet back to life.

COVID has an upside. Yes, hard to believe but it is true. The restriction on international travel means more people are holidaying at home and having a few bob to spend on gliding instead of that overseas holiday in Aspen!

So if you know of people that might be interested in having a life changing experience in learning to fly then please advertise the club to them. It will be an experience they will remember long after the Aspen holiday. Importantly, it is a great parent/daughter/son activity and the experience stands out on a resumé.

Vic Hatfield is retiring from the CFI rôle effective 31st of December and Leo Davies is taking over.

Cheers to all,

Kel Burgess



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## VIC HATFIELD CFI



Vic Hatfield will retire from the position of club CFI at the end of 2020 and the rôle will be taken over by Leo Davies. Vic has been CFI for as long as anyone can remember and has kept a steady hand on the stick during both club operations and comps.

Anyone who has had a telling-off from Vic can testify that Vic takes safety seriously when he's in his official rôle - firm but fair. And anyone who has been to Keepit's bonfire night will tell you that Vic is a right hooligan when out of uniform.

Vic is also well known for telling his unique style of joke before safety briefings which may not bring the house down but they certainly wake people up and get them concentrating.

Not long ago, a club member watched a two-seater rocketing down the strip in a racing finish about 50' above the ground and do a graceful slow-motion steeply banked turn before landing back on the strip. The rear cockpit opened and Bruce Taylor appeared.

"Ah!" said the member, "I should have known it would be you." "Yes, but he made my do it!" said Brad, pointing to a grinning Vic Hatfield in the front seat. "He was egging me on to go lower too!"

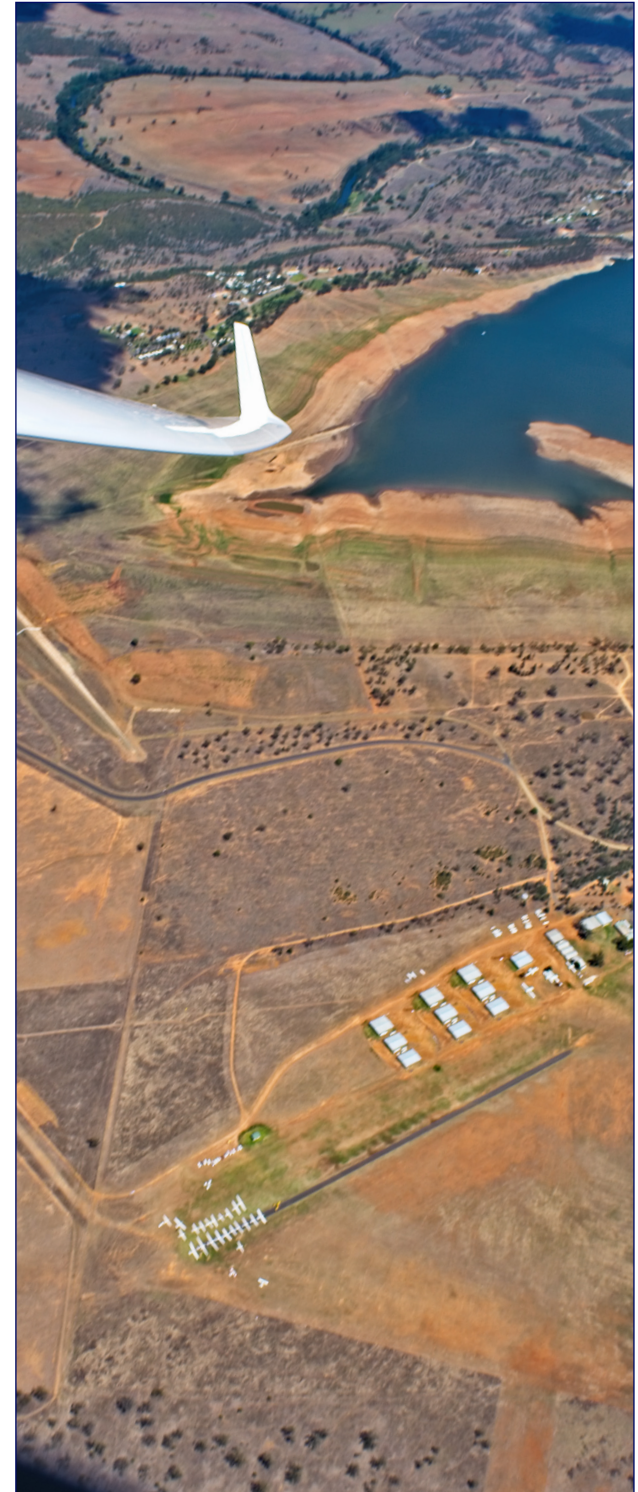
Vic was a student pilot in 1974 at the Tamworth & District Gliding Club. By the time the Tamworth & New England (Armidale) Clubs merged in 1979, to form the Lake Keepit Club, Vic was the inaugural President of the new club and has had the respect of members ever since...

"Vic is professional, there when needed, encouraging at the right time, enjoys a laugh, and a great asset all round."

"Vic is a true gentleman, he is what I aspire to be like as I grow older."

"If there is a person who should be nominated for Life Membership, there could be no person more deserving than Vic Hatfield."

Leo Davies has big boots to fill!



## TREASURERS REPORT

Hi y'all! Your new treasurer here, busy learning the many tasks and issues that Chris looked after (OMG).

Revenue for all months this year is significantly down. As this is more than 30% we are entitled to job keeper, which has been a saviour for the club. The wet and windy December has not help activity, and now the northern Sydney COVID cluster may hurt a bit more.

Overall - cash is tight. We will be making a large final payment on the FOO engine rebuild in the first week of January 2021. So we will need to borrow to make that and complete the work to get FOO back and flying.

Therefore, It would be good if everyone with an overdrawn account (not in credit) can make good with a deposit ASAP... Plus anyone happy add a bit to their account now for future visits would be much appreciated.

Remember, we do not have traditional "credit accounts", rather pilot accounts are expected to be kept at zero or in funds.

I did manage to get up to Keepit for the non - mini-GP weekend. Fortunately, I arrived a few days before hand and was able to get in a dual seat training day with Allan Barnes.

My objective was to improve my times in future GPs and Regattas. The short story is that I learned a lot, and I realize this was the tip of the iceberg. Where to be at the start, when to start, when and how far to go into an area in an AAT, setting up the task turn points and moving them around in flight.

I have so much more to learn and practice. I highly recommend getting help with your cross country flying and tasks, and recommend Allan's services.

While it was too windy to aerotow on the weekend, Vic fired up the winch and did 6 or more launches including one with Ian and myself. We got 1900+ feet AGL (even with we two heavy lumps) so I felt it was pretty good. We got off, found a thermal and climbed to 5,000 feet a few times while being blown well downwind. Not a day for a PW.

Disappointed about the poor conditions during the GP weekend, and so I am looking forward to the next GP (Late Jan 2021), the regatta (Feb) and beyond! I hope to see you there.

Andrew White



Spring 2017

## ABSINTHE FIENDS

At this festive time of year spare a thought and/or raise a glass to Keepit's absent friends. I'm sure there are many I have forgotten but...

A stiff gin and tonic will do to toast Lord Harry Potts who would normally have been in residents in the big house on the better side of the lake. Harry is holed up at a resort in Uruguay where for most of the year, things have been a lot better than they are in the UK. It would be hard to find a worse place than the UK at the moment...

Other than the USA which is where our regular migratory bird Jim Staniforth is. I guess red woobla will suit Jim.

Both have been kind enough to send a report from where they are - though neither article actually has anything to do with the current state of the nation!



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**Adam Woolley and Keith Gately arrived at LKSC on December 1st chasing the weather.**

With Skysight forecasting 15,000ft cloudbase all the way up to Charleville, they were planning a 1000km O/R in Keith's Arcus.

By the morning of the 2nd, the forecast had softened. Briefing was vestigial. There were so many record holders and record seekers poring over maps and screens that lesser mortals self-briefed in hushed tones so as not to disturb the serious atmosphere.

In technical meteorological terms, it was a fronty, troughy sort of day with conditions changing quite rapidly. Both lookoutthewindow.com stickyourheadoutthehangardoor.net thought the outlook was gloomy. It was a day when it was going to be important to be at the right place at the right time.

Adam and Keith decided to go for a 500km O/R speed record via Mungindi. Brad Edwards followed the same route. Allan Barnes had a go at the 300km O/R speed record with Antek Skotnicki from Canberra with 139kph to beat. The rest of us no-hopers slobbered around and had a few laughs.

As it happened, quite a few of us were in the wrong place at the wrong time. Justin Smith flew a magnificent 403km at a nosebleed inducing 91 kph. Allan Pilkington also flew 403 km at a more modest 74 kph. John Clark flew just 363km at a less embarrassing 101 kph but launched too early and took over an hour with a second engine run to get above 3500'.

Meanwhile Adam and Keith achieved 141.8kph in what they called "difficult conditions" on their 20m two seater record breaking flight. Brad Edwards found

the conditions worse on the way up to Mungindi but managed a shade over 171kph on the return leg, almost without a turn.

The band of good weather was barely two and half hours long and possibly 50m wide and over Kaputar and to the east there was lots of overdevelopment and isolated storms past 3.30.

Allan Barnes and Antek were on 148kph for the first 80% of the flight but had started at Manilla. They were foiled by a band of rain which washed them out of the sky and into the valley between Kaputar and Barraba. The 148 quickly decayed as they scratched up from 1500' in 3 or 4kt, but they ended up finishing at 131kph reporting "A good blast of a day nonetheless".

The club coach gave the visitors full marks at briefing the following morning but chastised most club members as only being fit for the second eleven.

The quote of the day on the radio was from Brad Edwards, talking to Adam Wooley who was some 20km off to the East. "I'm just coming up on Bellata Silo..... but you probably know that already".

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Geoff Sim



Good day digger!

(Do we call you poms digger?)



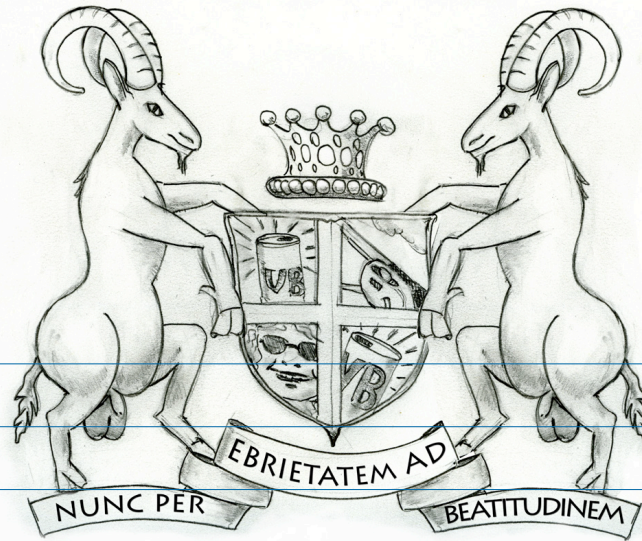
I've had a few moments to scribble something down for the manager's report but what would you know? ~~A plucky mouse ate it!~~ It disappeared!

We had a big thunderstorm thing and the lights went out and I spilled a tinnie on that electropad I was using and to avoid spoiling the electricity, I put it in the bath to wash out the beer (by the way, youse'll all be glad to know i'm off the VB and drinking something much more classy called Victoria Bitter. Does the same job but a change is as good as eh?) and ended up having to write by pen again on the old presidential pad. Ya don't think Tim C will mind me using the letterhead? Oh, I know Kel's the pressie but there's always Chris B and Tim lurking somewhere.

I hope your good wife was not really up to no good lurking in the dunnies in up at Palm Beach when that covid person was around. Talking of getting up to no good, I know Aussies have a reputation for cottaging - (I had to look it up in the dictionary and there we are! Same as looking up Memphis Trousers, famous the word over!) I know your ~~steady root~~ wife doesn't look the type, cos I remember she looked pretty cross when I got into your motel room at 6 in the morning in Peterborough. Though I was surprised they gave me the room key just because I said I was a friend. Anyway, I'll send some piccies from me phone for my piece, except for the ones the coppers sent me from Alice which shows the PPE off nicely.



Hello All of youse!  
It's GREAT  
TO BE BACK!

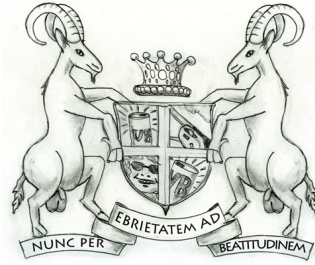


FROM THE  
OFFICE OF THE  
~~PRESIDENT~~  
Manager

The decision to leave Alice Springs and return to LKSC was a bastard not taken lightly. ASP is a plucky immensely interesting place both socially and scenically and if you can adjust to some of the dreadful social problems, it can be a very rewarding experience. For example, I learned how to get rid of the fur on a steak when you're having a barbie. You put the cat or possum or whatever you've caught for dinner in the freezer overnight and then you can knock the fur off with your tongs easy as!

When I told Tim Carr I would be bringing my own PPE he said the job was as good as mine since it would save the club some moolah. This pic is of me visiting the coppers at lock-up in Alice. Could have smiled more I guess but I was having trouble standing cos someone spilled beer on the floor..



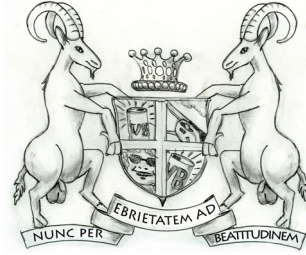


I think this is the pic which got me the job. No Covid german is going to get through that! Anyway, back to Alice... (One of my mates up there took that shot Saturday night.)

Flying in the area is an anus clenching experience awe inspiring and with the decision to start an R&Aus operation at the club, the possibility of doing a safari to the Centre looms large. I've got some good drinking mates made some interesting connections up there and I look forward to telling youse about it.

With regard to R&Aus, all our approvals are finally in place and I hope to start operations around the 1st of Jan. They shouldn't mind the puddles.

I am aware some of youse have go the shits of a degree of "unease" amongst some members as to how a joint operation will pan out. Let me assure everyone that I have no intention of changing the kultur of LKSC; what we have here is unique in many ways and all I want to do is to enhance what we can offer and who knows, more glider pilots may result when the R&Aus people see how boring flying in a straight line is!



The NSW state comps went off without a hitch maybes with Covid reduced numbers but at least we achieved a result. I can't remember much think enough has been written about the event but I will take this opportunity to thank all who participated in whatever form for their support great stuff.



Training continues with some dodgy interesting characters around the place... 2 hang gliding mates are converting to the dark side.

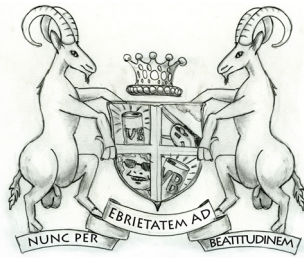
Isn't it funny that most hangies look like bag snatchers? (Except maybe the Smith twins) You might think that R&A's people are likely to raise the tone!

We flew in very trying conditions with 40+ degree days and high humidity. I had to wear my lightweight PPE those days but I think you'll agree, it's a nice little number!

Cam (on the left) who claimed to have flown before, scraped managed to go solo and Glen made significant progress



There's been a bit of wild life around here recently in the form of a mouse plague. Bob Dircks says it's over now but there's plenty of the buggers still around so put some campher in your cockpits!



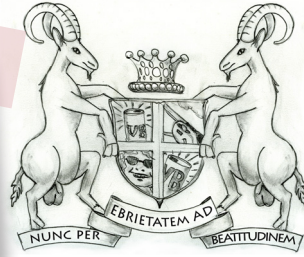
Voice *p* \* G7 Fdim Am7 Am6 G7 Ddim Am7 Am6  
 A fur-covered friend, a fur-covered friend! He'll never let you down.

*a tempo e sempre legato*

Dm Fdim Am7 Gdim Dm6 G+  
 He's hungry and smelly right up to the end, that wonderful one, two, three fur-covered friend!

\* Diagrams for Guitar Accomp.

In my idle moments I wrote a poem set to music about them.... I'm not quite as much on the <sup>musical</sup> spectrum as Al Giles when it comes to this but I think it's quite memorable!



Our full time tuggie of recent months, Adann Sadiki, left us last week but has offered to remain on the books to help out where possible. Here's Adann bludging in front of the hangars helping rigging.

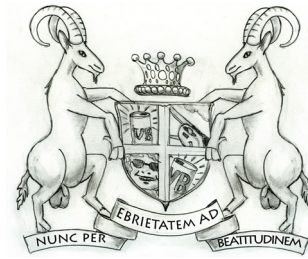
We wish Adann well in his future flying endeavours, particularly with his forthcoming interviews.

Older smitten members will remember Elodie Courtois, that memorable French bird our summer tuggie from 2012.

El visited us recently and towed on the Saturday. El is now flying on survey operations for Thomson Aviation and has completed her Multi Engine Command Instrument Rating conversion and Instructor Rating.

She threatens to be back for Christmas to get ready for the big one..... Aussie citizenship! Quite a step from someone who can barely speak English could only spend 3 months here when we started talking back in 2012. Must be something in the Keepit blokes water that keeps us coming back!





Last week Lachlan Korodaj and Peter Crowhurst arrived for ab initio and further training. Lachlan (He's the scrawny one by the K21), he achieved solo status and Peter converted to the PW5 as well as completing his outlanding check together with Wayne Chaffey (if the wind stays blowing, he may need it!) - a great week!

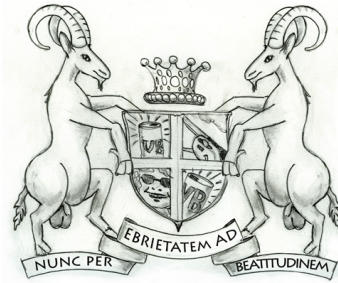
Everyone was looking forward to the Jacques' Mini-GP last weekend but with some trepidation due to forecast strong winds. Unfortunately, the strong winds eventuated came and combined with low cloud bases, GP flying was cancelled on both days.

Not all was lost as the vinchmeister (aka Vic Hatfield) was on hand to organise a lovely afternoon of winching.

When Vic walked into briefing, Elodie came up and gave him a great big French kiss - both cheeks etc. After about 5 minutes, Vic decided that he might leave and come in again. (Ed, can youse put a smiley face thing in here pls so people know this is a joke?)



What follows is Vic's summary of the day's activities



Hello Members ,

We were supposed to have the GP this W/E, however, the forecast indicated strong winds, correct, and rain, incorrect. Briefing at 9.30am decided to return at 1230. Winch launching was suggested but not a lot of interest shown, decided to reconvene at 2pm.

One pilot indicated he would like to experience a winch launch. Quickly got the winch and tow car prepared and set up on R/W 32. GCI was carefully towed down to 14.

First flight was Delilah with Ian D. in the back seat. Much laying off was required to counter the X/W, 2000 AGL was achieved. This flight attracted other participants and a total of 7 launches were made, all achieving around 1800 AGL.

Next flights were, Lachlan, Terry, Bruce, all with Ian, Bruce satisfied his refresher on winch and he and Brad went together and climbed away to 6500 [as you would expect] Fred Lips, Andrew, both with Ian and again soaring flights ensued.

Alan Pilkington was the tow car driver and Ian as the Instructor, provided a smooth operation for the afternoon.

A superb meal at the clubhouse with nibbles, spag Bol and dessert. I think Ian was the cook, but the ladies present soon ushered him out of the kitchen -- hmm .

Music / singing followed provided by Brad, Tom and Lachlan. A very pleasant social evening!



Thanks, Vic (but with your comments about my cooking, don't expect a return invite.)



And so, after a great start to my time at LKSC, I am looking forward to the future with much enthusiasm.

I trust this is the first of many reports in the revived "Keep Soaring" and I know that it will give the erstwhile editor a chance to butcher my otherwise pristine craftsmanship some more spare time because he doesn't have to make stuff up to fill the space (and any of youse buggers who can do better are welcome to contact me on my private line.)

May I wish everyone a safe and happy Christmas and a healthy

and prosperous 2021 (except youse on the Northern Beaches).

May the woes of a Covid ridden 2020 be behind us.

Ian







## **DISTANCE, SPEED AND ACCELERATION, OR WHY YOU NEED A VARIOMETER.**

When we fly, we like to go fast. Pilots often brag about their speed, as in, "I averaged 340 km/hour on my last leg". Strange then, that once we close our eyes, we have no way of telling how fast we are going. Back in the days when we used to fly to attractive destinations in fast jet aeroplanes the guy in the left seat would push the throttles forward and we felt ourselves accelerate down the runway but once we were doing 1000 km/hour in the cruise we had no perception of movement at all.

"Mine's a gin and tonic, thanks". Our senses are designed to keep us out of trouble and are much better at detecting change than steady states. Whether it is swimming in cold water or sleeping on a train our brain is insensitive to constant stimuli.

# *Musings from* **THE FLYING DOCTOR** *(The new, improved one).*

We can detect changes in speed though; that is, acceleration. We have quite good accelerometers in our buttocks. As I sit in my chair typing I can feel the chair pushing upwards against me with an acceleration of 9.8 metres/second/second.

If I am lucky enough to be sitting in a glider and enter a 9.8 meter per second thermal, then I will feel 2 times the Gravity force. This will rapidly disappear as my glider begins to accelerate upwards. Once I am going up with the air mass at a stable rate then the accelerometers in my behind will tell me that I am back in a stable 1 Gravity field.

So, we get the initial sensation of acceleration as we enter a thermal but once we are turning in it, we have no idea if we are going up quickly, slowly, or not at all.

Most of our physiological sensory organs are essentially springs. Under acceleration, the springs get compressed, under deceleration they get stretched. We can sense the length of our spring-like sensors and this tells us whether we are accelerating or slowing down. All our muscles and tendons are full of spring sensors, so we get a lot of feedback about acceleration.

These sensors have exotic names; Golgi tendon organs, Pacinian corpuscles, and muscle spindles, but what they have in common is sensitivity to stretch. A hang glider pilot will feel air pressure compressing the spring sensors in the skin of his face but in our

Plexiglas cocoons we lose this input. We are left with subtle clues to speed, predominantly wind noise. When we enter a turn though, we are accelerating in a new direction and we certainly feel that.

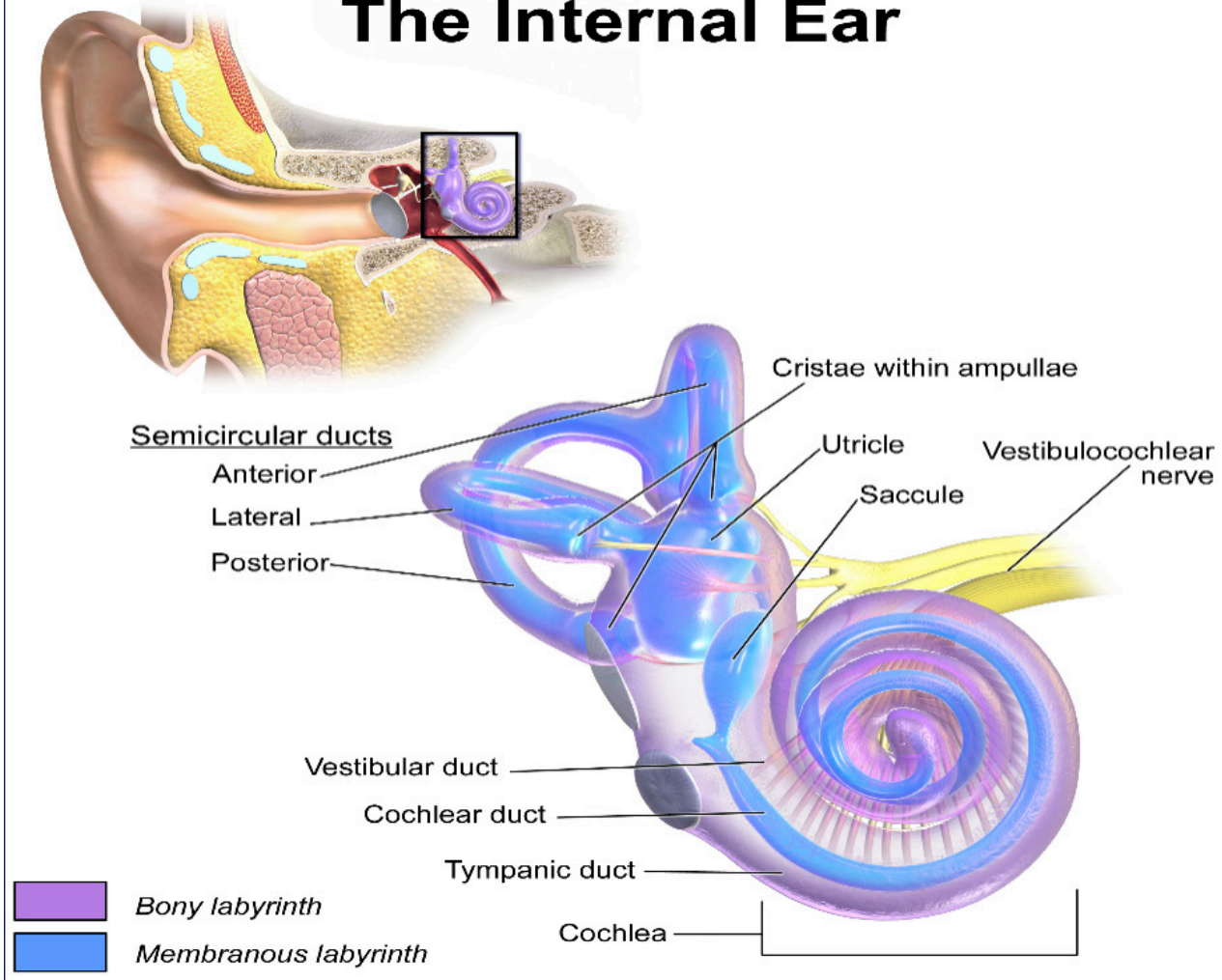
Our inner ear is the most important and sensitive organ for detecting acceleration. The hearing organ, the cochlea, detects high frequency accelerations, sound waves, and the semi-circular canals detect low frequency accelerations like gravity and thermal entry.

The balance organs are lined with cells topped by fine "hairs" each topped by a small crystal, an otoconia. Yes Virginia, crystals really are magical. Under the influence of acceleration, the otoconia bend the hairs they are attached to and the hair cells fire off giving us information about how we are accelerating.

When we are earth bound and walking around in a constant gravitational field these organs tell us when, and by how much, we are moving our heads. In the glider, like the accelerometers in our bums, they tell us about acceleration as we transition from one air mass to another.

The semi-circular detect angular acceleration. As we rotate our heads the semi-circular canals rotate but the inertia of the fluid within them produces movement of fluid through the canals. Once we have been in a constant turn for a while, the fluid catches up with the canal and the hair cells stop firing.

# The Internal Ear



Without vision we would have no idea that we were still turning. Thus, in a cloud, with no external reference, the only force you are aware of as you enter a spiral dive is the gradual increase in G force, acceleration, as the turn steepens up. Once the wings come off this force will be relieved.

In order to soar successfully we need to know about velocity, both airspeed and vertical velocity. Although we can sense thermal entry via our accelerometers, the

only way that we can know how quickly we are going up in an established climb is with a velocity sensor, a vertical speed indicator. So, although you “feel” thermal entry, you are dependent on your variometer to tell you whether you are in a good thermal or an ordinary one.

Interestingly, soaring birds have evolved in-built vertical velocity sensors. They have air sacs in their bones that expand with decreasing air pressure and

vent through small orifices. This is very similar to the design of a variometer. It is possible that glider pilots might evolve such a system, but it may take us a while to get there...

Leo Davies



*“It’s not what it looks like –  
I’m Skyping my GP”*

## GOING BACK TO “THE DARK SIDE”

It's been 10 years since selling the ASH26E. Contrary to popular belief, it is easy to go back to flying “pure gliders”. (*Ed. No it's not.*)

Pure gliders have been a lot of fun, including the 1000 km diploma - flown without water ballast - in the ASW27, coaching in the Duo Discus, and several hundred hours in the ASG29.

Selling the 29, my favourite glider ever, was a tough choice. Bruce Taylor suggested buying that glider to me. He knew I had just turned down a poorly maintained JS1B, and still looking. Bruce had won the Uvalde Pre-WGC in it, when owned by ClearNav's Richard Kellerman. You've likely read articles about Nephi 2016 and Uvalde 2017.

Work for me has never been a Monday to Friday thing, and flying on weekdays is quite the norm. In recent years I've found myself reluctant to push as hard as the day would allow. Asking a friend for a retrieve from the middle of nowhere when they'd need to work early the next morning felt a bit selfish.

### The urge to return to the Dark Side began.

I'd been in touch with Uys Jonker about the JS2 he'd shown drawings of during the US Nationals in Nephi. More recent JS2 info really looks amazing, but construction hadn't started and there were nearly 30 deposits taken... An order received then would hopefully give a delivery in the 4th quarter of 2022. Perhaps.



Approaching White Mountain Peak in the 29



At that point there were a couple of used ASH31s coming up for sale at Williams, California. One with almost no hours on it was being shipped from Brazil, the other owned by an older pilot who thought it was more glider than he needed. Very nice to be able to drive the car to look at two gliders on the same day. It looked like there would be paperwork issues with the Brazilian one. Other than the yellow gelcoat, that glider was pristine.

Made an offer on the one from Vermont. Trying to put this in terms anyone might appreciate... This required changing my investment portfolio, leaning more heavily on the commodity I call "German Plastic". It's much more fun than looking at reports, anyway.

My introduction to rotary-powered gliders was with Geoff Sim in SI. The 26 was always well-behaved using his recommendations. The 31's extra 9HP is instantly recognizable, but otherwise it's all familiar stuff. The most difficult thing I've run across was the first time refuelling. Just had to remember the old techniques, plus there's a switch for aux tanks.

The fun begins! The 31 has already launched me on days and in places that no tows were available. One flight was the first glider launch at California City in 5 years!

But now the glider needs to be brought up to comp standards. Unlike the 29 it has not seen a comp, so pretty much the same as buying a new glider in that respect. Each day you fly, something else needs to be improved.

The additional complexity comes with expense, not just for initial purchase, but in the time it takes for daily or annual inspections. But with the self-launch ability I'm looking forward to going on safaris, or launching at almost any airport. The weather currently isn't great, but there may be some wave days with low enough surface wind to rig in the next few weeks.

*Jim Staniforth - Keep Soaring's US correspondent*

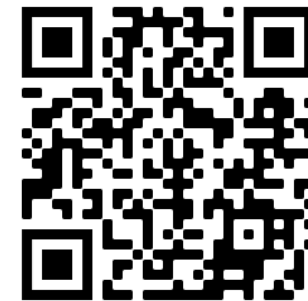


*Right: After a nice autumn thermal flight at Cal City.*

*Above: Sticker on the ASH26E trailer.*

*Below: Darth Vader Breathing*

*Further below: Darth Vader in Doctor Strangelove*





*Coaching Maia McDaniel over the Piutes*

# CORINNYA CALLING



Do you remember back to June 2020, when they let us out for the first time? I think most people were mad keen to see anything other than their own home. Geoff Sim and I decided to take Tai and Geraldine to Corinnya station near Griffiths because the general horizontal nature of the area seemed like a good idea after all those vertical walls we'd been trapped by.

We were the first booking accepted by Corrinnya for months and there was a slight air of nervousness about contact with strangers after such a long time.

We'd been to Corrinnya on a safari a couple of years earlier and it's an absolute gem. A green safari in the middle of a brown plain... except in winter.

There's a good long dirt strip, perfectly suited to the Cessna owned by Bruce from Corinnya but there are a couple of trees to provide some interest in a sailplane like the ASH25 and on this occasion, the runway was only 60% of the normal length due to flooding down one end which focuses you nicely if you haven't done any landings in the last few months.

Geoff claimed his landing was better than mine but I think Bruce the farmer scored them "about equal" (probably bush-speak for terrifying.)

We didn't do much other than stare at the horizon. We cycled to the sheep shed and back. And drank some woobla. We were sniffed by roos and Geraldine

got some practice bottle feeding just in case she could get to WA in July for the birth of what turned out not to be a joey but a small girl.

It took the best part of half a day to get the ice of the wings for the return trip. We flew to Griffith for fuel and then back to Sydney. In spite of the stop, the return trip took about an hour less time because the regulation safari headwind had become a tailwind.

It was really great to get out and dust a few cobwebs away even if in a Ximango, you don't get a lot of stick and rudder practice in 8 hours of flying.

JC





## THE MAN WHO NEVER RETURNED

Greetings from Newcastle, where a honking NW is trying to get in the back door; tomorrow a honking SE will be trying to get out the same way. This seems to be the pattern for this year, although it may just be the gift of the girl child. La la la la nina...

The 26 is reposing in Francesco and Grietje's hangar at Corowa, or at least that's where Anna and I left it a few days ago. Normally it would be full of Dutch and German-registered gliders at this time of year, but now it's a great empty echoing cathedral of gloom, with Francesco walking the floor Quasimodo-like wringing his hands and lamenting the evil tide of COVID-19 quarantine precautions.

The only gliders in the hangar are his 32Mi, 31Mi and my 26. The 32 has an extra notation on its side, "ASG32Mi J10". Jubilum 10 - it's the tenth glider Francesco ordered from Schleicher.

It was the first 32 in Oz - Christian's was second and Brad's third, (about the only time Brad comes third in anything.)

The first day on my mini-safari south was a joy - light SW, cu popping by late morning, midday launch and SW via Coolah and Wellington, then S to Cowra, the lift steadily improving to 7kt and cloudbase to 8500'. You could have flown it with eyes shut. (*Ed: Is there another way?*) There was a certain pleasure in circling up over the four DC3s parked at 'Larras Lee' 15km north of Molong, and waving to 'the Dish' near Parkes. I suggested continuing to Temora on the phone to Anna but she'd had enough driving so we made it Cowra. The 'Vineyard Motel' is rather pleasant, out of town and on top of a hill with grapevines all around.

Next day was supposed to start by midday according to SkySight but at noon the sky was inert and the birds were walking. Eventually (against my better judgement) I launched and grovelled slowly towards Temora under deformed wisps of cu, some

of which may have been temporospatially associated with ragged lumps of rising air, although most likely by chance alone if so. At Temora the cu were bigger but even more deformed and it was obvious that wave was wreaking its malignity upon the skyfarers below. Towards Corowa it looked ugly. Anna on the phone said 'we can get an apartment at Temora'. I looked down (mostly along - I wasn't getting all that high) at Temora airport and saw a Spitfire, a Kittyhawk, a Mustang and a Canberra on the apron, and said 'that's for me'. It turns out that a lot of the pilots who fly the warbirds at Temora come from Melbourne, and this was their first chance to rub some rust off. I shared my circuit with a Hudson doing some very pretty low-level aerobatics - the sort you can do when CASA isn't looking.

It blew like a bastard (70kmh) that weekend, so I was very pleased to have the 26 in a hangar. Temora gliding club built a new Omarama-style 10-glider hangar over winter, with an interesting monorail glider dolly system designed by Scott Lennon. This means the rail doesn't have to be fixed to the concrete floor, and when you want to put a glider with longer span and fuse length (the 26) in there, you just move the rail as needed. Mak wasn't around, so he never knew his hangar space was occupied by squatters, in the grand Australian tradition. Half the hangar occupants were ex-hangies (Tim Causer, Bernie, Bernie etc) and there was a hangar party both days.

It was blue as a badger Monday all the way from Temora to Corowa. Towed out at midday past a Canberra jet bomber and launched at 1 into a moderate NE - ah, tailwind at last. Slow broken lift mixed in with heavy sink - brief chopped up 1kt lift but





persistent 9kt sink, WTF? The day gradually improved but I had a couple of low points below 1500' AGL where I thought the button of shame was about to be used; anyway patience (and you thought I'd left those behind) and the 10kt tailwind helped. Once a wheat devil saved me - the harvest is just getting going down here, atchoo. Naturally enough the lift improved dramatically in the last 30 or 40km and I finally got 7500' with frequent (well, three) five-knotters all the way round. I thought about pushing on to Brown Bros. Milawa airstrip only 60km away but the following day was going to be 42 deg. C, 50kmh southerly change with showers and possible thunderstorm, so I wanted the bird hangared for that.

It thundered and blew indeed, for several days. Anna and I swam in the Murray (snowmelt - lifts and separates), walked into Victoria which had taken down its barriers a few days earlier, visited the vineyards,

and lounged around generally waiting for Huey to relent. Victoria was like an eastern European country just opening to the outside world - everyone a little fearful, shellshocked, wondrous and terrified at the sight of outsiders not wearing wasks, and obviously waiting for the Stasi to descend upon them and beat them with batons.

Huey didn't relent - the forecast remained bad for at least the next five days, so Anna and I decided to abandon the bird in the nest and flee. And this was the revelation of the trip. I grew up on a Hume Highway with a crap surface, single lanes each way, feral semis, stupid overtaking (mine and others') and half-mile long comet tails behind caravans towed by family wagons which were underpowered even before attaching the swaying Millard to the back, all of which would break down regularly, usually with a boiling radiator due to being stuck in the comet tail.

Now some eerie timewarp has catapulted the Hume into a parallel universe. It was dual carriageway double lanes all the way from Albury to Newcastle, good surface, well maintained, bugger all traffic, not many semis - I think we were on cruise con the whole way. I actually enjoyed the drive up the Hume, and I never thought I'd say that. Best of all, the tunnel (NorthConnex) in Sydney has opened, so it's motorway from Sydney's southern extremity to its northern. 45 minutes - a record.

The whole trip from Albury to our door in Newie was eight hours, with one long and leisurely food and fuel stop in Gundagai. It seemed a dream, but Anna assures me it's real. So now we're watching the forecast for two or three good soaring days together so we can nip back down the Hume and fly the bird

back home. With any luck, three good soaring days together, so I can drop in at Milawa and do a lap around the Snowies (circumnavigate Albury airspace) before returning north. It hasn't happened yet...

*Al Giles*

*Postscript.* Xmas lunch was going to be with Anna's bro en famille at...Long Reef. Now it seems likely to be at Lake Keepit, which will be full by then because the BoMsite is promising something like 200mm of rain for Tamworth between now and next Wednesday, when I start to fly the 26 north from Corowa. I can just see Anna and I arriving in some tiny country town, where there'll be no room in the inn, so we'll have to doss down in the hangar with our baby ASH, singing 'away in a hangar', while a bright star hovers overhead:

*Editor's note.*

We were lucky to see the Hudson doing some fairly extreme manoeuvres at a Temora airshow in 2018. Yes, the picture is the right way up!

However, it's nothing compared to aerobatics in the mighty Avro Vulcan V bomber. Roland Falk was one of the principal test pilots and he forced Avro to let him design the cockpit, which included a proper joystick rather than a steering wheel.

In September 1955, Falk, flying the second production Vulcan at the Farnborough Air Show amazed crowds by executing a barrel roll in this huge and very noisy bomber on his second flypast. Falk was eventually forced to stop this behaviour because the organisers thought this was "inappropriate behaviour for a bomber".

# THE PAMPAS PAPERS



*From our South American Correspondent  
Lord Harry Potts (in absentia)*

## Greetings from The South!

As many of you will have realised by now, due to the fact that others are having to drive the tractor, I am not with you over this festive gliding season. Rather than remain in my country seat in the UK, I have taken up residence in Uruguay for the season and have not at the moment, been granted exceptional entry to travel to Australia.

I don't know why.

## Precision Cooking

Nevertheless, my absence is no reason for people to drop their standards! I know many of you are able to mix an adequate G&T but few are able to duplicate my family recipe of truffled potatoes... a standby of the pampas. The recipe follows, but be careful.

The highly regarded Potts conjecture assumes homogenous spherical potatoes and that the cooking

time of a potato is directly proportional to its radius.

I have not been able to furnish a rigorous mathematical proof that cooking time is proportional to radius, but I have confirmed it experimentally. Note that in the picture above, it's the diameter of the potato which is being measured which must be allowed for in the calculations.

You will need:

- Truffle olive oil (I use Pukara truffle oil, I get it from the Magic Pudding in Peel street)
- Potatoes
- Milk
- Butter
- Nutmeg
- Salt
- Ground white pepper

My recommended ratios for 1 kg of potatoes: 250 gm milk, 125 gm butter, 20 ml truffle oil, 1 tsp salt, 1/2

tsp pepper, 1/2 tsp ground nutmeg.

Please do not deviate from this heritage recipe.

## Proceed as follows:

Boil the potatoes in heavily salted water in their skins (if your potatoes are not similarly sized, put them into boiling water at intervals, starting with the larger ones. A formula that will help you calculate the timing is  $T = K \times \text{cube root } M$ , where  $T$  is time in minutes,  $M$  is the mass of the individual potatoes in grammes, and  $K$  is a constant ranging between 6 and 8, depending on the type of potato.)

When the potatoes are boiled, peel them and roughly break them up with a fork to release excess moisture.

Heat the milk etc to near boiling, and then mash it into the potatoes.

Voila!



In Uruguay, Christmas is officially known as “Día de la Familia” but most call December 25th “Navidad” and we celebrate the night before on “Nochebuena” or what foreigners call Christmas’ Eve. Christmas Eve is a big night for eating and drinking and we wait until midnight for Papa Noel to turn up with presents.

Of course, as in most places, the real day of present giving is January 6th or Wise Men’s Day. The manger or Pessebre de Nadal would not be complete without a nativity scene with palm trees, shepherds, three kings, Mary, Joseph and the infant Jesus. And of course the cheeky ‘pooing’ Caganer figure.

The caganer is not normally in the front of the nativity scene. He’s hidden in a corner, under a bridge or behind a tree and every morning the children play a game, hunting for the caganer.

In keeping with the idea of the Day of The Familia, I have found a well known story of Uruguayan extended family which you will hopefully enjoy.

I’m happy to say that though this family story took place over 100 years ago, life in Uruguay continues much the same today as then.

Yours as ever,

*(Cptn.) (Rtd.) (Lord) Harry Potts.*



Las Flores Police Station

Police Proceedings No. 3 of 1909 by Superintendent Mr Marcos Andrade *(pictured above.)*

Formal complaint by Angélica Solores against Bonifacio Estrella, accusing him of having misused herself and both her daughters.

On this 15th day of January, 1909, I, Marcos Andrade, Police Superintendent of Las Flores, received a visit from a woman who said she had come to file a complaint. In reply to my questions, she said her name was Angélica Flores, widow (she knows not whose), from Santiago, aged thirty-eight, living in a green-washed house on the other side of the station, on the way to the slaughterhouse.

I then let her tell her story, which was that: the first time, she married Francisco Carreño, with whom she had two daughters, Micaela and Dolores, aged 18 and 15 years, respectively. They were very happy but one day he went to work on the harvest, and as he never came home in four years nor gave any sign of life, believing him dead she got married again, to Casimiro Reyes, with whom she had three more children.

She does not know why Reyes also left her long ago, and as she is not sure whether the two husbands are dead or not, she does not know whose widow she is. A year ago, she met Bonifacio Estrella, a train fireman who also wanted to marry her right away but the deponent, fearing that the same thing might happen as with her other two husbands, did not say 'yes' and only agreed that they could live together but with due respect, as if he really was her husband. That Estrella behaved himself at first, was affectionate with her daughters and paid the household expenses. But very soon the deponent realised that there was something between him and Micaela, and she was not mistaken, because when things were clarified, it turned out that her daughter was already heavy with child and that her seducer had been the deponent's own husband.

Of course there was a big to-do about it, but as they had all become used to living together, they sorted it out, but he would be Micaela's husband and have nothing to do with her. Of course she felt the loss of a young husband who was in employment like Estrella, but decided there was nothing to be done about it so she passed her double bed on to the couple and slept on the camp-bed that Micaela used to use. Things only worked out for a short time, though,

because postman Prutorio Gómez, on seeing that the deponent was available, began courting her. When Estrella found out, he forbade Gómez from going to the house, claiming that as long as he was maintaining the family, he ruled the roost.

The deponent recognises that Estrella is partly right, but that she is right too and as he had already abandoned her for her daughter, he can't forbid her from seeking happiness with another man. In spite of her protests, Estrella asserted his authority and the deponent went along with it because she understood that despite his whims, the man is not all bad and mentioned he might flutter his eyelids at her, but the deponent did not give in.

And when, after so many disappointments, she was thinking of giving up men, seeking happiness in the grandchild that Micaela was about to give her, Estrella upped and left taking with him the other daughter, Dolores, aged fifteen and clearly rather silly, to boot – or how else would you explain her going off with a man like that.

If the deponent's situation had been any different, she would not be asking for anything, but she was forced to take this step, given that after what had happened, it would be very difficult to find another man willing to support the family. That is why she was filing this complaint, to ask the authorities to do justice by making Estrella go back to the house and marry either of her daughters so that he would feel under greater obligation to fulfil his commitments and if he does not want to marry the girls, the deponent, despite the resentment she feels towards him, would be willing to sacrifice herself by marrying him just to save the family honour.

After hearing all she had to say, I considered the report complete, the deponent signed it with me and witnesses Froilan Sombra, better known as 'Limping' Sombra, and hairdresser Vitorio Avalos, neighbours of this police station in whom I have complete trust.

*Signed: Marcos Andrade  
Angélica Solores  
Vitorio Avalos  
Froilan Sombra*

I appoint Sergeant Feliciano Troncoso to borrow two horses and, as soon as possible, go after the couple and catch them, wherever they are.

*Signed: Marcos Andrade*

Las Flores, twentieth of January nineteen hundred and nine:

Sergeant Troncoso having returned with the couple who had run off, I decided they should be brought before me to make a statement.

*Signed: Marcos Andrade*

A while later I issued instructions for the young Dolores Carreño be brought to my office. She was arrested for having gone off with her sister's husband, and having promised that she would tell all, I began by asking her how old she was and the other things one asks those who are arrested. She replied with the same name she had given at the beginning, daughter of her mother Angélica Solores, also from Santiago, like all the family. No more than fifteen years old, she does not know how to write letters or read them but she does know how to sign.

The undersigned feels he must put on record that the young girl, well-developed despite the age she admits to, is already a fine young woman. Asked if she knows why she has been arrested, she replied that she knows that she has been detained for having fled with Bonifacio Estrella.

Asked to recount everything that had happened, she said that she had loved Estrella ever since she first met him and that it was reciprocal but as she was still rather young and he was committed to his mother and his sister Micaela, they decided to wait; that a week ago, Estrella tried her out as a woman and is very satisfied with her and if they don't believe her, they should ask Estrella. Asked whether she was sorry for what she had done, she replied that she wasn't sorry for anything, that Estrella has already fulfilled his obligations to her mother and sister and she had had to wait long enough while he saw to them before the deponent, so it was only right that they should now let her have him for at least a while so that he can get to know her better and then decide with which one to stay.

That her mother had filed this complaint out of spite and there are other, worse things but she does not want to tell or people will gossip. At the girl's sudden departure, I ended the interview, the two of us signing with the two witnesses I had used the first time.

*Signed: Marcos Andrade  
Dolores Carreño  
Vitorio Avalos  
Froilan Sombra*

Later I summoned the accused who had been taken prisoner along with the woman who had gone off with him and as the chap promised to tell me the whole

truth, I began by asking who he was. He replied before me and Sergeant Troncoso, who won't let me lie, that his name is Bonifacio Estrella and he is from Santa Fé, aged around twenty-five, married, well favoured and a good employee of the Southern Railway Company.

Asked if he had ever been in prison or had a police record, he replied: "never". Asked if he knew why he had been arrested, he said he knew we had brought him in for what he had done and was at the authorities' disposal. Asked to recount how things came about, he replied that the only thing he had done was to run away with Dolores because he loves her and she loves him back.

Asked whether before that he had been living with Micaela Carreño, he said it was true, that she is about to have his child and that he also loves her very much because she is a good girl and would not have wanted to get him into this mess but it was her mother who had kicked up a fuss, annoyed because he had first been living with her and then he had left her.

Asked if he had promised he would marry any of them, the deponent said no he had not, since he was already married to Rimunda Bustos, but that if this woman dies soon as it was hoped she would, because the poor thing has been ill for so long, then he might be thinking of doing the right thing by Dolores, at least – but with the old woman, never.

Asked if his wife knew of his relationships with the Carreño women, the deponent replied that she knew everything, but that he fulfils his duties and has no vices; rather than have him go drinking and gambling in bars, his wife allows him those distractions away from home, because as a woman she is sensible, she

understands that being ill herself and the deponent being a healthy young man, temptations must come his way.

Asked whether there was anything he might have forgotten to say, he replied that he would like to say to the authorities that he does not feel guilty of anything, and that although he admits to having led a married life with Angelica Solores and her two daughters, it is also true that he provided for the whole family with his work so it was only fair that they paid somehow for his service.

As it is late now and there are no candles at the police station, we conclude the statement, all three of us signing including Sergeant Troncoso, because the witnesses we always use asked us to let them off this time and we have granted them that request.

*Signed: Marcos Andrade  
Bonifacio Estrella  
Pablo Troncoso  
Sargeant*

Las Flores, 25th January 1909

As it would appear to the undersigned that the woman Dolores Carreño had gone off of her own free will because she fancied her seducer Bonifacio Estrella and they love each other, I have decided to let them both go, since by living together they've done nobody any wrong, since we must bear in mind that, although married, his wife is ill and is no good to him. But for my own peace of mind, I will send the indictment to the Departmental Chief of Police himself so that he can review it and say whether I've done the right thing or not.

*Signed: Marcos Andrade*

Las Flores, 25th January 1909  
Chief of Police  
Mr Liberato Monje  
My dear friend,

I'm sending you this complaint with postman Gomez, who's going to Mercedes to buy himself some clothes and have his picture taken before he gets married. It was filed at this police station by Angelica Solores, widow (she doesn't know whose) against Bonifacio Estrella, a good lad who has been a husband to the claimant and both her daughters, Micaela and Dolores, so that you can review the indictment and tell me whether what the undersigned has himself decided is right or wrong.

As I think that this Estrella prefers Dolores, given that she's the best of the three, I've released both of them because I do believe that, as young studs at one time, we have no right to spoil anyone's happiness. You do as you see fit, since you're the boss, but I'd say the old woman has filed a complaint simply out of spite, after the lad swapped her for her daughters and that's why I think that if we just let them go, they will probably sort it out among themselves again.

Sure, he's been a husband to each of them, but seeing as how the chap had been providing for them, it's hardly fair that the three of them ate at his expense and gave nothing in return.

After all, if we put him in prison, they'll fix up with the first chap who comes along and provides for them, so rather than have them keep changing lovers, I think it's best to leave things as they are, so that they carry on living with Estrella and he makes sure that the houses are well kept (what do you think?).

Write to me. Your friend.  
Signed: Marcos Andrade

Police Headquarters  
Department of Mercedes  
26th January 1909

Having regard to: The indictment presented by Angélica Solores, who accuses Bonifacio Estrella of misusing her and her daughters,

And whereas: The plaintiff and her two daughters are three women of courting age, who surely know by now what is best for them, and given that they lived quite happily with the accused while he provided for them and only now complain when, tired of maintaining the family, he has left them for just the one, which I applaud, since depending on how you look at it, the abuse is more on their part than his,

I do hereby decide: To approve the course taken by the Superintendent of Flores Mr Marcos Andrade and archive these proceedings. At the request of Chief of Police Mr Liberto Monje, given that he does not know how to.

Signed Emilio Demilio  
Secretary and Sub-Chief of Police

To be continued...

para eso sos el jefe, pero mirá, pa mi que la vieja se echo denuncia por despecho mamas, despue que el moso las cambio por sus hijas y por eso me parese quasi los dejamo en libertad, se an de volver arreglar entre eyos otra ves. Es sierto que el a sido marido de todas, pero pónsa tambien que si el ombre les daba de comer, no es justo que las tres comieran de sus costigas y de arriba nomas.  
Total: que si lo metemos preso a él eyas se van a arreglar con el primer pelojimo que se anime a pararles la oja, entonces, ante que anden cambiando de monta, me parese lo mejor dejar las cosas como estan, asi eyas siguen viviendo con Estrella no mas y el cuidando la decencia de las casas (Que decis vos).  
Escribime. Tu compadre.  
Fdo: Marcos Andrade  
Comisario



# WHO SAID FLOODS WOULD KILL THE THERMALS?

*This article by Dave Shorter is reprinted from Keep Soaring from 10 years ago. Hopefully, it's not at all relevant to the 2020/2021 season!*

Ignoring all common sense, and putting all my trust in the weather forecast I decided on a last minute visit to Keepit for the weekend of 11th November. The big flood weekend for Tamworth!!

Despite the incessant rain beating on the roof, I believed the forecast which said rain clearing Saturday and a sunny Sunday/Monday. I set off Friday arvo for the 380k drive to Keepit. Desperation is my excuse – family visiting the following weekend, Christmas the one after that, then off with Carol for a month on a boat to Antarctica. No chance of flying down there, so this weekend was my last chance for a gliding fix for a couple of months.

Driving through Dorrigo (in pouring rain of course) I received a call from Ian Downes – “did I realise 55mm of rain had fallen in Tamworth since 9am this morning?” “Yes Ian – but the weather forecast says it’s getting better,” I patiently explain, “And I’m already on my way.” (So there!)

Another call from Todd (still in pouring rain) – “Would I like to pop in on my way through Tamworth for a cup of coffee.” I patiently explain, again, that the weather forecast says the weekend will be fine, but accept the offer, as the back route bypassing Tamworth through the Moonbi Gap Rd will most probably be blocked at a couple of creek crossings.

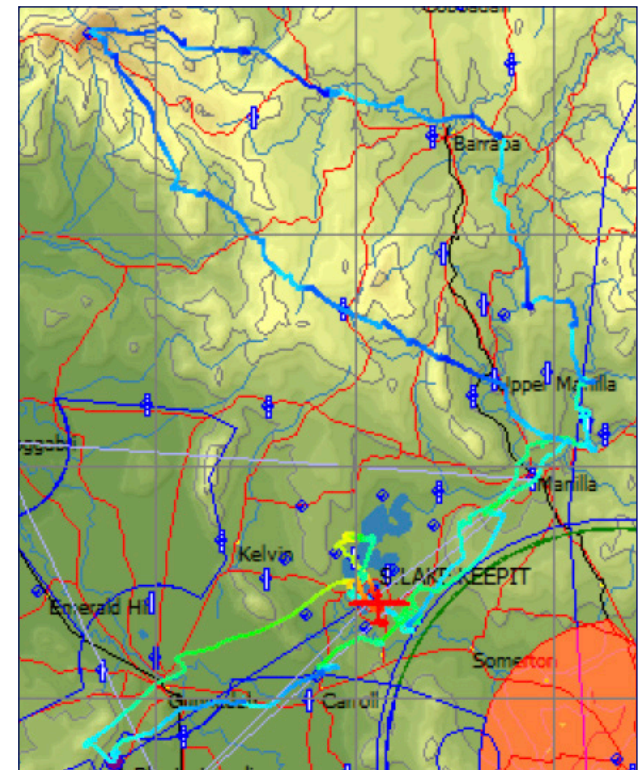
Still travelling I phone Ian Barraclough, who I’d noted also was booked in for the weekend, to arrange to get together for dinner at the club – “Nah, I’m back

in Sydney. Too wet and we had to cancel” said Ian. “But thanks for the thought.”

I’m beginning to get the message.

Enjoyed Todd’s coffee and a chat, even though he looked at me as though I was crazy, and went on my way.

I’ve never seen so much water gushing under every culvert and creek crossing coming out of Tamworth, and whole paddocks each side of the road were completely awash. I started wondering whether I’d be able to get across the Peel River at Dircks’s – maybe a motel in Gunnedah would be necessary. But the river was yet to rise to its full flood peak, and I arrived at a very slippery road into the clubhouse at around 6pm.



Of course, the place was alive with millions of people – pilots and visitors everywhere .... else. Tomas was off for a weekend in Newcastle, Ian D away for the weekend and one sole idiot at the club – me.

Well – cooked up a nice dinner of chicken legs in honey soy sauce, and tucked into the remains of a good book for the night.

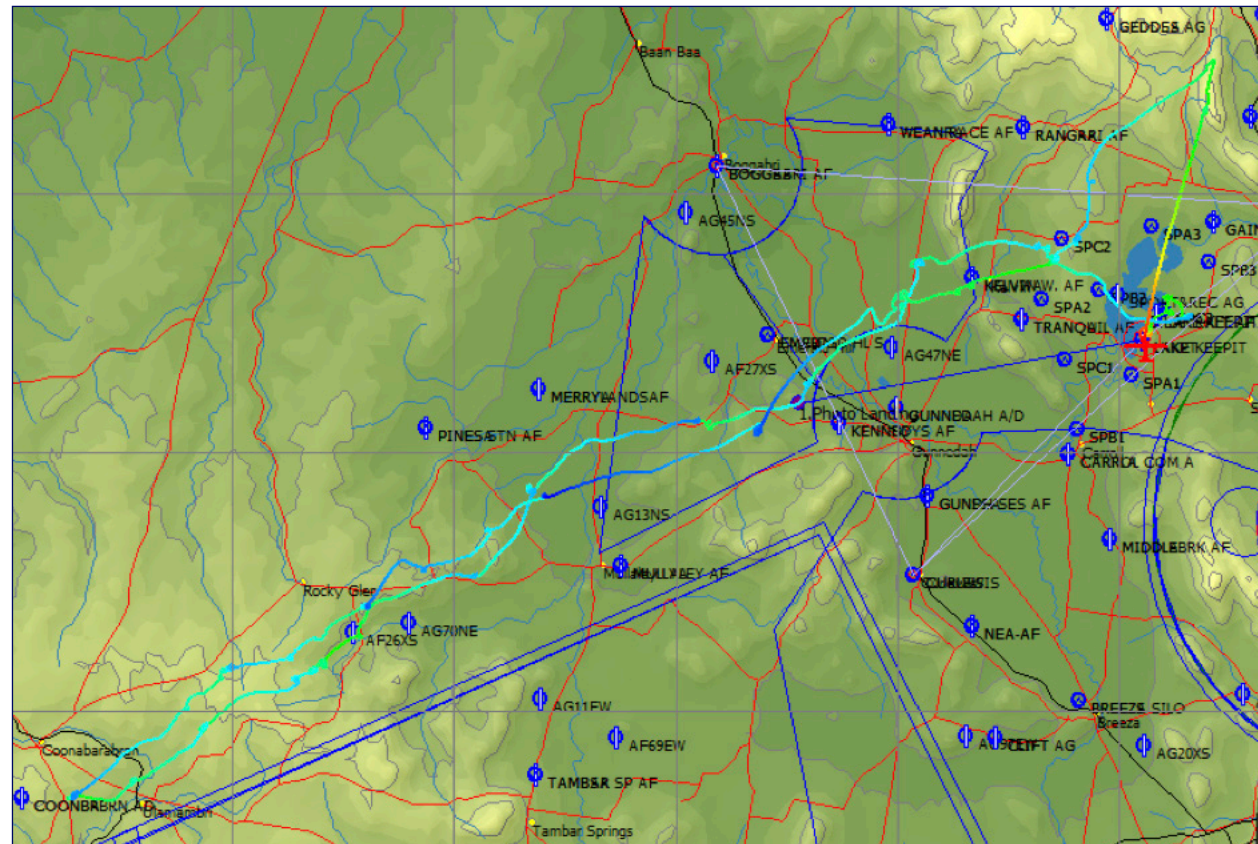
Saturday dawned, overcast, but hey!! – just as the bureau had said – not raining. But also not really soarable. Decided to fix a few electrics – motion sensor lights at the flight centre were full of water, so popped in to Tamworth (via Manilla and Dircks's bridge now under a foot of water), and got gridlocked with all the traffic in Tamworth, all confined to Bridge Road because the Taminda area was all under water.

And Bunnings where I was headed was surrounded by blocked roads. Never mind – after a detour via the Golden Guitar around the highway bypass I managed to get back to Keepit again with the light fittings.

The Saturday paper finished off the afternoon, and joined Harry Potts who was encamped in the Chalet for dinner.

Sunday! Hah! – that's when the bureau said the weather would be sunny..... and it was! Launched at around one o'clock thanks to Geoff Neely, and waited for Harry Potts to join me. I wasn't feeling like being too adventurous with so much water and humidity around and was keen to stay in contact with another glider.

Harry led off to Manilla and I went with him – we found plenty of lift getting there, but then parted company. Looking around, the sky looked surprisingly good – plenty of clouds, and cloudbase was over



7000ft at this stage. So I started mooching along, to the East of Manilla up towards the Barraba mine. Not really going anywhere, but while I had safe height, and enough to escape back home, I still had no worries.

And the day just kept on going like that. There seemed to be lift everywhere – not strong, but consistent and I just stayed high.

Turned East of Barraba and followed a line of clouds in a north westerly direction – still not going anywhere with any purpose in mind, but eventually, by creeping along ended up turning around Mt Kaputar tower. Whoever would have thought of declaring a task up that way on a day like today – certainly not me.

Returned along a nice line of clouds via Manilla, and with still plenty of time in the day to go decided to venture across to Gunnedah and have a look at the floods. There were nice black clouds en route, especially over all the flooded areas around Gunnedah, with good thermals underneath. The Mooki river which drains the Breeza plain was spread out everywhere, the airport cut off and few low lying homes on the north side of Gunnedah were surrounded by water.

The Namoi river meandering on its way through Emerald Hill towards Boggabri was overflowing everywhere, and it was difficult to tell which were cotton paddocks and which were the adjoining dams. Sam Clift's wheat paddocks down south (otherwise



known as Lake Goran) had been returned to a vast sea . Over a decade since I've seen water there ( the WAC map's outline of Lake Goran always seemed a bit misleading, but now it's back to what the map assures us is a genuine stretch of water).

Went halfway beyond Gunnedah to Mullalley before deciding I'd had enough. Over 300km on a day I thought would have been impossible. Cloudbase topped out at 8500ft QNH. It wasn't a fast day, and I wasn't going to push things along too aggressively, but it was a most enjoyable flight.

I'd planned to return home Monday, but after Saturday's no-fly day, and seeing another sunny day when I awoke, decided to stay and enjoy myself for a bit more. A quick phone call home and Bob's-your-uncle.

Tomas was back on deck after travelling to Newcastle with Christian and meeting up with some of the Newcastle members. He went fishing apparently, and even caught a fish. Tomas found me a good thermal to get away on Monday, and I thought it was time to do something different – hadn't been out to Coonabarabran for a few years, and after dispelling any concerns about lift over the floodwaters of Gunnedah the previous day, decided to set myself a task to Coona and return.

As I'd discovered on Sunday, there was plenty of lift – many clouds and most of them working, although most of them were also pretty weak. I spent most of my time working 3+ knots, although I found a 7 knotter on the way across, (and another in a similar spot on the way back – maybe the same one?). The ground rises on the way to Coonabarabran and I was flying very cautiously, not relishing the prospect of

Keep Soaring



landing in a soggy paddock. Outlanding prospects between Mullalley and Coonabarabran are also a bit iffy, and I was continuously very carefully calculating my ability to reach the landing fields at each end of this stretch. Many of the clouds were very half hearted and I had difficulty reaching cloudbase under many of them – they just tapered off to nothing midway up.

In the end there was nothing to worry about and I didn't get below 4800ft with cloudbase around 8000ft across this stretch of country.

Interestingly, the air back in the Keepit basin had dried out when I returned and was blue, and in one thermal I eventually topped out at 9500ft. For good measure, I finished off with a run back towards Split Rock Dam before going home – as a matter of principle, I just had to ensure that flight exceeded 300km again.

Two great days – who ever said that flood water made for un-soarable conditions!

Incidentally, one of the great features of the weekend was seeing the discharge over the main dam wall – something none of us have seen for probably more than a decade. The lake edge is lapping at the bases of all the trees around the lake perimeter. The turbulent flow over the wall can be seen like a brilliant white beacon from more 50km away, coming home from the west with the sun behind you. Pity I didn't have a good camera with me so we didn't have to use these ancient and crappy iPhone pictures from Clark.

Here are some examples of flights you might tackle from Keepit. You need not use standard Keepit database turnpoints – any place can be nominated as a turnpoint – all you need are the coordinates. You be the inventor. Create your task (and the points you need) to suit the predicted weather.

The Gap (Breeza Rail Junction) S31°21.42" E150°35.5" is no longer in our database and is very useful for some tasks – add it to your database. As is Liverpool Range (S31°46.467' E150°39.383') – both useful for cat's cradle and deferred start triangle tasks.

Gilgandra North (S31°26.6' E148°16.48') and NW of Goondiwindi (S28:21,E150:03) are other points I've used for particular tasks included below.

Any of these tasks can be declared in the opposite direction.

### **Silver Distance**

Mullaley 61km, Barraba 55km, Baan Baa 67km

### **Gold Distance**

300 km 3point cat's cradle tasks

Narrabri/Breeza/Barraba 302km

Narrabri/Breeza/Baan Baa 309km

Kaputar/Quirindi/Boggabri 302km

Tambar Springs/Edgeroi/Middlebrook 306km

### **Diamond Goal 300km**

Edgeroi/The Gap 320km (2point triangle)

Manilla/Narrabri/The Gap 302km (3point deferred start triangle)

Manilla/Narrabri/Tambar Springs 312km (3point FAI triangle)

Warialda AF 300.9km (Out&Return)

### **Diamond Distance 500km**

Gurley/The Gap/Barraba 503km (3point cat's cradle)

Bingara/The Gap/Narrabri 518km (3point cat's cradle)

Coolatai/Quirindi AD 500.6km (2point triangle)

Dunmore/Moree/Premer 513km (3point FAI triangle)

Dunmore/Gurley/Coonabarabran 503km (3point FAI triangle)

Liverpool Range/Coonabarabran/Upper Horton AF 501km (3point FAI triangle)

Gurley/Toorawenah 526km (2point FAI triangle)

(Careful many 500km tasks require flight over the Pilliga – difficult to avoid for this distance, especially 2point FAI triangles)

Goondiwindi 526km (Out&Return)

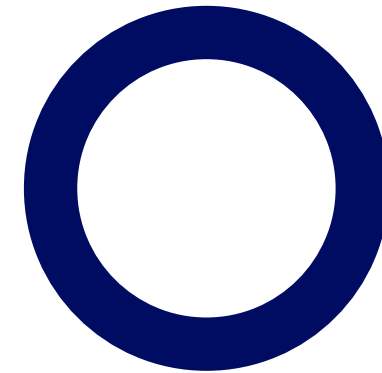
### **750km Diploma**

North Star/Quirindi/Narrabri 754km (3point cat's cradle)

Liverpool Range/Gilgandra North/Moree AD 756km (3point FAI triangle)

Narromine/Walgett 755km (2point FAI triangle)

Inglestone Nth 760km (Out&Return)



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